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178-286
5-8-97
WALDOCHTME
1891

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME XXXVII.

Aug. 23 34
AUGUST, 1891—DECEMBER, 1891.

PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

1891.



FOREST AND STREAM.

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Vol. XXXVII. Comprises Twenty-four Numbers.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1891.

{ VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1.
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.
THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.
Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.
Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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BISLEY AND CREEDMOOR.
THE programme of the American National Rifle Association and the telegraphic notes of the British Association meet bring Bisley and Creedmoor into close union in our rifle columns. There should be a closer unity of action by the riflemen themselves. It is now too many years since an international shoot was held. Honors are even as to superiority. American shots hold the Palma for long-range any-rifle work. The Britishers are ahead in the use of the military arm. This last leadership is really the more important of the two, and now with a system of regular military arm drill in so many of the States, it should be very easy to find a team capable of using their regular weapons fully as well as the Volunteers of Great Britain manipulate their Martinis. There ought to be such a match, and it ought to be drawn as to conditions with the broadest possible limits. There ought to be by this time a consensus of opinion that a military arm should not be the most clumsy and cheapest bit of machinery which it is possible to make. Each year the demand is for a finer arm. The sights which were not thought "practicable" over five years ago are now regarded as indispensable to a properly equipped military arm. So of the charges, etc., etc. Nothing is too good for the modern soldier, and he is gradually growing up to the proper use of the finest weapon which the most talented inventor can offer.
Now, the point is, why cannot the militiamen here get ready to bring the military arm championship over to this side of the water as a companion piece to the Palma trophy, now rusting for want of practice in some safe-deposit vault here? It will be necessary to go after that military lead, a team must visit Bisley, meet the pick of the two thousand or more clever shots there and come away victors. California has a fine showing of distinctively military shots. Her team could go over as the

American experts. Massachusetts also has the men, and New York, the leading State in its military equipment, ought to furnish an invincible team. Here then are three commonwealths, and to the one who first starts there is a chance of a good time, a pleasing publicity and a glorious victory.

THE SUMMER CAMP-FIRE.
A THIN column of smoke seen rising lazily among the leafy trees and fading to a wavering film in the warm morning air, or the hotter breath of noon, a flickering blaze kindling in the sultry dusk on some quiet shore, mark the place of the summer camp-fire.

It is not, like the great hospitable flare and glowing coals of the autumn and winter camp-fires, the center to which all are drawn, about which the life of the camp gathers, where joke and repartee flash to and fro as naturally and as frequently as its own sparks fly upward, where stories come forth as continuously as the ever-rising volume of smoke.

Rather it is avoided and held aloof from, held to only by the unhappy wretch upon whom devolves the task of tending the pot and frying-pan, and he hovers near it fitfully, like a moth about a candle, now backing away to mop his hot face, now darting into the torrid circle to turn a fish or snatch away a seething pot or sizzling pan.

Now and then the curious and hungry approach to note with what skill or speed the cookery is progressing, but are content to look on at respectful distance and to suggest, not interfere with aid.

The epicurean smoker, who holds that the finest flavor of tobacco is evoked only by coal or blazing splinter, steals down upon the windward side and snatches a reluctant ember or an elusive flame that flickers out on the brink of the pipe bowl, but most who burn the weed are content now to kindle it with the less fervid flame of a match.

And yet this now uncomfortable necessity is still the heart of the camp, which without it would be but a halting place for a day, where one appeases hunger with a cold bite and thirst with draughts of tepid water, and not a temporary home where man has his own fireside, though he care not to sit near it, and feasts full on hot viands and refreshes himself with the steaming cup that cheers but not inebriates.

Its smoke drifted far through the woods may prove a pungent trail, scented out among the odors of balsams and the perfume of flowers that shall lead to you some pleasant stranger or unexpected friend, or its firefly glow, flashing but feebly through the gloaming, may be a beacon that shall bring such company to you.

In its praise may also be said that the summer camp-fire demands no laborious feeding nor careful tending, is always your servant, seldom your master.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE STEAM YACHT.

THE August number of the *North American Review* contains a most interesting paper on the possibilities of the steam yacht, by Mr. Lewis Herreshoff, a brother of the designer of the now famous *Gloriana*. The writer, who is well qualified to speak on such a subject from his connection with a firm which stands at the head in the construction of fast steam yachts, reviews briefly but very clearly the different factors that go to make up a fast steam yacht or torpedo boat, his conclusion being as follows: "From a general view of the subject it would appear that no marked gain in speed can be reached by confining the attention to any one element or factor of speed; but by a constant devotion to the details of construction, particularly with a view of lessening weights, much can be done to increase the speed of yachts and other vessels, even with the materials now obtainable."

This statement, which holds true in sailing as well as steam craft, is especially important just now as applied to the new *Gloriana*, whose wonderful success is to be accounted for almost entirely through the perfection of detail, and not through the long ends above water which have been so much over-estimated by the majority of critics. Mr. Herreshoff points out first the new use to which the steam yacht is being rapidly adapted in this country, as a convenient and luxurious means of transit from home to business, from Wall street to the shores of the Sound and Hudson, for which purpose a speed of at least 20 miles per hour is demanded. The factors of speed are divided by him between the hull in

model and construction, the motive power, including engines, generator and fuel, and the means of propulsion, the screw and paddle.

In regard to model, when the highest speeds are required, the writer places the general proportions first, as of more importance than mere refinements of form, while lightness of construction is rated as the second factor in the hull. Until the list of available metals shall show something less liable to corrosion than thin steel, wood is placed first as the principal material for the hull. The importance of better and smoother coating for the bottom is also much to be desired.

In engines and generators the line of improvement indicated is in the direction of lessened weight in proportion to power, with the present general forms of the quadruple expansion engine and the tube boiler, both of improved detail rather than general plan, and of some material superior to steel. Mechanical stoking and liquid fuel are looked to as further sources of improvement, the present progress in both being by no means satisfactory. In the methods of propulsion the paddle is considered as not yet out of the race for comparatively high speeds under certain conditions, but the twin screw is placed first; the improvement in the screw itself being indicated in the direction of material rather than form.

The author's conclusions are that "It would not be wise to place an actual limit on possible speed, but we can only admit that, as progress has been made in the last decade, raising speeds from 40 to 50 per cent., it is not unreasonable to expect a still further gain, though not so marked a one. It is surely within the bounds of reason to say that by the opening of the new century steam yachts having a speed of 35 miles an hour will be no uncommon thing; and it is also to be hoped that with the improvements of materials of construction, there will be a like strengthening of human tissue, both in nerve and muscle, for both will be taxed to their utmost in the management of machinery and the guidance of vessels under such conditions."

SNAP SHOTS.

UNFEELING critics have sometimes found fault with the writers of sporting sketches because of their proneness to chronicle their emotions on sitting down to the first meal in the woods, to expatiate on the savory qualities of the camp food, and to aver as a meritorious claim that the party "did full justice to" the cook, the cooking or the food. As we have pointed out, the secret of this is that one finds in the forest an appetite and a relish for food, which any sensible doctor would declare to be unerring indications of improved physical condition. In the year book of the Bisby Club we find a suggestive note in the statement of expenses for the year. "The cost of living in the woods," says Gen. R. U. Sherman, the author of the report, "is not to be estimated by its cost in the settlements. The fact is well established by experience that the consumption per head is, at least, double in the woods what it is outside." And when a man finds in his camp a new stomach and a new palate, a new capacity and a new appreciation of food, why should he not be given the privilege of relating his good fortune and putting it in the permanent record as among those things in search of what it is worth while going fishing and shooting?

The President has appointed Professor Mendenhall, of the U. S. Coast Survey, and Dr. C. H. Merriam, of the Agricultural Department, Commissioners to investigate the status of the fur seals in Bering Sea, and these gentlemen sailed from San Francisco for the North in the U. S. Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* last Saturday. The Commissioners for Great Britain are Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Canadian Geological Survey and Sir George Baden-Powell, and these four gentlemen will no doubt succeed in collecting during the ensuing season a great deal of valuable information on the subject to which their attention is to be given. Incidentally the subject of marine reservations in the Bering Sea may, it is hoped, receive some attention from our own Commissioners.

From Mr. Starbuck's account it appears that the North Shore is a tempestuous country where fish and gales are measured out with impartial hand; and it is manifestly no place for a tenderfoot.

We have received through Mr. W. Wade, for the Helen Keller fund, \$10 from Mrs. E. A. Walter, of Allegheny City, Pa., and \$5 from Mrs. A. G. Wallace, same place.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN SUNSET LAND.

IN the Sunset land, in the Sunset land,
Behind the glorious gates of gold unframed of human hand,
There lie the mountain, vale and wood,
The lake, the sparkling stream,
More uncompanied and passing good
Than through the clouds they seem.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land,
The pearl-and-opal sea of light in ceaseless motion grand,
Heaves at the feet of hills so bold
We can not dream their height,
Nor guess to where their foreheads old
Bear up the gems of Night.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land,
All cool and sweet the pine tree waves its slumber-showering hand,
And liquid argent runs the stream
With slumberous, mystic note,
And fast asleep the white clouds seem
Upon the lakes adrift.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land,
No trail of foot or trough of keel is found on leaf or sand;
No hand hath ever harmed a tree
Or bent a blooming flower;
And matchless sweet as matchless free
The landscape lies in power.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land,
The dream of Rest swims softly down as in our dreams we planned,
The war of work, the clash of care,
The racking of regret—
No echoing thought of these is there,
So high that land is set.

Oh pearl-and-opal sea of light, barred back by gates of gold,
On rainbow bolts shot all too strong into Time's pillars old—
Let back, let in! and let us wend
Through country heaven-spanned,
And learn the Universe's end,
There, in the Sunset land!

E. HUGH.

SNIPE ON CHINESE PADDY FIELDS.

WATCHING the French fleet as it lay at anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong during the greater portion of the Franco-Chinese war, was at best an easy and monotonous task, as the vessels remained riding at anchor in the outer harbor day after day, week after week, each a "painted ship upon a painted ocean." The long summer days were very much the same, each as hot and uneventful as the other, and although Hong Kong is a truly beautiful little island, we soon tired of it; as the wild excitement of a *jinrickshaw* ride to Happy Valley, a trip to the top of Victoria Peak, a visit to the native quarter, and the thing is done. Good hotels? Yes; plenty of them. Then the society of the hill and garrison officers' quarters was all that could be desired; but the half-dozen war correspondents stationed here found the time hang rather heavily on their hands after the first three weeks. They were at a loss for both occupation and recreation. The Colonel and I found a bungalow out near Pokfulun and thus escaped the glare and heat of the city. The owners and occupants of this cosy nest on the mountain side were two of the people, Mr. and Mrs. De Crude, we may call them. They were to us landlord and landlady who, for a fair consideration, gave us two clean, cool rooms, good beds and seats at the family table. Mr. DeCrude was a ship chandler, and a wealthy one at that. He was over fifty, short and stout, with a fiery red head, partly bald, and with an appetite for rum and sugar that had given his rather hesitating nose a rich purple color and spoke volumes for his refined taste. He came to China as veterinary surgeon to a horse artillery company, bought his discharge, made a fortune in opium, purchased the ship chandlery establishment and continues to prosper. Mrs. DeCrude was a matron of forty; with a good complexion and a fondness for the pleasures of the table that had caused her waist to entirely disappear, as intelligent nature had evenly distributed her abundant flesh from the most attractive and, in fashionable society, the most often seen portions of female anatomy to the points of her broad hips, until she presented a series of straight lines where one usually looks for graceful curves. Some idea of our dinner table conversation may be gained by the knowledge that our host firmly believed that Walker and Webster were engaged in the rice trade somewhere up the coast, and that Lindley Murray was first officer of a tea steamer; while our hostess repeatedly assured us, "Me and John don't want no money," spoke of the delicious weather, and pressed us to partake of the elegant soup, and committed enough atrocious gastronomic lapses in a single meal to cause Ward McAllister to become a shattered inebriate.

We were at first amused, then bored, and were on the point of doing something desperate when Major D., of the Third Buffs, informed us that there was some good snipe-shooting back of Kowloon, just across the bay. You can imagine the effects of this intelligence on two travelers who would not start anywhere, even on light marching orders, without a trunk rod, fly-book and fowling piece being stored away somewhere in the luggage and considered absolutely necessary for the trip. We hailed the Major as our preserver and instructed our common property and joint valet, Ah Hoy, to engage a boat and see to our lunch, we looking to it that our fowling-pieces were in good order and that our shells were loaded just right, the Colonel insisting that 3drs. of powder with an ounce of shot was the proper load for "Jacks," while the writer, true to his early education on Long Island marshes, adhered to the theory of the old timer and used 1½oz. of shot with 4drs. of driving power behind it.

Ah Hoy requires an introduction. Well, here he is *in propria persona*, with his five feet three of Anglo-Chinese humanity, straight as a plumb-line, quick and silent as an Oriental only can be, and as faithful as the sun. Ah Hoy is indebted to the land hunger of old Albion and the civilizing influence of scarlet coats and pipe clay on the moon-eyed maidens of the Flowery Kingdom for his existence. His mother was a very ordinary celestial who resided on the outer edge of Happy Valley just back of Hong Kong; his father was probably a private in Her Majesty's—Foot. He was a very bright

boy who, when we enlisted him as guide and interpreter, had just finished his studies in a mission school, having been previously instructed in Cantonese and Mandarin by an old Buddhist priest. He was fond of the folk-lore of his native land and could both speak and write English and Chinese with equally proficient fluency. On our trips to the interior, through countless cross-paths and almost impenetrable swamps, in search of information and malaria, he would, with great pride, point out many curious and instructive things that often the most keen observer would in all probability have entirely overlooked. He knew all about China and things Chinese, excepting the haunts and habits of wild game and the pursuit of it, either for pleasure or profit. We decided to make him our guide and trust to our energy, the reported plentitude of birds, and our earnest wish for sport and exercise to give us a good bag.

We started in a hackboat for the main land about four o'clock on the morning after receiving the information that the birds were on the rice swamps and we had located the swamps. A strong land breeze sent our quaint little craft through the water at a fine rate of speed, and we were soon several miles up a large creek back of the English town of Kowloon. The *sampan* was beached and a hasty breakfast eaten; then we started for the paddy fields with Ah Hoy carrying our supplies in the rear. He evidently did not understand the trip and determined to have as little to do with it as possible. A walk of a few hundred yards brought us to the dyke or embankment that invariably surrounds a paddy swamp, and then the fun commenced in good earnest. Birds everywhere. The air was literally full of them. As we cleared the clump of small trees on the near side of the rice field, the Colonel's hammerless twelve-bore spoke twice, and the writer noted the miss with the first while a fine, fat, true snipe plumped down into the swamp at the report of the second. This was before I fired a shot. Ah Hoy saw the bird fall, and dropping all the stores at the great risk of serious loss by breakage, he ran out in the mud and retrieved the dead bird. This was the first wing shot our Celestial friend had ever seen, and it was the making of a keen sportsman and valuable retriever at one and the same time. Ah Hoy stroked the rich brown feathers of the dead bird and said, with a peculiar light in his small, teady eyes, "These plenty everywhere on rice swamp," and we found it so. The Colonel, who is one of the best amateur wing shots I ever saw, bagged twenty-three brace of fine snipe, in every respect apparently the same as the *Gallinago wilsoni*, the back and tops of the wings having the same rich dark brown-and-tan, the tail nearly red, the stripes and marks appearing the same to us as the Wilson snipe. The best specimens averaged about 10in. in length, the tails being about 3in. Ah Hoy questioned several farmers about the birds and was informed that they were always there. This is probably true, as the climate in the vicinity of Hong Kong is nearly the same the year round. The Chinese manner of rice-farming is curious and gives the birds just the sort of cover and food they require.

A Chinaman will take a small piece of ground and build a dyke or wall clear around it; then he brings water from the nearest stream to his inclosed plot by cutting a ditch. The rice fields are usually on a hillside, so that the water can be used over and over again. This is done by having the fields one below the other and letting the water run into the highest until it reaches the desired level, when a gate is cut and the surplus water allowed to flow into the next field. This is often repeated, until the whole hillside is covered with a series of terraces, each level being a rice field and, it is always safe to say, each field well stocked with birds.

A few English residents of Hong Kong and the officers of the garrison are the only ones who shoot in this vicinity. John Chinaman is not allowed to keep firearms, and could not shoot anything if he had the free use of the most improved implements of the chase; consequently, game is plentiful and never very wild, except in the immediate neighborhood of large seaports where there are English residents.

After a fine morning's sport, we retired to our sampan and enjoyed a good lunch of boiled rice, fried chicken, potatoes and egg plant, together with a couple of bottles of white label which had been kept cool by being hung over the stern of the boat well down into the bed of the creek. After lunch, we devoted an hour to the burning of some really good Manila cheroots, and then gave orders to return to the city, which we reached in good time, delighted with our first day's shooting in China.

Ah Hoy became such an enthusiastic sportsman that he was soon well informed on the best shooting grounds and guided us to many a warm corner during our stay on the only English island in China. J. CHAS. DAVIS.

A PLEA FOR THE GIRL.

IT is well for the sportsman so often to make his son a participator of his recreations, but if there be only a daughter, or also a daughter, why not give her similar opportunities to enjoy pleasant and invigorating pastimes?

It is true she often does accompany him when the outing is to be on lake or river, and when the sport is fishing. Her friends admire her no less if the delicate bloom of her cheek is browned by the sun and wind, nor do they deem her unmaidenly if she enters, heart and soul, into the sport, and in time equals or excels her brother in the gentle art. Nay, rather, her exploits are cherished tenderly and often recounted in words all of praise.

If in the outing, as sometimes happens, she kills the largest and finest fish in a skillful manner, her fellow sportsman, combining the pride of teacher with that of relative or friend, is not niggardly of praise for her courage, her steadiness and skill, nor does it seem unwomanly to him for her thus to conquer a game fish that calls forth more of her real fighting qualities than would any furred or feathered game she is ever likely to encounter.

Then, when her prize is gained, he notes with self-reproach for his own carelessness in that respect, how eager she is that it may be humanely killed at once and an end put to its gaping, writhing misery. Thus, whether for trout in the Adirondack streams, bass in Champlain waters or salmon in Canadian, the girl is everywhere learning the use of the rod, and fast becoming an adept at it without losing any of her gentle attributes.

But if the boatmen are in pursuit of feathered game, and guns are to be used, if the girl is allowed to accompany them at all, she usually sits in the boat decorously inactive, albeit so ready to applaud the others for a skillful shot, they are secretly glad she came, and wonder they had not thought before that she might enjoy seeing them shoot so well. Or if fur is sought and the chase is to be over hills and woodlands, she is left at home, or only accompanies the braves to the hilltop in sight of home, to which retreat she returns tardily, often listening if she may catch the call of the hounds among the hills.

If, in rare instances, she should so desire, why not teach her the use of the gun as well as the rod, and when the exact and careful knowledge is acquired, give her the same chances to practice it that her brother has? The invigorating walk, the charms of the ever-shifting scenes, the thrill of joy brought by success in the practice of her newly-acquired skill would give her as great pleasure as they give her father and brother, and she would often gather a larger store of health for body and soul, than do they, for her need is greater. Though she may have no liking for the gun, still, invite the girl, when going afield.

With a girl's natural fondness for flowers, a taste for botany will rapidly develop when she has safe opportunities to wander in the great wild garden of nature, and see the sky, and sweet places where her rarest flowers hide. You will cease to regret your dog discovers no scent of bird or beast when you see her delight over an unknown aster or a late blooming gentian, whose beauty, without her, you would have passed unnoticed as many a time before, and with almost her own enthusiasm you will help search for a rare fern or curious seed-producing plant she is told grows in the very woods you have so often traversed, nor had you before noticed the fit surroundings of each growing plant, from the gray lichens on the gray fences, and the green mosses on the ledges of old red sandstone, to the white birches growing in the border of the hillside woods, against whose leafless brown trees and clusters of evergreen ferns their delicate and graceful branches shine, white and distinct.

Take the girl. If she have skill with her pencil, while you search hither and yon for game whose life alone will satisfy your aspirations, she will put the very spirit of your favorite haunts in the pages of her sketch book.

If she have some knowledge of photography she will make a pleasing comrade, and furnish you with many souvenirs of your day's sport. You may miss the fox by an instant of time through some exasperating mischance, but in that instant the camera may capture him, not a lifeless ball of tawny fur, but an agile, alert creature, full of life and grace. Behind him, too, is a bit of the hemlock bole against which you have leaned so many times waiting and listening, and beyond the woodland path with its border of ferns and arching tree branches.

Then, whenever practicable, take the daughter also to the fields and woods and waters. Her spirit rises quickly to the blessed influences of nature; her languor is soon forgotten; her feet, weary of the monotony of floors, grow pleased and rested on the turf, and before long, without weariness, she can climb the hill pastures where the plover calls and the squirrel gathers his store of nuts, and can tramp through woods where the fox and partridge hide and along miles of fish-inhabited streams.

A day spent in outdoor freedom, enjoying the best and highest of a sportsman's pleasures; acquiring a knowledge of the life, habits and home surroundings of the game sought that he must of necessity possess to insure success; or in discovering some of nature's treasures and reading some of her secrets, or in admiring the skill of others with rod and gun or in practicing her own, or in making sketch or photograph of wild creatures and their haunts is far better than indoor existence with its idle work of crochet hook and embroidery needle or the reading of the latest novel, or in an aimless ramble around the house or a day spent in making calls or in pretended shopping.

At home there will be less crazy patchwork, fewer crocheted tidies, embroidered scarfs and inane decorations to distract its inmates. Such tiresome amusements will gladly be exchanged for outdoor recreations and the delights inseparable from them, that nature is ready to give impartially to boy and girl alike.

AGMA AWANSOOSE.

MR. VAN DYKE PROTESTS.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of the 2d I notice this clipping in a letter from Montana:

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About six weeks ago the Government scout and soldiers stationed at Soda Butte arrested T. S. Van Dyke, a hunter and trapper who for years has been furnishing Cooke City with game, he was found asleep in his camp on Laman River—east fork of the Yellowstone. In his camp was found two heavy traps and other outfit. The party making the arrest removed his arms, field glass and Kodak. With the camera they took several shots at him while yet asleep. He was taken into Ft. Yellowstone, where he was held for thirty-four days and his property confiscated. He says he is loser about \$350—for that is the sum at which he values his horses and outfit.

Some of your readers may think this refers to me. The part about being found asleep in camp seems so natural that I almost believe it myself. If it had only said that some one else was doing the cooking at the same time it would have been so natural that I could hardly deny it.

I have not been furnishing Cooke City with game for several years. When I first started out with a rifle I felt like supplying several States, but have always since had all I could do to supply myself. Neither am I a trapper. I tried a little trapping here during the great real estate boom, but since then the wool has been rather short on the lambs and the quality has not been extra good either. T. S. VAN DYKE.

"HALF HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA."—Auburn, Cal.—To-morrow I am off for my annual angling tour for the next four weeks. Perhaps I may give your readers another "Half Hour in the Sierra Nevada" when I get back, if they have not already received a surfeit of that kind of reading, and provided, also, that I meet with anything worthy of note in my outing.—AREFAR.

SUNDAY TRAIN TO MOMENCE.—The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad placed in service June 14 a Sunday train between Chicago and Momence, leaving Chicago at 8:32 A. M., and returning leave Momence at 8:45 P. M., thus affording anglers a fine opportunity to spend a day on the Kankakee River.—ADDU.

Natural History.

TAXIDERMY AND COLLECTING.

MR. W. T. HORNADAY has written, and Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons have published, a work, "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," which is destined to do a great deal of good, and which cannot fail to be warmly welcomed by all naturalists. All over the world a rapid destruction of wild animals is taking place, and already a number of most interesting species have been practically exterminated, so that to-day the collector sent out to obtain specimens for a great museum will look in vain for a bison, a California sea elephant, a rhytina, a great auk, or a Labrador duck. Other species are rapidly diminishing in number, and the opportunities to secure them are each year becoming fewer. This being the case, it is important that all the specimens collected should be prepared and preserved in the best manner possible, that the animals should be studied in life, and full notes and measurements, together with photographs and sketches, made of them if possible. If all this is done, the taxidermist who ultimately performs the artistic work of mounting the specimens, has an opportunity given him of doing justice to his work and to himself, and the museum is likely to have life-like representations of the animals added to its list of specimens. And when a species is almost extinct and the opportunity for seeing more examples of it has passed away, this means a good deal.

There is something fairly ridiculous—if it were not painful—in the absurd mounted specimens of birds and mammals even now to be seen in the exhibition cases of our best museums. In old times if there was brought to a museum a skin which had on it the complete head and the hoofs, this was enough. It was mounted, that is, was set up on its legs, stuffed with hay or straw, put on a stand, and was then regarded as an adequate representation of the animal in life. As a matter of fact, it looked often like a stuffed sack standing on four pegs, tightly covered with a hide of the animal in question. It is only within a few years that persons in charge of museums have come to realize that taxidermy is an art, that their specimens should be modeled from life, that, to give the public a true notion of the animal on exhibition, something more is required than its shapeless, dried skin stuck up on a board. For a number of years Mr. Hornaday has been regarded as the most skillful taxidermist in this country. He has had very wide experience and has occupied positions which could be held only by one who stood in the first rank of his profession. But quite apart from any manual skill is the artistic temperament and the passionate love for nature which has led Mr. Hornaday to study the minutest characters of his subjects and has made him the producer of some of the most superb groups of mammals that have ever been put up.

In the admirably complete work which he has given us, Mr. Hornaday has covered the whole field of ordinary zoological collecting, though, of course, only brief mention is given to the subject of the collection of marine invertebrates. The book is divided into six parts, which treat (1) of Collecting and Preserving, (2) of Taxidermy, (3) of Making Casts, (4) of Osteology, (5) of the Collection and Preservation of Insects and (6) of General Information. Under these divisions is given a vast amount of information, which is so clearly expressed that a careful reader, though wholly unacquainted with the subject, may by following out the instructions given, easily become, with a little practice, a skillful taxidermist. While it is impossible to give here any adequate notion of any one of the sections of this book, it may be said that Part I. contains chapters on the outfit of the collector, how to select and study fresh specimens, treatment of the skins of small mammals, collecting large mammals, birds, large and small; reptiles, fishes, marine invertebrates, and birds' nests and eggs. The book contains 362 pages, and the profuse and beautiful illustrations, which number 23 full page plates and 104 text cuts, simplify and render more clear the already very plain descriptions of the text.

While the value of this book will, of course, be greatest to the zoological collector as such, the man who makes it his business and his profession to collect specimens for museums, yet it will have a far wider field than that. Every sportsman who hunts big game likes to bring back from his excursions the trophies of his chase, but through ignorance it often happens that skins are taken off and heads cleaned in such a clumsy, unskillful fashion, that they either spoil before reaching the hands of the taxidermist, or else are in such bad shape when he receives them that no life-like mounting is possible. Each big-game hunter then ought to make Mr. Hornaday's book a part of his camp outfit. Its clear directions will save him many hours of time and trouble, and much worry.

The young ornithologist, and even the casual duck hunter, who now and then wishes to save some unusually fine specimen that he has killed, will find this book a very useful one. It is by all odds the best work which we have ever seen on the subject, and deserves a wide circulation.

SOME MICHIGAN BIRD NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Florida correspondent, "Didymus," is correct in supposing that the Northern crop of hummingbirds is short. We have noted their scarcity, and while at present our front piazza is brilliant with the gorgeous blossoms of cactus and honeysuckles of different varieties—flowers much loved by these little gems of the air—we scarce see a half dozen in a day, while formerly they would have been in sight every few minutes.

My observation of the birds has been conducted this season for the most part at very long range. In the early spring our lake was visited by a number of large black ducks, species not identified, but not common here, and much resembling those often seen on Canadian waters.

March 18.—Crows appeared.	April 21.—Kingfisher.
April 1.—Robin appeared (reported March 24).	April 30.—House wren heard, not seen.
April 18.—Frogs peeped.	May 10.—Brown thrasher seen.
April 19.—Crow blackbirds seen.	May 13.—Hummingbird seen.
April 19.—Ice disappeared from view.	May 14.—Catbird heard.
April 21.—Barn swallow seen.	May 20.—Whippoorwill heard.
	May 21.—Powit seen.

The house wrens, which have built nests in our buildings for many years, have not done so this season, and we have feared that they had been killed. Two days ago one sat on the roof-tree and sang—the second time only that we have heard their song.

The catbirds, which have only visited us within a very few years, are not as numerous as last year. Then, one built in a syringa bush within three feet of the coffee mill. This year a little finch added an upper story to the old nest and there hatched its brood.

The house sparrows have in past years nested in our vines, and have been ejected by the English sparrows,

day proved too much for them, and rather than to remain in their nests and bake, they essayed to fly, and tumbled ignominiously to the ground. I was absent during the hottest part of the day, but on my return in the evening I was immediately aware that there was trouble among my tenants by their distressful clamorings. I went into the yard and found twelve young birds scattered among the grass, and the remains of three more that the cat had made away with. I first chivied the latter off the premises, and amid the pleadings of the parents, collected the helpless youngsters. What was to be done with them? I tried to put them back by placing them upon the end of a long pole, and raising them to the house. The little wretches were paralyzed by terror, and would only yell and kick and peck fiercely with their great soft beaks, and then tumble helplessly to the ground as soon as released. I then took a long ladder and tried to put them back, but I suppose I put them in the wrong apartments, for they all came tumbling out again before I got to the ground. I then took a bird cage, removed the bottom, turned it upside down, and put the little fools in that. This I suspended to a high branch of a walnut tree, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the parents feeding their demoralized young. I felt as proud as I ever did over my first success in surgery. But alas! in the morning I found they had all clambered up the wires of the cage, fallen out and died. And I know that those poor bereaved parents blame me for the whole business. *Hine ille lacryme!* AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

BIRDS OF MANITOBA.

IN the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum Mr. Ernest E. Thompson gives us a paper of very great interest on the Birds of Manitoba.

When we consider its great extent and the fact that it adjoins our borders it seems rather singular that so little ornithological work should have been done in the Province, but it is true up to the publication of Mr. Thompson's list of the birds of western Manitoba in the *Auk* in 1888, not much was known of the avifauna of this section.

The Province of Manitoba includes within its borders a great variety of country. There are great lakes, bare, level prairies, tracts of forest and marsh, hills rising to the dignity of mountains—at least in name—reaching an altitude of 2,500ft. above the sea level and 500 or more above the surrounding plain. In this varied region Mr. Thompson observed

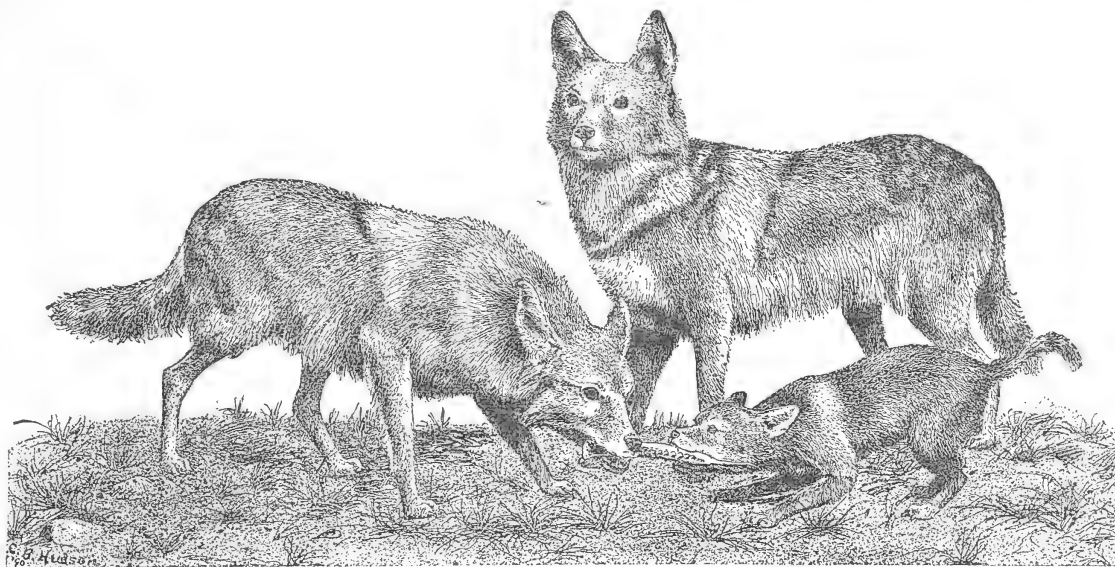
bird life during a three years' residence, and has given us the results in this paper. His own observations are supplemented by those of other observers, to whom credit is given by name throughout the paper.

In a short introduction, the author gives a description of the Province, naming its boundaries and describing in some detail its physical characters, which are still further explained in the accompanying map. Then we have the annotated list of birds, which numbers 273 species and subspecies; a chronological list of the principal books and articles consulted, a list of the manuscripts used in completing the foregoing notes, and an index to the birds of Manitoba.

Mr. Thompson's field notes, which have been transcribed apparently with little change from his daily journal, are to our mind the most important, as they certainly are the most delightful, of this paper. These notes are unusually full with regard to many species, and in some cases, notably with some of the grouse, an almost complete life history of the bird is given. The notes on game birds are especially full, which gives this paper an interest to sportsmen far greater than such lists usually possess. Among the points which especially touch on birds interesting to gunners is the following statement with regard to pinnated grouse which we give in substance. In 1873 Dr. Coues wrote of this bird: "I have no reason to believe that it occurs at all in northwestern Minnesota or North Dakota. * * * I have met with no indication of its occurrence north of the United States boundary." In 1882, when Mr. Thompson first visited Manitoba, the species was almost unknown in the country, the only known specimens having been taken near Winnipeg in 1881. In 1883 Mr. Hine informed the author that it had begun to be common at Pembina. In 1884 it was not only common at Winnipeg, but had also made its appearance at Portage la Prairie on the Assinaboine, where it is now resident, tolerably common and increasing every year. In December, 1886, one was seen at Carberry. The bird appears to be working north and west and is evidently following the plow.

Mr. Thompson's paper is full of interesting information about the birds of which he writes, and contains many notes of habits in species as yet unobserved. The account of the western meadow lark and the record in musical notation of some of its songs will be new to many persons. It is greatly to be desired that more attention might be given to the writing out of birds' songs, a subject which as yet has received but little attention.

Mr. Thompson's paper is not without certain minor faults of execution, but it is not quite certain that these are to be charged altogether to him, for he has not seen his manuscript since it was passed over to the editor, nor has he read his proofs.



GROUP OF COYOTES. MOUNTED BY THE AUTHOR.
From Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting."

but this season they have managed to hold their own, with perhaps a little help from my firearms.

The season has been cold and backward, the most so of any spring since my residence in this county. Late frosts are unusual along the Intermediate Lakes, but this year we have had many. Rains have been scarce, and crops are poor; but I should say that the game, what little there is left, has probably had a good chance.

Trout and bass fishing are poor, and will so continue until the fish have better protection.

I have been surprised to hear that coons are said to catch rabbits. It may be true that they do so, though I never saw anything which would confirm the statement.

In this connection I may say that I was not long ago told by a farmer that the woodchucks, which had been very troublesome, were growing scarce, and that they were often killed by the badgers. To this fact he attributed their scarcity.

P. S.—I'm going fishing in a few days, and if I have any luck will try and let you know. Old "Kingfisher" and I are going to try the bass again. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., July 12.

MY MARTINS.

IT was a small thing, in the economy of nature, but it almost broke my heart, and the hearts of the parents also. Three years ago I erected a tenement house in my back yard, for the use of a family by the name of Purple Martin. I saw them house hunting in the town, and there being no suitable residence to be found, I immediately erected one, as soon as it could be constructed. I got it up late in the spring, but it was at once thankfully occupied by a belated pair, who had been unable to secure suitable apartments sooner. Every season since that time my tenants come in March and leave in the latter part of July, or first week in August. They pay their rent ten thousand times over every day by their happy gurgling notes, and engaging, companionable ways. I have come to expect their arrival every spring, with the liveliest anticipations of delight, and to look for their departure with regret.

The house was occupied this season by five families, each of which had a large and promising brood of young. The season, up to the 25th of June had been a very cool and pleasant one, with no hot days, an unusual thing for Californian climate. On that date it began to get warm, then hot, hotter, hottest, until it was hot as Hades; in fact, the very hottest ever experienced since records have been kept in the State. On Tuesday, the last day of June, the mercury indicated 105° in the coolest shade to be found. The young martins were about two-thirds fledged and had begun to poke their heads out of doors, when the hot wave struck us. The heat on this memorable Tues-

THOSE GROUSE CHICKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The announcement of the death of the grouse chicks recently hatched under a hen (FOREST AND STREAM, July 9), though not wholly unexpected, is nevertheless a matter of regret. It is highly probable, however, that all attempts to rear the ruffed grouse under the domestic hen will end in the same futile way. The two species are so utterly unlike in all respects that they refuse to affiliate, even when maternity on the one side and infancy on the other, would seem to bring them most nearly together. Some four or five years ago, when the writer was more actively interested in this subject, "Uncle Fuller" (Orin Belknap), of Washington, kindly undertook to assist him. That gentleman procured a sitting of grouse eggs which he placed under a common hen, and in due time they were hatched. But the "unnatural foster mother," instead of caring for the chicks as a mother should, went savagely to work and murdered the entire brood.

I am also inclined to think that in the case recently noted in the FOREST AND STREAM, the grouse chicks did not have proper food. In the native state the young birds are fed on insects, larvæ, vegetable growths, etc. Their immature gizzards are not tough enough to masticate grains of any kind, and these with other unsuitable foods no doubt laid the foundation for the chronic indigestion which was the probable cause of their taking off. The ruffed grouse can be bred and reared in confinement, but the chicks must come from eggs laid by partly domesticated birds, who must look after their own young.

TOLEDO, O., July 18.

JAY BEEBE.

THAT WHITE MUSKRAT.—I find that none of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have ever seen a white muskrat, or at least I infer that they have not since none of them have replied to the request that I made a few weeks since when noticing the capture of this animal. I now think that it is a greater curiosity than ever, for what some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have not seen in the way of animals must be most remarkable. However, it might be interesting to them to know that F. M. Noble, of Ellensburg, Jefferson county, N. Y., a man that has handled hundreds of thousands of muskrat skins, and a friend of the writer, assures me that in all his life he never saw nor heard of a white one.—A. H. G. (Sing Sing).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A HUNT IN IDAHO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In September, 188-, having accepted a position with a mining company in the West, I started out filled with the idea that at last my opportunity had come for a crack at some of the big game of this country. I arrived safely at my destination, which was a little mining camp in the southeastern part, and not far from the Wood River district, and immediately began to cast around for a suitable chum to go with me. I found one that had the hunting fever as badly as I had in the person of one Jim M., the most ungainly specimen of the genus *homo* that I have ever been my luck to come across.

At the time I write of, Jim was about 18, stood 6ft. 2in., and weighed only about 110lbs. He was all bones, and the bones were at all angles. He was a splendid shot with either pistol or rifle, but had a supreme disgust for a shotgun. He was very wiry and could tramp all day over the mountains, either on foot or on snowshoes, and come into camp at night with a deer on his back as fresh as though he had only just started out. Jim, by the way, had a history. His father was one of Custer's most noted and trusted scouts. He was with him at the battle of the Little Big Horn, and, like many another brave man, met his death that day. Jim inherited from his father his Winchester rifle and an intense hatred of all Indians. He passionately loved the hunt, so that it was no trouble for me to induce him to start off for a week's sport at whatever kind of game fortune might throw in our way.

Our outfit consisted of a saddle horse apiece, one pack horse pretty well loaded down with our cooking utensils and a few provisions; we took a little flour and salt pork, a few potatoes and beans, salt and pepper and coffee and sugar. Thus equipped we mounted our horses in front of my cabin one splendid morning late in September, and started off with a brisk lope down the trail, aiming due north. The scenery was superb, we going through cañons, over ridges and divides, down into valleys and up other cañons. We started many rabbits of the "snowshoe" variety, grouse and sage hens, but in our ride of forty miles we saw no large game. About 4 in the afternoon we started to make our camp at the entrance of a big gulch, Jim saying that in the morning we ought to be able to get a deer.

We unloaded our pack horse, spread out our blankets, gathered wood for the night, turned loose our saddle horses, and fixed everything snugly, so that we could turn in at dark. I then suggested to Jim that I wanted grouse for supper, and taking my 10-bore Scott, which, by the way, Jim had done his best to leave at home, we started off following a little stream that came down through the gulch. We had not gone far before Jim flushed five that were feeding close to the water. They were very tame and simply arose from the ground and lit in some pines close by. Right here I saw the first expert pistol shooting I had ever witnessed. Jim approached to within about 30ft. of three grouse and drew his six-shooter, a Colt .45. He shot one after another of the three grouse, taking the lower ones first, and cutting the head or neck of each one. At the last report the two remaining birds flew, and in my hurry I scored a beautiful miss with my first barrel, but retrieved myself with a good clean kill at long range for the second. Having picked up our birds, which were more than enough for our present use, we started back to camp and Jim went to work preparing supper. Our evening meal was quite a good one in its way. After our soup we had grouse, biscuits, fried potatoes and coffee, and lighting our pipes

we rolled up in our blankets and Jim proceeded to tell hunting stories and his different experiences after big game. I think his bear stories interested me more than any others, and I went to sleep that night full of a feeling of awe and admiration for the powerful brute that Jim called the bald-faced grizzly, and wondered when the time came that I first met one, I should do like the Eastern tenderfoot that Jim had been telling me about, who climbed the first tree at hand, and when he came to the top kept right on climbing, and of course fell right into Baldy's path.

I had not quite settled just what I would do, when sleep overtook me; and the next thing I remember was Jim shaking me roughly by the shoulder and saying if we wanted to get any deer, it was time we were out. The stars were still shining and the air was cold, and every thing was so still that it did not seem a living object could possibly be within miles of us. We got our horses saddled up and made everything ready for a start, first tethering our pack horse and fixing things snugly in camp so that they would not be injured in any way during our absence. By this time daylight was beginning to show itself, and we started away, bound for a hot sulphur spring which Jim knew of some three miles away. Going within a mile of the place we dismounted and proceeded cautiously on foot; here and there we found signs of the near proximity of deer, and our advance became more and more cautious.

Just as we came to a little ridge on the other side of which lay the springs, Jim whispered to me to get ready, for if we were going to see any that day we would start them up on the other side; and sure enough, the minute our heads showed above the top, up started a band of seven black-tailed deer with a magnificent buck in the lead. They were about 75yds. away when they first broke, and the way those deer put space between us was a caution. I killed one, a young buck, using up all the shells in my Marlin .45-70 caliber to do it. I will never be able to tell if I had buck fever or not. I thought I was cool enough, only I couldn't seem to be able to hit deer. Jim only fired once, killing the old buck in the lead, the rest of the time he spent laughing at me.

We cleaned our game and hung them up and started back for our horses. On reaching them Jim suggested that we take a tour and come around from the springs on the other side, thereby getting a view of the surrounding country. On the way I had a shot at a silver gray fox, and had the satisfaction of killing him at a distance of about 100yds. We came across some very large bear tracks, and I got my horse and measured one of them. I was wearing quite a large Mexican sombrero and it would only just a little more than cover one of the bear's footprints. Jim said it was a grizzly and that we would try to locate him the next day. I did not say much, but I felt as though I had not lost any bear myself. I asked Jim what he thought the bear making that size footprint would weigh, and he said, "Oh, about fourteen to sixteen hundred," in a careless sort of a way, as though it was an every-day occurrence with him to bag two or three such birds. We finally came to where we had hung up our deer, packed them on our horses and struck out for camp, where upon arriving Jim proceeded to skin the deer and cut them up ready for use.

In the afternoon again we took the shotgun and started out to have some fun with the grouse. I had splendid sport with them for an hour and a half, killing over a dozen, all single shots. Jim acted as retriever and picked up the birds. So ended our second day. Bright and early the next morning we started off on foot for bear, and although we saw many tracks and fresh signs, still we walked all day without seeing one; and came back to camp pretty well tired out.

The next morning we broke camp and started up the gulch, bound for a pass in the mountains that would let us down in the foothills and gulches at the other side of the range. It was a long tedious ride and very slow, the horses having to pick their way over fallen trees, broken from last year's snowslides, and the country was very rough generally. As we went through the path, which as it neared the top narrowed down, Jim told me of how a party of them had not long before driven a band of antelope through there, out of which they killed over a hundred before they broke away. I am thankful to be able to say that the meat was all used, nevertheless it must have been slaughter. Jim told me there must have been a thousand in the band, and that they crowded and jumped over one another in their efforts to get away. On the north side of the range we made a cache, burying all our game in a huge snow bank. We made camp about two miles down a magnificent cañon at the edge of quite a brook, had supper, rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

In the morning early we mounted our horses and struck out, leaving all our traps except guns and ammunition in camp, and rode down the gulch, Jim taking one side of the brook and I the other. We had gone about a mile when Jim, whom I could not see on account of the trees and bushes, suddenly commenced to whoop and yell and I heard his horse tearing down the gulch. I at once put spurs to my pony and managed to keep abreast of the noise, although every second I expected to get a nasty fall, the ground was so rough. It seemed about five minutes, it probably was not one, before we came to a clear space where I could see what was the matter, and then I saw Jim, rifle in one hand and sombrero in the other, chasing an old black bear and her cub. Jim was whooping like a Comanche Indian at every jump his pony took, and quicker than it takes to tell it Jim's whoops had the desired effect, the cub got rattled and went up a tree, and the old one crossed the brook right in front of me. My pony stopped short with a snort of fear, and I jumped off and commenced what I thought was going to be a fight, but it wasn't, for the bear kept right on running. I struck her three times, and although every time I hit her she would roll over and over, yet she would get up and keep on going and she disappeared over a little ridge. I then crossed the brook to Jim who had already killed the cub, which weighed about 140lbs., helped him hang it up, and then we took the trail of the old bear which we followed easily by the blood, which showed that she had been hard hit. We had not gone over 300yds. when we suddenly came upon her; she was lying on the first branches of a fir tree, about 18ft. from the ground, busily engaged in licking her wounds. Quick as thought we both shot, and down she came and never moved after striking. We quickly skinned her, and then hunted up my horse and went after the cub. Jim had tied his horse, but mine ran

about half a mile away; we, however, caught him without any trouble. When we came to put the cub on Jim's horse we had a circus, such bucking and jumping I never saw; it took us over half an hour, but we accomplished it, and went back to camp.

That night in talking over our plans we decided to make pack horses of all our animals and strike out for home, walking up the ridge by the pass where we had made our cache and come by a roundabout way to my cabin. This necessitated our going over Mt. G., where Jim promised me some shots at the Rocky Mountain goat. In the morning early we started and plodded on steadily without anything eventful happening until late in the afternoon, when we suddenly caught sight of a grizzly bear feeding on berries. He was back to us about 300yds. away, and did not see or hear us. We quietly drew out of sight and securely tied our horses and held a hurried consultation in which we agreed to stick together, for Jim said "grizzly" would undoubtedly come straight for us the minute he was hit and found out where we were; then we started and came to within 200yds. of his bearship. Both fired together at the word, and both bullets went home, knocking the brute over; he was up in an instant, and turning snapped at his flank, where one of the bullets had struck, and growled savagely. He could not see us, but Jim firing again, the smoke from our rifles showed where we were, and lowering his head he started for us. To me he looked like a huge pig, and I don't know what I was thinking about—probably of home and mother—when the crack of Jim's rifle and his hurried "Why the devil don't you shoot?" roused me, and throwing my gun to my shoulder I commenced to pump lead at him. I remember that once we stepped to one side to get away from the smoke of our guns, I also imagined myself in a real battle. The crack, crack, crack, of our rifles seemingly was multiplied a hundred times. I was cool through it all, but it was a mechanical kind of coolness. Every time a bullet struck over would roll the bear, but he would get right up again and keep a-coming; every second that bear seemed to grow larger, until he looked to me as big as a house.

The funny part of it to me was that the nearer he came the better I shot. Through it all I kept slipping shells into the magazine of my gun, and when finally grizzly dropped for the last time, only 50ft. away, I had seven shots left in my rifle. We found him badly cut up, two legs broken in three places, and completely riddled through the body. A peculiar fact was that not a bullet had struck him in the head. We cut him open and found that his heart was cut to pieces. We estimated his weight between eleven and twelve hundred, and after taking his hide we went back to our horses and camped for the night. I hardly slept, for after it was all over I caught a bad case of rattles and was completely unstrung.

We reached home early next day, going over Mt. G. We saw one small band of goats, but too far away to shoot. Later that same fall we made a pilgrimage after them, and perhaps at some future date I will tell you how successful we were.

IDAHO.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF WYOMING.

WALKING home one autumn afternoon, not long ago, tired and despondent, I found my thoughts wandering back to some of the pleasantest memories of my life. Again I could smell the aroma from the pitch logs sputtering in the camp-fire about which three of us lay in the dark Wyoming woods. Again I could hear the light, fitful airs whispering in the treetops over our little tent. Now I was scanning in the bright sunlight a great sweep of rolling plains country, from the back of my sturdy pony, hoping for a sight of a "bunch of antelopes," the cool, strong wind blowing in my face and pulling at my hat brim.

"Hello!" shouts a fellow at my elbow, scattering my thoughts very suddenly. At the sharp warning I dodged just in time to save my head a blow from a timber two men were carrying across the sidewalk in front of me. In the street a small fire of boards and latls was crackling, and from it to me the wind blew a thin veil of smoke. The spicy odor of this it was which sent my thoughts back to the times I hunted and explored in and near the Rockies.

But a few years ago there was, perhaps, no region in the world where sport with the rifle could be more healthfully and pleasantly pursued than in the Rocky Mountain region from southern Colorado to the British possessions. Favored by a high altitude where the atmosphere was dry, bracing and healthful, here the hunter could follow his chosen sport or vocation in a country filled with noble game, and in a region where each day brought a new surprise or stranger experience. With weeks of fine, clear weather; with youth, health and a clear conscience, is it a wonder happy memories were left? It was my good fortune in May, '81, to take a journey to Colorado. While in Denver, where my cousin and I rested after some trips to the mining towns, we received a letter from an old friend of ours then living on a small ranch in Laramie county, Wyoming. Her husband had moved there from Colorado some six years before to take up a claim. We had not met in over ten years. Mr. and Mrs. H. both made the invitation to visit them, urgent and hearty; and being very glad of the chance to see a bit of frontier life and to renew an old acquaintance, we decided to accept and visit the H. ranch. We had never seen more wild game than the few antelopes our train scared away before it in crossing western Kansas; so the thought of seeing plenty of wild life fascinated us.

On June 1, a sunny, lonely afternoon, the Union Pacific eastbound train set us down at Pine Bluff, Wyoming, a little cattle-shipping station near the Nebraska line. H. had arranged to meet us with his ranch wagon. His ranch lay across the plains some thirty miles northwest. As he had not yet come, my cousin and I strolled to the end of the little platform to look about us and watch the departing cars. As the train clattered slowly off and disappeared from sight, a great loneliness stole over me. I had viewed the immensity of the plains from the car windows; but being set down and left at a tiny, lonely way-station offered a new experience. The agent and the man with him were the only human beings in sight; though a thread of smoke came from the section house across the track. The only sounds came from the far distant train and the ticker in the agent's office. Besides the section house across the way, there was the station, water tank, and a small log cabin with a rough-board addition used as store and saloon, on our side of it. All this was "Pine Bluffs,"

The wide reach of blue sky, the great stretch of yellow plains, and the long line of gray bluffs and broken hills to the east and south of us, with the huge swells of the plains, gave the landscape that solemn and dreamlike aspect of the sea. We gazed at it all in silence for a while; but the cool, tempered breeze gave us a new impulse; and we walked past the platform, where we could just see a group of section hands working on the track ahead. As we approached them one nearer than the rest stopped working suddenly and began firing missiles at an object in the grass. We ran up, and he pointed out to us the head and neck of a rattlesnake thrust up out of some reeds and grass. It was despatched, and the six or seven buttons pulled off. Though I saw many afterward, and killed some, I never came near being bitten but once, and through no fault of the "rattler." Once, carrying a mountain sheep on my back down the cañon of the North Laramie River, I got going at too quick a gait, and though I heard a buzzing in the rocks lower down, was unable to stop till almost on the snake. That ominous humming noise gives a good warning.

When we got back to the station the agent carefully scanned the prairie for us to the north, and finally pointed out to us a tiny black spot, some five miles away, which he said was the team. We watched it alternately vanish and reappear, and grow bigger and bigger, till we could make out horses and wagon. Rather over an hour afterward our new acquaintance introduced himself, and we made friends at once.

Going back to the wagon we helped carry into the log cabin, against which the saloon stood, the blankets and quilts and the mattress H. always carried with him across the wagon seat. Then the grub box was brought in and a good cold supper spread on the dirt floor. While it was yet light enough we made our beds, and H. changed the mares' picketings. Then rolling up in our blankets, we sought sleep; but the novelty of it all kept us awake a while asking questions and listening to explanations of what we saw and should see.

A freight train roaring and puffing by about midnight was the only thing to disturb us till the morning's frosty air sought the thin places in our coverings, and H.'s getting up awoke us. When H. came back from the ponies we were dressed and washed, and all then helped get breakfast, which was soon ready. At 8 o'clock we drove off, the little colts cavorting merrily about their mothers, apparently not "done up" by the previous day's travel. An overcoat and gloves were yet comfortable, though we shed the coat by 9 o'clock or so. A mile out we crossed Pole Creek, and leaving a solitary ranch far to one side, "took up" on the divide a little east of north.

I shall never forget that morning's ride. A few puffy snow-white clouds hung here and there above and above the horizon, set in the purest, clearest blue sky; a great sweep of straw-colored plains stretching under it, flushed with the green new grass coming up among the dried last year's stalks; the gray walls of bluffs lying four or five miles off to the east and northeast, spotted here and there with the dark green foliage of the straggling, stunted pines and cedars growing tentatively on them. The fresh morning air blew gently in our faces and seemed to give newer souls and bodies to us at every breath.

This section of the country that spring was thickly stocked with cattle, owing to the good grazing and numerous water holes, and we frequently passed small groups and herds of them, which looked up curiously at us as our little outfit jogged slowly past. H. had brought his rifle—a .44cal. Winchester repeater—and he assured us the chances of getting an antelope were excellent, as there was but little travel on this road. We scanned the landscape carefully and persistently in friendly rivalry as to who should first see game, but H.'s experienced eye found it first. He snapped his blacksnake off to westward and called our attention to a round, white, glimmering spot, as big as one's hand, near a bunch of distant cattle and called it an antelope. While our untaught eyes were seeking for a four-legged, buff-colored, deer-like creature his trained eyesight looked for any color or shape that would suggest an antelope in any one of his hundred aspects in varying lights and positions. A round white spot, a black or buff shape, the edge of a knife-blade erect on the horizon, any thing that instinct told him had life in it. We watched the distant animal turn this way or that, while it fed, its aspect changing as often as its position. Sometimes it seemed dark brown, again an almost black spot, then it would show its true shape and buff color. We strained our eyes looking at it and wished it nearer.

Further on we drove through a prairie dog town, and the little rodents were much disturbed, and hurriedly interrupting visits to neighbors sped home to their own burrows, there to bark at us shrilly and defiantly till we were by them. Occasionally from the frequent water holes, accumulated from the recent spring rains, a pair or a small flock of teal or mallards would be scared away. We secured a few with the rifle, but were not so successful with the jacks, of whom a number were started from cover. Before we camped for noon we had each had several shots at antelope, and some were good ones—the shots, I mean. Most of the balls fell too short, and one, I regret to say, wounded an antelope in the hip and he got away. With H.'s field glasses we could see him as he ran limping up a lower place in the bluff two miles away. A true hunter hates to wound his game and see it get away. It is to be regretted that a sport in most ways so manly, and that makes the hunter a student of nature as well, should have the taint of blood about it. Cruelty is only for the brute. What fascinates in hunting is the matching of one's faculties and endurance, one's skill and courage, against those of the game.

At noon we drew up near a thick patch of "bluejoint" and not far from a water hole. The horses were unhitched and turned loose with their picket ropes dragging. Though the wagon stood in a hollow, or swale, the wind blew rather strong and cold, so a blanket was hung over the wheels on one side for shelter. After a hearty lunch of tea, boiled over a fire of sage roots, buffalo chips and the few dry sticks in the wagon, and plenty of sandwiches, cookies and pie, we stretched out in the shade of the blanket and dozed a while.

A couple of hours later we were again on the trail. An isolated pine or two could be seen later in the afternoon on the horizon ahead; and not long after we were trotting down the sandy and steep trail through a kind of cañon in the bluffs. From our elevated outlook we could trace for a while the great bare valley to the north, through

which Horse Creek flowed as it swept in a big curve northerly to Goshen Hole. A mile down, on our way occasionally startling a kilderfer from the little brook we crossed and recrossed, or a mourning dove from the box elders that lined its banks, we struck this valley, and turning to the left, followed it up west for four or five miles to H.'s ranch. A few log cabins were passed, but hardly half a mile of fencing was seen in all till we reached our friend's. After a cordial greeting from Mrs. H., we dragged in our trunks and traps and were made to feel at home.

Next morning we were taken over to our friend's ranch. Within a week he took us over the prairies in several antelope hunts; but we were still unsuccessful. A week of this ranch life satiated my cousin, and we took him back to Pine Bluffs. I had arranged to spend the summer on the ranch, so we made our farewells as the train left.

It being late in the afternoon when we left the station H. decided to camp at Pole Creek, where we might get an antelope coming in to water in the morning.

We picketed the mares securely toward nightfall, and built us the usual tiny camp-fire of dead sticks and odd scraps of wood, and supper was soon over.

As it looked somewhat overcast the ground under the wagon was smoothed of its hummocks, stones and prickly pears, and our mattress spread there. A blanket was fastened to the wheels on the windy side and weighted down with stones, and then we snuggled down in our blankets, and I tried to sleep. But the novelty of the thing kept me awake. It was my first bivouac.

Through the spokes of one hind wheel I could catch an occasional glimpse of a star or two, as the clouds broke over them. A coyote's distant howlings, the murmuring of the breeze about the wagon, the noise of a dragging picket rope as a mare nosed along to a more tempting bit of grass, the sigh of one of the colts lying down, were all distinctive and agreeable sounds enough, and made more interesting in the gloom of night. The brisk breeze made the coals of the dying fire glow and glow, till finally they burnt out.

We got an early start next day, and made eight or ten miles before the sun got very hot. Pretty lark buntings were soaring, to stay suspended for awhile singing above their mates (squatting in the grass) and till they lit again. Some scratching marks in the road attracted our attention, and our companion explained them as made by a buck antelope, who will often follow a road for a mile or two pawing and leaving his sign at frequent intervals. We kept alert and soon spied the buck off to our right at long rifle range. Like many another fool buck, he is convinced we mean harm to him on that side of the road and his only safety lies on the other. Away he dashes off toward the road and way ahead of us. Crossing it at top speed, and with a grace and elegance hard to describe, he heads for our other side—the right—there stopping short, not nearly as far away as his first position. H. has the rifle and succeeds in dropping a shot near his feet. The buck does not run, only swings a little and shows more of himself. Another shot; another, and he goes down in a heap, and we hear the ball spat at the same time. We drive right up to where he lies, to find him dead enough. The game is soon dressed by my friend and lifted into the wagon; and the horns are added as a trophy.

Ten days or so later, after I had shot my first antelope, a doe, we started one morning with the ponies and their coats, having enough provisions in the wagon for a five or six days' hunt. We head for Jordan's Cañon, which lies just over the Nebraska line a few miles, and was about twenty-five or thirty miles away to the northeast. There were fewer ranches in this section; in fact they lay fifteen or twenty miles apart; so H. hoped there would be more game of all kinds for us to hunt. Antelope, mountain sheep, blacktails, with a stray elk now and then, were to be expected there. We nooned at Hawk's Spring, sixteen or seventeen miles north, and found ourselves in the late afternoon about twelve miles beyond this to the northeast, after a fiery hot drive over an extensive alkali flat, where the air was almost like a furnace blast. Jordan's Cañon we had passed a couple of miles to the south, and as the bluff wall was here much broken we had no great trouble to drive to a rather elevated place on the tableland and near the source of a tiny stream, which flowed a couple of miles into the plains from its north side. Antelope we had seen in numbers, both singly and in herds, and we knew we could get all we wanted here.

As soon as the horses were unhitched and picketed we started off for a still-hunt. Not far from camp we saw a doe ahead, and H. shot at her. She flung up her head repeatedly as if hit there. The game did not run far, and after some maneuvering we spy it feeding behind a sandy, irregular knoll. With this for a cover we crept up within easy range, about 60 yds., and I rise up, take hasty and excited aim, and fire. She falls and lies struggling till another shot hits a vital spot. We examine her and find the shot H. fired had cut a slight hole in the bone of her nose. The game was dressed and packed to our tent on one of the ponies. While H. was kindling a fire and collecting the dried limbs and sticks lying under the few cottonwood and box-elders growing down in the gulch, I scooped out a place near the bank and brought some clear water. Soon tea was boiling and venison steak broiling, and not long after, as we were about to sit down to supper, a coyote's despairing, agonizing yowls told us the steaks smelt sweet, but were not for him, he quite realized. Dishes washed, tent pitched and horses repicketed, we stood a while near them watching a fine sunset. When the sun was well down, the evening chill of this high altitude (5,000 ft.) drew us to the fire, where guns were cleaned and inspected, and then for a time we reclined in a thoughtful spirit, though keeping up a pleasant if rather desultory conversation. Perhaps the most agreeable part of camp life is had around the camp-fire after all the day's work is done, and when the harmonious spirit has its full sway. The disagreeable is forgotten; one lies about the blaze comfortable and restful in body, and mind, too; and so one's fancies are peaceful and pleasant. One's imagination also is more free, and we conceive new adventures where we should have acted more cleverly at some critical time than we yet had. There is something, too, about the night which gives a spice to any narrative or story; and H., who had fought in the war with an Indiana regiment, and spent ten or twelve years in the Far West, had many an interesting tale to tell, that he told with considerable skill,

We sought our bed late, but I resolved nevertheless to get up early.

In the gray of the morning, while yet a few stars sparkled and before even an attenuated coyote had given so much as a howl, I crept out of the blankets, softly untied the flap of the little A tent and taking the carbine sallied forth. The horses were up and feeding—it seemed as if they never stopped eating and never lay down—but I did not wait to get any breakfast. The night before I had resolved to get an antelope by my skill alone. Striking off southward through the broken, bluff, rising ground which continued to the south, I had covered nearly two miles while the east reddened. After the sun was up I found myself crossing the heads of two deep draws which swept off eastward and united, a mile away, in a larger valley. Here I saw several antelope, but the nature of the ground and the direction of the wind prevented me from working them. About five miles from camp I decided to return, as the hungry stomach complained. As I crossed the small ridge between the heads of the two draws I had passed earlier in the morning I saw an antelope scud across the wider valley a mile east of me. It was no use, I saw, to try to get him, but my glance in returning happened to rest on a black shining object, half hidden in the grass, well up the south side of the nearest draw; and it was surely an antelope, I thought. Over a slight rise in the ground ahead of me I could just see it with my field glasses; and it proved to be a fine buck, lying beside a cluster of soap weed and now and then licking its side or nibbling at some grass within reach. I stood all this time, of course, stock-still and carefully studied the lay of the land with the aid of my glasses. It was evident I must retrace my steps four or five hundred yards; then swing rapidly around to the east and northeast and ascend to the crest of the ridge he was on, at some place above him. The latter part of the way a slight breeze would be blowing at my back. Bad that; but if I walked or trotted fast enough I might at least travel with its not gaining on me much. Drawing carefully back behind the hill, I skulked off, and in twenty or thirty minutes was hurrying rapidly up the ridge which was now between me and the game. Rifle ready, and I ascended a rather steep pitch near the top, to find the buck right ahead in plain sight and not eighty yards away. He was standing looking at me, slightly quartering. I stopped instantly, bringing carbine to shoulder, and took steady, careful aim at his breast. With the report of the piece he took a great leap sideways and backward, and dashed over the top of the swell out of sight. I ran after him, reloading the gun. He was not in sight from the top of the ridge, so I ran at full speed down the hill in the direction he must have taken. Near the bottom a few sprawling footprints in the loose, dry earth guided me further; and on, another hundred yards or so, over a broken sandy knoll, I found him lying on his side quite dead, shot through the heart. He looked trim and pretty enough in his clean buff color and plump outline, and I felt a vague regret at having ended his harmless life.

The sun was beating down fiercely hot in this sandy, scantily grassed valley, and I hastened to dress the carcass; then started toward camp for a pony, first, however, having stuck my ramrod with handkerchief attached in the ground beside the game to guide me back from a distance, as also to warn off any predatory wolf or coyote. About nine o'clock I reached camp to find it deserted. A scant breakfast was eaten, Judith was saddled, and I rode back the four or four and a half miles for my quarry. I had not appreciated what an undertaking it was to secure a good-sized buck on to the saddle. It took a deal of planning, lifting and tugging to get the hind legs fastened to the cantle, though the mare stood quiet enough. After a lot more contriving and efforts I tied the buck's forelegs securely with the ends of a rope, then getting up and standing in the saddle, I lifted my best. The limp and before unmanageable body had to come up, and I got it across the saddle and properly fastened. Herrick was back in camp when I got there, and gave me "pleasing flattery" for the good shot and good luck. He had not been successful, having wounded a buck which got away. But he had two cottontails for our larder. We rested about the tent and among the cottonwoods in the gulch during the heat of the day, and in the afternoon when it was cooler hitched up and drove down over the bluffs and up into Goodwin's cañon, southwest, where we hoped to find a blacktail. The bluffs here rose sheer and precipitous from the great basin called "Goshen Hole," and several smaller cañons tributary to this large one, made it a fine hunting ground. TILGUM.

SHAWANGUNK WILD HOGS.

THAT the wild boars of the Shawangunks have been increasing in numbers almost from the time of their escape is now generally believed in this vicinity. Indeed, the killing of a two-year-old native of the species last fall put the fact beyond dispute. That event proved that there were at least two distinct herds, one in Forestburgh, one inhabiting the mountain fastnesses east of the Never-sink. Shortly after the boar was slain a denizen of Lumberland, an adjoining township of Sullivan county, but separated from Forestburgh by the Mongaup River, announced that he had seen wild hogs in the woods on his side of the river.

When the strange quarry was exhibited in Port Jervis immense excitement prevailed among our local nimrods, and several parties started out after the game, boasting that they would not return without securing at least one porker. The announcement of the departure of these hunting parties by the local press fairly glowed with excitement, and readers were led to expect great things. Alas, not one of these expeditions returned, judging from the silence of the newspapers on the subject. So far as I have been able to learn, not a glimpse of the wild boars were again seen by any one for several months. It was even mooted that Judge Crane's "wild hog" was secured from elsewhere, the whole affair being an ingenious electioneering dodge. However, the close cover within which the creatures have succeeded in keeping themselves did not at all disturb the confidence of many that blue boars were ranging the woods around us in considerable numbers. At various times last year, from early spring until snow, the gamekeeper at Hartwood discovered boar tracks (which, by the way, are quite different from deer tracks). They range in size from those of a few weeks'-old pig to the fathers of the herd—tusk, ugly-looking customers, no doubt.

After Mr. Crane's success, members of the Hartwood Park Association, who reside mostly in New York city, were generally anxious for a boar hunt, and efforts were made last December to definitely locate the herd. It was at this time that, as mentioned in a previous article, several deer were seen by the guide and an officer of the Association, standing within easy rifle range as if tempting them to break the game laws. In a conversation shortly afterward with the latter gentleman he expressed a wish that the boars might prove as difficult of capture as he believed they would. Whether wholly due to brute strategy or in part to lenient design on the part of the Hartwood Park Association, the boars have not incurred serious molestation since last fall.

Ever since the boars escaped from Mr. Plock's inclosure, five or six years ago, they have been a menace and annoyance to the farmer of the narrow but fertile valley of the Neversink. Every summer with increasing fervor the agriculturists of that region are worked up to a high pitch of anger owing to the depredations of the uncivil foreigners in their potato and grain fields, and even in their gardens. They have made many fruitless sorties against the enemy. In organized bodies the farmers have hunted them by daylight and torchlight, being rewarded only by sundry fleeting glimpses of the swine. Men armed with guns have perched in treetops all night awaiting the arrival of the creatures to the scene of their havoc the night previous. Their vigils were never rewarded with sound or sight of the boars, and yet, perhaps, the very next night would furnish unmistakable signs of their presence. All efforts to lead them into pitfalls, snares or traps have proved futile. The lines of corn leading over these dangerous constructions would be followed up and devoured to within a few feet of their location, then the boar would walk around to the other side, follow up and devour the rest of the grain. These facts prove the extreme cunning and keen senses of the boars.

The agriculturists generally concede the point that they are not equal to a contest with wild swine, however satisfactory their dealings with the domestic variety. Of course they are all clamorous for extermination. They would hail with open arms whoever furnished a good recipe for accomplishing this end. The adage "you must catch your hare before you cook him" has a peculiar application here. Many irate farmers with an eye on millionaire Plock's treasure box are anxious to take one of the depredators in the act in order to fix damages on the importer. When this occurs the courts will be called upon to decide just how far Mr. Plock is responsible for the acts of descendants of animals *ferre nature*.

This season's reports of the doings of the wild "hogs" in the valley of the Neversink have already begun to come in. A few days since the following appeared in the Port Jervis *Gazette*: "The wild hogs of the Shawangunks still live and flourish. Indeed they multiply. A voracious veteran of a valley near the haunts of these untamed swine recently saw a sow surrounded by a large litter of little pigs, but didn't see 'em long. As soon as they became conscious of his proximity they fled like frightened foxes, the little ones making as good time as their maternal parent, and almost instantly they were lost to sight. But their existence argues plenty of wild hogs soon in the Shawangunks. Ere long wild hogs will be very abundant in this region and in Sussex, Sullivan and Pike. They are prolific animals and are very hardy. Wild hog hunting some of these days will be a famous sport among the Shawangunks and other mountains in the counties named."

The same paper suggests that the agricultural societies of the neighboring counties take the matter into consideration, as these savage members of the porcine family will soon become very destructive of ungathered farm products. This is undoubtedly true. In Belgium, where the population averages nearly five hundred to the square mile, the wild boar still holds his own in the historic forest of Ardennes, and no longer than last summer grain fields along the Meuse suffered from incursions of boars. Probably no wild animal is so well fitted by heredity and instinct for an independent existence in proximity to the haunts of man as the wild boar of Europe. In Great Britain he is now extinct, but for upward of two thousand years boar hunting has been a leading sport in France, Austria and Germany. True, the boar is now limited to a few extensive forests in the countries named, and these have been greatly contracted within recent times. The population of this country will have increased many fold before there will be any marked increase in the number of men who struggle for existence in the wilds of the Shawangunk. Those who have studied the matter are pretty well agreed that extermination of the boars, which are now well acclimated there, is practically out of the question. These animals have the best protection in the nature of the ground they occupy and in the fleetness of foot. They repose in almost absolute security in the fastnesses of the mountains in which man can only penetrate with extreme difficulty.

In the table lands of Bengal the boar is hunted on horseback. "Pig-sticking," as the English call it, is there a famous sport. Arabian coursers are used, and some idea of the boar's ferocity may be had from the fact that from twenty to twenty-five minutes are required to run them down. When at bay he is a formidable enemy. Not infrequently, if the spearsman be unskillful, aiming at the chest belly or flanks of the horse, he inflicts terrible, sometimes fatal, wounds with his tusks.

At the breeding season the boar selects a well-secluded den and leads a solitary life, and perhaps at no time is he gregarious, in the strict sense of the word, although several adults appear to join in their nocturnal foraging expeditions. They have been seen in bands of seven or eight, but this may include only a single family. The domestic sow usually breeds twice a year, and twelve or more at a litter is not uncommon. The wild boar and the domestic swine freely inter-breed. If it be true, as men employed in the blue stone quarries of western Pike county assert, that wild hogs, the descendants of individuals which escaped from railroad wrecks, are often seen in that region, propagation by intermixture with the blue boars may occur.

These tales have heretofore been discredited, as it was not believed that the domestic hog could maintain an independent existence through the average Pike county winter. But the "American Cyclopædia" informs us that hogs run wild in the woods of Canada. From the same authority we learn that vast droves of wild hogs abound in the forests of South America. They are the descend-

ants of individuals which, like those of the horses and cattle of the llanos and pampas, escaped from the domestic state.

In what degree the boars suffer from the depredations of their natural enemies who inhabit the woods with them, we have no means of ascertaining. These are principally the bears and the various members of the feline tribe. Bears have become very numerous within late years in the Shawangunks, and bruin's proclivity for fresh pork is well known. He will take great risks to gratify this taste from the farmers' piggery. He has been detected in the act of walking off with a squealing porker under his arm, with two or three dogs disputing his right of way. I am inclined to think that a grown up hungry black bear would prove too much for an average boar in a rough and tumble contest, although in a running match he would not be in it. Then there are the wildcats proper and the lynxes or bobcats. These may be destructive to the young boars.

Assuming that the blue boars are as prolific as their domestic relatives, it will be readily perceived that they will soon be pressing on the verge of subsistence. Then, indeed, they will become a trying nuisance to the farmers as well as dangerous to those who invade their haunts. These animals promise to add an interesting chapter to the natural history of this region. It must be admitted that the American sportsman is a very destructive being as regards all manner of game life, yet the time seems at hand when he may be bidden God's speed in doing his worst to the wild boars of the Shawangunk, for it promises to become a patriotic duty to lessen their numbers. In Europe it is considered unsportsmanlike to shoot the boar, but I opine that the conditions of the hunt will be considerably altered in the Shawangunks, and that he will not be deemed unworthy to be called a nimrod who captures a boar even by shooting him. B. F. HURLEY.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

PORCUPINES IN MICHIGAN.—New Albany, Ind.—In the *FOREST AND STREAM* for July 16 Dr. Gibbs says he has hunted in both peninsulas of Michigan and never saw over 25 porcupines. He must have struck bad seasons for "porkies." Some half-dozen years ago I spent some days on Gogebic Lake. A St. Louis party camped near us were compelled to shoot 30 or 40 of them to prevent their camp being devoured. A party from Nashville, Tenn., killed nearly as many. One of the latter party was sitting on a box writing a letter telling how numerous porcupines were, when he heard a gnawing sound, and looking down discovered one of the stupid creatures eating up his seat. Our party killed a half-dozen or more about the camp.—JAP.

CANADIAN DUTIES.—Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, July 20.—The Collectors of Customs have been notified that they may accept entry and duty on guns, fishing rods, and other equipments of parties visiting Canada for sporting purposes, with the condition that the duty so paid will be refunded on proof of the exportation of the same within a period of two months from the date of entry.

GARDINER'S ISLAND.—F. Augustus Schermerhorn, of New York, has leased the privilege of shooting and gunning on Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound, for five years from Mr. Gardiner. The sport is excellent on the island. Mr. P. Douglass was the former lessee.

THE WORLD MOVES.—Alpheus Patton was fined \$25 in Catskill, N. Y., last week, for shooting a wild duck at night.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

A gunner went out to shoot,
An owl commenced to hoot,
They both came together,
Result—nary feather,
With a busted gun to boot.

BOSTON.

Next!

REIGNOLDS.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—XII.

[Concluded from Page 514.]

THERE was a little swell from the recent blow, but it was fast dying out as darkness approached. The drizzle, which had all along been gently falling, began to enlarge its tiny drops, and though at no time it assumed the proportions of rapidly falling rain, it was enough to make every one exceedingly uncomfortable. The men stood around, wrapped up in their great overcoats, and rubbers, like silent spectres, the steady champ of the engine sent the pulsations into every timber of the little tug, the steam puffed out with a shrilly scream; the receding waves rose and fell with clock-like regularity; the vapory masses swept with a chilly influence, and when darkness finally engulfed us in its sable folds the situation was truly dismal and absolutely cheerless.

The depressing situation was still further aggravated when the aroma of coffee and the flavor of "baked meats" arose from the cabin, where a favored few, who had taken an earlier passage than us, were feasting. We were in the condition of the fabled Tantalus who, amid the most tempting fruits, could neither touch nor taste them. Our philosophical spirits were, however, equal to the occasion, for the delicious odors were suggestive of a prospective meal which was rapidly organizing within us and which would realize when we were ashore.

Ned found on board one of his old North Shore boatmen, Louis Miron, a half-breed, who is now acting as lighthouse keeper at Gargantua. They had quite a talk over old times, and when Louis told him that he had seen several large trout the other day when out in his boat, Ned's eyes fairly sparkled with that excitement which naturally comes to an angler who is so agreeably reminded of his gentle pastime. Louis gave him a very pressing invitation to visit his place next summer, promising to give him all the sport he desired among the

scarlet-hued tribe. Ned booked himself for the trip, so he and Miron will doubtless have a delightful time along the rocky coast, luring the huge *fontinalis* that abide in those icy waters.

Charley Pim, another lighthouse keeper, who is stationed at Caribou Island, was also aboard. He carries on a large fishery in connection with his official duties. He says that in the fall his catch is simply enormous, and that the whitefish average near 15lbs. There is a reef fifteen miles long extending from the island, on which he fishes, and though in the fall and early spring it is frequently white with foam, his men, who are expert sailors, manage with caution to make their "lifts." The 200 barrels of salted whitefish aboard the tug belonged to him and were his first shipment that season. In fact he had chartered the boat especially for this trip.

Pim, like all seafaring men of the North Shore, is of a hardy and muscular form, though small in stature, and on his weather-beaten features is written, in unmistakable language, that dauntless courage which his hazardous calling so frequently requires in fierce encounters with terrific gales. About seven o'clock we neared the Bache-wanaung Lighthouse and soon after entered the bay. A whistle or two from the boat, and then a couple of lanterns were seen flashing at the landing place. In the course of half an hour we were alongside the bank, an improvised landing made from the refuse of sawmill timber, and as the passengers started to leave the tug the captain sang out, "Look out for the slabs."

It was a prudent warning, but some enterprising passenger who was eager to reach *terra firma* jumped from the guards, and came down with a groan and a laugh from the passengers. Another "smart Aleck"—not your distant correspondent—tried the same involuntary feat, and was as successful as the first. After these two examples of fallen greatness, the remainder of the party picked their way cautiously to the shore and over the slippery slabs.

Joe took our boat down to our old camping ground, where we joined him, and soon there was a cheerful fire blazing and a meal in course of preparation. Our fire attracted some of the supperless passengers, and of course the hospitalities of the camp were freely extended to them. Supper over, the tents were soon up, and after a thorough drying out at the fire, we retired into our tents where Morpheus soon took us to his slumbering arms.

At three o'clock the next morning we were all up, as the boat was to leave at four, and after a hurried breakfast to which we gave cordial invitation to all those who had again joined us around the fire, were soon ready to embark on the Annie Clarke. A few more tons of freight, in the shape of two fish cars for ballast (?) I presume, were put aboard the boat, and then the whistle rang out in the early morn, and the passengers crowded aboard and disposed themselves in the circumscribed space on deck, on fish barrels, in the cabin, and wherever they could get an eyebrow hold. I was lucky in getting my old seat on the stanchions, and there I sat like a piece of rude sculpture during the entire trip.

It was very evident after we had entered the broad lake that we would have a very lumpy sea, for the waves were tossing in foam and the breeze increasing every minute. The little tug ploughed along over the billows with a full head of steam that tossed the foamy water from her bow, which sparkled in the sunlight and raced along her sides in rippling cadence. The sky was full of white and purple clouds, which constantly passed over us in great swirls, now creating a slight haze and again a transparent condition of the atmosphere, that we though would soon allay the spitefulness of the wind, which was rapidly tumbling the lake into surges that buffeted the tug with considerable violence. About 8 o'clock the lake had reached a condition that was not so pleasant to contemplate, as we were compelled to almost run in its trough. The wind was northwest, and that is a wind that excites more than any other, as it comes sweeping along its entire length, and when it begins to narrow, as it does here, the tumultuous waters command reverent respect. The three boats in tow were being tossed around on the high seas in a very ugly manner, and as one of them, the smallest, contained two occupants, soldiers from the "Soo," there was evident danger of being capsized. The men, however, sat there perfectly unconcerned, unaware of danger, consequently not fearing it. As the men were under charge of a lieutenant, who was aboard, it is presumed he, like the men, was unaware of the peril. We had now crossed Goulais Bay, and the Pillars of Hercules and Gros Cap Island were coming into view. On went the little tug straining and struggling under the buffeting of the unruly waves. The big seas were now beginning to break over the guards. First it was a sprinkle of spray, and then some huge sea would come tumbling against the windward side and, breaking over the railing, cover the stern deck, where we all were, three or four inches deep. The water thus received would go dashing around the toppling fish barrels until it finally escaped through the scuppers. There was always a general tumble for the barrels when such an immersion took place, and the most active fared the best. Some humorous seaman would occasionally cry out on such a deluge, "Three inches and rising;" while a pallid-cheek tenderfoot, whose heart was beating with anxiety, never could see where the humor of that "sailor man" came in. I stuck to my stanchion and took my uncalled-for bath as complacently as I could, though at no time did I feel as "cool as a cucumber." The wind seemed to increase with the passing hours, and the waves came tumbling over the railing with a frequency and freedom not at all relishable. Occasionally a barrel or two would roll over and go tumbling about, and then the big fish-cars would groan and tremble as if they, too, would like to take a hand in the game of rough and tumble. All at once Joe, who was endeavoring to make our boat ride the waves in a straight line by manipulating the rope, cried out, "She's broke loose." Ned and I ran to the stern, and there we saw our boat riding the crested surges some distance away.

Knowing it impossible for the tug to turn around in such a heavy sea, we heaved a deep sigh and about gave her up as a total loss, as well as all our tackle and traps, which in round numbers we valued at \$500. There was that little Chubb rod, which I valued more than aught else and which I cherished for the skillful battles it had so grandly assisted me in winning, departing on the tumultuous sea. I sighed to think of it; and then Ned groaned for those little bags of tackle which were priceless pearls to him. It was really an occasion for tears, and with bowed heads and humble hearts

we turned our faces from the sympathetic crowd and sought to hide our grief under the shadow of placidity.

Joe, who was interested about his boat, came to us and said that if he could have the use of the boat in green, in which the two soldiers were toying with their lives, he would tempt the angry seas and go after her. I sought its owner, or rather the one who had it in charge, a lieutenant, and asked for its loan to save the property, but he flatly refused, saying, "I couldn't think of doing it," or words to that effect.

"Well," says I to Ned, "what do you think of that?" He at first seemed to doubt the refusal, but when it dawned upon him in its ignoble proportions, he found that the infirmities of the English language hemmed his rage, so he sought consolation in Arabic, which is expressly designed for the use of the afflicted. With these indignant manifestations, the lieutenant was completely obliterated from our memories as if no such selfish being ever existed.

At this juncture Ned went into the cabin to tell of the involuntary departure of our boat to Mr. Ganley, of Bachewanung Bay, one of the principal owners of the North Shore Fisheries. As soon as he was made aware of the loss he came hurriedly on deck, and taking in the situation at a glance, ordered the engineer to slow up immediately, and then told Joe and John to take the remaining Mackinac sailboat that was in tow, and start for the boat. The craft was pulled up, and our boys sprang into her over the railing like monkeys, and at once seizing the oars, soon had her riding the waves safely.

"Now," says Mr. Ganley, "those soldiers must come out of that green boat, or she will capsize below, where we strike the heaviest seas."

The boat was immediately pulled up, and the soldiers, who had begun to realize by this time their hazardous situation, were glad to reach the deck of the steamer. A full head of steam was again put on, and the little tug thundered along once more.

Mr. Ganley stated that our men would be at the "Soo" with our boat long before dark. "Both of them," he continued, "used to fish for me at the bay, and I have seen them go out to the reefs to lift their nets when the sea was boiling in foam. I know just exactly what they can do in stormy weather, and this blow is nothing to them."

We felt relieved at this statement, as the contents of the boat were of no consequence to us when compared to hazard of life.

Mr. Ganley is one of nature's noblemen, and carries the impress of it in his frank and manly countenance. His presence on the boat was fortunate for us, for it not only resulted in the saving of the boat and its contents, but without doubt the lives of the soldiers also.

We watched our boat as she rode the battling waves until it disappeared from sight, and then we again took additional interest in the tumultuous waters that were pounding and drenching the little tug that was making the most strenuous efforts for the distant port.

Ned said to a crowd that had gathered around him: "This little flurry of the sea is simply child's play. I have seen the waves on many an occasion roll so high as to throw the water in the smokestack; and in the late fall frequently noticed the boats come in to the 'Soo' so completely covered with ice that it required hours to clear it away in order to release the crew and passengers."

Some one, as Ned concluded, gave a shrill whistle, while another cried out "Haul in the slack;" but just at that moment an unusually heavy sea broke over the rail that scattered the crowd to the barrels on the lee side and thus stopped Ned's yarning. The sky had now deepened into violet and the clouds coursed along it in white masses like the kaleidoscope texture of cobwebs. The wind gathered additional strength every moment and the waves rose higher and higher, while the bow of the steamer buried itself in the foamy masses that were spitefully tossed aside.

Some one cried out after we had got well by Parisian Island: "She is all right now."

I wondered if she had been all wrong before. It was, doubtless, the response of some gladdened heart, who, ascertaining that we were now out of the trough of the sea, with the wind at our heels, thought that all danger, if any, had passed.

The tug was assuredly going all right, for the pounding at the windward had now ceased, and the angry waves, though heavy, raced at us as "stern chasers." The lake was rapidly narrowing and soon we were through Whitefish Bay and into the head of the river, and then all was lovely, indeed, for the tumult of the sea had here become perfectly insignificant. It was but a few miles to the "Soo," through beautiful stretches of scenery, and then the trouting trip, which had been one of unalloyed pleasure to us, had now become a reminiscence ever pleasant to dwell upon.

Joe returned before dark with our boat, which he had captured near Gros Cap Island, and that was the closing incident of the month's outing. ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Articles by Gen. Bruce in your paper on the State Association have interested me, and I hope that they will attract sufficient attention to result in a movement that will lead to a State organization with branches in every county, whose object shall be better protection.

If Gen. Bruce should receive enough encouragement, let him call a meeting at Syracuse, and through your paper invite all parties interested.

It has occurred to me that much more will be accomplished and that we will have the general public with us if we make our object protection of food fish; that is, fish that is found in the market at ten cents a pound or less.

Let the matter of game fish protection come in afterward, for what do 90 per cent. of the people care whether the brook trout are protected.

They can never enjoy them by catching, nor afford to buy them, or in other words, an organization desiring to get protection by the laws must not confine themselves to narrow, selfish purposes, but endeavor to accomplish something resulting in the good for the public generally.

This they can do by increasing the supply of cheap food fish, and when they have accomplished this and the good results seen they will have no difficulty in enlarging the laws to protect the game fish.

FRANK J. AMSDEN.

RUBBER WADERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The insatiable Hough having fired one conundrum at his fellow fishermen about his wading gear, follows it up with another far weightier shaft, almost before his bowstring has ceased to vibrate from the first. The writer (who thought he knew before just what Mr. Hough wanted) has been a little more wary this time and has been waiting patiently to hear some piscatorial expert tell Mr. Hough why his waders persist in leaking. But as nobody else seems disposed to venture an opinion, possibly a suggestion or two may be serviceable. Mr. H. does not say whether the wading outfit of which he complains is a new one and leaks *ab initio*, or whether the difficulty which he seeks to remedy comes from use. If in the first case, the probability is that his waders "seep," that is to say, they leak in the seams. This is the most annoying defect and the hardest to remedy. The higher priced waders, made on silesia, are most liable to this kind of leakage, and one large dealer in rubber goods says confidentially that he has always found silesia waders, such as list at \$10 to \$14, open to this objection. The easiest remedy is to apply a coating of liquid rubber cement along the seams, but this is only temporary and must be renewed at intervals. Strips of what is known as "surgeons' tissue" (a very thin rubber sheeting) might be laid along the seam and cemented down with a hot iron, or still better, a somewhat heavier sheeting could be used and fastened in place with rubber cement. A good way not to prevent leaking is to coat the feet and legs of the waders with a waterproof paint prepared for folding boats, as the writer once did. The operation was a success, as far as stopping the original leak was concerned, but the original material (silesia) became so hard and stiff that it cracked nearly every time the pantaloons were put on, and the last estate of that garment was infinitely worse than the first.

The ordinary dull finish waders, such as list at \$6, are much less liable to leak in the seams than the more expensive goods; but they crack and split after a time, especially if used much in cool weather and cold water. The golden mean is a wader that is light enough to be thoroughly pliable and to avoid cracking, and yet heavy enough to be serviceable and strong under all probable conditions of wading and necessary walking on shore.

As to repairs. If Mr. Hough will go into the nearest bicycle shop in Chicago and purchase a 25-cent roll of the rubber cement used for fastening the rubber tires on wheels, he will have a most valuable adjunct to his fishing kit. A bit of rubber cloth coated with it and pressed on with a hot iron will make any ordinary sized hole or rent impervious to water, and its general adhesive qualities are of the highest order. It is a most excellent article for fastening the ferrules on a rod, since they are simply immovable at all natural temperatures, but slip off readily when heated. For snelling hooks or tying flies, a bit of this cement produces the most durable of work, and after he has once used it he will never be without it. Lastly, if Mr. Hough will ever stop in Toledo longer than is necessary for him to jump from one train to another, possibly we might be able to tell him several other things he would like to know. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., July 18.

AN AFTERNOON ON THE SACO.

AS I was unable to make satisfactory arrangements for my annual trip to the Maine wilderness, I decided to take a week's vacation at my old home, a small village in Maine, near the Saco River. A few years ago, thanks to the efficient Fish and Game Commissioners of the State, this river was stocked with black bass; and with these and what few partridges we might drive up, I hoped to have some fair sport. My companion in "Fishing Under Difficulties" being unable to join me until the second or third day of my vacation, I was forced to entertain myself alone.

So one noon I approached my father with, "Don't you want to go fishing this afternoon?" "No, I don't believe I can go." But as it did not come out with his usual decision, I took it as an acceptance and proceeded to get ready. When I came out with my minnow pail, basket and an extra rod, and asked him if he was ready, he replied, "Yes, I guess so, but I don't want to fish." "Oh, well, I can tend two rods all right," I replied; and we started for the river. We lost no time in getting our boat fixed up, and started for a sandbar to catch our bait. After I had secured five or six minnows, father frequently advised me that we had "more bait than we'd git fish."

Acting upon his advice, I made for our fishing ground with about a dozen lively minnows. We soon reached my favorite spot, a wide, deep pool in the river at the foot of some rapids, and tied up under an old tree. As soon as I could get fixed up and a minnow on the hook I passed it to "the boy" and again heard "I don't want to fish." "Well, you hold the rod till I get mine ready," I replied. I took plenty of time in doing this, hoping that father would get a strike, and knowing that if he did I should only have one rod to handle. And sure enough, before my arrangements were complete, he had hooked a small bass and landed him in the boat with little ceremony. I lost no time in baiting his hook and we cast our minnows together. Taking as much interest in watching his line as my own, I was soon rewarded by seeing it rapidly taken to the middle of the river. "I've got a good one this time," and in came a monster—chub. "Humph! only a chub." While he was disposing of his catch I had secured another, and was rewarded by hearing the old gen say: "We're catching cat food now." But on the next cast he hooked a dandy bass and by the time we had him in the landing-net, my companion was enthused with the true fisherman's ardor. And now, while waiting for the uncertain bass, and losing several minnows rather mysteriously, he entertained me with many reminiscences of his boyhood, and how sixty or more years ago he had run away fishing, to receive on his return the usual slipper application, which in no wise discouraged him from trying it again, however. And later, how he had been codfishing on the banks when it took more pluck and time than it now requires to make the trip.

While listening to him I had felt something fooling around my hook, and with a quick pull I hooked what seemed to be the bottom of the river. Reeling in my line I was told, "If I can get my hands on that line I'll show you how to do it." I stepped into the bow and brought the line in so that he could grasp it, and he

quickly pulled a 4lbs. eel into the boat. And now the fun began. The eel had the hook well down in his throat, and how to get it out was a corker. "Let me hold him," and father made a grab at the eel. But the eel wouldn't have it. "I know I can hold him," and rubbing his hands on the bottom of the boat, the old gen grabbed him again, with a grip that would have held a veritable sea serpent. With considerable trouble I got the hook out, and we put him in the locker with the rest of our catch. And as we put him away we knew that the robber which had taken our minnows had met his fate. A few more casts and the last of our minnows was gone. As the sun was getting low we started for home. Securing the boat, I put our catch into the basket and found the scores to be: Father's—1 chub, 1 eel and 5 bass, Mine—4 chub. But notwithstanding my poor success I had passed the pleasantest half day of my vacation.

MALDEN, MASS.

THE DRUMMER.

THE CATFISH OF THE SOUTH.

THERE are some things about our catfish down here in Texas that are not known to those living in the North, and are worthy of note. They abound in great numbers in our rivers, and are highly esteemed as table fish, and here in Victoria, Texas, catching them is quite an industry that furnishes employment the year round for a number of men, who delight more in the hunter's and trapper's life than in following the more humdrum home pursuits.

We ship from here per week about 4,000lbs., and the other day I heard a fisherman say that he was going to quit, as that week he had only caught about 800lbs., and that catch didn't pay him well enough. They sell readily to the shipper here at 3 cents per pound, and keep better than almost any other fish, and have fewer bones. They grow to weigh over 100lbs., and are of two kinds. The mud cat has a very large head and yellowish color, and is not attractive looking; but these are not the most abundant and are not very frequently caught.

The fish that is mostly caught is a blue catfish, with long slender body and small head, and when taken from the water it is really a handsome fish. They are caught by stretching lines across a river or bayou, and attaching to it a number of short lines, with sinker, baited with beef or perch, and in endeavoring to secure the bait the fish usually hook themselves. The long trot line being tied to small trees, which are flexible like a pole, and give way somewhat to the struggles of the fish, serve to prevent their escaping until the fisherman in his boat comes along and secures them.

These fish inhabit the same clear water as the black bass, and are as game as any fish caught in our waters. I have caught them on a spoon in the clear water, and watched them dart at the bait and take it with almost as swift a rush as the bass, and the playing of a 10 or 12lb. blue cat furnishes as much enjoyment as the handling of any fish that can be caught, the only difference being a sense of security which the angler has after one is once securely struck, owing to the toughness of their mouths. But even their tough mouths do not always secure the hooked fish to the angler.

I have on two occasions hooked blue cats, of about 5 or 6lbs. weight., on my 12oz. pole, and had them escape by making a vigorous spring out of the water and several feet in the air and shaking the hook from their mouths on the slack thus gained.

In common with a majority of fishermen, I had never believed that a catfish would take an artificial bait until by actual experience I have found otherwise. I have caught them on a trolling phantom minnow, on a spoon, and on an alligator's tooth, with feathered-tail hook and when in pursuit of bass. Now, I am never surprised to find that a furious rush and swirl of water results in the capture of one of these game and thorny fish.

I feel compelled by a sense of justice to this despised species, so little thought of by fishermen and so contemptuously mentioned generally, to say this much in its favor. The pleasures of bass fishing with us are not marred by the fact that one may now and then capture one of these fine fish; for they are more highly esteemed by those who live nearest to our angling waters than any other fish for the table. GUY.

VICTORIA, TEXAS, July 1.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE railway service between New York and the Thousand Islands has been greatly improved lately; formerly it took 18 hours to reach Clayton, and now the time has been reduced to about 10 hours. The Clayton express leaving this city at 7:30 P. M. lands the angler at Clayton at 5:30 A. M., in time for a bath and breakfast before starting out for the day's fishing. Large catches of black bass are reported from the St. Lawrence River, but it seems a pity that so many fish should be taken just for the sake of making a display at the landing. At a locality where so many thousands are constantly fishing it would improve matters very much if fishermen could be limited to a reasonable number, say twenty-five bass to a rod and the rest returned to the water.

The through sleeper to North Creek which used to leave the Grand Central depot at 7:30 has not been put on this season, though so advertised in the Adirondack guide books. It is a great disappointment and inconvenience to hundreds of sportsmen and tourists who wish to visit the Blue Mountains and Raquette region. Whenever there is any disagreement among railroad men the public have to suffer. Sportsmen, perhaps, do not mind it so much, for anything that tends to keep the crowd away helps the supply of fish and game. The N. Y. Central is now booming the Saranac and St. Regis region. Speaking of the St. Regis, Superintendent Pillsbury recently returned from his usual trip to Paul Smith's, and any one that saw samples of trout that he brought back would not think that the fishing was played out in the Adirondacks. But Mr. Pillsbury is a past-master in the art of fishing, and seems to know exactly when and where to go for big speckled trout.

A telegram just received from the Restigouche River states that the water is high and salmon taking splendidly. SCARLET-IBIS.

TWO SWORD-FISHING SCHOONERS of Stonington, Conn., captured twenty-four large swordfish in a week recently.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

IT has already been mentioned that fishing for pike and mackerel off Boston Harbor was popular this season, and it is now observed that this sort of fishing is getting to be a very popular fad. Men who have never fished before in their lives are delighted with the sport, and even ladies, though there is danger of seasickness, are being much pleased with the novel notion. There were said to be more than twenty boats off Beachmont and Ocean Pier on Sunday with parties engaged in this sort of fishing. Two or three members of the leather trade were out, but old Neptune soon had the attention of two of them to the extent that they were obliged to go ashore without catching a perch.

Mr. Brown, of the firm of Wright, Brown & Crossly, patent lawyers and solicitors, returned from a two weeks' fishing trip in Maine on Monday. It is not mentioned where he went, but he caught fish and got a good deal browned. Mr. James S. Gates, principal of the Globe Nickel Plating Co., is spending the month of July in the woods of New Hampshire. He is an enthusiast with the rod and line, as well as a beginner with the camera. He will hunt and fish when there is weather. But the most of his shooting will be with the camera.

Mr. E. B. Fessenden, of Providence, R. I., is reported to have recently taken a trout from Rangeley Lake weighing 64lbs. W. H. McDonald, the celebrated baritone of the Boston Ideals, and W. J. Fegan have been to Kennebago, with good luck on trout. They also tried for landlocked salmon on Rangeley Lake. Mr. McDonald had a strike which he at first considered was a small fish. He drew it in easily till Martin L. Fuller, the guide, was about to net it, when it suddenly objected. It was a salmon that Mr. Fuller estimated to have weighed 7lbs. at least. It came out of the water several times, salmon like, and finally escaped from the hook after the most magnificent fighting the gentlemen ever witnessed. They are loud in their praises of the gamy qualities of Rangeley salmon, though they did not secure this one. Mr. Fuller is sure that the fish actually stood on his tail out of the water for as much as one second. Report has Mr. Edwards, of Lowell, Mass., take a trout at Middle Dam, Richardson Lake, weighing 9lbs. 5oz. If this account is true, Mr. Edwards has the honor of the biggest trout of the season thus far at the Rangeleys.

The reports of deer are numerous in Maine. They are frequently seen by the fishermen who go into the woods. Already some illegal shooting has begun. I have now one authentic report of a deer killed by a well known guide and camp keeper, and another by his guest, a Boston poacher. This dastardly work has begun early, but the ending may not be as easy for the law breakers as a year ago, when illegal shooting was by far too common, as already explained in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. But this year the case is liable to be different. The Commissioners are neither dead nor asleep, and a warden is likely to drop in when least expected. The able and conscientious Commission has some means to work with this year, and I am sure it will be used in just such a way as the Commissioners themselves believe to be for the best. Neither the opinion nor the consent of certain individuals, themselves poachers, will be asked. These individuals will be allowed to falsify and malign the Commission in such of the public prints as will grant them the space, and no notice of their defense of murderers and outlaws will be taken, except possibly they may be invited to answer to libel suits later on.

SPECIAL.

Rev. Dr. Munger writes in *Summer Rest* of the name of Sunapee: "In default of legend or incident we can fall back upon the name itself as furnishing material for poetic associations. It is soft, multifarious and full of suggestion—Soonipi—wild goose water. Scarcely anything in the habits of animals is more beautiful than the migration of wildfowl, a habit which Bryant has made the theme of what the English critics regard as the finest American poem. The southward journey of wild geese from their summer home in the north, flying high above 'the fowler's aim' in a wedge-like procession, led by the strongest of the flock, settling at night upon the bosom of some lake like this and lingering for days with the lingering summer for the young to rest, seeking at night a sheltered nook, like 'Job's Creek,' until at last, warned by some colder wind, rising on their wings with screams that grow soft and almost musical in the distance, pointing their way unerringly to the south—this is itself a poem wrought into the name of the lovely lake, where we, too, are resting for a while."

HOW TO PRESERVE FISHES.

WHENEVER it is possible fishes should be put into the preserving fluid as soon as they are taken. After remaining in it a few hours it is necessary to take them out, rub off the mucus and make incisions in the belly, and if the fish is large, on the sides, to allow the fluid to penetrate thoroughly. For the first bath a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and water is suitable. The second bath, however, must contain a larger per cent. of alcohol—not less than 70. In order to insure perfect preservation the specimens must be examined every few days until the fluid has completely saturated them. For final preservation the writer prefers equal parts of alcohol, glycerine and water. In this mixture the fishes remain flexible for study and retain their colors longer than in any other fluid known to him. Whenever the preservative becomes discolored and organic matter collects in the bottom of the jar or tank, fresh liquid must be substituted for it. Eternal vigilance is the price of a collection of fishes.

THE CONNECTICUT TROUT SEASON.—Connecticut anglers are greatly dissatisfied with the present short open season for brook trout, and a bill to extend the fishing period was introduced in the last Legislature by Representative Mower, of Roxbury. No other New England State has so brief a season for trout, and this fact, together with the unsatisfactory catch up to July 1, naturally excites discontent among the lovers of fishing. The proposed change of law embodies provisions for preventing the taking of trout under gin, in length and regulating the capture of fish for artificial propagation.

SALMON IN THE PENOBSCOT.—More salmon have been taken in the Penobscot this season than during any other season for the past ten years, and the proportion of large fish weighing 20lbs. to 30lbs. has been unusually large.

WOOD'S HOLL, Mass., July 16.—Bluefish have made their appearance and a few have been caught in the "hole" on trolling lines with live eels for bait. The hook generally used is Harrison's largest size sea bass hook, which has an eye in the shank. Two hooks are fastened a few inches apart on a copper wire one foot or more in length. The wire is attached to a swivel and this to the ordinary heavy cotton or linen line. One hook is passed through the mouth and the other through the tail of the eel. The line is then trolled behind a sailboat in the usual manner, or operated by heaving and hauling into an eddy close to the edge of the tidal currents, in which the fish may be seen feeding on young herring and occasionally breaking water. For still-fishing (or heaving and hauling) menhaden is more killing here than eel, and chumming is resorted to. The fish are uncertain in their movements and in their readiness to take the bait. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow" expresses the bluefish situation in this locality. It is evident that most of the schools are merely passing through from Buzzard's Bay to Vineyard Sound. We cannot learn that any have been seen much to the eastward along this cape. They always appear to follow along the north shore of Buzzard's Bay and are caught earlier at New Bedford than here. The same is true of tautog and other fishes.—T. H. B.

QUANANICHE AND LANDLOCKED SALMON.—Fryeburg, Me., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Will you kindly inform me through your paper what difference there is between the landlocked salmon of Sebago Lake and other Maine waters and the quananche of Canada? I notice that Hallock in his "Fishing Tourist" notes a difference, while some of your correspondents speak of it as identical.—EDWARD E. HASTINGS. [The quananche, or winninish, of the Saguenay region is believed to be identical with the Schoodic salmon of Maine. We have compared Canadian landlocked salmon with the Maine fish and can find no distinguishing marks by means of which to separate them. Singularly enough, this little salmon is known in some Nova Scotia streams as the grayling, to which it is not closely related. Landlocking of the sea salmon is observed in Europe as well as in America; indeed, more than one member of the salmon family has both marine and fresh-water representatives. The winninish has been pretty fully discussed in *FOREST AND STREAM* of May 29, Aug. 21, Sept. 11, 18 and 25, 1890, and to these issues we refer you for detailed descriptions and accounts of fishing for this superb game fish.]

THE ADIRONDACK LEAGUE AND STATE LANDS.—Northwood, N. Y., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I desire to call your attention to the fact that the Adirondack League lands cut off a large tract of State lands from those who do not belong to the league. Practically the State lands become a part of the league preserve. What ought we do about it?—RAY SPEARS.

THE JOINTED SINKERS described in our advertising columns are a great convenience at times when, as often happens, it is desired to make a change quickly without actually undoing one sinker and putting on another. They are well worth a trial.

Fishculture.

WISCONSIN FISHCULTURE.

WE have received the report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of Wisconsin for the years 1889 and 1890. The Commission had an appropriation of \$12,000 for their work during each of these years, and the results obtained appeared fully to satisfy the people of the State. The distribution of eggs and fish was as follows:

	1889.	1890.
Brook trout.....	3,190,000	3,320,000
Rainbow trout.....	2,615,000	3,460,000
Whitefish.....	30,000,000	27,600,000
Lake trout (impregnated eggs).....	27,322,500	30,963,800
Carp.....	5,230	37,541
Pike (wall-eyed).....	14,050,000	14,680,000

The demand for brook trout was so great that only about 50 per cent. of the desired number could be furnished, and less than 30 per cent. of the wall-eyed pike asked for could be supplied.

A special appropriation of \$10,000 in addition to the regular annual grant is urged by the Commissioners for the purpose of increasing the hatching facilities. The value of intelligent fishculture in attracting visitors to the State is thus recognized by the Commissioners: "In our report two years ago, we called attention to the large sum of money being brought into Wisconsin each year by the tourists who flock to our summer resorts. The testimony which we then published, from prominent railroad officials, was to the effect that hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually received by Wisconsin people from this source, exclusive of railway earnings, which are in turn taxed to meet the expenses of the State government."

"One of the features of this rapidly-growing tourist invasion has been the erection of attractive summer homes upon the banks of some of our beautiful inland lakes, chiefly in Waukesha, Walworth, Racine, Kenosha and Green Lake counties. Herein dwell thousands of people from Chicago, St. Louis and other cities beyond the borders of the State. They have made valuable as building lots the farm lands bordering upon these lakes, and are customers for much farm produce. These summer dwellers and transient sporting tourists, who bring so large a revenue to our State, seek not only fine scenery, boating and fresh air. Our lakes and rivers are also attractive to them because of their fish supply. This supply needs continual protection as well as reinforcement. The business of hatching and protecting should, in all our waters, go hand in hand. That the institution of the present system of fish and game warden has wrought some improvement there is no doubt. This is more plainly to be seen with regard to the Great Lakes, from which source alone statistics are obtainable. A steady increase in fishing industry there is apparent from an examination of the comparative table which we publish in the appendix. Nevertheless it is painfully apparent to any one who has had occasion to examine the practical workings of the existing warden system, both inland and on the Great Lakes, that the results are quite unsatisfactory as compared with what is desirable and possible. The laws relative to fish and game warden need the prompt and serious attention of the Legislature. A complete revision will alone meet the difficulty."

"While upon this matter of fish protection, we desire again heartily to recommend the formation of local fish and game clubs. Those already organized are doing good work in fostering a healthy, popular sentiment in favor of protecting fish in the spawning season, and have often rendered

efficient aid in prosecutions for the violation of law. These clubs deserve all possible encouragement."

Attention is called to the custom among land owners in some parts of the State of renting portions of creeks flowing through their premises to individuals and sporting clubs. There is some doubt whether or not this can be prevented by law, but the Commissioners have for the past two years refused to furnish fry for stocking such rented streams.

The Legislature is asked to appropriate money for a suitable display by the Wisconsin Fish Commission of the fishery interests of the State at the Columbian Exposition in 1893.

The rainbow trout which was introduced into Wisconsin streams a few seasons ago has succeeded so well that there is no longer any doubt of its value for permanent residence. Individuals weighing upward of 10lbs. have been taken near Antigo, and the species has become thoroughly acclimated in many portions of the State. By some anglers the rainbow is not considered equal to the brook trout as a game fish, but it is adapted to warmer waters and has some advantage over the brook trout because the fry are deposited later in the spring, when there is less danger from freshets. The eye disease, which attacked some of the trout two years ago at the Madison hatchery, has not recurred. The claim is made by the Wisconsin Commission that the cost of fry is only 24 cents per 1000, the same as in Michigan, while in Minnesota the cost is 30 cents, in the Dominion of Canada 39 cents, in Pennsylvania 44 cents, in Nebraska 48 cents, and in New York 80 cents per 1000.

The list of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the United States is stated to have been compiled from information recently obtained, but in many respects we find it at least several years behind the times.

From the report of the superintendent, James Nevin, we learn that the experiment of impregnating whitefish eggs and immediately depositing them on the natural spawning beds was made in 1889 and repeated in 1890. More than 58,000,000 of eggs were so treated. Mr. Nevin states the belief that not one egg in 100,000 naturally deposited by the parent fish in the Great Lakes is impregnated. This is accounted for by the lack of coincidence in the time of arrival of the two sexes on the spawning grounds. Of the first run 80 per cent. are males, and in the later run of spawners 70 per cent. are females, so that when the eggs are about to be deposited there is a lack of males to fertilize them. It is supposed in some parts of Wisconsin that brook trout artificially planted do not reproduce in the streams, but as the natural increase is only about one per cent. annually the results are so slow as to mislead casual observers. The streams would soon be self-sustaining if the ruthless slaughter in some localities during the spawning season should give place to rational fishing.

The increase of whitefish in Lake Erie, as a result of artificial culture, was so marked in 1890 as to attract the attention of every one interested in the subject.

Some Wisconsin people have been successful in carp culture. Mr. Gurke, of Fillmore, fed about 300 bushels of corn to his carp in one year. A carp weighing 12lbs. is among the large ones reported.

Mr. Nevin thus expresses his views about the proper age at which to deposit fish: "It is my belief that the fry should be planted as soon as the food-sac is absorbed, and while they inherit the natural instinct to hunt for their natural food in the streams and lakes. About four years ago we planted 400 lake trout in Lake Mendota, which were two years old and would weigh about a pound each, and the result was that within forty-eight hours four of these same trout were taken to Mr. Dunning's store that had been taken from the mouths of pickerel, which had been speared. These trout had been reared in ponds where there were no other fish except of their own size, they did not know what it was to have an enemy and had lost all the natural instinct to look out for themselves. It was like placing a lot of lambs in a den of lions. Mr. Watkins, of the Minnesota Commission, tells me of a similar experience. If the applicants will follow our printed instructions for planting, and the water is suitable, with an abundance of food for the kind of fish planted therein, there can be no failure in planting fry."

RAINBOW TROUT IN COLORADO.—U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald has received from Mr. William R. Scott, of Denver, a very interesting statement of the result of planting the California rainbow trout at an unusual elevation in Colorado. We believe this is the greatest height at which any member of the salmon family is known to exist in America. A variety of the red throat (*Salmo mykiss* or *purpuratus*) is recorded by Cope from the Sierra Madre, in Mexico, at an elevation between 8,000 and 9,000ft., but in the case here mentioned the rainbow is not only existing but flourishing, at a greater height than its kindred in any other part of the world. Mr. Scott has recently visited Naylor Lake, in Clear Creek county, a body of water with no visible outlet, covering about 50 acres and lying about 300ft. below the limit of trees, or nearly 11,000ft. above the level of the sea. Here the rainbow breeds at the inlet and thrives wonderfully; its flesh is beautifully colored, and Mr. Scott saw individuals weighing 4lbs. The trout were planted about 9 years ago by the Colorado Fish Commission.

LARGE MAINE SHAD.—We are indebted to Commissioner McDonald for permission to publish the following interesting letter relative to a shad of unusually large size: "BATH, Me., July 3, 1891.—U. S. Fish Commissioner. Sir—The annexed record of a large shad is thought worthy of notice and is vouched for by a reliable person, John W. Curtis, of Topsham, Me., who now has the fish, but with head cut off, dressed and salted. Caught June 25 in the Androscoggin River at Topsham. Extreme length, 27in.; extreme girth, 17in.; weight, 8lbs. Respectfully, H. W. SWANTON." This is the maximum weight of the shad in Eastern waters according to the most reliable records of the present period. It is claimed that shad weighing 14lbs were taken in the early days of our history, but such examples probably are not to be found now except in the waters of California, where the fish has thrived beyond all expectation.

HATCHING WHITE BASS.—Walter Marks, superintendent of Michigan hatcheries, and James Nevin, of Wisconsin, early in June collected eggs of the white bass (*Rococcus chrysops*) at the outlet of Lake Mendota, Wis. They reported a total of 16,000,000 eggs, each female yielding about 50,000. The fish were not hurt by handling and were liberated alive. In water at 60 degrees the eggs hatched in ninety hours.

THROUGH VESTIBULED AND TOURIST SLEEPERS BETWEEN CHICAGO AND TACOMA, WASH., AND PORTLAND, ORE.—The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Tourist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Oregon. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 P.M. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth ave. and Harrison st., Chicago, Ill.—Ado.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. This book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene," and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 3. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. E. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

DEATH OF CHAMPION DOC.

IT is with regret that we must chronicle the death of one of the most noted cocker spaniels in America, champion Doc (A. K. S. B. 5511). This handsome little fellow died last Sunday morning of congestion of the lungs after one day's illness. At the time of his death and for a couple of years or so he had been owned by Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, of Bergen Point, N. J., who purchased him from Mr. William West, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Doc was bred by Mr. J. B. Robertson, of New Haven, Conn., and was by Young Obo out of Rose Obo, therefore particularly strong in the celebrated Obo blood. Mr. James Watson having a commission to pick up a good cocker pup for Mr. West, saw what he thought a good one in this pup at the New Haven show in 1886, and wired Mr. West, who at once gave \$100 for him on Mr. Watson's judgment. That this judgment proved correct is shown by Doc's subsequent career, when, though not always shown to the best advantage in coat, he won thirty-six prizes, most of which were firsts and challenge prizes, and the last time he was shown in the States was at Boston in 1890, where he won over the celebrated Jersey and Ot's, taking the challenge prize and the stud dog cup; his last appearance in the ring being at Ottawa, 1890, where he captured the challenge prize and two specials.

As a sire this cobby and active little dog proved himself unusually vigorous, getting, as a rule, large litters, averaging about 7 and 8 pups in number, and last summer in four consecutive litters that he sired the numbers respectively were 8, 8, 8 and 15 pups, and afterward another litter of 13 was put to his credit; thus he proved himself, as a rule, a very sure stock getter. Several of his get have proved prize winners on the bench, among them being La Tosca, Red Doc, Young Doc, etc. There was always a good demand for his services, and aside from his loss as a companion Mr. Wilmerding valued him highly from a financial point, several times refusing very liberal offers for him. Everything was done for him that was possible, Dr. Arrow-smith being telegraphed for at once when it was found he was seriously ill. Mr. Wilmerding tells us he has something to replace him in two good litters to pick from, by Doc, which are now out at walk. These he will keep until sufficiently old to decide on their merits. Spaniel men all knew Doc and his owner and will heartily sympathize with the president of the Spaniel Club in his loss.

THE MONTREAL DOG SHOW.

THE Montreal Exposition Company's first International Dog Show will be held on their exhibition grounds, Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25. Over \$1,600 is offered in cash prizes, and in addition diplomas and specials in the form of silver plate. One of the buildings on the grounds is being enlarged and specially fitted up for the occasion. The committee of management is made up of a large number of public-spirited, representative citizens, interested in the welfare of this branch of the exhibition. Our object has been to make the show worth visiting by breeders of every class, and to insure such management as will cause all who may patronize us to leave Montreal satisfied. Accordingly we have arranged that the carriage of dogs both by express companies and railroad companies will be at greatly reduced rates. To insure a healthy show we shall take special pains, such as extreme cleanliness, good disinfection and ventilation; as well as suitable feeding, and exercise of the dogs. Dogs sent by express unaccompanied will be duly cared for and returned after the show.

Believing that puppies in shows serve no useful purpose worthy of consideration, and are a source of much disease, "puppy classes" have not been provided. This step has been taken, not in imitation of any other show, but on the advice of the superintendent, who has advocated the abolition of puppy classes persistently through the Canadian press. We can promise exhibitors that all dogs will be subjected to a careful medical inspection, so that animals that are dangerous to others or unfit from disease for the public eye will not be admitted. No distinction will be made between exhibitors, and we cannot promise to large exhibitors that their dogs will be benched together, etc. Believing that ornamental draperies tend to carry disease from show to show, they will not be permitted. At the same time, when possible, dogs of the same breed in charge of one handler, will be benched to suit his convenience, provided no one else suffers thereby. Prize money will be promptly paid before the close of the show. The judges are, for Cocker, field and cocker spaniels, Mr. P. G. Keyes, of Ottawa, Ont., and for all other classes, Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich. The judges will be instructed to withhold prizes when not merited, so that the awards will have full value. Dogs and bitches will in all cases compete separately. All non-resident exhibitors desiring to show at Ottawa may leave their dogs in our charge till ready to start for that show, without expense. The Toronto management has kindly

offered to hold dogs in the same way for our show after their closes. For premium lists apply shortly to the secretary, J. S. Robertson, 56 St. Peter street, Montreal.

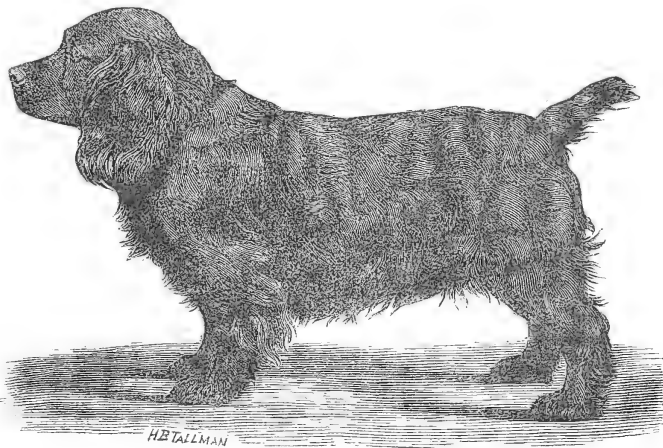
WESLEY MILLS, M.D., Superintendent.

MASTIFFS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Marshall's report on his judging of mastiffs at the late New York show was very unfortunate. The idea of such reports must be that they are educational, surely it is not that they afford the judges opportunities to defend their awards? The regular kennel press should give ample opportunities for such an object. Mr. Marshall's ideas as to Beaufort are most disastrous. I did not see the dog when judged, but constantly saw him both before and after the judging, and at no time did he show the least feebleness or even lassitude, he was as active as ever I saw him at any time. Nor should the least attempt be made to blame his owners for trying to earn large stud fees and win prizes all at once. Why should they not? Is not the dog kept for both purposes? Perhaps I am revealing a secret (that was a bit of an open one), but I cannot resist saying that the reason Beaufort was in stud service when Mr. Marshall wanted him in the ring a second time was that his owner did not wish to run any more risks as to the dog's being misplaced in the specials, and to avoid any conflict with any rules, insisted that I should mate my bitch Emma with Beaufort again. I could not see through the good of this, as a service a few days before was said to be a satisfactory one, but consented to Mr. Winchell's wish, and afterward I found that his idea was to make it impossible for the dog to compete at the time! This is not meant to reflect in any way on the judge, but the Yankee cuteness of the idea, and the immenseness of the joke, are too great to justify keeping the secret.

As to the correctness of the judging, I must say that I have had letters from the foremost English judges, some of whom should have been prejudiced in favor of Ilford Chancellor as against Beaufort, and all agreed in the most sweeping condemnation of the awards. I dislike saying anything that may appear to be keeping up the condemnation of this unfortunate judging, but the embalming a defense in the sacred pages of the official exponent of doggy wisdom leaves nothing else open. Mr. Marshall is utterly wrong as to Caution's Own Daughter, wrong in every point; she is not light colored in mask and ears; I cannot remember a ginger-faced one as dark a red. Calling her "white or pink-faced" is utterly misleading, and it is Simon-pure non-



COCKER SPANIEL CHAMPION DOC.

sense to say that such markings suggest freaks, albinism, mongrelism or anything of the sort. Mastiffs have been of nearly all colors—blacks, pikes, brindles, reds, and there have been instances of whites. Certain colors are preferable, but indicate nothing whatever as to the purity of the blood, and but the merest trifle as to the likelihood of perpetuation. Crown Prince, a decided ginger-faced one, got very few of that color, and I doubt if among the number of his progeny a dozen of them can be found. His dark-faced sister, Dolly Varden, threw almost nothing else, and his black-faced sons got many. Should Crown Prince have been avoided, and his brothers, sisters and sons bred to?

Again, Mr. Marshall is wrong in saying that opinion unanimously agreed to The Lady Dorothy being ahead of C. O. D.; nine out of ten competent critics put them the other way, and this is their established position to-day. In conclusion, let me say that I intend no disrespect to Mr. Marshall personally, I have said in print that there was not the faintest evidence of any partiality in his awards. I believe he is a gentleman worthy of respect in every way but as a mastiff judge, and in that position I hold him the most complete failure that ever appeared in an American ring. How can one be qualified as a judge and devote no more time to keeping up in it than going to a show once a year?

In the days to come, when Mr. Marshall will wear judicial ermine of a higher type than ornaments dog shows, he will not adjudicate without keeping himself thoroughly in the front as to information, and this every dog show judge should also do. Much more blame-worthy than Mr. Marshall are the authorities of the New York show who selected him as judge. The mistake of Lady Orson's second last year should have warned them. But it is the rule to have mastiff judging butchered at New York.

HULTON, Pa., July 17.

USE VS. FANCY.—Hulton, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 16th makes me say "Take Mr. Mason's illustration of a prick-eared spauel, such an animal would be utterly uncharacteristic, yet should such an one compete with one radically defective in some essential for his use, the latter should be preferred" (the italics being of this present writing). Who is responsible for such a ridiculous blunder? I, or the printer? The context makes it evident that "latter" should read "former."—W. WADE. [It was "latter" in the copy.]

COLLIE CLUB SPECIALS.—Ottawa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Collie Club of America will offer the following specials at our show in September next: Silver club medal for best collie in open class, and a bronze club medal for second best collie in open class, exhibited by members of the Collie Club.—ALFRED GEDDES, Supt.

Mr. W. H. Sprague, who has done so much for the English Bulldog Club, is hors de combat with the influenza.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Beagle Club was called to order by President O. W. Brook- ing at 286 Washington street, Boston, Mass., at 8:20 o'clock. Roll call showed three absentees. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. It was then moved that entrance fees to each class in the field trials be \$5, and that the number of entries necessary to run a class must be four or more.

This motion called forth much discussion, and being finally put to vote resulted in Messrs. Power and Clark voting in affirmative, Messrs. Chapman and Jamieson in negative. The president then gave the deciding vote in the affirmative.

Moved that prizes be to first 40 per cent. of entrance fee, to second 30 per cent., to third 20 per cent., and the remaining 10 per cent. to go toward defraying the expenses of the field trials. The club also decided to add \$25 in each class which shall have ten or more entries.

It was also resolved that the entrance fee to "absolute winner" class should be free, and that the "absolute winner" receive a suitable medal donated by the club.

It was also decided that a puppy class be run for dogs or bitches twelve months or under from date of closing entries. Moved to adjourn.

HUBITE.

EXPLANATIONS FOR MR. WADE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must confess to being a good deal surprised on reading Mr. Wade's comments on my letter of last week. If Mr. Wade will refer to the FOREST AND STREAM of June 4, he will find in the letter in that number alone, not to mention several others that transpired since, statements which are false as to facts, and Mr. Wade knew that so well that he wrote to this periodical denying some of the imputations, so did Mr. Fellows, Mr. Lacy uttered his own conviction and I myself denied them. And anything more contemptuous than some of the utterances of that letter referring to the present writer I doubt the English language capable of. Notwithstanding all these corrections not a word of atonement for this insult and injustice has appeared from the original writer and author of these false and offensive statements. And when Mr. Wade asks for more specific charges on the face of all this, the situation is simply comical, as I do not doubt in the least his sincerity. Now, although Mr. Wade's hero has been most ready to call for and to force apologies from others, he has shown in this case no disposition to act in this respect as one gentleman is supposed to do toward another, and how is it that Mr. Wade has not perceived this? This is a very serious charge, and the worst of it is, it is obviously true. I tried to avoid anything that could be in the least offensive even to those who have shown very little of the same sort of consideration for me, hence kept clear of detailed or "spicy" references.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Wade and myself are quite in accord as to the functions of dog shows and what they do and do not accomplish. I could point Mr. Wade to what I have myself written insisting on the very ground he takes, that dogs should be judged as they are—not on their pedigrees, reputation, etc. But in this case there have been hints as to "no pedigree," "mongrel," etc. So far as the greyhound in dispute is concerned, the whole purpose of my writing was to show that he had not been known as he was presented in the ring, but that the Toronto judge had done his work so badly that there was very much about the dog he could not be in a position to know at all; that in consequence his statements about the dog's ears were not accurate, and that two other judges were made to lie under an imputation of error which was based on this misapprehension. But really I do not think other readers of my letter have misunderstood the case as Mr. Wade seems to have done.

I am sorry that my critic has seen fit to suggest a meaning to my statement of why Elcho was withdrawn at New York which is not necessarily in it. I had to mention the New York show to complete the brief account given of Elcho's bench career, and I should probably not have mentioned the withdrawal had not "Nut-cracker," as Mr. Wade well knows, published a most infamous falsehood about the affair in the English Stock- Keeper.

I only know Mr. Huntington as a very enthusiastic and courteous correspondent of the Greyhound Club. Elcho was withdrawn not because I believed the judge would intentionally favor the dogs he had so long and so recently owned but because I believed he was human and I doubted the ability of any man to be fair under the circumstances. I thought then that Mr. Huntington committed an error of judgment when he accepted the position of judging under these circumstances, and this is the whole matter. That this opinion was correct events proved, for, while the awards were correct on the whole, when it came to comparing the judge's (till recently) old Balkis and the new-comer Gem of the Season, he made the great blunder of putting Balkis over a dog far superior, an error which even his best friends have not excused.

Oh, yes; we are all human—Mr. Wade included, who has the human imperfection of sticking to his old friends through thick and thin—a very admirable weakness, but it seems to me there is a more excellent way.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Canada.

JUDGING AT NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being passionately fond of a good greyhound, and taking a deep interest in all the writings on this graceful breed in your paper, I of course read the controversy over Elcho. Can a man such as I would suppose Dr. Wesley Mills to be think to gain glory by casting a slur at a gentleman like H. W. Huntington? Such remarks may be listened to by strangers, but to those who know Mr. Huntington and his character it raises him far above the man who would assail his name. Mr. H. is well known, and his dogs speak for themselves. The Doctor does not consider Elcho a first-class dog, and yet he would crack him up and try and make him far above what he is. Why does he not come out and say, don't breed to Elcho if you can get a better? As to his breeding dogs and other animals, I have bred a few dogs myself (also other animals), and have raised some that at coursing were hard to beat, as many of your readers can testify. I always bred to the best I could get. I would not have written this, but I do hate to see a man hit at one who has done so much for the greyhound in America as H. W. Huntington. As to his slap at Mr. Mason, I can say nothing as I do not know the gentleman personally, but should judge he was a gentleman beyond reproach. Some of your readers in the Far West will remember me as—GREYHOUND OSBORN.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish some of your readers would kindly give us a short account of dogs known as the Chesapeake Bay dog, e.g., history, origin, genesis, average weight, color, points and general appearance.—DR. F. A. HODSON.

SOME NOTED DOGS CHANGE HANDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have disposed of the greater part of my kennel of Irish setters to Mr. F. B. Bishop, of Cincinnati, the owner of the Glenmore Kennels and who is well-known as the owner of a racing stable in which are some of Kentucky's finest running horses, and I am happy in the knowledge of the fact that my dogs have fallen into the hands of so thorough a sportsman and appreciative a fancier as Mr. Bishop is known to be.

Owing to ill health and pressure of more important business it was impossible for me to give my dogs proper attention, and unless one gives such matters close personal supervision, as I have found it impossible to do of late, it is difficult to attain satisfactory results.

In this deal Mr. Bishop has acquired the celebrated setters champion Ruby Glenmore, champion Molly Bawn, champion Winnie Jr., Sarsfield, Bess P., Dan Mylrea, etc., and I have retained only the challenge dog Kildare and North Blyth for my own private shooting. It will be remembered that Mr. Bishop purchased from me a short time since the well-known challenge dog Beau Brummell, a son of champion Elcho Jr. and a litter brother to Kildare, together with Belle Aurea, and in this connection it may be mentioned that Belle Aurea has just whelped fourteen beautiful puppies sired by Beau Brummell. With this string of dogs Mr. Bishop no doubt owns the grandest collection of Irish setters that have ever been brought together in this country, and his claim to now owning the "Champion Irish Setter Kennel of America" is based on fact and not on bombast, for the Kildare Kennels which were formerly composed of these dogs have for the past two years reigned supreme on the American show bench, having never suffered a defeat as a kennel and met in competition all kennels of Irish setters under any and all judges. They have never been defeated in the challenge bitch class, in the puppy class, or for the brace prize, and they have won over three-fourths of the open class first prizes for which they have competed, they have won the challenge, open, brace and kennel prizes at New York 1890 and 1891, and it may be further added that the field merit of these dogs will compare favorably with any Irish setters in America.

Mr. Bishop will, as soon as he has recovered from a recent accident, remove to his farm near Los Angeles, California, where he will locate the Glenmore Kennels, but he will send his string through the Eastern circuit the coming season in charge of Joe Lewis, and I am confident that they will lose none of their well-earned prestige.

I will also mention that I am assisting Mr. Bishop in further strengthening his kennels, and you may look out for a big surprise in the near future. The Glenmore Kennels, as have the Kildare Kennels, stand now at the top, and they will maintain that position at any cost. Arrangements will be made with one of our leading field trial handlers and kennemen to take entire charge of the Glenmore Kennels' Irish setters at Los Angeles, which country I am informed is full of quail, and they will be regularly represented at the leading field trials as well as on the bench. It will also be arranged for draughts of the young stock to be sent East each season for disposal. In a word Mr. Bishop will leave nothing undone to further the true interests of the breed and to maintain his position as the owner of such a good kennel.

As for myself, I shall not lose any of the interest I have always had in the Irish setter and shall never be without a few good specimens, and as soon as my health and business will permit, shall again take a prominent part in breeding them.

W. L. WASHINGTON.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 20.

ECZEMA.

[Continued from page 433.]

IN some cases the disease is more or less all over the body. One part of the skin may be dry and scaly, another part moist and discharging, due to the breaking of the vesicles or pustules, while, perhaps, all along the back the skin is red, inflamed and covered with pimples.

In such cases a dog would have to be kept in a bath of lotion for it to be of much service, for lotions are not of much use without they are frequently applied and the skin kept damped with it. Therefore, it is my practice, when the disorder is spread over a large surface to dress the patient all over every other day during the first week, and then twice during the following week with some such mixture as the following:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Castor oil..... | In equal proportions. |
| 2. Vegetable oil..... | |
| 3. Kerosene (best paraffin)..... | |
| 4. Coconut oil..... | |

This dressing should be mixed as follows: One, two, and three should be well mixed together; No. 4 should be melted, and then added and well shaken up with the others. If there is a difficulty in getting the vegetable oil, olive oil may be substituted, but the former oil is much cheaper. When applying this dressing it is not necessary to rub it hard into the skin, for by so doing the irritation is often increased, but it should be gently smeared over the parts. At the end of the second week the dressing may be removed by washing, using a plain non-irritating soap, as curd soap, and plenty of warm water. It is not often necessary to repeat this dressing after a fortnight, but, in cases where there is much loss of hair, it is a good plan to apply it all over the dog once or twice a week for another fortnight or so, as it is a capital preparation for stimulating the growth of coat. The above mixture is also a very good and clean remedy for mange; therefore, for amateurs, who are unable to decide between a case of the latter disease and eczema, it is very useful.

It is not necessary to give aperient medicines while these oils are being used, as the dog is sure to lick himself, and therefore will be sufficiently purged, but the arsenic, as recommended in my previous article, may be given, and if the dog seems weakly from three to ten drops of dialyzed iron may be added to each dose.

Chronic eczema generally assumes the dry or squamous form of the disease, and the parts most frequently affected in these cases is the skin around the eyes, the outside of the flaps of the ears, the elbows, outside of the hock joints, and the lower part of the back. The skin is very irritable and the scratching pretty constant.

Treatment: The four oils in most instances is a specific in these cases, and it should be applied as previously recommended for general eczema, but it is not always necessary to use it all over the body, though when this form of the disease extends over a large surface it is a good plan to do so. Sometimes, especially for house dogs, this dressing is objected to. In such cases the fixed oil of petroleum may be used. This preparation has not quite such an unpleasant smell as the four oils; at the same time, it is not so effectual in its action.

Another useful remedy in chronic dry eczema is the balsam of Peru. It should be applied once a day to all the affected parts. This is a nice, clean, pleasant-smelling dressing, and is particularly suitable for toy dogs, but the principal obstacle to its general use is its cost. Chemists generally charge one shilling an ounce for it.

In some cases of a very chronic nature a mercurial dressing is absolutely necessary. In such I have found the following ointment useful:

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|------------------------------------|---------|
| Red oxide of mercury ointment..... | 1dr. |
| Oil of tar..... | 10mins. |
| Vaseline..... | 6dtrs. |

Well mixed. To be applied twice a day. In all cases of chronic eczema, arsenic should be given for a lengthened

period, but if in the course of a month or so the patient does not make good progress under this treatment, phosphorus should be tried. I have found the following prescription for pills answer well:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Phosphorated suet..... | 3grs. |
| Reduced iron..... | 1dr. |
| Compound tragacanth powder..... | 6grs. |
| Powdered nux vomica..... | 10grs. |
| Chloroform..... | 8mins. |

Well mix, and add sufficient mucilage of gum acacia, and divide into thirty pills. Cover with sandarach solution.

Doses: Fox-terriers, etc., one pill twice a day; collies, etc., one pill in the morning, two at night; St. Bernards, etc., two pills twice a day. Always given after feeding.

The pills are also very useful for simple irritation of the skin when a dog keeps constantly scratching and where there is nothing to be found on the skin to account for the irritation—a common complaint among dogs.

A. J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S.

DOG CHAT.

THE following is a copy of the "Conclusions of Law" in the Gallup vs. Belmont *et al.* Demurrer case: "New York Supreme Court, Albany County.—George D. Gallup, plaintiff, against August Belmont, Oliver H. P. Belmont, Alfred P. Vredenburg, Thomas H. Terry, W. Stewart Diefenderfer, Samuel B. Duryea, H. B. Duryea, Mitchell Harrison, J. Otto Donner, Frederick E. Lewis, Frederick R. Halsey, John S. Hoey, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Winthrop Rutherford, Frank R. Hitchcock, Joseph D. Shotwell, A. Clinton Wilmerding, James L. Anthony and William C. Rogers, defendants. The issues of law raised by the demurrer of the defendants herein, coming on to be heard by the Court at a Special Term held by the undersigned at the City Hall, in the city of Albany, New York, on the 26th day of May, 1891, and after hearing Joseph M. Keating, of counsel for the said defendants, in support of said demurrer, and J. Newton Fiero, of counsel for the plaintiff, in opposition thereto, and due deliberation being had thereon, I decide and find as follows: 1. That the said complaint states facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. 2. That the plaintiff is entitled to an interlocutory judgment which shall adjudge that the demurrer is overruled, with costs to be adjusted by the clerk of the county of Albany, and included in the said interlocutory judgment, and shall direct that in case the said defendants do not within twenty days after the service of a copy of such interlocutory judgment on their attorneys, with notice of the entry thereof, answer the complaint and pay said costs to the plaintiff or his attorneys, then the said plaintiff may enter final judgment against the said defendants for the relief demanded in the complaint, and for that purpose that the plaintiff's damages be assessed by a jury and that a writ of inquiry issue to the Sheriff of the county of Albany. 3. And I hereby direct judgment to be entered as aforesaid. Dated Albany, N. Y., July 6, 1891.—S. I. MAYHAM, Justice Supreme Court, State of New York."

The premium lists of the Industrial Exhibition Association's third annual international bench show of dogs, to be held in the city of Toronto, Canada, Sept. 14 to 18, are now ready and can be procured by writing the secretary, Mr. C. A. Stone, who will be pleased to send a copy to any address. Miss A. H. Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass., will judge St. Bernards, great Danes and pugs; Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, of New York city, will have charge of all the spaniel classes; Mr. C. H. Mason, of New York, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Newfoundland, Russian wolfhounds or Barzoi, greyhounds, deerhounds, bulldogs, bull-terriers, poodles, whippets, terriers and the miscellaneous classes; while Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., will have the foxhounds, pointers, setters, collies, harriers, dachshunds and beagles. The list is a very liberal one and should draw a large entry, especially as there is a good circuit of Canadian shows following each other, comprising Kingston, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa. Exhibitors from the United States will have no trouble at the lines, as satisfactory arrangements have been made with the customs authorities. The premium list contains 175 regular classes and 59 special classes, the first being the industrial exhibition sweepstakes for greyhounds for a silver medal, value \$20, the winner to be known as the "Champion Runner;" \$5 entrance, to be divided as follows, 60 per cent. to first and 40 per cent. to second. Greyhound race (open), \$15 to first, \$7 to second and \$3 to third. Whippet race (open), \$15 to first, \$7 to second and \$3 to third. A purse of \$25 is also offered to the person making the largest number of entries at the show and \$15 to second largest. There are kennel prizes for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, English and American foxhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, poodles, spaniels (other than cocker and field), field spaniels, cockers, beagles, fox-terriers, Skye terriers, black and tan terriers, Yorkshire terriers and pugs. Also extra kennel prizes for the following Canadian kennels: St. Bernards, mastiffs, great Danes, greyhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies and fox-terriers. Bronze medals are offered for the mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, great Danes and fox-terriers. In addition to the above specials the American Spaniel Club offers a silver cup, value \$100, for the best cocker in the show. The American Collie Club offers a silver medal for the best collie dog and a bronze medal for the best collie bitch. The National Beagle Club offers \$5 in cash for the best beagle, and the National Greyhound Club offers bronze medals for the best greyhound, deerhound and Barzoi. There are forty-seven challenge classes besides a large number of novice classes. Four cash prizes are offered in most of the more important breeds in the open classes, \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$3, while three are offered in the sporting classes, \$15, \$7, \$3 and diploma; in the other breeds \$10, \$5 and diploma are offered in the majority of classes, and in a few of the small breeds \$7, \$3 and diploma are offered.

Lady—"I wish to buy a pet dog." Dealer—"Live in the city, mum?" Lady—"Yes, I live in a flat." Dealer—"Then I should advise an Italian greyhound, for no matter what you feeds a greyhound he allers stays barrer."—*Ex.*

A lady writes us from Brooklyn, N.Y.: "When our FOREST AND STREAM comes, I always turn to 'The Kennel' first and always find instruction and amusement."

A MEANS TO AN END.—"What do you suppose Thompson did when the flat he lives in caught afire the other day?" "Sent in an alarm?" "No; he became wildly excited, apparently, and threw his wife's pug out of the third story window. Killed the brute, of course; and now she is wondering if Thompson didn't know just what he was doing all the time."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. A. P. Vredenburg we hear took a jaunt to Chicago in the interests of the club in regard to its action toward the World's Fair dog show. At the same time, to kill two birds with one stone, he is doing detective work in Little Rock, Ark., where the A.K.C. *déte noir*, Mr. Pesball, lived along in the sixties. Such means to an end are, however, hardly calculated to inspire one with an exalted idea of the way in which the present campaign is being conducted.

Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., sailed on the 15th for New York from Liverpool, bringing one fox-terrier with him.

The field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club will be

held at Morris, Sept. 23 and following days. Mr. J. M. Avent, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., has been chosen as judge. The entries for the Derby closed July 21, the All-Aged closing Sept. 10.

At the meeting of the National Greyhound Club held at Mr. Page's office, July 15, it was decided, after much discussion, to abolish the list of judges and work for the good of the greyhound in general at shows, irrespective of who is down to judge. It is, we hear, about decided that the A. K. C. shall publish a greyhound stud book, which will be issued as a supplement to the regular stud book, but in separate form. The National Greyhound Club to have full control of the publication in regard to verifying and admitting pedigrees. The fee proposed is, or rather the N. G. C. wishes it to be, fifty cents. This arrangement should meet all points and relieve the club of the bother and risk of publishing the book. We also hear that it is the intention of several members of the club to go out to the coursing meeting at Great Bend this fall, and to that end it is proposed to charter a special car, for which arrangements are now being made, so that the fares will come much cheaper than by the ordinary way, the car being provisioned and used as a hotel during the meeting as well. This is a good idea, and will no doubt be well patronized by those who would like to see some real coursing and enjoy a pleasant trip as well. Mr. Watson has sent his Drytime on to England to be mated with a good coursing dog. She will have to wait there some time, as she unfortunately arrived too late, her season having passed.

A movement is on foot to arrange for a substantial trophy to be competed for at shows by American-bred St. Bernards. The number of good dogs of this breed of both sexes now in the country makes such a trophy more than necessary, as it will lead to competition that must result in improvement to the native stock. Mr. Rieck is active in promoting it and already has secured the promise of about \$350; Col. Ruppert, the Westminster Kennel Club and himself promising \$100 each, and other lovers of the breed will no doubt soon chip in the rest. The St. Bernard Club has already gone to considerable expense in the matter of medals, so this proposed trophy will be raised by individual subscription. It is proposed to have it competed for by St. Bernards whelped after January, 1890. This will afford a good start for everybody.

To put a dog to death expeditiously, a Mr. Esquilant advises using chloroform on a piece of cotton wool applied to the nostrils and mouth. Let the wool remain, covering the head over with a heavy cloth to exclude fresh air, and the animal at once dropping insensible, does not recover.

The pack of hounds which has been used for drag hunts at Newport, R. I., in past seasons, has, we hear, been attached for debt. There were some good hounds in this pack, several of them having won prizes at different dog shows, Roseville Rover, Major Warlock and Clonmel Rakish being the best known of the pack.

Mr. Gustave G. Pabst, of the noted brewing company of that name in Milwaukee, has, we are told, purchased a third interest in the Blue Ridge Kennels, of which Gath's Mark is the head, and Messrs. Herman Hallman, Jr., and P. T. O'Bannon are also owners.

A little bird whispers that puppy classes are to be abolished at the next Westminster Kennel Club show, not, we believe, from any feeling of consideration for the puppies, but that their room is more valuable than their company. This is a wise move and one that will set a much-wished for example to other clubs. At the same time, American kennel clubs cannot claim the honor of abolishing puppy classes, for to Canadians, and the Ottawa show committee in particular, is the honor due. In the case of the W. K. C. the increased number of entries and the decreased accommodation at the Garden makes such an arrangement imperative in view of the dissatisfaction expressed by those unlucky enough to be quartered in the "cellar" last February. Whatever the cause, true lovers of dogs will hail with delight the confirmation of the report. Puppy classes are of no benefit anyhow, and but for them we should have had many more good ones of every breed to show than we have now, for it is not too much to say that 60 per cent. of puppies shown during the circuit go home to die and drag down others in their wake.

At the Kilkenny (Ireland) show, after winning first in her class, Mr. Geo. H. K. H.'s Irish terrier, bitch Blue Stocking was claimed at her catalogue price, \$325, by the Earl of Shannon. The Earl also purchased Glen Boy, giving \$300 for him. These purchases make this gentleman's kennel about the best in the world. There was quite a scene over the claiming of Blue Stocking, several gentlemen claiming priority, but the nobleman got the verdict.

Vero Shaw's allusion in *Stock-Keeper* to Satan, Mr. Adcock's great Dane, reminds us of times when our knee joints were not quite so stiff and a day on foot after the hounds was an ordinary experience. We well remember Satan at Hull show of 1876, for we were particularly fascinated with the dog. Great Danes were scarce then in England, and especially such a "whopper" as he was. He was certainly a most savage brute, as Mr. Shaw remarks, though somehow we struck up a great friendship during the show, which led a stranger to ask us if we had anything to do with training wild beasts.

We regret to hear of the death of the good smooth-coated St. Bernard Duke of Sparta, owned by Mr. Thos. Burke, of Bridgeport, Conn. This dog was one of champion Hector's best get, was out of Spiranza and was whelped in 1888. He had won numerous prizes, although not in any sense a circuit trotter. His dam, Spiranza, died in parturition, and Duke was the only pup saved out of a litter of seventeen. Mr. Burke feels his loss very keenly, and everything was done for him that Dr. Hair, of Bridgeport, could advise. Gastric fever, from a chronic derangement of the liver, was the immediate cause of death.

The premium list of the Ottawa show, to be held Sept. 29 to Oct. 1, is out with 68 classes provided. In the challenge classes a prize of \$5 is given for most of the principal breeds. In open classes the prizes are \$7 and \$3, with a certificate for third prize. It is expected that numerous special prizes will be given which will add considerably to the value of the regular wins. The judges have already been announced. The entries close Sept. 22, the first day of the Montreal show, which will take place the week before. We find a handy reference after the list of premiums, in the list of shows to occur, following out Mr. Stewart's happy suggestion. Mr. Alfred Geddes, the superintendent, 26 Spark's street, Ottawa, Canada, is prepared to answer all questions regarding the show.

Mr. Harrison has arranged for exhibitions of the new pack of harriers he has brought over for the Pennbrook Hunt, on the evenings of July 25 and 28, and the friends of the hunt can arrange for the hounds to meet on their lawns during the month of August. The opening meet for the fall season's hunting, an appropriate term by the way, will be about Sept. 15 if the weather is cool enough. Drag hunts will be held throughout the White Marsh Valley, and those who are fond of this mimic fox hunting expect to have fine times before snow flies.

The Toronto Kennel Club has decided to hold a club show of the following breeds, spaniels, poodles and setters, and their points will be explained by the judge or judges selected.

From a letter we have received from Rochester we gather that it is the intention of the Rochester Kennel Club to hold a show the same week as Montreal, beginning Sept. 22. This will be unfortunate for both, but more especially for Montreal, as a show in New York State is sure to command a good entry.

Irish setter men will welcome to their ranks Mr. E. B. Bishop, and judging from Mr. Washington's letter in another column he will be no luke warm partisan, but will do all he can to further the interests of the breed. Mr. Bishop met with a painful accident the other day while riding in Eden Park, in Cincinnati. His horse bolted and banded him against a post, breaking his leg, but luckily throwing him on to a soft grass plot. The fall was a bad one, but he is, we are glad to say, now out of danger and on the road to recovery.

Mr. R. B. Morgan, of Akron, Ohio, sends us a fine picture of a good-looking pointer bitch, Naso Belle, by Tory White out of Nan of Naso. She looks as if she had had a good home since Cleveland show, where she was nothing but skin and bone.

In accordance with a recent decision of the English Kennel Club affecting the St. Bernard Club's wins to count for championship, Sir Bedivere is entitled to the title of champion in England.

We are indebted to Mr. W. L. Washington for a very fine picture of a group of his Irish setters with himself in the background. The grouping is excellent and the camera shows these good dogs just as they are.

Mr. F. S. Webster, who will be remembered for his many acts of kindness to those who exhibited at the Washington show last spring, is now located in New York city, at 738 Broadway, where, he writes us, he will be pleased to meet any of his friends who are doggily inclined. He still, however, retains the secretaryship of the Washington Kennel Club and also represents their interests as a delegate to the A. K. C. He tells us the club has claimed dates for their next show, and they expect to have a good one, as it is well known that this club made a big profit on their first venture.

Mr. A. R. Crowell ("Namquoit") sends us a copy of the first issue of the new monthly, *Forest, Field and Farm*, the kennel department of which is under his especial charge. The number before us is replete with articles on yachting, fishing, shooting and all kindred sports, including of course our friend the dog. The increasing interest now taken in canine matters on the Pacific coast, is excuse enough for the excellent kennel department which this well-known writer has arranged, and we sincerely trust he will have the success his many friends think he deserves.

We hear that now that Mr. Paul Hacke has purchased one of the best kennels of Barzoi in Russia, that belonging to the Grand Duke George of Michaelovitch, in which are included five stud dogs alone, he contemplates building one of the finest kennels in America to house them in appropriately. They are not to be kept in idleness, we are told, for it is the intention of those interested in the breed to inaugurate some meeting where the cowardly wolf will have a chance to show how fast he can run. The capabilities for sport that this vast country of ours affords seems unlimited, and the element of danger to be found in wolf coursing will constitute an added charm to many who may think the coursing of the wily jack a comparatively tame sport.

We hear that Mr. Edward Booth, who brought Sir Bedivere over from England in such good shape for Mr. Sears, has taken the position as manager of the Cloverdell Stock Farm Kennel of St. Bernards, at Colmar, Pa.

Mr. F. W. Chapman, the energetic secretary of the National Beagle Club, paid us a pleasant visit on Friday last. He came down from Boston to inspect the country round Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y., with a view to its adaptability for the coming beagle trials. Mr. H. L. Kreuder, who owns the Rockland Kennel of beagles at that place, felt convinced that the club would do well to think seriously of his suggestion, and now that Mr. Chapman has seen the country he is enchanted with it, and thinks it the best he has ever seen for the purpose. The country is open and the cover not so dense as round Salem, N. H., and hares are plentiful. To have a proper display of speed and scent-lifting powers, a more open country is necessary than that of last year, for we doubt if judges can be found who would be willing to undergo the quite unnecessary amount of hard work that the two who officiated last year had to undergo. Running in comparatively open ground with the beagles well in sight is a pleasure to all, but making ten yards in two minutes through heavy brush, and scarred and bleeding from sundry affectionate briers, is hard work of the most dispensable kind. At Nanuet there are ample accommodations for visitors, and free quarters for the dogs are promised at Mr. Kreuder's place. It is intended, we believe, to hold the trials toward the end of November, and the entries promised will make them an assured success. A meeting of the club will be held this week to take final action in the matter.

The lucky winners of the English Kennel Club medals have received them at last. The medals were told, is silver and of good size, and the design an ingenious one. It would of course have been invidious on the part of the club to engrave certain breeds of dogs on them, as the design would have to be a permanent one. The design adopted, however, is a very happy one. The three shields of England, Scotland and Ireland are surmounted by the royal crown, with an ornamental panel below on which are embossed whips and leashes, making a handsome trophy well worth winning. When shall we be able to describe our A. K. C. medals. If these libel suits don't drain the cup, breeders should soon hear of them, with the stud book in such a prosperous condition.

Among the new advertisements we notice this week that G. Aceaowr offers two foxhound pups for sale; C. A. Houck, St. Bernard dog Kinglimgour; M. T. Mason, pointer pups; A. H. Cashen, Irish setter pups; Moorefield Kennels, choice English setter pups; P. O. Box 310, Easton, Md., Chesapeake Bay puppies; J. H. Ten Eyck Burr, St. Bernard pups, and Connolly, Newfoundland pups.

Mr. A. B. Truman, of San Francisco, Cal., has purchased a couple of good pointer puppies; one from Mr. W. T. Hunter, of Wheatland, N. Dak., by King of Kent out of Lass of Bloomo, and thus a half brother to the noted field dog Rip Rap. The other is from Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and is named Upton Blithe. He is by Ighfield Upton out of Ighfield Blithe, both field trial winners. These will be run at future trials at Bakersfield, Cal.

Mr. C. C. M. Hunt complained to the Gordon Setter Club that he had not received the prize donated by the Philadelphia Item and won by his dog Bendigo at the late trials. The gun editor of that paper explains the reason. He says:

"Mr. Hunt's reference to the prize donated by *The Item* is not sufficiently explanatory. This prize was donated through Dr. Meyer, with the understanding that it was to be held by the Gordon Setter Club, in a manner similar to the prize donated by *The Item* to the Philadelphia Kennel Club. This was agreeable to Mr. Meyer, but he failed to see that the Gordon Setter Club took proper action in the matter. The gun editor of *The Item* wrote to Mr. Hunt to this effect, and also stated that *The Item* was still willing to donate the prize, provided that it was recognized by the Gordon Setter Club. Mr. Hunt claimed that the prize was his property on a single win; if Mr. Hunt will write to Mr. Connell, secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, he will discover that the prize donated to that organization by *The Item* is club property, until won three times by a member of the club (but not necessarily in succession), and is to be competed for annually in the Members' Stake at the field trials of the club."

Two small rusties were overheard discussing a dog which had lately come into their possession, says the *Fanciers' Gazette*, and which they held in joint proprietorship. "Noo, Wullie," said Tam, "ye ken ae hauf's yours, the ither's mine. Ye ken ha' ony end ye like. Ye can hae the front end (persuasively), wi' the een, the lugs, the mou', the collar and the teeth, or ye can hae the ither end wi' naething but the tail." "I'll hae the front end," said Wullie promptly. "Aweel, mind ye'll hae to feed him then," rejoined the other triumphantly.

The mother of Mr. Parnell was bitten the other day while fondling a strange dog at her residence at Bordentown, N. J. The dog was killed, though we are not informed that it showed any symptoms of madness, and Mrs. Parnell had the wound canterized.

The former owner of the greyhound Gem of the Season has been disconsolate since he sold the dog and has at last, says *Canine World*, secured that beautiful bitch Annie Laurie. As she was bought from a man who did not want to sell, a very stiff price had to be paid for her.

"Peto" handles the English Kennel Club and its governing body without gloves this week in *Canine World*. It must indeed feel queer to these self-satisfied and elected gentlemen to bear some straight-from-the-shoulder truths and to find a paper that has the grit to say what it thinks upon their competence or incompetence to manage canine affairs in England. The question of late entries is now a burning one on the other side, and several suggestions have been thrown out to overcome the difficulty. In such a country as England, where shows are so numerous, we should think the suggestion made by "Peto" a good one, that show committees employ a paid secretary, who would be compelled to adhere to rules, and be under the control of the Kennel Club in so far that from that club he should receive a license to act as secretary. Only men who were known to be capable and fit for such positions would be licensed, and therefore the clubs and exhibition would all gain by some such arrangement. If it was found that late entries had been accepted, then the secretary would either be fined or his license be jeopardized.

We hear that the Seminole Kennels, of Philadelphia, have sold the pug dog Hayseed (1897) to Mr. James Bowden, New York city, where he will be placed at the stud.

We hear that Mr. Whitney is very well pleased with the mastiff Cardinal Beaufort that Mr. Moore bought for him in England and thinks with age—he is only about 18 mos.—that Beaufort's firm position will be assailed, as they count him better than champion Ilford Chancellor in the same kennel. They are also importing a mastiff bitch, Exeter Diree, from Mr. James Hutchings, Exeter, England. She is by Beaumaris out of Ovie, by Titus, he by Gwalior, a litter brother to champion Pontiff; so she is grandly bred, and Mr. Hutchings expects her to give a good account of herself in the ring. All lovers of mastiffs will be pleased to hear that Mr. Whitney is doing his best to make the Flour City Kennels stronger even than last spring. Such action will do much to revive the public interest in this noble breed.

The Gordon setter field trials this year will be held by the Gordon Setter Club of America, at High Point, N. C., commencing Monday, Nov. 23. Entries will close Oct. 15, and entry blanks can be had on application to James B. Blossom, 938 Prospect Avenue, N. Y., or Dr. J. H. Meyer, 159 West 34th Street, N. Y. These trials are open to all Gordon setters, whether owned by club members or others, and winnings will be recognized by the American Kennel Club. The entry fee is \$10, and \$20 additional to start. It is hoped that owners of Gordons will respond liberally with entries and donations; and it is requested that names be sent in as early as possible, so that early announcement can be made of the prizes, which are expected to be liberal in money and cups. For the honor of the Gordon and in view of the anything but meritorious performances they made last year, it is to be hoped that owners will, especially in the case of dogs that have not been accustomed to field work, put them early in the hands of trainers so that they may have a proper chance to show that they are really good field dogs.

Messrs. Hudspeth and Collier have brought suit in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and served complaints last Monday on behalf of Mr. C. J. Peshall for libel against the following members of the A. K. C.: Washington E. Connor, Sidney Dillon Ripley, Lewis DeJonge, Jr., Francis R. Hitchcock, John E. Condon, F. Frank Chevalier, August Belmont, Eugene W. Durkee, W. C. Rogers, A. R. Vredenburg, James L. Anthony, Lumberson Sherwood, Howard Willets and John S. Hoey, on the grounds that they published in the *Kennel Gazette* an account of the resolution of the Committee of the Whole, when Mr. Winslow reported that the committee recommends the disqualification of Mr. C. J. Peshall by the American Kennel Club, and Mr. Cook's motion that the action of the Committee of the Whole in reference to Mr. Peshall be accepted and approved by the meeting and that Mr. C. J. Peshall be permanently disqualified. Motion seconded and carried. The other count in the complaint is that the *Kennel Gazette* published a list of disqualified members in which Mr. Peshall's name appears. This he claims injured him to the extent of \$100,000, which is the amount of damages asked for. Summons were also served in another suit against August Belmont, Alfred Purdy Vredenburg, James Louis Anthony, Thomas H. Terry, A. Clinton Wilmerding, Joseph D. Shotwell and William C. Rogers in which Mr. Peshall demands \$100,000 as damages for false arrest and the trouble, expense and annoyance of body and mind that he was put to in the late trial in which he was acquitted by the jury. Complaints in two of the suits will be served by the same firm against other associate members next Monday. In these there will be about 31 defendants. Albany suits numbering five will be brought as soon as Gen. Parker returns to Albany, which will be in the course of a couple of weeks.

We have long been itching to chronicle the purchase of the St. Bernard Lord Bute by an American kennel, and now our wish is fulfilled, when we hear that the Menthon Kennels, of Phonixville, Pa., have secured a dog that has a world wide reputation. This dog is a favorite with breeders on both sides of the water on account of his immense size

and his faculty for getting good and well marked stock, though he himself has little marking. He is, however, a handsome dog and at the same time a giant even in this large breed. Lord Bute is by Champion Save, one of the pillars of the St. Bernard stud book, out of Sabrina. He was bred by Mrs. A. G. Stacey and whelped June 10, 1887. A very good picture of Lord Bute appeared in the *Canine World* of Oct. 17, 1890, and the coloring shows him to have a rich orange tawny body, white collar and fore legs, and some white on muzzle. It is as a sire that Lord Bute has been so successful, although he has won twenty-eight first prizes and cups. He is the sire of Sir Hereward, about whom so much has been said lately, Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, Lord Dunlo and many other winners. The owner of the Menthon Kennels must be congratulated on his purchase, and we trust that the St. Bernard breeders will appreciate his pluck and enterprise, for we know at what price this dog was held, and this gentleman must have dipped into his pocket to the tune of about \$4,000 to get him. The dog will sail August 8 and it goes without saying that St. Bernard breeders will be anxious to see one of the best advertised dogs in the world, for his late owner, Mr. Shillcock, knows when he has a good thing and does not believe in biding his lights under a bushel.

The dogs now in England owned by Americans are keeping well to the front. The black and tan Prince Regent was in the money at Boston, Lincolnshire, against such dogs as Streatham Monarch, the bull-terrier, and Bonnet, the noted Irish terrier bitch. At the same show the Anglo-American Kennel had a Clumber dog, Endcliffe Don, that took first. Joe Lewis's Nia was out of coat. Mr. Purbeck's greyhound, Lily of Ganisha, was in season and out of coat and only took second. The Friday following George Thomas took the dogs to Ripon and won first with the greyhound, first with Beaconsfield and second with Endcliffe Don. Mr. Toon traveling the same day to Winterton with the greyhound Onatus, took first with him and the setter Nia, second in fox-terriers, and with Prince Regent second in a variety class. At Bradford, Onatus, the greyhound, won first in a class of fourteen, thus out of fourteen entries during the week, twelve prizes were won. Joe Lewis and George Thomas went to South and from there will show at Wakefield. At Belper, Beaconsfield took challenge, Prince Regent second in open class, though all papers agree he should have been first, Endcliffe Don third in spaniels, Onatus first in greyhounds and Nix second in a mixed class of setters. The Yankee element is, therefore, quite holding its own in the north country shows. Messrs. Boggs and Lewis are staying with Mr. Toon in Sheffield, and from all accounts enjoying themselves immensely, and wondering meanwhile when America will arrive at such a state of doggy enthusiasm that dog shows will be held in every town. The new importations which we spoke of a week or two since started last Monday for the Salem Kennels.

Mr. Edward Dexter writes a chatty letter, in which he tells us he has imported two pointers, and we presume they will come on with Mr. Buckle, who was expected at Charlottesville last Monday. Mr. Dexter remarks, "I meant to get out, but my love for the thing I believe is getting deeper," and we hope it will never touch bottom.

IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Irish setter affairs have been progressing of late and the time has now come for every one to act. That such action may be taken intelligently I have, as secretary, the pleasure of submitting the following facts. The inaugural trials of the Irish Setter Club, open to the world, will be held at High Point, N. C., beginning on Monday, Nov. 23, with the Derby Stake. There are two stakes, the Derby, for puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1890, and the All-Aged. Entries for the Derby close Aug. 15, and for the All-Aged Oct. 1. Those who desire entry blanks should apply at once to the secretary, whose address is appended. They should be properly filled in and returned to him with the forfeit money inclosed. The entrance fees for each stake are \$10 forfeit, which must accompany each entry, and \$10 additional to fill, to be paid before 9 o'clock of the evening before starting. The purses offered will be liberal, but it is impossible at present to state their exact amount, as it will depend on the amount of money received. The trials will be run under the rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club, which are the same as those of the United States Field Trials Club, and almost the same as those of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. There will be three judges, Mr. J. Otto Donner and Mr. Luke White have kindly consented to act, but the acceptance of the third has not yet been received.

There still remain two things to do; first, to get all the entries possible, and secondly, to get all the money possible. To accomplish both these things in a creditable manner will require the cooperation of every one. Now is the time to do something, let us all help. If one has no dogs of his own to enter, he may be able to induce one of his friends to enter one. I shall be pleased to have the names and addresses of any one at all interested forwarded to me and I will communicate with them and solicit their aid and send them blanks. The club wants money more particularly, that suitable purses may be given, and as this is a subject that handlers are interested in as well as owners, the field trial committee will assure them that they intend to have the stakes as large as possible. For the sake of "doubting Thomases," if there be such, we would say that money enough has been promised to insure the running of the trials, and the money we want now is mostly for the stakes. We want to make our first trials a success in every way, and to do this we want to see six or eight hundred dollars at least raised, and it can be done. I can get two hundred or more right here at home, and surely New York will not be content to play second fiddle to Philadelphia? The enterprising West is going to be given a chance, too. Chicago, after gobbling up the World's Fair, is not going to strain at a field trial. Her own self-respect demands that she head the list of contributors. There are lots of other places that can all furnish some contributors, and we want to hear from them, too, and the sooner the better.

Last year a one dollar subscription list was started. I did not contribute because I felt that it was time wasted; the amount was too small. No, if you want to help send from five to twenty-five dollars, and if you can afford it a hundred. If we Irish setter men want to have decent trials we must work hard and make sacrifices for them. Every lover of the breed will be willing to give at least five dollars, even if he has to economize in other directions to do it, and there ought to be many ten and twenty-five dollar subscriptions. I am poor myself but will give twenty-five dollars. Mr. W. H. Child has promised fifty. There is the pace, now start off. Subscriptions should be forwarded to me as treasurer of the club, and checks made payable to G. G. Davis, treasurer. Any one who desires information, or can give me any as to likely contributors, should communicate with your humble servant,

G. G. DAVIS,
Sec'y and Treas. Irish Setter Club.

1638 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Queen Lucifer. Bv F. B. Farnsworth, Washington, D. C., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May, 1890, by Prince Lucifer (King Noble—Elsie Belton) out of Gypsy Countess (Allen's Ruby—Martha Lane).

March. Bv G. W. Amory, Bourne, Mass., for black and white pointer bitch, whelped April 11, 1891, by Joe (Beppo II.—Sal) out of Pappoose (Tammany—Lucia).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Isabella—Ben Hill. E. Huidkeoper's (Meadville, Pa.) English setter bitch Isabella (Roke—Clara Dale) to J. Shelley Hudson's Ben Hill (Dale—Ruby), July 15.

Nellie—Lancashire. Ben. R. J. McLaughlin's (Cleveland, O.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Nellie (champion Bradford Harry—Trixie) to P. H. Coombs's Lancashire Ben (Old Prince—Absworth's Lady), June 27.

Barnaby's Nell—Premier IV. C. H. Koback's (San Francisco, Cal.) bloodhound bitch Barnaby's Nell (champion Barnab—Ripple Boxton) to his Premier IV (Premier III.—Duchess of Ripple), July 8.

Chesapeake Nell—Lord Bute. F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) rough St. Bernard bitch Chesapeake Nell (Monarch—Lady Flois) to Thos. St. B. Woodcock's Lord Bute (champion Saver—Sabrina), June 3.

Riga—Woodcock Sultan. F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) rough St. Bernard bitch Riga (Othello—Bessie Bayard) to his Woodcock Sultan (champion Noble—Gordon's Ruby), July 15.

Dolly Dale—Mark Noble. G. W. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) English setter bitch Dolly Dale (Breeze—Bessie Dale) to J. L. Wells's Mark Noble (champion Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble), June 23.

Mollie Dale—Mark Noble. Gordondale Kennels' (Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Mollie Dale (Gath's Mark, Jr.—Belle Dale) to J. L. Wells's Mark Noble (champion Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble), July 7.

Lanny Dale—Mark Noble. Gordondale Kennels' (Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Lanny Dale (Gath's Mark, Jr.—Belle Dale) to J. L. Wells's Mark Noble (champion Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble), July 7.

Dolly Dale—Bow Bondhu. Gordondale Kennels' (Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Dolly Dale (Gath's Mark, Jr.—Belle Dale) to J. L. Wells's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), July 8.

Cosby—Bow Bondhu. Gordondale Kennels' (Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Cosby (Boswell's Nod—Gordon's Gyp) to J. L. Wells's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), June 30.

Gypsy Belle—Bow Bondhu. Gordondale Kennels' (Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Gypsy Belle (Boswell's Nod—Gordon's Gyp) to J. L. Wells's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), June 30.

Dolly Dale—Mark Noble. Gordondale Kennels' (Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Dolly Dale (Gath's Mark, Jr.—Belle Dale) to J. L. Wells's Mark Noble (champion Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble), July 8.

Queen of Kent—Mark Noble. Noves Billings's (Dodgeville, Mass.) English setter bitch Queen of Kent (Roy Kent—Lady Kendall) to J. L. Wells's Mark Noble (champion Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble), May 8.

Loumont Kit—Roscoe. F. W. Moulton's (Washington, D. C.) bull-terrier bitch Loumont Kit (Gully the Great—Kit) to his Roscoe (Bennie—Starlight), July 6.

Golden Fairy—Nalley. C. A. Koback's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Golden Fairy (Golden Fairy—Be-Fine) to G. W. Deckerham's Nalley (Bleaton Shiner—Yum Yum), July 8.

Cosbie—Bradford Ruby II. Ren. Hey's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cosbie to "Bernart Pug Kennel's" Bradford Ruby II (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B), July 10.

Miss—Ruby Mixer. Mr. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Miss to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, July 17.

Belle of Sharon—Suffolk Risk. W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Belle of Sharon to Hillside Kennels' Suffolk Risk, July 15.

Princess—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Princess to their Pitcher, July 14.

Pretty Pickle—Russley Joker. R. T. Ryan's (Baltimore, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Pretty Pickle (Rogent Vox—Dudley Rag), to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joker, July 12.

Hillside Heather—Chieftrain. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Hillside Heather to their champion Chieftrain, July 12.

Mint—Ruby Mixer. P. Lorillard's (Jersey City, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Mint (Bachanal—Luplet) to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, July 8.

Wanda—Bran. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Wanda to their champion Bran, July 14.

Highland Lassie—Chieftrain. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Highland Lassie to their champion Chieftrain, July 5.

Brazen—Clansman. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Brazen to their champion Clansman, July 2.

Tennis—Pitcher. Mr. McAlees's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tennis to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, June 30.

Ebor Tatters—Pitcher. Geo. Bell's (Toronto, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Ebor Tatters (Valkel—Village Belle) to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, June 26.

Phyllis—Robber Chieftrain. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Phyllis to their champion Robber Chieftrain, June 25.

Harvey Jiffy—Pitcher. W. Rutherford's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Harvey Jiffy to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, June 12.

Special—Russley Joker. J. W. Bowers's fox-terrier bitch Special to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joker, June 7.

Brockenhurst Belle—Ruby Mixer. J. I. Patterson's fox-terrier bitch Brockenhurst Belle to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, May 30.

Democracy—Russley Joker. G. M. Carnochan's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Democracy to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joker, May 24.

Russley Joker. Clarence Rathbone's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joker, May 10.

Hillside Ruth—Bran. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Hillside Ruth to their champion Bran, May 11.

Hillside Ruby—Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Ruby to their Suffolk Risk, May 5.

Warren Lady—Russley Joker. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Warren Lady to their Russley Joker, May 5.

Ruby Mixer. P. Lorillard's (Jersey City, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, May 4.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Freda. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Freda, May 9, five (three d. g.), by their Russley Joker.

Brora. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Brora, May 9, one dog, by their Russley Joker.

Hillside Freda. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Freda, May 9, five (one dog), by their Suffolk Risk.

Richmond Dazzle. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Richmond Dazzle, June 14, two dogs, by their Russley Joker.

Theodora. Hillside Kennels' deerhound bitch Theodora, June 13, three (one dog), by their champion Bran.

Hillside Ramona. Hillside Kennels' deerhound bitch Hillside Ramona, June 13, seven (four dogs), by their champion Bran.

Hillside Syren. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Syren, June 28, two (one dog), by their Reckoner.

Lady Reckon. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Lady Reckon, June 29, four (two dogs), by their Suffolk Risk.

Hillside Sapphire. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Sapphire, June 28, one dog, by their Pitcher.

Hillside Ruby. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Ruby, July 16, six (one dog), by their champion Bran.

Nady of Naso. G. H. Holtham's (Bangor, Me.) pointer bitch Nady of Naso (champion Nick of Naso—Templation), July 13, eleven (five dogs), by Robt. Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy).

Queen of Kent. Noves Billings's (Dodgeville, Mass.) English setter bitch Queen of Kent (Roy Kent—Lady Kendall), July 7, six (three dogs), by J. L. Wells's Mark Noble (champion Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble).

Chesapeake. E. A. Palmer's (Fair, Neb.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Chesapeake (Gwennie—Kate), June 18, ten (seven dogs), by S. P. Stevens's Barnie (Barnum II.—Nellie II.).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Beauty E. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Jan. 7, 1891, by Doug-

lass II, out of Sara Bernhardt, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to B. C. Post, St. Louis, Mich.

Roderigo—Lee Gladstone whelps. Lemon and white, and black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Feb. 25, 1891, by Edgar Huidkeoper, Meadville, Pa., to F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Berenite. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 4, 1887, by Celtic Reclor out of Celtic Iris, by Menthon Kennels, Phoenixville, Pa., to Wachovia Kennels, Salem, N. C.

Starlight. White, black and tan Celtic English setter bitch, whelped April 11, 1889, by Rock, Jr. out of Dashing Kate, by J. C. Doble, Williamsport, Pa., to U. G. Chadeayne, Sing Sing, N. Y.

PRESENTATION.

Queen Lucifer. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May, 1890, by Prince Lucifer out of Gypsy Countess, by J. N. Branson, Calender, Ia., to F. B. Farnsworth, Washington, D. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

R. H. C.—Answered by mail.

C. F. McC. Amsterdam, N. Y.—Will you please give me through your columns the pedigree of M. Thos. Marher's English setter dog Dan, winner in the puppy class of W. K. C. show of 1884 or 1885? Ans. The dog won second in the puppy class, but no pedigree is given in the catalogue.

C. M. R., Chicago, Ill.—Have you any books on beagle hounds? I want to know all about them, their raising or breeding, training and best breeds, etc. Ans. There is no book devoted especially to beagles, but I have a few on the subject. One is "The Book of the Dog," by W. H. Shaw, which we can supply you with. Price \$8 and \$5 respectively.

F. H. G., Ansonia, Conn.—Will you kindly send me the pedigree of Bob Gates? Can you also inform me how the dog came to be named Bob Gates? My father raised dogs not many years ago, and I always have wanted to know if the name came from our war or how it started. Ans. Bob Gates, by Count Rapier out of Belle of H. whelped April, 1881. Breeder, Dr. Cannon, Somerville, Tenn. It is more likely that the dog was called after Mr. Gates, who was a partner in the Memphis & Arent Kennels, Hickory Valley, Tenn.

H. McF., New York City.—Acting on your prescription as given on page 41 in issue of June 18, the canker in my pup's ear is about well, but she still shows want of condition, as coat is still stary, and he has thrown up his breakfast quite often recently. Blood evidently out of order, as I notice a few small eruptions about the neck. Ans. Better try a bottle of Glover's blood purifier, at 123 Broadway, New York city. The coat will come all right in time, and give a teaspoonful of calomel in milk. Rub a little balsam of Peru on the sores.

F. C. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—Please send me a cure for canker in the ear of a collie dog. Ans. Cleanse the ear of any matter that may have accumulated by syringing with tepid water in which rub a little castile soap. Then dry carefully with a soft cloth and drop in the ear morning and night a little of the following mixture: Goulard's extract of lead 10, glycerine and carbolic acid 1/2, (of the strength of one part) carbolic acid to five parts pure vasoline, and finest olive oil 4/10. Shake well before using and knead the roots of the ear well so that the mixture will reach every part. Rub a little on the ear flap if inflamed.

T. C., Rome, N. Y.—I have a fine red Irish setter dog not quite two years old. He has had an attack of distemper, from which he has recovered, except that the disease has left him with chorea. His appetite is good, and he is in fairly good flesh. Symptoms: A twitching of the extremities, with restless sleep and occasionally a few spasms. These symptoms have continued for some time. Ans. Take sulphate of zinc, 24 grs.; extract of gentian, 18 grs.; powdered gum acacia, 18 grs.; make into 12 pills and give one pill twice a day. Feed the dog on good nourishing food and keep in dry quarters. You must have patience, as the cure of chorea is a matter of time.

H. H. P., New York City.—Please diagnose and prescribe for the following case: Spaniel puppy, five months old, has an eruption on muzzle, neck, belly and inside of legs. It appears in small, round nodules, which are hard to the touch and feel like split peas or shot, remaining this way for a few days then they break and exude a thin serous pus. The puppy seems healthy and lively and is in very good flesh, but his constant scratching worries him. I have used Glover's mange cure and soap (which I swear by), but they do not fit the case. Ans. Worms may cause this eruption. Use one of the vermifuges advertised in our business columns. Also apply a little balsam of Peru to the sores.

St. Bernard, Ogdensburg, N. Y.—I have a St. Bernard which is troubled with mange, I think the result of injudicious feeding, he has been fed almost entirely on meat and will eat nothing else. He has large sores on back and fresh ones are breaking out on his legs. I have stopped feeding with meat, forcing him to eat bread and milk and corn meal, have been treating sores with Glover's mange remedy and dosing him with mild aperients. Kindly tell me what else is necessary to bring him back to condition and stop the sores breaking out. Ans. Continue treatment but avoid corn meal. It is not doing this time of the year. Give plenty of exercise. Give him also some of Glover's blood purifier.

L. C. C., Four Mile, N. Y.—I. Will you please give the open season in this State for grouse, woodcock, rabbit, squirrel, etc.? 2. I wish to register my dog, shall I send pedigree to you? 3. Within the past four days my dog's head has been covered with hard pimples about the size of No. 2 shot. They are mostly on top of his head. There seems to be a sort of scab on them. The dog is a lemon and white pointer. Can you tell me what it is from this meager description? Ans. 1. Grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; woodcock, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; rabbits, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; squirrel, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. 2. No. Inclose pedigree and one dollar to A. P. Vredenburg, 41 Broadway, New York city, for registration in the American Kennel Club stud book 3. Eczema, very likely; follow the directions given in the article on eczema in our issue of June 18.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

PROGRAMME for the nineteenth annual fall meeting at Creedmoor are out, and give the programme of competitions. The meet will be open on Sept. 1 this year, in hope of fine weather, and the matches will run through five days. The rules in the competitions include the following general ones:

Spirit levels may be used upon the rear sights of all special military rifles, and also upon those of other military rifles, where permitted by the authorities issuing them.

In any match of the Association full scores cannot be beaten. The term "State model" includes the Remington .50cal. quick twist rifles.

Front sight covers of such patterns as may be easily detached, also the Piffard heelpad, will be allowed in these matches. Ammunition for military and special military rifles must be brought to the firing point ready for use. Particular attention is called to the rules relating to the minimum pull of triggers.

No shooter is allowed to place the butt of the rifle, when aiming, under his coat, vest or suspender.

There are fifteen regular matches on the list, as follows:

No. 1. Directors' Match—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A., 5 rounds, any military rifle, one prize.

No. 2. Junior Match—Open to all comers, Remington .50cal. State model or the United States, Springfield .30yds., 7 rounds, entries and re-entries \$1 each, the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes, match to be open two days, 24 prizes.

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds., 30 shots, one prize, the Wimbledon Cup. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton, 1876 by I. L. Allen, 1877 by Dudley Selph, 1878 by Frank Hyde, 1879 by C. B. Hyde, 1880 by W. M. Farrow, 1881 by J. F. Kabbeth, 1882 by W. Woodworth, 1883 by H. R. Eckwell, 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd, 1887 by T. J. Dolan, 1888 by W. M. Merrill, 1889 and 1890 by C. H. Gaus.

No. 4. President's Match—First stage—200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each, open to all members of the Army, Navy or National Guard. Second stage—Open to all prize winners in the first stage, 600yds., 10 shots.

No. 5. Governor's Match—Seven shots, 500yds., Remington .50cal. State model, or the United States, Springfield. Open to all comers.

No. 6. The Tiffany Match—All Comers' Continuous Match—200yds., 5 shots, American standard target, any weight rifle, with any trigger pull, but no palm or other rest allowed, allowance for military rifles 3 points on each string. The first prize will be a silver vase presented by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., and cash \$50. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Extra prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 will be awarded each day to the three competitors making the greatest number of bullseyes.

No. 7. All Comers' Military Match—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each, Remington .50cal. State model or the U. S. Springfield, 26 prizes, total \$215. The firing at both ranges must be done on the same day.

No. 8. Hilton Trophy Match—Open to military teams of 12 from United States or foreign countries, 200, 500 and 600 yds., 7 rounds at each, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Hilton trophy, value \$3,000, also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by Division of Missouri, U.S.A., 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Division of Atlantic, U.S.A., 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 by Massachusetts, 1890 by District of Columbia.

No. 9. National Military Match—Open to one militia team from each State or Territory. Any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm of any State or government. Round, 10 at each distance. Prize, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," presented on behalf of the State of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, value \$350. Also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won 1875 by New York, 1876 by Connecticut, 1877 by California, 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by New Jersey, 1881 by New York, 1882 by New York, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Pennsylvania, 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 by Massachusetts, 1890 by New York.

No. 10. New York State National Guard Match—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment or separate company of the State of New York, 200 and 500yds., the Remington rifle, State model, .50cal. Rounds, 5 at each distance. Prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York, value \$300.

No. 11. First Brigade National Guard Match—Open to teams of 12 men from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the First Brigade of the State of New York, the Remington rifle, State model, .50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance. First prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York, value \$100. Second prize, cash, \$25, presented by the First Brigade, New York, N. G., S. N. Y.

No. 12. Second Brigade National Guard Match—Same as No. 11 for Second Brigade N. G., S. N. Y.

No. 13. Revolver Match—Fifty yards, 5 shots on the American standard target, position standing off-hand, use of one arm only allowed, revolver not to exceed 24lb. in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7 1/2 in., minimum trigger pull 3lb., plunger sight sufficiently strong for service purposes, any ammunition, cleaning allowed between shots, one pair of revolvers with 3lb. trigger pull and using service ammunition will be allowed 10 points on 3 scores, aggregate for 3 scores to count for all prizes, entries 50 cents, or three for \$1 when taken at one time. Sixty dollars divided into 3 prizes, viz.: \$20, \$10 and six of \$3 each.

No. 14. Steward Match—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor count, number of shots 5, position sitting, kneeling or standing, the Remington .50 cal. State model or the United States Springfield, all prizes to be won by the aggregate of 3 scores. Eight prizes, aggregate \$30.

No. 15. The Barney Walther Team Match—Open to teams of 5 from any rifle club, association or military organization, no limit to number of teams from one organization, but no competitor can shoot in two teams, 200yds., 5 shots on the American standard target, standing, any rifle, any trigger pull, without palm or other rest, cleaning allowed between shots, entrance fee \$10, re-entries \$5 for each team, but limited to two, and only the highest score to count. Seventy-five per cent. of the entrance fee will be divided into three prizes, viz.: First, 35 per cent., second 25 per cent., third 15 per cent. Also a medal to each of the winning team, presented by Mr. Barney Walther, of the New York and Putnam Rifle Club, of New York city. Match to be open to 6 days.

The matches will be shot as nearly as possible upon the following days, though the right is reserved after entries are made to change the order of shooting: Tuesday, Nos. 2 and 3; Wednesday, Nos. 2 and 15; Thursday, Nos. 4 and 16; Friday, Nos. 10, 11, 12 and 13; Saturday, Nos. 8, 9 and 13. Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7 and 14 will be open every day.

THE BISLEY MEETING.

LONDON, July 13.—The Rifle Association opened its annual meeting at Bisley to-day. A marked decrease in attendance is noticeable since the meetings were transferred from Wimbledon. The Canadians won a match against Cambridge to-day by 28 points.

July 15.—The sensation of the Bisley meeting has been the target shooting of a lady. This competition is open to all comers, and so afforded the lady in question an opportunity to show her skill. To-day's shooting was for the Graphic rapid firing competition, 7 shots at 200yds. in two minutes, with one sighting. The heroine of the occasion was Miss Leale, who was the only woman to win the National Rifle Association and of the Guernsey Shooting Club. Miss Leale is a charming specimen of English young womanhood, tall, graceful and decidedly pretty. With her sighting shot she scored a bullseye, and then, loading and unloading with great rapidity, she sent 7 shots down the range in the remarkable good time of 1 minute 35 1/2 seconds. The target was then lowered, and when the announcement went up that the pretty young marksman had made two bullseyes, two inners and three magpies, a loud cheer went up as the reward of her skill and as a mark of appreciation on the part of the delighted spectators. Miss Leale is not the winner of the prize, but her good score carries her high up on the list. At 500yds. 7 shots, Miss Leale adopted the prone posture. Her sighting shot, made the center, and her second shot was a bullseye. The third shot counted 4. Miss Leale's first shot toward the negroes was a bullseye. This was quickly followed by two others. Miss Leale then made a magpie and an outer, finishing her score with two bullseyes, making a total score of 32 out of a possible 35. The Canadian team is doing some good shooting in the first stage of the Queen's Cup contest. Although the Canadians have not scored the highest points in the first stage, they are well up in the following scores show: Lieut. Davis has 85 points to his credit, Pvt. Ellis 87, Lieut. McAvity 83, Sergt. Horsey 83, Sergt. Henderson 83, Sergt. Armstrong 81, Pvt. Kamberg 81, Sergt. McVittie 80, and Sergt. Mitchell 80.

July 18.—McMeeking, a Canadian, won the Prince of Wales's prize by a score of 97. The Canadians won all of the prizes in the London Corporation match save one. Davidson won the Corporation Cup.

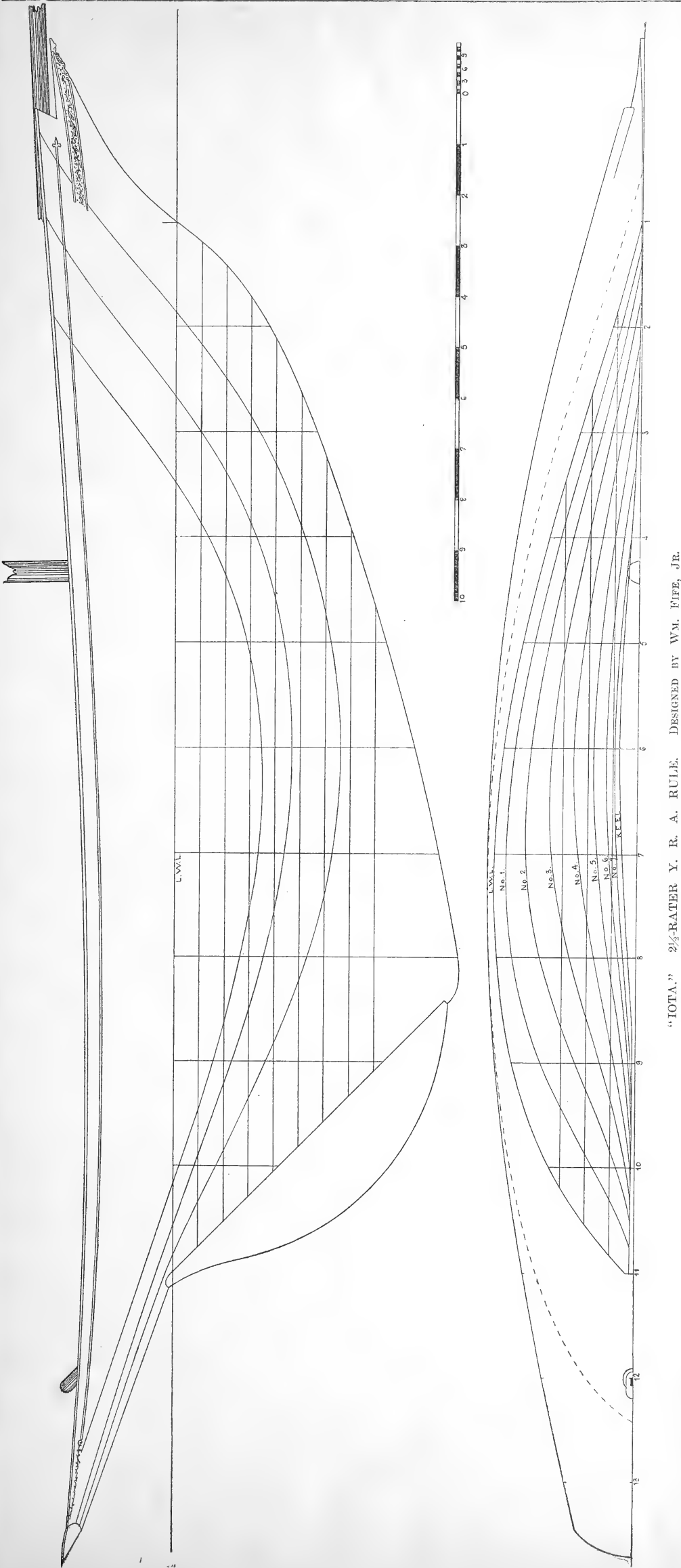
July 21.—Private Dear, of the Queen's Edinburgh regiment, won the Queen's prize to-day at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. Dear scored 239 points. Toward the end of the competition Davidson, one of the Canadian team, led the competitors; he dropped from the lead soon after gaining it. Davidson took fourth place with 264 points, winning 230. Henderson won 215. Davidson also won the Corporation cup and other Canadians won a number of money prizes.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—One of the most interesting, closely-contested and exciting rifle matches that has been shot since the late war, was the match for the B. & O. Station, just across from the Breeze Gas Works, between Capt. William Kirshner and Mr. James Stocks. Captain Kirshner is an American, and is a member of Post 5, G. A. R. Mr. Stocks is an Englishman, and shoots with tenacious exactness. The day was most unpropitious for rifle shooting; both contestants suffered from the soaking rain. The score was 100 yds., 50 shots, range, 50 shots were made on American targets. Capt. Kirshner shot 40 cal. military rifle, while Mr. Stocks handled a .40cal. sporting Winchester. Capt. Kirshner shot very evenly throughout, his weakest round being the third, when he only scored 82, while his lowest "figure" was in the closing round, when a drop of rain obscured his glasses, and a 5 was the result. Mr. Stocks was somewhat rattled in the first round and made the only clean miss of the day, while the round closed for the exceedingly low total of 48:

Kirshner..... 0 7 9 8 7 10 8 10 10 8 8—86
7 7 10 10 9 9 9 8 8—85
9 7 8 6 10 8 10 7 10—82
10 6 8 10 7 9 9 8 7—84
9 9 5 10 10 6 10 9 9—83
4 6 8 4 5 7 5 5 5 7—48

Mr. Stocks..... 10 10 9 8 10 10 9 8—91
9 10 10 9 8 10 10 10 9—93
10 9 9 10 8 8 10 10—91
10 9 9 10 9 9 7 9 9—85—110

Marblehead.



"Two more days were spent in harbor, and with a light S.E. wind, a pleasant sail brought Lundy light in view about 10 o'clock. The fine weather did not last long, and soon the trysail had to be set. After a very wet passage Padstow harbor was reached. Here she remained two days.

"In the afternoon of June 6 she drifted down the coast until a pleasant southeaster sprang up; in the evening the breeze came strong from E.N.E., and storm sails were set, with a nasty sea running. The night was very dark, so she was laid to after drifting fourteen hours, with the foresheet to windward. She was got under way again, but at 10 P. M. it was necessary to lay to once more.

"Next morning M. Boyn, being anxious about his whereabouts, after so much drifting, hailed a steamer and got his position, twenty-seven miles from Roscoff, bearing S. 20° E.

"After a splendid sail of four hours, the coast of France was reached, and in two days more Iota reached Douarnenez."

The lines of the new Fife boats Barbara, Minerva, Uvira and Yama are entirely unknown to the majority of American yachtsmen, though two examples of Mr. Fife's work have already appeared in our pages, the well-known Clara in the issues of Nov. 1-8, 1888, and a design, never built to, of a widened Clara in those of Dec. 2 and 9, 1886. The present design is sufficiently near to those of Barbara and Minerva to give a very correct idea of each, bearing in mind the greater proportionate displacement, draft and freeboard that would be given to a 30-footer as compared with a yacht of double the length. The following table of dimensions gives the actual measurements of Iota, with those of the same design enlarged to 40 and 46ft., together with some corresponding dimensions of Minerva and Barbara. The measurements for freeboard and sheer are taken to under side of rail in all cases, and not to top of planksheer.

	Iota.			Minerva.	Barbara.
Length, stem head to archboard.	21ft. 30ft. 34	40ft. 58.01	46ft. 66.11	55.6	46-
L.W.L.	20.10	40.	46.	40.	40.
Beam, extreme.	5.11	11.4	13.1	10.6	12.10
L.W.L.	5.8	10.11	12.6	10.	11.6
Draft extreme.	5.8	10.11	12.6	9.	11.8
Freeboard, least.	1.8 1/2	3.3	3.9	2.11	3.4
Sheer, bow.	1.0 1/2	2.	2.4	2.	2.
stern.	4 1/2	.9	10 1/2	.5

Though Minerva is considerably shoaler and narrower than Iota, the rake of sternpost and contour of keel are very nearly the same, the forefoot being cut away to an extent before unheard of in America. In Barbara, the line of keel is still straighter and the forefoot less prominent, the whole lateral plane, though not quite so deep at its lowest point as in Iota, being still nearer to a triangle. The midship section of the latter boat also shows much more flare at the deck than in any previous design, quite different from the easily rounded sides of Minerva and Iota. The sail plan will appear next week.

NEW YORK Y. C.

THE fourth meeting of the year was held on July 16, Mr. James D. Smith, the senior captain present, presiding in the absence of the flag officers. The following letter was read and referred to a committee to draft suitable resolutions:

FLAGSHIP ELECTRA.
HARBOR New York, July 14, 1891.
To the Captains and Members of the New York Y. C.:
It is my painful duty to announce the sudden and unexpected death of Edward Burgess, a man of brilliant genius, untiring industry and unexceptional purity of character. He applied his talents and devoted the best years of his life to the development and advancement of American yachting. Original in his conception, quick to profit by experience, and sound in his judgment, his skill as a designer was unequalled on either side of the Atlantic, and his reputation literally was worldwide. In the three recent contests for the America's Cup the victorious Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer were successive illustrations of his unexcelled skill and ability in construction.
Charming and gentle in his manner, modest and retiring when his own praises were sounded, he won the hearts of all who knew him. Called away in the prime of manhood, his death leaves a vacancy not to be filled.

The squadron of the club not having yet commenced its annual cruise, I deem it proper, instead of issuing a formal order as commodore, to submit this communication to you as a privileged one at the ensuing general meeting, leaving you on its reception to take appropriate action as a club expressive of your appreciation of his merits and of sorrow for his loss, to the honor to remain,
ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, Commodore.

The following members were elected: Geo. M. Hutton, Wm. A. Abbe, Frank Work, Geo. P. Work, Henry May, Joseph T. Thompson, Obed Wheeler, A. Forget, Alfred Kayne, Horace S. Bloodgood, Eugene Higgins, James Walter Myer, Newton Dexter, Robt. Morrow, Ogden D. Wilkinson, Newton Earle, Lewis M. Rutherford, Jr., Samuel B. Sexton and A. B. Turner.
A \$500 cup has been offered by the Oak Bluffs Club for a race of the 40ft. class on the cruise.

SIPPICAN Y. C., 13th Open Sweepstakes Regatta, Marion, July 11.—Courses, from judge's yacht, leaving Nyes Ledge and S.E. Ledge buoys on port, 15 miles for first and second classes, third and fourth class from judge's yacht, leaving Bow Bells and S.E. Ledge buoys on port, to judge's yacht, 8 miles; fifth class, leaving stake boat off Plantin Island, Seal Rock Buoy, judge's yacht, stake boat, Seal Rock Buoy on starboard, to judge's yacht, 7 miles. Weather fair, wind light S.S.W., tide ebb.

FIRST CLASS—CATS.			
Mattie, L. M. Stockton.	Length. 23.10	Elapsed. 2 30 53	Corrected. 2 30 53
Hector, E. C. Stetson.	23.10	2 33 30	2 21 22
SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.	26.09	2 35 52	2 20 44
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney.	27.00	2 46 33	2 21 43
Bonita, J. Parker.	25.04	2 42 07	2 24 59
Widgeon, Moses Williams, Jr.	26.10	2 40 39	2 25 39
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Eina, John Parkinson.	32.10	1 52 58	1 41 26
Tycoon, S. Lewis Stackpole, Jr.	32.11	1 55 13	1 43 45
Puzzle, Wm. Amory.	32.09	1 56 27	1 44 49
Parole, W. H. Davis.	33.05	1 58 11	1 46 13
Hermione, R. L. Barstow.	23.01	1 58 48	1 47 30
Buzzard, A. Shepley.	23.01	2 01 31	
Accoot, H. M. Battelle.	23.01	2 02 16	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Cat, Bruce Clarke.	19.02	2 03 41	1 48 05
Squall, J. G. Palfrey.	19.09	2 07 39	1 52 45
Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer.	19.04	2 10 42	1 55 18
Mattie, J. M. D. Parker.			Withdrew.
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Wide Awake, J. C. Pegram.	16.06	1 57 50	1 40 57
Rana, H. N. Daniels.	15.09	2 02 18	1 44 23
Worry, H. W. and R. P. Bellows.	16.04	2 10 17	1 53 19
Trana, J. Crane, Jr.		2 11 09	

First class, Mattie won; second class, Mist and Anonyma; third class, Eina, Tycoon and Puzzle; fourth class, Cat and Squall; fifth class, Wide Awake and Rana. Mattie protested for cutting buoy not yet decided. Tycoon's measurement protested, but remeasurement can hardly change her position. Regatta committee, G. G. Van Rensselaer, W. H. Davis and J. G. Palfrey, chairman Judges, Messrs. Whiting, Clark and Andrews.

LLOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—The new volume of this useful book shows a slight decrease in size, but this is due only to the use of a thinner but finer paper in order to keep the size within convenient limits. The list of yachts proper has been increased by about 20 pages since last year. The total number of yachts listed, both sail and steam, including American vessels is 6,179. The list of abbreviations has this year been rearranged and very much extended, so that the most complete and definite information as to a yacht's character and condition can be given in a condensed form in the same line with her name and dimensions. The list of yacht clubs gives the flags of 124 clubs, while a separate list of 24 sailing clubs appears for the first time. American yachts and yacht owners are well represented, there being a large number of the latter among the list of subscribers.

VOLUNTEER.—The work on Volunteer is being hurried at Lawley's, and she was launched on Tuesday. There is little time now left, but it is expected that she will join the New York Y. C. fleet on the cruise before the Goelet cup race.

NOKOMIS, schr., once the Nettie, for two years past a pilot boat, has been sold to E. W. Halsey by Thos. Conley.

VIDETTE, steam yacht, has been sold by F. W. Vanderbilt to C. D. Borden.

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 1891.

ROYAL HAMILTON Y. C., JULY 14.

The first regatta of the Lake Y. R. A., at Hamilton, Ont., under the management of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., was partly spoiled by the very unfavorable weather, the day being rainy with squalls and light winds, so that the start was delayed and the course was shortened to two rounds in place of three. A large fleet was present from Oswego, Toronto, Rochester and other lake ports, and the entry list was very good, the classes and yachts being:

First Class—Vreda, Aileen and Oriole, of Toronto; Verve No. 2, Hamilton; Yama, Oswego; White Wings, Hamilton. Forty-foot Class—Verve No. 1, Toronto, and Psyche, Hamilton. Thirty-five-foot Class—Majel, Rochester; Dinah, Hamilton; Gracie, Kingston; Alert, Hamilton.

Thirty-foot Class—Fanny Jutten and Nadia, Hamilton; Erma and Samoa, Toronto; Wave, Volante, Echo, Lotus and Latona, Hamilton, and Velnetto, Rochester. Twenty-five-foot Class—Alden, Maud B., Nadgy, Heatherbell and Katie Hall, Hamilton; Ariel, Florie B., Kelpie, Quickstep and Nellie G., Toronto, and White Wings, Hamilton. Twenty-foot Class—Kustler, Eclipse, Caruli, Ellida, Spray, Gwendoline and Xantho, Hamilton, and Caprice, Elsie, Java, Widgeon and Enid, Toronto.

Yama, having no close competitors, has this year gone up into the 40ft. class.

Merle, Yama's old rival, was not with the fleet. Dinah is a new yacht, designed and built by Thos. G. Hamilton, designer of the yawl Molly and the cutter Yancy, for Mr. F. S. Mallock, of the same place. The prizes were: First class, over 40ft. corrected length, \$30, 40ft. class, \$20, 30ft. class, \$10, 20ft. class, \$5; 20ft. class, \$3, 15ft. class, \$2, 10ft. class, \$1. The course was an 8½-mile triangle on the lake, three rounds for the two larger classes, two rounds for the 30, 35 and 40ft. classes, one and one-third for the 25ft. and one for the smaller boats.

The Kelpie, ranged ashore on Monday, but was towed off without damage. On Tuesday morning at about 9 o'clock a very heavy thunder storm swept over the lake and Burlington Bay, raising a bad sea, the wind being very violent. During the squall White Wings was caught with her mainsail up and was driven ashore in spite of the efforts of her crew, her cabin being partly filled. An attempt was made to tow her off, but it was unsuccessful. She was hauled ashore and fouled and cut the cable of a new boat, the Florie B., of Toronto, which also went ashore and was out of the race.

After the squall the wind was very light, from the west, and the start was postponed for an hour, the gun for the larger boats being fired at noon for a one gun start. It was decided to shorten the course to two rounds in place of three. Verve No. 3 was the first over, after the gun, with Yama on the even minute. Then came Vreda, Oriole, Aggie and Condor. Spinners were set and the fleet ran off in a thick fog. Vreda soon took the lead but overtook the first mark in the fog, Oriole being first and Vreda second, then Yama, Verve No. 2, Aggie and Condor, the latter soon after losing her topmast. The first round was timed as follows, Yama having taken first place in the windward work:

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Near the end of the second leg of the second and last round Oriole passed Yama. The race was timed:

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

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Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

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Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

Yama.....1 49 41 Verve.....1 58 34
Aggie.....2 07 21 Condor.....2 11 46

25-FOOTERS, START AT 10:30 A. M.

Maud B.	1 53 34	3 23 34	3 23 08
Quickstep	1 59 04	3 29 04	3 38 32
Hilda	2 08 01	3 38 01	3 33 22
Ariel	2 08 48	3 38 48	3 37 57
Florie B.	2 08 52	3 38 52	3 38 27
Odie	2 12 47	3 42 47	3 42 24
Kelpie	2 14 44	3 44 44	3 44 44
Nellie G.	2 21 03	3 51 03	3 50 11
Dolphin	2 29 03	3 59 03	3 51 49

21-FOOTERS, START AT 2 P. M.

Ka'hleen	3 52 35	1 52 35	1 49 38
Edna	3 54 55	1 54 55	1 54 28
Eclipse	3 55 30	1 55 30	1 55 05
Java	4 01 06	2 00 06	2 00 05
Enid	4 08 57	2 03 57	2 02 50

Widgeon.....Sunk by steamer.
Caprice.....Gave up.
Elsie.....Gave up.

Vreda, the Watson 20-rater, beats the schooner Oriole. Yama led her class by a long distance but was protested by Verve for being in tow when the preparatory signal was given. Vision was protested, and the protest sustained, for being over her class measurement. While racing inside the bay the 21ft. boat Widgeon was run down and cut in two by the steamer Eurydice, her crew having a very narrow escape. They were picked up by Caprice and Elsie, second and third boats, and the race in the class was ordered resailed. In the evening a dinner was given by the Royal Canadian Y. C., Com. Boswell presiding.

QUEEN CITY Y. C., JULY 17.

The race of Friday was the first circuit regatta given by the young Queen City Y. C., none being held last year. The courses were: For 45, 40 and 35ft. classes from line between the club house and Buoy No. 1, moored S.E. 500yds., then southwesterly 2 miles to Buoy No. 2, moored 1,000yds. to the southward of exhibition wharf, thence 3 miles S.W. by W. ½ W. to Buoy No. 3 in Hunter Bay; thence S.E. 5 miles to Buoy No. 4 in the lake; thence N. by W. 5 miles to Buoy No. 2, repeating the triangle formed by Buoy 2, 3 and 4, and finishing between Buoy No. 1 and the club house—30 miles. The 30ft. class had to make a single circuit of the above course, going round triangle formed by Buoy 2, 3 and 4 once only—17 miles. For the 25 and 21ft. classes the course lay from the club house buoy out into the lake to a spar buoy at the point of the island near the bell buoy, thence back to a buoy at the eastern gap, finishing at the starting point.

The race was sailed in a fresh east wind, the times being:

45 AND 40FT. CLASS, START AT 11 A. M.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yama	4 30 17	5 30 17	5 21 10
White Wings	4 31 53	5 31 53	5 21 53
Condor	4 49 43	5 49 43	5 45 02
Psyche	5 09 00	6 09 00	5 46 54
Aggie	5 00 02	6 00 02	5 53 06

35FT. CLASS, START AT 11:15 A. M.

Dinah	5 11 33	5 56 36	5 56 36
Alert	5 37 30	6 22 30	6 16 52
Cyprus	5 42 17	6 27 17	6 21 04

30FT. CLASS, START AT 12:30 P. M.

Erma	3 18 07	3 18 07	3 48 07
Lotus	3 19 56	3 19 56	3 48 56
Nadia	3 22 12	3 22 12	3 51 55
Velnetto	3 49 10	3 49 10	4 30 32

25FT. CLASS, START AT 2 P. M.

Maud B.	3 18 07	3 18 07	3 48 07
Hilda	3 40 28	3 40 28	3 37 30
Nellie G.	3 38 58	3 38 58	3 38 21
Quickstep	3 40 41	3 40 41	3 40 18
Odie	3 41 19	3 41 19	3 41 03
Kelpie	3 41 16	3 41 16	3 41 16
Florie B.	3 45 17	3 45 17	3 44 59
Dolphin	3 52 08	3 52 08	3 46 58

21FT. CLASS, START AT 2:15 P. M.

Kathleen	3 57 19	3 57 19	3 39 22
Elsie	3 59 15	3 59 15	3 40 07
Alliance	4 00 20	4 00 20	3 42 13
Caprice	3 59 27	3 59 27	3 43 38
Gwendoline	4 04 04	4 04 04	3 43 41
Java	3 53 28	3 53 28	3 44 28
Ethel	4 00 11	4 00 11	3 45 38
Caruli	4 00 15	4 00 15	3 45 45
Eclipse	4 01 10	4 01 10	3 45 45
Rustler	4 08 59	4 08 59	3 46 18
Irene	4 04 20	4 04 20	3 47 05
Uneasy	4 09 17	4 09 17	3 50 26
Meteor	4 06 56	4 06 56	3 53 49
Enid	4 11 50	4 11 50	3 55 51

Off the wind White Wings led Yama, but when the windward work began the little cutter asserted her superiority and won without her allowance, though 6ft. shorter. Dinah won very handsomely in her class. Samoa led her class at the line, but by a mistake of her helmsman she left the buoy on the wrong side, and thus was not timed. Volante grounded and did not finish. Caprice protested Alliance for fouling a buoy. In the evening the club entertained its guests at a smoking concert.

HULL Y. C., JULY 17-18.—The 193d regatta of the Hull Y. C. was sailed on Friday in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Hawk, Gordon Dexter	2 53 15	2 14 04	
White Fawn, N. E. Jones	3 02 17	2 14 20	
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	3 02 37	2 19 00	

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Posy, R. G. Hunt	2 14 35	1 43 15	
Susie, W. W. Keith	2 22 24	1 51 38	
Erin, John Cavanaugh	2 20 58	1 53 26	
Ustane, S. N. Small	2 20 41	1 57 30	
Moondyne, H. J. Shaw	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Swordfish, H. L. Johnson	2 13 58	1 44 41	
Echo, Barwell & Isham	2 25 48	1 56 25	

FOURTH CLASS—11B AND MAINSAIL.

True Blue, H. T. Hutchins	1 24 05	0 58 58	
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	1 22 44	1 00 11	
Idler, F. L. Dunne	1 23 28	1 00 52	

FIFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Egeria, Francis Ware	1 20 36	0 56 28	
Magpie, H. G. Otis	1 50 51	1 03 53	

FIFTH CLASS—KEELS.

Composite, J. M. McIntire	1 51 25	1 24 40	
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SIXTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Mab, John Shaw	1 38 47	1 11 20	
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	1 40 14	1 13 17	
Cricketer, E. B. Lambert	1 40 07	1 19 45	
Mabel D. J. E. Clark	1 40 07	1 22 25	

On Saturday the first and second class championship was sailed, the wind being S.E. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Albatross, J. J. Henry	3 24 45	2 41 32	

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	2 10 10	1 27 40	
Hawk, Gordon Dexter	2 08 53	1 29 40	
Mignon, H. Babson	3 10 23	2 22 44	
Pilgrim, E. W. Dixon	3 16 17	2 25 09	
Erin, J. Cavanaugh	3 25 11	2 30 08	
White Fawn, N. E. Jones	3 28 18	2 30 45	

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
------------------------	---------	---------	--

FIFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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SIXTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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SEVENTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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EIGHTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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NINTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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TENTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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ELEVENTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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TWELFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Albatross, J. J. Henry	2 10 10	1 27 40	
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MONATQUOT Y. C., JULY 3.—Forty-first regatta. Fort Point course. Distance, first class 9 miles, second and third class 7 miles each. Weather good. Wind southwest strong. Summary is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Erin, John Cavanaugh	26.11	1 44 30	1 17 25
White Fawn, H. A. Jones	24.00½	1 47 10	1 17 56
Moondyne, H. J. Shaw	24.10	1 50 38	1 21 37

SECOND CLASS.

Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.08½	1 31 15	1 05 05
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.02	1 35 00	1 03 05

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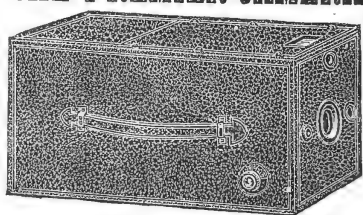
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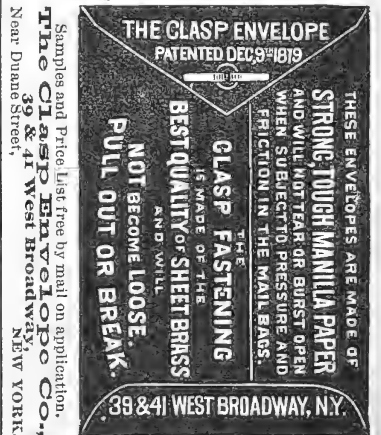


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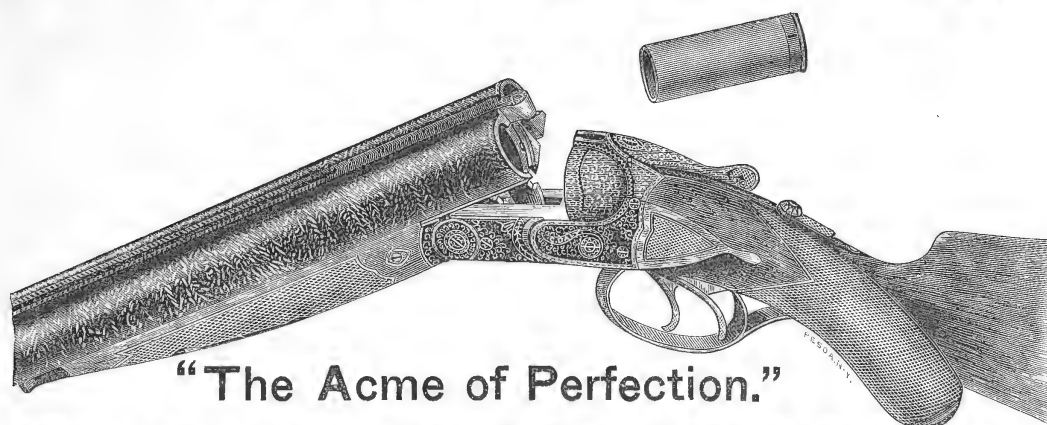


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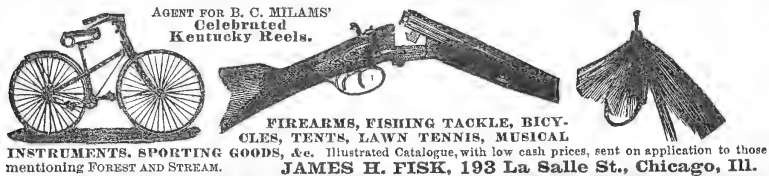
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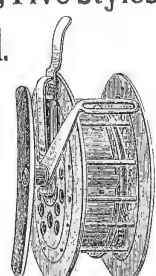
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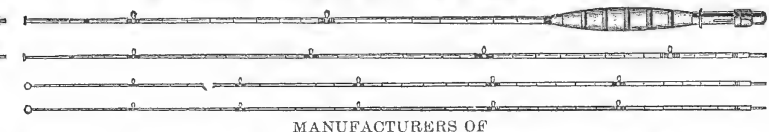


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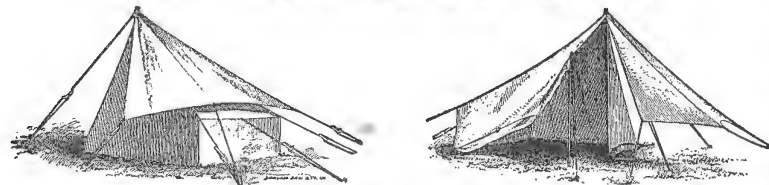
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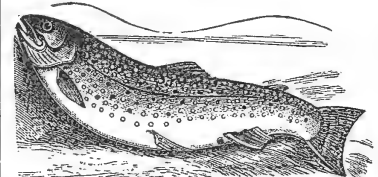
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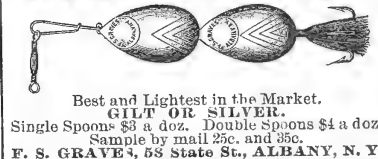
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LANDLOCKED SALMON IN BISBY LAKES.

IN February, 1889, the Bisby Club obtained from Fish Commissioner McDonald 17,000 eggs of landlocked salmon, and in April the fry, which were developed in the Bisby hatchery, were planted in First Bisby and the two spring ponds above. In April, 1891, a second deposit of 17,000 fry was made in the same waters. The results as announced by the president of the club, Gen. R. U. Sherman, to Commissioner McDonald, are so remarkable that we have obtained permission from the Commissioner to publish them. No better return from artificial introduction has appeared anywhere outside of the natural habitat of this salmon.

The township of Wilmurt embraces 5,000 or more square miles, almost all wilderness, containing many lakes and streams of cold water, in which several of the *Salmonidae* are native. Dace and other minnows are also present in abundance and serve as food for the game fishes. The First Bisby, into which the landlocked salmon was introduced, is known to be 100ft. deep in some places, with a bottom generally of compact sand, in which certain water plants thrive. Insects and crustaceans suitable as fish food abound. The lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) is indigenous and rarely exceeds 1lb. in weight, but a few of 4lbs. to 6lbs. have been taken. In color they differ somewhat from the trout of the Great Lakes and their flesh is always white, but no specific differences have been observed between the two. During the last twelve years the brook trout, brown trout, rainbow trout and frost fish (*Coregonus quadrialatus*) have been introduced into Bisby Lake, and all of them are doing well. The frostfish is excellent for food and is a favorite with the lake trout. The brook trout has not made the showing naturally to be expected from the large number (nearly 1,000,000) planted, for the

landlocked salmon already makes a greater display in the lakes, proving that it is peculiarly suited to these waters.

The first plant, as stated above, was made in 1889. In 1890 the result appeared in salmon measuring uniformly 8in. This season they are 11in. long, present everywhere in larger numbers and take cut bait, the fly and trolling-gear with eagerness. They are especially abundant in the evening, breaching a foot above the surface of the water and gleaming like shafts of burnished silver. Other *Salmonidae* retire to deep water on the approach of warm weather, but the landlocked variety play and feed at the surface.

General Sherman finds that this fish has the habit of working down stream during the spawning season and, in order to prevent its escape into the second lake, the outlet from First Bisby will be closed by a screen. It may be that one thing more can be done to increase the growth of the salmon in these lakes, the landlocked smelt might be introduced from Maine or New Hampshire, where it forms the very best food of salmon and trout.

RESTOCKING LAKE ONTARIO.

IN our issues of Feb. 26 and March 19, 1891, we gave an account of the popular movement for increasing the supply of food fish in Lake Ontario and of the resulting appropriation for a great hatchery in the St. Lawrence basin, to be installed and directed by the Commissioner of Fisheries.

Commissioner McDonald has just gone over the region in which it is proposed to locate the hatchery and will decide which of the locations is most suitable for the undertaking. It will doubtless be remembered that the establishment is intended to accommodate 100,000,000 whitefish eggs and 1,000,000 salmon fry during a season, which would give it rank as one of the largest hatcheries in the world.

Contemplating operations of so great extent, it is not surprising that the Commissioner intends to protect the Government's interests by refusing to begin until New York assumes and performs the duty of protecting the spawning grounds of the fishes and regulating the fishery. It is certain that the depleted waters of Lake Ontario can be made to swarm with valuable fishes by the means of artificial culture, provided that these are allowed to reach adult life and reproduce in safety. Now let public sentiment gain the strength to enforce wholesome law and we shall see Ontario coming back to its old place as a productive lake.

THE MERRIMAC SALMON.

NOT only the Penobscot, but also the Merrimac has had a greatly increased salmon run this year. The obstruction at Amoskeag Falls has been partially overcome by means of a fishway into which the salmon enter with or without the assistance of agents of the New Hampshire Fish Commission. While the mills are shut down, from Saturday night to Monday morning, there is enough water passing through the fishway to make it accessible to salmon, but when they are in operation the channel becomes inadequate and the fish collect in rock pools, from which they must be helped into the fishway.

Below Livermore Falls, near the Plymouth hatchery, Commissioner Hodge nets salmon during the season and places them in a large pool, where they remain until ready to spawn in October. Here the large males become very restless at times and show their quarrelsome disposition, while the females sulk and starve in silence. The eggs are taken and fertilized in October and the fish are then returned to the Pemigewasset. In the spring the fry are deposited at Woodstock, and remain in the brooks until the sea-going instinct leads them into the Merrimac and off into undiscovered tracts of ocean, from whence some persons think they will never again return to falter at Amoskeag and fall at Livermore.

It is true that the migratory instinct of the salmon involves the fish in many dangers from savage enemies and deadly pollutions; but their decimation begins and progresses most rapidly in those innocent-looking little brooks in which the salmon passes its babyhood. Every salmon stream observed by us is inhabited by an insignificant but destructive little fish, whose special mission is the extermination of salmon and trout. At Plymouth this pest has been detected in the act of climbing up the outflow from the hatchery. The name of this salmon

destroyer is sculpin, miller's thumb, or blob, and its work in a stream means desolation. If then, adult salmon are wanted in the Merrimac, let the authorities rear the fry apart from natural enemies until their size will insure a safe journey seaward. It will cost something, but the result will amply justify the outlay.

SNAP SHOTS.

THAT comforting tenet of the angler's philosophy, that it is not all of fishing to fish, is of ancient origin and worthy of respect because of its age. Here it is in the treatise of Dame Juliana Berners, as written four hundred years ago:

For he maye not lese at the moost, but a lyne or an hoke, of whiche he maye haue store plentie of his owne makynge, as this symple treatyse shall teche hym. Soo thenne his losse is not greuous, and other greiffes maye he not haue saynge, but yf ony fysshe breke away after that he is take on the hoke; or elles that he cathe nought; whyche ben not greuous. For yf he faylle of one he maye not faylle of a nother, yf he dooth as this treatyse techyth; but yf there be nought in the water. And yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walk and mery at his ease. A swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures: that makyth hym hungry. He hereth the melodious armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes: heeron: duckes: cotes and many foules wyth theyr brodes, whyche he semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys: the blastes of hornys and the scrye of foulis that hunters: fawkeners and fowlers can mak. And yf the angler take fysshe: surely thenne is there no man merie than he is in his spyryte.

We have improved on the spelling since the Dame's "Treatyse" was printed in 1486, and our fishing tackle is finer nowadays, but the sentiment is there; and who shall say that it will not hold good for another four centuries?

It appears from the interesting little story told in our "Chicago and the West" letter this week that that city is not a whit behind New York in the illegal sale of game by restaurants and hotels. In fact, all over this beautiful country the same traffic in game out of season is carried on. In Chicago they serve July prairie chickens at Kern's, in New York Delmonico dishes up woodcock in the spring, at Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor the summer hotels provide immature quail and grouse; in staid New England villages where college girls lunch, as at Barr's in Northampton, Mass., the June bill of fare includes quail on toast. It always has been so and the remedy is difficult of discovery. If the Illinois Association shall press the case against its whilom President Kern, the moral effect cannot fail of proving salutary; but in Chicago as in New York efforts to suppress this disgraceful game traffic are at the best spasmodic and ineffectual.

In a New Jersey shore town the other day a man died of hydrophobia, it was said, caused by the bite of a pet cat. Thereupon the people of the town began an unreasoning war of extermination against all cats, the entire feline tribe being held as accursed because of the one that inflicted the bite. As the New Jersey townspeople with cats, so the human race with snakes; because a few reptiles are venomous and deadly, mankind wages war on the entire ophidian species; and harmless and beautiful and graceful and useful creatures are crushed beneath the heel, victims of an antipathy founded on ignorance and misconception.

And now they say that the prestige of lawn tennis is beginning to fade; that the game has become so scientific that the less experts are losing interest in it, the fad is declining, and tennis will take its place with croquet, archery and Newport fox hunting and the dead political booms of the past. Meanwhile angling is growing in popularity, and the ranks of the fishermen are increasing. There are two recreations—fishing and shooting—which never grow old; they have a sure lease of life; they will last so long as nature herself shall have a charm for man.

A curious instance of the clashing of diverse industries is afforded in the impending ruin of the fisheries of Saginaw Bay, Mich., where the famous fish supply is being destroyed by sawmills and salt block refuse. In the winter the salt factories deposit their refuse on the ice; in the process of time this waste has been deposited over the spawning beds.

Mrs. Stagg's biggest-on-record tarpon has been mounted and will be exhibited at the World's Fair. Do the tarpon fishermen propose thus to permit a woman to carry off the honors in sight of the nations of the earth?

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE RANSACKER'S VISION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When you know that I pass much time in the least frequented parts of some of the mountains in northern California, miles from railroad and steamboat, and, indeed, some distance from the nearest representatives of my race, you will not wonder that I meet with singular and often remarkable adventures. The particular region I affect is between an old and historic mining town and the Pacific Coast, a locality only accessible by roundabout mountain trails and seldom explored. The metal gold, so esteemed by mankind, although found at every point of the compass from my cabin, has never been found within a rifle shot of my boundaries, so that no adventurous miners or prospectors have disturbed my domain. In fact, sir, I have passed many days without seeing or hearing anything connected with the fabric civilization. I have a sort of isolated realm of my own which is densely populated and contains many thousands of natives; but, with the exception of the feathered tribes, I never meet with any of my subjects that walk upon less than four legs.

I have constituted myself a sort of Ransacker and esteem it a part of my business to inquire into and investigate certain mountains, forests and cañons. I have theories, sir, and like to investigate some of the causes of effects. In my domain, which is varied and vast enough for any one Ransacker to essay, I think, who will competently investigate thoroughly, there are about a thousand hills, some mountains and several streams. The hills and mountains are covered with forests and the streams are kept in continued freshness and health by the melting snows on my highest summits. There are bears and deer, squirrels, quail, lizards, snakes and other hundreds of creatures on the lands, while the streams seem to contain only a fair number of rainbow trout, a few waterdogs, frogs and some several minnows, otters and coons. I knew of a turtle, about the size of a saucer, but I have not seen him this year and am not sure but the coons may have got him.

In a recent ransacking expedition I followed an old Indian trail (abandoned since about 1850) to a remote corner of my domain, and met with a most notable adventure. The trail was out of its old-time repair, steep and rocky, and when I had come to the crossing of one of my streams, what seemed to have been a large slide from one of the mountains had piled it with granite boulders, tree trunks and other obstructions, so that the gorge was impassable to an easy-going, deliberate Ransacker. I have a habit of sitting upon a log, a rock, or even the ground, when confronted by obstacles that I am not afraid of, especially if I am tired, and of contemplating. I now found this my simplest recourse, and having obtained a satisfactory reclining attitude, I proceeded to contemplate the blockade of the trail and my tumultuous surroundings. I observed that the spot was particularly rough, picturesque, remote and natural. There was a big circular hole in the granite bed of the stream into which the water fell from a shelf, perhaps 10ft., and made a great roar; and splashing over the speckled granite and mossy boulders as large as my house, sent showers of crystal flashing through the checkered shade to where I was; but away from the immediate descent the clear, cold water widened into a pool, reflecting its surroundings with all exactness imaginable. The place was closely hemmed with sugar-pines, cedars and firs, while so dense a growth of ferns and spicewood intervened that I thought it much the nature of a jungle. A few moments' climb would, however, give me a view of a hundred miles over forests and plains. A lizard having become too presuming for my scant acquaintance with him, I flipped him into the pool. Although his plunge was to him entirely unexpected and severely cold, he swam to the opposite bank safely, oblivious of the trout, almost large enough to encompass him, that glided just beneath making close estimate of the lizard's dimensions. The simile of an alligator having achieved a landing on the moss was trying to locate and dry himself when my contemplation of him ended. I thought I saw in the waters the reflection of something behind me; and, as I am adverse to approaches of unknown creatures from that quarter in jungles, I always change front.

I looked for some moments before I descried a dark object about as large as my hand back of a point of rock. Familiar with most creatures in my domains, I was not long in determining that the object was, although an unusually large one, a deer's nose. Just back of the nose I could now make out long lines of antlers, though the buck held his head in so level a line I could see little of his face. I guessed his face a wide one by the width of nose and spread of antlers. I eat as motionless as possible for many moments, but the black nose maintained its altitude and the antlers were rigidly stationary. Finally, half in soliloquy, I muttered, "Well, my fine fellow, you are safe enough, but I wish you would step out and show yourself." To my astonishment the deer sprang to the top of the ridge and stood defiantly upon my own level, and not beyond ten steps from me. And what a deer he was! With the eye of a sportsman I guessed him at 500lbs. as he stood; ten prongs, but a hundred small, thornlike points; his back straight as a line; every limb ready to leave the ground at the turn of a leaf; every muscle strung for action. His eyes big, bright and round as a dollar, but a dark green, in the intensity of their gaze caught every object; his pointed ears shifted with every chirp of bird or insect—in all he was so formidable a specimen of instinct and power that to lack reason made him the more wondrous. His head, black except a silvery crescent above his ebony nose, mounted with his wonderful antlers, was a picture of such exceptional majesty as to be indescribable; his whole coat glistened as if bronzed, while his limbs tapered in unmatched proportions to his polished, dart-shaped hoofs.

Ah! here was the Big Buck; I knew the tracks made by those hoofs. Every old hunter has seen them, and many a shot had been fired at his ever-vanishing form. Many an eye has been fired with anticipation at a glimpse of those mighty antlers! While many a foot has sped at dawn or dusk in vain pursuit of the intangible shape and followed like shadows in quest of a phantom. Having so fair an opportunity I inspected his majesty minutely and was trying to calculate the distance those polished hoofs must have covered in the course of his life, when, to my further wonderment, the Big Buck spoke! In a

matter of fact air his buckship, regardless of my start of surprise at his fluent English, remarked, "But for the fact, sir, that I am scarcely the intruder, I should ask pardon for my unannounced appearance. It is becoming so nowadays, however, that I come upon your people in every quarter; there must be a vast number of your kind, for the woods seem full of them."

The Big Deer had assumed an attitude aggressive, and spoke as though, having me at a disadvantage, he would revenge on me some of the wrongs his race had long suffered.

I replied in as bland a tone as I could that I asked pardon for intruding if I was doing so, that I was peaceably disposed, and wasn't anybody especially, myself; I further added that I was on the point of retracing my tracks down the stream.

"Oh," he interposed, "I know you. You are well enough in your way, but you are but a pioneer of others less harmless! Sir, you are probably aware that you are making tracks in one of the last undisturbed nooks of refuge we deer have on your continent—one of the last of our favorite places of refuge in the world! From every direction there comes the reports of your rifles and the villainous smell of gunpowder! The ruin and devastation of forests follow your rifles, axes and mills and towns! Why, sir, what do you think is to become of us? Where shall we look in a few years for pasture, range or refuge?"

He paused for my reply; but not having yet recovered my astonishment at hearing him speak, I could form no answer, besides the question would require a diplomatic answer.

"The world," resumed the Big Buck, "seems not properly made up for your race, and you are constantly striving at improvement! I fear you will never pause until the last plain is fenced and plowed, the last stream drained and muddied, the forests felled and destroyed, and possibly the mountains leveled. But, sir, and my observation extends over the world, I believe it little improved by your transformations. And if it were, does it not seem to you as selfishness and ingratitude that man should take all creation for himself? We deer have been so long accustomed to persecution yet never have complained! We have never asked for quarter until it is become so sadly evident that if some concession is not made us we will become extinct."

Here he stamped his sharp feet and shook his great antlers until I could not refrain from looking about for some quick way of exit from the ravine. If I had had my rifle in hand I should have felt more composed, but, on reflection, I could not recall to mind any instance of deer being dangerously vicious, so I suggested mildly that we had provided to protect his kind and other game.

"Ah," he continued fluently, "so you have. We are deluded for a few months to make our destruction more complete. Of what benefit to us will be your laws when we have no place of refuge or habitation? I say, sir, there is no gratitude or mercy evident in man when he offers no better return for benefits derived. We have been, sir, at the cost of our lives, from times lost in the obscurity of the past, sport, diversion and food for kings and noblemen, for all the best of the race of men down to this day; we have furnished food and raiment to your hardy pioneers—for your Robin Hoods, Davy Crocketts and Daniel Boones—food, sport, the very clothes they wore! Ah," sighed the Big Deer, and he looked very sad, "the brightest days have gone. It was glorious, even fleeing for life, to lead kings and nobles a gallant and dangerous chase! There was some glory when we baffled their best breed of hounds or horses! There was something heroic, too, in being on guard for your daring pioneers in past days; how softly they trod, and how unerring their long rifles were! Even in those days safety was not found in their vicinity. And to think we fed and clothed them, furnished the moccasins they wore, even the patches for their leaden bullets to such effect as we now complain of!"

I again glanced about uneasily as the Big Buck commenced a tale of the present troubles of deer and the many fatal abuses of them. He fiercely denounced the deadly modern arms, saying a deer never knew himself out of range, and that a party of our modern hunters could so fill the air with bullets that there was little chance of escape without serious injury. He claimed that more of his fellows were crippled and limped away to die in far thickets than were obtained by enthusiastic but reckless nimrods. His main complaint, however, was that all his haunts were being intruded upon, his forests destroyed, that he had now but few places of refuge, rendering hopeless his single defense of evading multiplying foes. I had begun to feel much sympathy for the big fellow when he told of the great herds of his kindred that have forever gone, or when he described the beauties of his natural haunts before the advent of his mighty enemy, man. I was on the point of informing him of the recent law in California to prohibit the killing of his friends for two years (it should have been for five), when there came to our ears the distant baying of a hound and the rapid reports of rifles. With a mighty bound the buck sprang up the ridge, evidently to lead some troop of his kind from danger, the fawns being yet so young as to require careful hiding to tremble in the deepest thickets.

I was so surprised at his tremendous leap and the activity with which he ascended the mountain that I awoke from a slight doze I had gone into. I would have thought the entire interview with the Big Buck a dream, but that I saw the tips of antlers disappear beyond the ridge and in the soft sand near the water found tracks of sharp hoofs.

I must, however, have been greatly absorbed with my adventure, for it had grown late and past my time to make my lair by dark.

On my returning over the old trail I thought with how much justice the Indian could complain, and next him perhaps the deer; and of what a benefit it would be if parts of our magnificent country could be preserved forever in their natural state, not only as refuge for deer, but the thousand smaller animals and birds that so quickly vanish from our populated centers. And then, too, what pleasure can be derived by some people by resorting to obscure and natural regions filled with the wonders of creation. Why should not each of our greater States have a reservation of some miles in extent given over to natural wilderness and forest to remain forever unmolested? Why could not enough sportsmen, in our more favored States, unite in an effort to this end?

Future generations will certainly have cause to feel the utmost gratitude toward those making so beneficial an effort for after times, and a true sportsman could ask no more than that his name should be among the number to descend to posterity as one of the patrons or originators of — State Natural Reserve or Park. His fame, I am inclined to believe, would live longer than that of most statesmen, and the benefits resulting be fully as great to posterity.

C. L. P.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1891.

A LONELY PILGRIM IN THE ROCKIES.—I.

FROM my earliest boyhood a desire to go to the Rockies and hunt for gold and game has been the one predominant above all others. Eleven years' confinement in a dental room, with but one month's vacation worth mentioning, has only had a tendency to increase that desire.

But to begin my subject. July 15 found me aboard the cars in Buffalo, ticketed for Helena, Montana, with necessary outfit for fishing and hunting; a lonely pilgrim bound for a strange land.

Nothing worth mentioning happened till we reached Indiana. Two men boarded the train equipped for bass fishing. They were the hearty, happy type of hospitable Hoosiers that no sportsman could resist scraping acquaintance with, and a good visit and urgent invitation to stop off and go fishing was the result. I shall not forget the following remarks that Mr. G. W. Whitaker, of Huntington, made on trolling for bass. He said: "The old mother bass first clears away the debris from a circle on the bottom about 2ft. in diameter, deposits her spawn, and with a mother's care guards it until the little ones come forth and are able to feed themselves, and woe be unto the fish that dares intrude. Seeing the spoon of the festive angler she makes a dash to kill it or drive it away, and is snaked into the boat and the little ones are left to perish. It is much more sport to take a Henshall rod and good reel and cast a lively frog about 50ft. and give your bass a chance to get mad after getting his mouthful."

My fishermen friends arrived at their stopping place, bade me good-bye and a good time, and nothing more happened until I reached Chicago. After changing cars I began getting ready for a good night's sleep. One of Chicago's 10,000 confidence men scraped acquaintance and claimed to be bound for Helena. Entertained me with a very plausible story and wanted to borrow \$50, offering me a \$1,000 Government bond for security until the train got outside the city limits, so that he could get into his baggage and get his money. I requested him to bring in the conductor and identify himself as a *bona fide* passenger; and he must be still hunting for the conductor, for I saw no more of him.

On arriving at St. Paul a very bad cold was considered an indication that it was best to stop over a few days. Visiting several brother dentists, I was advised to go fishing in White Bear Lake; but as W. B. Anderson, a friend of my boyhood, lived at Minneapolis, I concluded to spend my time there and look him up. Arriving in Minneapolis, I had no trouble in finding him enjoying health and prosperity in a very pleasant part of that most beautiful of all Western cities. He was the same boy grown older that had waded the old spring brook with me in pursuit of trout so many times in our boyhood days, and his merry songs and calls to his flock of ducks came floating over the old swamp to the ears of my recollection as gayly as ever on seeing his face again.

Several days were happily spent in driving to the beautiful resorts and points of interest around the bustling city, then a trip was planned to Zumbro Heights, up Lake Minnetonka, bass fishing. It was gratifying to see his good wife hustle around packing a most substantial lunch and assisting in every way possible to get us ready to enjoy the trip. We boarded a street car and arrived at the station just in time for the grand rush of fishermen and campers for the smoker. I have never seen anything to compare with a Minnesota crowd for health and "git there." If an Eastern man ever gets into one he can make up his mind to tread lively or get trod on, but we got there and got a good seat. Will fished some fragrant Havanas from a box in the lunch basket and we were soon enjoying a good smoke and the charming scenery along the beautiful Lake Minnetonka. What a place for a vacation. Everybody told the same story without saying a word. All along the road at every station were groups of people, pictures of manly vigor and happiness. The shore along the lake is dotted with pleasant cottages, grand summer hotels, beautiful grounds, picturesque groves and hills that look like paradise. Arriving at Zumbro Station, we found a three-seated wagon in waiting from the hotel, packed ourselves in with a load of passengers and were driven at a Minnesota gait to mine host Palmer's. The hotel was capable of accommodating about 75 guests, and was full of people, some of whom seemed to have an unlimited capacity for lemonade, pop and crabapple cider, and they kept Mr. Palmer so busy that it was a difficult matter to introduce the subject of frogs for bait and a place to sleep. Frogs were scarce, but we succeeded in getting a dozen, and tumbled ourselves into a bed in a cottage and slept like "pigs in clover" till morning.

Early dawn found us in the boat rowing for an arm of the lake south of the hotel. Anchoring among some lily-pads near shore the temptation was about as strong to gather the beautiful water lilies as to fish. We had hardly got our hooks in, however, before a strike was felt and a big bass was soon landed. How they did bite!

We floated along the edge of the lake and caught bass, pickerel and sunfish till our frogs were gone, ate our lunch, went ashore and caught more frogs in the landing net, then went back and fished again until 11 o'clock.

We had thrown back all the sunfish and all the bass and pickerel under 1lb. in weight and found we had sixteen bass and thirteen pickerel, and a finer lot of big-mouth bass I never saw. We lugged them up to the hotel, put them on ice, ate our dinner and lolled around a while in the shade. Mine host came out and told us there was a good croppie bed at a point north of the hotel, so we got a pail of minnows and started again. We anchored our boat in front of a cottage a few rods from shore and found we were in the right place, for we were soon landing the beauties fast enough. But the fishing was not all the interest there was in the scene. About half a mile to the north was Crane Island. All the noises I ever heard made by waterfowl, the herons on that island could discount. There seemed to be thous-

ands squalling all kinds of crane music, flying to and from the island in all directions.

On the lawn in front of the cottage were several romping, rollicking young ladies, pictures of health and happiness, as women always are in Minnesota, discoursing music from an old guitar. Considering the surroundings we had extra good luck catching croppies, for at the end of an hour we returned to the hotel with 16 croppies, weighing from 1lb. to 1½lbs. each. I felt considerably elated over our success, but Will did not consider it much of a catch, said they sometimes brought home three gunny sacks full. We went home, passed the fish around among the neighbors and saved what we wanted at home.

Mrs. Anderson would not trust a servant to cook fish, so she took the matter in hand herself, and the consequence we had as much pleasure in eating them as we did in catching them. Misfortunes are sometimes blessings in disguise. The cold I had caused me to stop and the consequence was that stopping over had given me five of the happiest days of a lifetime and the cold was gone, so I bade my friends good-bye and started on for Helena, over the Great Northern R. R., believing Minnesota people the healthiest and happiest people in America. Minnesota with its fields of waving grain and endless number of little lakes is a pleasant country to travel through. The country is interesting until you leave the Red River Valley and pass Devil's Lake, North Dakota, the great goose heaven of the Northwest. After leaving Devil's Lake the wheat fields begin to dwindle down and grow poorer until wheat fields should be turned into pastures, the only redemption for parts of the supposed wheat country of North Dakota. After leaving the wheat belt the country looks barren and desolate to an Eastern man.

The opinion of most of the passengers was forcibly expressed by an old gentleman from one of the garden spots of Michigan. He had ridden for miles over the dusty, sun-scorched, barren-looking plains. Taking off his blue glasses and wiping the dust from his eyes, he said: "This is a worthless lookin' kentry, I wouldn't give two shillin' for the whole on 't." Viewed from the car window this country looks like a vast barren waste. You cannot see the short rich grasses that cover the vast plains from the car window. Yet here vast herds of buffalo once roamed and grew fat, their bones now bleaching at the stations along the road, awaiting shipment to Eastern sugar refineries. "But all's well that ends well." Their place is now occupied by herds of horses, cattle and sheep, that are a greater source of profit to man. Yet it is sad to think of the wanton destruction of this noble animal for his pelt alone, and the lesson taught us should be emphatic enough to cause us to enforce our game laws for the protection of the balance of the noble game of this country.

We experience relief in the monotonous plain on reaching the Missouri River, and travel begins to be more interesting on reaching the foothills of the Rockies. After leaving Great Falls, Montana, the road winds along the Missouri toward Helena, among mountains of rock that furnish an ever varying scene of nature's majestic handiwork, and one realizes that he is among the grand old Rockies as he views the ever-changing panorama of ragged and precipitous grandeur around him. We finally arrived at Helena, and the first thing looked for is a bath room, for our hair fairly stands on end from the effect of dust and dry air.

Helena is built on Last Chance placer mine and is a cross between a mining camp and a model Western city. Although Helena is the richest city of its size in the world, yet one is struck more forcibly with the shiftless condition of things in general than with the beauty of the town.

Old Mt. St. Helena stands like a grim sentinel to the west of the town and the summit looked like a half hour's walk from the hotel. I left at 6 A. M. for the buttressed peak of this mountain, supposing it to be a half hour's walk, but found the distance could not be judged by a tenderfoot in that clear air, for it was three long hours before I got back to the hotel, tired and hungry. But the first view of the Rockies from the summit amply repaid me for the exertion. One gets a very fine view of the city and surrounding mountains from its crest. If Minneapolis had such a mountain they would build an elevator to the top of it and put a grand hotel there. Then they would terrace the sides and sell it for building lots, scoop a hole out of the inside for a theater, take the dirt from the hole to cover up and grade the piles of tailings along the old placer mine on Main street for more building lots, and all the visitors would be taken up in the elevator by enterprising real estate men to see the city. But Helena people are not "built that way." They have money enough, and with but few exceptions are willing to let the city take care of itself. Yet the Broadwater baths and hotel are a monument to the energy of one of its citizens and make the finest place in the State to spend a few weeks at in the summer. Mother Nature made most of the streams in Montana too cold to bathe in. She put a hot spring and a cold spring near Helena that Broadwater has utilized for his monster bath house that the people of Montana appreciate, for they now have an opportunity to wash their dusty bodies in a big swimming hole warm enough and large enough to suit the most fastidious schoolboy.

There is no fishing or hunting nor much else of interest to a sportsman in the near vicinity of Helena, so I took a train for Marysville and took up my abode at the Bon Ton restaurant.

Marysville is a mining camp of about 1,500 inhabitants. The town is built of yellow pine, sawmill finish principally. Some of the store fronts and a few dwelling houses are decorated with a coat of paint. The Drum-lennon mine and stamp mills, running 120 stamps in all, furnish employment to 300 men and yield \$100,000 worth of bullion per month.

I staid at this camp until the hunting season opened, and became so familiar with the country that the sun rose in the east and I then dared trust myself alone in the mountains. Blue mountain grouse are the game bird most sought after among the five kinds of grouse in Montana, and are called chickens there.

One beautiful morning I started alone for the top of the divide, with my gun and plenty of shells loaded with No. 8 shot, in pursuit of chickens and Neenan Bros.' mine just over the divide on Bald Butte Mountain. I was not loaded for bear, and I will say right here that I did not see any; for I know by experience that a tenderfoot always expects to meet a grizzly when traveling alone among the Rockies, and I don't want you to worry all

the time you are reading this about a bear that I did not see.

I found Bald Butte Mountain all right, and roamed around until noon without seeing anything except grand and beautiful mountain scenery. Hearing a blast fired near the top of the mountain, I turned my steps in that direction, and found a miner on his way to his cabin to dinner. The way of the world there is (thanks to my lucky stars about that time) to always invite a stranger to dinner, and his first question was, "Have you been to dinner?" I replied I had not, so we went in to the cabin. The cabin was built of logs, roofed with dirt. The floor was the surface of the earth. The furniture was sufficient for the necessities of man. He soon had a dinner cooked, and I never enjoyed a dinner any more thoroughly than I did there.

After chatting a while he showed me the way to the mine I was looking for, and told me to look for chickens in a huckleberry patch about half way to the mine. I found the huckleberries and enjoyed eating them, but found no chickens. After eating my fill (a tenderfoot's stomach is a thing of unlimited capacity) I started for the mine. Looking ahead among the scattering trees, I saw the gray back of an animal about the size of a setter dog running away from me. Not having shot my gun, I made up my mind to shoot that animal if he didn't get a gait on him, so I took after him as still as possible. I soon got near enough to shoot, and the fourth shot ended him, and I found I had killed a badger. I found Neenan's Mine, went through it, had a good visit, and went back to Marysville without a chicken.

A few days after this I went out and found five chickens and shot four out of the five. I can compare mountain grouse shooting to nothing but shooting Plymouth Rock hens in your own dooryard, only they are harder to locate.

JOHN V. COLE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CAMPERS AND CAMPERS.

AN "unfortunate concatenation of circumstances" has prevented me this year from taking my usual spring outing, and just now a flourishing crop of "Job's comforters" has laid me by the heels. These facts, in conjunction with a plentiful absence of reading matter, have given memory a chance to get in her work, and my mind has been running upon some of the "fellows I have camped with," in "days of auld lang syne."

The born camper is scarce. To be in perfection he needs a dash of Gipsy blood in his veins, mixed with that of the Indian, the Negro, the Aryan, the Gentleman and the Scholar.

The Gipsy—that he may be able to live luxuriously, not only upon the fat of the land but upon the lean as well—so that if he cannot get venison and trout, hedgehog and water-puppies will serve his turn; if fresh vegetables and canned goods fail him he can concoct healthful, if not toothsome, dishes out of roots and yarbs and the berries that grow in the hedge.

An Indian—that he may possess the "sixth sense," that of "direction," so the most trackless forest or pathless prairie shall be to him as familiar as the home farm to a country boy—that he may be so skilled in nature's language that all signs of wind and weather, all tricks of fur and feather, are better known to him than the multiplication table to a Newton; with a body so trained that he can stand heat and cold, hunger and thirst, fatigue and sleeplessness, and storms and black flies and mosquitoes, as though such things were not.

The Negro—that his cheerful jollity may never desert him in the most adverse surroundings—that he may take the goods the Gods provide and vex not his soul by thought of the morrow; and that sunshine and storm, good or bad luck, may find and leave him in the same cheery, equitable frame of mind.

The Aryan—that he may have tenacity of purpose and fixity of soul, courage undaunted by fate's worst frown, inventive genius that can build a cantilever bridge out of saplings and bark or make a fresh-water condenser from an old tin can and a gun-barrel; and adaptability to circumstances that makes him equally at home on a desert island or in kings' palaces.

A Gentleman—not in the Old World sense of one who has no business in this world, and spends his life in doing it, but one who recognizes others' rights, and respects them, their prejudices, and regards them, their frailties and pardons them—who is clean of tongue and pure of heart, and in all things and under all conditions keeps his own self-respect and gains the respect of others.

A Scholar—that, in moments of loneliness or enforced idleness, on rainy days in camp, or long waitings on an empty runway, he may have kindred spirits—David and Shakespeare, Homer and Browning, Descartes or Darwin—with whom to hold converse—may find new beauties in a vagrant bumble-bee, or fresh instruction from the busy ant—that he may be sufficient company unto himself, and not dependent upon other for mental rest and refreshment. If he have also a touch of the poet, the artist, the musician and the scientist, he will be none the less charming as a companion—none the less fitted for a genuine camper.

But, alas! such spirits be rare! "Nessmuk," I imagine, was as near such as any one, though I had not the pleasure of knowing him. As to the opposite class, "the woods are full of 'em"—his name is legion. He appears under various aliases, and numerous disguises—but he is always of the same species, *Boreus gigantissimus*. Every body knows him—except himself. Not the least pestiferous variety is

THE EARLY RISER.

I don't mean the man who rises in the fresh dewiness of a woodland morning, and goes off quietly about his own business of fishing, hunting, rowing or bathing, leaving you to do as best pleases you, but the egotistical idiot who seems to act upon the theory that he is the mainspring of the universe, a sort of telluric God of Day, and that, when he has once risen, all the rest of the world must be up and doing. No matter if your system demands eight hours of sleep, while his is content with six—no matter if you are physically run down and have come to the woods to build up and rest—no matter if you tramped twenty miles the day before or were out half the night, while he loafed around the camp all day and went to bed at dark, like other geese—in short, no matter how strong and cogent the reasons why your rest should not be disturbed, they are all ignored by him. No sooner does a torpid liver or a guilty con—no, such a beast has no conscience—arouse him, than he enters upon his self-consti-

tuted mission of diabolism; sometimes by banging things around, sometimes by whistling or singing (and it is a noteworthy fact that his whistling is like unto that of a cracked fife, and his singing as raucous as the wheeze of an asthmatic jackass); sometimes by jerking the blankets off you and yelling, "Hi! get up!" or, more aggressively, by beating a tin pail, or blowing a blast from the dinner horn in your ear. Whether his conduct arises from sheer "cussedness," or from that fatuous egotism of which I spoke, for him there is but one cure; all others have been tried and have failed; lead him beyond the confines of the camp and mildly, but firmly, mash his head with a club. If this is done judiciously and thoroughly, then will "the wicked (he) cease from troubling, and the weary (you) be at rest." To insure his staying cured, it might be as well to cremate the remains on a log heap, but this is not absolutely essential.

Another commonly occurring variety of this species is

THE MAN-WHO-IS-NEVER-FIXED.

Needless to say, he is generally a neophyte, who, generally late in life, has conceived a desire to "go camping." In some way, and this is "one of them things no feller can find out," he becomes attached to your party. In talking over matters before you start, you, in the kindness of your heart and because he is a neophyte, volunteer some friendly hints as to camp outfit, hints based upon the garnered lore of a score of years of practical experience. But he will none of them; he knows it all. He has read Thoreau and the "Annals of Brook Farm," has heroic ideas in regard to "roughing it," looks with scorn upon such effeminate trifles as mosquito bars, fly "dope" and the like, laughs scornfully at the idea of any cooking utensils save a tin cup and plate, and talks loftily about "living near to nature's heart," "leaving behind conventional wants," and "reverting to savage simplicity." And "revert" he does with a vengeance! The first night he ostentatiously spreads his one blanket upon the ground—"the bosom of Mother Earth is bed enough for him!"—wraps himself therein, and kicks and squirms and wriggles and grunts and groans and mayhap swears all night, keeping everybody awake, and showing up in the morning pale, dishevelled and haggard for want of sleep. As he is either, in some way, semi-attached to you, or is your senior in years, generally the latter, for "the older the donkey the longer the ears"—you are forced to take him thereafter as a bedfellow, and as of course you have taken only bedding enough for yourself, you are both uncomfortable the rest of the trip. And so it is in everything else. He brings but one rod, smashes that to flinders the first day, and you have to loan him your spare one. He has brought no change of clothing, and so the first time you are both caught in a shower you have to divide with him when you return to camp, and you shiver, half clad, while your old enemy, the rheumatism, gets in his work on you again. He melts the bottom out of his one tin cup by trying to make coffee over an amateur's camp-fire, and thenceforward he uses yours.

Sometimes his lunacy takes the opposite turn, and he comes provided with everything he doesn't need, and nothing which he does. If going a-fishing where there is no game larger than a chipmunk, he lugs along a .44 Winchester and a thousand rounds of cartridges. If to a country where you are liable to "jump" a grizzly any minute, he takes a Flobert rifle or a light 12-gauge loaded with bird shot. If to the woods, he carries 20lbs. of iron tent pins, but nothing in the shape of an axe; if to the marshes, blankets galore, but no wading boots, or "fly-ile;" if his traveling is to be by canoe, he wears hob-nailed boots, but has no slippers nor moccasins; and so on, *ad infinitum*. I'm not sure that he isn't worse than the other fellow just described, because, besides having to borrow everything he needs, the party is burdened with a lot of useless duff which, as Sam Weller says, "Hain't no visible use to nobody." Neither of these, however, is as hopeless a case as the "early riser." The first seldom goes a second time; he finds "conventional wants" more satisfying than "savage simplicity," and the second gradually learns by experience, unless he dies too young—say at a hundred or thereabouts.

But why continue the list? Do we not all—especially we of the grizzled locks and the gray beards, who have encamped from Dan unto Beersheba, and from the waters of Gilgal to the fountains of Shinar—do not we, I say, know the whole tribe of them? The "Practical Joker"—on whose head be Anathema Maranatha—who finds no pleasure in life so exquisite as that of rendering other people miserable, and whose sole standard of humor in a "joke" is the pain or mortification inflicted upon the recipient. The "Shirk," who fudges off all the irksome camp drudgery upon the shoulders of others, sometimes upon the plea that he is "tired," or "don't know how," sometimes with the more insolent averment that "he goes camping for pleasure, and not to work." The "Sponge," who borrows any and everything you are weak enough to loan him, from a minnow hook to a \$20 bill, breaking, spoiling, losing everything, but never paying back. The "Kicker," whom nothing satisfies; who growls when it rains, and when it is dry; because the fish bite too freely, and because they don't bite at all; because they are so big, or because they are so little; because you answer him, and because you don't answer; in short, who kicks at everything, and would kick if he was being hanged (though nobody else would). The "Demijohn," whose idea of a "good time" is an unlimited consumption of whisky, and whose sole gleaming from the field of history is what "the gov'nor of Nawth Callany said to the gov'nor of South Callany." The "Mule," who is always pulling contrariwise to the rest of the party; who wants to go down stream when they want to go up; to fish, when they propose to hunt; who wants to go home before the outing is half through, and wants to stay when the breaking-up day has come. Are not the names of all these written in the chronicles of the Sons of Izaak?

But when we do strike upon the right kind of man (and, of course, none of us are included in the above category), how our heart goes out to him; how we cherish the memories of past outings together; how we long for the time to come when we may share the same blanket, lounge before the same camp-fire, cast from the same boat, or face the same storm together again. Two such have I known in my twenty and more years of outdoor life. One has "crossed over the river, to rest in the shade of the trees;" the other—well, Mandan and Calcasieu are far apart, and no man owns the future; but the memory of the past is mine, and though Camp Comfort is no more, yet have I faith that some day we shall again clasp hands and try the bass once more.

H. P. U.

Natural History.

FROM THE ALASKA SEAL ISLANDS.

WE are indebted to Dr. W. S. Hereford, returned from a long service on St. Paul Island, Bering Sea, for interesting notes on the animals and the natives of that distant province of the United States.

It has been stated that polar bears sometimes come down on the ice to St. Paul, but the Doctor did not see any during his protracted stay, and thinks they do not occur now. The flesh of this bear is said to be palatable unless the creature has recently been feeding on walrus, or the decayed meat of whales. H. W. Elliott has just informed us that he really liked the polar bear steaks which he ate on St. Matthew's Island in 1874. According to Mr. Elliott the last of this species seen on St. Paul was shot at Bogaslow in 1848.

Walrus Island, lying six miles east of St. Paul, is still inhabited by walrus, but solely by males.

The red fox is occasionally brought to the island by ice and does not long escape the vigilance of the hunters. The blue fox is very common.

Among the winter birds are the common migratory robin of the East, and the beautiful snow bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*). Cormorants, gulls and harlequin ducks are present in ordinary winters, but in severely cold weather none except the first remain. The chief gull of the hunters is the great burgomaster. A small wren occurs on St. George Island, but not on St. Paul. Ducks are excessively abundant in the open water along shore in spring, and vast numbers of them are shot.

Cod and halibut are not common until in the fall when sea lions are not numerous. The natives catch some very large halibut on hooks; the small ones are greatly persecuted and almost entirely destroyed by seals and sea lions. Sculpins are always around in abundance. The people catch them around the rocks, and especially at the boat landings. They use a very short line and bait the hooks with seal meat or any animal substance that is handy. Among the sculpins there is a scaly species, called the *kah-log*, which is very palatable.

The natives have invented a new intoxicating drink which they have, in a spirit of fun, styled *sos'kie*. *Sos'kie* means a sucking bottle and furnishes a very appropriate name for the new tipple. The beverage is made from condensed milk with the addition of jellies, sweet crackers, or some other materials containing sugar, and a ferment. The stringent regulations preventing the sale of coarse sugar in quantities sufficient for the moonshiner's purpose, he resorts to all sorts of expedients to outwit his white brethren and prolong his spree. *Sos'kie* is the latest and one of the most insinuating products of his craft.

The practice of medicine among these Aleuts has brought to Dr. Hereford many surprises. He finds that opiates are nearly inert in their circulation and enormous doses of castor oil can be taken with only slight effect. A native will dispose of ten times as much Epsom salts as a white man and be none the worse for the wear. So-called dropsy and heart disease are very common after prolonged tarrying at the quass bowl, the heart being generally located almost anywhere in the trunk, but free use of salts is always a specific in these forms of disease.

The natives trap foxes in winter and hunt the sea lion and hair seal; they also kill the birds mentioned in a preceding paragraph.

T. H. B.

WHAT THE PORCUPINE EATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Gibbs seems to be a close observer as well as a scientist, and has evidently given the porcupine considerable attention. If you will visit any old logging camp in the upper Chippewa region a month after the men have left, you will find abundant evidence that the porcupine has a strong relish for anything in the shape of leather, salt or grease. I have seen one eating a piece of pork; and all barrels, boxes, etc., having contained pork, lard or the like are sure to be well gnawed. Land lookers have to be extremely careful or their pack straps and shoes will be eaten up.

As to its numbers. Two years ago while camped near the Flambeau River I saw six at one time, and on the tote road there were at least twenty seen in going a mile. Three of them at one time were scratching at the door and window of the little shanty where I slept. This was in the morning, and they seemed to be early risers, unlike myself, and anathemas and even more substantial missiles were of small account in inducing them to stop their applications for admittance.

The meat of a small-sized one is fairly palatable, but I once had the same experience as did Dr. Gibbs in trying to eat the flesh of an old patriarch which I had shot out of the top of a pine tree.

I seldom molest them; in fact, my principle is not to hurt anything that leaves me alone unless I want its meat. This rule of ethics may not be exactly logical, but it is the best I have.

BACKWOODSMAN.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis.

A CASE OF RATTLESNAKE BITE.—The Detroit Free Press reports the cure of a case of massasauga bite at the State military encampment: "Probably not more than four minutes had elapsed since the accident, but the examination showed two tiny punctures, surrounded by a circular elevation more than three inches in diameter. This was quickly incised through the punctures and a considerable quantity of a yellowish serum escaped. Next a hypodermic syringe was introduced into the adjacent parts and a 50 per cent. solution of carbolic acid injected. Washing with ammonia water followed, and the boy was placed on a cot. In a short time numbness of the extremities and drowsiness supervened. This was met by doses of whisky and aromatic spirits of ammonia. At this writing, twenty-four hours after the accident, the boy is out of danger. This case is of special value to the medical department, as it demonstrates that prompt treatment will neutralize the poisonous effects of the rattlesnake bite. This is probably the first opportunity ever offered for intelligent and scientific application of remedies immediately after the wound was inflicted, the combination of circumstances being ordinarily impossible."

A HOMING PIGEON, whose number on bangle was T. H. 91 458, was killed by a cat in Roxbury, Mass., one day last week; and our correspondent "Reignolds," of Boston, asks through this note for the owner.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

SMALL BORES AND BIG BAGS.

PORTLAND, Oregon.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the issue of July 9 I find "Gun Gossip," by L. I. Flower. How I wish I could meet and shake with him on the question of 12-bores. Here in Portland we have lots of old fogies who laugh at any one who carries a "boy's" gun, as they call a 12-gauge shotgun. It may seem strange, but these men that pack a young cannon of 10-gauge never get any more ducks or other birds than we of the "boy's" grade do. I have killed canvasback ducks and, in fact, all of the various species of the duck family with a 7½lb. 12-bore and have always thought that for an all-round gun the 12 was the best made. I also like his idea about the American hammerless gun.

I have a friend who does not live more than a hundred miles from here who still holds to the idea of a 10lbs. 10-bore hammer gun, and he is a lighter man by 35lbs. than I am. One day we went down to the famous Green Lake for a canvas shoot. We made a fine bag, and had it not been for that enormous cannon of his I should have enjoyed the trip very much; but the Judge was so worn out from carrying his big gun that I had to carry all of the birds, my own gun and traps, and then stop and wait for him to rest.

Now, for Mr. Flower again. He says in his article that he spent four nights out of each week for three seasons on a famous flyway for ducks. Out here in Oregon and Washington we would as soon think of killing a hen mallard on her nest as to shoot ducks in the night. In fact there is a law for the prevention of such cruelty in this country, and I think there should be such a law in every State in the Union. Night, as I understand duck nature, is their protector while feeding, and a true sportsman should at least recognize this fact.

SAND HILL.

WILD TURKEY HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Persons visiting in the vicinity of the haunts of that game usually have dogs trained to run and tree them, and to bark, calling the attention of the hunter; and while the attention of the turkey is directed to the dog, the hunter stealthily approaches within rifle range.

Such hunters usually have a call made from a bone of the wing of the turkey, cut off at one end so as to expose the hollow. Placing the open end of the hollow to the lips so as not entirely to close the opening, and by a jerky, sucking operation a very good call can be made. Any small hollow cylinder, closed at one end, for example a large goose quill, will operate as well. One of our party was a very successful caller, using a fresh brier leaf; but the party abandoned all calls for the one described by me in FOREST AND STREAM, excepting myself and one other, who could call well with mouth and lips alone, which many times was very convenient, especially so when the finger was on the trigger of the gun ready for a snap shot and I desired to call gently a few times more.

In my turkey hunting I used one of my bird dogs. They were so trained that, if I desired it, they would walk a few steps in advance, keeping pace with me. They took to hunting turkey as naturally as to quail and prairie chickens.

When the dog struck the trail of a gang of turkeys he would thus slow-trail it, sometimes for miles, and when the turkeys were in sight, in response to a wave of my hand in the direction of the game, would rush, with all the speed he possessed, without giving tongue, among the gang, scattering them in every direction, but not chasing them. On such occasions they take to the wing. Then taking a position near where the turkeys were flushed, in about fifteen minutes I would commence to call, my dog in the meantime lying on the ground near me as motionless as an inanimate object.

Most hunters do, and I used to, prepare a screen or "blind" as we call it, so as to be out of sight of an approaching turkey. Such method compels the hunter to assume a cramped, uncomfortable position, and when he was trying to recover from it to obtain a shot, many times the game would see the effort and leave before the hunter could get a shot.

In hunting deer and turkeys in the timber, I have my clothing of such a hue that it will well blend with the color of the surroundings. I adopted the practice of seeking an open space where I could see well around about, and sitting with my back against a large tree, I would then call. I soon found I could call up turkeys in that position as readily as in a blind, if I kept perfectly motionless, not even moving my head. I finally adopted the plan of taking a seat on a log where I could well see round about, with my gun cocked and in a position to quickly bring to the shoulder for a snap shot, being careful that the motion of the calling hand could not be seen by the turkey. I have thus called old gobblers within fifteen steps of me, and have had them stand and look at me. But make the least motion and they will be away unless you shoot quick. When they say *quit quit*, look out, for they will quit very sudden.

Judging from experience, I conclude that the sense of smell is not one of the safeguards of the turkey, but sight and hearing are. On one occasion when I was thus calling, a turkey answered a few times in the distance in front of me, but I heard nothing further from it although I continued to call occasionally.

I noticed that my dog, which was lying down partly facing me, was looking very sharply behind me and occasionally turning his eyes toward me, but without any other motion. I turned my eyes so I could partly look over my shoulder. There, standing stock still, not fifteen steps away, was a large turkey looking at the dog. The dog had been watching the turkey, and informed me of the presence of it by casting his eyes at the turkey and then at me. I recall to mind many similar instances. On another occasion, when I was sitting on a log calling, a turkey answered, but I heard nothing further, excepting

in a short time I heard a slight tread in the dry leaves partly behind me, and turning my eyes so I could look partly ever my left shoulder, there stood an old gobbler, not twenty steps away, looking at me.

On another occasion, when thus calling, the turkeys came within twenty steps before stopping. I killed them both with one barrel. In shooting turkeys with small shot, shoot at the neck three or four inches below the head, and you will have neck and head filled with shot.

I have observed that when turkeys have not been disturbed much they will answer the call freely until within shot, but when they have been hunted much with the aid of the call they will answer but a few times and then approach stealthily. I remember two occasions when calling without having flushed a flock, the flock without answering came up within a few steps of me.

Once two old gobblers put in an appearance after answering a few times, and when within about ninety steps of me stopped and looked at me, but would approach no nearer, and after looking at me a few moments commenced to move right and left, occasionally picking at something on the earth and at the same time evidently keeping an eye on me. Being satisfied they would come no nearer I took the opportunity, when a large tree intervened, to bring my gun to the shoulder, and when they came into view killed one with the rifle.

On another occasion, just at night, the dog struck the trail of a gang while on their way from their feeding ground to their roost. Following rapidly until I could hear their gobbling I tried to halt them by the call, but could not succeed. It being so near night I knew it would be of no use to flush them, for by the time I could call them it would be so dark I could not see to shoot, so I imitated the call of a stray young turkey several times rapidly, and before I had time, or rather thought, to be on the alert back came the old mother turkey like a streak, almost running against me. She was so alarmed that she flew into a tall cypress and I killed her with the rifle. If in the same territory deer were as plenty as turkey the hunter could kill more deer than turkey.

I recall to mind many amusing incidents connected with hunting turkey. In the Southwest the term "hurricane" is applied to certain conditions of timberland. In many places heavy timber has been prostrated by fierce winds, and the earth covered with a dense growth of second growth small trees, vines, etc., which together with the fallen timber, makes the "hurricane" almost impenetrable. I was hunting deer once in such cover, and when at the northeast corner of the hurricane, I took the call to see if I could obtain an answer from the hurricane. Soon I received an answer from the southeast corner and one from the west end. The hurricane was of five or six acres in extent. I continued to call, the turkeys would answer but would not come. Thinking the answers were from some of our party, I made a false call, and it was answered by a false call from the southeast, but the answer from the west end continued regular. Soon one of our party who had been calling at the southeast corner came up, and we started for camp, the west end of the hurricane being in the line to camp. On arriving at the west end we found a native calling with a turkey bone. He said to us, "the hurricane is full of turkey." He had heard us calling. We did not enlighten him, but left him still calling.

The gun I hunt deer and turkey with is a double-barreled breechloader, one barrel .40-70 rifle, the other 12-gauge shot, made to order fifteen years or more ago by D. M. Lefever, of Syracuse, N. Y. I have a pair of shot barrels for same stock.

In 1853 I had a like gun made to order, excepting that it was a muzzleloader, made by Billingshurst, Rochester, N. Y., which I used until I obtained the one made by Lefever.

I presume that Lefever thinks that now after fifteen or more years of experience he can make a better shooting gun, but I doubt if he or any other person can do it. For many years I used an ordinary peep sight, broad disc, hinged at the post so I could turn the disc down quickly and use the croch sight if desired. For the last few years I have used entirely the Lyman rear sight. The party that I now hunt deer with use the Lyman sight on their Winchesters.

A person who has never used a well-trained bird dog in hunting turkey cannot realize the pleasure and ease in thus hunting. Many times a turkey, when fatally wounded, will be able to hide in the brush, and then your dog comes into play as a retriever.

In some settlements turkeys will frequent cornfields after the corn has matured. Then your dog comes in play. Skirting along the field, having the wind of it, your dog will soon tell you whether game is in the field. Take a position where your judgment tells you the turkey will leave the field, and give your dog the signal, and he will rush through the field flushing the game and you can take it on the wing.

In some portions of the country where turkeys are found there are glades in the timber grown up to tall grass, and the grass sometimes is infested with grasshoppers. After the dew is off turkeys will be found in the glades after grasshoppers.

A turkey will not sit before the dog, but will skulk away. Your dog will trail the game as fast as you walk with a quick step, and when he flushes the game you take it on the wing. A double shotgun is the arm for the two latter occasions.

My last dog was a more than ordinarily intelligent setter; seemed intuitively to understand what I wanted. Poor old, affectionate Hector, trusty in the open and covert, and watchful at home; you served me faithfully fourteen or fifteen years; you were the embodiment of fidelity. There ought to be a dog heaven for such as you.

H. L.

A COLORADO BEAR.—Berthoud, Col., July 20.—Bob Lang returned a few days ago from a trip to the west of Estes Park, where he killed a fine black-tailed buck and a large cinnamon bear. The bear was a large one. He sold the hide to a Loveland man for \$22. Bob said his ball hit the bear in the end of the nose, passing through his head and into the body, killing it dead on the spot. Bears are reported quite numerous in the foothills just now, coming down out of the higher mountains to eat berries.—A. A. K.

MR. M. R. HOBART has joined the house of Von Lenkerke & Detmold, and will henceforth take an active interest in the gun trade. Mr. Hobart has long been known to New Jersey shooters as an enthusiastic gun man.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 25.—Some more talk about game protection, this time not dull, but of a highly interesting and indeed semi-sensational sort. In the first place, about Mr. Chas. Kern.

Mr. Chas. Kern is the county treasurer of Cook county, in which county the city of Chicago is situated. He must be at least a politician to gain that honor. Mr. Kern is president of the Audubon Shooting Club, one of the oldest organizations of the sort in Chicago. He must be at least a man with friends to attain that position. Mr. Kern in 1886 was president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. He must at least have been thought a sportsman of worth to attain that honorable position. Mr. Kern at the banquet of the State Sportsmen's Association last June spoke upon the toast "The True Sportsman." He must at least have been thought sincere before being chosen for that theme. Mr. Kern has been prominent in the deliberations of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. His voice was ever ready. He was what is popularly known as a "prominent sportsman." We will make him even a little more prominent, temporarily.

Mr. Kern retains as one string to his bow the basement restaurant and liquid dispensary at 110 La Salle street, where he got his start. A very decent place to get a supper. A great many sportsmen drop in there at times. But I still think that this subterranean resort, with the name "Kern's" blazoned on the pavement in front, charges too much for July prairie chicken; \$1.25 is pretty steep for a bird the size of a quail.

Last Tuesday evening, July 21, a certain gentleman of this city, whose name at this juncture need not be given, went into Kern's restaurant for supper. He hesitated, and the manager, Herman, helped him out.

"You want something nize, don't you, Mr. —? Go sit you down and I bring it. Don't say a word!"

And so the gentleman didn't say a word, and Herman brought him a bird, which was eaten, at least partially, with some suspicions. Herman, when asked what the bird was, replied: "It magues no difference; it was good, hein?"

"But I want to know what that bird is, and to be sure of it."

"Vell, say notings; it was a brairie schigen."

For certain reasons which I will not take time to give, the gentleman did not wish to push this case. He, however, imparted this information, in the strictest confidence, to a well-known attorney of this city. The secret got out in some way, and yesterday, July 24, Billy Mussey told it to me. I saw the gentleman above referred to, and learned the facts as above given. I then saw the attorney to whom the secret was imparted. He said he "knew nothing except on hearsay," though wishing he knew more. I told him more.

Day before yesterday evening, Thursday, July 23, Mr. W. P. Mussey and Mr. Geo. Andrews went down to Kern's place for supper. The manager made the same proposition to Mr. Mussey that he made to the first gentleman above. Mr. Mussey asked what the bird was and was told it was prairie chicken. He then told the man to bring him one, and ate it, or part of it, and paid for it. Mr. Mussey has eaten young prairie chicken before. He will swear that this was nothing else. Mr. Mussey said he would prosecute this case if the State Sportsmen's Association would back the movement. Finally he said he would prosecute in any event, backing or no backing. That was yesterday, and at that time Mr. Abner Price, president of the Association, had not been seen.

We wanted a little more proof. Yesterday evening, July 24, Mr. Mussey and I went down to Kern's for supper, leaving word for two of our friends to follow. We met a waiter near the show case where viands were displayed. No prairie chicken was shown publicly. Billy ordered a broiled steak of salmon. "Haven't you got any game of any kind?" I asked of the waiter. The latter looked straight into Billy's eyes and then into mine, and was satisfied it was all right.

"Yes, some nice prairie chickens. Do you want an old bird?" he asked.

"No, bring me a nice young bird, broiled," said I; and then we walked in to the tables.

In due course the bird arrived. It was a young prairie chicken. I have killed and eaten hundreds of them, and I will duly swear that this was a prairie chicken. I slipped half of it into a newspaper and put it in my pocket. At this writing it is safe on ice against its time of production in court. I took the piece which showed a broken leg. There were two or three shot marks in the almost cartilaginous backbone. No. 9 shot I should think. The fellow who smashed this cheeping bird knew it would not stand No. 8s.

Mr. Mussey tasted of the bird I ordered and said it was prairie chicken. Mr. Wolfred N. Low came in and sat at our table. He tasted of the same bird and said it was prairie chicken. Mr. C. B. Dicks came in and sat at our table and tasted of the same bird. He said it was prairie chicken.

We went up to Mr. Mussey's place of business and found there Mr. Abner Price, president of the State Association. In reply to a direct question, he replied, "Will we prosecute? Of course we will, Charlie Kern or anybody else. I would prosecute my own brother for selling illegal game." This further clinched the matter, though action would be or will be brought, no matter what the Association does. Thus the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association is pledged to prosecute for a common offense against the game laws a man who was once in its presidential chair. We will reserve comment on that.

It was now suggested that visits should be quietly made to other places in the city known or suspected to be selling illegal game upon the table. This was late last night, and I regret that to-day I cannot say much as to further cases, as sufficient time has not elapsed for action. Mr. Price requested Mr. W. N. Low and myself to visit Kinsley's well known place and try for prairie chicken, but at the hour appointed, noon to-day, Mr. Low could not get off. Mr. F. C. Donald and Mr. C. S. Burton will probably visit the Richelieu Hotel this evening. Mr. C. D. Gammon and Mr. H. D. Nichols will try one or two places to-day. By to-night or by Monday it is probable that evidence for other cases will be obtained. A general raid is contemplated. The publication of these facts should not interfere with that work, as it will have been prosecuted by the time of their appearance here,

The work should be done at once before the news gets in the wind. Last night at 8 P. M. Kern's restaurant did not have any prairie chickens for sale. "I can give you some nice quail on toast," said the waiter to Mr. C. D. Gammon. "Well, bring me some quail on toast, then," said Mr. Gammon. The waiter looked at him a moment and then said: "No, we haven't got any quail on toast." I think the waiter saw the gentlemen as they were taking portions of the bird from my plate, and this made him suspicious. He thought the demand for game was getting too heavy. I paid \$1.25 for my prairie chicken. It is now in order for some brilliant genius to arise and say that Mr. Mussey and I and all of us are liable to a fine for buying the birds. We will stand on that or any further "violations" of the game laws we may make.

It now remained necessary, for journalistic reasons, to be clear as to Mr. Kern's connection with the restaurant at 110 La Salle street, and for reasons of fairness to hear what he had to say. I called on him at the county treasurer's office at 12:30 to-day and asked him plainly if he knew that prairie chickens were being sold at his restaurant.

"Gracious, no!" said Mr. Kern.

"We have three cases against you, Mr. Kern, and two will be prosecuted. These cover from Tuesday till Friday of this week."

Mr. Kern said that this selling was entirely without his consent or knowledge. He said that his former steward, Anton Bader, knew better than to do such a thing. The present steward, Busch, was a new man. Mr. Kern said that his official duties of late had kept him away from the restaurant and he did not really manage it. He then called up an employee and ordered him to go over to the restaurant.

"Tell them that I forbid the sale of prairie chickens on the tables and that their sale must be stopped at once. This is my strict injunction," said Mr. Kern, and the employee vanished. "I would not permit such a thing a moment," he said, turning to me.

"Mr. Kern, we want to bring a lot more cases," said I, "not only against restaurant men, but against dealers in illegal game. Now, of course you don't know where those prairie chickens were bought, but your steward does. In view of your prominent position as a true sportsman, couldn't you secure the name of the dealer who sold those birds? We want to prosecute him, too."

"Well, I might do that, I might do that," said Mr. Kern, rolling a reflective corner of his eye toward the back of his head.

Few men more affable than Mr. Kern. To-day I doubt if he believes any prosecution will be made against him on these cases. At the same time I know of no reason why such prosecution should not be brought against him and any others in whose cases such evidence can be obtained, and I hope next week to have further news about all this. I do not know of any earlier attempt, systematic or otherwise, to follow up this sort of violations of the game laws in this city, though for long years the offenses have been open, flagrant and well known. If the Kern cases can not be made to stick it would seem useless to try any others of similar nature. Evidence will be collected during the week just the same.

July 26.—Two natives killed 40 young ducks, illegal of course, on Mak-saw-ba Marsh one day lately. The club offers \$25 reward for evidence to convict.

Dick Turtle got 18 woodcock on his last hunt near Water Valley, on the Kankakee.

Perhaps the most valuable duck shooting privileges near Chicago are those belonging to the Diana Shooting Club, of Horicon, Wis., membership largely in Chicago. These grounds are on the famous Horicon Marsh, which breeds more ducks than any marsh within hundreds of miles of this point. No spring shooting is allowed there. Opening day, Sept. 1, is a great event, and this year a strong Chicago contingent will be present. Mr. Percy Stone asks me to be present, and to refuse would be discourteous. At that time I hope to find something of interest to duck shooters in the story of the marsh.

Capt. A. C. Anson, at this date chief of the chief base ball team, is inquiring for gentlemen who would like to shoot him some pigeon races next fall. He also requests the gentleman who took his cotton umbrella at the last meeting of the Possum Club to return the same to him at New York and receive a suitable reward. E. HUGH.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME CROP.—Pittsburgh, July 20.

—Thanks to a winter more or less mild in its nature, the game crop this year promises most gratifying results. Messages from various parts of Pennsylvania are unanimous in their prophecy that quail and pheasant will be not only plentiful, but in many places abundant. Rabbits are a nuisance in a few adjoining counties. Woodcock are scarce, however, and that nimble little fellow, the gray squirrel, so much esteemed and sought after by western Pennsylvania sportsmen, has had such an impression made upon him by powder and shot that in this county he is all but exterminated. Reports from Ohio, however, say gray squirrels are abundant, and that rare sport is anticipated. On a jaunt through the fields of Butler county on July 4 I received a grateful surprise, which has never before been my lot to such an extent. Upon every side the shrill, whistle "bob white" was heard, the hillsides, the valleys, even the forests had it, and this multitude of nature's choristers produced a music to which no pen has ever done justice. I have never found them so numerous before.—C. A. R.

CALIFORNIA'S COYOTE BOUNTY LAW, which was passed last winter for the benefit of the sheep owners, and which went into operation on May 29, is operating in a manner that is filling the taxpayers and fruitgrowers of the State with dismay. It provides that for each coyote killed five dollars shall be paid out of the State Treasury to the person presenting the scalp to the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of each county. Although only eleven of fifty-four counties in the State have been heard from the claims for bounty aggregated on July 11 \$10,890. A banking firm in Tulare county, which has not yet reported, has notified the State Comptroller that it holds claims for \$4,000. Were all these claims based on the scalps of coyotes killed in California the case would not be so scandalous. But it has been learned that enterprising Californians are importing scalps from Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California. A customs inspector on the lookout for Chinese on the Mexican frontier seized a package of fifty coyote skins that the owner was trying

to smuggle into the State. It is learned furthermore that the bounty has called into existence a new and profitable industry—that of breeding coyotes. As a female coyote can produce three litters of seven pups each year, she is worth something like \$100 to her owner. But this is not all the evil of this ridiculous piece of legislation. One of the most serious pests the California fruit-grower has to contend against is the rabbit, which is a particularly fine tid-bit for a hungry coyote. Consequently the extermination of the coyote for the benefit of the sheep-owners of half a dozen counties will be followed by such an increase of rabbits that the fruit interests will suffer seriously. This, with thousands and thousands of dollars that will be paid out for bounties during the two years that the law has to run, has aroused the press of the State, and there is a universal demand that an end shall be put to the evil at the earliest possible moment.—*New York Evening Post.*

CONNECTICUT BIRDS.—I passed a few days recently in Windham county, Conn., and was gratified to find how splendidly the birds had wintered. Quail are everywhere and they will afford good shooting in October if the chicks escape the foxes and skunks, both of which are unusually numerous. A Sunday afternoon stroll along the edge of one of our tangled wood patches started to flight three woodcock. Despite the close season these birds are now being shot in small numbers by pot-hunters. Before many weeks, also, the woods will be fenced with partridge snares, and then one wonders why a covey is not found entire in the opening of the season. I know some of these evil doers, but I am tongue-tied, for they are the very ones I enjoy talking with on my little vacations, about birds and kindred subjects, and they are the ones who always welcome me to their pastures and woods in the autumn to shoot when and what I please; they are my friends. A Hartford game protector could do considerable good in this locality.—F. LIN.

A TRUNK AND A BED.—The modern city flat has its grandfather's clock which conceals a stove and a wardrobe which is converted into a folding bed. Now comes a trunk which is also a 6ft. bed—the invention of Geo. W. Snaman, Jr., of Allegheny, Pa. The trunk has ample provision for clothes, gun and other articles, and when set up as a bed it invites to repose.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

LANGDON and myself had discovered, in Becker county, Minn., a small lake, which, from its general weird appearance, hemmed in by tamarack swamps, and from certain mysterious things seen and noises heard in the dusky twilight, we had named Witch Lake. It was swarming with fish, and when, on our return thence to Detroit City, we found a party of home friends from Dakota there, we returned to the lake to give them some sport. In the evening as we sat upon the shore, N., who has a slight impediment in his speech, turned to me:

"Wh-wh-wh-at do you call this lake?"

"Witch Lake."

"Wh-wh-wh-y, th-th-th is one."

"Witch Lake."

"Th-th-th is one, I say, r-r-r-ight here."

"And I say, Witch Lake."

"C-c-c-c-confound it, th-th-th-th is one, where we've b-b-b-been fishing."

"W-i-t-c-h, witch, l-a-k-e, lake, Witch Lake."

"Oh!" as Langdon's suppressed laugh broke forth, and he realized "which was witch." H. P. U.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING."

IN the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of July 16, "Big Horn" says, with an expression of doubt, that he has met with the Rocky Mountain grayling in the streams of the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming and in both forks of the White River in northwestern Colorado. I have never been in the Big Horn Basin, but I have fished many miles of the White River, even its source, Trapper's Lake, in the heart of the Roan Range. I judge that the fish he refers to is the same variety in the streams of the Big Horn Basin and in the waters of Colorado. The identity of this fish was for some time in doubt, but the authorities at the Smithsonian settled the question some four years since. The proper name, as I am informed by those whose dictum may be received as good law, is the Rocky Mountain whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni*). The dorsal fin, which you would consider a distinguishing feature, does not resemble that of the grayling; the odor of the fish, however, is very similar when first caught, I am advised by those who are familiar with both, to that of the grayling.

The whitefish is an excellent food fish, rises readily to the fly and makes a good fight, although it keeps below the surface as long as possible when hooked. They are quite plentiful in the White River, reaching in weight, I may say from observation, 3lbs. Of course I have heard of heavier ones, but they were lost as usual. I have caught them weighing 2lbs. and over in the Yampa, and the specimen sent to Washington for identification was from the last named stream. They spawn in the fall, and I have never heard of them or seen them in any of the streams of Colorado except the Yampa and its tributaries and in the White River. L. B. FRANCE.

DENVER, Colorado.

NEW LONDON, N. H., July 20.—Mr. R. F. Sargent caught an eel the other day in Pleasant Lake, near here, that measured 43in. in length, 11in. in circumference and weighing 7½lbs. He played the monster an hour before he could get it into the boat. New Hampshire is getting a reputation for big fish and plenty of them.—L. H. B.

FISH AND FISHING IN THE PIONEER WEST.

I REMEMBER when a boy that a neighbor made a journey into Illinois, and being of an adventurous turn he sold his horse and came home by the way of the Illinois, Mississippi and Ohio rivers. By his envious neighbors he was regarded as a much-traveled man, and his store of information gathered on his voyages made him a welcome visitor at all the firesides for many a day thereafter. This, you must know, occurred a good many years ago, away back in the forties, when there was as yet but about twenty-five miles of railroad in all of Indiana, and not an iron rail west of that.

One of the stories told by the returned traveler was of a catfish caught by a fellow traveler in the Mississippi. According to his tale the fellow traveler shot a blackbird, and baiting an immense hook he waited for the boat to land at the first woodyard, where he flung hook and bait out into the stream and secured his prize. The fish was of monstrous size in the eyes of our traveled neighbor, and I think it altogether probable that it lost nothing by his telling. I remember that he gave feet and inches and pounds and ounces, for the captain had measured with the "boat yard-stick," and weighed with the "boat steelyards" and our traveler had a good memory, and he invariably emphasized this part of his story by a solemn declaration that "the fish was as big as a nigger boy."

Notwithstanding our traveled neighbor was reputed to be a man of truth, boy as I was, and always keen on the scent of the marvelous, I couldn't help doubting the truth of his fish story. A fish as big as a "nigger boy," when the only boy of the kind I had ever seen would kick the beam at 140lbs., was too great a demand on my credulity, and so, without making my doubts known, I set that man down as unworthy of belief when it came to catfish.

But I have changed my mind since then, and to the descendants of the traveled man I hereby make all the amends it is possible for me to make for doubting their ancestor's word. The catfish he saw captured with the blackbird bait was a very possible fish. There were "nigger boys" bigger than the "black George" known to me in my youthful days, and there are catfish as big, and bigger, no doubt, than the biggest of them.

One of the noticeable things to the reader of literature relating to the West of fifty and one hundred years ago, is the paucity of reference to the fish of its rivers and lakes. A few of the French explorers occasionally refer to the ichthyological monsters now and then encountered by them, and notably among these stands Father Hennepin; but the good Father's reputation for truth and veracity among the historians has been shaken to such an extent that it is hardly to be wondered at if the stories he tells of Mississippi monsters are taken nowadays *cum grano*.

I not only find that those who wrote about the pioneer West had comparatively little to say about its fish, but even the pioneers themselves were largely indifferent to the wonderful development of fish life in the waters around them. I account for this indifference on the part of writer and pioneer, from the fact of the great abundance of wild animals in the woods. We have heard much of the wonderful abundance of game that Boone and his first settler companions met with in Kentucky. Well, the first Indians went into a forest no less swarming with game than were the Kentucky woods, and among the active and vigorous men of that day (and all were such) the only sport worthy of the name was found in the chase. Men might fish, but for the same reason they picked berries, that they might furnish their tables. I have made quite a study of the settlement of Indiana, and have examined numerous county histories and biographies of pioneer settlers, and other writings relating to the time, and while I have my note book crammed with pioneer's reminiscences and tales of adventure with bears, wolves, wildcats and deer, it is only now and then one finds a word about the fish.

I turned to "Ashe's Travel," the other day, thinking that I would surely find something concerning the pioneer fish in his book. He was an Englishman who "came West" a little over eighty years ago, and who wrote a book about the country. His book abounds with anecdotes of wild beasts. No story was too improbable for his pen. Accounts of snakes and lions and buffaloes, and nightingales and turkeys, and I know not what all, except fish, fill his pages. In all his travels he found occasion to make but one allusion to the subject, and I must say his one story is by no means a remarkable one, as compared with some of his snake and wild beast stories.

There are no waters of a like latitude anywhere more prolific in fish life than the waters of the northern three-fourths part of the State of Indiana. All this region is covered by what the geologists denominate drift, and for reasons not necessary to be suggested here, the waters running through the drift are peculiarly well adapted to the support of fish life. Not less than 150 species of fish have been found in the waters of the State, and in that part of White River lying between Indianapolis and Gosport, which are about forty miles asunder by railroad, eighty species have been found, a larger number, I have heard it said, than have been found in any other one river in like distance in the world.

The truth is, but for the illegal fishing and the pollution of the streams, the Indiana creeks and rivers flowing through the drift would stand at the head of the bass streams of the country.

It is remarkable how firmly the fishes and the very best of the game and food fishes at that, have maintained their foothold in our streams. All the game that once roamed the woods is gone. Even the little gray squirrel, that in the beginning was not considered as game and not even as fit for food, but which were so numerous as to contest grain by grain the corn raised by the pioneer farmers, have disappeared, and all the legislation in the world cannot bring them back again. The conditions of the country have so changed, and the shotguns are so numerous, that it is not possible for the gray squirrels ever to thrive in Indiana again. Nor will it be any better with the fox squirrels. It was about the time of the election of President Pierce that these rodents began to move in, and there was a time when they were far more numerous than they are now. They are by no means as abundant as they were fifteen years ago.

And so of all other animals of the woods that have not

disappeared altogether. With the most, as the pioneer stepped in at the front door they went out at the back. But the fishes are still here, though in greatly reduced numbers. Some of the larger varieties, it is true, have disappeared. The sturgeon and the drum went with the Indians and the bears, but the best are here yet, and if the streams could be kept clear from the pollution of the cities and the manufactures, and if the dynamiters and seiners would let them alone, the Indiana waters would yet be a paradise for fishermen.

But I sat down to recount the story of what must have been the excellence of the fishing in the early days, and while as stated above, the writers of those days made comparatively few references to the subject, nevertheless one now and then catches a glimpse through the few references they do make, which leads to the incomparable sport there is to be had.

I have found in no writer of the pioneer times so frequent and satisfactory reference to the fish and fishing in the West, as in the journal kept by Col. John May, who came from Boston to the Marietta settlement of Ohio in 1788 and again in 1789. The writer does not seem to have been a fisherman himself, but he showed great interest in the fish he saw in the Ohio River, and from what he says of them one can gain an idea of their great abundance as well as size in that river, and from that a more or less correct conclusion as to the number and size of the inhabitants of other Western streams.

The fish that engaged Col. May's attention were the pike, buffalo, sturgeon, cat, perch, bass, herring and "other sorts." The bass were of "two sorts," he says, and likewise the sturgeon. From the time he struck the river at Pittsburgh, his observations began. The fame of the Ohio for its fish seems to have reached him in his Boston home before he left it, for in a letter written to his wife shortly after reaching Pittsburgh he says, "What has been said of the fish in these quarters I am certain must be true from what I have seen and experienced in the short time I have been here—only twenty-four hours. Within fifteen rods of where I now sit they are all day catching fish of various kinds. Some do not weigh more than 1lb., but I have seen others that weighed 11lbs. Within ten minutes after I put up at this house a little boy ten years old fetched a perch alive that weighed 5½lbs. These are things I have seen, and I have dwelt on the subject somewhat because it strikes me agreeably."

Col. May stopped at Pittsburgh fourteen days, and nearly every day he had something to say about fish. One day it is, that "two lads brought to my quarters a number of fine fish just caught. Among them were two perch weighing 40lbs. together. They have been caught weighing 24lbs." At another time he says "there has been a fish caught here which weighed 125lbs., and the story goes," naively adds the writer, "that he drowned the men who caught him."

After Col. May reached Marietta he continues his notices of the fish. He is inclined to find fault with their size, for he says: "There are seven stout, hearty men of us and we have not been able to eat more than one fish at a meal." The supply was evidently greater than the demand. At another time he throws some light on this: "Dined on buffalo fish, the weight of which when caught was 14½lbs. We also had a pike weighing 7½lbs. The men and I ate the whole," 22lbs. in all.

If the seven men consumed the 22lbs. of fish at one meal they must have been stout, hearty fellows sure enough, for that gave an average of 3½lbs. to each man, which was certainly big eating. But Mr. Bailly-Grohman, who wrote "Camps in the Rockies," a very entertaining book of sport indeed, tells, all things considered, a bigger story in regard to the eating of fish than does Col. May: "Three times a day," writes he, "did six big frying pans appear on our primitive greensward dinner table, and never did fish taste nicer, and never did four men and two dogs eat more of them. Hardly credible as it sounds, 30lbs. a day was hardly sufficient to feed our six hungry mouths; and when toward the end of my short stay in the basin great economy in flour became imperative, 40lbs. vanished in a similar wonderful manner." Two pounds and three ounces per meal for man and dog, day in and day out, was big fish eating for certain!

Pike weighing 18, 24 and even 29½lbs., a cat 50lbs. and a sturgeon 4½ft. long fell to Col. May's lot. And "almost every evening" he writes "there can be seen large schools of fish playing around the boat—I dare say twenty or thirty barrels to a school." Indeed, he found the fish of the Ohio so large, numerous and impudent that, compelled as he was to sleep in his boat until he could get his house in readiness, the catfish and perch made such a noise under the boat that they "frequently keep me awake half the night."

The editor of Col. May's journal appends one or two foot notes corroborative of the testimony given by Col. May. One is an extract from "Cranmer's Navigator," published at Pittsburgh in 1821. "The fish of the Ohio," says the author, "are numerous and of various kinds—the black and yellow cat weighing from 8 to 100lbs.; the buffalo from 5 to 30lbs.; the sturgeon from 4 to 40lbs., and the perch from 3 to 12lbs."

"I wish you were here to view the beauties of Fort McIntosh," writes Gen. Harmer to a friend, "what think you of pike of 25lbs., perch of 15 to 25lbs., catfish of 40lbs., bass, pickerel, sturgeon, etc.?"

Independence Day was celebrated at Marietta while Col. May was there, and after the ovation the settlers and the soldiers sat down to a dinner at which, according to Hildreth's history, "they had venison, bear and buffalo meat, and a pike (spear) in the Muskingum by Judge Devall and his son Gilbert" which weighed 100lb."

The age of big fish in the Ohio River lasted till long after Col. May's visit. An anecdote related by Sol. Smith, an actor of the last generation, is evidence of this. The "Chapman Family," of which he was at one time a member, made the descent of the Ohio in a "floating theater," playing at the towns along the shore, about 1832 or 1833. The players were all very fond of fishing and would pursue this fascinating pastime on occasion, even during a performance. "On one occasion," says the writer, "while playing the 'Stranger' (Act IV., Scene 1) there was a long wait for Francis, the servant of the misanthropic Count Walborough."

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger. No reply.

"Francis! Francis! (a pause) Francis!" rather angrily called the Stranger again. A very distant voice, "Coming

Sir! A considerable pause, during which the Stranger walks up and down à la Macready, in a great rage. 'Francis!'

"Francis (entering)—'Here I am, Sir!'

"Stranger—'Why did you not come when I called?'

"Francis—'Why, Sir, I was just hauling in one of the d—est big catfish you ever saw!'

"The curtain had to be rung down."

The big fish and the "multitudes of fish" were not confined to the Ohio. They were in all the Western streams. In 1816 David Thomas made a tour to the western country, passing through southern Indiana, along what was then known as the "Cincinnati Trail" to the Wabash, and in his book of travels he gives a list of the most notable fish in that river, and the size to which some of them attained. Three kinds of catfish he mentions, the Mississippi cat, the mud cat and the bullhead. The first attains to the weight of 120lbs., he says, and the second to 100. The sturgeon was another of the Wabash fishes, and weighed from 20 to 60lbs. The drum would run to 30lbs., and the black bass from 1lb. to 7lbs. Buffalo fish were taken weighing as high as 30lbs., the rock mullet from 5 to 15lbs., the red horse the same, and the river pike and jack pike from 6 to 20lbs.

Let us turn to one more book relating to the period, entitled "Old Settlers," by S. C. Cox, a Hoosier pedagogue of the last generation. The following is his yarn about the fish in Sugar River, a small stream in the neighborhood of Crawfordville: "At John Still's mill, below town on Sugar River, there is a fish trap, and in one night we caught 900 fish, the first spring we were in the county, most of them pike, salmon, bass and perch. Some of the largest pike and salmon measured from 2 to 4ft. in length, and weighed from 12 to 20lbs. We carried them by skiff loads and threw them alive into the mill-pond hard by, which was fed by springs, and thus we had fresh fish the year round. When a customer wished to purchase a few fish, Still took him to the pond and the fish were selected and the price agreed upon before the salmon was lifted from the water."

Additional historical evidence of the great abundance and large size of the fishes of these Ohio and Wabash waters, including their tributaries, might be given did space permit. But enough has been said for my purpose.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, 1891.

D. D. BANTA.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

FULLY as many of the vacationists are taking their fishing rods with them this season as ever, and sport in that way is fully up to the average, though the last reports from Maine and New Hampshire indicate rather low water in some of the streams. Mr. Harry Brown, son of the late Walter Brown, both well known in the wool trade of Boston, is planning a fly-fishing trip to Richardson Lake. The fly-fishing he got there last year revived all the old love for the sport. His father was a trout artist as well as a fisherman, and his piece representing the last struggle of the trout hooked upon the fly, has been much commended. Mr. Eldridge, of the wool trade, left for Maine, fish rods in hand, on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Dexter, of Boston, have just returned from a nine months' trip round the world. Mr. Dexter is well known in the paint and oil trade of the Hub. He retired from business last year, and proposed to spend a year or two in traveling. Soon after he sailed for Europe, to return in a year or more. But July, 1891, has brought them both back, and they have just started for Dixfield, Maine. There they will remain a few days, at the expiration of which they will leave for Kennebago, one of the Rangeleys, there to spend the months of August and September. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter have spent the same months at the same lake about every year for nearly ten years. The remarkable feature is that lovers of trout fishing in the wilds of Maine should hurry a trip around the world for the sake of being at the old camping grounds again. At Dixfield Mr. and Mrs. Dexter will be joined by Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Stanley, of the Stanley Dry Plate Co., of Newton, Mass., and together they will make a camping and fishing trip to Weld Pond, the guests of Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, at his camp there. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley take their own team to Bath, Me., by steamer, and thence they drive across the country to Dixfield. They will probably be joined at Hebron by Mrs. W. K. Moody and Mrs. J. F. Moody, for a carriage trip part of the way.

Mr. W. T. Farley, of the Boston dry goods firm of Farley, Harvey & Co., is just back from a trip up the Hudson, where he was obliged to take his vacation rather too soon, instead of to the Adirondacks, as on previous years. Mrs. Farley almost always goes with him, being with him last year when he shot a deer under the jack from a canoe. They will go to the Adirondacks later, if business permits, together with the foot that Mr. Farley has been up the Hudson to nurse. He ran a rusty nail into it some time in the winter, and lockjaw was very nearly the result. He says that it is not yet quite well enough for a long woods tramp. Mr. G. D. Harvey, one of the senior members of the same firm, has just returned from a two weeks' trip to the Upper Saranac, where he has been with his wife and his two boys. They were camped at Rustic Lodge. Mr. Harvey returns more in love with the Adirondack wilderness than ever. Pickerel fishing was good, with some trout, and the boys enjoyed it to the overflow. Mrs. Harvey gained six pounds in flesh and the boys "grew" about a foot apiece. The worst drawback to what should have been a most pleasing outing of pleasant memories was to find their residence at Auburndale broken open when they returned, and silver, clothing and precious keepsakes stolen to the extent of about \$500. Mr. Harvey says that money cannot replace some of the articles taken. Among other things was the magazine shotgun of Mr. Will Farley, which he had kindly loaned Mr. Harvey, but which, for some unaccountable reason, was left behind in the house.

I have just received the card of Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, so well known in the fishing tackle trade, formerly of the firm of Appleton & Litchfield, and later alone in the business. His new card says, "With Dame, Stoddard & Kendall," who, it will be remembered, are the successors of the old firm of Bradford & Anthony, where both Mr. Litchfield and Mr. Geo. B. Appleton, of Geo. B. Appleton & Co., were trained in the tackle business under the much-beloved and lamented Prouty.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

MUKWANAGO, Wis., July 17.—The Story of the Phantom Lake. Once upon a time there was an Indian chieftain, of ancient lineage and proud and haughty mien. His name was Muk-a-wan-i-go, which being interpreted from the Ojibway means the "Catcher-of-the-frog," or "Dweller-by-the-place-where-a-fellow-can-catch-frogs-easily." Muk-a-wa-gua means frog in Indian. This noble chieftain had a daughter, an Indian maiden, who, like all Indian maidens, was beautiful and good. In course of time she would fall heiress to all the frog preserves of her noble father. Hence her hand was sought far and wide among the young warriors of the Wis-cont-si. Her hand was not really any wider than any other maiden's hand, but proper description necessitates saying that it was sought far and wide.

Muk-a-wan-i-go, or Mukwanago, as brutal Saxon has curtailed the flowing Indian speech, loved his daughter, and gratified her every wish except when that gave him any trouble; but he was a man of stern and unyielding principle. He could not help this, on account of his lineage. His intellect was acute, and in natural ability and foresight he surpassed his tribe. When his eye fell upon the lovely sheet of water which, walled in by noble wooded bluffs, lay clear and sparkling in the natural amphitheater situated about two or three miles from the Indian village, he realized at once its magnificent fitness for legendary purposes. "If I am not mistaken, and I never am," said Mukwanago, "this place will eventually be a great summer resort, and the price of frogs will double. The water is clear, the climate healthful, and the fishing excellent. There is the necessary sulphur spring at the other side of the lake, and the usual iron spring not far from that, and there are no mosquitoes, not to speak of. They never trouble us. Really, it would seem that nature had lavished all her charms, or something of the kind. Indeed, so far as I am able to tell, and I know I am, we stand in need of only two things. We need a legend and a Lover's Leap."

Mukwanago pondered long and deeply, and at length called his daughter up to him.

"Pride-of-my-heart," said he—for sometimes he called her Pride-of-my-heart and sometimes Susan—"Pride-of-my-heart, we are shy a legend, and we've got to have it. This lake will never go until we have a name for it, and a Lover's Leap and a legend. Pride-of-my-heart, listen to your father. Haven't you got a lover or two lying around in the woods here?"

Pride-of-my-heart—or perhaps we may call her just Pride for short, the more especially because pride goes before a fall, and where there is a lover's leap there must be a fall of course—Pride reluctantly admitted that her father's surmises were correct.

"Then, daughter," said Mukwanago, "we are saved. I wish that you and your Sunday lover would please go up to the top of the bluff on the east side of the lake and leap off into the water. You might chant a song, or something or other, but I'll fix up the legend part. It'll be the making of the place."

"Pshaw, pa," said Pride. "Me jump off that place! You're only bluffing!"

"I'm not. I'm in dead earnest, so help me!" said Mukwanago, "and if you don't jump at sunset to-night you'll have to settle with your parent, now you hear me!"

"Very well," said Pride, firmly; "I don't jump, now you hear me. It's too blame rocky on that point, and more than one hundred feet above the water. You must be crazy."

"Then you refuse!" said Mukwanago, bitterly.

"I do, pa," said Pride. "If you want any legend you'll have to do the jumping yourself. As for me, I jump the camp to-night."

So Pride and her Sunday lover packed their canoe and went north, up into the Wolf River country, that night, and were never heard of any more. They crossed the lake to the outlet, went down the creek to the Fox River, and ascended that stream at about 10 o'clock in the evening. Mukwanago often pointed out to the older citizens of this country the place where the lovers jumped the camp, and even tried to evolve from the plain story of their boat ride down to the Fox a legend of a phantom Indian maiden and a phantom canoe. His efforts met with some success, and to-day the lake, which is really a beautiful one, is known as Phantom Lake, instead of Stockman Lake, as it is mapped, though certain skeptics say there never was any phantom about it, except a little cholera infantum on the west side, where the children of a camping party got into a watermelon patch.

I don't know just how it was that we came to camp on Phantom Lake. J. B. H. and myself first intended to spend a week exploring the wilds of the Kankakee River, but that stream being too high and muddy when the time came we determined to run the Fox River instead. Ordering our boat shipped by freight to Vernon, near the Fox, we learned, by accident, just before we started for Vernon, that the firm making the boat had sent it by express. The express company agreed to send it, billed it to Vernon and delivered it at the nearest express station, which happened to be at Mukwanago, about 12 miles from where we wished to go. Sent in the wrong way, to the wrong place, we found when we got to it that it was the wrong boat which had been sent. At least, it seemed to my older companion rather cramped for a river trip with full camp luggage. Already he had been charmed with glimpses of wide waters as we passed through the beautiful lake country of lower Wisconsin, and when we blundered in our search for a temporary camping ground upon the delightful spot overlooking this pleasant little lake he issued a fiat that we should go no further, should make no river trip, but should camp here for the week of perfect rest and leisure which he sought. Therefore up went our tent that night, directly upon the good eminence which might have been called the Lovers' Leap, and Phantom Lake has been our territory since then. A lovelier bit of country than that which lies in front of us it would be hard to find, and a quarter of a mile from camp we can catch all the bass we want. The stones hereabout are of the size convenient in making a fireplace, and out of a forgotten fence board, cut with an axe into four equal lengths, a fine table has been made, whose top can be cleaned admirably by turning over the loose boards after each meal. It would seem that nothing further could be desired in life.

Mukwanago village is not a bad point to strike for a trip of several days. The summer resort fever has not yet taken hold here as it has on the lower lakes of the

Fox River system, though the Phantom Lake Improvement Co. is trying to bud out into maturity. Phantom Lake is only two miles from the village by water, via the outlet, and the "mill pond." Below town, by the river which runs out of and forms the mill pond, it is only a mile and a half to Fox River, so that for a boating trip such as we proposed, this would be a good point from which to start. Crooked Lake, now known as Beulah Lake, Stuart Lake and other waters of this wonderfully prolific lake country, lie close about. The fishing in all these lakes would be good but for the ice fishing in winter, which is carried on to a simply abominable extent by market fishers and others all through Waukesha county. Phantom Lake is fished to death in this way. We can always go out and catch bass by casting bait, but the fish run very small. We have caught our best bass exploring the Mukwanago River, picking out the channel through the marsh back of the mill pond. The fish in these hidden and unknown waters are very large. Yesterday J. B. H. caught a bass which was the largest I ever personally saw taken. There is only one mounted specimen in Chicago which is larger. This fish made no worse fight than many others smaller, but was a veritable monster of a bass. We never had opportunity to weigh it, and could only guess it to run between six and eight pounds. We put it on a heavy manila stringer and it swam beside the boat for an hour and a half. Then we looked and found our big fish and all the others gone. The serrated rim of the old fellow's lower jaw had worn the stout cord in two and he had escaped. He was strung through the lower lip, and not through both lips, as he should have been. This calamity taught us what I had thought impossible, that the nearly toothless jaws of a bass have a very considerable cutting power. The manila cord was strong and nearly new.

Seven miles west of the village is Eagle Lake, out of which trickles the little rivulet called Mukwanago River. This stream crooks along through a pretty country, marsh and motte and wood, fed continually by big boiling springs, until two miles west of here, where the old mill dam was washed out thirty years ago, it runs about 10 ft. on the bends and is a magnificent bass stream. Its mouth is concealed among a hundred islands of grass and rushes at the upper end of the mill pond, and it took us hours of patient effort to worm it out. We were well repaid for the labor by the fishing we found. For any who might wish to fish here I would advise taking a boat by team around the head of the mill pond to the bridge by the schoolhouse, then floating down about two miles to the mill pond. The channel can be kept more easily in that way and thus the fisher can avoid the danger of being pocketed permanently in the fastnesses of the impenetrable swamp. If any future angler of that stream shall be fortunate enough to take a monster bass, a very king of the bass, let him examine well his mouth, and if his lower lip be slit he may therein see the proof of our prior occupancy of this stream, and will, I trust, return the fish to the elderly gentleman who caught, admired and lost him, and then generously forgave him for getting away, wishing him luck and a still longer life.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 25.—The very best of the fishing season seems to be over, though bass are still being taken. During the week's fishing at Phantom Lake, Wis., in camp with J. B. H., fishing only part of days and some days not at all, we took 54 bass, mostly to his rod, as I fished but little. Last Saturday three anglers fishing at the lake near Mukwanago, known indifferently as Potter's Lake, Crooked Lake or Beulah Lake, caught 17 fine bass, three running over 4 lbs. A 4 lbs. bass, weighed, is a larger fish than most think, and usually passes for a 6 lbs. fish. Crooked Lake is about two miles from Phantom Lake, the latter is a spring-fed lake. The bass we took were all big-mouths and those in the lake ran small, but they were very gamy. Repeatedly we thought we had hooked small-mouths. I should say they were about as gamy as small-mouths, more especially the smaller ones.

Last Sunday Mr. Mussey caught 15 small-mouth bass on Mak-saw-ba club grounds, all on the frog. Mr. J. P. Card caught 13. Mr. Mussey had three bass whose total weight was 10 lbs. For small-mouths this is very heavy. It seems singular that these small-mouth bass should be so plentiful in that part of the Kankakee. I do not believe there is any locality so near Chicago where one could expect 15 small-mouths to one rod in one day at this season, and to think of that makes me pretty uneasy.

Mr. Oscar Blomgren is back from a three weeks' trip with his family at Chicago Lake, forty miles east of St. Paul, Minn., and thinks he has found the ideal summer resort spot, where everything is cheap and the fishing good. Including Green Lake, these waters have 183 miles of shore line. Pickerel were plenty and bass at least numerous. The St. Croix River was only eight miles distant, and several trout streams were near, all leased, however. Mr. Blomgren leased a cottage at Center City, and here his family and friends, nine persons in all, lived at a total cost of \$18 a week! Fine cedar boat, clinkers, with spoon oars, rented at \$6 per month. Frogs and minnows were abundant. This must be the lost Atlantis bobbed up in Minnesota.

The Kankakee Association at its last meeting of the board of directors, audited and approved State Warden Buck's report and bills, covering his fishway work on the lower Kankakee, placed \$100 to credit of the committee on fishways, and \$300 for the committee on protection. Mr. Organ reported that Mak-saw-ba Club sent in \$50 as an unsolicited donation. The secretary wrote Mr. W. T. Dennis, Fish Commissioner of Indiana, at Richmond, of that State, stating that Mr. Nicholls of the Association's committee would call upon him for conference as to action along that portion of the Kankakee which lies in Indiana. The Nickel Plate Club, grounds between Mak-saw-ba and English Lake clubs, wrote the Kankakee Association, assuring early financial support. It would seem that everything is doing well along the Kankakee.

E. HOUGH.

MOISIE RIVER SALMON.—Bethlehem, Pa., July 25.—In your last issue I noticed a salmon-catch average. The next day after reading this I met Mr. R. L. Myers, of our place, who, with four other gentlemen, had just returned from their leased river, Moisie River, Quebec. The five rods killed 165 salmon, which weighed 3,748 lbs., and the average ran 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Largest fish 33 lbs. All caught from June 20 to July 8.—M. C. L.

SUSQUEHANNA FISHING NOTES.

BASS and "salmon" fishing opened favorably this season. During the first and second week in June some fine strings of fish were caught in this locality, and it began to look as if that "old plague," high water, had ended and the good old times were with us once more. Since the great flood, June 2, 1889, the Susquehanna has been subjected to sudden rises, which have followed one another so closely as to practically ruin the season's fishing as a whole; of course, occasionally, during the intervals of high water, some fortunate anglers have made good catches, but the majority have been disappointed. As the water was constantly getting lower the fishing continued to improve during the latter part of June. The water still being about 18 in. above low water mark, the majority of the bass taken were caught near the edges of the grass and few in deep water. The most successful method of taking fish at that stage of water was by still-fishing, it not being low and clear enough for trolling.

About July 1 heavy rains caused the water to rise and become roily, thus again seriously interfering with the fishing and practically ending it for about ten days, the catches made during this interval being small. By the 11th the water had fallen and cleared, and the fish began biting vigorously, good catches being reported each day since. A continuation of the fine weather we are now having will undoubtedly help to make the fishing the best that we have had for several years. Very few large bass have been taken this season; a large majority of those caught weigh about one pound and under. The old "mossbacks" seem to bite more readily in the latter part of the season and are taken most frequently by trolling.

The bright silver-finned minnow (*Noltronis megalops*), commonly known as the "shiner" or "silver fin," has been principally used this season, and is a killing bait in this locality.

This small fish is abundant during the early part of the season, and may easily be obtained with a dip-net in the small patches of grass in the shallow parts of the river and near the grass fringing the shores. During the latter part of the season this bait becomes scarce, and then the angler is obliged to make up the deficiency by using the lamprey eel, stone catfish, helgramite, etc. I have been told by an old fisherman that at times the common frog is preferred to all other baits. He says that on certain occasions, when everything else was favorable for good fishing, much difficulty was experienced in finding a bait suitable to the taste of the wily bass. After trying all the various kinds of bait to be had, in the extremity the frog was tried and found to be just the thing. The foregoing instance shows that fish, as well as persons, desire at certain times a change of diet, and this is a fact that is well worth remembering.

Among the catches made this season at various points in this locality I record the following:

June 3—Bernard Doyle, 4 wall-eyed pike, one weighing 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

June 3—David Davidson, of Harrisburg, Pa., at Collins Station, 40 wall-eyed pike, the largest weighing 9 lbs., the remainder ranging to 3 lbs. and under.

June 10—Master Harrison Hipple, a juvenile angler ten years of age, landed a bass weighing nearly 3 lbs. This fish was taken at Bainbridge, and was a fine one.

June 15—Master Will Kuntzelman, 2 pickerel measuring 16 and 17 in respectively.

From the 10th to the 20th Squire Bare caught 150 bass, an average of fifteen per day. On June 22, while the Squire was returning from across the river, he noticed a number of bass jumping and sporting about in the water near a small seining battery. Having neither tackle nor bait he went home and soon returned with his rod and a supply of bait. Then the fight began; in two hours time he landed twenty-two bass, the largest weighing about 2 lbs.

On June 24 Bernard Doyle took eleven bass, the largest weighing 1 lb.

June 27 Messrs. Fred Ebel and John Bracken, of Harrisburg, caught thirty-one bass, ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each.

July 1 Messrs. Melie Russ and Jerome Long, of Harrisburg, took in one day thirty-three bass, the largest weighing 3 lbs. The last two catches were made on the grounds of the Red House Gunning and Fishing Club, of Harrisburg, and the latter was the largest catch made in the vicinity of Harrisburg up to the above date.

July 1, Frank Doyle, twelve bass, Frank McNeil twelve fine bass, the smallest weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

July 6, Frank McNeil, eleven bass, running about the same in size as the above.

July 11, Squire Bare, nineteen bass, the largest weighing 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., Mr. McNeil thirteen bass.

The prospects for a good fishing season are very encouraging; the fish seem to be plentiful enough, and all we want is suitable weather in which to catch them.

Persons desiring information concerning the fishing at this locality can obtain it at any time by addressing either of the following parties: Frank Doyle, Frank McNeil, or J. T. Bare. These are reliable persons and will cheerfully furnish any information desired.

STEHRMAN.

BAINBRIDGE, Pa., July 13.

HANDY POCKET MAPS.—One of the first and most pressing needs of the traveler who goes into a region which is new to him is a good map, and no traveler requires this so much as a sportsman, because, whether he is a gunner or an angler, he carries on his pursuit alone, and usually at a distance from people of whom he can make inquiries. All general maps are, as a rule, too large to be of much use to the sportsman; they do not give the details which he is anxious to know. For this reason the county road maps, published by G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co., of this city, several of which are now before us, seem to especially commend themselves to our readers. They are drawn on a uniform scale of two miles to the inch, and are printed in colors; the roads in red, water courses and ponds and their names in blue, other geography and names—towns, villages, post offices, hotels, railroads, etc.—in black. The maps are finely executed, are accurate, are of a convenient size for the pocket, and cost only 50 cents each. They cannot fail to be useful to those who desire to acquaint themselves with the roads, streams, hotels, or fishing and shooting resorts in the regions which they cover. The maps which we have seen are those of Orange and Rockland, Sullivan and Ulster counties—at least two of which are great resorts for sportsmen, who will be glad to avail themselves of these handy and cheap maps.

ANGLING NOTES.

It is quite evident that the introduction of landlocked salmon to the Maine lakes is going to be a success, and of great value to the anglers who visit that region. Quite a number of these fish have been caught this season; the latest on record being taken by Dr. Chas. Carrington in Rangeley Lake. The doctor writes that his salmon made a grand fight, jumping several times clean out of the water and in every way showed more pluck than a speckled trout. It was killed on a fly known as the "yellow-moose" and was in excellent condition, weight 4lbs. 5oz.

About fifty of the guests of the Edgewood Park Hotel (St. Lawrence River) made up a fishing match the other day; twenty-five on a side led by a captain. The result was that a very large number of fish were killed in this silly contest. Such contests, whether for the killing of fish or game, should not be indulged in by sportsmen, in fact I may say no true angler or sportsman would take part in any such destructive work. The St. Lawrence Anglers' Association ought to use their influence to put a stop to the wholesale destruction of fish that takes place every season on that river, and if possible, get a law passed limiting the number of fish per day. It is the custom, and has been for many years, for the fishermen when they return in the evening to display their catches to an admiring crowd, and their names and number of victories are duly recorded in the local papers. They cannot possibly use these fish and many of them are wasted.

Dr. Howard, a well-known angler of this city, had a curious experience not long ago while fishing for trout in the Adirondacks. He was casting over a large pool one evening, using very delicate tackle and small flies, when he had a rise from a very large fish. He hooked him securely as he supposed, and the big trout made for deep water, where he sulked. The Doctor put a little pressure on the line, the fish gave two or three ugly jerks and back came the cast with a 6in. trout hooked through the tail and partly digested. The big one had swallowed his smaller brother and his tail must have been in the way of the fly into which hooked it when he struck the fish. I had a curious experience in Pennsylvania once somewhat similar to the above. I had enjoyed a good day's fishing and was coming down stream on my way home when I stopped to make a cast over a likely looking pool. My tail fly was taken by a fingerling, and I reeled him in slowly, hoping it would get off before I had to land it. Suddenly a large trout darted for the little chap. Caught him sideways; gave him a twist and swallowed him head first. Then he lay there perfectly still, fanning his big fins. As he started to swim off, I struck him smartly and hooked the rascal and saved him. He was an ugly lantern-jawed looking cannibal, very dark in color, and I have no doubt got into the habit of preying on little trout and had been a terror to the stream for a long time. Such fish will not take a fly and are very destructive.

A large-mouth bass weighing 9lbs. 15oz. two hours after being caught, is now being mounted at Sauter's. It was killed on a 6oz. greenheart rod in Greenwood Lake a few days ago. SCARLET-IBIS.

AMERICAN ANGLERS IN CANADA.

THE members of the Restigouche Salmon Club are reported as overflowing with indignation at the action of the Dominion government in netting the fish, for reproductive purposes, at the mouth of their river. It is claimed that these nets are so placed as to prevent most of the salmon from running up the river, and report has it that a very heavy action for damages will be entered by the club against Her Majesty the Queen as represented by the government of Canada.

Sport has been very poor, however, this year upon all the rivers flowing into the Baie des Chaleurs. Mr. Henry Hogan, of Montreal, failed to kill a single salmon in the St. Anne River this season, though he fished it for a good part of a week.

The members of the Penn Fishing Club are going out to their Metabetchouan preserve early in August.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse and Mr. Geo. B. Greenway returned by rail from Lake St. John on Thursday. These gentlemen spent nearly three weeks in the lake country, having not only enjoyed some excellent sport among the ouananiche at the Grande Discharge, but having been away up the Ouitchouaniche, several days' journey back from Roberval, to the height of land which forms the watershed between the feeders of the lake and La Croche, the headquarters of the St. Maurice. They speak of the trout in all the waters that they fished as having been very large and abundant.

Descriptions of the country north of Lake St. John from the pen of Mr. McCarthy have been accepted for publication in early numbers of *Outing*.

Some really marvellous sport with rod and line is reported from this country this week. Mr. E. J. Myers and Mr. Arnold W. Koehler, both of New York city, returned to the Hotel Roberval from their trip up the Peribonca on Sunday, after an absence of three weeks. The accounts given by them of their success in fishing up the river and in particular in Lake Tshotagama, read almost like fiction. Mr. Myers caught a pike weighing 47lbs. It was 52in. long and 17in. in girth. Its mouth was 11in. wide and its tail 9in. broad. Mr. Koehler caught two ouananiche of 8lbs. each. They measured 27in. long. Mr. Myers brought with him the skin of an 8lb. trout caught in the lake. He mentions as a specimen of the fishing at the lake, catching three ouananiche weighing 21lbs., three trout weighing 17lbs., and two pike weighing 23lbs., all in an hour and a half. Upon the river these gentlemen speak of the wonderful leaps of the ouananiche at First Chute, Frazier's Falls and other rapids and chutes.

Mr. Koehler has returned home to New York, but Mr. Myers has started off on another ten days' trip up the Ashuapmouchouan and down the Mistassini River.

Mr. Hurlburt of New York and Dr. Smith of Brooklyn passed through here to-day on their way to the lake, and intend to ascend the Peribonca as far as they can go in two weeks.

An Upper Canada journalist, Mr. Young, editor of the *Cornwall Freeholder*, killed no less than 26 ouananiche on Tuesday last at the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John. An American gentleman killed 23 on the previous day.

Recent rains have done much to improve the fishing at the Discharge, for during the first fortnight of this month the water was so clear sport fell off considerably.

QUEBEC, July 25.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

BLUEFISH AT PERTH AMBOY.

NEW YORK, July 20.—One day last week I met two old followers of Izaak Walton, Mr. Wm. Pitman and Mr. Wm. Barnett, who have a most enviable reputation in their neighborhood of catching fish when others cannot; and receiving an invitation to go with them on one of their trips, and with an understanding that they would show me how to catch them and would give me an occasional "show," I accepted the invitation. We started on the 5:50 A. M. train, N. J. C. R. R., ticketed to Perth Amboy. John Davison, our boatman, met us on arrival of train, and soon had us on board his skiff and on the fishing grounds ready for fishing. I very quickly learned the way my instructors rigged their tackle, baited hooks with shedder crabs, and cast. The casting part I am no stranger to, as they soon found out. I was watching every move on their part for a new wrinkle, and with our lines overboard we were wondering what would be our luck. Would it be the old story? Boys, you know what I mean. Weakfish were what we were fishing for. In a very short time I had a bite, and what a bite it was. I commenced to reel in, and when I got the fish near the boat he objected to being landed without a fight; and as my experience in fishing has been that when fishing with light tackle for heavy fish you had better not attempt to be too much in a hurry, I gave him the line, and when I thought he had enough of that kind of business commenced to reel him in, and again got the fish near the boat. I was lifting him in when my snell parted. Well, I lost the fish, and got a cold blast of "I told you so" and "That was no way to haul in bluefish." The proper way to do was, I must keep reeling in until I got the fish near the boat, and with a one great, grand effort—yank him in regardless of tackle or anything else.

I accepted the advice, put on my leader a genuine bluefish hook, cast again and got another bite. I commenced reeling in just the same as I did the last fish, got him near the boat, he objected just the same as the one I lost. I gave him the line when he wanted it and took it when I wanted it. Oh, what a grand time I was having! Talk about game and sport! I was just happy fishing in my old-time glory, giving and taking. Finally I was told to take him in, and I did so. "That is the way to do it," came in chorus from three of a kind. They forgot about the giving and taking, and I was just as well satisfied. Every one to their own taste.

The fish finally stopped biting, and for an excuse, I suppose, our boatman said sharks were around. We counted our fish. Novice had 16, Mr. Pitman and Mr. Barnett together had 34. This closed a day of grand sport to me, and I write to my brother sportsmen telling them all I know, and trusting if they go to Amboy they will have the same good luck catching bluefish with rod and reel as I did. I would like to ask a question. Can a fisherman drown a bluefish? Salt-water fishermen tell me you cannot. H. C. W.

OUR BOATS.

Dear Forest and Stream:

I wish somebody would invent a boat that would answer all the requirements of our fishing camp. At present, to serve all our purposes, we have only one large log driver's boat, 30ft. long by 5ft. wide, and that weighs a ton; a punt 12ft. by 3ft., one bark canoe that will carry six persons and baggage, one ditto to carry three and at a pinch four, a wooden dugout not fit to carry anybody, but immensely useful, and a cedar skiff that two careful persons can keep right side up by giving close attention. All I require is a boat that will carry eighteen or twenty persons and go ahead under sail 2ft. for every one that she falls off to leeward, instead of *vice versa*, as the barge does, handy for a nice little *partie carrée* besides the two boatmen, like the large canoe, light to paddle like the smaller one, that can be hauled over no end of sharp rocks without damage like the dugout, perfectly safe for children to fool round with like the punt, and light enough to be carried over long portages like the skiff.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, of anybody who makes a craft combining all these qualities? I have looked all through the FOREST AND STREAM in vain for an advertisement of it. I want to buy one.

Each of the boats has some peculiarity that I would dispense with if necessary, especially if we leave her where she bumps against the rocks for a day or two. The large canoe objects to being paddled in less than four or five inches of water, and the small one has seen such varied experiences that her bow is twisted one way and her stern the other, while her bottom is corrugated with ribs and protuberances without number. When the wind blows a bit one man alone in her has a good many calculations to make before he can be certain where he will arrive.

I don't know that I have anything to say against the punt. She does sit a little low in the water, and when the lake is very rough people get splashed, but that is not of much consequence. Neither can I complain much about the dugout. Maybe she is a wee bit cranky, so that it is prudent, if one would be perfectly comfortable in paddling her, to kneel down in the bottom, which, however, usually has two or three inches of water on it, for she is never bailed out except with a paddle. Otherwise she does very well. She isn't handsome, not the least little mite in the world, and we don't use her when we are in a hurry to get anywhere, for she isn't naturally a fast traveler. I have no objections to the skiff either, except the propensity she has to tip over and the possibility that, being made so light, we may sometime put our feet through the bottom and get left in the wet. So I want a boat that will combine all the good qualities of all these and have none of the objectionable ones. If you cannot tell me, Mr. Editor, where to find it I shall despair of ever getting one.

Meanwhile we must get on the best we can, which perhaps is not so very badly after all. If everybody wants to go cruising at once they pile into the barge, which is big enough to take the whole lot. If there are only four or five or six they go in the punt. The small canoe answers for women and boys who want to amuse themselves along the shore, for since a tree fell on her when she was hibernating in the woods one winter and

crushed her down to about four inches in height she has never entirely recovered her original shape and is nearly as flat-bottomed as the punt. I am afraid that her rheumatism will be so bad that she will have to be retired emeritus. I shall be sorry, for she has been my companion a long time and never attempted to part company with me but once. It was all her fault, the little disagreement we had on that occasion. I wanted her to go in the middle of the stream, but she took a notion to go under some alder bushes where the current was stronger, although there was not room for both of us. The consequence was that I didn't go; and when I picked her up further down the river she looked as if she wished she hadn't gone either. I wasn't much acquainted with her in those days, but after I learned more of her disposition we got along very well together. G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC.

COLORADO TROUT.—Berthoud, Col., July 20.—I returned a few days ago from my annual trout fishing trip in the Big Thompson cañon. Frank Rhodes, Will Chapman, my son Frank and myself broke loose from our work on the ranch, and took to the hills for a few days' sport with the trout, and to spend the glorious Fourth in the shady dells of the grand old Rockies. We went into camp in a beautiful grove on the banks of the Big Thompson on the evening of July 2, and while Rhodes and Will pitched the tent and made camp comfortable, Frank and I joined our rods and made a short trip up the roaring Thompson for trout for supper. Our success was very good, as we returned in a short time with twenty-five nice fish, which made the party a fine mess for supper and breakfast. We remained in camp here until the afternoon of the 5th, having grand sport, catching enough trout to keep the camp well supplied, and a nice mess to bring home where we put them on ice in the ice house, keeping nice and fresh until used up. The trout caught on this trip were the nicest I ever caught in the Thompson, most all of them measuring 8 to 12in. in length, a great many of them being 11 and 12in. On the second evening as Frank and I were returning to camp, Frank came near stepping on a large rattlesnake; he soon spoiled the head of the snake and pulled off the eight rattles. We saw considerable game signs while on our trip. A number of other parties from Berthoud and vicinity have been up fishing at different points with moderate success. —A. A. K.

ONEIDA LAKE FISHING.—Syracuse, N. Y.—Inclosed herein is a clipping from one of our city papers. This shows what protection is doing. I myself caught 54 pike and 6 perch in three and one-half hours. Others have the same results when fishing on Oneida Lake.—HENRY LOFTIE. Report reads: A stranger in town might have taken the Amos Hotel for Fulton Market last night. On three tables, extending from one end of a room to the other, were spread 159 pike, 17 perch and 1 pickerel. This display of fish represented the largest one-day's catch that has been made in this vicinity in many a day. A party consisting of ex-Police Commissioner Nicholas Laterner, Henry C. Peters, Gus Bloom, Wm. L. Baumer, Peter Pfohl and Adolph Keller were the fishermen, and the fishing was done in Oneida Lake. The party trolled from 10 A. M. until 5:30 P. M. yesterday. The largest fish, a pike weighing 5lbs., was caught by Mr. Laterner. The oarsmen were Elisha A. Smith, Nelson Smith and Hiram Carter, who are connected with the hotel at South Bay. Three boats were used.

ST. LOUIS, July 25.—A party of fishermen recently returned from a trip to the Gasconade River report good success and a fine catch of croppies and bass, the latter averaging 13lbs. Joe Gettes, just returned from Lake Minnetonka, shows a photograph of 103 fish, bass and croppies, caught by himself and partner in three hours' fishing just before a storm. It was the largest string caught on the lake up to date. Jake Shriner spent three days at King's Lake last week and caught twelve small fish. David Hailman tried his skill at Gilead Slough and reports nothing but gar pike. In upper Creve Coeur Lake the bass and croppies have been biting freely the past week.—ABERDEEN.

BLUEFISH are in great supply in the Great South Bay, Long Island. One boat last Saturday took sixty-three to three lines in a half day's fishing. The luck was good among all the boats that day.

Fishculture.

CALIFORNIA SALMON IN EUROPE.*

CHAMBERLAIN VON DEM BORNE, after giving a brief sketch of the salmon and the meagre returns from the efforts to acclimate it in various countries, presents the following record of failures in the attempts to introduce it into France and Germany:

In Europe also the result is small. It was possible to keep the fish alive several years at Radolfzell, Hünningen, Starnberg and Pöls Castle, and at Hünningen about 1,000 eggs and at Radolfzell 20,000 eggs were fertilized, but after three or four years the California salmon died out. In a lake at Obragörz in 1883 a 5lbs. salmon was taken, which Herr von Kalkreuth had bought three years previously at the International Fishery Exposition at Berlin from Chief Burgomaster Schuster. The California salmon hatched out in the hatchery of the Schleswig-Holstein Fishery Association in 1879 were planted in ponds and in small brooks tributary to the Eider River. From the ponds 200 fish of about ½lb. each were deposited in the Wehran, which flows into the Eider. The fish were very vigorous and active. There is no information up to this time that a fish of this kind has been taken in the Eider.

A more satisfactory result was expected in the great aquarium of the Trocadéro in Paris. From 1,000 eggs which the National Acclimatization Society delivered in 1878 were obtained; in 1886, fish of 4 to 5lbs., which yielded 80,000 eggs. From a letter of M. Raveret-Wattel we learned that the embryos from the Aquarium were deposited in various rivers of France, but as it seems without apparent result. From the river Aude only, which rises in the Pyrenees and empties into the Mediterranean, it is reported that a small California salmon was captured at its mouth.

In a small pond at Reims, California salmon have been kept seven to eight years, but they have yielded no eggs.

* Extract from "Sechs Amerikanische Salmoniden in Europa für den Internationalen Land- und Forstwirtschaftlichen Kongress zu Wien im Jahre 1890 bearbeitet." Von Max von dem Borne. Bernuchen, Neudamm, 1890.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.
1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

AMERICAN KENNELS.—III.

SWISS MOUNTAIN KENNELS.

A JOURNEY from New York to the City of Brotherly Love is far from an unpleasant experience, and especially if it travel over the smooth road bed and in the comfortable cars of the Pennsylvania road. The powerful engine whirled you through pastoral scenes of beauty, where in these warm July days the ripening ears of rye and golden wheat are bending in billowy waves to the breeze, and the farmer's two-horse scythe may be seen cutting wide swathes through fields of timothy and clover. The ninety miles which separate Gotham from Quakerdom seem a mere cauter, and the brakeman's cry of "Broad street" arouses you from the reverie that the quiet scenes through which you have passed are apt to inveigle you into. It is a gentle awakening though, for somehow the quietness of the Quaker City seems to have a soothing effect, and not until you reach the North River on your journey home do you begin to experience again that feeling of unrest that seems to pervade everybody and everything in this cosmopolitan city of ours. However, when I say that I retained this placid feeling all the time, I am hardly adhering to the strict lines of truth, as on my arrival at Philadelphia I jumped into the wrong train, for in utter ignorance of Philadelphia suburbs I fondly imagined one road as good as another as long they both went to Germantown. I found out my mistake when I learned that Walnut Lane from a Pennsylvania railroad point of view is widely different, on a hot day, from that of the Philadelphia & Reading road—about half an hour's good walk. But I did not begrudge it, as it gave me an opportunity to view some of the finest villa residences that even this neighborhood of handsome homes can boast.

All the time I kept one eye open for a stray St. Bernard or two, for by them I expected to get my bearings as to my ultimate destination, the residence of Mrs. Smyth, and the Swiss Mountain Kennels. However, a friendly dicker with a passing Jehu soon resulted in my being seated on the pretty porch of Mrs. Smyth's home after a pleasant welcome. Such a pretty old place it is, too, old, as houses go now-a-days, for on one part of the house can be found a stone which tells that it was placed in position in 1793, though the comforts and requirements of a handsome dwelling of the year 1891 are to be seen within and without. This is just such a cosy retreat as one would wish to return to after a business day in the city. Around the house are paddocks and orchards comprising about seven acres, covered with ample shade and where almost any number of dogs could feel happy and contented. Before we looked at the kennels the order was given to the kennelman to give the dogs a run in the paddock in front of the house, and as we sat on the porch we had ample opportunity to note the health and activity of these big dogs as they gambled like terriers from one end of the field to the other.

They were soon sent back and we turned to the sultan of the barem—King Regent. Although his pedigree and description appeared as a matter of news in FOREST AND STREAM on his arrival from England recently, I may as well make my story complete by mentioning that he is a son of a noted sire, Prince Regent, out of Duchess of Kent. As his picture on this page shows, he is a handsomely marked dog, with an excellent skull, massive bone, great depth of chest and good length of body. Had he had proper care in his puppyhood he would certainly have made his mark in the records of St. Bernarddom, as it is he will be cherished for the good blood that runs in his veins, the excellent disposition that he shows and the careful training he has had, for he is without doubt one of the best mannered and easily controlled dogs I ever saw of the breed. He stands 33in. high and weighs 184lbs. I may here remark that Mrs. Smyth, the owner of the kennel, though a woman, has a full appreciation of authority and discipline, and allows no unruly behavior on the part of the inmates of the kennel. They acknowledge her as mistress voluntarily after a short acquaintance, and an interesting sight is when she walks along the lanes with half a dozen of these large dogs trooping behind her, not one being allowed to range at will. After taking a couple of shots at King Regent with the "Hawkeye" for future reference, the man is instructed to bring out the ladies of the kennel in turn, reminding us very forcibly of the story of the English lord who was asked at a garden party if he would be introduced to a certain young lady. He answered, "Oh, yes! Don't mind; trot her out." Fortunately the lady overheard the remark, and when Milord was introduced to her, remarked

as she scanned him from head to foot, "Ah! Trot him back again."

First to come bounding out was Harmony, who in every-day life is called Lassie. She is an excellently formed bitch, roomy and showing lots of bone, her limbs are well formed, and though out of coat her coloring is rich; a bit long in head perhaps, but she is young yet, only 13 months old, and it will look shorter as the muzzle deepens, head markings and collar are all *au fait*, though the blaze is a trifle broad. She is by Alton out of Duchess of Roseberry, and was imported a couple of months since from Mr. Sidney W. Smith's kennel. She stands exactly 32½ in., and weighs about 150lbs. at present in summer condition. Harmony, belying her name, is the black sheep of the flock, for in the exuberance of youth she is apt to create discord when at exercise, especially with Lady Castlereagh, till brought to her senses with the whip.

The next one was Sunray, her litter sister, who usually answers to the call of Maggie. I like her head better, a trifle shorter and deeper in muzzle, she is also well off for bone and height, a very roomy, broad-hipped bitch, and better if anything in markings than her sister. Though hardly so tall as Harmony, she weighed 158lbs. at one year old, in nice, healthy condition.

After looking her over thoroughly and arguing the pros and cons of her future about which Mrs. Smyth is very sanguine, Florette was turned out for inspection. This is a bitch of excellent breeding, as she is by Alton out of Florian, a full sister of Prince Regent. She was whelped June 30, 1890, and though not so large as the other two, she is shorter and deeper in head. She has lots of bone too, has a nice roomy body and is a promising bitch all around. She was to visit King Regent and was consequently in retirement at the cottage, of which more anon.

Then came another nice one, Lady Castlereagh, also imported recently. In fact, all these have come either from Mr. Sidney Smith's or Mr. Shillcock's kennels. Lady Castlereagh is by Puritan out of Ravine, is now 4 yrs. old, weighs 110lbs. and stands about 30in. She shows a dash of nice quality, is well marked and active enough. She was imported as in whelp to Lord Bute, but like many others who are sent over that way she failed to have pups.

The heat of the sun and the pangs of hunger now made an adjournment to the cool dining room and an appetizing lunch an agreeable interlude. This pleasant duty ended, the kennels next claimed our attention. These are all arranged at the back of the house, and while not in any way elaborate, they answer just the same purpose, for they are dry, light and clean, three essential points in a well-conducted kennel that no amount of fancy trimmings can take the place of. The first kennel is a neat-looking frame building in four compartments, with wire divisions reaching

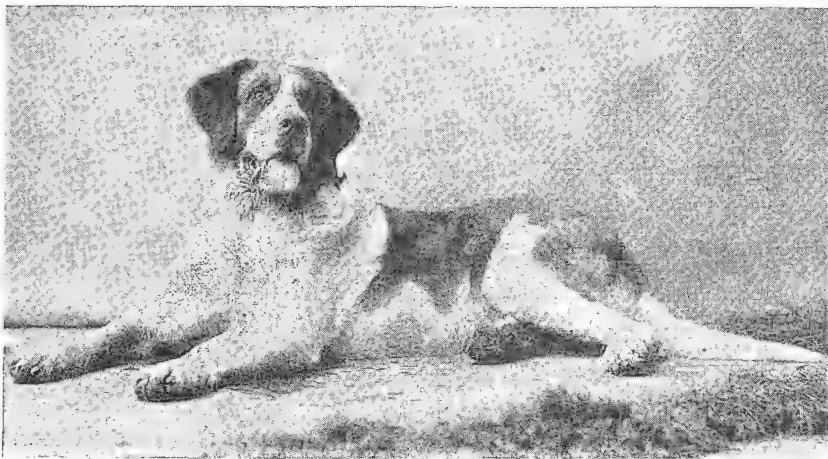
long and 3ft. deep, into which fresh water is continually running, forming at once an ideal place for dogs, for when the weather is wet and the cottage not in use, the doors are thrown open and the dogs allowed the range of the cottage and orchard. I was loath to leave this cool retreat, and carried a memento away in the "Hawkeye" of Mrs. Smyth and a group of her dogs surrounding her.

Coming down to the garden again we passed a whitewashed stone outhouse, a most cool retreat, where Blush was secluded suckling, five week-old pups, by Archduke. Blush is a peculiarly colored bitch, but has a nice blaze and collar. She is a half sister to Hecla, but they have the failing of a good many human relations, they are deadly enemies and are necessarily kept far apart. Round the house and into the house, the only privileged pets of the family, ran Snowball and Chip K., black cocker spaniels. The former was whelped Aug. 30, 1888, and is by Dandy out of Chip K. He has won several prizes. Chip K. is by Obo II. out of Black Bess III., and consequently well bred. She was whelped February, 1884. The other two cockers of the kennel are better show spaniels and are at present boarding at the Chestnut Hill Kennels under the care of Mr. Jarrett. One is Eva May, by Jersey out of Ruby Cricket, a nicely made little bitch, and another nice one is Sunol, by Obo II. Her dam's name I failed to catch.

After a short rest Mrs. Smyth touched the button and a comfortable turnout appeared, in which we drove over to Chestnut Hill, a distance of about three miles, to see friend Jarrett and the harriers, but of these I shall speak another time. The scenery around this part of the country is extremely pretty, and at times may be termed grand, especially the view down the White Marsh Valley, where the Pennbrook harriers are expected to have many exciting runs before snow flies. A pleasant hour was spent strolling through the elegant kennels at Chestnut Hill, and taking a few snap shots at the barriers at the farm above, and then a drive back to the Swiss Mountain Kennels was not the least pleasurable part of the day's enjoyment. Of course I had to look at the Alderneys in the other paddocks, and the horses and the pony that was the result of a "swap" between Mrs. Smyth and Jarrett. After a pleasant dinner, at which I met Mrs. Meeham, Mr. Smyth and General Huidekoper, a lover of dogs too, and whose brother is quite a breeder of dogs in Ohio, we adjourned to the piazza and talked St. Bernard till we could almost fancy we heard the ring of the cloister bells. Then Mr. Jarrett dropped in, and Mr. James Watson's advent about 9 o'clock was the signal for a renewal, for every one knows J. W. can talk dog with any one, and it is through his judicious selection and mentorship Mrs. Smyth has succeeded in getting together a kennel that, judging from the lines of good producing blood, ought to be able to show in future years some excellent stock, for they will have every advantage necessary in proper rearing and exercise.

Mr. Smyth's cigars and the pleasant company I found myself in made the time pass all too quickly, and another day was commencing its round when we lit our candles and trooped off to bed tired out. Next morning we all drove over to the Seminole Kennels, but, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "that's another story"—and nothing remained now but to catch the train and tender my thanks to Mrs. Smyth for her kind hospitality and the pleasant trip the visit to her kennels had afforded.

H. W. L.



ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD KING REGENT.

Owned by the Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa.

to the ceiling and boarded half way up. In this house King Regent, Harmony, Sunray and Florette, the aristocrats of the kennel, make their home, each compartment being about 10x12. Two large, well-shaded yards, about 30x30ft., afford them ample space to roll round in. To the left of this building, across the pathway, are two large yards, fenced with wire, in which are two kennel houses where puppies are raised. These were unoccupied. Crossing the lawn again, and at the other side of the large kennel and yards, we came to another kennel and cooking outhouse. The latter is quite an elaborate kitchen, and is kept as neat and clean as the most scrupulous housewife could desire, and judging from the appearance of the dogs it is made good use of, too, for they all showed signs of competent care.

Passing on into the kennel, in one compartment we found Hecla, the pet of the family, and, as is generally the case, loved for her winning ways rather than for her good looks, for as a St. Bernard she is a failure as far as markings go, but she can breed some prettily marked stock nevertheless. One peculiarity she possesses, or rather does not possess, and that is teeth; they look as if they had started to grow and then stopped short as soon as they broke cover. As Mrs. Smyth has owned Hecla since she was seven weeks old there is no deception in the matter. I mention this particularly as I never saw a similar case before. At the time I saw her she was nursing four nicely marked pups by Archduke, the dog that Mrs. Smyth sold recently.

In another compartment Lady Castlereagh took things easy, her I have already described. Opening the next door we saw Dart, by Duke of Wellington out of Tiptop, a nice bitch and mother of the three two-months-old pups that we had noticed running about, and that were very nicely marked and of good size; these were by Archduke, too. Dart is of excellent color, dark tawny, with collar and slight blaze, and stands 31in. high.

"Now, I want to show you my orchard, and tell me if you don't think it is the finest place in the world for big dogs." So we walked up the path past the aristocrats' kennels and another range of what will be nice kennels very soon, they having been used as poultry pens heretofore, but Mrs. Smyth having found that it is a choice of one or the other, decided in favor of her four-legged pets. The compartments are about 9x12, opening into nice wire-inclosed runs. Leaving them, we came to the orchard gate, by the side of which stands a neat little four-room cottage that would make a capital fancy kennel with very little expenditure. The windows are barred, and this is used as a safe retreat for the matrons in season. Passing through the gate into the orchard I thought to myself what lucky dogs, even on such a hot July day as this to have so cool a retreat. Crowded with fruit trees over its full two acres, the dogs can be turned in here for a romp any time, and when tired and thirsty they will find by the gate a large tank, about 8ft.

HOW IS THIS?—Toronto, Ont. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some amusement is created here by a paragraph in last week's FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that Mr. "Amazement" Bell, i. e., George Bell, of the Walker House here, who owns some fairly good cocker spaniels, claims that he owned White Wings, the finest greyhound bitch ever bred on this continent. I give below what I had to say about the matter of her being poisoned in to-day's GLOBE, and if you look into the Empire of to-day you will see how sarcastically they take the quotation from you. Let me premise that Mr. Bell was employed by Mr. Ireson last year to assist in attending to his dogs at the various kennel club shows at which he exhibited them. The dam of White Wings, Madge Wildfire, was imported from Scotland by Mr. John Gilmour for Mr. Ireson. White Wings was by Magician, he by Memnon. Madge Wildfire by Border Reeve. Jolly Ranger beat Gem of the Season last year at Cleveland, and took first in his class here last fall. White Wings was only shown once, and that was at the Kennel Club show here last fall, when she won first over twenty competitors. As I am an old journal ist I am not afraid to sign my own name to all I write for the press.—J. MACKELCAN. Extract from Toronto GLOBE: "Mr. C. E. Ireson, of this city, has lost his fine greyhound White Wings by poisoning. Examination showed that some scoundrel had administered a large dose of strychnine. White Wings and Jolly Ranger had run 40yds. at Woodbine on Dominion Day in 25½ sec. and 25½ sec., beating Why Not's record of last March. Mr. Ireson still has two full brothers of White Wings in Jolly Ranger and Good Friday, but he feels his loss greatly, and offers \$50 reward for the conviction of the poisoner." [It was just the other way about, and the Cleveland show was held in April last. At Toronto last fall, Scavenger was first, Jolly Ranger second. Second Sight won at Toronto last fall in a class of six. The Toronto Kennel Club Members' show was held in May, 1891, where Jolly Ranger and White Wings won in their respective classes. We had no reason to doubt Mr. Bell's word when he sent us the news of his bitch White Wings' death, and so chronicled it.]

A GOOD FOX-TERRIER LOST.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My fox-terrier dog Warren Tripper strayed from Elm Park, Staten Island, on Saturday, July 11, and was seen the following Monday running with some dogs at Port Richmond. He had won third, novice, New York, and first, puppy, at Washington this year, when but 10 months old, and the only times shown. The following is his description: Tan markings (uneven) on each side of head, white body, through which on careful examination some tan could be seen, nice small, well-shaped ears, very straight, narrow front, abundant coat, tail cut a bit long for the breed, and answered to name of Trip. Had the habit of grinning and showing his teeth when called. Should any of your readers meet with a terrier of this description they would confer a great favor by communicating with C. L. WILTON (44 S. Washington Square, New York city).

A comical sketch appears in Judge (Buckshot and old Luke, two dogs in one corner of a yard are pointing to another active looking East side pup with an abnormal head). Buckshot (paying a visit)—"Who's that?" Old Luke—"That's one of Mulford's pups. He flushed his first woodcock yesterday and hasn't got his head contracted yet."

DOG CHAT.

SATURDAY is a sort of an off day with us, but if we are going to miss our friends in this way we shall have to stick to the desk. Messrs. S. L. Boggs and Joe Lewis called at this office on their arrival in New York, and if only to get a few nibs of news we should like to have welcomed them home again. Mr. Boggs, however, left us full particulars of the purchases he made, and which have now once more made his kennel a strong one, and one that from all accounts will hold its own in the field this fall. We will give his letter in full:

"Mr. Joe Lewis and myself arrived in New York, Saturday, July 25, on the S.S. Normanna, from Southampton, after a pleasant voyage and a short stay in England. We brought a few dogs with us, among them five English setters, four of which are from Mr. R. W. Purcell Llewellyn's kennel, viz.: Viscount, by Moss—Nora III.; Moss is by Count Wind'em (E. 1,169)—Novel (E. 7,219); Nora III. is by Dashing Bondhu (E. 10,136)—Nora II., she is by Count Wind'em—Nora I. (E. 7,173). Color, black, white and tan, head evenly marked, with black ears and tan shadings, white blaze up the center of forehead, and a few tan ticks on muzzle and legs, black spot on loin and at root of tail, and a few ticks on body. Date of birth, Sept. 15, 1889. He is a large, racy, upstanding dog, with good head, neck, legs, shoulders and feet, with a superb body built on the right lines to go and stand plenty of work in the field, with a fast, merry, slashing gait. He was worked all last season on the moors in Scotland, and Mr. Llewellyn considers him one of the best young dogs that he ever bred; he was the dog of all dogs that I saw while in England that pleased me most, so brought him home for a stock dog. I think he is just what is wanted in America to breed from, now that Count Noble is dead. Victress, litter sister to Viscount, is a large, racy, upstanding bitch, with plenty of quality, bone and substance, and is well formed. In color she is black and white, black ears, white blaze up forehead, body ticked. Nora III., dam of Viscount and Victress, by Dashing Bondhu (E. 10,136)—Nora II., she is by Count Wind'em (E. 8,169)—Nora I. (E. 7,173). Color, lemon and white, evenly marked. Whelped June 2, 1887. She is in whelp to Moss, by Count Wind'em (E. 8,169)—Novel (E. 7,219). Moll Llewellyn, sister to Nora III., is quite a nice, large, handy bitch, showing much quality, bone and substance. Color, lemon and white, evenly marked. She is in whelp to Mr. Llewellyn's Jet, a large, handsome, black and white dog, showing much quality, and a rare good one; he is by Moss—Blossom. This bitch is by Duke—Placid, Duke is by Dash II.—Riffo, by Dan—Ruby; Placid is by Duke—Phantom. These four dogs are all thoroughly broken, are grand field dogs, and were purchased from Mr. Llewellyn only after much trouble; for he was loath to part with them, as he has about given up breeding and now only breeds on an average one bitch a year, consequently his kennel has decreased in numbers and is now very small, containing chiefly old dogs with very few young ones. It is very difficult to obtain any of his blood, so I consider myself very fortunate in obtaining what I did, and trust that these dogs may do some good for the breed here. Another English setter in the lot is Nia, purchased from Mr. Joseph Taylor. She is quite a handsome black, white and tan bitch of the right sort, by Blue Peter II.—Dora, whelped Feb. 8, 1886. Her winnings are: Firsts, Mardie, Morsley, Great Harwood, Clitheroe, Todmorden, and special Oldham, Stackstead, and second, Haslingden in 1890, and in 1891 first Darwin, second London (Cruffs), first and cup Poulton-le-Fyde, second Thorne, first Bristol, third Boston, first Winterton, third Bradford, second Belper, and third Wakefield.

"I must apologize right here for having an Irish setter in the lot; but when I saw the Rev. Robt. O'Callaghan's kennel I just thought I would like to try one of his dogs and see how I got on with him. So, after looking them all over carefully, I selected Finglas (E. 28,950), by champion Fingal III. (E. 24,600)—champion Aveline (E. 18,469), a noted field trial winner also; color dark red; whelped April 13, 1890. He is a very handsome, large, upstanding dog of the right sort, with lots of quality, and one that will stand some beating. In speaking of him, the reverend gentleman stated that he was the best dog that he ever sold to go to America. He is a litter brother to Coleraine, winner of Puppy Stakes at Newport, 1891, and Kennel Club Derby, and third, All-Aged Stake, 1891, when only twelve months old. The Rev. O'Callaghan considers him equally as good as his sister and had him entered in the same stake, but he could not start him, owing to his having a severe case of distemper; this dog will be heard from. All the setters will be run in the field trials and shown at the shows, while the fox-terriers that I purchased from Mr. Edwin Powell will also be shown. They are: Diver III., by Dugdale Jack out of Sarree II., weight 16lbs., markings black and tan on head and white body. Whelped Oct. 24, 1871. Breeder, Mr. J. Edwards. He has won first and second, West Bromwich, second, Abergavenny; second, Shrewsbury, 1885; first, Liverpool, second, Hanley, first, Royal Aquarium, London, first and two cups, Sheffield, second, Birmingham, first and cup, Wems, first, Ryde, third, Stockton, second, York, first, West Bromwich, first, Newtown, first, Shrewsbury, second, Darlington, 1886; first, Ebbw Vale, first, Halifax, first, Newport, first, Market Drayton, first, Bangor, and special, Shrewsbury, 1887; third Pontypridd; first, Oswestry, second, Shrewsbury, 1888; third, Bridgnorth, first, Welshpool, third, Carnock Chase, first, Shrewsbury, 1889; first, Newtown, and first, Newport, 1890. Diver III. is the sire of Rowton Ransom, winner of three first prizes, and many other winners. Rowton Safety, by Stipendiary out of Hatfield Pansy. Whelped Oct. 27, 1890. Color, black head and white body. Breeder, Mr. Rowland Green. Winnings: First in novice and second in puppy at Darwin, 1891. Rowton Flirt, color white with black and tan markings, whelped, August, 1890, by Rowton Darkie out of Desirée. These dogs, with champion Paul Gladstone and the balance of the Mount Washington Kennels' dogs, will, I think, give me quite a strong kennel."

S. L. BOGGS.

In writing of the Peterborough hound show held recently in England, "Peto," in *Canine World*, who is a great lover of hounds and hunting, makes mention of two hounds. He says: "I cannot help but mention here two hounds, one exhibited by Tom Whitmore—the Oakley Dancer, and the other Hermit, from the Warwickshire. One can hardly tire looking at either of these hounds. When I saw Hermit I thought I saw absolute perfection. He has legs and feet (unless you have good legs and feet you may throw aside every other property; they form the very basis of a hound, and must come first in the opinion of breeders) as if made to order, and upon them a body deep in girth, of beautiful outline, powerful, yet graceful. He is a good one to follow, and his neck and shoulders it would be a positive sin to ever forget, for one may never have an opportunity of gazing upon such perfection again. Not less admirable is the charming expression of this hound. I think he has got the most honest, most intelligent, most dare-devil look I ever saw in any other animal of any description. How came Oakley Dancer to beat him, then? I am loath to pick a fault in Hermit, but he has one. So attractive is the hound, and he takes hold of you so suddenly, that you fail to discern even so much as a suspicion of a fault in him. It was some time before I could believe him to be wanting in that very important place—just where the ribs end; between there and his hips Hermit is slack, not much, but it is just sufficient to make a fault; but for that one point the stylish and elegant hound Dancer could not have beaten him. Dancer has a splendidly-built frame, and that he did beat Hermit

says more for him than any words of mine can, though even in Dancer we must needs have a fault, and his is in the neck; it is barely long enough." It is rather curious that after reading this and making a note of it for future reference we should receive a letter from Mr. H. C. Lowe, the noted greyhound breeder of Lawrence, Kan., in which he says: "You know how strongly I advocate a greyhound being well ribbed up, and how very much you admired my greyhounds at the Chicago bench show for having this good point in such a marked degree, and as there have been some letters of late in your paper as to how a greyhound should be built I want you to carefully read the Peterborough hound show report. You will notice the hound Hermit was considered to be almost faultless and a perfect specimen of a hound, yet he failed in one important particular and was beaten, he was not ribbed up so perfectly as he might be, and consequently was just a trifle slack in loin. Now there is no dog living that has been brought to such perfection as the English foxhound. The greatest wealth and experience has been bestowed on them to increase their speed and staying powers. They simply fly now with a good scent, as a man soon finds out unless he is very well mounted and a good rider. The finest judges judged the hounds at Peterborough, and you see what they thought of a hound not being well ribbed up. This in their eyes was the most important point, for this hound was faultless in every other particular. Yet he was beaten because he was not well ribbed up, and he was not so bad as some of the greyhounds one sees at some of the bench shows in this country who show their long slack loin a mile off, for it took the judges at Peterborough some time it appears to find out that Hermit was not well ribbed up. This is a rare pointer for those like myself who so strongly advocate and breed the greyhound well ribbed up, with a strong loin, for we have the greatest authority on this subject at our back.—H. C. LOWE."

Mr. Eberhart, who takes as his motto both in cigars and dogs, "A square deal," has changed his kennel office to 3 East Fourth street, Cincinnati. O. He has just made a notable sale, having sold Lady Thurman to Mr. L. J. Buell, Neenah, Wis., who is now going into the breed. Mr. Eberhart has been having a busy time fighting the dog catchers (dog thieves) through the papers in Cincinnati, and has succeeded in getting several arrests for cruelty to animals, with fines as high as \$50 and costs. At the bottom of his letter, written on his business paper, we note a characteristic notice printed in one corner: "Remember, silk is never sold for the price of calico."

We learn that the wonderfully-coated collie Maney Trefoil has been sold to the Chestnut Hill Kennels to Mrs. Rand, Denver, Col. Thus another of the noted collies that has brought Mr. Harrison's name so well to the front in this breed, has been dispersed.

Mr. J. O. Smith, of Wheeling, W. Va., has on the way from England a setter that he expects great things of in the field. Mr. Smith is enthusiastic on his purchase, but unfortunately omits to mention the dog's name.

A clipping from the New Haven, Conn., *Register*, informs us that Mr. C. C. Chambers, of Waterbury, Conn., received from Switzerland, July 18, what he claims to be the largest St. Bernard dog in the United States. The measurements as given are, however, a little mixed, we should imagine. According to the *Register* "the animal measures 8ft. from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail and 19in. around his head. He weighed 235lbs. when shipped and lost 30lbs. on the voyage, which lasted 14 days. The dog is own son to the St. Bernard which was the pet of the late J. K. Emmett. His kennel name was Victor, but in the pedigree book he is called Lord Malcolm. He is about a year old."

It is always a pleasure to receive a letter from Capt. McMurdo, the well-known manager of the Charlottesville Kennels. There is usually something of general interest in them and for that reason we do not think he will be offended if we make an extract from his last. Speaking of Mr. Dexter's increasing interest in the kennel, he says: "As regards field qualities, he undoubtedly has more good pointers than any man in this or perhaps any other country. He has a bitch called Kentish Lass that is as near being a perfect specimen of the type of pointer we are trying to breed as we shall probably ever get. She is off in color, being a sort of iron gray, but for size, form and coat she is perfection. She also has a nice head and beautiful stern, and her action and style are just what one would expect her to have. She is by Kent ex Hops, and is to run in the Derbys at High Point and Lexington. We have several others more or less like her, so I suppose it is only a matter of time—the establishment of the style we want—and let me impress upon your mind that we won't sacrifice working qualities even for the sake of carrying out our plans in this respect. Every dog Mr. Dexter keeps has got to have speed, endurance, good action, courage, the right sort of style of hunting, and everything else that a first-class field dog requires. I would not say so much, only I feel certain now that we shall succeed in our plans. Mainspring was the first pointer of right type that I ever saw run at the trials, and only a very few men seemed to appreciate him, because he was very unlike the bench show winners, I suppose."

Mr. Huber, of San Francisco, writes that his new purchase, Sally Brass II., which he bought from Mr. Heath, whelped July 18 six dogs, by Beppo III., and remarks that they are fine-looking pups. With stock of this sort on the Slope we shall soon hear of Californian dogs coming East to compete both in the field and in the ring.

Mr. H. C. Corbett writes us that the premium list for the Kingston show is now in the printer's hands and will be out in a few days. He is very well pleased with the interest that is being taken in the show judging by the numerous inquiries he has received. He is also busy getting a good list of specials.

Those who have met Mr. Babbitts, of Spratts Co., at the dog shows know that he is a merry soul and fond of a joke, but we were rather startled, we must confess, to see in an Omaha paper that he had arrived in that city without a cent. The last time he was in Omaha he had with him a roll of \$500 in crisp, new bills. The morning after he arrived he saw a pair of shoes that struck his fancy, and tendering one of the bills of large denomination in payment, the storekeeper was so frightened at the unfamiliar sight that he refused to take it and sent word to the police, who in their wisdom hauled him off in the patrol wagon to the police station as a counterfeiter. It took Mr. Babbitts some hours to establish his innocence, and he has since then steered clear of a city that evidently "wants but little here below, but wants that little good." Still, if Mr. Babbitts is without a cent, we respectfully call the attention of Spratts Co. to the fact, or their representative may get into further trouble.

Stock-Keeper, England, says: "Mr. Fellows having been taken to task in the American press for giving a prize to a greyhound with prick ears, replied that it 'did not have prick ears when in the ring.' To this Mr. Chas. Mason, in the course of a reply, says a 'prick-eared dog is a prick-eared dog in the ring or out.' Collie judges in this country could tell Mr. Mason of some curious instances which flatly contradict his dictum. We know of one case of a dog that carried its ears *à merveille* in the ring, but when the judge

went down the benches to make his notes after the judging he nearly fainted to see the card over a dog that looked him in the face, consciously unabashed, while it boisted one ear up as rigidly perpendicular as a shipperke's, and modestly folded over the other like a good setter's. Our collie readers (if they wanted to) could give Mr. Mason the names of several dogs not unknown to fame whose ears have the regulation semi-erect carriage in the ring where their entertaining owners point out various objects on the ground for their amusement and attention, but when they get back on the bench carry their ears quite erect."

Mr. Edwin H. Morris has given up his farm at West Farms, New York, and is now located in Red Bank, N. J., where he is going into pigeons and intends devoting considerable attention to these aerial messengers. His greyhound bitch Lady Clare has been bred to Gem of the Season and his Gordon, Talmont, to Zango.

The Chestnut Hills' English kennel of collies, of which Christopher is the bright particular star, have been shipped by the American Express Co. in company with six more harriers for the Pennbrook pack. The collies number twenty-one in all. The St. Bernard bitch Lady Blanca was shipped at the same time to Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia, she having been purchased by him from Mr. Shillcock. The bitch is in whelp to Salvador Rosa.

Dog shows seem to pay in Ireland notwithstanding her troubles. At the Cork dog show \$3,075 were taken in during the two days. The proverbial Irish honesty was shown in the fact that though there was no deposit required on the dogs to take them out at night they all turned up in the morning.

It is not often we hear of bulldogs doing anything particularly heroic nowadays, but it seems Mr. Corbett's Rognish is an exception. *Fanciers' Gazette* tells us she has earned a great local reputation for saving a child from drowning in the river Lea. This bitch is a sister to the well known The Graven Image.

Dr. O. Stewart Bamber sends us a few items from Rochester, and we wish others of our friends would bestir themselves now and then and drop us a line when they hear of anything interesting to the kennel community. The Doctor writes: "Mr. Whitney, owner of the Flour City Kennels, has purchased a pony, and, I understand, is having a wagon rigged up, and the combination will be used to exercise the dogs. The plan is to have a pole with crossbars extend from the rear of wagon and lead several of the dogs at a time by chaining them to the ends of the crossbars. The idea is certainly novel, and promises to be effectual. Dog show matters here are about at a standstill, after interviewing several parties I was no wiser than before, except as to the approximate terms offered the club by the fair association. Perhaps you know that the dates the club expects to claim were selected so the show could be held in connection with the fair here. The fair association offer to furnish a tent and a certain sum of money for prizes if the club will hold the show there, no extra admission to be charged. Now, just how this will benefit the club financially I am unable to see, as they would certainly have to solicit outside subscriptions to add to the fair bonus to pay the prizes. The matter may come to a head this week, if so, will notify you. A young man in this city was caught stealing a cocker spaniel belonging to Mr. Frank Hughes, he was fined \$50, or fifty days, and as he did not have the former, took the latter. The foregoing is one of the signs of the times, and we need more of them."

Englishmen are ever on the lookout for something new, and now that the stringent laws that prevented the exportation of dogs out of Morocco have been relaxed, their dogs, which are said to be very fine, will soon cross the Mediterranean, and a Taunton or some one will soon have one on the bench.

The St. Bernard Club show will be on this week at Bingley Hall, Birmingham. All the cracks are to be present, that is, those that American dollars have left to the English kennels. The specials are very fine, and now that several of the cracks are over here competition for them will be more open.

Messrs. Dole and Comstock, according to their plan sketched out some time since in *FOREST AND STREAM*, came back to London about the middle of this month, and they are now most likely on the water with their faces toward "little Rhodie." *Stock-Keeper* has caught on to Frank's familiar wink, and how that eye will go when telling us all about it when we meet. This paper's paragraph relating to their experiences is too good to be lost, so we repeat it: "They are full of their trip on the Continent, and Mr. Dole's mobile features twist up into a smile on one side, while his eye on the offside clicks with the swiftness of a photographic shutter, as he indicates the 'no end of a good time they have had, yes sir!' Mr. Comstock plays Sphinx; he can see and he can hear, but he does not affect talk; still if ever he opens his lips, they may tell of other sights at Naples besides Vesuvius, of more amusing pictures at Pompeii than the 1800-year-old leaden pipe which interested his friend, of prettier pictures in the streets of Rome than in the dusty galleries of—but 'nuff said. Both gentlemen live up, and try to tell the tale together of how they went to the top of a mountain to see some monks, not the Hospice, and bought a bottle of fire-water to bring back as a travelers' gift to us. The way they dodged the customs of the different lands they have passed through would do credit to a smuggler hero in a yellow-cover romance." We can quite believe this, for Friend Dole's dog show experiences and his encounters with the festive baggage master have taught him a thing or two in this respect. In regard to the report that the Gloucester show was badly managed Mr. Dole disagrees with the American critic and says that no American show could have done as well under the conditions.

With all due respect to our Boston contemporary we must remark that the only correspondence or discussion on beagle training has been going on recently in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. We do not for one instant wish to usurp any paper's rights, but in this instance, whether Mr. Brooking alluded by name to the *FOREST AND STREAM* or not, he must have had it in his mind as the words he used in his speech fully tend to show. The expression of one man is not a correspondence or discussion, and surely our contemporary will admit that it was "Quester's" questions in *FOREST AND STREAM* that gave rise to the discussion which has been so interesting.

Last February, dog fanciers will remember that Allen Trebilcock of Toronto, Can., lost at the Westminster Kennel Club's show at New York his beautiful little King Charles Toronto Charlie, who was wont to win all hearts and prizes at the Canadian bench shows, says the *Empire*. The dog was valued at \$275. Although the Westminster Kennel Club was released by the conditions of the show from making good any loss, it took great pains to recover the dog, which had been stolen out of his kennel. Skilled detectives, however, failed to find any trace of the missing spaniel. Mr. Trebilcock was agreeably surprised July 25, when he received a check for \$75 from Mr. Jas. Mortimer, superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club. It was a generous act and one which makes up to a degree for the loss which Mr. Trebilcock sustained.

Mr. M. Flynn, Jr.'s Irish setter bitch Sedan is in trainer S. C. Bradley's hands to prepare for the fall campaign. In a letter from Mr. Bradley he speaks very highly of her.

We fancy Mr. Boggs will bring a shower of protestations when he apologizes for having bought an Irish setter. The possession of a good Irish setter is a matter for congratulation and not apology, and we only wish others would be guilty of a few more *faux pas* of the same sort.

"Oh, yes, my pug is very finely trained. When I say 'Wade! Will you leave here or not?' he immediately leaves or he does not."—*Philadelphia Times*.

It was decided at a special meeting of the field trial committee of the Philadelphia Kennel Club to let the judges who officiated at their trials last year to do the same at the trials next December.

We learn that Mr. William Reiter, of Philadelphia, has imported from Germany a St. Bernard dog and a great Dane bitch. The great Dane is said to be a good specimen and a winner on the other side.

It is not generally known that the genial Colonel Leach, the boniface at High Point, N. C., who ministers to the material comforts of the visitor to the Eastern Field Trials and is an enthusiastic member of the club, is also fond of a horse race. He is now staying in New York and has two horses in training; one, Bellevue, has well earned its oats by winning several times recently.

We have often remarked that there is hardly enough attention paid to the increasing need of qualified canine "vets" in this country. The practice of canine pathology has only been in the hands of a few, but from England there came, a couple of weeks since, a gentleman who has had a thorough training in a practical school. This is Mr. Sherwood, who has been sole assistant for several years to Mr. A. J. Sewell, England's noted canine veterinarian. Mr. Sherwood is a Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and from what we hear from those who know him, is fully qualified for the duties he expects to incur.

The Toon-Symonds dogs were shown at Wakefield according to the current English papers, Prince Regent taking third in black and tans to Mr. Lucy's Rhodes Oban and one of Mr. Ellis's dogs and Mr. Purbeck's greyhound taking equal first with the noted Jenny Jones, is as good as any ordinary win, as the well known Park Lane Beauty came third. Joe Lewis's Nia took second in setters and Toon & Symonds's spaniel Endcliffe Don won in the spaniel class. At Pickering Prince Regent and Onatus and Endcliffe Don had to be content with thirds.

In the issue of *Canine World* received this week appears on the frontispiece a picture of Messrs. Toon & Symonds's black and tan terrier Beaconsfield, now in England. It is, however, hardly up to the usual standard of portraits in this bright journal.

We are requested to state that the Gordon setter field trials at High Point, N. C., will not conflict in any way with the Irish setter trials, although they will be held during the same week, commencing Nov. 23.

An important meeting of the executive committee of the National Beagle Club was held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., July 25, at 8:30 P. M., and was called to order by the president, Mr. Brooking. After reading the minutes of the last meeting, which were accepted, the subject of the location for the coming field trials was discussed after hearing the report of the committee appointed for that purpose. It was voted to hold the second annual meeting at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y., Nov. 23. This is, from what we hear of the nature of the country, an excellent choice, and one that is sure to be acceptable to a majority of the members. It was also voted to have a sufficient quantity of amendment slips printed, and also that the club correspond with all available parties in relation to judging. The judges will then be announced.

Just as we go to press we receive the premium list of the Hamilton Kennel Club's inaugural dog show, to be held Sept. 8 to 11. We have not time for more than a glance, but we see that kennel prizes of \$10 are offered for almost every breed. Challenge classes in all the important breeds have \$7, \$5 and a diploma. The premiums in the open classes are \$7, \$5 and a diploma. Seventy-two classes are provided, and the arrangement seems a liberal one. A feature is made for the local exhibitors of a separate prize list, the dogs to be owned in the city of Hamilton at the time of closing of entries, which close positively Aug. 24. The best local dog in each breed will win \$5 donated by friends of the club. The usual arrangements have been made with the express companies, and the customs difficulty having been overcome there will be no trouble at the lines. The show building is said to be an excellent one for the purpose. The judges are Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, for all spaniels; Miss Anna H. Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass., for Newfoundland, St. Bernards, great Danes and pugs; and Mr. H. W. Lacey, of New York, for the remaining classes.

Mayor Rankin, of Elizabeth, N. J., has had a taste of his own medicine and will look at home before he issues another decree. One of the first victims of the police, under the recent order to shoot indiscriminately all unmuzzled dogs, was the Mayor's own pet pug.

Among the kennel advertisements we notice this week that Connemara Kennels have for sale five Irish setters, puppies and old dogs; Mount Pleasant Kennels offer Gordon setters; C. A. Houck a St. Bernard bitch and Wm. H. Pierce puts Marchioness, an English setter, on the market. Attention is also drawn to Dr. T. G. Sherwood's advertisement.

On account of the pressure on our columns this week, a number of kennel registry notices were crowded out.

Mr. Vredenburgh's visit to Chicago was productive of no definite result in regard to the World's Fair dog show, but we understand that the show will be held in connection with the World's Fair if a larger appropriation can be made, as the \$2,500 voted for the purpose is not enough for such a show as this should be. The Mascoutah Kennel Club may take the matter up, and failing this the A. K. C. will be asked to run the show.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest the different writings on beagle training and the different ideas expressed. I am no ink slinger, but I wish to drop in my bark.

"Quaster" wishes to know if a beagle should be under control. Certainly he should. He should know his master's voice and come to him when spoken to if he has not a rabbit started. When reaching the hunting grounds a beagle should be left to his own free will to hunt for his trail and to follow it until his game is started or lost entirely. If not able to find a track in that piece of timber he should swing in to you.

Such a beagle will generally give you six days' hunting in a week and not be jumping around your heels one-half of

the time waiting for orders. If the man is going to do the starting and the beagle the trailing only, at the field trials, why a beagle that is broken to charge, to heel and to go on, will be a nice little dog for some hunters to have around until a better dog or the man starts a rabbit.

I have broken a great many beagles, and own to-day as good as the next man, or I think I do, but I do not own one that I can call from a hot trail and I don't want to own that kind, for they are apt to be no good, and my advice to beginners is this: Teach your dog all you are a mind to, but don't try to break a good working beagle, one from hunting stock, to leave his hot trail when you speak to him.

My old Skip, the dam of Frank Forrest and Tare and lots of other good ones, is well broken and will mind at most times, but it will take more than a brass band to make her leave a hot trail.

I break my beagles to do all the work and not to expect any help from me whatever happens. I don't go out for that part of it, and if you own the right strain you will not have to do anything unless the dogs when near the game and catch up your dogs or leave them running if you want to when done hunting. In answer to "Namquoit" of June 19, when he asks which was the best dog, I say the little bitch that had the nose, head and sand to pick up her cold trail and start her game, the others were slayers.

My ideas of a good beagle are these: He should be a good starter, for that is when the fun commences, a good steady driver, not too fast, a fast barker and a stayer. With that kind of a dog, new beginner, don't give him all you can stuff into him for breakfast the day you are going to run him at the field trials, for, my word for it, you will get left if you do.

BARTON, VI.

THAT GORDON SETTER FIELD TRIAL TROPHY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue you stated that the Philadelphia *Item* explains the reason why they did not give the prize they offered at the Central Field Trials last fall.

The *Item* stated that "Mr. Hunt claimed the prize as his property on a single win," which is untrue, and that the prize was "donated through Dr. Meyer with the understanding that it be held by the Gordon Setter Club," which I deny as far as my personal knowledge of the matter goes. The only claims I made upon the prize are those I made in my letter to the *Item* of April 28, a copy of which I inclose as follows:

PALMYRA, N. Y., April 28, 1891.—*Hildebrand Fitzgerald, Philadelphia, Pa.*: Dear Sir—Your letter of the 8th inst. duly received. I considered the matter at length, and must say that I cannot see why the Gordon Setter Club's failure to recognize the trophy should deprive me of what I competed for and honestly won; for I am ready, willing and anxious to enter my dogs in the trials this fall, and in fact I have entered one Gordon for the Derby this fall. I say that I do not see why the Gordon Setter Club should do with the case, in fact they are like the flowers of spring. Before the Gordon Setter Stake was run they virtually refused to recognize it, or rather Mr. Malcolm, the president, did, and, moreover, I did not run my dog under the auspices of the Gordon Setter Club, but at the trials of the Central Field Trial Club, between which two organizations there is no connection that I am aware of. I have written to Col. Odell, secretary of the Central Club, and also to the Gordon Setter Club, according to your suggestion, asking for their advice and action in the matter, though I hardly thought an appeal to the latter club necessary, it being a specialty club and having no connection with the field trials of the Central Club. Moreover, I wish your people would take in consideration the fact that I have waited more than five months for the trophy, and though I hope to be able to hold it again the coming year, yet I may not be fortunate enough to do so, and if such is to be the case I should prefer to be able to display it to my friends before some more fortunate competitor should wrest it from my grasp, and I wish to say here, that had it not been that you offered the trophy I should not have gone to the trouble and expense of training and running my dogs in the trial, as the cash prize offered was no object to me. Now, I have tried to express my views through your paper, and I cannot see why, after winning the trophy, I should not receive it and hold it until it is won by a more fortunate competitor. I think the trophy should have been placed in Col. Odell's hands, and have been handed to the winner immediately after the trials were decided. Patience has ceased to be a virtue with me, so hoping to hear from you, I am, Yours very truly, C. C. M. HUNT.

I did claim, however, and do still, that I have a right to hold the cup until it is won again, though I do not and can not claim it as my absolute property until I have won it three times. As to referring me to Mr. Connell, of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, all I can say is that the only conditions imposed by the donors of the cup as far as I know are those published in the sporting papers last fall, as follows: "LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 11, 1890.—The Gordon Setter Stake.—The Central Field Trial Club donates \$100, and \$75 is donated by private subscriptions, of which \$100 to first, \$50 to second and \$25 to third. Philadelphia *Item* Field Trial Trophy, value \$100, to become the property of the owner of any contestant when he has had his name inscribed on it three times. The Van Zandt Cup, value \$50, awarded to winner of second." And these are the only conditions I knew of at the time I ran my dogs.

Now, I submit it to you, does this say anything about the Gordon Setter Club being in any way connected with this prize, and under these conditions have I not the right to demand the cup and hold it until won again? I think I have.

I have been unable to get any satisfaction from the donors of this prize or from any one connected with it, and I think I have a right to be heard on the subject, and no one would be more pleased than myself to see the matter adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned. CARLTON C. M. HUNT.

PALMYRA, N. Y., July 25.

THE INFLUENCE OF A PREVIOUS SIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In yours of the 16th inst. "F. R.," Danville, Pa., asks whether the third litter of a greyhound bitch, got by a greyhound dog, will be likely to show any effects of her second litter being by a collie, and you answer that some pups will probably exhibit some traces of the collie cross of the second litter. With all deference to your opinion, allow me to dissent most positively from any such conclusion. The chances are nine to one that the litter following the bastard one will exhibit no trace of mongrelizing. In an experience of nearly forty years I have had a good many "accidents" happen and never saw a single instance of any ill-effects resulting. I have collected instances of both virgin bitches and mothers, victims of "accidents" with no harm resulting. Unquestionably this bastardizing influence does sometimes show itself, but I maintain that such cases are only the most insignificant minority. It is the very oddness itself of such cases that causes them to be remembered, while the vast majority the other way are accepted as a matter of course and cause no comment.

The course for "F. R." to pursue is very evident. Let him rear the thoroughbred litter until old enough to positively demonstrate their character, let him dismiss all rubbish of bastardizing from his mind. If they do show signs of mongrelizing let him retire the bitch from maternal duties, for the mongrelizing effect is likely to follow through many subsequent litters. As a physiological experiment, I wish somebody who has a case of this mongrelizing, where he is sure that the actual paternity is thoroughbred, and where the offspring show unmistakable signs of the previous mongrel cross, would rear the mongrel-looking animal (a bitch, of course) and use it as a breeder, and advise of the result. I hope "F. R." will advise of the litter he inquires about. W. WADE.

HUTTON, Pa., July 17.

MASTIFFS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been a good deal written about the defects of the judging and the judge of this breed at the last New York show, and I am surprised that no one has spoken a word in defense of a judge who, whatever his other errors, and I do not now assert anything whatever about that subject, was in my opinion quite right in regard to placing Beaufort back—the award which has provoked so much censure.

When looking generally around on the mastiffs in the ring, one attracted my attention. I did not quite know whether he was rheumatic, partially paralyzed, recovering from some illness, very aged or what exactly was the matter, but that the dog stood with head low and looking as if he would very much like to lie down was clear enough. When he moved he tottered about in a most curious manner for a show dog. A little closer observation and I recognized fallen greatness in Beaufort. How any man who believes in judging a dog as he actually presents himself before him could place such a specimen as Beaufort in *præsentia* at the head of the class I cannot understand. If Beaufort had been sent to his stall as a dog unfit for exhibition, the judgment would not have been detrimental, but beneficial, as it would have taught a useful lesson. Instead of blaming the judge he should be commended for having the courage of his convictions. It is to be feared that too many dogs are judged on their reputation in the past. MEDICUS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (turned free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Pastang, Dandy Boy, Lady Desmond and Virgie E. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O. for pugs, two dogs and two bitches, whelped June 8, 1891, by Spokane out of Lalla Rookh.

Golden Rose, Golden Gate and Golden Dell. By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for fox-terrier bitches, whelped May 14, 1891, by Blemton Shiner (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Brilliant) out of Beatrice (Bacchanal—Blemton Arrow).

Golden Dawn. By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for white and black fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 23, 1891, by Blemton Shiner (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Brilliant) out of Vixen (Searsdale—Delta).

Handsome. By John H. Miller, Harrisburg, Pa., for dark orange rough St. Bernard pup, whelped Jan. 20, 1891, by Prince Bellevue (Sir Redivore—Princess Louise) out of Lady Muriel (Hackney Monk—Minka).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lina K.—Hundesport Bergmann. Wm. Loeffler's (Milwaukee, Wis.) English setter bitch Lina K. (Feldmann K.—Lina L.) to his Hundesport Bergmann, July 23.

Sunol—Roger. L. Gardner's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) English setter bitch Sunol (Gladstone's Boy—Flame) to his Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg), July 13.

Mystic II—Chubb. E. H. Bragg's (North Sidney, Me.) beagle bitch Mystic II. (Hosse—Spot) to his Chubb (imported Blue Boy—Mystic), June 12.

Bessie Eberhart's Cashier. G. H. Deck's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Bess to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), July 23.

Isabella—Ben Hill. E. Hudekoper's English setter bitch Isabella (Kake—Clara Dale) to J. Shelley Hudson's Ben Hill, July 15.

Bessie Marshall—Dad Wilson. J. Shelley Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Bessie Marshall (Ben Hill—Tempest) to Dad Wilson, Jr., July 12.

Bessie Roy—Dad Wilson. J. R. Rufe's English setter bitch Bessie Roy (Dick Roy—Light's Girl) to J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr., July 8.

Fayette Nellie Bly—Ben Hill. Chas. T. Hyde's English setter bitch Fayette Nellie Bly (Lark P.—Killbuck Vic) to J. Shelley Hudson's Ben Hill, June 29.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Meersbrook Maiden. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress), July 8, six (three dogs), by their Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle).

Broomfield Midge. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Broomfield Midge (Patrick—Queen), July 1, six (two dogs), by their Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle).

Beatrice. J. B. Martin's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Beatrice (Bacchanal—Blemton Arrow), May 4, seven (two dogs), by his Blemton Shiner (champion Blemton Rubicon—champion Blemton Brilliant).

Lady Melville. W. Moulton's (Washington, D. C.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Melville (Trentham Dutch—Old Lill), July 19, seven (three dogs), by his Roscoe (Bendigo—Starlight).

Tube Rose. J. Shelley Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Tube Rose (Count Noble—Lit), July 19, nine (seven dogs), by his Ben Hill.

Sally Brass II. Henry Huber's (San Francisco, Cal.) pointer bitch Sally Brass II., July 18, six dogs, by Charles Heath's Beppo II.

Bohemian Girl. J. Shelley Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Bohemian Girl (Count Noble—Mollie Belton), June 29, eleven (five dogs), by his champion Dad Wilson.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Golden Queen. White fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 14, 1891, by Belmont Shiner out of Beatrice, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to C. McIntosh, Tacoma, Wash.

Golden Dell. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 14, 1891, by Blemton Shiner out of Beatrice, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to M. Kerr, same place.

Golden Tip. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped May 14, 1891, by Belmont Shiner out of Beatrice, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to H. Bamber, Hollister, Cal.

Golden Rose. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 14, 1891, by Blemton Shiner out of Beatrice, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to Wm. Jost, same place.

Monseur Dotsero. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 27, 1889, by champion Kash out of Fair Inez, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Henry Lee, Loper, Mich.

Lady Thurman. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March 15, 1888, by Dixie out of Silver Shoe, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Henry Lee, Loper, Mich.

Rufus. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped April 10, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Alice, by Wm. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to Gustave Pabst, same place.

Edgemoor Baguette. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 18, 1890, by Tribulation out of Bloome II., by Graphic Kennels, to F. S. Webster, New York.

Blaze—Gladys B. whelps Red Irish setter dogs, whelped April 12, 1891, by Connemara Kennels, Middletown, Conn., one each to Jas. G. Marshall, Fairview, W. Va., and Alfred Neff, Higganum, Conn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

F. B. Danville, Pa.—An advertisement in our business columns would very likely bring you the desired information. We cannot advise you in the matter.

J. C. S. Willimantic, Conn.—Can you give me the breeding of Irish setter Barney, by Sarsfield, or tell me what copy of register I can find it in? Ans. There is a dog by the name of Barney Sarsfield (16,350, Vol. VII., A.K.C.S.B.), whelped Feb. 22, 1887, by Sarsfield (10,351, Vol. V.) out of Red Flash, by Glencho out of Daisy.

J. C. C. A. Montreal, Can.—I have a black cocker spaniel about 18 mos. old. There is a hard round lump about the size of a small peach growing underneath the skin over the ribs on his right side. Can you inform me what it is, the cause and cure? Ans. Probably a tumor forming, in which case removal is the only cure. Consult a veterinarian. You might first try painting twice a week with liniment of iodine, taking care to remove the hair from lump first.

H. N. Corryton, Tenn.—Will you please inform me if you have for sale a book or essay on the treatment and handling of sporting dogs? If you have published on such work, will you kindly advise me what book to procure? I want information as to raising of pups and feeding and general treatment of dogs in kennel. The latest ideas as to training and handling of dogs in the field, pointers more especially. A "The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun" covers all these points. We can supply it, price \$2.50.

E. C. C.—I have an Irish setter dog about 8 yrs. old that for the past few weeks has had more or less trouble with his back passages. There seems to be an occasional discharge which is offensive and of a bloody nature and causes him to lick himself frequently. Ans. The result of an abscess due to constipation or injury to the parts by a bone during its passage. Bathe the parts twice a day and apply a little zinc ointment; also use the following injection: Ext. of rhubarb 1 dr.; water 1 pint; oil of turp. 1 dr.; water 6oz.; 1oz. to be injected into the bowels twice a day. Injury may end in a fistula.

J. P. D., Charleston, S. C.—Kindly prescribe for following disease of dogs through your columns. Symptoms: First, looseness of bowels and diarrhoea, with offensive breath, followed by aropy saliva and then gradual loss of use of limbs, beginning with the hindquarters; in one case a dog lived eight days walking on front legs, dragging his hindquarters, followed by death. Attacks on young dogs and puppies. Ans. The symptoms point to some irritant poison. Try the following: Give to each dog or puppy five grains of sub-nitrate of bismuth shaken on the tongue every three or four hours; feed on minced raw meat given in small quantities at intervals of four hours. Do not let the dogs drink much water.

A. M. Nutley, N. J.—I have a pug dog, 2 years old, who keeps so thin that one can see his ribs. His appetite has always been very poor, he will eat whole days without touching food, his entrails at these times will make the most peculiar noise, have treated him repeatedly for worms, and still he remains in the same condition. Of late his hair falls out very badly, and his coat seems to be poor, although he does not seem to be a bit mangy. His eyes are watery and seem to itch, as he rubs them on the floor so much that the hair is very thin about them. Ans. Try for worms again. Give one of Spratts worm pills after the dog has fasted and repeat again in a week. Apply the following lotion to the eyes four times a day with a piece of sponge: Goulard's extract of lead 1 dr., water 6oz.; also give the dog once a week a bath in soluble phenyle (1 part phenyle to 80 water). Give dog 2 or 3oz. of meat a day.

NED OBER.—My black cocker spaniel, male, four years old, has become very weak in his hind parts; legs give way and at times he drags them along. Has been coming on about four months. Ans. This may arise from constipation, worms or kidney trouble. If you detect any difficulty in passing urine, the bladder must be emptied by catheter. If the dog is very constipated it will in time cause a partial paralysis of the hind parts. The bowels must be opened, and if they do not operate after giving c-stor oil or syrup of buckthorn, inject warm soap suds or sweet oil with a syringe. Feed nutritious and strengthening food with plenty of vegetables boiled up and given in soups, etc. If worms are indicated, rid the dog of them by using one of the vermifuges advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Also give in any case a pill three times a day for some weeks made up of two grains of sulphate of zinc with extract of quassia, administering now and then a mild laxative. Exercise often but not violently.

A. D. S., Hamilton, Ont.—Kindly advise me in the following case. I have a valuable fox-terrier bitch, 12 mos. old. About a month ago a small spot appeared on the root of her tail and another on her left leg. The sores were not inflamed, but consisted of small white holes as if made by a dog's tooth. Thinking they were bites I dressed them with camellia oil, but in a few days the sores spread until one half the length of the tail was covered with a raw red sore. I have clipped the hair and dressed with iodine, but no improvement seems to follow. A veterinary surgeon tells me it is ringworm. What shall I do to heal the sores and make the hair grow at once, as I want to have the bitch ready for the fall bench show? I might also say that she was treated in April by a dog bite, missing a paw, but her teeth (especially the lower) were so sore that she could not eat, and very hard, feeling as if they were full of hard strings and knots. What is the matter? Ans. Apply some balsam of Peru on the sores; keep the bowels open. Rub the teeth with camphorated oil two or three times a day.

W. C. C., Bar Harbor, Me.—Two of my puppies (three weeks old) have developed some round spots or sores covered with a scab of matted hair, etc. They only get food from the mother yet, and except for this they are in splendid condition. Will you tell me what I had better do for them? The mother of the pups has been bleeding from the womb for the past two or three days, and is very much run down and will not eat. I know of no cause for this, for she whelped very easily and apparently recovered entirely and was very well until three days ago. She has abundance of milk. Ans. Rub the sores with balsam of Peru, keep the bitch away for a while after rubbing it on the pups, simplify the bitch's food, feeding milk as much as possible, and keep the bowels open. Give this once:

Ext. gentian. 3 ss.
Ext. conii. 3 ss.
Make into thirty pills and give one three times a day.

G. R. P., Manchester, N. H.—My eight-months bound pup has a phase of distemper not mentioned in "Landseer's" book, and as there is no vet. here who knows any more about it than I do, I take the liberty of asking your advice. Besides the running of eyes and nose, and foul breath, though he has not the usual lung trouble, his ears discharge freely and are most offensive. He tries to scratch his head just below the ears and in front along the nose mouth and right ear, and does not eat, except for a slight looseness yesterday. Sits away back on his haunches with back arched and pot belly. Am giving "Landseer's" regular first dose, which I have found most effective heretofore; but have never seen a case just like this. First symptoms a week ago. Head trouble, except eyes, began Sunday. Very poor, but can still walk. Appetite fair, no fits, and improvement in eyes as far as redness goes. What do you advise? Ans. Clean the ears daily with warm water and dry with soft cloth. Pour a little of the following lotion into the ears and also apply to the sores on face twice a day: Wright's sol. of coal tar, 1/2 drachm; Goulard's extract of lead, 3 drachms; water, 3 ounces. Bathe the eye with a solution of boric acid (1 in 20) five or six times a day. Give 5 grains of citrate of iron and quinine three times a day. Allow a generous diet.

J. W. G. D., Chestnut Hill, Pa.—I have two spaniels about a year old; when they came last May they had an eruption on their stomachs which I took for mange. The skin was red, but not excessively so, there were red pimples, some of which contained a yellowish matter and which did not scratch when I rubbed in pieces; in these swollen places the skin was not much inflamed and there was intense itching. Otherwise the pups seemed O.K., had good appetites and were full of life and spirits. I began to wash them with a mange solution, containing carbolic acid, potas, bicarbonate and laudanum. After keeping this up for two weeks I found it did no good and the disease seemed to be spreading. I then began to give arsenic, 3 to 4 drops twice a day, and tried a new wash. Little's soluble phenyle. In about a week they began to improve, the disease left the stomach and went to the shoulders and neck; in about three weeks more it stopped spreading and began to leave. When a place began to heal up it became very dry and you could scrape off the skin easily with the finger nail, first as a sort of scab and then in a white powder, which when all off the skin was normal and the hair began to grow again. Most of the hair on the neck and head had fallen out, and on a few parts they have a few pimples which are not inflamed but have a dry scab for a head; when this comes off it sometimes bleeds a little, but mostly it does not and the skin seems normal, but the scab forms again in a day or so. The rest of the skin seems normal, except some days after having a wash a white dandruff appears and the skin looks as if it was peeling off in small pieces. The pimples appear now and then on the crown of the head, the edge of the ears and where the legs join the bodies on the sides. Since the article on eczema in *FOREST AND STREAM*, a few weeks ago, I have been giving the tonic recommended in the last of the article and have given them one bottle full, the amount called for in the prescription. They seem very well otherwise and have tremendous appetites. I give them about a cubic inch of meat once a day, and once in a while I put some soup with their food. Now do you think they have the mange or the eczema? As we have had neither before nor any of our dogs I can't determine myself which it is. I want to take them away Sept. 1 shooting, and as I go with another friend who has a cocker I don't want the dogs to have anything the matter with them, if

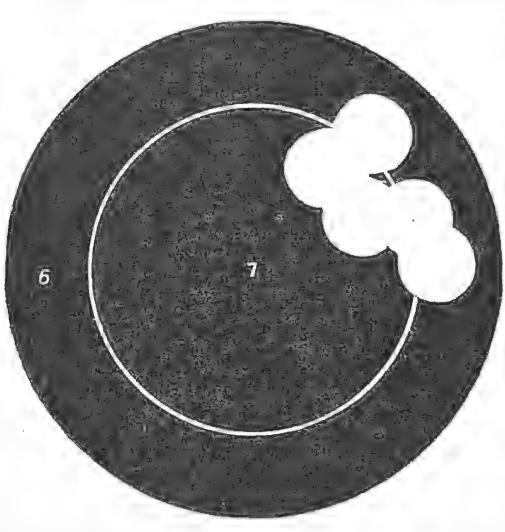
possible, especially if it is catching. Ans. This is so intelligently described, and may be of benefit to others, that we give the letter in full. It is mange. Use the following dressing: Sublimed sulphur, 8 ounces; best kerosene, one pint; vegetable (cotton seed) oil, three pints; to be well rubbed all over the dogs every other day for a fortnight, then wash off, using any good dog soap. Repeat again in a few days if necessary. Allow each dog about 1oz. of meat a day.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

A TWENTY-YARD TARGET.

We have received from Messrs. Smith & Wesson copy of a target made by Mr. Walter Winans, of which this diagram is



an exact reproduction. The score was made on June 20, with a Smith & Wesson .30cal. English regulation sights and 477lb. trigger pull, British army ammunition, at 20yds. Score, 7777—35.

THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

BISLEY, Saturday evening, July 11.—All is prepared to begin at "gun fire" Monday morning. The bank at the "running deer" has been cut down still lower, so there will be an uninterrupted view of the "deer," and bad shots will not be able, as formerly, to put down misses to the deer being partly hidden by the bank.

The revolver competitions, which last all through the meeting, may be entered for at any time, so nobody has troubled yet to enter for them. There are usually some thousand or more entries; but for the Smith & Wesson revolver aggregate all entries close before 9 o'clock Monday morning. Of course, none except those in the front rank of revolver shooting enter for this prize. There may be one or two entries Monday morning, but practically all who are likely to enter have already done so. There are only six at present known to have entered. They include Major MacKerrell (Colb.), Mr. Day, Mr. Walter Winans (Smith & Wesson), Mr. East (Smith & Wesson), Major Hallett (Colb.), and one other whose name has not transpired. Between these there is going to be the fight for the revolver championship of England.

July 13.—The meeting opened in fine weather but later in the day it came in very wet. The revolver range was not quite in working order, owing to the timing clock breaking down. The best score made in revolver during the day was a 39 made in series No. 2 of the revolver series by Mr. Walter Winans. Mr. Haig being second with 31. For the Smith & Wesson revolver aggregate there are 12 entries, several competitors having waited till the last moment to enter; these include Mr. Haig and C. F. Lowe.

July 14.—It has been fine but windy all day, except for a short time in the early morning and late in the evening. Mr. Walter Winans took these opportunities to shoot and made a 40 out of a 42 in the near San Rafael. The San Francisco Turner Shooting Club was the first to announce its results. The shooting was made, Daniels, Eastman, Pope and Hussey lending with different kinds of shooting. Following are the scores made to-day, distance 200yds., standard American target, re-entry allowed:

All-Comers' Off-hand Match.
H M Pope.....87 C B Browne.....72 O Moore.....65
84 A S Hunt.....71 D Martin.....61
M T Day.....77 D Bayley.....68 D N Winn.....60

All-Comers' Rest Match.
F Daniels.....112 I B Thomas.....102 E E Patridge.....88
J R Munroe.....110 D N Winn.....99 S Johnson.....87
W P Thompson.....108 H Willard.....96 A H Ballard.....85
M R Barter.....106 W I Getchell.....95 H W Wood.....84
J N Eames.....105 W Conway.....92

Pistol Match, 50yds.
J F Bellows.....88 H W Gill.....81 D Martin.....76
C Williams.....85 A L Greene.....78 A G Stevens.....74

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19.—The regular monthly shooting of three prominent Schuetzen clubs took place to-day at Schuetzen Park near San Rafael. The San Francisco Turner Shooting Club was the first to announce its results. The shooting was for five classes and medals, for which there were 13 contestants, each of whom shot 20 times for a possible 500 rings each. They were as follows: Joe Straub 530, F. Acker 392, L. Bang 294, L. Brune 322, Captain Zimmer dropped out, R. Finkling, Jr., 333, B. Thierbach 374, O. Hauser 210, Herman Kleber 138, A. Eiermann 215, Geo. Heitzmann 277, F. Kommer 144, Gus Schwartzmann 275, John Utschig 427, F. Attinger 387 and Jacob Schabarum 330. The medals were awarded as follows: Champion class, John Utschig, Jr., 427 rings; first class, F. Attinger 387; second, L. Thierbach 374; third, Jacob Schabarum 330. The Jacob medal for the first best shot was won by H. R. Brown, who made 23 rings. The contest with the California Schuetzen Club took longer to decide who were the winners, as the method was more arduous. The shoot was at bullseyes, and no less than a score of persons shot at 10 each on an average. Fifteen of these scored less than 1,000 points, which is the dividing point between a good shooter and an indifferent one. The prizes were small cash sums of from 25 cents to \$5. A. Strecker, first prize, 262 points; F. O. Young 315, Capt. J. Klein 332, A. Reubold 414, Von der Heide 416, A. Johnson 430, J. A. Burmeister 735, E. A. Huber 781, A. G. Hehr 783, L. Babin 800, L. Simon 919, A. Polak 947, Mr. Waller 958, Mr. Rumotte 960, E. Hoyer 1,073, C. Helm 1,031, H. Walther 1,100, G. Rogers 1,153.

Considerable interest was shown by the veterans in the shoot of the California Schuetzen Club of Cadets. They, like their sires, shot at bullseyes and scored well. They were awarded cash prizes and medals by the old club. The scores were as follows: First class, G. Glindemann 832 points; second, L. Reubold 376. Their Jacoby medal for the last best shot went to L. Reubold, 23 rings. The first best bullseye was won by Glindemann, second by Reubold, third by J. Utschig and fourth by R. Finkling, Jr.

LONDON, July 24.—At the end of the rifle tournament at Bisley to-day the Marchioness of Salisbury presented the prizes to the winners. The Canadians received an ovation, taking prizes to the amount of £881.

CREEDMOOR, July 24.—The second sharpshooters' match of the season was shot to-day at Creedmoor. The weather was fair, with a light six o'clock wind blowing across the range. Some excellent scores were made, as follows, 5 shots each at 200 and 500yds., possible 60: Cavalry, George R. Kelley, 41, Infantry, Frank Stuart, N.C.S., 69th 47, J. Gormly, Co. 9, 69th, and W. H. Truman, Co. H, 9th 46. H. M. Field, Co. F, 23d; G. L. Hoffman, Co. H, 7th; J. A. McKinnon, Co. K, 23d; W. H. Palmer, staff, 7th; R. Findlay, Co. G, 23d, and McC. Butt, staff, 12th, 45. J. T. Kirby, Co. A, 7th; H. Coburn, Co. C, 7th; M. Osborn, Co. I, 7th; J. Wright, Jr., N.C.S., 7th, and A. Stein, Co. C, 7th, 44. J. B. Frothingham, staff, 2d brigade; E. P. Sands, Co. B, 7th; J. Hale, supernumerary; J. V. Cochran, Co. D, 7th; R. M. Kallach, Co. H, 7th; J. Fox, Jr., Co. I, 7th, 43. J. W. Halstead, Co. C, 7th; W. M. Bower, Co. C, 7th; John Comé, Co. B, 12th; W. J. Underwood, Co. H, 7th; J. H. Nozigh, Co. H, 12th; C. W. Simmons, Co. A, 23d; F. W. Perkins, Co. F, 7th, and H. F. Richers, Co. B, 12th, 42.

THE EXCELSIOR RIFLE CLUB of Jersey City, has arranged to hold their annual prize shoot on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21 and 22, at Armbruster's Schutzen Park, Greenville (Jersey City, N. J.). Three hundred and fifty dollars will be distributed in cash prizes on the bullseye and ring targets. Elegant prizes also have been contributed, to be given to the members of the club on the target of honor. These prizes are easily reached from all trains running into Jersey City. Marksmen from Newark should come by way of Central R. of N. J., stopping at Greenville Station. The prizes are at the corner of Bergen and Seaview avenues.—F. G. KITTEDGE.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the *Forest and Stream*, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 29-31.—M. H. Rapell's Tournament, Milford, N. J.
Aug. 6-7.—Second Annual Tournament of the Island Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va. R. B. Burri, Sec'y.
Aug. 11-14.—Fourth Annual Tournament of the Standard Keystone Target Company, New London, Conn.
Aug. 12-14.—The Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association Annual Tournament, at Lexington, Mo. G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-27.—Buffalo Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, \$1,000 guaranteed.
Aug. 30-Sept. 1.—Hackettstown Gun Club. Two days at targets. For programmes address James L. Smith, Hackettstown N. J.
Sept. 8-11.—Grand International Tournament at Detroit. Live birds and standard Keystone targets.
Sept. 15-17.—Knoxville, Tenn., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.
Nov. 3-5.—Staunton, Va., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.
Nov. 17-19.—Savannah, Ga., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., July 25.—The Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association was organized at Corry, Pa., in August, 1890, during the tournament held by the Keystone Target Company.

A number of the Pennsylvania shooters got together through the efforts of Mr. H. A. Penrose, and an organization was effected and the following officers elected: President, H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa.; Vice-President, Joseph Thumma, Jr., of Germantown; Treasurer, Jas. Wolstencroft, of Frankfort; Secretary, F. F. Davidson, of Pittsburgh; Directors—W. H. Wolstencroft, F. F. Davidson, C. E. H. Brelsford, W. H. Starbird and F. E. Mallory.

Nothing further was done until May last, when, during the interstate shoot held at Harrisburg, a meeting was called at the Commonwealth Hotel, and after a little work was done, such as appointing a place, officers, etc., it adjourned to meet at the same place on Wednesday, July 23, 1891, the object of selecting a place and date for holding the first State shoot.

At this meeting quite a number of clubs were represented by delegates, but through the unfortunate but unavoidable absence of the treasurer and his books, it was impossible to determine the number of clubs that were in good standing. It was, therefore, decided that all clubs were present, and the delegates at the meeting could only be recognized as qualified members.

Mr. H. A. Penrose presided. The secretary, Mr. E. E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, was present and took the minutes of the meeting. A very spirited discussion was had as to where the first State shoot should be held. Williamsport, Harrisburg, Reading and Pittsburgh each had delegates present who set forth the advantages of their place, possession of which was unanimously decided to hold the first shoot at Williamsport, and the date, Sept. 25, 1891, and Oct. 1 and 2 were selected, two days at targets and two days at live birds.

Williamsport undoubtedly is a wise selection, as it is very centrally located; with its 35,000 population of good live inhabitants, it is a thriving city. It also has first-class railroad accommodations. The Pennsylvania, Reading, Beach Creek and Pine Creek railroads terminate at Williamsport. The Williamsport Gun Club grounds are undoubtedly among the finest in the United States, costing the neat sum of \$15,000, complete, and containing eight acres of land, enclosed with a 10ft. fence, nicely painted. The grounds are adapted to all kinds of athletic sports, such as bicycle riding, tennis, base ball, shooting, etc. The shooting grounds are as hard as a house floor with a hard bed of sand, and the entrance to the grounds is very pretty and artistic, comprising a covered gateway for both carriages and pedestrians and offices combined. To the left of this is a shooting house for the rifle contingent, and directly east of this and facing the shooting grounds is a beautiful grand stand, capable of seating twelve or fifteen hundred people, which cost complete nearly \$4,000. In the grand stand are 1,000 seats, a place for dining, a bar, a kitchen, with a kitchen, all of which will be very convenient for this meeting.

This large room will be partitioned off during this shoot, and convenient booths erected on one side for the accommodation of manufacturers of guns, ammunition, etc., to display their goods, and in case of bad weather it will be found much more desirable than tents.

Pennsylvania is the second State in the Union in number of gun clubs and shooters, and if each club does her duty and sends a team or two or three representatives, this will undoubtedly be the largest meeting of the year. The location, so central to New York State, New Jersey, Maryland, each of which will undoubtedly send large delegations, will tend to swell the crowd to large proportions.

Special railroad rates will be furnished all shooters, and special hotel rates will also be obtained at one of the finest hotels in the State. Everything will be done by the Williamsport Gun Club for the pleasure and convenience of all present.

New York and Illinois each have had very successful meetings, and it is to be hoped that the shooters of the State of Pennsylvania will come forward and show to their neighbors that they can hold an equally successful meeting. The shoot will be under the management of the Williamsport Gun Club, which will insure to all present fair treatment and a hearty welcome, as many can testify who have attended their annual tournaments.

The sportsmen of Pennsylvania extend to the sportsmen of other States a cordial invitation to be present at their first State shoot. Two sets of traps will be in constant operation for sweepstake shooting, and ample opportunity will be given everybody present to get all the shooting they wish. A royal good time awaits all comers, and it is hoped that this invitation will be largely accepted, and that we will see in Williamsport on this occasion the largest number of shooters ever congregated together at a single tournament.

The programmes will be out about the middle of August, and can be had by addressing Mr. N. A. Hughes, 343 Pine street, Williamsport, Pa. Ample opportunity will be cheerfully given by him. It will be well for visiting sportsmen to engage their hotel accommodations early, in order to give the management as little trouble as possible.

H.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 28.—At the Atlantic City Gun Club A. C. Griscom won the Delissa medal, breaking 88 out of his 100 birds. The following is the score of this week's shoot, each man shooting at 25: Capt. Marrie 22, A. C. Griscom 21, J. Young 21, C. Minner 19, C. Marsden 19, Ed Plum 19, A. Adams 16, C. Sanders 14, M. Duncan 11, Sweepstakes of 10 birds each. First event: A. C. Griscom 9, C. Sanders 9, C. Minner 9, C. Marsden 9, C. Marsden 6, M. Duncan 5. Second event: A. C. Griscom 9, C. Minner 8, C. Marsden 8, C. Sanders 7, J. Minner 6, Capt. Marrie 5, J. Mitts 2. Third event: Capt. Marrie 8, C. Minner 8, C. Sanders 7, A. C. Griscom 7, C. Marsden 5. Fourth event: C. Minner 10, Capt. Marrie 10, C. Sanders 7.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.—The third annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be sailed off Greenwich on Saturday, the 24th, being classified on racing length as follows: A, cabin boats and cutters over 8 ft.; B, 32 and under 8 ft.; C, 27 and under 2 ft.; D, under 2 ft.; E, cabin cats; 1, open scoops 23 ft. or over; 2, under 23 ft.; 3, open cats 23 and under 3 ft.; 4, of 20 and under 23 ft.; 5, under 23 ft. The course for classes A, B, C and D will be 15 miles and for the others 10 miles.

A DESERTED PIER.

A GRAY, time-stranded mariner,
Left where some trade's fair bubble sank;
These are not golden streams that stir
Its gaunt piles' palsied rank,
As shell fleets ride
The lipping tide,
Launched as it climbs some white bar's bank.

And as old tombstones sink in graves,
The worn spiles topple toward the slope
Of rank green, spray-bloom crested waves,
As these vast mounds, o'er love and hope,
Are shaped by storms,
When shrouded forms
With poniards drawn through heaven grope.

And at flood tide each windy night
You seem to hear a creaking block,
Or whistle of some boatwain sprite
Across the partly sunken dock.
A phantom barge
Doth there discharge
Green rolls that land with pond'rous shock.

Then rending, plates of silver gleam*
The planks with royal pavement lay,
And clustered gems in radiance stream,
Strewn broadcast on the molten way,
Bursting with light,
Though draped the night,
As though it mourned earth's closing day.

* This refers to the phosphorescence.

E. F. H.

EASTERN Y. C. SPECIAL RACES, JULY 22.

THE programme for the special races of the Eastern Y. C. was very carefully arranged by the committee to attract entries, the regular prizes for yachts in racing trim being supplemented by others for those in cruising trim with handicaps, while the offer was made to arrange either as a sweepstakes race if the owners preferred. The entries, however, were few, the cruisers being entirely unrepresented. The three classes which filled were the schooner class, with Mayflower, W. A. Gardner; Marguerite, R. S. Palmer, and Eneone, Col. Hugh Cochrane; the 46ft. class, Beatrix, Bryant and Prince; Alborak, J. B. Paine; Barbara, C. H. W. Foster; Oweene, A. B. Turner; Sayonara, Bayard Thayer, and Gossoon, 40ft., Adams Bros.; and the 30ft. class, Mildred, W. H. Williams; Hawk, Gordon Dexter, and Chieftain, Aaron Brown. The course for the two larger classes was from off Half Way Rock, past a mark off Nahant, 7 miles, then around a mark off Minot's Ledge, 10½ miles, and home by the same course, 35 nautical miles; the 30ft. class rounding Harding's bell buoy in place of the Minot's mark, 28 miles. The start was set for 11:15, with the usual 5 minutes for crossing. The day was clear and warm, with a smooth sea and light S.E. wind that held about the same through the race.

The starting signal was given exactly on time, the three schooners crossing very deliberately, as the times show, all carrying balloon jibtopsails and maintopmaststaysails. In the 46ft. class there was no play racing, but the six boats went over the line within the same half minute, the last being but 43s. behind the first. Beatrix was almost on the line when the whistle caught her, luffing along to the mark, while Oweene, sailed by Mr. J. B. Paine, and going over at once with a good start. Alborak followed, then Sayonara, Oweene and Gossoon, while Barbara was last. Oweene made a very good start, running to windward of Sayonara and Gossoon. The 30ft. class took a lazy start, Mildred in the lead. The full times of the start were:

SCHOONERS—PREPARED 11:10, START 11:15.			
Eneone.....	11 16 28	Mayflower.....	11 18 44
Marguerite.....	11 17 55		
46FT. CLASS—START 11:25.			
Beatrix.....	11 25 15	Oweene.....	11 25 31
Alborak.....	11 25 20	Gossoon.....	11 25 36
Sayonara.....	11 25 28	Barbara.....	11 25 48
30FT. CLASS—START 11:30.			
Mildred.....	11 31 00	Chieftain.....	11 31 17
Hawk.....	11 31 05		

Balloon jibtopsails were set, with clubtopsails. Beatrix drew away from the start, while Oweene, after a short bout with Sayonara, began to leave her. Alborak lagged astern with Barbara and Gossoon. Mildred led her class from the start. Mayflower made the best showing of the schooners. The times at Nahant mark were:

	Elapsed.
Eneone.....	12 04 48
Mayflower.....	12 05 20
Marguerite.....	12 08 48
Beatrix.....	12 18 02
Oweene.....	12 19 24
Sayonara.....	12 19 52
Alborak.....	12 21 16
Barbara.....	12 22 09
Gossoon.....	12 25 35
Mildred.....	12 30 39
Chieftain.....	12 37 31
Hawk.....	12 40 21

Marguerite and Mayflower luffed short around the mark and stood off shore for the 10-mile beat dead to windward to the outer mark. Eneone, however, held her craft inshore, where she finally profited by a better wind.

The beat to windward was just what those who have been so busy for some time in "drawing lines" to prove that the Eastern boats must beat Gloriaana had been looking for. It was the first performance of Sayonara with the Eastern fleet after her vicissitudes about New York, and so far as the result was at all conclusive it justified Captain Watson's statement that Gloriaana will head her class for the season. Unfortunately, before Sayonara had made more than half the leg her bobsay parted and she was compelled to withdraw, but enough had been seen to show that though she could not hold either Beatrix or Oweene on the wind, at the same time there was not enough difference between her and the other two on the whole that there certainly was between her and Gloriaana when the race came.

Beatrix made a very close fight of it off shore, the difference in 10 miles being almost imperceptible. Alborak and Barbara made another pair, well astern of the leaders but having a close fight together. Sayonara held inshore and gained somewhat by tide and wind, being a good third when she broke down. Gossoon brought up the procession, saving her time on Alborak and Barbara. The 30-footers sailed a freer course, Mildred still leading, having 5m. over Chieftain at the outer mark. The times at Minot's were:

	Elapsed.
Beatrix.....	2 14 45
Oweene.....	2 15 56
Eneone.....	2 16 29
Mayflower.....	2 18 21
Alborak.....	2 22 01
Marguerite.....	2 22 05
Gossoon.....	2 23 00
	2 25 52

The inshore tack had paid both Eneone and Alborak, and the former led her class, while Alborak had passed Barbara. With the wind backing to starboard the fleet ran back to Nahant, the pace being very even in the 46ft. class, while Mayflower made up on both of the shorter schooners. The times at Nahant were:

	Elapsed.
Beatrix.....	3 33 50
Mayflower.....	3 34 05
Oweene.....	3 35 17
Eneone.....	3 37 52
Marguerite.....	3 40 38
Alborak.....	3 40 50
Barbara.....	3 43 10
Gossoon.....	3 43 25

The 30-footers were not timed, but Hawk parted her preventer backstay and withdrew on this leg. The last leg was a reach with a freshening breeze, Mayflower and Beatrix doing the best work. The times for the leg were:

	Elapsed.
Mayflower.....	4 12 25
Eneone.....	4 18 43
Marguerite.....	4 20 15
Beatrix.....	4 20 57
Oweene.....	4 23 39
Alborak.....	4 29 05
Barbara.....	4 32 26
Gossoon.....	4 34 54

The official times for the race were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mayflower.....	11 18 44	4 12 25	4 53 41	4 53 41
Eneone.....	11 16 28	4 18 43	5 02 15	4 54 53
Marguerite.....	11 17 55	4 20 15	5 02 30	
Beatrix.....	11 25 15	4 20 57	4 55 57	
Oweene.....	11 25 31	4 23 39	4 58 29	
Alborak.....	11 25 20	4 29 05	5 04 05	
Barbara.....	11 25 48	4 32 26	5 07 26	
Gossoon.....	11 25 36	4 34 54	5 18 54	
Sayonara.....	11 25 28	Disab.		
Mildred.....	11 31 00	3 55 10	4 25 10	
Chieftain.....	11 31 17	4 33 25	4 33 25	
Hawk.....	11 31 05	Disab.		

Mayflower wins \$100, Beatrix \$100 and Mildred \$75. The regatta committee included Messrs. W. S. Eaton, Jr., R. D. Sears, P. T. Jackson, Jr., A. N. Rantoul and H. H. Buck.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES, JULY 23.

FOLLOWING the race of the Eastern Y. C., the Corinthian of Marblehead arranged a sweepstakes for the 46ft. class, \$25 each and \$100 added by the club, which proved one of the best races of the season. Sailed in a fresh S.E. breeze, increasing during the race, and with a moderate sea over the 24-mile triangle of the Eastern Y. C., from Marblehead Rock to Nahant, White Spar and then the Graves, the course and conditions gave as good a test of the fleet as one could desire, and proved that neither Beatrix nor Oweene are so far ahead of Sayonara as to warrant the belief that either can dispose of Gloriaana. The question will be soon settled by actual racing that all speculation amounts to little; the many chances that have been made in all the boats may produce some unexpected results, but the probabilities are that Gloriaana will head the fleet just as decidedly at the end of the season as she does now, though probably by a smaller margin in the cases of Oweene and Beatrix than was shown in the New York races with the rest of the fleet.

The race was started at 11:10 from the gun, the steam yacht Melissa being loaned by Mr. Eaton as judge's boat. Beatrix and Oweene had been chasing each other back of Marblehead Rock before the gun, each figuring for the lead, and when the time was nearly up Cap' Barr started around the north side of the rock, to leeward, for the line, leaving Cap. Crocker behind him. It so happened that the line was only between the judges' boat and a small boat, and not to the rock, a fact that Cap. Crocker had counted on, so he took Beatrix to the south of the rock, then between it and the mark boat and wheeled across the line ahead of Oweene with a lead of nearly half a minute. Gossoon was first over on starboard tack, meeting Barbara and putting her about.

The times of the start were:

Gossoon.....	11 10 17	Sayonara.....	11 10 02
Barbara.....	11 10 25	Oweene.....	11 11 08
Beatrix.....	11 10 40		

The first leg was dead to windward, with wind enough to make a jibtop of doubtful advantage, the boat taking time in as they went toward the outer mark. Beatrix and Oweene naturally clinched very early in the fight, holding a long tack off shore. Cap. Watson took Sayonara along inshore, while Barbara and Gossoon brought up the rear. When the leaders met in cross tacking Sayonara passed between Beatrix and Oweene, there being no great difference in the three from the start. Beatrix did not get a doubt from the start, while Oweene did not in the early part of the race, picking up as the outer mark was neared. She has carried a poor boom in all her races, and sprung it badly on this leg. The times at the E. Y. C. spar buoy were:

	Elapsed.
Beatrix.....	12 49 29
Oweene.....	12 50 59
Sayonara.....	12 51 31
Barbara.....	12 51 54

Gossoon parted the hook on the bowsprit which held her jib tack and was forced to withdraw before the mark was reached. On the free reach to the next mark, the Graves, Beatrix continued to gain, having a sure hold on first place, the fight being now for second between Oweene and Sayonara. The times at the Graves were:

	Elapsed.
Beatrix.....	14 05 58
Oweene.....	14 08 28
Sayonara.....	14 11 02
Barbara.....	14 17 52

Beatrix had made the run under lower sails and clubtopsail, the other two carrying intermediate jibtopsails, while Barbara had a baby set. All jibed around the mark and made for home on a reach under the same canvas, the times over the last leg being:

	Elapsed.
Beatrix.....	2 20 39
Sayonara.....	2 34 43
Oweene.....	2 35 54
Barbara.....	2 40 02

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Beatrix.....	11 10 40	2 30 39	3 20 39
Sayonara.....	11 11 02	2 33 54	3 23 54
Sayonara.....	11 11 02	2 34 43	3 23 43
Barbara.....	11 10 25	2 40 02	3 30 02
Gossoon.....	11 10 17	Disab.	

Beatrix wins first prize, \$157.50, and Oweene \$67.50. The judges were Daniel Appleton, W. N. Merriam and Lawrence Whitcomb.

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 1891.

ROCHESTER Y. C., JULY 20.

THE run from Toronto to Rochester was made in good weather and without incident, in fact the circuit this year has been very tame and free from excitement, with nothing like the Kings-ton episode of last year, the Oswego race of 1884 or the storm of a year later to enliven the ordinary round of racing. The course, laid out on the lake off Charlotte at the mouth of the Genesee River, proved to be but 8½ miles instead of 12, so the first and 46ft. classes sailed three rounds, the 53 and 30ft. two rounds and the 25ft. one round. The wind was northwest moderate, with a little sea. The schooner Oriole was ready but refused to start, leaving Vreda and Onward, the Boston sloop lately bought in Rochester. In the 46ft. class were Yama, Verve No. 2, White Wings, Aggie and Vera. The 40ft. class had no starters, but in the 35ft. were Katie Gray, Dinah, Alert, Modjeska and Gracie. In the 30ft. class were Samoa, Amelia, Lotus, Nadia and Erma; in the 25ft. class Maud B., Odie, Kelpie, Romola, Undine, Restless, Alta and Gonza. Onward lost her topmast shortly after the start but still finished the round before giving up. Yama had a very easy victory in her class, while Verve beat White Wings in a way that she could not do two years since. Katie Gray, the old Oswego racer, made good work in her class, but her chief rival, Dinah, was disabled by the loss of a cross-tree. Samoa led her class at first but was caught by Nadia on the second round, the two finally tying on elapsed time, which made Nadia first on allowance. Erma in the same class lost her mast when leading on the first round and was towed in. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda.....	11 10	4 35 30	5 25 30	5 25 30
Onward.....	11 10	Disab.		

	46FT. CLASS.
Yama.....	5 08 11
Verve.....	5 47 45
White Wings.....	5 55 23
Aggie.....	5 55 23
Vera.....	5 55 23

	40FT. CLASS.
Katie Gray.....	5 08 11
Dinah.....	5 47 45
Alert.....	5 55 23
Modjeska.....	5 55 23

	35FT. CLASS.
Nadia.....	5 08 11
Samoa.....	5 47 45
Lotus.....	5 47 45
Amelia.....	5 47 45
Erma.....	5 47 45

	30FT. CLASS.
Nadia.....	5 08 11
Samoa.....	5 47 45
Lotus.....	5 47 45
Amelia.....	5 47 45
Erma.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	5 08 11
Odie.....	5 47 45
Kelpie.....	5 47 45
Romola.....	5 47 45
Undine.....	5 47 45
Restless.....	5 47 45
Alta.....	5 47 45
Gonza.....	5 47 45

	25FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	12 00
Odie.....	12 00
Kelpie.....	12 00
Romola.....	12 00
Undine.....	12 00
Restless.....	12 00
Alta.....	12 00
Gonza.....	12 00

In the evening a supper was given to the yachtsmen, followed by the usual toasts.

OSWEGO Y. C., JULY 23.

The fleet was small in numbers by the time that Oswego, the end of the circuit, was reached, and the entry lists were very slim, no Toronto yachts, save Samoa, starting. The race was sailed in a strong wind. Laura, the old Kingston boat, was alone in the 40ft. class, with Yama alone in the 46ft. Erma was on hand again after her mishap. Samoa and Dinah were unfortunate in parting halliards. The times were:

	46FT. CLASS.
Yama.....	10 00 00
Laura.....	10 00 00
Katie Gray.....	10 00 00
Gracie.....	10 00 00
Dinah.....	10 00 00

	40FT. CLASS.
Samoa.....	10 00 00
Erma.....	10 00 00
Nadia.....	10 00 00
Lotus.....	10 00 00

	35FT. CLASS.
Maud B.....	10 00 00
Kelpie.....	10 00 00
Grace L.....	10 00 00

This ended the racing and next day the yachts started for their home ports. The round was shorter than usual, the weather being so fine that the runs from port to port were quickly made with little detention from calms or calms, while the races but five in number, were sailed without a postponement. The one-gun start was used in all classes, and with good results, though some who are used to the old go-as-you-please, get-over-when-you-can style are not yet in favor of the new method. The experiment of one official time keeper, tried for the first time, has proved a success, Mr. Ambrose performing his duties in a way satisfactory to all.

DORCHESTER Y. C.

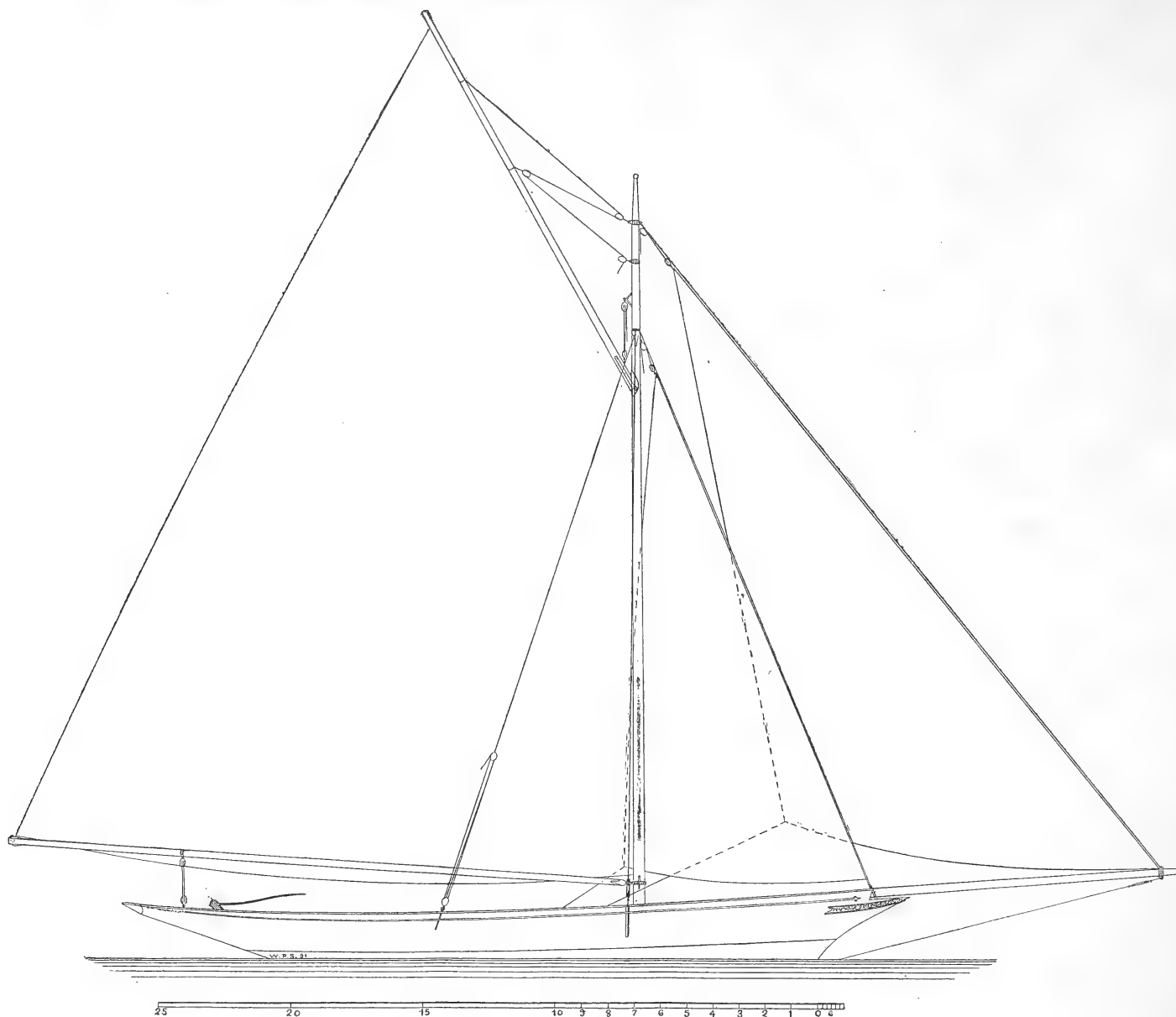
THE Dorchester Y. C. sailed its second annual open race on Saturday, with a good list of starters and plenty of wind, light at the start but blowing very fresh at times during the race. Its direction was W.S.W. The race was open to yachts of 28ft. and under from all clubs in Boston Harbor, the courses and classes being:

First class—From the starting line to Cow Pasture bar buoy No. 6, leaving it to port, to black can buoy No. 7 off Castle Island, leaving it to starboard, to Sculpin Ledge buoy No. 2, leaving it to port, to red can buoy No. 6 on the lower middle, leaving it to port, to Cow Pasture bar buoy No. 6, leaving it to starboard, to the starting line, 10 miles. Limit of time, four hours.

Second, third and fourth classes—From the starting line to spar buoy on Half-Tide Rock, leaving it to port, to Old Harbor buoy No. 4, leaving it to port, to flagboat at judges' line, leaving it to port, to spar buoy on Half-Tide Rock, leaving it to port, to Old Harbor buoy No. 4, leaving it to port, to starting line. Distance, 7 miles. Limit of time, three hours.

The classification was as follows: Class 1, 21 to 28ft.; second class, all jib and mainsail yachts less than 21ft. sailing length; third class, all cat-rig yachts 18ft. and under 21ft. sailing length; fourth class, all cat-rig yachts under 18ft. sailing length. Three new Cape boats were present, City of Chicago, Gypsy and Harold E. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
White Fawn, A. E. Jones.....	2 02 49	1 30 40	
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper.....	2 00 20	1 31 18	
Harold E., E. E. Nickerson.....	2 00 02	1 34 09	
City of Chicago, J. F. Crosby.....	2 00 53	1 35 48	
Mudjokeewis, W. P. Whitmarsh.....	2 01 25	1 40 50	
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell.....	2 01 25	1 41 26	
Gypsey, N. J. Smalley.....	2 15 36	1 42 01	
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.....	2 18 33	1 46 07	
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.....			



SAIL PLAN, 2 1/2-RATER "IOTA."

2 1/2-RATING—25FT. CORRECTED LENGTH.

OF the many great changes of recent date in yachting, none perhaps is more marked than that in the formation of racing classes; both in the process of growth and in the variety and at the same time uniformity of the yachts which constitute them. The growth or formation of a class under the old conditions was a matter of years; yachts of various odd lengths and measurements were added one at a time, by building, altering, or purchasing from another locality, the result being a collection of craft varying so greatly in size that no allowance table could make the racing fair and equitable under all conditions of weather. Up to ten years back in this country and half as long in Great Britain, there was little difference in type between the boats in any one class; just as all American boats were shoal centerboard sloops, so were all British yachts cutters of little or no beam. Of late years, however, there has been an intermixture of types, especially on this side, where centerboards both shoal and deep, with inside and outside ballast, have raced with wide and narrow cutters, under all possible modification of both sloop and cutter rig.

The 70ft. class offers an excellent example of the former diversity in size and type, including Wenonah, Hildegard and Mischief of 61ft., Vision 62, Huron 63, Thetis 64, Stranger 65, Ileen 65, Fanny 66, Shamrock 68, Gracie 69, Katrina 70, and Bedouin and Titania both over 70ft. These yachts, which have constituted the 70ft. class from 1880 to 1890, and have raced together many times, include almost every variety of model, from the flat-iron Fanny through the deeper centerboards and compromises and the moderate cutters to the extreme "plank-on-edge" Ileen. The other American classes were much the same in composition, while the British classes differed in being confined exclusively to keel craft of from 4 1/2 beams in the older to 7 beams in the newer boats.

The vast change between such a state of affairs and that existing to-day is clearly shown in the class which is now monopolizing the attention of American yachtsmen, the new 46ft. This class, composed of ten fine racing craft, representing a total outlay up to the present time of at least \$150,000, has been built since the close of the last yachting season, being at that time hardly more than a matter of gossip and speculation. Up to last fall, though there were half a dozen boats old and new of 46ft. l.w.l. or under, the class was not known in racing, and it may be said that the entire fleet has been built to order at the shortest possible notice.

The characteristics of the old classes were, as we have noted, uniformity of model up to a comparatively recent date, and diversity of size; in the new classes the exact reverse is found, a uniformity of size and diversity of model. In the matter of size, the prevailing rules in this country are still such as to permit vessels of different racing measurements in the same class; this difference is confined to the sail plans, the waterline lengths in all cases being the same or nearly so; the advantage of building to the class limit being generally appreciated. On the other side a still higher degree of uniformity has been reached by means of the classification as well as the measurement being by length and sail area combined, each boat being built to the maximum limit of the class, which is at the same time her racing measurement, so that she neither gives nor takes time from her opponents.

In the matter of model, while the old extremes of sloop and cutter have disappeared entirely from British as well as American racing, each class still includes a wide range of types, and for the present at least there is no tendency toward the production of a single type which shall monopolize all the racing and bar all experiments, as was once the case on both sides. Just now a very wholesome type of keel cutter is in the majority in America, but there is still every opportunity for competition by centerboard boats, the rule favoring one type as much as the other. In Great Britain the keel cutter of 4 1/2 beams or less has rapidly driven out the old boats of 6 to 7 beams, but at the same time the centerboards are now making a successful fight with the best of the keel craft.

While it is only too true that the improvement of racing yachts has in a great measure put a stop to general racing, it is still very plain that such a class as the 46 or 40ft. offers opportunities for

comparison and study such as were never met with under the old conditions in the racing of all lengths and sizes of boats together.

The main cause for the disappearance of extreme types and the production of moderate craft of uniform size in each class is easily discovered, as its influence has been the same on both sides of the Atlantic. On this side the improvement in type has been coincident with the adoption and extension of the Seawanhaka rule, based on the two factors of length and sail area; and in Great Britain the corresponding change dates from the end of 1886, when the old tonnage rule was replaced by the same length and sail area rule in another form. Though widely used in this country for some years previous to its complete adoption in Great Britain, the rule, in several different forms originated with Mr. Dixon Kemp, being proposed in the *Field* so long ago as 1880. As the rules stand to-day they are nearly identical in effect, though the measurement of sail is somewhat different in the two countries, while the unit of measurement is quite different, being in one case rating, and in the other feet of corrected or sailing length.

Almost the only class which is sharing the racing with the new 46ft. is another new one, whose limit is 25ft. corrected length. Though small in numbers as yet, it promises to grow rapidly by next season, while its lease of life is likely to be even longer than that of the 46ft. class. The rapid development of modern classes is well shown by the history of this same class in Great Britain, where it is known as the 2 1/2-rating. The growth and changes of this class, which has produced nearly 30 racing yachts within three years, is both interesting and instructive. It dates from the adoption by the Y. R. A. of the rule, $L \times S A = \text{Rating}$, in the

winter of '86-7 after a long discussion. The new classes under the rule were: 2 1/2, 5, 10, 20, 40, 60 and over 60 rating. The allowance of sail for the different lengths of l.w.l. in the 2 1/2-rating class was as follows, the third and fourth columns giving the corresponding figures by the Seawanhaka rule:

L.W.L.	Y.R.A.	Sea.	SAIL AREA.	L.W.L.	Y.R.A.	Sea.	✓
18.....	833	1,024	32	25.....	600	625	25
19.....	789	961	31	26.....	577	576	24
20.....	750	900	30	27.....	555	529	23
21.....	714	841	29	28.....	536	484	22
22.....	691	784	28	29.....	516	441	21
23.....	652	729	27	30.....	500	400	20
24.....	625	676	26				

In the destruction of the old tonnage classes, the smallest, 3 tons, about 29ft. l.w.l. and 1,000ft. sail area, became 5-raters, there being but one or two odd boats as small as 2 1/2-rating. There were, however, the Southampton "lengthers," of which we spoke last week, and in 1887 two boats built for the 21ft. l.w.l. class were so canvassed as to race at times as 2 1/2-raters. One, Madcap, was 21ft. 8in. l.w.l., 7ft. 4in. beam, 5ft. 4in. draft, and carried 693 sq. ft. of sail, and the other, Thalassa, was of nearly the same dimensions. Both were rigged as pole-masted sloops, with masts well forward and mainsail and jib. The racing about Southampton in that year was partly under the length rule, partly by tonnage, and partly by rating, but the following year saw the rating rule fully established to the exclusion of the other two. The first boat really built for the class was the Lady Nan, 23ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 4in. beam and with 632ft. of sail, sloop rigged; designed and built by Mr. Arthur E. Payne, a very successful craft.

In 1890 the class experienced a veritable boom, a dozen boats being built, and by the leading designers, Payne, Watson and Elft, among them being Iota, whose lines appeared last week and whose sail plan is now given, being enlarged from *Le Yacht*, to which paper we are indebted for the sketch of Iota under sail. The new Southampton boats were longer than the old, the Watson boats Queen Mab, Thief and Cosette being about 24ft. 6in. l.w.l. by 5ft. 2in. beam, while the Payne boats Humming Bird and Cock A' Whoop were still longer, just under 26ft., with about 7ft. 6in. beam. The latter two were lug-rigged, as lately shown in the Jack O' Lanthorn, the Watson boats being sloop-rigged. The

class included several centerboards and various rigs, but the best boat when the season closed was Humming Bird, keel.

Next year, 1890, came a new crop, distributed on the Clyde, the Solent and in other places, Babe, Camilla, Janetta, Miss Dolphin, Bandersnatch, Princess Ida and others of less note. On the Solent, where the racing is always hottest, Babe, a Payne boat, 26ft. 9in. l.w.l., with 532ft. of sail, a lug mainsail and jib, led the list with 25 prizes to 30 starts. The present season finds about 15 new 2 1/2-raters afloat, and though it is too soon to pick the winners, the two Watson boats, Elfin, 26ft. l.w.l. x 7ft. 6in. beam, and Oronsay, 25ft. l.w.l. x 7ft. 2in. beam, both centerboard boats, are beating the keels in a most astonishing manner on the Clyde. The rig shown on Iota is the pole-masted cutter, and has been used on a number of the 2 1/2-raters, but this and the Solent sloop rig have been displaced both on the Solent and Clyde by the lug mainsail and jib, the bowsprit being very short and in many cases being dispensed with entirely. The length has expanded from 21ft. in 1887 to 26ft. in 1891, the beam varying from 6ft. 6in. to 7ft. 6in., and the draft being about 5ft. 8in.

The dimensions of Iota's sail plan are:

Mast, abaft fore end of l.w.l.	6ft. 11in.
deck to hounds.....	22ft.
deck to truck.....	27ft. 8in.
diameter at deck.....	5in.
Boom.....	23ft. 6in.
Gaff.....	15ft. 10in.
Bowsprit, beyond l.w.l.....	13ft.
diameter at gammon iron.....	10ft. 4in.
Spinnaker boom.....	21ft. 8in.
Mainsail, sq. ft.....	444
Staysail, sq. ft.....	89
Jib, sq. ft.....	147

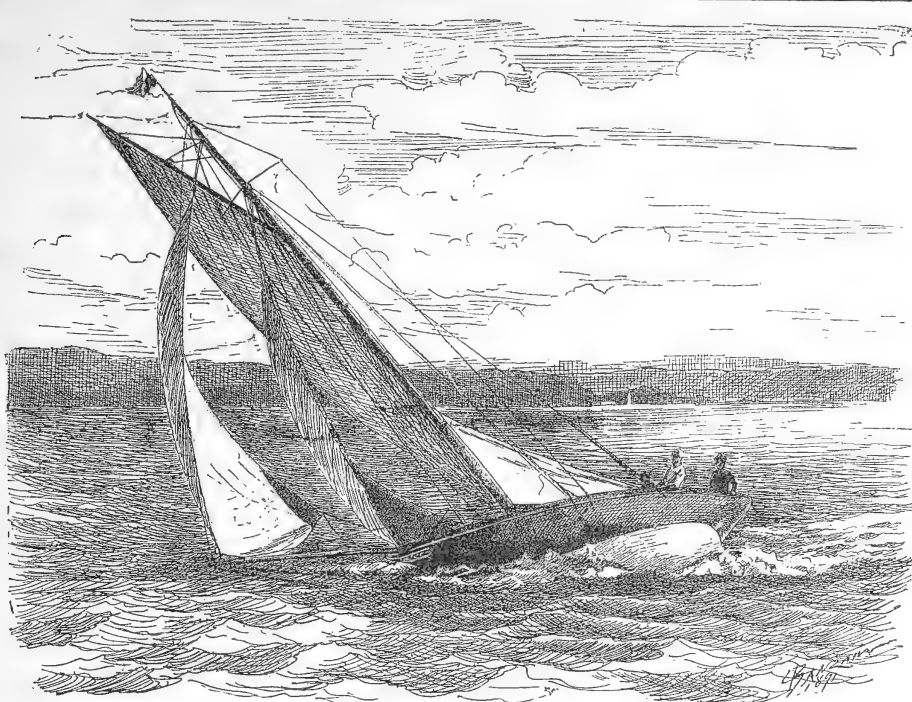
To'tal.....670
Y. R. A. rule.....701
Seawanhaka rule.....716

The official measurement gives 714ft. by the Y. R. A. rule, the difference probably being due to a slight error in enlarging the plan. The figures show, however, the results by the two rules on the same sail plan. In the American boats the rig has been simplified by the omission of the staysail and shortening of the bowsprit, so that only a mainsail and small jib are carried. The lug mainsail as shown on the Jack O' Lanthorn a few weeks since, has been tried on one, but was discarded for the conventional boom and gaff sail. From all appearances the class is likely to produce boats of not over 26ft. l.w.l. and about 7ft. 6in. beam, at least there is little probability of a much longer and narrower boat proving successful.

ESSEX Y. C. ANNUAL, JULY 25.—The Essex Y. C., of Newark, sailed its annual open regatta on Newark Bay, off Bayonne, last Saturday, in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being:

CLASS C.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vision.....	22.01	3 04 12	3 00 58
Viola.....	25.03	3 01 58	3 01 58
Our Own.....	23.10	3 04 14	3 02 03 1/2
CLASS D.			
Just Woke Up.....	21.11	3 28 59	3 28 59
Libbie May.....	22.00	Did not finish.	
CLASS E.			
Undine.....	21.10	3 01 14	3 01 14
Eureka.....	21.10	3 04 38	3 04 38 1/2
CLASS G.			
Ges So.....	18.05	3 09 57	3 09 57
CLASS H.			
Mist.....	17.09	2 18 13	2 18 13
Gala Water.....	16.02	2 36 08	2 33 43 1/2
Addie.....	14.10	2 38 30	2 34 07 1/2
Three Crabs.....	14.11	2 41 09	2 38 54

Undine, from the Shrewsbury, won the special prize for best elapsed time.



"TOTA."

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

ON Monday next, Aug. 3, the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. will begin with the rendezvous of the yachts at Glen Cove. The following programme has been issued:

The regatta committee having accepted Com. Gerry's invitation to sail with him on the flagship, the Electra will be the judges' boat for all the racing events of the cruise, and the committee call the attention of members to the following fixtures and suggestions:

The steamboat Myndert Starin has been chartered for members wishing to visit the squadron at Glen Cove, L. I., and see the start to eastward. She will leave the foot of East Twenty-sixth street at 3 A. M.; Glen Island, New Rochelle at 10:30, and make a landing at these points returning. Member's tickets, which will admit two ladies, can be obtained from the superintendent at the clubhouse, also extra tickets, at \$2 each, admitting one person. Yacht owners making the cruise can have their tickets transferred by applying to the regatta committee.

The races for the Golet cups, which were presented to the New York Y. C. by Mr. Ogden Golet, will be sailed off Newport, R. I., Aug. 7. The races will be sailed under the racing rules of the New York Y. C., and with its time allowance, and will be open to schooners, sloops, cutters and yawls of the New York Y. C. that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. Capt. Golet reserves the right of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to participate in the races, but the cup for schooners is valued at \$1,000, while that offered for sloops is valued at \$500. Entries will be received at the clubhouse at Newport or on board the Electra up to 8 A. M. on the morning of the race.

Among the club prizes that will be sailed for—the dates of which events will be determined upon during the cruise and announced by the commodore—will be prizes for class 6 of sloops (40-footers), cutters and yawls that have not hauled out to clean since the beginning of the cruise. The prizes in these races will be as follows: First \$500, cup or money; second \$150, if more than two start; third \$50, if four or more start. The course will be 12 miles to windward or leeward and return.

There will also be races for yacht tenders and cutters, and for steam and naphtha launches. In these races trophies will be given as prizes, and the committee will add \$5 for each man carried in the winning crews. In the steam and naphtha launch race the first prize will be \$20 and the second \$10, if four or more start. The dates of these events will be determined during the cruise.

For the runs from port to port, the committee submit the following proposition: The Electra will establish start and finish lines for each run, and give the corrected time of all yachts crossing with their private signals at the peak and their racing numbers displayed, and in cruising trim; anchors on bow and cabin bent; cruising complement of boats carried; cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck, or beyond the end of the gaff, barred.

A "squadron run" prize will be given in each class where two or more start, with a second prize if four or more start. Any yacht alone in her class can sail in the class above. Vessels that do not wish to be timed will not need the one, nor carry their private signals at the peak. They will be at liberty to sail under way, and proceed to the squadron's destination with the gun announcing the harbor start.

Owners whose vessels have not been measured, but who anticipate entering them for any of the races, are requested to procure their measurements. Numbers can be obtained at the clubhouse or on the Electra at Glen Cove, and sailing directions for any race can be obtained on board the flagship up to the time of the harbor start.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

THE fleet of the Atlantic Y. C. lay at anchor in Morris Cove on the following day of July 20, running next day to New London and the following day to Greenvale, where a number of yachts joined the fleet, making the total number as follows: Chase, Com. Lawton; Waterwitch, Vice-Com. Banks; Tigris, Rear Com. Weir; Arab, Edmund Fish; Rival, P. G. Sanford; Kathleen, W. Whitless; Eurybia, Charles Pryer; Concord, Henry C. Roome; Fearless, H. H. Hogan; Cavalier, Jefferson Hogan; Saona, A. P. Ketchum; Hermes, J. C. White; Phantom, Dr. L. A. Smith; Hovey, J. S. Manning; Polly, T. L. Arnold; Beatrice, Mr. Caneany; Daisy, W. H. Nicolls; Surf, W. Boyer; Gem, John Bliss; Grayling, L. A. Fish; Princess, Mr. Seeley; Columbia, J. T. Perkins.

On July 23, Thursday, a race was sailed for a cup presented by Rear Com. Weir, for the 35ft. class, the 30-footer Kathleen sailing with Tigris, Polly and Eurybia. The course was from off the red buoy off Greenvale Point, past the schooner Waterwitch, around Crow Shoal Buoy, and return, with a fresh S. E. wind. Kathleen started in the lead but was caught by Polly, Eurybia and Tigris. The greater part of the race was between Tigris and Polly, the former finally winning; but as her owner gave the cup, it goes over to Polly. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tigris.....	12 02 30	3 13 21	3 11 01
Polly.....	12 02 25	3 17 54	3 15 29
Eurybia.....	12 02 51	3 29 24	3 26 33
Kathleen.....	12 02 00	3 29 38	3 27 38

After the finish of the race the fleet was formally disbanded after a short but very pleasant cruise. The usual races on the runs from port to port were omitted with good results, the work being diminished and the pleasure of the cruise, especially the social side of it, being greatly increased.

LIGHT MONEY FROM YACHTS.—Com. G. H. B. Hill, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., owner of the schooner yacht Miranda, is now making a test case of the new ruling of the Treasury Department in regard to the light dues from foreign-built yachts. On July 18, Miranda arrived at Bay Ridge, New York Harbor, from Vineyard Haven, and a demand was made by the Customs officers for \$42.55 light dues, her tonnage being 81.62. The money Com. Hill declined to pay, and the yacht has been libeled by the Government, which action Com. Hill proposes to contest in the courts.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C., JULY 11.—The fourth of the St. Lawrence Y. C. series races was sailed on Saturday over the usual club course. There was a fine lower sail breeze from the westward, making it a beat to windward over half the course, and the day was a very lovely one. Only six boats started, however, as follows:

	Length.	Start.
Mollie Bawn, W. Kavanagh.....	25.09	3 56 54
Dream, A. W. Morris and H. M. McIsaac.....	25.09	3 57 11
Lulu, A. Irving.....	25.02	3 57 15
Chaparron, E. S. Clouston.....	29.06	3 57 41
Valda, G. H. Dugan.....	24.01	3 57 50
Black Eagle, C. H. Levin and G. Gabler.....	37.07	3 58 00

Dream and Lulu speedily gained the lead, but Chaparron held down to leeward of a start which carried her well to windward of Valois Bay and got a start which carried her well to windward of everything, and she was the first to round the Chateaugay buoy. By good sail handling and fast running she maintained this lead and crossed the finish line a winner in her class and the leader of the fleet both on elapsed and corrected time. The summary is as follows:

	C.L.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lulu.....	29.02	3 57 15	6 01 51	2 04 36	2 04 36
Dream.....	32.06	3 57 11	6 02 40	2 05 29	2 05 29
Black Eagle.....	37.07	3 58 00	Did not finish.		

29ft. CLASS.
Chaparron.....29.06 3 57 41 6 01 36 2 03 57 2 01 40
Valda.....25.01 3 57 50 6 14 23 2 16 33 2 09 01
Mollie Bawn.....25.09 3 58 00 6 19 40 2 16 52 2 12 23
Lulu therefore wins in the A class by 3m. 21s. from Dream, and Chaparron wins in the 29ft. class by 1m. 21s. from Valda.

The St. Lawrence Y. C. series race was this year so arranged that all classes sailed together three times. The best corrected time over the course in the first of these races was made by Thora, a 21ft. class boat, of 19ft. 6in. corrected length, rigged as a yawl, with battened sails. In the second of these races Valda, the winner of the 29ft. trophy, the vice-commodore's cup, beat the fleet by 1m. 50s. In the third, Chaparron, a boat of 29ft. sailing in the 29ft. class, beat the fleet by 20s. Thora is practically a St. Lawrence River skiff, of a little greater beam than usual, and with a light counter, and she depends for her stability entirely upon the ability of her crew to bend their backs over her hanking powers of her crew were tried to the utmost, and the larger boats were either knocked down by the puffs or wallowing in the sea without wind enough to fill their reefed canvas. Valda and Chaparron on the other hand have the greater part of their ballast outside, and they made their records in fair sailing days.

July 13.—The A Class of the St. Lawrence Y. C. sailed the last of the series of races of that club for the season on Saturday. There was a strong and squally east wind blowing, making the course a reaching one, and all the boats went across the line with two reefs in their mainsails. The wind fell lighter after the Valois Light Buoy was passed, and the boats pulled first one and then the second reef, and by the time the Chateaugay Buoy was passed Dream had a good lead on the fleet. At the Pointe Claire Buoy, however, she missed the buoy, got in stays and lost heavily. At the Chateaugay Buoy she was lost heavily by an almost similar mishap, and in consequence of these errors she only finished a few seconds before Lulu. And so ended the race and with it the Commodore's cup for the year. The summary was as follows:

	C.L.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lulu.....	29.02	4 30 14	6 29 30	1 59 16	1 53 25
Dream.....	32.06	4 30 00	6 29 14	1 59 14	1 56 00
Black Eagle.....	37.07	4 28 03	6 31 16	2 03 13	2 03 13
White Squal.....	31.1	4 30 47	Withdrew.		

The result of the St. Lawrence Y. C. series of races for the year has been as follows: The Commodore's cup, the A Class trophy, goes to Lulu, who has won 3 firsts and 1 second prize. Dream won 1 first and 1 second prize. The Vice-Commodore's cup, the 29ft. class trophy, has been won by Valda, who took 3 firsts and 1 second prize, Chaparron taking 1 first and 1 second. In the 21ft. class the trophy has been won by Thora, who won 2 first prizes.

LAKE COBOSSECONTE REGATTA.—On July 14 a regatta was sailed on Lake Cobosseconte, near Augusta, Me., the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Undine, H. M. Packard.....	18.03	1 08 15	0 46 29
Lady of the Lake, H. Sprague.....	17.03	1 08 52	0 47 44
Emma Belle, Melville Smith.....	18.06	1 09 25	0 48 29
Alice, M. T. Welch.....	18.10	1 20 25	0 50 19
Comfort, G. A. Bryant.....	22.05	1 31 13	1 13 39

SECOND CLASS.
Florence, Charles Higgins.....18.10 1 29 41 0 59 35
Thorfin, E. T. Whitehouse.....15.02 1 25 55 1 02 26
Josephine, George A. Robertson.....16.03 1 27 12 1 06 18
Lady Hannah, W. J. Sanson.....18.08 1 28 35 1 06 46
Pidgion, D. C. Robinson.....15.10 1 30 13 1 07 50

THIRD CLASS.
Anna S., C. C. Hunt.....15.07 1 23 12 1 00 09
The first prize, a silver cup, was awarded to Undine; second prize, a silk banner, to Lady of the Lake. Florence, Thorfin and Anna S. all won silk banners in their respective classes. The judges were Henry Reverie and J. W. Charwick, of Boston, J. R. Gould and Joseph Bodwell, of Hallowell. Undine has won the prize for three consecutive seasons.

AMERICAN Y. C., 1ST CHAMPIONSHIP, July 25.—The American Y. C., of Newburyport, sailed its first championship race on Saturday in a light S.W. wind, the times being, so far as taken:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hazard, Pierce.....	14.20	1 42 30	1 42 30
Gleam, Lowell.....	14.40	1 44 30	1 40 54
Sassaous.....	17.30	1 27 30	1 27 30
Pert.....	18.30	1 28 30	1 27 50
Alice.....	18.30	1 28 30	1 32 30

SIPPICAN Y. C. 14TH CLUB REGATTA.—Marion, July 25.—Courses for first and second classes from judges' yacht, leaving Nye's Ledge and S. E. Ledge buoys on port, to judges' yacht; 15 miles. Third and fourth classes, from judges' yacht; leaving Bow Belis and S. E. Ledge buoys on port, to judges' yacht; 8 miles. Fifth class, from judges' yacht, leaving stakeboat off Plantin Island, Seal Rock Buoy, judges' yacht, stakeboat and Seal Rock Buoy on starboard, to judges' yacht; 7 miles. Wind fresh S.W., lightening toward finish. Tide ebb.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hector, E. C. Stetson.....	28.10	2 25 40	2 13 32
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney.....	27.00	2 25 12	2 10 27
Widgeon, M. & H. Williams.....	26.10	2 27 31	2 12 31
Success, J. F. Perry.....	24.06	Withdrew.	

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Parole, W. H. Davis.....	22.05	1 31 55	1 19 57
Eina, John Parkinson.....	22.09	1 33 43	1 22 02
Ashantee, Geo. H. Pillsbury.....	23.02	1 33 30	1 22 17
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.....	23.01	1 34 40	1 23 22
Puzzle, W. Amory, 2d.....	22.09	1 36 19	1 24 41
Hermione, R. L. Barstow.....	22.11	Did not finish.	

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer.....	19.01	1 42 03	1 26 39
Squall, J. G. Palfrey.....	19.09	1 47 57	1 33 03
Cat, Bruce Clarke.....	19.01	Withdrew.	
Zay, F. Luce.....	Withdrew.		

FIFTH CLASS—CATS.
Worry, H. W. & R. P. Bellows.....1 37 06
Rand, H. N. Richards.....Did not start.
Hector first in first class; Anonyma in second class; Parole first, Eina second in third class; Edith first, Squall second in fourth class; Worry first in fifth class. Tycoon and Ashantee were handicapped. Squall goosebilled her sail jibing around S. E. Ledge buoy. She did not tear her sail luckily, but lost 3/4 minutes. Judges, Dr. J. S. Whiting, J. H. Clarke, Jr., J. Wittet.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. 51ST REGATTA, JULY 25.—The Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed its 51st regatta on Saturday, with the wind from all quarters, and mixed up with calms and rain squalls. In the 30ft. class only Saladin and Mildred started, the former getting a fluke near the end which sent her in a winner. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Saladin, W. P. Fowle.....	28.35	2 02 35	2 02 35
Mildred, W. H. Wilkinson.....	25.04	2 05 04	2 05 01

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ione, J. S. Poyen.....	23.46	2 18 46	2 18 46
Susie, W. W. Keith.....	23.39	2 30 39	2 30 39
Alycane, J. A. Barby, Jr.....	Did not finish.		

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hornet, H. P. Benson.....	19.43	1 49 43	1 49 40
Kraken, Percy Chase.....	15.44	1 50 44	1 50 44

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, W. H. Thayer.....	14.55	1 49 55	1 46 59
Memento, J. F. Smaller.....	14.21	1 48 21	1 48 21
Wanda, B. C. Robbins.....	15.24	1 52 24	1 49 44
Delphine, C. M. Barker.....	15.22	1 53 22	1 53 22

WEST LYNN Y. C., JULY 25.—The regatta of the West Lynn Y. C., postponed from June 17, was sailed on Saturday in a light and fluky wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Torment, Cotter and Reardon.....	23.07	1 51 23	1 20 02
Lark, Sproul & Co.....	22.04	1 53 06	1 26 27
Ripple, Thomas Gard.....	25.01	Did not finish.	

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idol, Wentworth and Parker.....	19.06	1 28 00	1 13 20
Alice L. P. W. Lynch.....	17.01	1 31 12	1 13 56

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Inez, Goodridge Bros.....	18.09	1 34 35	1 18 27
Addie, Rich & Nutting.....	18.05	1 37 00	1 20 40
Vesper, George Wiegand.....	18.06	1 37 38	1 21 26
Plover, Hammond & Co.....	17.09	1 41 35	1 20 55

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alpine, Charles Blodgett.....	15.06	1 23 45	1 05 20
Wild Cat, Charles Alvey.....	14.30	1 24 30	1 04 20
Isabel, Davis & Hodgston.....	16.00	1 28 47	1 03 43
Robin, Samuel Platt.....	16.11	1 33 00	1 15 40

The judges were F. G. Olin, F. L. Tarbox and J. B. Perkins.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Staten Island Sound Squadron sailed its third regatta on July 25 over a 10-mile course off Seawen, N. J. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kitten.....	2 56 40	4 53 11	1 56 31
Irex.....	2 53 44	5 05 04	2 11 16

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary Anna.....	2 55 05	4 56 17	1 58 12
Fannie.....	2 55 05	4 56 35	2 01 27

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nankit.....	2 52 48	4 48 33	1 55 45
Tarpon.....	2 54 05	4 54 40	1 59 55
Torment.....	2 53 48	4 41 25	1 47 37

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bon Ton.....	2 54 30	4 41 50	1 47 20
Lillie.....	2 55 20	Withdrew.	
Kuma.....	2 57 39	Withdrew.	

The first annual regatta of the Delaware River Squadron will be sailed off Riverton, N. J., on Aug. 8, open to all boats under 25ft. l.w.l. Dr. C. P. Tuttle, 224 South Fifth street, Camden, N. J., is chairman of the regatta committee.

VOLUNTEER BOAT CLUB, JULY 18-25.—The first regatta of the new Volunteer Boat Club, of Sag Harbor, was sailed on July 18 in a heavy rain and a strong S.E. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Winifred, S. B. Palmer.....	2 58 20	4 42 30	1 44 10
Louise, J. B. Fahys.....	2 48 20	4 05 09	1 16 40
Redwood, H. Morton.....	2 49 15	Did not finish.	
Water Witch, J. Eggleston.....	2 47 30	4 06 45	1 19 15
Hogonock, W. A. Lamont.....	2 50 40	4 21 30	1 30 50
Ariadne, J. A. Napier.....	2 56 40	4 15 12	1 18 32

On July 25 the second race was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, with a thunder shower. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Louise, Young.....	3 37 32	5 56 00	2 18 43
The Panmanock, Hunt.....	3 33 40	6 14 05	2 14 05
Grand Duchess, Morton.....	3 37 34	5 56 57	2 19 23
Water Witch, Eggleston.....	3 38 02	6 08 00	2 19 23
Edith, Cook.....	3 46 20	6 29 45	2 43 25
Hogonock, Lamont.....	3 46 20	6 29 45	2 43 25

MOSQUITO FLEET Y. C., July 25.—The second cup race of the South Boston Mosquito Fleet was sailed on Saturday in a S.W. wind that freshened considerably as the race went on. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, J. F. Small.....	14.11	1 19 26	1 19 21
Nellie, J. O'Leary.....	14.11	1 29 38	1 29 31
Bessie, W. L. Young.....	12.11	Did not finish.	

The annual cruise of the club will take place on Aug. 2.

JAVELIN.—The new steam yacht Javelin, built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. for Vice-Com. E. D. Morgan, New York Y. C., was launched on July 18, making her trial trip on the following Monday. She is 98ft. over all, 91ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 2in. beam, 4ft. 9in. draft, with three cylinder compound engines, 9, 14 and 22hp., 12 cylinders, and a Thornycroft boiler. The speed expected is 23 miles per hour.

COLUMBIA.—The old New York sloop Columbia struck on July 20 on Scup Rock, Hope Island, Narragansett Bay, and sank immediately, her crew reaching the shore with much difficulty. She was at one time owned by Tweed, and is one of the many yachts in which he is reported to have escaped from New York.

VOLUNTEER.—Gen. Payne's re-modeled schooner was launched from the ways at Lawley's on July 22, her masts being stepped next day and her bowsprit shipped. Her jozier work and rigging is well advanced and she will be with the fleet next week.

MARINE RAILWAY AT MARBLEHEAD.—The firm of H. V. Partelow & Son, of Boston, have purchased the coal sheds next to Tucker's wharf, Marblehead, and will put in a steam marine railway for yachts, and also a free landing float for the use of yachtsmen, two improvements which are greatly needed.

UTOWANA.—The new steam yacht Utawana, Mr. W. W. Durant, designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb and built by Neale & Levy, Philadelphia, sailed from the yard on July 23 for New York and Bar Harbor. She will leave the coast in September for a cruise around the world.

TIDAL WAVE.—The wreck of the Tidal Wave has been sold where she lies, the hull bringing \$152 and the other material \$321.65.

AN ADVENTURE ON A CATAMARAN.—A party of New Haven yachtsmen had quite an adventure on July 26, being obliged to spend the night on a partly wrecked catamaran at anchor in the Sound. They were taken off safely in the morning in a very wet and exhausted condition.

SILVA.—On July 25 the steam yacht *Silva*, built for Dr. M. H. Forrest, of Philadelphia, by Seabury & Co., was launched at Nyack. She is 80ft. over all, 69ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft, with triple expansion engines and water tube boilers.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C.—The executive committee of the Lake Champlain Y. C. has decided to hold its annual regatta on Aug. 20, in connection with the meeting of the American Canoe Association at Willsboro Point, Vt.

YORKVILLE Y. C., JULY 26.—The race of the Yorkville Y. C. on July 26 failed for lack of wind, only one boat, Florence Tate, completing the course.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The fleet of the New Haven Y. C. started on its cruise on July 20 for New London and Greenport.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION. NORTHERN DIVISION.
Officers: Officers:
VICE-COM: C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y. VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O. REAR-COM: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y. PURSER: C. E. L. Porteous, Kingston.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart. EX-COM: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

EASTERN DIVISION. ATLANTIC DIVISION.
Officers: Officers:
VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr. VICE-COM: L. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: G. L. Parmelee, Hartford. REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: R. A. Pollonio, Winchester. PURSER: Richard Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX-COM: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop. EX-COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 139 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

- AUGUST.
1. New York, Open, Sailing. 27. Rochester, Sailing Trophy,
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Cham- Irondequoit Bay,
plain.
SEPTEMBER.
5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 10. Rochester, Fall Regatta,
7. 9 A. M., Arlington, Ann., Irondequoit Bay,
Passaic River. 12. Knickerbocker, Ann., N. Y.
7. 2 P. M., Ianthe, Ann., Pas-
saic River.

A NEW IDEA FOR A REGATTA COMMITTEE.—The New York C. C. tried a new experiment in its races of Saturday last which is likely to prove a success. The regular male regatta committee not being on hand—in fact, it is stated that nothing has been heard from its members since the spring regatta—the management of the race was given to the ladies present, who started and timed the canoes. One great advantage of this plan is that

all danger from firearms is avoided, the ladies wisely preferring the club foghorn to the club pistol. We call the attention of other clubs, as well as the Commodore of the A. C. A. to this experiment, which may prove well worth imitating.

PASSAIC RIVER REGATTAS.—The Ianthe, Arlington and Orange canoe clubs have arranged a three-day racing meet for the first week in September which promises to attract a number of New York canoeists to the Passaic at Woodside. On Saturday, Sept. 5, the Orange C. C. will hold its annual regatta, open to members of all canoe clubs. On Sunday the visitors will be entertained by the three clubs; on Monday (Labor Day) at 9 A. M. the regatta of the Arlington C. C. will be started, and at 2 P. M. that of the Ianthe C. C. The programme includes plenty of racing, with time for camping and social meetings.

A. C. A. MEET TRANSPORTATION.

To the Members of the Eastern Division, A. C. A.:
We beg to call attention to the inclosed circular giving a list of railroads which will make a rate of one full fare and one-third, as per instructions in same.

Endeavors are being made to obtain the same concession from and other New England roads. In case this concession is not granted, it will be advisable to purchase tickets to the nearest point named in circular, and there obtain ticket to Burlington or Port Kent upon certificate plan.

Attention is called to the day express of the Fitchburg Railroad, through to Port Kent or Burlington direct, leaving Boston at 10:30 A. M., Providence at 9:10 A. M. and Worcester at 11 A. M. Those wishing to travel during the night should take the 7 P. M. sleepers from Boston to Burlington via Fitchburg Railroad.

Referring especially to paragraph No. 4 of passenger committee's circular, we would say that tickets should be purchased between Aug. 3 and Aug. 8, 1891, and return tickets before Aug. 81. (See paragraph No. 8.)

Canoeists from Boston and vicinity should ship their canoes and duffle before Aug. 3, as the car leaves on that day care of J. W. Richards, Fitchburg Railroad, Boston, freight department, where a car will be in readiness to receive them, which will go to Burlington and be side-tracked, and from which they may be taken upon delivery of receipt.

The freight charges per canoe and duffle from Boston to Burlington will be \$2, which sum please remit with letter of advice to Mr. Richards. It is important that Mr. Richards should be advised at the earliest opportunity of any canoes which are to be shipped from Boston, so that he can obtain proper accommodations in time.

Canoeists going to Burlington can reach camp at Willsborough Point by steamer from Burlington via Port Kent, and probably the regular steamers will run to the A. C. A. dock from Burlington direct.

Special letters of inquiry should be addressed to Raymond Apollonio, No. 43 State street, Boston.

J. W. CARTWRIGHT, JR., Vice Commodore,
R. APOLLONIO, Purser,
J. W. RICHARDS, Transportation Com.

CANOEING COSTUMES.—The costumes worn by the crews of sailing canoes when racing are by no means uniform, nor quite ship shape in many cases; though pot hats or tall hats are seldom seen on the sailing canoe, it is quite as unsightly to see twined check coats or caps, braces and 'boiled' or linen shirts. Many good, serviceable dress rigs may be seen at Hendon on a race day, from the man-of-war'sman's working dress, through all sorts of grades and cuts of blue serge and white flannel, down to the rather inappropriate striped flannels—suggestive of lawn tennis. In America, brilliant striped jerseys and stocking caps are much in vogue, and knickerbockers are nearly universal. On the Thames, on the other hand, the fashion of the boat sailor, be he owner or one of the crew, runs as nearly as possible in imitation of the Cowes fit-out of the owner of a 200-tonner. From a practical point of view, many of the costumes worn are utterly inappropriate, no sailor can do his work efficiently with long sleeves, a collar buttoned round his neck, and braces on. Trousers should be loose at the knee and below, so as to be easily rolled up; the sleeves should come but half way below the elbow; and the neck opening should be sufficient to put at least your flat in—that's the place to stow your small gear. Of course every particle should be of wool, and lacings are preferable to buttons where possible to use them. Once try the difference of swimming with a man-of-war frock on versus a yachting jacket, and the jacket will never be put on in a capsizable boat.—Field.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Clarence B. Ashenden, Auburn, Mass.; J. W. Brown, Woburn, Mass. Central Division: Herbert C. Titus, Albany, N. Y.; Bert Sannard, Troy, N. Y. Northern Division: P. B. Taylor, R. W. Haycock, Ottawa, Atlantic Division: Frederick A. Cummings, Belleville, N. J.; V. J. Warburton, New York city; W. F. Campbell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alexander Archibald, Albert E. Turner, Newark, N. J.; Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.

CANADIAN CANOES AT THE MEET.—Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., July 21.—Collector of Customs: Sir—Referring to the Department's letter to you, under date of July 29, '90, in which you were authorized to pass the canoes and necessary outfits of Canadian canoeists arriving at your port or in your district en route to the annual meet of the American Canoe Association, free of duty and without requiring bond for their return, on production of the usual oath for the free entry of personal effects, you are hereby authorized to extend the same privilege to Canadian canoeists who expect to attend the approaching meet of the American Canoe Association to be held upon Lake Champlain during the month of August next. Respectfully yours, (Signed) O. L. SPAULDING, Assistant Secretary. (To the collectors at Burlington, Vt.; Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Cape Vincent, N. Y.; Plattsburgh, N. Y.; and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.)

NEW YORK C. C. CUP.—The New York C. C. last week received a challenge from Mr. Ford Jones, of Brockville, Canada, who sailed for the New York C. C. International Cup last year in Canuck, and is now desirous of trying again provided the races will be sailed off New York Bay. Mr. Jones named Gravesend Bay, and the club has accepted his challenge, but with the proviso that the courses shall be on neutral waters about New York which shall be satisfactory to both parties. This leaves the question open between Gravesend Bay, Newark Bay, and the part of New York Bay commonly called the "Jersey Flats," off Bayonne, with possibly other localities. The club is desirous of giving as fair a contest as possible to the challenger.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CAMPING.—Canoeing ought to go ahead in a country where the sport is handed to man without effort on his part; Lowell, in America, would seem to be a sort of canoeing fairland. "The Eastern Division of the A. C. A. holds a meet at Tyngs Pond, which is two miles long by half a mile wide, it is reached by half-hourly electric cars from Lowell; a dining hall is a quarter of a mile from the camp; meals \$1 a day; transport to and from the camp of all boats and duffle free." Well, a dollar a day at English camp meets would only about suffice to "find" the average amateur canoe cook in methyated spirits for his lamp.—Field.

NEW YORK C. C. OPEN RACES.—The open race of the New York C. C. on July 25 had but four starters, all home boats, the notice being very short. Lielda, Schuyler Schieffelin, won, with Bonnie, C. H. Vaux, second. Aztec, Com. Howard, withdrew, and Toltec, Mr. Barington, capsized. A second open race will be held on Saturday next.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.—A correspondent writes that the Connecticut is canoeable from West Stewartstown.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

WORM FISHERMAN.—Worms may be brought to the surface of the ground by soaking the earth with salt water, or with slaked lime water, made in proportion of three gallons of water to one pound of slaked lime: let it stand four hours before using.

W. W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Maine black bass fishing is said to be good in Great Belgrade and Long Ponds, and the chain from Oakland to South Monmouth, among them Cobboscontee, also Maranacook and Annobessacook, reached from Winthrop.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adm.

On the 6th inst., as Capt. Freeman was on his way to Chelsea, he noticed some object swimming across the bow of his steamer which proved to be a bear, and about that time the glass registered Capt. Freeman's hunting instinct about two hundred in the shade. But how, oh how, could he kill him? He said if he had the time and the feathers he would make a fly hook of his anchor and land him, as F. B. Wade did the wildcat. But as it was he had to use the pike-pole for a spear. Capt. Freeman altered his course and went for the bear, and when the bear saw that he was to be run down he altered his course, and went for the boat, leading with a left hander upon her bow, while his face wore one of his bearship's broadest smiles. Freeman dealt him a swinging blow upon the shoulder, which caused him to change his tactics, and make for shore, which was quite handy by this time, and Freeman had to leave the steamer and take his rowboat. There was a race. The boat ran upon a rock. Freeman took water, but not back-water, by a good deal, and dealt him a blow that surprised bruin very much, and also broke the oar with which he hit him, and before bruin recovered his surprise the captain recovered a piece of the oar and came to close quarters. At present bruin's pelt is on exhibition at the steamboat wharf.—Gold Hunter, Caledonia Corner, N. S., June 13.

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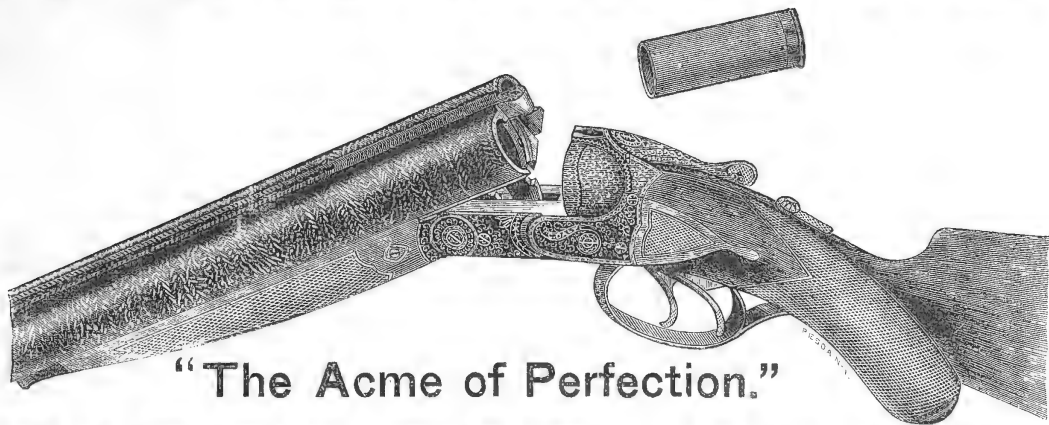
Notice to Fishermen. Cut Prices for 1891. Here I am again as usual cutting the prices of Fishing Tackle. Low prices and good quality of goods increases my business. It will pay you to buy your tackle in Brooklyn.

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No. 1, 6, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 1/2, 9 1/2, 10 ft., weight 9, 10 1/2, 12, 13 oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, 6, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8 ft., weight 20 oz. " 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. " 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9 ft. " 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25 yds., 33c.; 40 yds., 35c.; 60 yds., \$1.05; 80 yds., \$1.15; 100 yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40 yds., \$1.75; 60 yds., \$2.25; 80 yds., \$2.50; 100 yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300 ft., 4c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300 ft., 9 thread, 43c.; 15 thread, 43c.; 15 thread, 43c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1 ft., per doz., 15c.; 2 ft., per doz., 30c.; 3 ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1 ft., per doz., 15c.; 2 ft., per doz., 30c.; 3 ft., per doz., 45c.

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With Notes on the Origin, Customs and Character of the Pawnee People.

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL ("YO.")

Cloth, 417 pages. Illustrated. Price \$2.00.

Pawnee customs and beliefs are richly illustrated by the folk-tales and in the copious notes Mr. Grinnell gives an uncommonly spirited account of Pawnee life in peace and in war. There is an account of the defense of a Pawnee village by 200 sick men, cripples, old men and squaws, against 600 Sioux warriors, which for sheer gallantry and indomitable pluck will match almost anything in military history. The Pawnee warriors were all away at the time, and the Sioux counted upon an easy victory. But the Pawnee cripples and women actually beat them off after a hard day's fighting, and at last so terrorized them that the bold assailants fled in panic and sustained a heavy loss. Mr. Grinnell also has written a picturesque and vivacious sketch of one of the last Pawnee buffalo hunts, in which the Indians commonly reverted to primitive weapons and usages, often hunting quite naked with no other arms than their bows and arrows. A particularly interesting part of the book is that which treats of the Pawnee doctors or medicine men. The statements of Mr. Grinnell show the possession by some of these men of a kind of skill in sleight-of-hand far beyond that usually attributed to Indians; some of the facts here described are as puzzling and unaccountable as those performed by the famous jugglers and fakirs of Hindostan, while one of their tricks is a close parallel to the East Indian mango feat. . . . Those who desire to learn of the many other wonders done by the Indian doctors must refer to its pages for themselves. As it is certainly one of the best works on Indian life, legend and character that has been written for a long time, it should obtain a wide circulation.—N. Y. Tribune.

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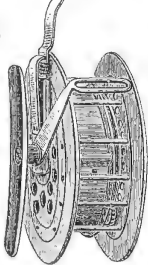
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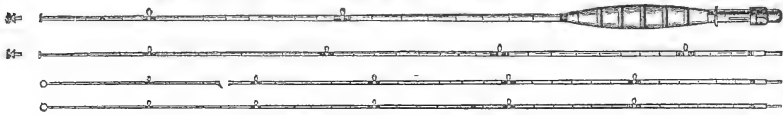


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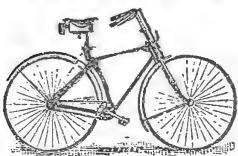
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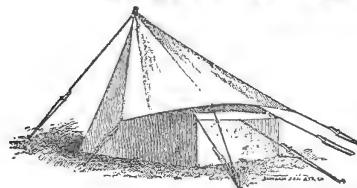
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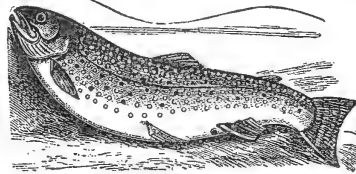
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 3.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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AUGUST DAYS.

WITH such unmistakable signs made manifest to the eye and ear the summer signals its fullness and decline, that one awakening now from a sleep that fell upon him months ago might be assured of the season with the first touch of awakening.

To the first aroused sense comes the long-drawn cry of the locust fading into silence with the dry, husky clap of his wings; the changed voice of the song birds, no more caroling the jocund tunes of mating and nesting time, but plaintive with the sadness of farewell.

The bobolink has lost, with his pied coat, the merry lilt that tinkled so continually over the buttercups and daisies of the June meadows; rarely the song sparrow utters the trill that cheered us in the doubtful days of early spring. The bluebird's abbreviated carol floats down from the sky as sweet as then, but mournful as the patter of autumn leaves. The gay goldfinch has but three notes left of his June song as he tilts on the latest blossoms and fluffy seeds of the thistles. The meadow lark charms us no more with his long-drawn melody, but with one sharp, insistent note, he struts in the meadow stubble or skulks among the tussocks of the pasture and challenges the youthful gunner. What an easy shot that even, steady flight offers, and yet it goes onward with unfaltering rapid wing-beats, while the gun thunders and the harmless shot flies behind him. The flicker cackles now no more as when he was a jubilant new comer, with the new-come spring for his comrade, but is silent or only yelps one harsh note as he flashes his golden wings in loping flight from fence stake to ant hill.

The plover chuckles while he lingers at the bounteous feast of grasshoppers, but never pierces the August air with the long wail that proclaimed his springtime arrival. After nightfall, too, is heard his chuckling call fluttering down from the aerial path, where he wends

his southward way, high and distinct above the shrill monotony of crickets and August pipers. The listening sportsman may well imagine that the departing bird is laughing at him as much as signalling his course to companion wayfarers.

The woodland thrushes' flutes and bells have ceased to breathe and chime, only the wood pewee keeps his pensive song of other days, yet best befitting those of declining summer.

The trees are dark with ripened leafage; out of the twilight of the woodside glow the declining disks of wild sunflowers and shine the rising constellations of asters. The meadow sides are gay with unshorn fringes of golden rod and willow herb, and there in the corners of the gray fences droop the heavy clusters of elderberries, with whose purple juice the flocking robins and the young grouse, stealing from the shadowed copses along this belt of shade, dye their bills.

The brook trails its attenuated thread out of the woodland gloom to gild its shallow ripples with sunshine and redden them with the inverted flames of the cardinals that blaze on the sedge brink. Here the brown mink prowls with her lithe cubs, all unworthy yet of the trapper's skill, but tending toward it with growth accelerated by full feasts of pool-impounded minnows.

Here, too, the raccoon sets the print of his footsteps on the muddy shores as he stays his stomach with frogs and sharpens his appetite with the hot sauce of Indian turnip while he awaits the setting of his feast in the cornfields.

The hounds are more impatient than he for the opening of his midnight revel, and tug at their chains and whimper and bay when they hear his querulous call trembling through the twilight. They are even fooled to melodiously mournful protest when their ears catch the shriller quaver of the screech owl's note.

The woodcock skulks in the bordering alders, and when forced to flight does so with a stronger wing than when a month ago his taking off was first legally authorized. Another month will make him worthier game; and then, too, the ruffed grouse need not be spared a shot, as full grown and strong of pinion he bursts from cover; nor the wood duck, now but a vigorous bunch of pin feathers, be let go untried or unscathed, when from his perch on a slanted rock or out of a bower of rushes he breaks into the upper air with startling flutter of wings and startled squeak of alarm.

Summer wanes, flowers fade, bird songs falter to mournful notes of farewell; but while regretfully we mark the decline of these golden days, we remember with a thrill of expectation that they slope to the golden days of autumn, wherein the farmer garners his latest harvest, the sportsman his first worthy harvest, and that to him that waits come all things, and even though he waits long, may come the best.

SNAP SHOTS.

WHEN Mr. Charles F. Franzee, of the Keystone Sportsmen's Association of Pittsburgh, Pa., sent out notices of a trap-shooting tournament the other day, certain newspapers refused to print his card, holding that the offering of prizes in trap-shooting was equivalent to gambling, and to print notices of the same would render the publishers liable under the Anti-Lottery Law. Mr. Franzee referred the question to the Post Office Department, and Assistant Attorney-General Tyner has ruled that trap-shooting for prizes is not a lottery scheme within the meaning of the law. The winning of the prizes, says Judge Tyner, depends not on the element of luck or chance, but on skill. The ruling is undoubtedly sound; trap-shooting is not to be classed as a game of chance. Nevertheless the element of luck has much to do with the sport and can never be wholly eliminated. If trap-shooting were not very much a thing of chance we should never hear of many of the matches for big wagers.

The Massachusetts Legislature this year adopted a resolution directing the Fish Commission to confer with the proper authorities of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, with a view to securing the adoption of uniform laws to protect the food fishes of the States named; and to report the result of their conference to the Legislature of 1892.

The Ontario Game and Fish Commission, appointed last winter to take evidence on which to base a revision

of the game and fish laws of the Province, sent out circulars asking for the views of sportsmen, dealers, hotel proprietors and other classes interested in the subject. Secretary A. D. Stewart advises us that the committee has received several thousand answers, and after classifying them and taking a consensus of the opinions expressed the results have been very satisfactory, and much information has been elicited. The only matter upon which unfavorable comment could be made is that numbers of the papers have been answered by people calling themselves sportsmen, but who evidently look at the subject from a very selfish standpoint; but of course the good and the bad answers must be weighed together, and a balance struck. The intelligent Commission may safely be trusted to use the acquired data as a basis for wise legislation.

A Montana genius, mindful of the number of grizzlies that get away because the tenderfoot's gun wobbles, has invented a little contrivance to overcome the difficulty. It is a gunner's rest, to support the extended left arm when holding a gun in position. The rest consists of a straight bar, at the upper end of which is an U-shaped bow. The shooter's elbow or forearm rests in this bow, and the lower end of the bar is fastened to a waist-belt. This gives a "hip-rest," affording a firm support and permitting the arm which holds the gun to be extended straight from the shoulder. The bar is capable of extension, to give greater or less elevation; and as illustrated in one of the patent journals it appears to be a capital thing, provided the game encountered by the man in harness can be induced to stand still until the intending shooter shall have adjusted the ratchets and spring keys and bar and belt and his elbow into the U-bow.

North Carolina is away ahead this year on the game and fish law tinkering record. The last session of her Legislature passed forty-one separate and distinct bills on the subject. Of these, thirty odd are of merely local application, and relate for the most part to fishing in certain creeks. Amendments of the general laws have been made so often and in such a slipshod style that it is in many cases extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to make out what the law actually means. We trust that a study of the *Book of the Game Laws* may not be without advantage in demonstrating the absurd and unintelligible complexity of the statutes of some States and the simplicity, directness and clearness of others.

Our long-time contributor "H. P. U." suggests that there should be a reunion of the old friends and contributors to FOREST AND STREAM during the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. A day or a week might be set apart, for such as can do so to register at the Angling Exhibit, where Dr. Henshall will be in charge; and by means of the register one could find the address in the city of those whom he cared to see. It may be quite practicable to carry out this happy thought. What say "Wawayanda," "Podgers," "Awahsoose," "Kingfisher," "Piseco," "Yo," "Reignolds" et al?

Senator Edmunds, who is an enthusiastic sportsman with rod and gun, is declared to be a charming camp comrade. "His unruffled good humor, ready wit and apt repartee, and an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, grave and gay," says one who has camped with him many seasons, "make him the most companionable of men under broiling sun or lowering skies, by the fitful light of camp-fire or on the long miles of fruitless tramp."

Wills have frequently been made in favor of cats or dogs for which the testators have special affection; and just now the papers are reporting the contesting of a will among whose provisions is a legacy of eight dollars per week for the maintenance of a pet dog. It may be assumed that the brute beneficiary is the least concerned about it of all the parties in interest.

The "Forest and Stream Nursery Rhyme" jingles have caught the eye of half a dozen rhymesters, and bid fair to become popular if not famous.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MINNETONKA, THE QUEEN OF LAKES.

Altho' ye who love the lakes and streams! Have you heard of Minnetonka, queen of Minnesota's resplendent galaxy of lakes, and of Minnehaha, her gentle handmaiden, immortalized by Longfellow?

The poet sang of them as Arcadian vestals, clad in rustic beauty and simplicity, at such time as the red men made high altars in their primeval groves, and the venerable Mudjekewis camped by the waterside and Hiawatha toyed like an ousel with the spray which leapt over the tinkling falls—a halcyon period. It is all different now. Everything is changed. Two hundred pretentious villas encircle the indented shores. Great temples of mammon lift their tall gables from the high points. Pavilions flash with flaring canopies and fluttering pennants. Music fills the resounding air by day and night. Electric lights usurp the franchise of the moon. Steamboats churn the ambient waves and blow their blatant whistles into the very hush of Spirit Island, frightening off the cranes and pelicans which used to brood in the sequestered places, and profaning all the sacred precincts of the vestals. Lake Minnetonka is a veritable Carnival and Vanity Fair from end to end during the fervid summer season. And who shall gainsay it? Shall Mudjekewis interdict?

Mudjekewis was the sportsman's friend. We recall the patriarchal days when, like the ancient Jacob, he would fain have blessed them, when they used to steal down to the lakeside along the errant runways and by-paths which the deer had made, and stake out their white-walled tents where breezy points project into the limpid water, and troll for bass and mascalonge beside the lily pads and rushes, and catch galore of fish. We remember when, no further back than twenty years ago, the points and thoroughfares would swarm with ducks which traded between the ponds at dusk and twilight; and all the adjacent fields, still virgin to the plowshare, would swarm with geese; and it was an easy trick to shine a deer on all the sloughs and bring his antlers home. The Indian Hiawatha had a welcome for knights of the green cloth then, but the sportsmen sold their birthright to the sons of Croesus, and now the rustic beauty and simplicity of Minnetonka has departed. Mudjekewis no longer spreads his blanket beside its margin. Like the sere brown leaf of November, withered and curled up, he has been whisked away into the shades, and all his dusky tribe have followed. And the deer have gone too! and there are comparatively few fish in the lake—a few croppies, perch, sunfish, pickerel and straggling bass—in all that wide and deep expanse of re-entering bays and far-reaching arms which boast an absolute length of seventeen miles and an extended shore line of 120 miles.

So listen once again, ye who love the lakes and streams! They say that Minnetonka is receding; that its springs and fountains are drying up. Ha! Is this a judgment on those who bartered away their fiefs? Is it retribution? And they declare that the outflow of Minnehaha Creek must be stopped in order that the majestic basin may fill again; in a word, that the life of the one must be blotted out that the other may abide a little longer. If this be so, if it indeed be a necessity to accept this vicarious sacrifice, then the limpid stream will gleam no more along the meadow, and the crystal falls, which erst tossed their spangles to the spectrum of the upper air, will vanish like a sprite and be seen no more by man. Only a rocky escarpment will remain to view—a shapeless, burned-out core, like a dead asteroid, in which there is neither brilliancy nor reflection. Then the soul of Hiawatha will wither and the inspiration of the poet's theme take wing forever.

Minnetonka will be a very dead sort of a sea with all its life and sentiment eliminated, its channels turned to sightless shoals, its bold headlands bared by the recession of the waters, and all its fleets of boats and yachts left useless on its muddy margin like hybernating alligators in a bayou. But, all ye nymphs and hamadryads who were wont to attend the vestal priestess in the primal groves, forefend that events so dire should pass! Cannot some mystic method be devised to plug the bottom of the pond? to check evaporation? to introduce new feeders which, like maternal paps, shall stimulate the sources of supply while they expand and nourish the recipient? Any device will be preferable to shutting off the water, à la Catskill, from the Falls. Damming Minnehaha Creek will damn the place and its vicinity, and this the immense pecuniary interests involved in the State cannot permit. Here are all the half dozen different railroads and electric motor lines which center at the Lake; here is the fleet of public steamboats which can carry an aggregation of 1,000 persons at a trip, and the home mosquito fleet of steam and naphtha launches; here is the mammoth Hotel Lafayette, 1,000ft. long and five stories high, with all its adjuncts of pavilions, booths, lunch counters, refreshment stands and side shows. Here are the four other grand hotels, accommodating several hundreds each, and a host of lesser inns and boarding places, with their fleets of rowboats to let; and here are the villages of Excelsior and Wayzata, already large towns, supported by the summer patronage of the lake, with various hamlets springing up. Here are the 200 or more private cottages, worth half a million of dollars, and here are the accessory industries of farming, market gardening, boat building, stabling, livery, etc., all to be squelched or scattered by the destruction or deterioration of Minnetonka Lake. Verily, these interests will not be left to suffer by neglect or foolish shifts. Mudjekewis forbid!

Many a blithesome day and month have I passed on this resplendent sheet of water when it was bank full, and all the frondage of its dozen wooded islands was laved perpetually in the drink. On moonlight nights my boat has drifted wantonly into the mysterious shadow of Spirit Island. When the mid-day sun was hot I have tested the luxury of Breezy Point. Before there was even a public steamboat on its bosom I have trolled along the shores of Big Island, two miles in length, and picked out many a goodly bass and pike; and I have defied the magic circle of Enchanted Island, scanned the tall pines where a pair of our national birds nested on Eagle Island, visited the geese and cranes on their respective islands where they bred habitually, and picnicked among the groves on Shady Island. Into many a cove and bay I have paddled my canoe and caught croppies by the score, and so, indeed, wiled away the lapsing hours of summer in

a manner befitting my own peculiar sense of enjoyment. On stated days there were boat races and club regattas for sailing yachts, and hops and waltzes on the hotel corridors and in the parlors, to music by sole-stirring bands or less pretentious piano and violin.

Let me style my Minnetonka Queen of all the Lakes. Winnipisiogee, in New Hampshire, is its only counterpart, but there is less of fashionable methods there and fewer cottages and fewer people. Perhaps its natural charms are even greater at present than Minnetonka's, and forsooth, it is their lack or waning that I deplore, for I have been on Minnetonka when its limpid water was so pure and palatable and free from flotsam that I could have drank almost incessantly and been refreshed. I have seen it when all its houses were hidden by the clustering foliage and its seclusion was its greatest charm to me. There have been moments, ere the sun had risen, when all the morning lights, which painters find it so difficult to trace, filled the firmament with their transparency. Then not only the rocks and hills and trees along the shore, the moss which grew on the ledges, the gulls on the wing, and the rosy glow in the east, but even the fleecy films of vapor, which in voluptuous summer float high in the upper air like lace embroidered on the blue, were mirrored on the surface of the water, and each individual wavelet upturned by the cleaving prow formed reduplicating mirrors like the facets of a gem, reflecting the consummate picture in each one.

Such, I ween, was a vraisemblance of perfect peace. But alas! this lake in other moods takes the storm to its bosom like a wrestler in the bouts, and all its placid surface is lashed into a lather of foam in an instant. No small boat can live then. In such a squall an entire boat's complement of ladies and gentlemen who had left the shore five minutes before in a steam launch to cross to the opposite point, went to the bottom like a stone, and not one survived. Eight of these belonged to the same family. It was sad. It was unusual, for such accidents are no more frequent on Minnetonka than in other realms where even the most gracious Queen will sometimes frown.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

A LONELY PILGRIM IN THE ROCKIES—II.

[Continued from Page 23.]

WHILE at Marysville I often heard of the Little Blackfoot Valley from old hunters. They all called it the mountain hunter's heaven. The valley was 45 miles away and game and fish were said to be fat and plenty; then I made arrangements several times to go there with hunting parties, but the parties always backed out for lack of sand or other causes. One evening a canvas-covered wagon appeared in town and I proceeded to scrape acquaintance with its owner. To my surprise and satisfaction I found him to be Daniel S. Herrin, of Little Blackfoot Valley, owner of 7,716 Ranch. I asked him several questions about game, and as he gave very satisfactory replies, I made arrangements to go home with him for a two weeks' hunt. The time soon came for his return. All my belongings were deposited in the hay in the bottom of his wagon and we proceeded to wend our way over the main range for the Valley of the Little Blackfoot. We went by the way of Jay Gould Camp, and the first day was a gradual ascent all day long toward the top of the main range.

What a ride! Surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains. The pure, dry, indescribable mountain air, sometimes laden with perfume from pine forests or freighted with aroma from vast fields of buckberries, and so clear that one can see objects distinctly miles away. It gives a charm to life there and makes a man love to live. The 119lbs. that made what there was of me when I came had grown to 125lbs., and I felt like new. The roads were comparatively smooth and the team went slow up the grade, making a spring seat not the worst thing in the world to ride on all day. Not caring to ride in the night, we stopped at a ranch near Jay Gould and stayed till morning, then drove on over the range via Jay Gould and Stemple. Mr. H. said he took the road to get me as near heaven as he could in Montana and to show me the steepest mountain road in the State. Climbing was slow work for the team, so I went on ahead to the top of the range and got out of hearing of the wagon. What a view! Mountains all around, some bald, others timbered with the everlasting evergreen of the Rockies: some crowned with rocks, some blackened by sweeping fires, man's worst enemy in Montana. Stretching out from the foot of the range was the beautiful valley of our destination, looking not three miles away, the willows with their golden foliage along the crystal river contrasting with the dark green of the pines, making it look like the veritable promised land.

The road ahead toward Stemple looked like the final jumping off place, and I sat down and waited for the team, thinking it impossible to get down at all with a team and wagon. Mr. H. finally came up with me, and by chaining the wheels we managed to zigzag down the steep mountain in safety and arrived at Stemple all right. The road the balance of the way ran through Poor Man Gulch, between timbered mountains, along a beautiful trout brook, clear as crystal and alive with trout. It was a pleasure to ride down that gradually-descending road, often crossing that crystal brook, even though the wheels did run over a rock or stump every rod and make your backbone feel as though it had unhinged in several places and your stomach feel like a vacuum capable of holding a bushel; however, man's gastronomic wants are always supplied, or at least mine were among the Rockies. We came to a miner's cabin and had a cup of hot tea and a good lunch and went on past exhausted placer mines and promising quartz prospects until 9 P. M. found us at the ranch house of Mr. Herrin.

The house is built of logs like all other houses in the valley, for there is no sawmill to cut the great trees on the surrounding mountains. It was to be my home for two weeks, and what made it seem to me more pleasant was that Mr. and Mrs. H. were the most like my own father and mother, gone long ago to their eternal home, of any one I ever saw. The family consisted of a son and grandson, two hired men that we Eastern people call cowboys, and little Christie, an adopted daughter, born in the valley. What a delicious feeling of rest came over me as I went to bed that night. No prospect of being called up to cure some sufferer's aching grinder. No prospect of some notional old maid coming on the morrow to have a new set of teeth made to plump out the wrinkles and make her look sweet sixteen again. How many trials man escapes in the solitude of the Rockies.

The morning came bright and clear, as it most always does in the fall of the year there, and we were up with the lark. The valley was surrounded on all sides by grand old mountains, some timbered with evergreens, others covered with dry grass, looking in the distance as though they had been sandpapered. The house was in a meadow, through the meadow a beautiful trout brook with banks grown over with willows and tall grass twisted its way into the Little Blackfoot River two miles below.

Who could long resist the temptation to get behind a clump of willows and drop a fly into that clear brook. I had an 8oz. rod in my hand, and with three flies attached to the leader began to whip the stream. What sport! My flies would no sooner touch a pool than the water would fairly boil, and I would have one of more lively trout fighting for liberty. I would often get half a dozen from 6 to 12in. long from a single pool. How they jumped! It did not seem to make much difference to them what color the fly's tail feathers were or whether it had any tail at all or not; they were not educated as highly in the fly-tyer's art as are their Eastern cousins.

Every now and then my hair would fairly rise as a flock of mallards or teal fluttered out from behind a clump of willows and flew away toward the river. What a paradise for a sportsman! What long anticipated joys were realized in that short morning! I fished two and one-half hours, returned to the water all I caught that were not badly hurt under 7in. long, strung my trout on a crocheted willow and found I had all I could lug home.

Mr. H. was preparing to kill a fatted calf, but we thought we had better eat the trout first. Part of the trout were cooked for dinner. How good they tasted, flanked by a dish of delicious currants, sugar and cream.

As we had trout enough to last as long as they would keep well, I shouldered the shotgun and with one of the boys started down the brook toward the river for ducks. On nearing the river we came to a lagoon hidden among the willows and spruces, and a nice flock of mallards arose from our very feet and a fine pair was quickly bagged. We soon had ducks enough, and being so near the river we went to take a look at it. What a stream! Its waters were clear as the Water of Life. Here and there along its banks were pools 10 to 12ft. deep, with trout enough in them to suit the most hogish poacher living. Its waters coming from the snow-capped mountains and springs along its course, were the most delicious to drink of any beverage on earth; so clear that the smallest pebble is visible at the bottom of the deepest pool, and cold as ice. It runs through the valley, fed and enlarged all along by little mountain streams. Flowing here between banks of evergreen forests, there hemmed in by willows on all sides, there are numerous puddles and lagoons where ducks hold high carnival, muskrats build their houses, and the wise and nearly exterminated beaver finds a safe retreat from man. Here winding its course through a beautiful meadow, to kiss the foot of majestic old mountains below. What prospects for sport for days to come! We stop to take a drink of its crystal waters and notice tracks on the sandy bank where the wild deer has come to drink before us. As it is near sunset, we shoulder our guns and ducks and turn our steps toward home, tired and happy.

That night our dreams are of clear water, big trout and deer with antlers, and early morning finds us rifle in hand looking for the deer that made those tracks, but we could not find him. So the time passed for several days except that most of the fishing was done in the river. The difficulty was the family was too small to eat the fish and ducks fast enough, salt was scarce and neighbors far away. Yet many days were spent traveling down the river, casting over the beautiful pools, often landing a double of 1lb. each, and one of 2lbs. was not uncommon. One afternoon I shouldered the shotgun and started for the river alone, and several things happened. Nearing the river I saw quite a herd of cattle, but thought nothing of it until they began to circle around me and bellow. One big brindle steer, the leader of the herd, would put on a lordly air, march toward me and bellow and strut around, as much as to say he was the biggest steer on earth and intended my destruction, until it began to be a question whether I should climb a tree or stay all day or be whipped by a brindle steer. I thought I could bluff the whole herd by bluffing him, so I took off my hat and started for him. He would turn and run a little at first, but soon saw I was harmless, and kept getting bolder, apparently intending to show the herd that he was boss of all creation. I became disgusted with his conceited proceedings, gave a yell and went for him, discharging my gun in the air as I went. That was too much for him; he, together with the whole herd, cut for cover and left me for good. A man on foot is a great mystery to a ranch steer. It is far safer to ride a horse than go on foot through a cow country.

After the herd left me I proceeded along the bank of the river. In passing a shallow riffle I noticed what I thought was a muskrat swimming up the riffle, and thought I would shoot him and see if he looked like his Eastern relatives. Nearing the riffle I discovered it to be the back of a monster salmon trout. Of course I wanted him badly and became quite excited in deciding how to get him. As there was no other way I decided to shoot and stun him; approaching to within ten feet of him I fired at his head, then jumped in, expecting to pick him up, and four more rushed out from under my feet, hustling for dear life. I was badly rattled, but shot again, only to see the fish scurry for deep water and out of my sight.

I watched this place several times afterward, tried all the tactics I knew of to take one honorably, but failed every time. All the salmon trout I succeed in taking was a little sample of about three-fourths of a pound that I took with a grasshopper.

After the fracas with the steer Mr. H. advised me to take no more chances on foot, and would saddle Old Shave for me to ride; he was a crop eared homely old cow horse that I could trust anywhere. He was a wise old fellow, was afraid of nothing but bears. His only difficulty to me was that every cow we passed he would start for, thinking that I was a green cowboy of a new kind that he had to teach how to herd cattle.

Scattered among the mountains were prospectors and miners living in tents and log cabins, cooking for themselves year after year all alone in their mountain homes. Some were educated Eastern men years ago, and had left their happy homes caught by the gold excitement of the sixties and have been seeking a fortune ever since among the mountains. Frequently one of these men would ride

a pony to the ranch for provisions, a good meal of Mrs. H.'s cooking, and a visit. Little Christie was a pet among them all. One old gentlemanly placer miner would come often, thoughtlessly set his gun cocked and ready to go off in a corner, draw a chair to the stove and sit with Christie. Taken all around these old miners are as open-hearted hospitable sons of toil as live on earth, and are always willing to entertain you with stories of gold and bears, provided they think you an honorable man, but woe be unto the miscreant that falls among them.

One bright morning Fred Hoffman, one of the hired men, suggested that we go over the mountains hunting and prospecting. Fred shouldered a pick and I a .45 75 Winchester, and we started toward a ridge plainly visible from the house, on a mountainside three miles away. I had never seen a deer, and having so good a guide greatly encouraged my hopes of success. The first mile we saw nothing, but as we began to climb the mountain Fred called my attention to a rock that had been turned over, and said it was done by a bear. This mountain was quite well timbered, but last year a fire swept over it, leaving but here and there a patch of green timber. In the track of the fire everything was burned, leaving part of the shorn and blackened trunks of the trees standing and others fallen in all directions over the mellow soil. The higher up the mountain the fresher was the remaining vegetation, and we expected to find deer before we reached the crest. We soon began to find tracks, and things in general became interesting. What a sensation creeps over a man as he begins to feel that he is in the near vicinity of noble game. We began to pick our way carefully, examining the tracks as we went; but what could this be, a track like a deer's, but very much larger?

"Oh," said Fred, "there is a band of elk up here somewhere." Certainly as we ascended the tracks indicated it, for the ground began to be tracked in all directions by both deer and elk. Coming to the ridge we found a well-beaten path made by elk. But hark! from over to leeward came a peculiar musical whistling neigh. "Do you hear that?" whispered Fred; "that is the old bull elk warning the band; they smell us." We made haste carefully toward the sound. Nearing a clump of green timber, crash! went something, and a pair of hams were seen to disappear in the bushes too quick to shoot at with a 10lbs. gun. I lost all consciousness of everything but that elk, and quickly followed him into the bushes, going very carefully. What a sight met my anxious eyes! Standing not ten rods away was a majestic four-pronged elk looking into the bushes where I was standing, the most beautiful picture a hunter ever set eyes on. Those great lustrous eyes, showing fear and curiosity, peering at my motionless form, short black mane erect, nostrils distended and every feature on a *qui vive* of expectancy. What a hat-rack those horns would make! What a trophy that head would be mounted hanging in my office! How fine a steak could be cut from those plump hams. I could almost taste the juicy tendloins. Oh, for a camera to take that picture. I raised the rifle to my shoulder; it did not seem to weigh an ounce, took a steady and deliberate aim for that noble animal's heart and stopped right there, for Montana don't allow a man to shoot an elk under a penalty of \$500 or one year in Deer Lodge State prison. The vision of an iron bunk in a narrow cell with nothing to eat but Chinese hash—What would you do, brother sportsman, under the circumstances? That elk very deliberately walked away, and in a few minutes I saw him again and a younger one with him, standing broadside in full view, their beautiful necks crossed, making a chance to kill them both at a single shot. What a temptation! They looked at me a while and trotted away (they had been disturbed so little that they were tamer than the cows on the ranch), their antlers rattling against the dead branches of the charred pines, disappearing in a cove of bushes. Fred came up, with an expression on his face showing plainly that he thought I had the buck fever, and we started on. As we neared the clump of bushes I saw the motion of a deer raising her head and thoughtlessly said: "Fred, there's a deer." "Fred said, 'Where?'" but before this where was out of his mouth I had sent a ball after her and she hobbled away. We soon found traces of blood, which we easily followed and soon found her breathing her last about 80 rods from where she started. She was a large fat whitetail doe, I was very much excited, as it was

the first live wild live deer I ever saw, and went through with about as many antics as a boy would in his first new pants and made quite a show of my tenderfoot foolishness, that Fred looked on as a circus, for it wasn't much of a trick for him to kill a deer. We dressed her, brought up Old Shave, fastened her to the saddle and went home hungry and happy. Mr. H. gave up the idea of killing the calf and we enjoyed venison steaks, stews and mince pies immensely during the remainder of my stay.

I very much wanted a pair of antlers to take home as a trophy, so the next morning I mounted Old Shave and started again up the mountain. I had ridden about five miles over a lonely track and came to a piece of timber where the ground was strewn with large granite boulders, old logs, etc., making it look rather wild. I had ridden some distance over this ground when Old Shave came to a sudden halt, snorted and reared, nearly upsetting me,

died happy in hope to the last, and a few have been made millionaires out of what look to most of us like worthless prospect holes.

Morning came, I shouldered my gun and started for the deer. I had no trouble in finding the place, tracks were as plenty as though a flock of sheep had lived there. I tramped over the mountain with both eyes strained for a glimpse of a deer all the forenoon. In looking at the tracks I noticed some pieces of good-looking float quartz, traced it up the side of the mountain and made up my mind where the lead was. Being quite tired I sat down and began to meditate on my find and to build air castles, etc. The prospects of gold galore having taken my thoughts from the deer I concluded to go back to the cabin and get a pick and shovel, and got up and started. I had gone about a rod when crash, smash, thud, thud, thud, and four beautiful deer were passing not fifteen rods away. I saw them run at least 30 rods, their white

tails over their backs, bounding zig-zag over the fallen timber, in no very great hurry to get away.

When I recovered my senses enough to know what I was about, the deer had disappeared, and I stood gun in hand, a grin of admiration overspreading my countenance, my mouth open, and what must have been buck fever shaking my whole system. Perhaps I wasn't mad. I swore I would shoot the first deer I saw move, and went stealthily on. Approaching a clump of bushes I heard a thud, thud, and knew they had gone again. I rambled around for at least an hour, hearing that thud, thud, often enough to know that they had me all sized up and knew that they could peak through the bushes and smile at my greenness and then run away in safety, leaving me exasperated. It was growing late. If I got home before dark I had to start. I started up a wooded ravine toward home, and had not gone far before two mule deer does started up, and I sent a ball after them and followed on. They soon showed themselves again and I sent another ball at the disappearing form of the leader, and one stopped and the other went out of hearing, the one I could often hear bounding away, but could not see, I followed her till dark and abandoned her till morning.

In the morning I brought an old, experienced prospector and we located the quartz lode, but could not find a trace of the wounded doe; but I had a gold mine out of the hunt provided it amounts to anything. How valuable it is can only be ascertained by developing the lead, and that we may know in the future to our joy or sorrow. The time for my return home was at hand. The last evening of my stay in Montana was spent with a number of old hunters around the restaurant fire telling stories of grizzly and cinnamon that would make a man's hair stand on end.

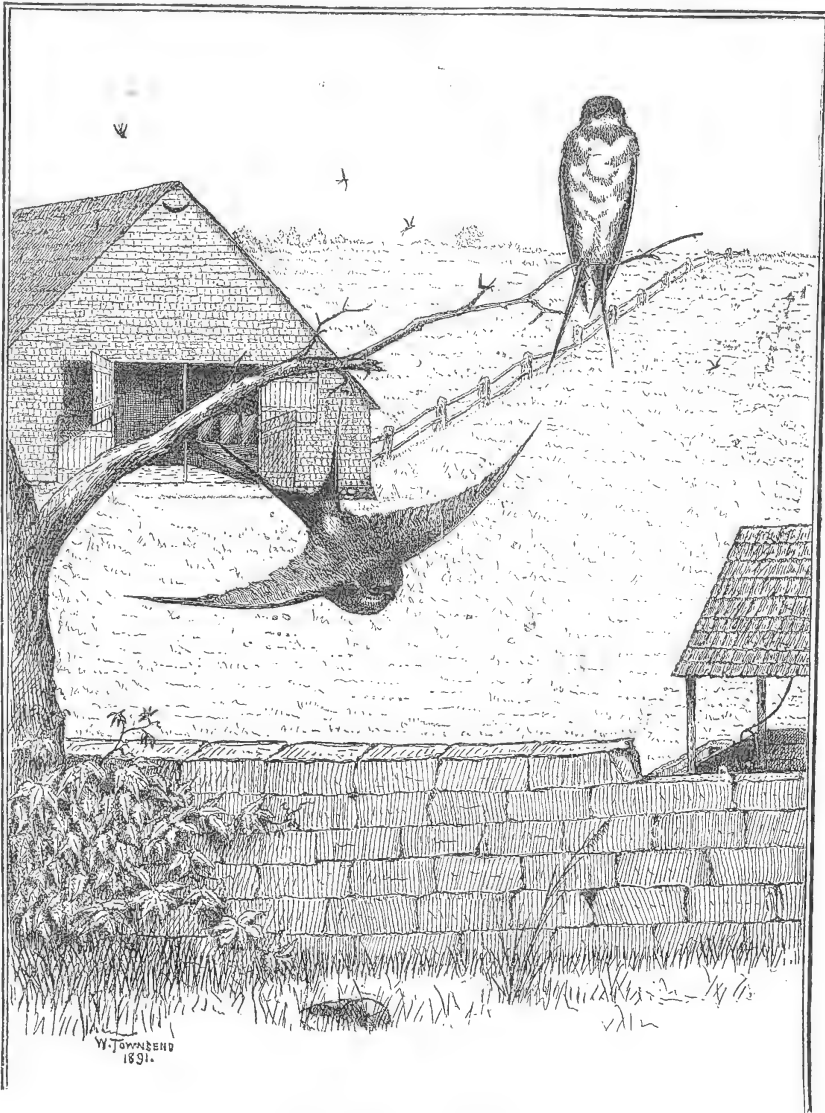
On my return home the sight of millions of geese around Devil's Lake was one I shall never forget, and I just ached to get off and make them scatter. I arrived home safely Oct. 14. My wife and boy were overjoyed, and the pleasure of being at home again with them was even greater than the elk hunt. My old setter Bonaparte expressed his gladness in all kinds of dog language, trying no doubt

to tell me of the sport I had lost with grouse and woodcock along the old Cattaraugus. The neighbors came in to hear my yarns and see my trophies, and all I had to show was some quartz rock and the hindleg of a doe; but that hindleg tells me a long story if it don't show off much, and makes me long for a mountain home among the Rockies.

GOWANDA, N. Y.

JOHN V. COLE.

WASHINGTON FEATHERED GAME.—Shoal Water Bay, Wash., July 20.—On July 5 the first gulls of the season arrived on the bay from the north with their young—there was a flock of about eighty. On the 7th small flocks of sandpipers or peep snipe put in an appearance. On the 9th I heard two flocks of yellow-legs go over toward the south, and on the 16th saw a bunch of sprigs going south; and heard of two large flocks of sprigs and one of gray ducks seen on the tide flats in this bay. I guess that these are the first of this season's crop. On Aug. 20 I expect to make one of a party who go to a fresh water lake on the beach between Shoal Water Bay and Gray's Harbor for a week at the south-bound sprigs, gray ducks and mallards, and shall write an account of the trip.—JIM MACK.



AT SIGHT OF SWALLOWS.

Old-fashioned barns with doors swung wide;
The sound of cattle crunching in the stalls,
The sleepy glare of noonday, buzzing flies,
The clucking of a restless hen,
A twittering in the nests above the mow!

All this I conjure from the past
At sight of swallows.

W. TOWNSEND.

turned and run for home. I stopped him after a while, and rode back with my eyes peeled to see what he was afraid of, but I saw nothing nor could I persuade him to go any further, so I let him go home, thinking he knew his business best. Mr. H. said he got too close to a grizzly and knew I had no business with grizzlies. It seemed an impossible thing to get a buck deer, try as often as I would.

The time came for my departure, I called for my board bill and got a good-natured shaking. Mr. H. said I had furnished more meat than the family could consume and had more than earned my board. I left the valley for Marysville feeling as well as I did in the best days of my boyhood. This world is large and there are a great many good places to go, but the Little Blackfoot Valley will see me again if I have life enough left to get there.

On my return to Marysville some of my friends informed me of the location of a herd of deer about 6 miles away in the mountains. I shouldered my rifle and went to Andy Neenan's comfortable cabin near the spot and staid all night. The Neenan Bros. have a good paying galena mine that they are developing and Andy batches it in his cabin near the mine, which is increasing in richness all the time. What a fascination there is in developing a mine. Many a man has been made a pauper and

Natural History.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

BY invitation of the several scientific societies in Washington, the fortieth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in the city of Washington, beginning with the Council meeting on Monday, Aug. 17. As there will be meetings of several affiliated societies about the time of the Association meeting, and as the International Congress of Geologists will hold its first meeting in this country during the last week in August, the official time given for the Association meeting will be from Aug. 17 to Sept. 2. This will give members of the Association an opportunity to attend the meetings of the other societies.

By a special vote of the Council of the Association, foreign members of the International Congress of Geologists are made honorary associates of the Association for this meeting.

The hotel headquarters for the Association will be at the Arlington Hotel, near the buildings of the Columbian University, in which will be the offices, the hall for general sessions and the rooms for the several sections. The register will be opened on Monday, Aug. 18, in Columbian University.

The local committee, of which Mr. Marcus Baker, of the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., is secretary, has issued a general circular and programme of the meeting, which gives information as to hotels, railroad rates and the doings of scientific bodies during the meeting. This circular and any other information as to local arrangements can be had by addressing Mr. Baker, while information as to membership and papers may be had of the permanent secretary, Prof. F. W. Putnam, Salem, Mass., up to Aug. 10, after which date his address will be the Arlington, Washington, D. C.

GOOD-NATURED RATTLESNAKES.

SHASTA, Cal., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps the following notes are worthy of recording as instances that rattlesnakes do not always bite. Both occurrences I can vouch for:

About the first of this month three children, the oldest being five years of age, near Whitmore in Shasta county, were found under the house, which was raised somewhat from the ground, having a fine time. They had been there within hearing of their mother for about an hour, shouting and laughing. Curious to know what entertained them, the mother finally looked in to find them playing with a rattlesnake. The snake pleased them greatly by coiling and sounding his string of rattles, twelve in number. The children were taken away unharmed and the snake was killed.

At Paul's Mine, near this place, yesterday, a youngster of five years came down the hill to the mine carrying a rattlesnake with eight rattles in his hand. The boy had carried the snake in view of the workmen, who could not determine what he had, for at least 200 yds. The little fellow held the snake somewhere near its middle, while both extremities of the reptile dangled about his bare feet and legs. The boy was told to drop it, which he did reluctantly, and the men killed it. The snake was 3 ft. in length, seemed active, and in full possession of its faculties.

Now, in the first instance noted here, the snake may not have had sufficient aggravation to cause it to strike; but in the latter instance this reason cannot be advanced.

Perhaps some of your readers can say why rattlesnakes do not always bite. LEROY.

WHAT PORCUPINES EAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been considerable talk in our paper on the habits of the American porcupine. Now, I was a land appraiser for the Fox and Wisconsin Improvement Company in twenty-eight of the counties of Wisconsin, and trapped in the northern part of that State, and I think I met this wood hog in very many of his habitats and know something about the critter. Why, he will eat anything that any hog will, and more. He is a thief by night around your camp, will carry off your axes and girdle the handles thereof (for the salt of the sweaty hand, presumably); gnaw all the strings from your snowshoes; and if one gets into your cabin in your absence good bye to everything in the soft line—skins, furs, even to greasy overalls. The last one that visited our cabin had a picnic. We proposed to break camp that afternoon, and had got out the remnants of our larder, previous to packing up, when we were called off for an hour or two. When we got back two of the rascals were just emerging from the cabin with plethoric stomachs. Upon entering we discovered that the flour, pork, and about a quarter-pound of coffee were gone, and only a small string of onions left. Innocent! humph, but a perfect nuisance around camp where you have to lock everything up or hang it high and dry.

But as to their habits. In northern Wisconsin we found that almost invariably during the winter they fed on the tender buds of the hemlock and the linden or basswood, sojourning for a week or ten days at a time on one tree and then crossing to the other. Their gullies or beaten tracks through the snow could be found in every direction and they invariably led to and from these trees and to their den or nest under a turned up stump or hole in the rocks. We could always find one of them lying out on a limb of one or the other of these trees. An old Indian that was camped (if his habitat could be called such) near us one winter was too naturally tired to hunt deer, of which there were plenty in that section; but he could easily find the trail of a porcupine; and it is said that he absolutely ate more than sixty of these stinking animals during the season. Eat them! Faugh! Stick your nose once into a porcupine's nest toward spring and it would be enough. They are a species of hog. Scald off the hair and quills and you have a little pig to all appearances. Looks nice, too. A kind of rind and fat before reaching the meat, but of so rank a flavor that none but a starving man could tolerate it for a moment. We have in our experience been driven to great extremities, when crow, hawk and owl made comparatively fair soups; but porcupine flesh, whew! we would starve first. We have tried it, and the meanest, ill flavored flesh in the world is the American porcupine as we found it.

Why, the only thing about them worth a continental is a few of their broken quills for the squaws to work up to sell women or tenderfeet. And these same quills are a big nuisance sometimes, for we had one driven through our moccasin into the sole of the foot. We pulled it out with a pair of bullet-moulds (the whole of it, we supposed), but the foot festered and was very sore for several days, when it got perfectly well. A year afterward a cat boil, as we thought, was found on our thigh. It was quite painful, and our canvas trousers continually caught on it. One evening, after being annoyed considerably during the day from the friction, we made careful examination and discovered a point of something protruding from the apex of our little cat boil. Upon applying the bullet-moulds a good half-inch of porcupine quill was drawn out. A quill, you are aware, has a sharp point, gimlet-like or like the beard of wheat. After the first penetration of the skin every motion of the body will cause it to work its way farther in. We have known dogs to have these quills work through their jaws and neck, and I am informed even through their heads. We had suffered no pain or inconvenience whatever from this piece of quill for more than a year, showing conclusively that in its travels it had confined itself to the easy road of flesh which the doctors say has no feeling, that is, that feeling is confined to the nerves and muscles lying between the skin and flesh, or between the flesh and bone of humanity, and I presume of animals as well. No, sir; we have a very poor opinion of the American porcupine as we found him and don't want any of him in ours. JACOBSTAFF.

THE CAROLINA PAROQUET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I quote the following remarks on the abundance of the Carolina parakeet in 1869 from Dr. Allen's "Winter Birds and Mammals of East Florida": "Common. Hundreds are captured every winter on the lower St. John's by professional bird-catchers and sent to the Northern cities. Thousands are destroyed wantonly by sportsmen."

Since the above was written the causes which Dr. Allen noted have almost accomplished the result he predicted—the extermination of this beautiful bird. It is true the species is known to exist in greater or less numbers in the wilder, uninhabited parts of the State, and here, protected by the inaccessibility of its haunts, it is hoped a few birds may survive for many years to come.

These twenty-two years so important in the history of the paroquet have added little to our knowledge of its habits, and beyond a few records we have no data bearing on the further causes which have led to the bird's gradual disappearance.

Doubtless many of your correspondents have had experiences with the paroquet, and I beg you will earnestly request them to place even the briefest notes on record in your columns as a contribution to our scant store of information concerning our only representative of the family *Psittacidae*. FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, New York City.

CURE FOR VIPER BITE.—A Paris (France) despatch announces that the Academy of Medicine has awarded the Arfila prize to Prof. Kaufman, of the Veterinary College, at Alfort, for a lotion for the cure of viper bites, consisting of one part of chromic acid dissolved in one hundred parts of water. This will have an interest for a large class of people in this country who are interested in snakes and snake bite. The viper is the only venomous snake which inhabits England, and while its bite does not cause death, it is extremely painful and very much dreaded. The telegram quoted says nothing as to the method of application of the announced remedy, but if the prize has been awarded as stated, there can be little doubt that the remedy has been sufficiently tested.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS AND DUCKS.

BEING located in a game country, I am constantly receiving letters asking the question, "Where shall I go for good shooting? What are the prospects for prairie chickens and ducks?" I know of no better way of reaching Eastern sportsmen than through the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The prospects for good shooting this season are very fine, and sportsmen may look forward to Sept. 1 with a great deal of pleasure. I do not think the crop of prairie chickens has ever been much better throughout northwestern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota and South Dakota, and as we have had a large rainfall the lakes and sloughs are well filled with water. Water we must have in this part of the country in order to have good duck shooting. The lakes and sloughs must be full of water or the ducks will not stop on their way South. There must be a great amount of feed, such as wild rice, wild celery, etc. None of these plants grow to perfection in a dry season. We had a great spring flight of ducks and geese, and many of them stayed with us. I have seen several flocks of young ducks, and almost every slough has two or three flocks of young ducks feeding on the green tender grasses that grow all around them.

Now in answer to the question "Where shall we go for our shooting?" The sportsman does not want to go to too large a town for his headquarters. It is better for him to be at or near some small town or a town of moderate size. He can get to the shooting grounds with very much less trouble, and there is usually less shooting and more game. Bancroft, Ia., on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, is located in a fine prairie chicken and duck country. The town has good hotels, and any of the local sportsmen in that place take great pleasure in giving Eastern sportsmen all the information they can in regard to the shooting. The town is located in a prairie country, so that the sportsman will have to go but a short distance from town to have good chicken shooting. The view from the town is very fine. Splendid grain fields are on every side, and after the grain is harvested chickens may be found in almost every field.

North of Bancroft the country is settled by people from northern Europe, who have splendid farms and are very

hard-working, industrious people. They seldom do any shooting. And I have never known them to find any fault with sportsmen shooting on their lands, if they behave like gentlemen. Any of the employees of the C. & N. W. R. R. will give sportsmen any information they can in regard to game, and take great delight in doing so. A railroad man is seldom found that does not like a dog and gun.

About fifteen or twenty miles northwest of Bancroft are located the celebrated Chain Lakes, where, in season, fine duck shooting may be had. There are good shooting grounds all the way from Bancroft to the lakes. Sportsmen who like fishing can catch plenty of bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel in any of the long chain of lakes. Seven miles north of Bancroft is located the new town of Ledyard, where good chicken and duck shooting may be had. There are many small lakes and sloughs in that part of the country, and at times there is as fine mallard duck and teal shooting as the sportsman would wish.

Seven or eight miles north of Ledyard we find a very pretty little town called Elmore. It is situated in the southern edge of Minnesota, where the C. & N. W. and the S. C. & St. P. railroads come together. Many years ago, along in 1857 or 1858, all the land in the north part of Kossuth county, Ia., was put on the market and the consequence was that most of the land fell into the hands of speculators and was not settled upon. As soon as the homestead law was passed the land in the southern part of Minnesota was opened for homestead entry and a settler made a homestead on every quarter section, so that north of Elmore nearly all the land was cultivated, while south of Elmore it was unbroken prairie. This prairie has always been a great breeding ground for prairie chickens, ducks, geese, sandhill and white or whooping cranes. At some seasons of the year it is covered with golden plover. All the snipe family have always been plenty in that part of the country.

I would say to the sportsmen coming West, bring your dogs along, as you may not always be able to get one at or near the shooting grounds. It will do your dogs good to run on the prairie. There is plenty of water for them this season, so that the shooter will not have to take a jug of water with him for the dogs.

In another article I will tell the sportsmen of other locations where I have done a great deal of shooting and always found plenty of birds. I have shot a great deal of game in northwestern Iowa, southern Minnesota and South Dakota during the last twenty-six years. There are to-day some as good prairie chicken grounds as can be found in the country. J. G. S.

[Such information as is here given is very useful; and on behalf of the many sportsmen who would value it we invite other readers to send us similar notes of good shooting grounds.]

CONNECTICUT BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above caption in your issue of July 30 a writer, who signs himself "Flin," says he has "passed a few days recently in Windham county, Conn., and was gratified to find how splendidly the birds [presumably 'Flin' meant game birds] had wintered." Again he says: "Despite the close season these birds are now being shot in small numbers by pot-hunters." "Before many weeks, also, the woods will be fenced with partridge snares," and then "Flin" adds: "I know some of these evil doers, but I am *tongue-tied*; * * * they are my friends." [Italics mine.] "Flin" winds up his knitting work by saying: "A Hartford game protector could do considerable good in this locality."

As the writer is evidently the "Hartford game protector," perhaps I can enlighten the "tongue-tied" party whose friends are poachers.

Windham county, Conn., contains 15 towns, and the following officers have been elected to enforce the laws of Connecticut in their county and towns: Windham county, Sheriff Charles P. Pomeroy, Willimantic. Deputy-Sheriffs Frank E. Baker, Brooklyn; Nathaniel P. Thompson, Central Village; Wm. N. Bates, Thompson; Oliver W. Bowen, Danielsonville; E. C. Vinton, Woodstock; Henry A. Braman, Eastford; Dewit C. Park, Putnam; Fred L. Clark, Willimantic. The above officers are supposed to arrest any one found in the act of committing a crime (violations of the game and fish law come under the head of crime) or on speedy information of the offense. The above officers can act anywhere in the county.

Constables who are supposed to enforce the game and fish laws (as well as the other laws) in their towns: Charles A. Gould and William H. Williams, Brooklyn; Robt. D. W. Knowlton and Theodore M. Lyon, Ashford; Elmer E. Richmond and Louis D. Howe, Canterbury; George A. Reed and Wm. N. Smith, Chaplin; G. B. Marcy, C. A. Rice, H. A. Braman, W. A. Stewart, Lee Lyon, Orlo Carpenter and Amos Cheaney, Eastford; Allen Jewett, Geo. H. Kimball and Leroy Pearl, Hampton; Edward S. Carpenter, Chas. E. Young, Marcus Bastow, Frank A. Chase, Edwin A. Chase, Edward Arnold and Melvin E. Fisher, Killingly; Nathaniel P. Thompson, Geo. R. Bliven, Geo. S. Ladd and Stephen S. Wilbur, 2d, Plainfield; Orrin C. Spencer and Edwin T. White, Pomfret; Milo P. Corbin, Frederic E. Franklin, Chas. E. Breault, Geo. Warren, David Beausoliel and Jared B. Talbot, Putnam; Lucian Bass and Leander Cady, Scotland; Geo. W. Stone, Benj. F. Baton and Alex H. Gillis, Sterling; Roscoe Alton, Wm. N. Bates, John Fredegar, Geo. A. Putney and Harvey Ducat, Thompson; Edward T. Grimes, J. Godfrey La Palme, J. Henry Hill, Edward S. Lincoln, Geo. A. Muddock, Andrew W. Loomis and Samuel C. Flint, Windham; Harris L. Sanger, F. Olin Chaffee and Geo. Fox, Woodstock.

In addition to the above officers, each town has from two to five grand jurors whose duties are given and read: "The grand jurors of the several towns shall diligently inquire after and make due complaints of all crimes and misdemeanors" committed in their town. It should be understood by "Flin" and other "tongue-tied" parties that the "Hartford game protector" has no jurisdiction in "Windham county, Conn." When a man shoots or kills game out of season he is a game thief and is far below the level of a chicken thief.

If "Flin" or any other party will write me "confidentially" of any violation of the game and fish laws in this State I will endeavor to put a stop to the practice. I will not use my informant's name in any way, or in other words, will not "give him away." But I prefer statements from men who are not afraid to do right and help

stop the evil. It's the milk-and-water weak-kneed sportsmen that handicap enforcing the game and fish laws.

It should be borne in mind that game warden works for glory and curses. No salary is connected with the office.

What would your readers think of a man who discovered a chicken thief plying his vocation and the party finding the thief becoming "tongue-tied?" The true saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," would apply in this case.

In Chief Justice Peters's charge to the jury (Supreme Judicial Court, Maine) relating to game laws and their enforcements, said: "Now, the great majority of persons, all good people, will observe these laws, and if the violators of the laws are not to be punished, they would be supported in their violation of the laws, and it would be a law really for the benefit of law breakers rather than for law observers; because, while the great majority of the people are obeying the law, the few who are not obeying it, if not punished for their violations, are benefited, as they can more readily capture the game when the great majority are not attempting to capture it. It is the bounden duty of all to obey the laws."

A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 31.

The Hartford Post of July 30 says: "Game wardens were, previous to 1888, appointed by the selectmen who were entitled to appoint two or more. If each town had appointed two or more there would have been over 300 game wardens in the State. But it soon came to be realized that the game wardens appointed by the selectmen were of no earthly use for enforcing the game laws. So in 1888 the General Assembly passed a law giving the county commissioners the power to appoint one game warden for their county. This is how it happens that the reappointment of the present efficient warden, Abbott C. Collins, was made by the county commissioners."

"The New York Tribune had the following pleasant reference to Mr. Collins not long ago:

"A. C. Collins, of Hartford, of the State Game and Fish Association, has done more than all the rest of the people of the State in preserving the remnant of the game and fish in Connecticut."

"The writer of the above knew the situation. Previous to the warden's appointment the game and fish laws were flagrantly violated. A change for the better has taken place since. The honest sportsmen (this includes rod and line fishermen, as well as shooters) owe Mr. Collins a debt of gratitude."

"Mr. Collins has been instrumental in bringing upward of seventy-two illegal fishermen and hunters into the courts and losing but two cases. These were for shooting game out of season, snaring, selling game birds out of season, netting trout and bass, Sunday shooting, illegal "pound" shad fishing, illegal transportation of game, etc. Among his victims were one justice of the peace, one deacon, one capitalist and other prominent men. The rich and poor are on a level when Mr. Collins starts out to enforce the laws. Of course opposition to enforcement of the game and fish laws was to be expected, but many who thought they could deter Mr. Collins from enforcing the law found out their mistake. As a result of his indefatigable labors game is more abundant and game fish are also on the increase."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 31.—This week's story of protective work in Chicago is better than a dime novel. The week moves out here also.

Last week I spoke of the case against Chas. Kern, county treasurer of Cook county, president of the Audubon Club, ex-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, defender of the faith, etc., and mentioned the evidence secured against his restaurant, as well as the conversation had with him. About 30 minutes, perhaps, after I had left Mr. Kern, the latter met Mr. Wolfred N. Low, well known as active in the protective work of the State Associations though not at present a member of the Kankakee Association.

"Mr. Low," said Mr. Kern, "that Kankakee Association is a grand good thing, and I am in sympathy with it. I must send in my check for \$20 for a life membership."

Mr. Kern's check, I learned upon inquiry, was duly received by the secretary. It is a grand good thing to have our protective societies supported in so liberal a way, and one can only wish that other prominent sportsmen besides Mr. Kern would add their \$20 contributions. I do not think the cases against Mr. Kern's restaurant can be tried before next week, as Mr. Low will be out of town for a few days, and is very busy. He does most of the legal work for the State Association.

But to continue the story just the way it happened. It was resolved by a few gentlemen to continue the investigation, to have no favorites, and to secure proof against as many restaurants and hotels as possible. Saturday evening, July 25, nothing was planned, though some valuable time was lost in talking. Monday afternoon a list of names, 21 in all, was prepared of those who would probably be interested enough in this work to try to get evidence. Billy Mussey put the addresses opposite their names, and Mr. Fred C. Donald had type-written letters, signed by Mr. Abner Price, president of the State Sportsmen's Association, in the mails Monday afternoon, asking attendance at Mussey's Hall, 106 Madison street, Tuesday evening.

On Saturday evening, July 25, previous to this called meeting, Messrs. Abner Price, F. C. Donald and C. S. Burton had visited the Central Restaurant, on Randolph street, in search of illegal game, and met so distinct a refusal that they felt assured the restaurant was altogether innocent of selling such game. Let this fact be recorded with more pleasure than had it been otherwise.

On Monday evening, July 27, pending the expected mass meeting of indignant sportsmen, Mr. F. C. Donald, Mr. A. H. Harryman and myself visited the "English Chop House" kept by "Billy" Boyle on the alley between Dearborn and Clark streets. This is a place patronized largely by the class whom we may distinguish as sporting men and not as sportsmen. As in Kern's restaurant, there is at Boyle's place a glass case where the meats, etc., are displayed. We stepped up to this case. A number of birds were on ice, labeled "Teal duck." Woodcock and plover were also labeled.

"Haven't you got any birds, any chickens?" I asked the waiter, and in reply he finally fished one young prairie chicken out of a napkin in a corner of the case. Its feathered legs and long gaunt youthfulness told the story all too plainly, and we all three knew at once that the goods were genuine.

"Give this gentleman the chicken," said Mr. Donald, "and we two will each have a nice teal duck." And so, of this openly displayed illegal game we chose and ate and paid for it. This case was very simple enough. The teal were of course as illegal as the grouse.

On Tuesday evening, July 28, the mass meeting of interested sportsmen resulted as such things usually do. Less than a dozen were present, and some of those were far more willing to advise and counsel than they were to get out and do a little work. It was agreed by the few present to push the cases in the name of the State Sportsmen's Association, and to pay any costs, etc., out of the treasury of that Association. No one appointed committees to go on after evidence. That work regulated itself, the gentlemen pairing off about as they liked. It was about 7 P. M. when the start was made.

Messrs. W. N. Low and C. D. Gammon went to the Lakeside restaurant, Adams and Clark streets, and asked for prairie chicken and duck. They were told that such game was out of season and was not kept. They failed to get any, for which we should be very glad.

Mr. Abner Price and Mr. Frank Place went to Rector's well-known oyster house, the basement, corner of Monroe and Clark streets. They found "teal duck" printed on the bill of fare, but with no price attached. Mr. Place ordered a teal duck and Mr. Price a prairie chicken. "You've got that, haven't you?" they asked.

"You know it's out of season," said the waiter. "Oh, that's all right, we're not afraid," was the reply. And forthwith their order was filled and this case was nailed. The prairie chicken was very small.

Mr. W. P. Mussey and Mr. Percy Stone selected the Lansing-McGarigle Catering Co.'s, 126 Clark street, as their field of operations. Percy met a waiter there whom he knew. Billy tossed him a coin and said, "Bring us some prairie chicken, if you've got any." The waiter pointed to the bill of fare. "English pheasant—dot was prairie chicken mit ein ander name," said he, with a pleasing wink. So one of these birds was ordered. It proved to be an old prairie chicken, and was so badly spoiled that it could not be eaten. The evidence, however, was clear.

Messrs. R. B. Organ, A. H. Harryman and myself went to Kinsley's famous restaurant on Adams street, opposite the post office. This very exclusive, gilt-edged and generally "way up" joint has long been suspected, and the result shows the suspicion only too well grounded. We went to the more quiet and seclusive apartments on the second floor. On the bill of fare we found woodcock, plover, etc., but no illegal game.

"Haven't you got any birds? I'm dying to get hold of a young prairie chicken," I said to the waiter.

"Nothing but what is on the bill of fare," said that well-trained functionary. "We don't serve it out of season." "Pshaw!" said Mr. Organ, "go along and tell your chef that we want one teal duck and two prairie chickens; all young, all broiled and all in a hurry. Do you see?"

The waiter departed, and returning said, "We don't serve game out of season, but we got some owls." A faint trace of a smile crossed his visage.

"That's all right," said Mr. Organ, "bring us two owls and a teal, and hurry up." The waiter again departed, but again returned. "Very sorry, sir," said he, "but the chef says the owls are all out just now."

We ate no game at Kinsley's. We think that the game dealer of whom he purchases had warned him to be careful for a while. An illegal prairie chicken is generally called an "owl" in certain roadhouses and restaurants of this city.

Wednesday about noon, July 29, Mr. W. L. Wells, his brother and another gentlemen, called at the Leland Hotel, the well-known and very select hostelry on Michigan avenue, fronting the lake. They signified their desire to eat three prairie chickens, and the café manager accommodated them then and there, and the case is a very clean one.

On Wednesday evening Mr. W. P. Mussey and Mr. F. A. Place visited the Wellington Hotel Café, on Wabash avenue, a new and rather pretentious concern of the rather seclusive and high-priced sort. Fifty cents to the waiter, a bottle of claret, and two young prairie chickens, at \$1.25 apiece, followed in very rapid succession here. It was all easy and open. A prairie-chicken supper in Chicago costs from \$3 to \$5 in July, but you can get it if you have the requisite amount.

Mr. Harryman and myself visited Kinsley's again Wednesday evening, thinking that as we had the password of the "owl" we should be able to secure what we wished. As we went in we passed our waiter of the evening before and I motioned to him to come to our table. This was a mistake. The head waiter saw it, looked at us and doubtless recognized us as the persistent chicken orderers of the previous evening. The waiter, head waiter and cashier held a hurried consultation looking our way. "That settles it," said Mr. Harryman in an undertone, "we'll have to send some one else here." I imagined the waiter was surprised when we innocently called for fish and steaks and did not call for game. We were now almost certain that Kinsley's had been warned, and so no more time was spent there. There will be plenty of time between now and Oct. 1 and I don't doubt that he will yet sell chicken to some innocent looking third party who asks for "owl." I should think selling illegal game would be a rather uncomfortable as well as dirty sort of business.

On Thursday, July 29, it had become rather difficult to find searching parties to go out. Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the Fox River and Kankakee River associations, had been out of town, but upon his return was told of what was going on. Thursday noon Mr. Cole and myself visited the elegant café of the *recherché* Hotel Richelieu, on Michigan avenue, lake front. I cannot say whether or not they had illegal game upon the bill of fare, for I did not wish to be too studious of it under the circumstances. The waiter came up. "You have some prairie chickens?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "very nice." They were very nice, it is true, but very illegal. We ate two young birds, bringing away a leg of each. The order in this case, as in most of the other high class places, was written out in full upon an order card, and not given

verbally. It was easy to get prairie chicken at the Richelieu, and I must congratulate Mr. Bemis upon his chef. "On Thursday evening Mr. Harryman and I visited the place long known as Batchelor's restaurant, 32 Adams street. It is now run by James Cahill, the card says. We got a colored waiter of intelligence, and sent him to the cook on a quest for prairie chicken. "We haven't got any now," he said upon his return, "but we are just getting ready to keep some prairie chickens and other game. We're all tore up just now." The restaurant was in process of reconstruction.

This concluded the search, and this is the only accurate story of how the search was made. This morning the daily Tribune, of this city, published an account of the matter. It was an excellent piece of newspaper work, except that the writer of it did not get the facts at all. The article, however, might serve as a warning to the hotels and restaurants, and therefore the work will be stopped. Under a proper interest, and with proper support, with committees regularly appointed who would get out and do some work, twice or three times this amount of evidence could have been collected and should have been collected. That illegal game is sold in Chicago is the fault of the sportsmen of Chicago.

We have now evidence for 16 cases, covering some of the most prominent hotels and restaurants of this city. Many equally guilty have escaped. The most apparent deduction from it all is that it is appallingly easy to buy illegal game in Chicago. One half the middle class and practically all the high class cafés and restaurants serve it, and have done so unhindered for years. The work of the few individuals above mentioned will, it is hoped, abate this nuisance partially for a time. Mr. Low will have charge of the cases and should bring them at once if his time will permit. Each offender should be pushed and convicted for every individual illegal bird known to have been served. In view of Mr. Kern's connection with sportsmen's matters, the state of affairs at his restaurant is most unfortunate. He is reported to have learned that his steward bought only six birds, Mr. Kern being ignorant of their purchase. The first bird in evidence there was eaten on Tuesday, the last on Friday. He would not seem to have had a very strong trade in them upon that basis.

E. HOUGH.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

XI.—IN CONCLUSION.

A CAREFUL observer may soon satisfy himself that the prospects for fish and game in Maine are not growing better. The fishing in some of the best places is deteriorating, and the game, though still abundant, has been mercilessly slaughtered, while the season for killing it grows yearly longer. This year the work began the first of June; and next year we expect it to open in May. The summer killing is increasing continually, and the number of sportsmen grows larger every year. It is impossible for the natural increase of the fish and game to keep pace with the demand. What then? What happens when there is not enough for all?

At the same time it is undeniable that no effort has been made to stop the summer killing; that the game laws have been very ill-enforced at the best and that outrageous injustices have been committed in their name—the laws having been executed as they have been, what then! What happens when the lowest ebb has been reached?

After the ebb, the flood; the highest tides follow the lowest. In the nature of things, there will be a reaction which will give not only a stricter enforcement of the laws we have—we want that, the sooner the better—but if the delay is long, a change of laws with heavier penalties, increasing in proportion as the reform is deferred. The longer the inaction the greater the reaction. On the other hand, when there ceases to be game enough for all, the effort will be made to secure it for the few. The non-execution of the law diminishes the amount of game and hastens the day of game preserves; the establishment of the latter tends to increase the penalties and severities of the law; the very neglect of the laws at present inclines to the same end.

Great evils may hang upon the adjustment of these points. We fear them. We know that there has been a call for the increase of penalties and that there is a constant pressure to secure the establishment of game preserves. For the former, read our Game Commissioners' reports for the past few years—the last, however, is a commendable exception—and see how strongly they have urged to add imprisonment to all gamelaw penalties; for the latter, follow the quiet, but active endeavors to secure possession of land that is now open to the public. It is something not chronicled in the newspapers, but it is here.

Of course there is no immediate prospect that any considerable portion of Maine will be closed to the public. It is still what may be called a far-off danger; but our lumbermen and landowners could tell of a very decided trend in that direction. Nor does it by any means need that a very considerable portion should be so held in order to accomplish what seems now to be a great evil. Closing half a dozen well-located townships and making it trespass to camp or hunt upon them could be made a very great annoyance. There are a few townships which, for ease of approach, excellence of hunting and fishing grounds and beauty of scenery and camping places, are worth to the sportsman forty times as much as others somewhere else. Who wouldn't prefer the snug chance we all know of, which is open to us now whenever we choose to go, to—well, to a dozen townships around Baker Lake at the end of the nine-mile carry?

We do not speak with any hostility to any one who prefers not to have the whole world use his land as an excursion ground. It is his own and he has a right to do with it what he pleases. But the principle of a game preserve is different. It is closing the land to inclose game and fish which were not bought, which are not property and to which there is no title. (Stocked ponds and preserves are not meant.) It is using a right to compass a wrong. Now this is very hateful to the mind of the average Maine man. To tell the truth our lumbermen and landowners have a little (or a good deal) spoiled us by their generosity; and, quite aside from the question of game as property, the invariable custom of leaving all land open to the public has led us to regard it as a right. I well remember my own rebellion when I first went into a country where blueberries were private property and trout streams were posted. There is a strong objection

here to closing land because the custom of sharing all the minor products is so nearly universal.

But it may be said that closing the land is not necessary; that some of the best preserves require scarcely more than respect for the State game laws. These favors are appreciated, and yet so captious is the public at present that even this would fail to disarm suspicion on Penobscot. "The whole thing was free to them before, without costing. They didn't need only enough for their shanty. When they get good and ready they mean to shut down on us." The presence of private wardens to enforce State laws would be taken as an affront. Indeed (to show the feeling), the private rewards offered last winter by non-residents, whatever might have been their effect in the western part of the State, were bitterly resented here as unwarrantable interference.

The amount of it is that our landowners and lumbermen are wholly trusted. They are the most popular class of employers in the State. They wear the homespun in speech and manners and have immense personal popularity. Some of them merely on the strength of this popularity could muster a regiment to work for them or to fight for them. The land they own cannot be transferred in any quantities from their hands to strangers, without creating the feeling that it has gone from the control of friends to that of aliens, who may be never so worthy but are not the same. It is like seeing the old homestead change hands.

"Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces;
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child."

That is the feeling we have; and no game preserve can be purchased here for some years at least without buying with it also a sub-acute hostility—home no longer being home, happy for the child.

Nor is this the sole cause of prejudice. The owner of a preserve may be the pattern of all moral excellence, but to those used to different customs he seems a dog in the manger, guarding what he cannot use and thinking to growl away those who have at least as good a right there as he. This antagonizes the woodsman at two points. He will not take a dare and he hates selfishness. A body of gamekeepers signifies defiance: the effort to hold wild game on land is (to him) a meanness almost incomprehensible. Now the punishment of some sins is reserved for God alone, but (according to the Maine dictum) stinginess may be punished by God and the neighbors. There is not the slightest doubt that the establishment of preserves, or even the purchasing of land for them at the present time, would result in burning the country.

How to express the certainty of this I do not know, nor that stern approval which it would meet from a large following; but I know only too well the kind of resolution which blows up the magazine and garrison (not always by their leave) to avoid surrender to the enemy. If any one doubts the outcome of preserves here let him ask the larger lumbermen and landowners and the best guides. What a hundred years will bring forth none can tell; whether ten years will produce a change of feeling these men would know better than I, but I incline to think that ten years will not do it. Changes occur slowly here, and as I showed in the beginning, the love of freedom so outweighs the love of money with woodsmen that it seems not improbable that the opposition to preserves will strengthen as the demand for them increases.

We need not dwell upon the value of the lumbering interests to Maine, especially to the working classes who find employment by the thousand in the lumber camps, on the drives, in sawmills, in pulp mills, loading vessels and making them. Except farming no one occupation employs so many men as lumbering and its dependent trades. The people are dependent upon it, and those who try to teach us that the game and fish are worth more than all the lumber get laughed at for their pains. Then, again, the water powers are directly dependent upon the forests. This is especially true of the Penobscot, which rises in swamps and bays and little streamlets. Destroy the forests and the water powers are gone. And after the forests are gone come the floods and freshets. It is imperative that the forests should be saved from fire.

But could game preserves do this damage? Probably not. The opportunity will not be given. The chances are that the first preserve on Penobscot waters will be burned at once—there is an old saw about fighting fire with fire—and heavier conflagrations saved in later years when the system should gather force. For it would tend to heavier penalties; they would produce crime and the fires would follow. If the means of prevention cannot be commended, it must be admitted that is one of the ways in which the many instinctively protect themselves when their well being is imperilled for the pleasure of the few.

The second danger is to fish and game. I said that last summer's waste was responsible for last winter's killing. This was the beginning of retaliatory measures which will be kept up. "It isn't fair that they should have and waste what we can't have to eat," is the complaint. The fate of the game in this State depends very largely upon the good will of the rural classes. Sportsmen may be able, as has been boasted, to pass any reasonable laws here, but the veto power lies with the people, and unacceptable game laws will be destructive to the game. This is something worth remembering. People will not stand to-day what they would a few years ago, and suspicion which was formerly quiescent is now fully alert. The question is considered not one of game and who shall have it, but one of rights. The determination is to insist on fair play, to refuse to sell a birthright for any amount of pottage. Hence, any law that, for instance, cuts off December from the open season to open September is regarded with extreme disfavor. There is little likelihood that we shall have game dinners of the same order as the Boston tea party, for people are opposed to waste; but any attempt to introduce hunting licenses, for example, or leases of lands and waters, or to favor sportsmen more than residents would destroy the major part of the game in a very few years. There is, indeed, little danger of this being done with game, but at any time pickering may be put into trout waters. The sporting papers have had a great deal to say about the destructiveness of winter trout fishing, but they do not know that this is all that secures any trout fishing. The people here will have some kind of winter fishing, and if isn't trout it shall be pickerel. It is true that there is a strict law against the introduction of pickerel, but there is absolutely no means of enforcing it. I suppose that it is generally known that a pickerel may be frozen stiff, kept so for days and after-

ward resuscitated. The experiment is simple enough, for it only needs that the fish should be caught on a very cold day, frozen immediately and packed in snow, afterward thawed slowly in cold water. Any one who tries it, as I have done, will be satisfied that pickerel could be transported in this way anywhere and that no law could be framed to prevent their introduction into the best trout waters. This is an absolute check to all attempts to take away the winter trout fishing. Had it been my purpose to deal with fish laws I could have made it plain that once already this danger was pressing and was avoided by the "one line for citizens" law, which no one ever kept. The change this winter permitting five set lines (this is practically an unlimited number, the real limit to the fishing being the law forbidding transportation of above a certain amount of fish)—this change was a wise and pacific measure, which removes to some extent the danger to trout waters.

We come at length to the question of adding imprisonment to penalties. May the day of it long be averted? I know that some of our people, seeing the inequality of the money penalty, have advised it, but without due forethought. Of all bad things that can happen to us through the wretched possession of a little game, this would be the worst. "It would fill these woods full of outlaws," said one guide in gloomy anticipation. To add imprisonment to all our game-law penalties, as our Commissioners have urged, as others will be sure to urge in coming time, would be to put a premium on crime.

In the first place, the majority of all our game-law violations are committed by people called "sportsmen." This is a safe estimate for game-law violators; the guides will put it higher. Now, none of these men, if they have any ready money, need ever suffer imprisonment unless their sense of honor be fantastically nice. To give an extreme instance, let us suppose that the recommendation of the Commissioners' Report in 1886 had actually become law, and that "a penalty of \$500 and six months' imprisonment [was] the mildest punishment for killing a cow moose at any season." This would not save the cow moose. They would still be killed unintentionally, for half the time at least it is impossible to tell the sex of the animal shot before the chance is gone; and they would be killed intentionally also to spite the law. But with such a law, unworthy officers and justices would procure appointments and connive together (as has actually been done) to make the most they could out of offenses, real or trumped up. Certain justices would have the majority of the cases and have their price. But, supposing the case a good one, who would not pay \$500, or even twice that, if a busy man, in order to escape six months in the county jail? As a matter of fact it would not cost so much. Rather than have the case appealed they would come down some on their prices. The poor man, who would be some farmer, trapper or hunter, and who could not pay their price, must appeal. Now, in the higher courts both men would stand alike, or, indeed, the poor man would have the better chance; for a jury would not convict on any such case if there was any possible escape. But, as a matter of fact, not very many cases would go up to superior courts. Both would take their chances of being found out; the wealthier man would know his grounds and perhaps make it all right beforehand, while the poorer man if caught in the act would settle it on the spot or as soon thereafter as possible. That law, had it been made law, would have put a premium on murder. The suggestion was well intended, but it was not wise. It is to the credit of the Commissioners' judgment that they ceased to urge this, and have of late not proposed the addition of imprisonment. But the suggestion has been made and it cannot be forgotten. We fear that it would almost inevitably follow the establishment of an extensive system of private preserves. "It would be like it in England," writes one hunter.

No better illustration of the iniquities of preserving the pleasure of the few by arbitrary enactments against the rights of the many can be given than in quoting what Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, wrote nearly fifty years ago concerning the English system and its results. The extract is from his "Crime Making Laws," in *Essays Political and Social*; but others of his papers are equally profitable and equally apt. There is in these papers the weight of righteousness nobly indignant and the weight of experience which overbears all theories and theoretical objections:

"If there was a special law enacted against all red-haired men and all men six foot high, red-haired men and men six foot high would in a short time become exceedingly dangerous characters. In order to render them greatly worse than their neighbors, there would be nothing more necessary than simply to set them beyond the pale of the constitution by providing by statute that whoever lodged informations against red-haired men or men six feet high should be handsomely rewarded, and that the culprits themselves should be lodged in prison and kept at hard labor on every conviction from a fortnight to sixty days. The country would at length come to groan under the intolerable burden of its red-haired men and its men six feet high. There would be frequent paragraphs in our columns and elsewhere to the effect that some three or four respectable white-haired gentlemen, varying in height from five feet nothing to five feet five, had been grievously maltreated in laudably attempting to apprehend some formidable felon, habit and repute six feet high; or to the effect that Constable D., of the third division, had been barbarously murdered by a red-haired ruffian. Philosophers would come to discover that so deeply implanted was the bias to outrage and wrong in red-haired nature that it held by the scoundrels even after their heads had become bald and their whiskers gray; and so inherent was ruffianism to six-foot-high men that though four six feet fellows had for the sake of example, been cut short at the knees, they had remained, notwithstanding the mutilation, as incorrigible ruffians as ever. From time to time there would be some terrible tragedy enacted by some tremendous incarnation of illegality and evil, who was both red-haired and six feet high to boot."

With exquisite humor, Miller traces the gradual abolition of the enactments. He also draws a vivid picture of the former prevalence of highway robbery and murder in England. He continues:

"And so highway murder has become one of almost the rarest offenses in the criminal register of the country. Very different is the case; however, with murders of another kind. * * * Within the last few years there have been no fewer than twenty-five game keepers mur-

dered in England. The cases were all ascertained cases; coroners' juries sat upon the bodies, and verdicts of wilful murder were returned against certain parties, known or unknown; and these were, of course, but the murders on the one side. * * *

"Be it remembered, too, that the peculiar barbarism of the modern period is greatly more a national reproach than that of the ancient. The old enormities were enormities in spite of a good law; the newer, enormities are enormities that arise directly out of a bad one. There is sound sense as well as good feeling in the remark of Mrs. Saddletrée on the law, in *Effie Dean's* case, as laid down by her learned husband the saddler. 'The crime,' remarked the wiseacre to his better half, 'is rather a favorite of the law, this species of murder being one of its own creating.' 'Then, if the law makes murders,' replied the matron, 'the law should be hanged for them; or if they would hang up a lawyer instead, the country would find nae fault.' All the twenty-five ascertained murders to which we have referred, and the at least equally great number of concealed ones, were crimes of the law's making, murders which as certainly originated in the law, and which, if the law did not exist, would as certainly not have been, as the supposed crimes of our illustration under the anti-red-hair, anti six-foot-high statutes. No murders arise out of the killing of seals and sea gulls; why should any murders arise out of the killing of hares and pheasants? Simply because there is a pabulum of law in the one case, out of which the transgression springs, and no producing pabulum of law in the other. There can be nothing more perilous to the morals of the people than stringent laws—that is, instead of attaching their penalties to actual crime, and having, in consequence, like the laws against the housebreaker and the highwayman, the whole weight of the popular conscience on their side, *create the crime which they punish*, and have thus the moral sense of the country certainly not for, mayhap against them. They become invariably in all such cases a sort of machinery for converting useful subjects and honest men into rogues and public pests. Lacking the moral sanction, their penalties are neither more nor less than a certain amount of peril, which bold spirits do not hesitate to encounter, just as a keen sportsman does not hesitate to encounter the modicum of risk which he runs from the gun that he carries. * * *

And such is the principle, when the law, equally dissociated from the promptings of the moral sense, is not a law of accident, but of the statute book. Men brave the danger of the penalty, as they do the peril of the fowling piece. But there is this ultimate difference, without being in any degree a felon by his own conscience, the traverser of the statutory enactment becomes legally a felon; he may be dealt with, like the red-haired or six-foot-high felon of our illustration, as decidedly criminal. * * *

Few of our readers can have any adequate conception of the immense mass of criminality created yearly in the empire by this singularly deteriorating process. In the year 1843 there were in England and Wales alone no fewer than 4,529 convictions under the game laws. Forty of that number were deemed cases of so serious a nature that the culprits were transported. In all the other cases they were either fined or imprisoned; the fines taken in the aggregate averaging two pounds sterling, the imprisonments seven weeks. And it is out of this system of formidable penalties that the numerous murders have arisen, and that the game laws of the country have, like those of Draco, come to be written in blood."

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

THE NEW YORK WOODCOCK SEASON.

THE woodcock season in New York State will not open until Sept. 1. From the *Book of the Game Laws* we quote the full text of Secs. 9 and 10, Chap. 534, Laws 1879, as amended. Sec. 10 originally had no reference to woodcock, but when it was amended last year the word "woodcock" was surreptitiously interjected into the bill, presumably by some one more solicitous to do away with August woodcock shooting than to secure its abolition if at all by fair means. Here is the law:

WOODCOCK, SQUIRREL.—Sec. 9 [as amended by Chap. 269, Laws 1884]. No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock, between the first day of January and the first day of September, in the counties of Oneida and Delaware, and in other parts of the State, between the first day of January and the first day of August in each year, except as hereinafter provided. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or expose for sale, or to have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black or gray squirrel, between the first day of February and the first day of August in each year. Any person violating either of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird or animal so killed or had in possession. [See Sec. 10.]

RUFFED GROUSE, PARTRIDGE, PINNATED GROUSE, PRAIRIE CHICKEN, WOODCOCK.—Sec. 10 [as amended by Chap. 90, Laws 1890].—No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any ruffed grouse, common called partridge, or pinnated grouse, common called prairie chicken, or woodcock, between the first day of January and the first day of September, except as hereinafter provided. No person, carrier, corporation, association or company shall, at any time, carry or transport or have in his or its possession for the purpose of transportation, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, or woodcock, caught or killed in the counties included in the forest preserve, shall be deemed to have them in his or its possession in violation of this section; provided, however, that they may be transported from the forest preserve or have in possession for the purpose of transportation the

above-named birds or fowls from the first day of September to the first day of January in any year, caught or killed in the forest preserve, provided that they be accompanied by the owner. Any person or company offending against this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird or fowl so killed or had in possession during the prohibited season aforesaid; or for each carcass transported or had in possession for transportation in violation of this section.

*Forest Preserve.—Chap. 283, Laws 1885 (as amended by Chap. 8, Laws 1890). Sec. 7. All the lands now owned, or which may hereafter be acquired, by the State of New York within the counties of Clinton (except in the towns of Altina or Dannemora), Delaware, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Oneida, St. Lawrence, Saratoga, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan, shall constitute and be known as the forest preserve, except all such lands within the limits of any incorporated village or city, and except all such lands, not wild lands, as have been, or may hereafter be, acquired by the State of New York, upon or by foreclosure of or sale pursuant to any mortgage upon lands made to the commission for loaning certain moneys of the United States, usually called the United States deposit funds, and all such excepted lands acquired by the State of New York may be sold and conveyed as provided by law.

SMALL-BORE RIFLES FOR LARGE GAME.—Shoal Water Bay, Washington.—About one year ago (I do not care to mention the exact date for obvious reasons) Capt. Finely, of the steamer *Restless*, on the down trip of the steamer, sighted two bull elk swimming across the Nasel River. He rang for the engineer to "open her out," and away they sped under all the steam she would stand. When within 50 yds. of the elk he opened fire with a .22cal. single shot Winchester, the only gun on board; and at the fourth shot turned one elk over on his back, shot through the head, sinking him. They then jumped into a small boat, as the second one had got ashore, and pulled up a slough to cut off his retreat, which they did. Capt. Finely then went ashore, and as the elk went to pass him at a distance of about 75 yds., opened out on him, killing him on the jump at the third shot by a bullet which went in at the base of the ear. Four men dragged the game to the water and towed him to the steamer, where he was hoisted aboard; and they then picked up No. 1 a quarter of a mile below the scene of the shooting, as he rose after floating that distance under water. I guess this beats all previous records for .22cal. rifles.—JIM MACK.

ROAD GEESSE.—Framingham, Mass.—I find the following in the *York (England) Courant* of Jan. 8, 1740. I send it for two reasons—as a curious bit of sporting information, quaintly told; and to ascertain, possibly, from some of your readers of what species is the "road goose," and what the significance of the term: "Yesterday great Numbers of London Gunners assembled at the several Stairs leading to the Thames, to shoot Ducks, Gulls, and Road Geese, which appear'd in great Plenty; and many of them were kill'd, tho' none could be brought off, the Frost not having yet prevented the Currency of the Tide. Dogs were of no Use to the bringing them off, the Edges of the Ice on which the Birds settled being too weak for the Dogs to get up by."—F. C. BROWNE.

MICHIGAN DEER COUNTRY.—Crystal Falls, Mich., July 27.—It may interest some of our readers to know that the deer will be plentiful in this part of the Upper Peninsula this fall. The pasture is fine and the does have dropped fawns, almost without an exception. I have seen over 100 does in the past six weeks, and have seen but two or three barren ones. Bucks, does and fawns are in splendid order now and by the time the season opens they will be prime. There is a great deal of illegal shooting done up here, but the deputy game warden has a set of dark colored glasses which he wears, unless he is after "them rich city fellers," so that the prosecutions are very few.—NESKA-QUA-NEL.

OTTAWA, Kansas.—As last summer was the best season for game, so this has been the worst, and I am afraid the quail and prairie chickens fared badly on the prairie, though there may be plenty of quail in the woods yet. Last week I was out in the country a few miles, and took particular pains to find out how our game was getting along. I found a great many plover, some killdeer and lots of rabbits, but other game was scarce. A great many coyotes were caught in this county during the past spring, also a few gray foxes. Two of the latter animals are kept at one of the stores in Ottawa, and they make very nice pets.—F. B.

YOUR WATCH AS A COMPASS.—Potsdam, N. Y., July 28.—I learned something new at Paul Smith's the other day. That is, to tell the points of the compass by your watch. Point the hour-hand toward the sun, and one half the distance between the time and 12 M. is south, from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. After 6 P.M. one-half the distance is due north. This may be worth an item in *FOREST AND STREAM*, as I am sure a large majority of your readers have never heard of it.—IROQUOIS.

MASSACHUSETTS SHORE BIRDS.—Gloucester, July 28.—Marsh and beach birds are just coming along now; two of my friends shot 75 recently.—E. F. L.

MINNESOTA'S NEW GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

State Game Warden Frank L. Stetson has just issued a synopsis of the game laws of Minnesota. As arranged by the new commission from the debris of old and new enactments. Heretofore it has been uncertain as to the meaning of various laws, there being an apparent conflict between the general act and the various local or county laws. The open seasons now prevailing in all parts of the State, except in a few counties where there is little or nothing to shoot or hook, are as follows:

Woodcock, July 4 to Nov. 1.
Pinnated grouse or prairie chickens and white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1.
Quail, partridge, or ruffed grouse or pheasant, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1.
Wild duck of any variety, or wild geese or brant, or any aquatic fowl whatever, Aug. 20 to April 25.
Wilson or Jack snipe, or snipe of any variety, Aug. 20 to April 25.
Moose, deer and caribou, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.
No moose or caribou shall be killed, sold or taken in the State for five years from April 20, 1891.
Very few reports of violation have been made, the leading case being near Alexandria, where eleven nets and a seine were confiscated, but the owners did not have enough fish to make their fines very excessive, the penalty being \$2 a fish for all taken except white lake and herring. The fishing in Minnesota waters has been uniformly good all season. Notably fine strings have been taken in Douglas county, where several hundred lakes offer unusual chances.
G. R. K.

[The full text of the new law is given in the July issue of the *Book of the Game Laws*.]

MICHIGAN GAME SEASONS.

BY the present law (given in the July number of the *Book of the Game Laws*) the open seasons are: Deer, in the Upper Peninsula, between Sept. 25 and Oct. 25; in the Lower Peninsula, between Nov. 5 and Nov. 25. Wild turkey, quail, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Grouse or partridge in the Upper Peninsula, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; elsewhere, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Woodcock, Aug. 15 to Dec. 15. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. The State Game and Fish Warden is Chas. S. Hampton, Petoskey.

Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

MY friend Mr. Harryman was riding north on a railway last week and fell to talking with a young man got up for a sportsman, who was bound for Antioch. They passed a low bottom filled with close cover.

"Looks like there might be woodcock over in there," said Mr. H.

"No," said the young sportsman, "I think it's mostly hickory."

My friend Billy M. was talking yesterday with a salesman who had given him a sample box of a new mosquito dope.

"How did it work?" asked the salesman.

"Elegantly," replied Billy. "Never got bit once."

"You smeared it all over your face and hands?" asked the delighted vendor.

"No, I smeared it all over my boat pusher," said Billy.

CHICAGO. E. HOUGH.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ANGLING ON MAMMOTH.

THE other evening I remarked that the most enjoyable fishing in the country was to be found on Raft River, in southern Idaho. A sheepman who was at the table said that he had fished all over the Raft River region and there was nothing in all that section of country to compare with Mammoth Creek, where he had camped for a couple of years. The best part of it was that I received an invitation to go to his cabin, and early the next morning we were traveling southward.

Mammoth Creek is the west fork of the Sevier River. It is the most southern of all the streams in the Great Basin and is about 7,500 ft. above the sea level. From November until April the snow lies deep on the Mammoth meadows. The cold is so intense that no one thinks of wintering there, but during the summer months a saw mill is in operation among the pines and the cattlemen guard the north bank, while the tents of sheep herders dot the south bank of the little river.

The twenty-mile ride from Panguitch was not altogether delightful. The first half of the journey was over an uphill stony trail. The sky was overcast, the wind chilly, and my steed was, in the technical parlance of the country, "raw," i. e., he would shy, buck or balk, as best suited his convenience. In my first experience with a bucking horse I remember that I was violently churned for about half a minute and then I landed gracefully on my hands and knees in a clump of cactus. That was years ago, but I have not ceased to tremble at the very idea of mounting a chronic "bucker." Coal Pit Ridge was the half-way point, and thenceforward there was more pleasure in the journey. The route now lay through the choicest part of the cattle range, over grassy meadows that had never known fence or plow, or beneath noble pines, among which the ringing of an ax had never been heard.

Before reaching one of these pine groves there was breathed upon us a most subtle, delicate and delicious perfume. It reminded me of the wild grape amid the mountains of New England or of the *Magnolia glauca* in the barrens of southern New Jersey. The source was soon apparent. The whole grove was carpeted with a diminutive narcissus, and the moss, grass and dried needles were completely hidden by the creamy blossom and the soft, tapering leaves. Every locality seems to have its own flower of surpassing loveliness. Among the Sierra it is the nodding calochortus. In the northern Rockies the caerulean columbine rules, and here, in lower Utah, the modest narcissus is without a rival. There were dandelions and violets, wild currants and bull berries in full flower, and then almost regretfully I heard the tinkle of the sheep bells and rode through the great band of ewes and little lambs to the door of the cabin that was Ike's summer residence.

After dinner I explored the creek while Ike rode around his flocks. The water was high and muddy, and a fly would be of no use; so I determined to hunt wood grubs in the timber. For me there is beginning to be a pleasure in studying the art of angling. "Gone—the Romantic Age of Trouting" may do for the caption of a Pennsylvania idyl, but here the romance still hangs about the mountain brooks, and I find it not with tapering bamboo and silver-doctors, but with pole of birch or willow and with good old-fashioned bait. There is a knack in baiting just as in the use of flies, and the angler who sticks to one grub or worm will find himself left in the long run. The time of the day, the clearness of the water, the depth of the stream—all have to do with the efficacy of the lure, and in no two streams have trout exactly the same habit. In angling not only the bait but the habits and haunts of the fish must be studied. White grubs, earth worms, black beetles and fish eyes have each a proper place, and when once the angler learns the use of each he can have as much sport as with the most delicate fly outfit, although when the number of trout captured is a desideratum, the fly is the proper lure.

Nightfall found us with all the bait that we would need for a week's campaign, and we dreamed of nothing but trout. Alas, there is no dependence to be placed upon the weather in the mountains. About 9 o'clock we awoke to find the whole country covered with snow and a perfect blast of hail and sleet. Sheepmen estimate that the storm in the immediate vicinity of Mammoth cost them not less than 5,000 lambs. All day long we sat by the fire cooking beans. From the gloom and storm came the bleating of the flocks and the wild clamor of the ducks. I have never seen greenheads so abundant as they are in the marshy sloughs of Mammoth. The females are all setting, but the males seem to be absolutely devoid of fear and would the season permit, are just waiting for a chance to be shot.

Friday morning dawned clear and warm. After two hours of sunlight the snow disappeared and dandelions and violets dotted the meadows. Ike rode about his

flock, gathered up the strays and was then ready to pilot me down the creek. It was fully 10 o'clock when we began to fish, and we had but two hours at our disposal, but in that time we landed an even dozen that weighed 9 lbs. 3 oz. If I had known as much as I do now, I should have fished all that afternoon, but it was an act of charity to help Ike with his lambs, and I could not refuse him. Late in the day Ben, the famous hunter whom I mentioned in a former article, rode up to the cabin and displayed a lion hide that measured 9 ft. 6 in. from tip to tip. He called it a lion, but it seemed to me the typical North American panther.

Ben had missed a number of colts from his mountain range and had gone up to find the offender. Just at dusk of the previous evening, he was trailing the great cat near its lair. Suddenly a bend in the route brought him face to face with the beast. They were just seven paces apart, too close for either to think of retreating. The panther snarled, switched his long tail, crouched and commenced to tremble. Ben said that he had no time to get frightened. One shot did the business. It entered the left eye and was found flattened at the base of the brain. Ben's nerve has since been the theme of village talk.

Saturday it stormed, though I managed to secure four large beauties from the creek before getting soaked through and through. Sunday stormy. Monday morning stormy. About noon the sun came out and I was congratulating myself on another opportunity to fish, when over the hill and down to the cabin came a horseman. He was the sheriff, and worse than that he was after me, at least he read me a subpoena from which I understood that at 10 o'clock the next morning I had to be at the justice's court in Panguitch, then and there to testify, etc. Regretfully I left the beautiful creek and at 10 o'clock P. M. I was back in the settlement, with the comforting assurance that the trip had not cost me a cent, and that I had made \$5 20 mileage.

The most remarkable thing about that case (one for malicious mischief and illegal destruction of property) was the verdict, which was rendered after three hours, careful deliberation:

"We, the jurors, find a verdict that the defendants are guilty of being accessory of the crime charged with, and we recommend them to the mercy of the court."

—Fourman.

Of course the court would be merciful after such a verdict, and the three boys who had smashed a barber pole were fined \$25 apiece. I wonder if I could not sue them for the loss of a week's sport at Mammoth and recover heavy damages.

PANGUITCH, Utah.

SHOSHONE.

ANGLING NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr. F. P. Nye (not "William"), sends the following interesting notes from Arcata, California, and they can be relied upon:

"The salmon are now in Trinidad Bay, waiting a chance to run up the various streams that empty into the Pacific. By looking at the map the reader can see that Trinidad Bay is about forty-five miles north of Cape Mendocino, in the Northwest part of Humboldt county.

"While the salmon remain in this bay they afford the finest trolling in this part of the world. They grow to an immense size, and have been caught weighing 80 lbs. on a medium size trolling spoon; but they are not a first-class food fish. They belong to the variety known as the 'hook-bill' salmon.

"The steel-head salmon are beginning to take the fly in the brackish waters at the mouths of Mad River and Eel River. The large ones are taken on the spoon, and the young fish, known as 'black-spotted' trout, 'cut-throat' trout, etc., running from 1 lbs. to 2 lbs., take the fly, and are excellent on the table and afford magnificent sport."

Mr. Nye goes on to say that the fishing there is as free as air, and Tom, Dick and Harry can go and fill their creels without asking, a fact that will be appreciated by our Eastern anglers who have been "bounced" by a large and healthy farmer man. The writer can indorse all Mr. Nye says about the steelhead salmon, and in addition can say that on several occasions this fish has taken the fly when full grown.

Reports from Lake Mahopac are quite encouraging. It is well known that that lake contains large black bass, but this is the first season that anglers have met with any great success. A number of very fine specimens have been killed there on small frogs lately, two of them tipping the scales at over 6 lbs. each. A 9 lb. "Oswego" was killed in Lake Mahopac last week.

Bluefish are again as plentiful as ever along our coast, and it does seem a shame that owing to the greed of the men who control our fish supply, the people of this city, particularly the poorer classes, cannot benefit by it. When I was down at Patchogue last week bluefish were going a-begging, and the Seabright fishermen are getting 1½ cents a pound for them. But the men who control the market price will not let it break, they will let the fish rot first. Bluefish ought to sell to-day in the markets at 4 or 5 cents a pound at retail. And it is the same with sea bass. These are a most delicious fish, but there is so much waste to them that when one pays 15 or 18 cents a pound before cleaning, they are an extravagant dish. These fish could be sold at 6 to 8 cents and show a handsome profit.

A well-known angler of Brooklyn who recently returned from a lonely fishing trip up the Penobscot and down the St. Johns rivers, says that he enjoyed superb fishing and met only one man in the wilderness on the whole journey, and this individual ought to be attended to by the Maine authorities at once. He told this gentleman that he had killed seventeen moose and showed him the skins. All killed this past year, and I believe out of season. I understand he is a Frenchman, and comes from Canada.

SCARLET-IBIS.

GLoucester, Mass., July 28.—No bluefish have been seen in this vicinity up to this time, but they have been caught in abundance in Barnstable Bay. Tautog are being taken by fishermen from the rocks, and by going out in a boat about one mile from the city cod and had-dock can be caught any day in large numbers. The next thing on the programme is to go ashore and make an old-fashioned chowder.—S. J. M.,

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE AND TO ISLE ROYAL.—I.

WE had talked about making the trip for two years. "Sometime," we said, "we'll go after trout on the North Shore." May of this year proved to be the time. On the second Thursday in the month Stephens said to me as he sat at breakfast: "One week from to-day we must be on our way to Grand Marais," that being the point we had decided to go to and explore along the coast each way. "All right," I answered, and at once we began to prepare and plan. The greatest pleasure of my life is to get off on a trip with Stephens. He is such a grand, large-hearted fellow, and withal so faithful a friend, that from every trip we take together I come home respecting and liking him better than ever.

Wednesday evening, May 27, found us ready to start, each was suffering from a severe cold, all of our friends tried to dissuade us from going. "You both will die while away or come home to die," they said. We laughed and boarded the train. A run of 210 miles brought us to Duluth Thursday morning at 8:15. After breakfast a sharp walk took us to Booth & Co.'s packing house.

"Does your boat, the Dixon, go out this morning?"

"It does."

"At what time?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Where is the captain?"

"Right at your elbow."

"Captain, can you give us any points as to where to go on the North Shore for trout?"

"Don't go to Grand Marais; all the good places near there are preserved. Go to Grand Portage or Isle Royal."

We looked at each other and finally concluded to talk the matter over and decide after we were on the boat. We went aboard and were soon steaming away from Duluth. The day was simply perfect, not a cloud, no wind, no fog or haze. The view as we steamed down the lake was grand. Every rod of the ground after we left Duluth was new to us. There were some people on board who lived at various places between Duluth and Grand Portage. These the captain brought to us one after another to give us pointers, the sum of which was, "Don't go to Grand Marais, everything is preserved there. Don't go to the Brulé, no trout there, only very small ones." Yet we learned that a party would leave Duluth that evening for Baptism River, where they would fish Friday and then run on down to the Brulé and fish Saturday. We passed the Pickett, a steam yacht owned by some members of the Baptism River Club, at Silver Creek, with a fishing party aboard that were stopping at and fishing every creek and river that they came to. "Don't go here; don't go there" was the advice given, and to crown all every one said, "You are too early." At length we decided to get off at Chicago Bay, fish a little stream which came into it, coast from there to Grand Portage fishing every stream that we came to, and go from Grand Portage over to Isle Royal on the next trip of the steamer. "The streams on Isle Royal are full of trout," was the testimony given by every one that we questioned.

Half-past eleven that evening found us climbing over the side of the Dixon into a small boat, which carried us and our traps to the shore. The son of the boatman conducted us to the house, where we made a bed on the kitchen floor and were soon fast asleep. Soon after daylight we were astir. As soon as dressed we went down to the beach, unrolled our Acme canvas boat, set it up, stowed in our bedding, mess chest, tent and ourselves, and pushed off into the waters of the bay. 'Twas a pretty good load for a 14ft. Acme, but we had a great deal of faith in the boat. One of the fishermen at the bay who watched us set up the boat and pull off, as soon as he could recover his breath exclaimed, "I never saw the like of that in all my life!"

We rowed across the bay, passed the mouth of the stream that we had been told of, rounded a long point and were out in the lake. Landing on a nice sandy beach, we cooked and ate our breakfast, after which Stephens said, "Now for the creek and trout for dinner." Away we went. Our feeling cannot be described. 'Twas our first outing for trout. As we went along up the pretty little stream I felt as though I was about ten years old, and so informed Stephens, only to be greeted with a sarcastic fling—to the effect that he "hoped I would not get any more immature than I was, or I'd be lost in greenness." It was a crusher, and the poetry all evaporated from my life then and there.

Up the stream we went casting in every likely pool without success until we reached the falls, which are found a short distance up on all the streams on the North Shore. In the pool at the foot of the falls we had our first rise, and soon six beautiful trout were ours.

"Enough for the present," said Stephens, so we returned to the boat and shoving off proceeded down the shore in search of another stream which we had been told was about six miles down from the bay. This stream we had planned to fish and go on to Reservation River, where we would encamp for the night, going on to Grand Portage next day. We had a most delightful row, the scenery having those marked and peculiar characteristics that make the North Shore so grandly stern and savage. A little after noon we reached the stream which we supposed was the one we wanted to find. As we passed the mouth, making for a bit of sand beach, on which to land and get dinner, I had a strike but did not succeed in hooking the fish. I at once cast again, another fierce rush was made, and I hooked and brought in after a fierce struggle, a grand speckled prize, a 3-pounder he proved to be. Stephens hurried as he dropped the oars and dipped the beaten-out trout up in the net. We were so elated that we could scarcely eat dinner, although we had some of the trout caught in the morning nicely fried, and most delicious they were too.

As soon as we had eaten we hurried back to the mouth of the stream and at his first cast Stephens caught and finally landed another three-pounder. It was my turn to hurrah for him, but just at that moment my Montreal fly proved to be a fatal attraction to another of the game beauties and I soon had a 2½ lbs. trout added to our trophies. Directly after Stephens hooked a large one, the struggle was a long one, but at last the apparently exhausted fish was brought nearly within reach when he suddenly concluded to say "good-bye," and with a triumphant wave of his tail turned lakeward, leaving an empty hook to come in. It was a severe disappointment, the more so as the escaped fish must have spread the

alarm, for not another one could we prevail upon to rise. We made many casts but all in vain. At length we started up the stream. We could have filled our boat here with trout 8, 10 and 12 in. long, but we had no use for them, so we contented ourselves with making a cast here and there to see the quick dash for the hook and in admiring the beauty of the stream. About 4 o'clock we started onward down the shore, looking for Reservation River and our camping place for night. There was quite a stiff head wind and we thought and said that if all doubters as to the utility of canvas boats could see the Acme and the way she behaved they would each at once invest in one. Night came drawing on, still no sign of our river.

The question of where to camp must soon be decided. The shore was so rocky and forbidding that we did not like the idea of attempting to land after dark. At length rounding a point we saw a little bay with a beautiful red gravel beach, and dividing the beach nearly in the center was a great mass of red rock that rose straight up from the water 30 or 40 ft. A few feet above the beach was a park-like place, nearly level, carpeted with moss, and low huckleberry bushes, with scattered spruce trees here and there. It was very beautiful. We learned afterward that it was Red Rock, a famous camping place for Indians and others. Indications of former campers were found everywhere. Spring seemed to have just come, some of the trees were just opening their leaves, on others the buds were just swelling. The huckleberry bushes were just budding to blossom. From where we pitched our tent the outlook was superb. There were several empty barrels lying around on the beach, at which we wondered until we learned later that the long point a little further down the lake was Red Rock Point, where last fall the Dixon jumped clear over one reef, landed square on another with her bow against the rocks on shore, and to lighten her a hundred barrels of salt were thrown overboard. We had a grand trout supper and had just gone to bed when the waves commenced to roll in on the shore with great force, although it was still and clear where we were. Stephens jumped up and ran down to the boat and pulled it up higher, and to make more secure the fish we had fastened out. In the morning a heavy sea was running and it looked doubtful about our getting out. While I was getting breakfast Stephens climbed to the top of Red Rock and took a survey of the scene.

After breakfast we attempted to get off, but the waves were running too hard, as we found when a big wave completely filled our boat with water. We hauled it up, took our dunnage out, emptied out the water, carried the boat up the bluff and around to the sheltered side of Red Rock, where we loaded up and succeeded in getting out. As we rounded the point into the main lake we found a stiff breeze blowing and a very heavy sea running. The little Acme, loaded as it was, seemed a very frail thing to brave Superior in; but on we went, running under the shelter of a rocky point once, where Stephens held the boat while I went to examine a creek which came in near by. No trout would rise, so on we went, the storm getting worse, the seas heavier. We concluded that we had better land if possible. No place was seen, however, where we thought our frail boat could be run in. Rocks and dashing waves everywhere. Ahead we saw a great rock jutting out from the shore. We made for it, thinking we might land under the shelter of it. Just then an accident happened that, only for Stephens's presence of mind, might have proved serious enough. One of the oars snapped at the rowlock. Stephens, with rare presence of mind, caught the part of the oar with the blade on before it slipped away, put it in the rowlock and commenced to battle with wind and wave with an oar and a half. Not a muscle of Stephens's face changed, although for a brief while it seemed as though we should be driven back on the savage Red Rock Point, over which the waves were dashing in great fury. Stephens has heroic material in his makeup. I never admired the strength and courage of any man as I did his during the next twenty minutes.

A landing was now a necessity, or probably a death in Lake Superior. We made directly for the big rock. As we approached our supposed refuge we were surprised to see foam-capped waves flying high on the side where there should have been comparatively calm water. We soon saw the reason. The rock was tunneled clear through in two places, and the waves were coming through with a boom and crash like a cannonade. But land we must, so, watching the waves, we went in on a big comber. I sprang for the shore as the wave broke and pulled the boat as far as I could. Stephens sprang out, and we were high and dry before the next wave came in. Not a thing in the boat was wet. Just before we run in we had noticed a little stream coming into the lake, or rather we noticed the color given the water by the stream, for the mouth was completely hidden by the breakers. After making everything secure, we set off to try the stream, saying, "We'd make a new oar after dinner." We found the stream alive with trout. There seemed to be no limit to the number possible to take, and such beauties—so grandly and richly marked. I held several in my hands admiring them as I would a rare jewel—such, indeed, they were. We took thirty-five and then went back to the boat, prepared and ate dinner.

After dinner Stephens made a new oar, and then we tried to get off, but the only result was Stephens was thoroughly wetted, the boat filled with water and thrown back upon the shore like an egg shell. We gave up all hope of finding our long-looked for river or reaching Grand Portage that night. We went up on Tunnel Rock and in a cleft which was icy cold and over which the spray dashed, Stephens made what we called a "cellar" in which he put the trout we had, thinking to send them up by the steamer Monday. After watching the waves and speculating as to the continuance of the storm, we went after trout again. We went up to the falls and came down, keeping only the finest fish, of which we had fifteen when we reached the mouth of the creek. The next thing was to put up our tent and get supper. Our plan for spending the next day at Grand Portage had fallen through it seemed. The point where we were was a "brulé," no spruce boughs for a bed that night; but the moss was thick and deep, and we made a very comfortable bed, and laid down hoping for a calm on the morrow. I was awakened several times during the night by the roar of the breakers on the rocks and the boom of water through the tunnels of the big rock.

DETROIT CITY, MICH.

MYRON COOLEY.

KENTUCKY NOTES.

THE annual meeting of the Kentucky Fish and Game Club was held Thursday evening. The club is now entering on its third year with brighter prospects than ever. The following officers were elected: President, Maj. J. Fry Lawrence; Vice-President, Dr. J. B. Alexander; Secretary, Mr. H. C. Farnsman; Treasurer, Capt. John Fowler. Directors, Capt. G. G. Berry, Guy C. Sibbey, Leonard Huber, J. G. A. Boyd and W. O. Bonnie.

Several new names were added to the membership, which now exceeds seven hundred.

A number of communications regarding dynamiting of fish and other violations of the laws were read. These were referred to the board of directors, who will look the offenses up and attend to the prosecutions.

The new constitution, which is to be placed before the people for adoption next month, means much for the club if it is approved. It provides that all laws shall be general laws. The present instrument allows any county or counties to be exempt from any enactment, and the result is that when a law for the benefit of game or fish is passed every county asks to be left out. This is why the club has had so much difficulty in getting a good law.

By reason of the provision of the old constitution the open season is hardly the same in any two counties, and some have no close season at all. The aim of the club at the coming session of the Legislature will be to remedy this if it can be done. The members of both houses will be written to before the Legislature convenes and the proposed measures will be plainly set forth. Hardly a State in the Union has laws so lax.

I am in receipt of a diagram of a large salmon caught at Rock Castle Springs, July 6. The weight, according to the information on the sheet on which the picture is drawn, is 9½ lbs., and the length 29 in. It was caught by Mr. Benjamin Letcher, of New York, on a split-bamboo rod weighing 10 oz., with a No. 0 Sproat bass hook baited with a chub minnow. The witnesses were Mr. W. H. Riker, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and Maj. Weller, of Baltimore, Md. The catch for the day was 27 lbs.

Bass fishing is opening up in the streams within a day's ride of Louisville, and the resorts are being sought. A telegram from Green River, at Spottsville, Saturday, informs me that there is plenty of sport.

Major J. Fry Lawrence, Capt. John Fowler and other prominent anglers, are organizing a club to erect a hunting and fishing lodge at Falls of Rough, where all kinds of sport abounds in season. The club house will probably be erected in time for the fall sport.

A committee from the Kentucky Fish and Game Club will shortly visit Washington and see if Fish Commissioner McDonald will not furnish four or five carloads of game fish for the depleted streams. This movement has been urged from all over the State, and will be the opening wedge to incur the good feeling of those who are now opposing the game law movement.

D. A. LEV.

LOUISVILLE, July 20.

FISHING IN LITTLE RIVER.

THE first of last November our hunting party concluded they would take their annual outing this time on Little River, Pemiscot county, Mo. We found plenty of deer and small game, and very good duck shooting is generally to be had there.

Little River is a very clear stream with moss-covered bottom, and is full of fine fish. The fish we caught ranged from 2 to 7 lbs. It was no trouble at all to catch all you wanted. I would catch enough in a very short time to supply the camp for the day; they rose eagerly to the fly. I also caught a good many with the spoon; they seemed to bite at anything. I don't see how any stream could beat it, and I don't think the stream is fished a great deal.

If any of your readers are in reach of that stream, and want some royal sport with the green-sided beauties, that is certainly a fine place to go, and I have no doubt but some of them have tried it, as it is very easily reached from St. Louis. But they must go prepared to camp, as there are no hotels, club houses nor settlers to speak of in that immediate neighborhood. To go on a trip and not camp out robs one of half the sport; and if he is going to roam those woods much he will find that a good compass is needed, as one of our party will testify to. He left our camp one morning to do a little exploring by himself, and forgot his compass. He managed to get back in time for supper, but it was the next day.

We spent four weeks in camp, and I never enjoyed anything more. Came back home feeling like a new man, and am now longing for the time to come to go again.

B.

GRAYLING OR WHITEFISH?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being interested in all things pertaining to fish and fishing in the Rocky Mountains, I have read with pleasure the recent items in your paper relating to grayling.

I am confident that the fish described by "Big Horn" are not grayling, for two reasons: First, there are no grayling in the Yellowstone River or its tributaries so far as I can learn from old fishermen. Secondly, the habits of the fish described, as lying sluggish with heads up stream, so aptly describes the whitefish of the Western streams that there is little room to doubt the kind of fish referred to.

So far as my knowledge of grayling goes (I've only fished for them parts of four seasons) they do not deport themselves as described by "Big Horn," and as a great many people call our whitefish of the Yellowstone grayling, coupled with the further fact that there is a similarity between the two fishes, I strongly believe that "Big Horn's" grayling are whitefish.

The Gallatin, one of the forks of the Missouri, about thirty miles from here, has abundance of grayling and whitefish both, and I had some very nice grayling fishing on the Gallatin the past spring, and when I next go over I will send you specimens of both fish.

LIVINGSTON, MONT.

Boston has heard of the superb fishing near New York and sends out a steamer, named New York, daily on fishing trips to the mouth of the Merrimac, the South Shore, Isles of Shoals, North Shore and Boston Bay with music, prizes for the largest fish and all the modern accompaniments for a delightful excursion.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—A question in sporting ethics lies under a late discussion between a Chicago daily and a Chicago sporting paper over an alleged case of fish hogger. To be brief about it, Mr. D. R. Cameron, of the printing firm of Cameron, Amberg & Co., of this city, admits that he and the Rev. Thos. E. Green, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., did in August, 1887, in two days catch 73 mascallonge in Lost Lake, Wis. Mr. Cameron adds: "Later, a party went up to the same waters and took out 92 mascallonge, all of which were saved and brought back. That party consisted of Mr. E. W. Brooks, Mr. Alfred Brooks, Mr. T. J. Amberg, Mr. J. Ross and myself. All fish we did not want to save were put back." Mr. Cameron appears to think that the "saving" of 164 mascallonge in two short trips was quite sportsmanlike. His friend Mr. Green writes a long letter putting himself on record to the same effect, and the writer in the daily paper is obviously of that belief also, for perhaps obvious reasons. But those three men cannot decide a question like that in sportsman's ethics. It lies for a larger jury, to whom I would offer it. To me it seems that Mr. Cameron, Rev. Mr. Green and their friends were guilty of fish butchery to the most highly unsportsmanlike extent. I cannot excuse the actual swine which breaks into my garden and eats my vegetables any the more because it "saves" them by eating them and not by trampling upon them. The limit of a sportsman's catch is not definite, but any one who knows the environments of this mascallonge fishing in Wisconsin knows that such catches as the above are unsportsmanlike to the last degree, even though the fish be actually eaten and not merely boasted of as a record-breaking catch, as see Mr. Green's letter in the daily paper. The man who blunders into an unfished mascallonge lake can make such catches. In the known waters how many good catches were made this year? The unavoidable answer is the sole argument needed. Mascallonge fishing is the easiest on earth. Trolling is the most lubberly and unsportsmanlike way of fishing there is. Any man can catch mascallonge if his guide knows the bars, unless some other man has been in first and "saved" a ton of the mascallonge, to which, let us say, he had a right to the extent of three or four fish in two or three weeks of fishing. In new waters, when the fish are striking the spoon well, any novice can catch mascallonge and pickerel and wall-eyed pike and some bass, the easiest way in the world, with no great skill needed. But what of these waters when the "lunge" have been "saved" out for two or three years by such parties? Go and try it. Wisconsin ought to have a law limiting a mascallonge catch to proportions of common decency, "saved" or not, and the Lake Shore & Western Railway ought to be first to see that law enforced. The mascallonge once fished out does not come back. It will not reappear in those waters fished out. It is too slow of growth or scant of numbers. Unlike the bass, wall-eye and pickerel, it is, so far as fishculture now has it, practically gone forever upon its first extinction in a water. A magnificent fish, it should be properly regarded alike by those who leave their undue catches rotting on the bank or those who bring them home to photograph them. The daily paper may defend its friend, but the guild of genuine anglers will agree that they need yet a study of the better ethics of the craft.

There is a good deal of pseudo-sportsmanship these days, likewise a great deal of a certain false love of nature. It seems the thing to love nature, and to write about it, if you can write a little bit. The press is full of poets who are false lovers and false observers of nature. I notice one this morning, quoted in a daily from a Chicago weekly literary periodical. The writer of this "Summer Sketch" finds occasion to say,

"While clouds and forest glass them in a lake
Whose waves with tufts of foam the dark moss flake."

It takes quite a little wind to roll foam flakes up along the shore of a lake, and such being the case, you won't notice the clouds and forest "glassing" themselves very much in that lake. It's too rough. So this picture, though very pretty, isn't true. One may be forgiven for being a shoddy writer, but never for being a shoddy lover of nature.

A gentleman of Morgan Park suburb was fishing a month ago in Geneva Lake, Wis., and caught only two fish. One was a 4½ lbs. bass, and the other was a 12 lbs. salmon (described as a "California salmon"). Some years ago Mr. N. K. Fairbanks planted a number of salmon fry in this lake. They have not been heard from before. I am told the bait was minnow. Have not been able to get to talk with the angler himself.

Yesterday I talked with F. L. Buck, State Fish Warden, and can now give the exact state of affairs on that stream at date in the matter of fishways.

Marseilles dam, on the Illinois River, is essential to the Kankakee River. Work on the fishway in Marseilles dam was promised to begin July 27. No fight there at all. "State dam." Capt. Leighton, engineer in charge, said work on the fishway would begin about July 31.

Wilmington small dam: A possible fight here. The American Strawboard Co. are the objectors. Mr. Buck served notices on all parties, such notices expiring of limit on Aug. 3. It is thought that the owners will then put in the way rather than have it done and charged to them.

The 17ft. Wilmington dam: The owners begin repairs on this dam in August, and will then put in the way. The following letter from Mr. Hills, of the Wilmington Water-power Co., would settle that definitely:

Boston, July 17.—F. L. Buck, State Fish Warden, Chicago, Ill.: We desire to meet your Commission in the same spirit you have shown to us, as you seem to appreciate the disposition to economy. We don't know that you would care to do it, still if you will write me just what you could do it for [i. e., put in the fishway], if there is necessity for haste beyond what was indicated in my letter, please let me know and I will respond at once for our company, only asking that if you should do it, that you so arrange that it will not interfere in the repairs we propose to make next month or the one following. Very truly yours, JOEL H. HILLS, Sec'y and Treas. W. W. Power Co.

Kankakee dam: Nothing needed here but a wing to the present fishway, and Mr. McGrew, owner, says that will go on when the water is low enough, as it probably is now.

Aroma dam: Fishway here has been repaired, a chute being added to deep water above the dam. It is now all right.

Momence dam: Both parties to the injunction suit over the lower dam here have signed the stipulation per-

mitting the fishway to go in and work will soon begin. The "upper dam" here is on the other side of an island and a way there is not absolutely necessary. The situation here is peculiar. The company owning the dams is the one intending to cut through the rock ledge here and drain the great Kankakee marshes. It leased certain ice cutting privileges with the understanding that the dams should be cut open and the water drained from the going out of the ice till the first of November. Later the company sold the Momence Island for \$20,000 to the C. & E. I. R. R. for a picnic ground. The railway found the absence of water in the summer hard on the boating business and so enjoined on the opening of the dams. The fishway will go in anyway and, should the railway lose its suit, no fishway in either dam will be needed. These Momence dams are the ones highest up on the river, so that, supposing the Wilmington dam all right, either with or without a fight, the total situation of the Kankakee may be called very satisfactory. Thanks to the Kankakee Association, fish will next spring run up from the mouth of the Kankakee unimpeded.

Mr. Cole joined Dr. Bartlett a couple of weeks ago on board the State boat Lotus, and made a trip down the Illinois River. They captured one net and sunk it. The total situation on that stream is good. The party had one day of fine fishing at La Grange, Mr. Cole taking 21 "white bass," a fish we do not get about here. The latter gentleman has also had a trip to Spring Lake, Grand Haven, south peninsula of Michigan, and has bought land there he likes the spot so much. Seven small-mouths in a short trip with rough tackle satisfied him that the fishing there is good.

The State and Government work of reclaiming young fish from the overflows of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers will begin next week. The Government car is now waiting.

To take up again that old question about the leaking wading stockings. Thanks to Mr. Jay Beebe for advice. He asks if the waders leaked *ab initio*. I think they did leak there some, too, but it was mostly in the "crotch."

E. HOUGH.

SUNAPEE LAKE FISHING.

THE following landlocked salmon and trout have recently been taken in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire:

George Woodward,	July 15,	1 salmon,	13½ lbs.
George Woodward,	July 15,	1 salmon,	8 lbs.
Sidney Bickford,	July 16,	1 salmon,	9 lbs.
Walter Aiken,	July 18,	1 salmon,	9½ lbs.
Mr. Goodwin,	July 15,	1 trout,	2½ lbs.
George Woodward,	July 16,	1 trout,	4 lbs.
George Woodward,	July 16,	1 trout,	3½ lbs.
Walter Aiken,	July 18,	1 trout,	2½ lbs.
Jacob Hutchison,	July 18,	1 trout,	5½ lbs.

BUZZARD'S BAY BLUEFISH.—Boston, Aug. 2.—Ex-President Cleveland presided to-night at a meeting in the little town of Bourne for the preservation of the fishing in Buzzard's Bay, which is rapidly becoming completely destroyed by the working of seines, pounds and weirs on the line of the Bay. Briefly alluding to the purpose of the meeting Mr. Cleveland said that the fish should be protected because it was conceded that Buzzard's Bay was a spawning ground, and such protection was in accordance with the enlightened procedure of every State. It was not, he said, a question of sport, but of industry. Though personally enjoying fishing as a recreation, he had never yet been willing to catch fish for sport and have them wasted. Every one on the shores of the bay was at least entitled to the right to secure all the fish required for food. Moreover, an element of equality and equity entered into the question. By law in various parts of the bay fishing with seines and weirs was prohibited. This same rule should apply to all places on the bay. Chas. F. Chamberlin, who was secretary of the meeting, then spoke at length on the objects of the meeting, and offered resolutions looking to cooperation with neighboring towns to prohibit fishing by seines and weirs. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and a committee of seven, among whom was Joseph Jefferson, was appointed to forward the objects proposed.—*New York Times*.

TROUT IN EVERGREEN LAKES.—Washington, D. C.—My attention has been attracted to the letter of Mr. William R. Scott, of Denver, in FOREST AND STREAM, of July 23, in which he speaks of the successful introduction of rainbow trout into Naylor Lake, Clear Creek county, Colo., several years ago at an elevation of nearly 11,000ft. above tide water, and in commenting on it mention is made of the red-throated trout (*purpuratus*) being found at a height of between 8,000 and 9,000ft. in the Sierra Madre, Mexico. The red-throated trout occurs in the Arkansas River and its Lake Fork near Leadville; these streams are ideal trout brooks, with temperature of about 62°, in which trout are fairly abundant. Three miles west of the Arkansas and six miles distant from Leadville the Evergreen Lakes are situated at an elevation of about 10,000ft. These lakes are fed by cold streams from the flanks of Mount Massive, one of these streams having its rise in the largest permanent snow field in Colorado. These three lakes are a series of trout ponds, partly artificial, in which brook trout have been successfully propagated for several years. This, probably, is the highest point on the continent where this variety of salmon exists.—JOHN GAY.

CONNECTICUT FISH AND GAME.—The protection of its fish and game is not accomplished at the expense of the State of Connecticut, but by means of private funds and individual exertion. During the past three years the Connecticut Fish and Game Association, whose president is Mr. A. C. Collins, has spent \$1,400 in the prosecution of 70 violators of the fish and game laws. Sportsmen owe Mr. Collins and the association a debt of gratitude, which they will cheerfully acknowledge; let us hope that they will also cooperate with the association in its beneficent work.

MENHADEN FISHING.—Casco Bay has been invaded by menhaden steamers from New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Virginia, and it is claimed that some of them drew their seines in prohibited territory near Chebeague Bar. Fish Warden A. W. Barbour, of Portland, has engaged counsel to prosecute the cases, which will involve forfeiture of the vessels found liable.

SOME GIANT SHAD.—Washington, D. C.—In FOREST AND STREAM of July 23 reference is made to a shad caught June 25, in the Androscoggin River, at Topsham, Maine, weighing 8lbs., which is spoken of as a shad of unusually large size, and perhaps it is in Maine waters; but shad weighing from 7 to 8lbs. are not by any means rare in the Delaware River during the fishing season. Last year a 9½ lbs. shad was caught some distance below Philadelphia, and I believe was sent to President Harrison; but it was beaten by the 10-pounder caught in Thompson's seine off Gloucester City, N. J., April 20, 1890, and presented by Mr. Thompson to Governor Leon Abbott. Both these giants of the species were, of course, roe fish, but they were fairly indicative of the size generally of the shad last year. It is said that a shad weighing 13½ lbs. was caught near Lambertville last year. In May last William Pustill, of New Castle, Del., was credited with catching a shad weighing 9½ lbs., and on May 25 one of 10½ lbs. was taken near Billingsport, as vouched for by Mr. H. L. Preston and several other persons who were present when it was weighed.—JOHN GAY.

LANDLOCKED SALMON IN MOOSEHEAD.—Another big landlocked salmon has just been taken at Moosehead Lake, Maine. It will be remembered by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that until this season no results of repeated stocking of that lake with landlocked salmon fry had been achieved, and even the State Fish Commissioners had begun to think that Moosehead was not designed to become celebrated for its landlocked salmon. But already one salmon has been taken, of which this paper has had an account, and now a letter from Kineo, of Monday the 27th, says that Mrs. J. F. Hildreth has just taken a landlocked salmon from that lake weighing 6½ lbs. The fish was taken while trolling. There are now about 100 people at Kineo, generally quartered at the Kineo House, and more are expected next week. Capt. C. A. J. Farrar, so well known as the founder of steamboat transportation at the Rangeleys, has been stopping at Kineo, but has just left for Richardson Lake.—SPECIAL.

CANADIAN CUSTOMS.—Chicago, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As there has been considerable inquiry concerning the tax upon tourists in Canada, it may be as well for your readers to understand more of the situation. Canada has for several years presented a Chinese wall against tourists' belongings. Rod, gun and camera have been levied upon for duty (and heavily at that), and there are few cases indeed where the duty has been refunded, because the time, expense and trouble make it of doubtful advantage. A small camera that had been carried all over Europe and Egypt, without annoyance to the possessor, was on reaching Canada heavily taxed. It will be more satisfactory for those visiting Canada to either buy their outfit there, or dispense with it altogether. The latter would in most cases prove the least satisfactory. Persons visiting old Mexico are not subjected to this abomination.—FREE TRADE.

OTTAWA, Kansas, July 31.—So much rain has fallen here this summer that I don't know whether we are going to have much fishing or not. It seems as if the streams rise suddenly every time we get ready to go fishing, and we can only wait for the water to go down again. One thing the high water does, however, is a benefit to us, or will be, that is, to tear out the dam in the Marias des Cygnes at this place. This dam is about 10ft. in height, and keeps fish from ascending the river except in high water, but it will not last much longer. A fishway was built in this dam several years ago, but never did any good, because all the water leaked through the dam in low water season, instead of running over the fishway. When a free passage is made for fish to go up stream at all times there will undoubtedly be better fishing, for most of our fish come up from the Missouri.—F. B.

THE BEST IS ANGLING.—Salamon in his parables sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flouryng auge, that is a fayre auge and a longe. And syth it is soo: I aske this questyon. Whiche ben the meanes and the causes that enduce a man into a mery spyryte? Truly to my beste dyscrecion it semeth good dysportes and honest gamys in whom a man togeth without any repentance after. Thenne folowyth it, ye gods, dysportes and honest games ben cause of mannys fayre auge and longe life. And therfor now woll I chose of foure good dysportes and honest gamys, that is to wyte: of huntynge; hawkynge; fyshynge; and foullynge. The best to my symple dyscrecion why then is fyshynge callyd anglynge wyth a rodde, and a lyne and a hoke.—*Dame Juliana Berners (1486)*.

BLUEFISH.—Raritan Bay has seen bluefish in plenty of late. Block Island, too, is having its share of sport in catching these ocean bloodhounds, and at Centerville, on Cape Cod, a fisherman caught nearly 1,000 in a week. Buzzard's Bay and the Maine coast are, up to now, given a wide berth. "No politics in mine," says the bluefish.

TARPON IN CONNECTICUT.—A silver king, or tarpon, weighing 85lbs., was caught at Mumford's Cove July 24. This renowned game fish has gone as far North as Cape Cod. Occasionally one was seen at Wood's Holl several years ago. In the Chesapeake it is not uncommon late in the spring.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

(Suggested by the lines in Forest and Stream, July 23.)

II.

An angler went out to fish,
A trout came along with a swish,
A brilliant red hackle
And other fine tackle
Went off. The owner said "pish."

UTICA, July 27.

PORTSA.

III.

A codfish, which had swallowed a small bottle of brandy, was one of the fish caught during a recent excursion of a Maine branch of the Y. M. C. A.—*Boston Herald*.

A young man from Maine
Had a terrible pain,
And no "patent medicine" handy;
He fished in the sea,
Caught a big C O D,
And brought up a bottle of brandy.

WOOD'S HOLL, Mass.

B.

Fishculture.

AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the twentieth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society, held in Washington, May 27 and 28, these resolutions were adopted providing for the appointment of a committee to take the necessary steps to increase the membership and widen and extend the influence of the Society:

Resolved, That all anglers and members of fish and game protective organizations, and all persons who feel an interest in the fish and fisheries of the United States, be and are hereby cordially invited to become members of the American Fisheries Society, and to lend their aid and co-operation in carrying out the objects of said Society; and be it further

Resolved, That the above resolution be published in all papers and periodicals devoted to the interests of fish and fishermen; also that a circular letter embodying the said resolution be printed and sent to members of the Society for distribution.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to carry out the provisions of the report.

Those persons who desire to join the Society can send their applications to either member of the committee, or to Edward P. Doyle, secretary. With its membership enlarged and its influence broadened, the Society can do great work for the fisheries interests of the country, and assist materially the organizations, private, State or national, having these interests in charge. The influence that a large society of this kind, powerful through organization and numbers, can exert in securing and enforcing protective fish legislation, will be especially valuable, and do much toward securing the laudable objects of its founders.

Additional application blanks can be obtained from either member of the committee whose names are signed below.

JAMES A. HENSHALL, Washington, D. C.

TARLETON H. BEAN, Washington, D. C.

EDWARD P. DOYLE, New York, N. Y.

YEARLINGS VS. FRY.—I was glad to see that our American contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, agrees with the views respecting fry and yearlings, which have more than once been put forward in this column, and in other parts of the paper. "It seems," says the writer of some angling notes in the American journal, "to be the universal opinion of those who have had experience in restocking trout water that 100 yearlings will improve a pond or stream more than 10,000 fry. The only way fry seem to thrive is by placing them in tiny trickling springs, where it is impossible for their enemies to follow them or see them, or else to keep them in little artificial ponds where they can be fed and protected until able to look out for themselves." I am inclined to take exception to the word "little" in the foregoing paragraph, for our experience in England rather tends to show that fry get on better in deep ponds than in shallow ones. This can, I think, be explained thus: The water in a shallow pond rapidly rises in temperature in summer and the fry get weakly and die. The water, too, must be constantly changing its temperature with every change of heat and cold in the air. In a deep pond the temperature is more equable. I have recently had the misfortune to lose a pond full of fry owing to the supply of water being cut off for a week. The water in the pond sunk to about a foot, its temperature rapidly rose and the little fish all died one fine day. In another pond where a slight trickle of water continued to run no fish died so far as I could see. In rivers trout fry are usually found on the shallows, and so it might be argued that they thrive best in shallow water. This they may do, provided there is as great a flow of water as there is in a river. But we never get such a flow of water into our ponds, therefore it has been found necessary to make the ponds deep. In other words it comes to this: If there is a great abundance of flowing water the fry will thrive in shallows, but if the supply is limited and has to be economized the ponds must be deep.—Templar, in London Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 30.—General Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

THE BLUE RIDGE KENNELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week I made a trip along the line of the Richmond and Danville R. R., stopping at the beautifully located and enterprising city of Charlottesville, and from there to Culpepper, from which point a pleasant ride brought me face to face with Col. E. Henry O'Bannon, well known as the manager and one-third owner of the famous Blue Ridge Kennels of English setters. One has but to grasp the Colonel's hand, meet his estimable better half, and stand before his sideboard to know that he is welcome. If ever you are in the vicinity of the Piedmont country and don't stop and see the Colonel and his family, and look over the grand collection of dogs, you'll have cause to regret it. Knowing that many of your readers are interested in the progress of the English setter, and that few if any of them will ever have the pleasure I have had in spending a day at the Blue Ridge Kennels, I will, with your permission, endeavor to inform

them concerning what I think will be readily acknowledged to be the leading collection of brood bitches that this land can produce.

There are comparatively only a small number of bitches that are field trial winners, and with few exceptions they are centered now at the Blue Ridge Kennels. For years past all kinds of bitches have been bred to the best dogs, their owners expecting them to throw phenomenal youngsters. That many have been mistaken time has proven. The time is now at hand when purchasers will inquire as strictly into the field qualities and the breeding of the dams as they have into that of the dog.

To this end I call their attention to what I found at this kennel. There are winners and producers of winners, viz.: Esther, first in Members' Stake, Indiana trials of '89 and dam of Lilly Burgess, a double winner, and of Reveler and Jubilee, last year's winners. She is now nursing a litter by the same sire that produced the aforesaid—Gath's Mark.

Belle of Piedmont has lately been transferred from her old home at Charlottesville. Though showing some of the marks of age, she is yet able to produce pups that will, like herself, win field trial honors. Belle started twice, winning second each time. She is the dam of some very promising bitches that belong to this kennel.

Lilly Burgess, by Gath's Mark—Esther, was purchased after she had followed her Derby win with that of the All-Aged Stake in consecutive years at Bicknell, Ind., trials, where Prince Lucifer was second. She has just weaned a beautiful litter by Dan Gladstone, showing her to be a prolific and valuable brood bitch.

Mollie Belton has not yet arrived from her Milwaukee home; but when it is remembered that she is the dam of Bohemian Girl, that is fame enough for her record as a breeder.

Fanny M., known as the phenomenal winner of the Southern '89 Derby, going through under the heat system without a single error. Since that time she has not added additional honors either as a winner or as a dam; yet she will not disappoint her owners when put to the test.

Princess Belton comes nearer a perfect bench show winner than any of those yet mentioned. She is perfect in color and marking, and will stand a deal of showing. As a producer she is well to the front. Dr. John A. Hartman, of Latrobe, Pa., has three out of one litter that are "corkers." Albert's Duchess won in great shape the Philadelphia Kennel Club's Derby last year, and Albert's Nellie got so far along in the last spring circuit as to be in the challenge class. Another sister is reported as being even better in form.

Rod's Belle, by Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont, was heavy in whelp to Mark, and being of fine form and good in the field, the puppies no doubt will be heard from. She was fitted for the trials last year, but did not start.

Gossip, a sister to Belle. You will remember that she was one of the first brace started in the Central Derby last fall, and I have a distinct recollection that she made as good a showing as some of those that were kept in for the second series. She has filled out and improved since then, and should be shown on the bench. She has not been bred, and there are hopes of her winning in the All-Aged Stake this year.

Rosa I found out in the country attending to maternal duties. Her five puppies by Mark will no doubt equal, if not excel, their famous brother Reverdy. Rosa is one of the Colonel's old "stand-bys" when he wants to shoot quail.

Tempest has not been much heard of in late years to my knowledge, but being of superb breeding, Count Noble—Lit, the three puppies that I saw by Pegbid are the coming champions for field trial honors.

Oliver, by Count Noble—Ruby's Girl, is also the perfection of breeding, as Ruby's Girl is by Gladstone—Ruby II. She has not yet been developed as a field trialer nor a brood bitch, but mark this, keep your eyes on her.

Louress is the only Derby entry that I found not in the hands of her trainer. She will be sent away soon. She is finely bred, by Roi d'Or out of Belle of Piedmont, and if she keeps in good form will be likely to get into the money. Again watch her when she gets on the bench. Another year will show her a well developed bitch.

Ighfield Sophie—Now here is something new and worthy of notice. Mr. Buckle selected her at the Heywood-Lonsdale kennels for her breeding and field qualities. She is of much the same type as Ion, and being due to whelp by him, will throw puppies that will develop into animals that are of such a different breed of English setters as to make it an experiment to cross them with the inbred dogs that are now the popular ones.

Canadian Queen was not at the kennel. She has her "hands full" taking care of her litter by Cincinnati. I remember her when Mr. Pabst purchased her at the Chicago show, and she is a fine specimen.

Princess Joy, by Gath's Joy, and Miss Nelly Y., by Gath's Hope, are two good young bitches that are worthy of attention, as their sires are brothers to the old dog champion Gath's Mark. Princess Joy is about weaning a fine litter of eight black, white and tans, by Dan Gladstone, that stamp her as the right kind to have in a kennel where this color is the fashion. The stud dogs are well known both to you and the public, and it is enough to mention that they will now be given a better opportunity than ever before to show their worth, as they will not only have the best bitches, but their get will be pushed to the front.

These three gentlemen have the money, the grit, the love of sport and the business ability to push forward. As all business transactions will be through Col. O'Bannon, this is proof that honorable treatment will in all cases be experienced.

A RAMBLER.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading with interest and some amusement the articles that have appeared from time to time in your excellent paper regarding beagle training. The one appearing in your issue of July 30, by Mr. Geo. F. Reed, strikes me very favorably. He has my idea exactly as to what a hunting beagle should be.

I want no beagle that can be called from a good warm trail, nor do I want one that expects me to follow close on his heels to help him out should bunny be a bit cunning and turn short corners. If I must start the quarry I may as well shoot at him when he starts, as I would a game bird.

I take my beagles to the place where I have some likelihood of finding rabbits, turn them loose, and let them do all the hunting. If I see the rabbit and shoot and miss, I whoop to the dogs and put them on where I last saw the game. I always do this to teach them to come to the gun. But I don't teach them to charge, quarter, heel and drop to shot, etc. I hunt with beagles for pleasure, and I can assure you it would be no pleasure for me if I had to do all the hunting, starting and give orders to from six to twelve beagles all at one time—no, it would be too much like work, and I was born just a bit tired.

I expect to show up at the field trials to be held at Nanuet in November, and in all probability my dogs will get pegged back simply because they are not under control, and perhaps because there are better hunters; still, like Mr. Reed, I think I have as good beagles as the next man.

In one of your contemporaries some party tells us that, in training his beagles, he "rushes to starting point and follows right on trail, close to their heels, etc." Now, that's all very well, but if he can follow "close on the heels" of my hunting pack for two hours, or one hour, he can make more money as a pedestrian in six months than he can out of dogs in twenty years.

C. S. WIXOM.

COVERT, N. Y.

IMPERFECT TEETH DEVELOPMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am sure all readers must welcome the accounts of the kennels you visit as published in FOREST AND STREAM, since they are both instructive and admirable in style and spirit.

You mentioned, in writing of the Swiss Mountain Kennels last week, a St. Bernard with undeveloped teeth. This has interesting scientific and practical bearings. As is well known, horned cattle lack the upper cutting (incisor) teeth, yet in the fetus, teeth in an undeveloped condition exist. This is an extreme case of arrested development. Dentists tell us that human beings, especially in cities, tend to a late appearance, and in many cases a total absence of the last molar ("wisdom tooth") and even some of the incisors.

All St. Bernards have relatively small teeth, and most of the show dogs of the day when still in their prime, have the front teeth broken off or worn down to an extent not common in most other breeds. How is this to be explained? On two grounds principally: First—Too rapid and extensive growth, with excessive development of skull, and second, lack of stamina.

At present the desire to get giant St. Bernards amounts almost to a craze. Judges, especially in England, seem to be ready to condone great faults of legs, movement, etc., provided a dog is immense, well marked and has a "grand head." Darwin long ago called attention to "correlated growth." The excess of skull development, especially, has perhaps something to do with defective teeth, but whether that be so or not the growth of the bony system is so rapid in St. Bernards under the forcing system in vogue, that it must needs be superficial, hence the defective legs, and, we may add, teeth, so common, especially in the largest dogs.

Unnatural conditions of life and excessive use of the brain explain in part defects of teeth in modern man. As I understand the subject of growth and development, whenever it is forced, i. e., greater than is natural, or than would take place under ordinary healthy conditions, our St. Bernard rearing must be all wrong. And as I endeavored to show in a letter that was published in this paper on April 2, our notions of bench show conditions can be greatly modified for the better, if we are to have thoroughly vigorous and disease-resisting dogs.

Certain breed should be "massive," but this ought to be attained by shape and not by a mass of fat. In other words, to render dogs massive by sluggish habits and excess of food is to pave the way for disease, because such dogs cannot have stamina. I am still of opinion that my definition of bench show condition, as given in the letter referred to above, is correct. Dogs are in bench show condition when they are physically able to do a moderate amount of the work for which they are intended. All beside is of minor importance. Now some of our St. Bernards, mastiffs, etc., are not able to walk a few miles with ease, much less trot or gallop. Is there any reason for surprise that animals kept in such condition do not live out half their days? Who is responsible for this state of things? I am afraid it must be set down to both breeders and judges. This matter of breeding for giant size is at the root of the whole evil. I wish, as a friend of the breed and of the dog in all his varieties, that the St. Bernard Club would take this up. It is the most vital subject they can handle. If they will so legislate that it will be easy for judges to give the prizes to the best dogs above a minimum weight, or that weight shall not count for very much, we shall soon be on the way to better things.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Canada.

PAINLESS DEATH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe that you copy the Stock-Keeper's recipe for the painless killing of dogs, and from personal experience am at a loss to understand how chloroform can be preferred for the purpose to prussic acid. The first dog I used the former on was a young Clumber that had a crooked tail which required cutting. The chloroform was administered by a medical friend, and there can be no doubt of his having done it properly. It took all my strength (and I am no pigmy) to hold that pup down. He bit my hand badly and howled so loudly that he could have been heard fully half a mile. Chloroform was by no means staid in this case.

Next time chloroform was used by an experienced "vet" to kill a spaniel. He administered it in the proper way and left the dog for dead in the stable. A couple of hours after the "dead" dog was chewing a bone. Again he was dosed, and this time there was to be no mistake, but he managed to crawl half way home nevertheless. They shot him after this.

The foregoing is only one of numerous instances of the failure of chloroform to really affect dogs that have come under my observation. Prussic acid I have never known to fail, even when dogs of the largest size were the victims. As soon as the fluid entered the mouth the dogs were as dead as if electrocuted. I think the best and most painless manner of killing is as follows: Take a piece of meat of a size which the dog will swallow without biting; hollow the inside and fill with a sufficiency of the acid thickened with wheat flour, and sew up the aperture. When digestion sets in and the poison touches the coating of the stomach, the dog is instantly dead, literally not knowing "what struck him."

By the way, I may mention in connection with the past greyhound squabble, that in compliance with the request of the owner, in the presence of the Ottawa bench show committee, I measured the mouth of the dog Sir Launcelot and found his upper jaw to project a scant quarter of an inch. Thus Mr. Lacy and others are entirely wrong in stating him to be overshot one inch.

CLUMBER.

OTTAWA, Canada.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

IN a Western paper Mr. A. A. Bogen mentions a somewhat ordinary instance of the homing instinct in a dog, asking if this instance does not show a higher reasoning power in dogs than we commonly admit. By no means. The homing faculty is entirely independent of reasoning power or intelligence. The animal possessing it in the most marked degree is the cat, one of the lowest in intelligence of the domestic animals; homers are rather the exception among dogs, while they are the rule among cats. All domestic animals seem to possess this quality in a greater or lesser degree, but of course those manifesting a love for home, show it the most frequently. The whole matter is involved in most profound obscurity, no attempt having been made to explain it other than the suggestion of a physician in Philadelphia, that the department of the brain known as the pineal gland, for which no use has ever been found, may be the source of this instinct. All ordinary senses fail as explaining this peculiar faculty, as dogs have been taken away from home, shut out from all opportunities for seeing on the journey and to stop every avenue by which they might trace their way back, they were chloroformed into complete insensibility, yet they found their way home just as though no obstacles whatever to this had been interposed.

I cannot see why there should be any particular doubt of the story you give of the spaniel stealing a dust brush to replace the one it demolished and was whipped for so doing. It is only an instance of the power of association in dogs, really the foundation of all their intelligence. This spaniel

case is a parallel of the instances of sheep dogs going to another place than their own and driving in a sheep or cow to make up the number they expected to find in a certain field. There have been numerous instances of sheep dogs doing this, and it is common for a sheep dog to show signs of mortification and distress, if, when sent to the pasture to bring in the cows, it does not find the full number there. Most of them will spend a long time searching every corner of the pasture after the missing one, and the making up the deficiency from another herd or flock is but another step in the same chain of association.

The London *Stock-Keeper* hardly does me justice in its review of what I wrote of "fanciers" and "sportsmen" in your issue of June 18. The two classes, strictly speaking, are fundamentally distinct. When the sportsman breeds for looks, he is no longer the sportsman pure and simple, but is verging on the fancier's domain. The fancier who pays much heed to actual use is losing a bit of his ground as a fancier. It should also have been noted that my reference to the distinction between the two in England was simply in answer to Mr. Mason's remark, which looked as though the same distinction existed only in that country, or that owners of dogs in England were more tolerant of unfavorable criticism of their dogs than Americans are. I am very far from indorsing any disrespectful classifying of fanciers. Their achievements have been wonderful, but still the man who breeds and keeps his dogs for the use he has for them, and the pleasure they give him, is less apt to be supersensitive to criticism of them than he who breeds them with any prospect of profit in view.

It is astonishing how futile * corrections of fallacies set forth in standard works, are. It is the old story of falsehood traveling a thousand leagues while truth is putting on its boots. The story that skunk bite conveyed rabies was set forth in some medical publication, and in spite of the overwhelming proof that men and dogs are frequently skunk bitten without injury, the story sticks. So with the old fable that "bloodhounds" were used in the Southern States to recapture fugitive slaves. Mrs. Stowe wrote it in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and no amount of disproof weighs against it. The same is true of practical suggestions in kennel papers, they are read, received, and pass out and are known no more. The loss of puppies by their dams lying on them is enormous, yet it is twenty-five years or more since the "pig protector" was devised and published, and its application to dogs has been illustrated in the kennel press, but still the breeder has a long annual list of "laid on" puppies, easily prevented by providing a strip running around the sides of the kennel at the height of the bitch's back when lying down. Bitches do not lie on their puppies, except in very few instances; they lie against the sides of the place they are in and the puppies are crushed by being caught between the bitch and the sides. The strip affords a space for the puppy to escape into and thus save it. Still there will be hundreds "laid on" this year. THE ONLOOKER.

DOG CHAT.

STATES which are older in legislation and have greater need for such an act, should take a lesson from the lawmakers in the Lone Star State. We find that the following act was approved in the Legislature of that State April 13, 1891: "Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That any person who shall knowingly and wilfully furnish or give to a purchaser of any animal, any false pedigree or false certificate of sale of such animal, and every person who shall knowingly and wilfully use, for the purpose of deceiving, any false pedigree or false certificate of sale of any animal, whether such false pedigree or false certificate of sale was furnished, given or procured in this State or elsewhere, shall upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine in any sum not less than twenty-five nor more than five hundred dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail for a term not exceeding six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

Is this instinct or reason? There is a dog in Chester, Pa., which will never walk when there is a chance to jump on a street car and ride. He is a black Newfoundland. Much of his time is spent in the stables. Although his home is only two squares away, he never walks to it, but waits for a car going that way, on which he jumps. He often goes off on a pleasure trip, riding to the different sections of the city on different cars, always sitting on the curbstone till the car he wants comes along, showing remarkable intelligence in allowing to pass him those cars which branch off in directions contrary to the one he wishes to take.

At the Bulldog Club's dinner in England, Mr. Sprague, addressing the company made a strong point of the necessity of "pluck" in a bulldog, says a correspondent to *Fanciers' Gazette*: "Coming from such a source this advice is sure to sow its seed, and believing, as I do, that regard to function should be the foundation of our creed, I am compelled to admit that the pluck, which I believe lies latent in ninety-nine out of every hundred bulldogs of today, is necessary, though I see staring me in the face the danger to the breed of savageness being by some fanciers mistaken for pluck. I must candidly confess that I have seen no evidence that the bulldogs of 1891 are wanting in pluck, but quite the contrary and from inquiries I have made I find this is the opinion shared by many other breeders. The difficulty appears to be as to how to require a bulldog to give a manifestation of his pluck in the judging ring, that will not rapidly degenerate into a degrading spectacle of savageness, which difficulty is more insurmountable than proving that a winning pointer on the show bench is of any practical use in the field. If ungovernable ferocity is what is considered necessary in the breed, I trust it may be introduced slowly and cautiously. Let bulldog fanciers keep a specimen possessing this quality in their kennels, and not breed from him until they have discovered how charming a companion he makes, when they can then breed from him much or little, as it may suit their taste and conveniences."

Says "Ouida" in the *North American Review*: "A few years ago nobody thought it a matter of the slightest consequence to be bitten by a healthy dog; as a veterinary surgeon has justly said, a scratch from a rusty nail or the jagged tin of a sardine-box is much more truly dangerous than a dog's tooth. Yet in the last five years the physiologists and the State, which in all countries protects them, have succeeded in so inoculating the public mind with senseless terrors that even the accidental touch of a puppy's lips or the kindly lick of his tongue throws thousands of people into an insanity of fear. Dr. Bell has justly said: 'Pasteur does not cure rabies; he creates it.' And again, not less truly: 'Whether Pasteur's inoculation for rabies be a curse or a boon to mankind, there can be no question that the exaggerated ideas which it creates, the fictitious importance which it lends to what was previously a most rare malady, the nightmare horrors it invokes, and the lies which its propagandists, to justify its pretenses, find themselves compelled to invent, produce a dementia and hysteria in the public mind which is a disease far more widespread and dangerous than mere rabies (unassisted by science and government) could ever have become.'"

A correspondent relates an amusing but quite likely mistake on the part of a terrier in the London *Field*: "You often record instances of dogs' sagacity; I now send you a

rather amusing instance of a dog's mistake, which you might think worthy of recording. Last week, the rooks having pulled up about half an acre of young turnips in their search for wire worms, I gave a pair of trousers and an old coat of mine to one of the men, with instructions to make a scarecrow of them; and he made a very lifelike imitation of a man, with a stick under his arm for a gun. A few days after the scarecrow was put up I went to the field to see how things were getting on, accompanied by a retriever and a Scotch terrier; and while the latter was investigating some rabbit holes at the bottom of a bank I returned homeward unseen by him. About three hours afterward, as he did not come back, I went to look for him, fearing he might have got into a trap, and saw him patiently sitting at the foot of the scarecrow, thinking it was his master. No doubt he was satisfied by the smell of the clothes, without troubling himself to look too closely at the face, and, being a faithful little dog, would probably have stayed there all night. It was amusing to see his look of bewilderment when I walked up. I may add that the retriever when he first saw the figure growled, but on walking up to it and smelling it wagged his tail; so he too recognized the smell of his master in the clothes. The terrier took not the slightest notice of the figure as we went past it next day."

Mr. A. W. Smith, the well-known black and tan terrier exhibitor of Buffalo, N. Y., writes us: "I have sold my black and tan terrier champion Buffalo General (15 879) to Mr. J. J. Larr, of Buffalo. General was whelped Nov. 27, 1887, bred by Jos. Tatham, Halifax, Eng.; by champion Halifax General out of Lady Lottie, and is full of Burke blood. He is well known to your readers and to show-goers the past three years, as he has won 11 first, 4 second and several special prizes since I bought him. The only terriers that have beaten him in his class are Meersbrook Billy, Buffalo Lass and the two Meersbrook Maidens. As he is not yet four years old, I hope he has many years of life and usefulness before him." This reminds us that Mr. Smith, last week, bred his Buffalo Lass, a many-time prize winner, to Dr. Foote's Broomfield Sultan, and as Sultan is getting some good pups just now, the result will, we hope, prove very satisfactory.

The premium lists of the Montreal dog show are in the printer's hands and will be ready for mailing this week.

Hearing that Lord Bute would very likely make his home on this side of the water next month, Mr. Lamb did not send his bitch Margharita over to Scotland as intended. She is now coming in and will be bred to some other crack.

Mr. Sears tells us, in a private letter, that he has had the dogs of the Wyoming Kennels, of which Sir Bedivere is the bright particular star, moved into their new quarters. The new kennel is, however, far from completed yet and it will be September before the finishing touches are put to what bids fair to be the show kennel of America.

Referring to Mr. Rutter's remark, which was quoted in *FOREST AND STREAM* recently, that he could find no beagles in England worth bringing over, *Stock-Keeper* asks: "Where did he look?" It would be interesting to beagle men on both sides of the water if Mr. Rutter would tell us some of his reasons for this assertion. That beagles are not more generally exhibited in England is to be regretted, but surely our suggestion that Mr. Krehl would be pleased to point the way to where the good ones are kenneled would have been complied with had he been asked.

In England just now, selling classes at the smaller shows are meeting with good support. We should think that such classes might be more generally adopted in this country than they are. It affords a ready means of disposing of surplus stock, which, while hardly good enough to win in the open classes, have a chance of gaining a little honor in such a class, adding materially to their chances of finding good customers.

The noted English collie exhibitor Mr. Megson has exchanged his crack dog, Edgbaston Fox, with Messrs. Farrer Bros. for their Mons Meg. The peculiarity of the exchange is that both dogs return to their old homes. Edgbaston Fox is the sire of Roslyn Conway, one of the good young dogs of the Chestnut Hill contingent.

"There are some exceedingly severe remarks in *FOREST AND STREAM* about the condition in which the St. Bernard Prince Regent was shipped," says the English *Stock-Keeper*, and further, "they call for a reply on the part of the vendor." We shall take pleasure in publishing the other side of the case, but that our strictures were well timed is evidenced by the fact that on meeting Mr. Reick shortly after, he congratulated us on the stand we had taken, and remarked that it was very much to the point. We may say now that Prince Regent is looking himself again; having completely recovered, weighs over 200 lbs., and his coat is coming in nicely. It is also a pleasure to note that through the medium of our business columns several stud services have been secured to this noted sire.

The coming Crystal Palace show in October next, of which Mr. Taunton, the well-known mastiff breeder, is the head and front, will have nearly 400 classes. This is the "independent" show of England and is well supported, its premium list being a model that any club with a booming bank account might follow to advantage.

Dr. Faxon, of Boston, Mass., owner of the Kilmarnock Kennels, is one of our oldest and most respected breeders of collies, and though of late years his kennel has not been seen very often on the bench, it would appear as if the worthy doctor was laying plans to bring the Kilmarnock Kennel once more to the front. We see that he has purchased from Mr. Megson the noted collie Mother Shipton, which, among other prizes has won the 50-guinea challenge cup at Liverpool, and the Derby at the Northern and Midlands show held recently at Manchester. She has already sailed for this country, and that she is in whelp to Metchley Wonder is another cause for congratulation. We have at present quite as many good stud collies as we need, but a few more importations of high class collies of the gentler sex would be sure to do a world of good to collie interests, as the breeding results at present are not what they should be by any means.

The secretary of the coming Blackburn show alludes to the fact that he intends to pay the prizes the day of the show as a "new departure." In this part of show management America is far ahead of our cousins on the other side. It would be a "new departure" did our exhibitors return home without their prize money.

The dog lovers of St. Paul are agitating the question of holding a dog show this fall. It is proposed to have Mr. Geo. H. Hill, of Madeira, O., who has already shown his fitness for such a position, take charge of the affair. Since the show held three years ago, the interest taken in dogs by sportsmen of the Northwestern States, and especially in the city of St. Paul, has increased very much, and as every one is anxious to exhibit there is every likelihood that during fall week a dog show will be held. There are a number of good kennels at St. Paul. Among them are the Osceola Kennels, of which Messrs. Drake and Hansen are the proprietors; then there is the noted Elms City Kennel, with Mr. Paul Gotzian at the head. Mr. Edward Scott is said to have a

good kennel of St. Bernards and Mr. Wedderhorn has some English setters and pugs. It would seem therefore as if a show held after the Canadian fixtures would take well, as most of the Eastern dogs would be well on their way to St. Paul.

Some people, otherwise decent enough sort of folks in their relations with every day life, seem to sink to the lowest depth of meanness where a dog is concerned. The other day a big Newfoundland dog was coaxed by a lot of boys to accompany them to the Morris Canal, at Paterson. Seeing a little fellow struggling in the water, the dog jumped in and dragged the lad out. The mother of the boy afterward went before the Recorder and wanted to have the dog shot, as vicious, because in his well-meaning efforts he had torn the hair and scratched the face of her boy. The Recorder declined to take the complaint.

Harry Howard, the huntsman of the Essex County Hunt Club, died last Saturday night at the club's kennels in the Orange Mountains. He had long suffered from consumption of the lungs. He was about 40 years of age. When six-day-go-as-you-please races were great money-making affairs Harry Howard came here from England and entered the ranks of the "peds." He was a plucky little man and he was fairly successful as a money-maker, although he never made any remarkable record. For several years Howard had been engaged by the Essex County Club to either scare up foxes or to drag an ante-seed bar across country, and his genial manners and industry caused him to be respected by the club members.

We have received the premium list of the Kingston Kennel Club's show to be held Sept. 1 to 4. With the prize list they have set forth they should meet with good support, especially as this show opens the round of the Canadian circuit. The challenge classes are given a diploma, and in the open classes prizes of \$7, \$3 and a card are given in all classes, with sexes divided in every breed almost. When one remembers that the entry fee is only \$1, this makes the prizes of about equal value with shows which give \$10 and \$5, but charge \$3 to enter. Spratts Patent will feed the dogs during the show. The show will open on Tuesday, but judging will not commence until Wednesday morning at 10 A. M., and in the evenings from 6 to 7 P. M. the show will be closed. This is a good move, as it allows handlers and exhibitors to get their dogs exercised and fed without interference. Mr. Corbett, who superintends the show, made a record for himself last year, and was acknowledged to have a full conception of his duties with the ability to carry them out. Entries close possibly Aug. 23. We also remark with pleasure that no puppy classes are provided. A long list of specials is offered.

The field trial committee of the Irish Setter Club have decided to extend the time of closing of entries in their coming trials. The Derby Stake will close on Sept. 15 instead of Aug. 15, and the All-Aged Oct. 15 instead of Oct. 1, as already announced.

The greyhound which we alluded to last week as taking third prize at Pickering show was not, as stated, Mr. Purbeck's Ornatus, but a black dog belonging to Messrs. Toon & Symonds. The mistake arose from the peculiar practice of some shows in England only printing the name of the owner in the catalogue, which must necessarily lead to mistakes and open an avenue for fraud. The black and tan terrier mentioned as third to Rhodes Oban and Pearl was Prince George, Messrs. Toon & Symonds' new dog, and not Prince Regent. George Thomas will be coming back with his team shortly in time for the fall shows.

A Brooklyn lady held on to her pug's hindlegs while the dog catcher pulled at its head. It was a stretch of imagination on her part to fancy that she could lengthen the dog's life by any such means.

In a conversation with Mr. Vredenburg he tells us that if the World's Fair people give the dog show in 1893, no money will be given in prizes, only medals. Each exhibitor must supply his own attendance, food and water for his dogs. They had no idea of the importance that the kennel interests of this country had assumed, and especially so when they proposed that if they give the show the prizes would be awarded by a jury composed of men who would also be chosen to adjudicate on cattle, horses, etc., as well. Under these circumstances we fancy that a show held under such auspices would fail in the end it is expected to accomplish, i. e., the gathering together of the best dogs in the world. If any other club, the Mascoutah or the A. K. C., gives the show, it will have to be held outside of the Fair precincts. It is also stated that according to the view the World's Fair Commissioners take of it, only those dogs that have been duly registered would be admitted to their show, and foreign dogs would also have to be accompanied by a certificate of the registry from the secretary of the kennel club stud book of the country they came from. This would still further handicap a representative gathering. The idea is now to have the Mascoutah Kennel Club give the show, and as the Fair would very likely be closed in the evening a big attendance would very likely be secured in consequence. To make the show anything like a success, at least \$10,000 is proposed as the sum that should be devoted to the purpose of giving a show. There the matter stands at present. After all, we think that to give the affair an international aspect, the A. K. C. should hold the show, and give valuable team prizes for each breed open only to foreign exhibitors. We do not suppose that English exhibitors would bring their dogs over with an idea of making expenses out of their winnings, but it affords them an opportunity for a jaunt and a-o to dispose of a good quantity of their stock. There are many who would buy when the dogs were here but would not run the risk of importing a dog themselves. We are still in favor of international sweepstakes for dogs whelped after January, 1892, and as the show would be held in June, 1893, this would give every one a fair start and allow stock to be well grown.

We sincerely hope that the call which Mr. Shotwell sends out to ascertain the interest that is abroad in favor of sheepdog trials will meet with a satisfactory response. There are sufficient working collies in this country to make such a trial successful, provided the arrangements are properly carried out. Next week we will endeavor to give the plans and particulars of a trial described some time since in an English journal and which may be of service in getting up these trials.

One can scarcely take up a New York daily paper nowadays without reading accounts of assaults committed by the dog-catcher or his so-called assistants. Last week a lady in Brooklyn had her pug seized when taking it out for exercise, although the dog was licensed. She was plucky though and managed to grab the hindlegs of her pet as the man was carrying it to the wagon, and between them the pug came within an ace of furnishing a practical illustration of Solomon's celebrated verdict. The man, however, proved the stronger and, striking the woman, managed to get the dog into the wagon, and even then struck the lady as she attempted to climb on the wheel. The man was arrested afterward and the lady secured her pug by paying 50 cents at the pound. It turned out that the man was acting in place of the regularly-appointed dog-catcher. We trust he will get his deserts for the assault, which seems to

be the only satisfaction that can be obtained. It is pleasing to note, in the *Evening Telegram*, that Mayor Grant had suspended one of the New York dog-catchers for one month for acts similar to the above. Again we saw that some indignant residents of a certain district had taken vengeance into their own hands and when the dog-catchers attempted to take a dog out of a hallway set upon them tooth and nail till they were glad to flee with their lives. While we do not uphold any breach of the peace, still it seems that, as "Gray John" suggests in another column, some test case should be made, as to whether these men have the right to seize dogs without due process of law.

The members of the Ranelagh Club, one of the swell sporting clubs outside London, held a dog show the other day, but only a few breeds were entered; namely, Barzois and great Danes, some collies and terriers. At the show was seen a diminutive Pomeranian, generally known here as the Spitz, the bugbear of all timid people with hydrophobic tendencies. This particular dog weighed only 3 lbs., and is said to be the best of its kind.

Mr. H. Malcolm, of Baltimore, Md., has, we understand, brought two suits for libel in the United States Circuit Court against various associate members of the A. K. C. In addition to the usual heads of departments, such names as Pabst, Diffenderfer, Livesey, McNeill, Mitchell Harrison, Hoey, Hobbie, Rutherford and others are mentioned in the summonses. The damages are placed at the usual rate.

The eleventh English St. Bernard Club show passed off successfully, being held at Birmingham July 21 to 23. There were 182 entries, a slight falling off from the last show, and the quality was not quite up to the average. This was accounted for by the recent exportations to American kennels. The trophies were won by what may be termed second-rate dogs when Sir Bedivere, Plinlimmon, Scottish Prince, Prince Regent, etc., are yet alive. Alta Bella won the 100 guinea challenge cup for bitches, and also the Halsey trophy, which Sir Bedivere has won twice, as the best St. Bernard in the show, beating Keeper, the smooth, who won the 100 guinea challenge cup for the best dog in the show. Sidney W. Smith's Young Bute won the cup for the best dog of opposite coat to the winner of the challenge cup, and Mr. Gosling's Lola IV., smooth-coat, the cup in the corresponding special for bitches. Keeper and Lord Bute were equal for the stud dog prize, their progeny being of opposite types; Sans Peur taking the brood bitch prize. Miss Dutton won the rough team prize and Mr. J. F. Smith that for smooths. However, the prize list hardly reads like those of the past, due, as *Stock-Keeper* puts it, "to the export of the best dogs to be hurt in the States."

The owner of Harper and Graven Image, Mr. Sackett, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., is in England. He has purchased some bull bitches which have already sailed for this country, and he is now working toward St. Petersburg on the lookout for Barzois. Are we going to have a Barzoi craze? It looks like it.

Cantine World says that Parker, and this must be our Prof. Parker, whose troupe of trick dogs conduce so much to vary the monotony of our dog shows, is playing to full houses at the Tivoli, London.

Mr. Panmure Gordon, president of the Scottish Kennel Club, has presented the collies Omskirk Dolly and Woodland Ralph to the German Emperor, and will conduct them to their new home himself.

We hear that Mr. Sidney Smith has taken his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Baker, into partnership with him in his kennel of St. Bernards. The partnership will date from Aug. 1. Mr. Baker is also manager of Mr. Smith's business interests.

Miss Dutton has lost by death the St. Bernard champion Grace. She was a handsome animal and a great favorite as well as a big prize winner. She was also noted as a collector of funds for the National Lifeboat Institution, having for nearly two years supported a lifeboat station on the coast of Cornwall from collections at different shows. She was the dam of such noted dogs as Plinius, Plautius, the Canadian bitch Phyllis, and Claudius and Dorothy II.

Mr. Vredenburg tells us that the number of registrations in the Stud Book this year, up to Aug. 1, is 2,100, as against 1,200 during the corresponding period of 1890.

At a meeting of the Kingston Kennel Club, held July 29, the following gentlemen were elected members of the advisory board for their bench show: Messrs. J. Lorne Campbell, Simcoe, President of the Canadian Kennel Club; Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal; A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; Alfred Geddes, Ottawa; and C. A. Stone, Toronto.

The Irish setter trotting dog Doc trotted a mile to harness in 3:36½ over the Cleveland track last Tuesday week.

We are indebted to Dr. Foote for two excellent photographs of his black and tan terrier Broomfield Sultan, "pressed" by himself.

We have received a catalogue, descriptive of some excellent stock owned by Mr. H. F. Littlefield, owner of the Lake View Kennels, Worcester, Mass.

Mr. L. F. Rutter, Jr. brought over with him from England the basset hound Rowton Wag, a bull bitch in whelp to King Lud, and another young bulldog, by Rustic King.

Mr. John H. Naylor intends to do the fall circuit if he can get up a good team. We all know that "Die hard" is an excellent man at the business, and this is a good chance for Western exhibitors.

Since Christopher, the noted collie owned by Chestnut Hill Kennels, left England, his son Stacathro Ralph's stud fee has been raised to 7 guineas.

A friendly letter from Mr. Wixom tells us that champion Harmony has a litter of ten handsome black and white pups. He has been lucky in raising puppies lately, having only lost four out of thirty-seven pups from eight bitches. Both the wolfhounds have nice litters and are doing first-rate, and old Memnon still hangs on to his old age, looks well, and although he has only two teeth left, does his full share when feeding time comes round. The Hornell-Harmony Kennels will probably show at Kingston and Toronto.

Mr. Frank Dole writes us that Mr. Comstock and he arrived on the City of New York last Wednesday, after a pleasant voyage. He found the stock all right at home and ch. Starlight with a litter of six all white pups. He is still in love with Gully the Great, his new bull-terrier. Just before leaving England he bought two bull bitches for breeding purposes, and meeting Mr. Sackett, who is doing Europe, resold them to him. He bought for Mr. Maurice the mate to the dachshund Janet, which we have spoken of before, this is Midrush Rioter (or something like that Frank was in a hurry, evidently), he is said to be a good one, having won firsts at such shows as Birmingham, Liverpool, Gloucester, etc., they will therefore make a crack pair and do well for the breed over here. These are all the new ones

he bought, but he speaks of several coming over for the fall shows, and concludes with, "Well, old man! I've seen quite a few places, but just think New Haven the best place in the world."

Although Rip Rap, the well-known pointer, has been withdrawn from public stud, his services are in great demand. In a letter Mr. Dexter tells us that Mr. F. C. Lowe, the noted breeder of field trial winners in England, is sending a bitch over to him.

We regret to hear of the death of another good pointer—Brake. This dog was owned by Mr. Stanton W. Pentz, of Fanwood, N. J. Brake was whelped April 7, 1886, and was by Bang Bang out of Jane, champion Sensation out of Heath's Lill, by Grigg's Mack II. out of his Nell. In color he was lemon and white. His excellent formation gained him notice in the show ring, having won numerous prizes during his career. He qualified for the challenge class and won the challenge prize at Wilmington, 1890. He was bred by Mr. F. T. Underhill, of Newark, N. J.

One of the new advertisements in our business columns, to which we wish to draw attention this week, is that of the Hamilton Kennel Club. Those for sale are: Handsome cocker spaniel, by Merchant; Chesapeake Bay puppies, by E. A. Palmer; beagles, by Box 7; perfectly broken setter, by M. T. Mason; a brace of Elcho, Jr., puppies, by Elcho Kennels; St. Bernard puppies, by Fred G. Street; Irish setter bitch, by C. F. Kent; St. Bernard puppies, by C. Wagner; trained pointer, by J. R. Fanning; collie brood bitches, by H. F. Littlefield; English setters, by Wm. B. Case; English setters, by Moorefield Kennels; St. Bernards at stud, John Keenan's. An opportunity is also offered to secure several well-known prize winners from Fred Kirby's kennel.

THE POWER OF SPECIALTY CLUBS FOR EVIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every organization should be so established that its power for evil would be minimal and for good maximal.

The purpose of the present writing is to show that this is not true of several of the existing clubs. Many of them publish a list of approved judges, and further legislate that prizes offered by them can be awarded only by the club judges. Will any one pretend to affirm either that all those nominated as judges are competent and otherwise suitable persons for the position? Or, that the names of all who are eligible for the judging ring are on the lists of specialty club judges? We know very well that such is not the case, and, if so, any attempt to force club judges on show committees is entirely wrong; yet this is exactly what is being done at present. At all events a prize, on condition that one of the club judges be selected, is too strong a temptation for some committees. Perhaps a little bit of history quite within the memory of living men may illustrate how the matter works: At a certain large show for a couple of years two all-round judges officiated. The name of one of these does not happen to be on the list of any of the specialty clubs. The name of the other is in several. The former we will call A, the latter B. B caused such dissatisfaction in judging a certain class of dogs that the management, after considerable discussion, decided to try A for this position. He is appointed and his name published in all the papers. After a time it is announced that not A, but B will judge the class, because A is not on the list of judges of the club, that now offers prizes to this show provided one of its club judges is elected to judge. Forthwith the committee meet, and the majority, despite the protests of the minority, humiliate Judge A by appointing B in his place. What a spectacle! A is one of the most competent and respected judges in America; yet all this has happened under color of club judges. Further comment is unnecessary. Some of the clubs have had the wisdom to abolish their list of judges. All should do so at once. We are not ready for this sort of thing yet in America. Such unfortunate proceedings as have been detailed above should be rendered impossible. They are sure to give rise to no end of heartburnings, and will hurt the very club that seemed for the moment to be advancing its cause according to its own unwise constitution. The exhibitors of dogs cannot afford to be without the services of certain men that will not favor the specialty clubs; and show committees may be safely intrusted to choose their judges without suggestions from the clubs.

If a club wishes to encourage the breed it fosters by giving prizes at shows, let it do so on condition that the judge appointed be acceptable to them; i. e., if they must have such a provision, which I believe quite uncalled for, however. Usually the judges' names are announced early, and any club can offer or withhold its prizes as it sees fit as soon as the main facts about the proposed show are known. One thing is certain, that the present system will do a great deal of harm, and I trust the clubs, which mean well no doubt, will take the matter into serious consideration. At present it is scarcely possible for a show committee that is intelligent and independent to treat with the clubs on such terms as they propose; and I trust that most committees will prove that they cannot be bribed, for such the present system encourages. If the clubs wish to offer prizes, let them give them out and out in a manly way.

INDEPENDENT.

"FRAUDULENT" STUD SERVICES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something over a year since I was told by a friend that he had been informed, as a fact, that the owner of a certain noted dog was in the habit of putting bitches sent to this dog, to another and inferior one. This ridiculous idea rather amused me, but upon recently receiving the same story as to another noted stud dog, my amusement was changed into deep seated disgust at the inborn cussedness of some dog men. If people who circulate such stories would only reflect a little they would see how utterly preposterous such stories are. Both the dogs referred to are of world wide reputation as getters of good stock. What constitutes a stud dog's value? Why the high-class stock he gets. Now is any owner of such a dog going to be born ass enough to risk injury to the reputation of his stud dog by using another in his stead and letting the progeny go out as the get of the dog whose reputation rests solely on the character of his get? Lay aside all considerations of the honesty of the owner, admit him to be as big a rascal as possible, would not common considerations of self-interest insure his avoidance of any such course? In fact, if a rascally owner had two stud dogs, a great one and an indifferent one, his rascality would reap the greater reward in putting bitches sent to the inferior dog to the good one and thereby giving a fictitious reputation to the inferior dog. In the most noted case of doubted pedigree, that of Crown Prince, was claimed by some, that this was actually the case, that the owner of a wasterl had used a great stud dog, simply to give his bad one a false reputation. These reports are most criminal, even if received from another, no man has a right to spread them abroad until he has personal knowledge of their truthfulness, and I am glad to say that both the gentlemen who communicated these reports to me, did so merely inquiring of me, with their expressions of disbelief in the truth of the slanders. As we have a wondrous plenty of libel suits in dog matters now, and as communicating the names of those who told these stories, would add a most lively suit to the lot now on hand, I will not communicate any names to anybody, but I ask all who hear such yarns to reflect on the possibility of their truth.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 30.

MR. MACKELCON CORRECTED.—Toronto, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. Mackelcon could not be in possession of facts when he wrote the letter which appeared in your last issue, as he has shown himself ignorant in regard to kennel news. Mr. Bell took charge of Jolly Ranger at New York, Chicago and Cleveland shows, and when I offered to pay him he refused to take anything; and as I have not time to give the attention that is required to properly look after the greyhounds, I made arrangements with Mr. Geo. Bell whereby the Seaton Kennels would be amalgamated with the Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels. White Wings met with a cruel end without having an opportunity of proving her worth on the bench, as she was only shown once, and that was at the T. K. C. dog show, open to members' dogs only, and the entries were not as large as Mr. Mackelcon asserted. Jolly Ranger was shown last fall at the Toronto dog show in a large class (at one year old), where he got second; at New York, vhc. reserve; at Chicago, second; at Cleveland, first, and at T. K. C. show for members' dogs, first. These are the only times he has been exhibited on the bench.—C. E. IRESON.

THE DOG CATCHERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You have seen about the dog-catcher in Brooklyn. Now, I've always had an idea that while it may possibly be constitutional to levy a tax or license upon dogs, and that is not absolutely certain, it is clearly unconstitutional for a dog catcher to take the property of a citizen without due process of law, and worse yet when the taking is done, not by the dog-catcher himself, who may have some color of office, but some irresponsible fellow purporting to act as his assistant. What about getting up a fund for a test case?—GRAY JOHN.

SHEEP DOG TRIALS 1892.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Collie Club, having made a preliminary announcement of its intention to inaugurate sheep dog trials in this country, respectfully requests the owners of trained collies, who desire to compete, to correspond with the secretary of the club, in order to ascertain if any interest is felt in regard to the proposition.—J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec'y (Orange, N. J.).

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lansdowne Dimity. By Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., for white, ears ticked, fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 4, 1890, by Raffle (Brockhurst Rally—Harmony) out of Warren Vivid (Splasher—Verdiana).

Lansdowne Tenny. By Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 23, 1891, by Suffolk Toby (Carlisle Prince—Nellie Farren) out of Temptation (Mixture—Warren Lady).

Lansdowne Lorna. By Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 26, 1890, by Telford (Raby Mixer—Temptation) out of Doone (Raffle—Warren Vauban).

Dan Burgess. By C. B. Thornton, Nunda, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 14, 1891, by Dan Gladstone (champion Gladstone—champion Sue) out of Lilly Burgess (champion Gath's Mark—Esther).

Bright Eyes. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug bitch, whelped April 25, 1891, by imported John Bull out of Ruby E.

Miss Phyllis and Little Goldie. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug bitches, whelped March 29, 1891, by imported John Bull out of Phyllis II.

Alpha. By C. A. Stearns, Pawtucket, R. I., for pug dog, whelped March, 1889, by Rackeb (Echo—Rackett) out of Mayflower (Bradford Ruby—Pinkey).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Parvin's Queen—Snowball. Thos. Parvin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Parvin's Queen (King Coal—Jersey Beauty) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Snowball (Dandy W.—Chip K.), April 20.

Florette—King Regent. Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Florette (Alton—Florin) to their King Regent (Prince Royal—Duchess of Kent), July 11.

Hilda—King Regent. Walter Pierson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Hilda (Plinlimmon, Jr.—Clytie) to Swiss Mountain Kennel' King Regent (Princess Regent—Duchess of Kent), July 19.

Dud—Bradford Harry. M. Gougerty's (New Haven, Conn.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Dud (Sydney—Mollie) to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), June 16.

Pass of Graphie—Robert le Diable. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pass of Lass of Graphie (champion Graphie—White Rose) to Hempstead Farm Kennels' champion Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spawaway), July 9.

Puss in Boots—Treasure. E. W. Barnes's (Wellsville, N. Y.) pug bitch Puss in Boots (Laddy—Topsey) to Seminole Kennels' champion Treasure (Douglass—Banjo), July 28.

Lady Verne—Douglas II. O. P. Kinnie's (Lima, O.) pug bitch Lady Verne to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Douglas II., July 30.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Hecla. Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Hecla (Hector—Nell), July 7, four bitches, by their Archduke (Chequasset Max—Theo).

Blush. Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Blush (Leo—Nell), July 2, fifteen (six dogs), by their Archduke (Chequasset Max—Theo).

Parvin's Queen. Thos. Parvin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Parvin's Queen (King Coal—Jersey Beauty), June 20, six (one dog), by Swiss Mountain Kennels' Snowball (Dandy W.—Chip K.).

Rose. W. H. Case's (Lockport, N. Y.) English setter bitch Rose, June 21, eight (five dogs), by Niagara Kennels' Belton Star (George—Maggie Bee).

Bonnie. D. E. Peters's (North Baltimore, O.) foxhound bitch Bonnie (Dick II—Lady Sport), July 29, six (four dogs), by McMurray's Bumper (champion Brave—Fly).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Duke IV. Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1891, by Archduke out of Betty Bobbett, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to Mr. Eberhardt, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ar-ko. Black spaniel dog, whelped July 14, 1890, by Nig W. out of Darkie III., by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to Mrs. A. P. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.

Go—Lucie H. whelp. Liver ticked pointer dog, whelped April 5, 1891, by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to Jos. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn.

Grand Duke. Orange tawny, white markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped July 9, 1890, by Archduke out of Madam Barry, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to Wilhelm Eberhardt, Philadelphia, Pa.

Arch Duke. Orange, perfect markings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 9, 1890, by Archduke out of Madam Barry, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to F. Backmeyer, Lafayette, Ind.

Maple Grove Luath. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped May 21, 1889, by Clifton Hero out of Sparkle, by J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo., to Maple Grove Kennels, Logan, O.

Matchley Wonder II. Sable and white collie dog, whelped March 13, 1891, by champion Matchley Wonder out of Barbey Rose, by J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo., to Maple Grove Kennels, Logan, O.

Lincoln—Nellie Krueger whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1889, by J. H. Danford, Trimble, O., to F. C. Rochester, Logan, O.

Scotch Bonbardier—Hecla whelp. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 12, 1891, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to E. W. Knoll, same place.

White and orange St. Bernard dog. by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to W. Robbins, Jr., Grand Haven, Mich.

White Wonder—Fannie whelp. White bull-terrier dog, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to A. T. Bringhurst, Logansport, Ind.

Corvette. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped June 22, 1890, by Rutland Jack out of Spot, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to L. W. Finley, York, Pa.

Glencalm. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped June 15, 1890, by Gilderoy out of Zillah, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to A. Williams, same place.

Venus V. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped July 15, 1890, by Gilderoy out of Zillah, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to H. N. Neice, Chicago, Ill.

Opal. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped July 15, 1890, by Gilderoy out of Zillah, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Dr. Frank Cobb, New York.

Pendax. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped July 15, 1890, by Gilderoy out of Zillah, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to W. P. McSorley, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Prince. Black cocker spaniel dog, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to John L. Bates, Boston, Mass.

Fanny. Orange St. Bernard bitch, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to N. Robbins, Jr., Grand Haven, Mich.

Aquas. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, by Hector out of Lila, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to N. Robbins, Jr., Grand Haven, Mich.

Almont. Sable and white collie dog, whelped June 15, 1890, by champion Clipper out of Golden Rod, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Benj. Rich, Ithaca, N. Y.

Alaric. Sable and white collie dog, whelped June 15, 1890, by champion Clipper out of Golden Rod, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to L. V. Finley, York, Pa.

Adonis. Sable and white collie dog, whelped June 15, 1890, by champion Clipper out of Golden Rod, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to C. T. Peirce, New York.

Apollo. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped June 15, 1890, by champion Clipper out of Golden Rod, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Eugene Dupont, Wilmington, Del.

Daisy. White English terrier bitch, by White Prince out of York, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to A. Colby, New York.

Zillah. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped June 29, 1890, by Rutland Jock out of Spot, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to W. B. Robinson, Rosindale, Mass.

Flip. White bull-terrier bitch, by Count out of Nell, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Jos. Messer, same place.

Archduke. St. Bernard, whelped April 5, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., an orange, perfect markings, dog to J. P. Persch, same place, and an orange tawny, perfect markings, bitch to F. Backmeyer, LaFayette, Ind.

Bang Graphic—Carrie R. whelp. Liver and white pointers, whelped April 26, 1891, by F. C. Rochester, Logan, O., a dog to Raymond Harvey and a bitch to Geo. Golden, both of Washington, D. C.; a dog to Wm. Seabright, Martin's Ferry, O., and a bitch to A. C. Bradley, Cincinnati, O.

Roderick Dhu—Lufra II. whelps. Black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped May 3, 1891, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., one each to Dr. N. S. Essig, Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss E. B. Boas, Reading, Pa.

Rutland Jock—Spot whelps. Black, tan and white collie dogs, whelped June 22, 1890, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., one each to A. A. Bzozara, Frankfort, N. Y.; Fred S. Groves, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. P. McSorley, Cambridgeport, Mass.; F. M. Harrison and H. H. B. Angell, New York.

Rutland Jock—Spot whelp. Black and tan collie, whelped June 22, 1890, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Mr. Tokelson, same place.

Rozie. Pug dog, pedigree unknown, by Eberhardt Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to L. L. McGinn, Lexington, S. C.

Metchley Wonder. R. Sable and white collie dog, whelped March 13, 1891, by champion Metchley Wonder out of Barby Rose, by J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo., to F. C. Rochester, Logan, O.

PRESENTATION.

Bang Graphic—Carrie R. whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 26, 1891, by F. C. Rochester, Logan, O., to H. E. White, Shawnee, O.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

W. A. S.—Chesapeake Bay dog pups range in price from \$35 to \$50. You will find the Chesapeake far the best for your purpose.

H. L. S., Chicago, Ill.—Most of the dogs mentioned in the pedigrees are registered either in English or American stud books. You will find one of the FOREST AND STREAM kennel record books very convenient as a means of keeping track of all your kennel transactions.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY.—Ponce de Leon, white, tawny brindles spots, black facings, double dew claws, dog, whelped Feb. 23, 1887. Breeder, Mr. C. W. Bickford, Rochester, N. H. Owner, Mr. O. D. Seavey, St. Augustine, Fla. Sire—Karl Bonivard (A.K.R. 481). Dam—Mora (A.K.R. 5340).

W. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Will you kindly publish the pedigree of St. Bernard Monastery (E. 2446) and mention (E. 2443). 2. Can you tell me any treatment to improve the feet of a two-year-old bound that is a little splay-footed? Ans. 1. Le Moine (alias Monastery) is said to trace back to Old Barry, won first prize at Birmingham in 1873, and his breeder was Mr. T. Skeale Hooper, Pen-y-Park, Llantarnam, Newport, Monmouthshire. Meuthon was imported from Switzerland by Rev. J. C. Mardona, but no pedigree is given in the English stud book. 2. We know of nothing that will improve the feet at that age.

G. B. C., Bridgeport, Conn.—I have in my possession a black greyhound called Ten Broeck, raised at 30 J. W. Foster's place St. Michaels, Md. The former owner of this bound referred me to your paper as authority for the dog's pedigree, which was represented to me as being registered. Could you furnish me with a list of his recent lineage, provided the above statement be true, or a denial if the former owner has misrepresented? Ans. There is a greyhound named Ten Broeck registered in A. K. C. S. B., Vol. IV., No. 6241. Whelped November, 1886, dark blue, by Don out of Minnie M. (6240). Breeder, C. W. Travis, Lafayette, Ind.

J. G. D., Chestnut Hill, Pa.—I have been trying to teach my spaniel to retrieve dead birds, but they won't look at them, but for a live bird they would go almost crazy, but when dead it has no interest to them. They will fetch a ball or roll of soft stuff very nicely. What would you advise? I have both Hammond's book and also Mercer's. Ans. You must force the dog to retrieve, compelling him to take the bird in his mouth and, with a cord attached to his collar, compel it to bring the bird to you. Commence by making the dog pick it up from his feet, and then further and further away as he gains confidence, he will soon understand what is required of him, especially as you say he will fetch other articles.

MEDICUS.—1. When did the American Kennel Register, published by Forest and Stream Publishing Company, stop, and why? 2. Is there any separate register for pugs or toy dogs? 3. Is my pug bitch eligible to register in American Kennel Club stud book? Pedigree inclosed. 4. If not eligible, what is necessary to be done to enter in show? 5. Can you give me pedigree of Elcho and of Rachel, both owned by Mr. H. A. Richeson, of Providence, R. I.? Ans. The A.K.R. stopped February 1890, when it was purchased by the American Kennel Club. 2. No. That of the A. K. C. is the only one. 3. No, two sires and one dam not stated in third generation. Write to A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city. 4. Simply pay 25 cents and list in the Kennel Gazette. 5. Not registered.

C. A. C., Ionia, Mich.—1. I conclude you are best authority, so write you for information regarding English setters. Where can I get a correct history and more particulars of the dogs and their Count Noble and Nell, and their descendants, and what will the expense be? 2. I suppose I have the only full bred bitch in this section, and as she is from Ned Gladstone II. I should judge she ought to be crossed with some other good line. How is the Lav-rack line? Ans. 1. There is no work that we know of wherein a history of the dogs you mention can be found. For a history of the English setter refer you to Veno Shaw's "Book of the Dog," price \$8. "The Setter," by Edward Laverack, price \$2.75; The English Setter, by Bernard Waters in Shields' "American Book of the Dog," price \$5. We can supply them. 2. No better.

J. H. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—I have a St. Bernard puppy 6 months old that I wish you would please give me some advice about. He has sores on both ears, they bleed first, then start in as running sores. Do you think it is mange or external canker? He has them on his leg, but they are dry and bare and they don't seem to get any worse or better. Will you please let me know what will cure them, and if the hair will grow again? His eyes have matter in every morning, and during the day. His appetite is good and he is lively otherwise. I am using Glover's mange cure; have been using it for two weeks; it dries the sore up, but if I let it go for a few days it starts to run again. Ans. Apply balsam of Peru to sores. Treat for worms, and give the following powders: Sulphate of magnesia 3 drachms, bi-carbonate of potash 2 drachms, mix and make 12 powders. Give only twice a day mixed with the food. Write again if sores are not healed in a fortnight.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

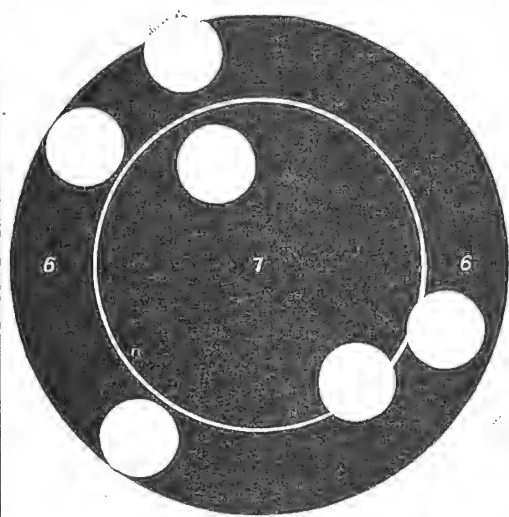
RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER AT BISLEY.

AN AMERICAN WINS THE ENGLISH REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN REVOLVER.

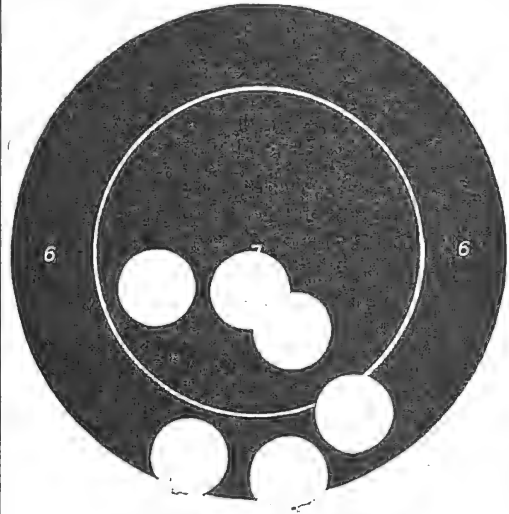
THE Bisley meeting is just over, and Mr. Walter Winans has won first prize in all three revolver competitions, and consequently the Smith & Wesson prize for the revolver aggregate scores, which constitutes the revolver championship of England in effect though not in name.

The first four days of the meeting Mr. Walter Winans shot in series 2 (the target appearing and disappearing at intervals of three seconds). He made five scores of 40 points, and often retired



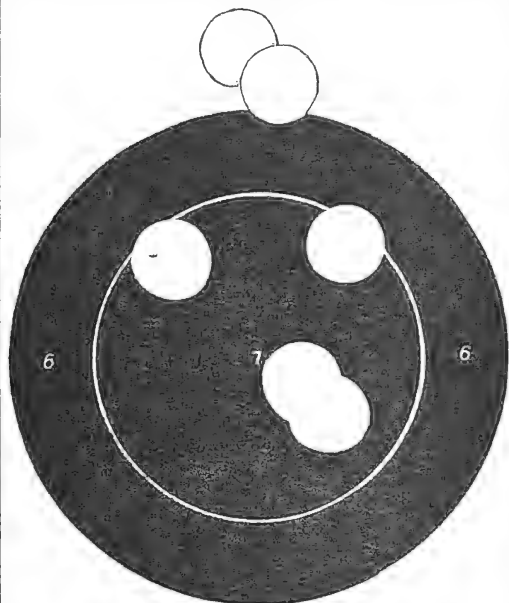
FIRST SERIES—SCORE: 6 6 7 7 6 7—39.

on scores which would have got up to that score, but he was working for a 41 or 42 score, as he had so often been able to do at his own private range. He discovered though, that owing to his position, exposed to wind and with the sun in the shooter's eyes all the afternoon, a score of 40 was about equal to a 42 at his own



SECOND SERIES—SCORE: 7 6 7 6 7 7—40.

range. He therefore let his 40 score stand for this series, and started in series No. 3 (six shots in twelve seconds). He found that Mr. C. F. Haig had been hard at work at this series, and got in a score of 77777=38 with a Colt. Everyone thought this was invincible, but Mr. Winans knew that the "4" was the weak point



THIRD SERIES—SCORE: 5 6 7 7 7 7—39.

in the score, and took a bet of five to one on himself that he would beat the score of 38.

He had very little practice at this sort of shooting at home so it took him a few entries to get into the bank of it. As soon as he got into the swing of the work and made two 36 scores and then the following: 56777—39, winning his bet and making a score which nobody has approached since and which constitutes the record for this style of shooting. Mr. Winans used a single action

Smith & Wesson, cocked at the recoil after each shot in proper cowboy style. Almost all the English competitors used either both hands in cocking or else double action pistols.

He then turned to series No. 1 (the sliding target); he found this ran much faster than in former years and that Mr. Haig had in a score of 39, made up as follows: 77775. In a short time he put in a similar 39 and then a "black" 39, that is, all the shots in the black (77768), instead of one in the "5" ring, like Mr. Haig's, thus beating Mr. Haig's. All this took place early in the meeting and as nobody else approached these scores Mr. Winans did not have to compete any more in revolver during the rest of the meeting and only shot for amusement occasionally. His winning scores are as follows: Series 1: Walter Winans ("black")...39 C F Haig...39

Series 2: Walter Winans (5 times over)...40 C F Haig...39

Series 3: Walter Winans...39 C F Haig...38

Revolver aggregate (championship of England): Walter Winans...39 40 39—118 C F Haig...39 39 38—116

A friend of Mr. Winans tried all over the camp to get in a bet of 2 to 5 on Mr. Winans's winning all the revolver competitions, but could not get any one to bet at any price.

Mr. Winans used a Smith & Wesson. Mr. Haig a Colt (both single-action pistols). The two English professionals were beaten by these two amateurs.

As Mr. Winans had finished with the revolver before the end of the meeting he turned his attention to the running deer. He made a score of 23 at the Holland prize, and a double shot at the deer and of 18 for the Colt single rifle competition.

After a few attempts he got in 24 for the double rifle competition with a double Jeal, by Purdey & Sons. He then started for the Colt prize (using the same rifle, the rules allowing it to be used if he used each barrel alternately) and made 18, tying with Sir E. Loder, who also used a double rifle in preference to a single shot rifle, which proves that a good double can shoot equal to ordinary single-shot rifles.

These scores held to the last hour of the meeting, when Major Williamson put in 25 for the double-shot Holland prize, and almost at the same time Sir E. Loder improved his score for the Colt single rifle prize to 20.

There was no time for Mr. Walter Winans to try to beat both these scores, so he had to try for the double-shot Holland, but only managed to make another 24, and therefore he came in second for each of the running deer prizes.

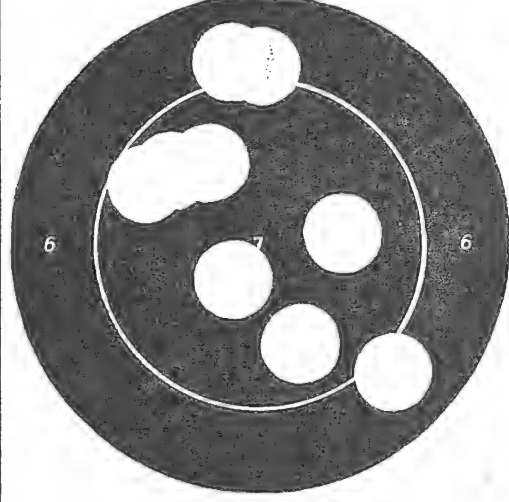
Major Williamson shot standing, Sir E. Loder and Mr. Winans sitting. Major Williamson and Walter Winans used open hunting sights, Sir E. Loder a Lyman hind sight.

July 20.—Early this morning Mr. Walter Winans, whose eyes were better after the Sunday's rest, put in a 39 in revolver series 3 (the rapid fire), the first shot being a quarter of an inch above the bullseye and the other five in it. This makes him top score for series 2 and 3 and tied with Mr. Haig in series 1. Mr. Dixon, the professional shot, made 38 in series 2, this being two points behind Mr. Winans's score.

There was too much wind in the afternoon for high revolver scores.

ANOTHER TWENTY-YARD TARGET.

HERE is another record made by Mr. Winans with a Smith & Wesson .48-cal. English regulation sights and 2½ lbs. trigger pull,



British army ammunition, at 20 yds., the target disappearing and appearing at intervals of three seconds, the score being the highest possible, 77777=49.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—The range at Shell Mound was well patronized to-day. The different companies composing the National Guard feel recuperated after their encampment at Santa Cruz, and have settled down to work. The weather was all that could be desired. A pleasant breeze prevailed for a greater portion of the day. Some excellent pool shooting was done by the different competitors on the range. Herman Heeth, of Company B, of the Third Regiment, made an excellent record. He scored 13 bullseyes in 15 shots, and 16 bullseyes in 20 shots, or 96 per cent. He shot a Springfield rifle, with a 4lbs. pull of trigger.

The rifle shooting at Schuetzen Park, San Rafael, was far above the average, though some of the champions failed to keep up their record. At the public target the Eintracht Shooting Section did good work, a number of the members breaking their records in rings. There was \$200 to be divided in prizes, and the competition was unusually close. The full score was as follows: John Utschig 95, A. Stracher 95, Wm. Glimderman 95, A. Johnson 95, G. Helm 93, D. W. McLaughlin 90, R. Steden 90, A. Rahwyler 88, C. Klein 88, J. Schmidt 88, Chris. Mayer 88, C. Kuh 88, H. Gumbel 86, J. Dombier 85, A. Stamer 85, H. Schroder 85, Philo Jacoby 84, John Stanton 84, L. Barrere 84, R. Stetten 83, C. Waletan 83, G. Glimderman 82, H. R. Brown 82, O. Overmole 79, E. Hageruk 80. In the company shots the first ten prizes were won in the following order: L. Stedine first, E. Auer second, H. Stanen third, B. Brenner fourth, C. Kuhls fifth, H. Gumbel sixth, Chris Gumbel seventh, E. Pauler eighth, E. Fisher ninth, M. Gesen tenth.

The bullseye shoot of the California Schuetzen Club was the closest of the day, and probably of the season. About twenty-two men entered for the prizes, which were finally awarded to the following named members: Louis Schmidt first, L. Letzau second, H. Johnson third, M. Stanton fourth, Philo Jacoby fifth, E. McLaughlin sixth, Captain Kuhls seventh, Geo. Helm eighth, Geo. Glimderman ninth, Wm. Glimderman tenth.

The Germania Schuetzen Club was present at Harbor View to-day for their monthly medal contest. The successful competitors are as follows: Champion medal, A. Rahwyler, 408 rings; first-class medal, W. M. Glimderman, 377; second-class, L. Bendel, 391; third-class, H. Cenge, 367; fourth-class, F. Hill, 365. The medal for the first best shot was won by Chris Heeth, with 22 rings out of a possible 25, and the medal for the last best shot by W. Kuelber with 23 rings.

REVOLVER IN DELAWARE.—Lieut. Col. Howard Simpson, the Inspector for Delaware, has recently issued a very interesting circular on the subject of small arm practice, not only dealing with the rifle practice of the men, but also advising the officers to take some trouble to make themselves efficient with the revolver. This is the programme he outlines: Revolver practice, which will necessarily be preparatory this year, should be directed toward features which are conducive to the most practical utility, and the following line of practice is advised: Standing position at all distances; at 25 yds., use of each hand in alternate scores, double action trigger pull; at 50 yds., use of either hand, double action trigger pull; at 100 yds., use of both hands, single action trigger pull. Target: that used for 200; ds. rifle practice.

EXCELSIOR RIFLE CLUB.—Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 1.—The first annual prize shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club will be held on Aug. 21 and 22, at Greenville Schuetzen Park. Hours of shooting, from 9 A.M. to 12 M. and 1 to 7 P.M. Bullseye target will close at 5 P.M. on Saturday, Aug. 22. Shooting Committee: L. P. Hansen, first shooting master; Wm. Weber, second shooting master; J. Robedoux, John Speicher, F. G. Kittredge and W. J. Channing.

THE BISLEY SHOOT.

LONDON, July 25.—The second year at Bisley and the thirty-second of the association is over, with somewhat less grumbling. There has been some good scoring, much bad weather, some improvements, and upon the whole the old Wimbledon record has not been surpassed.

The "Wimbledon Committee," to whom the whole of the functions of the annual meeting and the management of the shooting, consisted this year of the chairman and vice-chairman of the council, Lord Waldegrave and Sir Henry Fletcher, Sir Henry Balfour, Colonel Marsden, Mr. Humphry, Captain the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, and Mr. Whitehead. The executive officer was Mr. Humphry, assisted by Mr. Daldy. Mr. Martin, superintending clerk at the School of Musketry, again brought his great experience to the all-important statistical branch, of which he was in practical charge, though the department was under the general supervision of the secretary, Colonel Mackinnon.

On Thursday of the first week an order came withdrawing 150 Regulars who were acting as markers for the Aldershot Review. This was a sharp blow at the Bisley arrangement, and caused much annoyance and some money loss to the association. On this day, July 16, two great "any rifle" days were decided. The first prize in the "any rifle" (10 shots at 600 yds.) fell to Mr. John Gifford, who made the highest possible score. The other six prizes were all taken with scores of 49. In the Halford (10 shots at 1000 yds.) Captain Foulkes won the first prize with 49. There were two other scores of 49, two of 48 and four of 47, two of which were counted out.

July 17.—The magnificent piece of plate called the St. George's Vase, after a brief period of existence as a challenge prize, has been won out and out for the Paisley Corps, the 2d V. B. A. & Highlanders, formerly the 2d Renfrew. The rule is that whenever the vase is won by a member of a corps of which a member shall have won it previously, the vase becomes the absolute property of that corps. But this event has never happened until this year, though, as we have said, there have been thirty competitions. Sergeant Heilston won the vase in 1889, and to-day Corporal Ritchie, of the same corps, carried it off. The vase is now as it was last year, 600 yds. (before that it was 500), and both Corporal Ritchie and Private Patrick, of the 1st Lanark R. V., made 84 points, and proceeded, of course, to fire the tie shots, in which the former was victorious. If Patrick had been successful the vase would still have been won out and out, for Sergt. Lawson, of the same corps, had made 83 points. The original vase was made twenty years ago. Notwithstanding the fact that the original vase was permanently to Scotland, the St. George's competition will not be suspended, for provision was wisely made by the late Col. Chas. Lindsay and the committee of the St. George's when they instituted the prize in 1872, for the formation of a reserve fund, by means of which the vase could be replaced if needful. And when Colonel Stanley and the committee handed over the vase and its funds to the N. R. A. a year or two ago, it was on the express condition that a new vase should be forthcoming whenever necessary. Seventy out of ninety scores of 28 points came into the prize list. Last year the famous shot, Captain Gibbs, of the 2d Gloucester B. V., won the vase with 55 points; the same score (the H. P. S.) being made by no less than three other men—Scott, of Roxburghshire; Fletcher, of Herefordshire, and Collins, of Somersetshire. There were also four scores of 84. Seventy-seven out of 100 scores of 29 were counted out.

July 20.—The only competition this year at the extreme range of 1,100 yds., that for the "any rifle" Wimbledon cup, took place to-day. Only former winners of certain "any rifle" prizes take part in it, and it is therefore confined to the most skillful practitioners with the match rifle. Fifteen shots have to be fired, so that the highest possible score is 150 points. To-day the cup was won by Capt. Mellich, with 65 points, Major Thornburn, captain of the Scotch twenty, coming next with 61 points. Last year Capt. Fremantle (who came in third to-day) was the winner with 60 points.

The council had before them to-day a protest made in connection with the Mackinnon competition. The match was between international teams, each consisting of 10 men, the prizes of £20 and £10 to be awarded to the team who, with five volleys fired at 400 yds. within one minute, succeeded in making the best score. England, Wales, Canada and Jersey competed. The match escaped the attention of the Scotch, and the Irish did not think it worth while to enter. England and Wales had only got off four volleys each when the minute expired. Canada and Jersey both fired five volleys. The English team, however, with their 40 rounds made a higher score than Canada, and the English team with 50 shots. It was inadvertently stated that the English lodged a protest because one of their rifles jammed. As a fact, the protest was by Canada and Jersey, and was made on the ground that England, by only firing four volleys, did not comply with the conditions. Soon after making the protest, Major Weston, in behalf of the Canadians, withdrew it in very handsome terms, remarking that the loss of an entire day to the English team was in itself a severe penalty, and that they having made the best score despite this circumstance, Canada had no desire to take a prize the Englishmen had so well won. The Jersey team, however, adhered to their protest, but the council after hearing Col. Burt and Quartermaster Gratwicke in reply, disallowed the objection made by Jersey (who were the lowest scorers in the shoot) and awarded the £20 to England and £10 to Canada. The details of the shoot were as follows:

Shots.	Misses.	Bulls.	Inners.	Mags.	Outers.	Tl.
England.....40	7	7	6	10	10	109
Canada.....50	15	6	4	6	19	102
Wales.....40	11	4	5	5	15	85
Jersey.....50	27	4	3	4	12	71

The English team consisted of Major Davison (Liverpool), Sergeant Kemp (Reading), Fletcher (Portsmouth), Keating (Liverpool), Corporal Simcock (Chesham) and Wright (Salford), Privates N. C. Wainwright (Trinity) (H. G.) and Wadsworth (Liverpool). Colonel Burt was captain, and Qmr. Gratwicke the adjutant of the winning team.

July 21.—To-day the Queen's Prize Fund Stage was shot, and the individual champion of the meeting determined. At the end of the first range Milner, the silver medalist, and Gibbons, of the West Middlesex, were leading, each with 235. But Milner, soon after he was out of the line, unfortunately lay beyond Gibbons, Hill, of the 19th Middlesex, and Dear, of the Queen's Edinburgh. After the eighth round at 900 yds., Dear stood at 263, and Hill and Gibbons at 253 each. The ninth round produced a magpie for Dear, the same for Gibbons, and a bulseye for Hill. Dear thus had 266, Hill 263, and Gibbons 261. Thus, if the Scot could make 3 points at least with his last shot he must win. And he did make a magpie, and thereby raised the 261 to 269. Dear, however, and Gibbons, though they each made bulls in the last round, had only totals of 263 and 261 respectively. Lieutenant Davidson, of Canada, came next with 264 points. Mr. Dear, the Queen's prizeman, is a quiet, self-possessed looking young man. We believe that he is a solicitor's office in Edinburgh. He is well known as a rising shot in his corps, but has not previously done much in public. This is the second time that the great prize has been taken by a member of the Queen's Edinburgh, Sergeant Menzies having won it in 1873.

In the meantime a considerable number of people had assembled outside the Council building, where Lord and Lady Waldegrave, Sir Henry Fletcher, Brigadier-General McDonald, C.B., Colonel McKinnon and Marsden, and Major Knox, C.R., were in readiness to welcome the new Queen's prizeman. The band of the 2d Battalion of the Buffs were, of course, present. Soon after half-past five o'clock it was known that Private Dear had won the great prize, and he himself soon appeared escorted by his friends. During the necessary process of testing his rifle and verifying the register, the hero of the day was placed in the chair, in which he was to be subsequently borne aloft, and was vigorously photographed. Soon it was announced that all was correct, and Lady Waldegrave and the other ladies, in gold and silver, went to the arm of Private Dear, who was then carried off in Mr. Wainwright's chair for the usual greetings in the regimental camps, the band of the Buffs preceding the cortege, and playing "See the conquering hero come!"

Last year, when the conditions were exactly the same as now in force, the famous shot, Sergt. Bates, of Birmingham, took the great prize with 278 points, a magnificent score. He had held it in the previous year made 281, and Fuller in the year before that made 280. But then the magpie and inner of the third class target were reduced in 1890. On the other hand, Bates had the advantage of a sighting shot at each range.

July 22.—For the Kolapore Match, to-day, there were representatives of the Mother Country, the Dominion of Canada, Guernsey, Jersey and India. Each team consists of 8 men, firing at 200, 500 and 600 yds. with the Martini-Henry. The 2d of Canada, with 200 yds. Canada made 218, Jersey 218, the Mother Country 208, Guernsey 205, and India 194. At 500 yds. Guernsey put on 249, the Mother Country 236, Canada 235, Jersey 220, and India 209. The aggregate scores then stood as follows: Canada and Guernsey each 454, Mother Country 444, Jersey 438, and India 408. At the longest range, however, the strong Mother Country team recovered itself, making 249, Jersey 248, Canada 247, Guernsey 243, and India 209, and winning the match by 7 points above the next best score, that of Canada, and 8 points above Guernsey. The total scores were, Mother Country 679,

Canada 672, Guernsey 671, Jersey 641, and India 598. At 200 yds the best individual scores made were: Henderson (Canada) 81; Falla and Waldegrave (Guernsey), Hamon (Mother Country), and Smith (Canada) 50 yds. the full score, 35, was made by Smith (Guernsey); 33 by Chicken (Mother Country), McVittie and Ogg (Canada), and King (Guernsey); and 32 by Brown (Mother Country), Windate (Canada) and Falla (Guernsey). At 600 yds.: Hamon (Guernsey) made the H. P. S.; Watfworth (Mother Country) and Le Maistre (Guernsey) 52 each; Bates and Lawrence (Mother Country), McVittie (Canada) 51 each; and Leblond (Mother Country), Henderson (Canada), Falla (Guernsey) and Dring (India) 30 each. The highest aggregate score was that of Hamon (Jersey), 93. Then came Falla (Guernsey) with 92; Watfworth (Mother Country) and McVittie (Canada) with 90. This most interesting competition was instituted in 1871. The real contest has always hitherto been between the Canadian and the Mother Country teams, though representatives of India and the dependencies have from time to time taken part in the competitions. In the 21 matches which have now been shot, the Canadian team has been victorious five times. Last year the Mother Country team—a very strong one—won with 704 points, Canada coming next with 676. Teams from Guernsey, Jersey, and the Cape also competed.

July 23.—The great event of the day was the shooting for the Elcho Shield by the English, the Irish, the Duke of Abercorn and the Scottish, Colonel Wilson. Captain Foulkes's score of 218 points out of a possible 225 has never been equalled in this match. The highest score hitherto has been 216, which was made by Captain Barnett (for Ireland) in 1888 and 1889. The English score of to-day (1,070) has only once been exceeded—viz., in 1889, when Ireland won the match with 1,068 points.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total
Lieut. Oxley.....	75	69	67	211
Capt. Barnett.....	75	69	67	211
Capt. Foulkes.....	74	73	71	218
Capt. Gibbs.....	74	68	69	211
Sgt. Sergt. Worth.....	72	67	68	196
Capt. Lamb.....	72	67	61	200
Mr. Whitehead.....	71	62	71	204
Capt. Mellich.....	67	63	71	201
	580	552	538	1670

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total
Capt. Barnett.....	73	61	68	202
Major Fenton.....	73	67	70	210
Mr. Braithwaite.....	70	65	65	200
Mr. Jovett.....	70	70	71	211
Capt. Milner.....	67	70	62	199
A. Gaulty.....	66	70	72	208
H. Coghlan.....	65	68	74	207
Major Young.....	64	67	65	196
	548	538	547	1633

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total
Mr. Love.....	75	70	72	217
Major Thornburn.....	72	69	66	207
Capt. Cowan.....	72	67	64	203
Mr. Wainwright.....	72	67	64	203
Mr. Caldwell.....	68	68	68	204
Mr. Urquhart.....	65	63	67	195
Capt. Ferguson.....	63	68	70	201
Lieut. Lauder.....	61	70	69	200
	547	541	529	1617

ROCHESTER TOURNAMENT.

ROCHESTER, July 28.—The seventh annual three days' shoot of the Rochester Schuetzenzilde opened to-day at Rosenbauer's range on the Ridge Road. The exercises began at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and ex-Mayor Parson had the honor of firing the opening shot of the tournament. The attendance was exceptionally large for the first day. The scores were very good indeed. The conditions of the contest have been varied somewhat from last year. The distance for all targets is 175 yds. There are three 25 ring targets, one man target, one star target and one eagle target. The ring targets have a black center 9 in. in diameter, rings three-fourth of an inch apart, 13 in. bullseye. The man target represents the head and upper portion of a man's body, and is divided into half-inch vertical lines, the center lines counting 20. Any rifle weighing less than 12 lbs. and not over 44 in. may be used. The rain interfered somewhat in the afternoon, but toward evening the sky cleared and the sunlight falling at the most advantageous angle against the targets favored the marksmen not a little and some of the best scores of the day were made at the conclusion of the day's sport.

The officers of the Schuetzenzilde are: Charles Gottschalk, President; A. Halstrick, Vice-Pres.; F. W. Swift, Secretary; C. Kubies, Corresponding Secretary; George Bort, Treasurer; Frank Schwikert, First Assistant; Charles Harvey, Second Shooting Master; Charles Hoehn, First Assistant; T. Henley, Second Assistant; Edward Meyer, Third Assistant.

July 29.—The crack of the rifle stirred the echoes in the adjacent woods at Rosenbauer's range all day while the best shots from the Rochester Schuetzenzilde and the Buffalo and Syracuse clubs were running up some excellent scores for the prizes. The weather was in the main very fine, and they kept up a constant fusillade from morning until nearly sunset. The scores at this year's tournament have been exceptionally good, and the contest is more exciting than it has been for several previous years. The Buffalo shots, however, bid fair to carry away a good proportion of the prizes. The attendance yesterday was large, about seventy five marksmen taking a hand in the contest.

July 30.—When the boom of the cannon marked the close of the shooting this evening the results showed one of the most successful tournaments in the history of the Schuetzenzilde. Buffalo and Syracuse carried off many of the prizes, but the Rochester marksmen proved lively competitors. The scores of this tournament surpassed those of last year, while the attendance throughout was much larger. The shooting began promptly at 10 o'clock yesterday morning and was continued during the various showers that fell in the afternoon, the marksmen shooting from cover. The wind that blew during the day interfered somewhat with close shooting.

The tournament continued so late that it was impossible to shoot off the ties, so these prizes were divided equally among the contestants. Schwikert, of this city, and Cargill, of Scottsville, however, were tied for the gold badge, each having 147 points out of a possible 150. They were allowed a shot each and Cargill scoring 24 points to Schwikert's 23.

The best three men in the various contests were: The honorary target (possible 250, off-hand), Dalley, Syracuse, first; Cargill, Scottsville, second; Seelye, Rochester, third.

Badge target (possible 250, peg rest), Cargill, Scottsville, first; Schwikert, Rochester, second; Leighton, Syracuse, third.

Man target (possible 250, peg rest), D. Eggleston, Syracuse, and Seelye, of Rochester, tied for first at 175 points, and Dalley, of Syracuse, was third, with 171 points.

Public target (possible 250, peg rest), Leighton, Syracuse, first; M. Long and Schindler, both of Buffalo, tied for second; Dalley, Syracuse, third.

Star target (possible 15), Kay, Schwikert, Newhart, Cook and Cargill were tied for first place and divided the purse.

The minor prizes were distributed among the other contestants. The most interesting part of the tournament for the Rochester marksmen was that to determine who should be king of the Schuetzenzilde for the following year. The target was a large wooden eagle, 2 ft. in diameter and containing a dynamite cartridge. The bullseye was 2 in. in diameter and the target 175 yds. from the shooting stand. Charles J. Hoehn was the winner, his bullet exploding the cartridge.

OMAHA, July 26.—Bellevue rifle range is now in order for the assembly of the picked shots of the department of the Platte here to-morrow. It is the 11th annual meet and represents the following teams: Fort Douglas, Fort Duchesne, Utah; Camp Pilot Butte, Fort McKinney, Fort Washack, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.; Fort Niobrara, Fort Omaha, Fort Robinson, Fort Sidney, Neb.; Fort Randall, S. D.; Fort Logan and Fort Lewis, Col. The representatives will comprise fifty-eight infantrymen, five of whom are officers. The competition at Bellevue range which, in a certain manner opens to-morrow is to determine who shall constitute the department team of ten sharpshooters. With selected teams from other sections of the country. From among these teams will be selected the best ten shots, and these will be known as the army team or the representative shots of the army. The range and everything connected with the com-

petition is in readiness, the former and surroundings presenting an appearance which is absolutely charming. Those who have visited this beautiful spot can readily appreciate this fact. Those, however, who have never been there know little of the natural beauty which lies almost at their door. The range proper is an "opening" level as a table, 200 yds. in width and 600 yds. in length. At the northern extremity rise abruptly from the plain a series of terraces outlined against the dark foliage of the woods behind. Toward these targets are directed the shots of the soldiers at distances varying from 200 to 600 yds. Behind the butts, out of sight of both marksmen and spectators, are the simple machinery by which the targets are made to revolve after each shot; as also the markers, between whom and the bullets is a good log wall with a breastwork of a dozen feet of earth. On either side of the range is a number of flagstaffs, on which during the firing are hung brilliant crimson streamers to show in which direction the wind is moving. This is an important element in rifle firing and is always taken into consideration by the marksmen. Midway between the 600 yd. line and the targets on the east side of the range is an opening of three acres. On the other side of this are ranged the tents of the officers and at the eastern extremity are located the headquarters of the commanding officer. The competition will be in charge of Major Daniel W. Benham, Seventh Infantry, inspector of small arms practice, department of the Platte, who has devoted to the work a great deal of time during the present year. He also had charge of the competition last year, and the shooting will continue both to the left and right of the Platte. The preliminary prize will commence on Thursday next. Competitive firing, however, will not open till August 8. This will continue to the afternoon of the following Thursday. On August 13, preliminary cavalry competition will take place. This will continue three days when the competition will begin and continue four days. In this competition there will be about forty cavalrymen who will use both the single and the revolver. They will come both from the West and from the Platte, California, and the East, as far away as Virginia. The officers in charge of the competition will be those who have already been enumerated in connection with the competition.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Aug. 6-7.—Second Annual Tournament of the Island Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va. R. B. Burt, Sec'y.
Aug. 11-14.—Fourth Annual Tournament of the Standard Keystone Target Company, New London, Conn.
Aug. 12-13.—Fifth Annual Tournament of the Cortland County Gun Club, at the club's new grounds at Cortland, N. Y. Kingbird targets and live bird contests. Address E. C. Rindge, Cortland, N. Y., for program.
Aug. 12-14.—The Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association Annual Tournament, at Lexington, Mo. G. A. Surges, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-27.—Buffalo Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, \$1,000 guaranteed.
Aug. 29 and Sept. 7.—Sweepstakes Shooting at Rutherford, N. J., on the grounds of Boling Springs Gun Club. Aug. 29, sweep at 50 blue rocks, entrance \$5. Sept. 7 (Labor Day), sweepstakes at targets.
Aug. 30-Sept. 1.—Hackettstown Gun Club. Two days at targets. For programme address James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.
Sept. 8-11.—Grand International Tournament at Detroit. Live birds and standard Keystone targets.
Sept. 15-17.—Knoxville, Tenn., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.
Nov. 3-5.—Savannah, Ga., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

UNION GUN CLUB.

At Springfield, N. J., on Tuesday last, the Union Club, of which that crack shot, Enoch D. Miller, is the mainstay, held an open tournament. The programme was a varied one, as both blue rocks and Standard Keystone targets and live birds were used. For once Miller was favored by fairly decent weather, although the rain, which fell within a radius of 10 miles, kept a few shooters from attending. The club is not a large one and their grounds are not particularly easy of access, consequently large gatherings are not looked for. On this occasion, as at all Jersey meetings, the live-bird event filled the best. A number of familiar faces that have not of late been seen at the traps were noticed here, among them being Canon, the one-armed expert, and "Dutchy" Smith, of the old Middlesex Club. Another most welcome visitor was "Grover C." Courtney, the affable representative of the "valley" (Levee) gun. Courtney arrived too late for the regular target events, and although formerly a great admirer of live-bird shooting, he has since the N. Y. State meeting lost all desire to shoot at the feathered targets. Scores:

No. 1, 10 blue rocks, \$1 entrance, 3 moneys:
Brentnall.....1111111111-10 Sigler.....1111101011-8
Stewart.....1111101111-9 Angar.....1011101111-8
Hobart.....1011101111-8 Miller.....1011101111-8

No. 2, 15 blue rocks, \$1.50 entrance, 3 moneys:
Brentnall.....11111111111011-14 Hobart.....11111011101010-11
Miller.....11111111111011-13 Angar.....101011111111-10
Stewart.....1011111111110-10 Sigler.....10101111111000-9

No. 3, 5 pairs Keystone, \$1 entrance, 3 moneys:
Angar.....11111111111011-7 Sigler.....01101101010-4
Miller.....11111111111011-7 Stewart.....10101101010-4
Brentnall.....11101101010-5 Hobart.....1010101010-3

No. 4, 15 single Keystone, \$1.50 entrance, 3 moneys: Miller 15, Hobart 14, Sigler 14, Angar 13, Stewart 13, Brentnall 10.
No. 5, 20 single Keystone, entrance \$2, three moneys: Collins 19, Miller 16, Brentnall 16, Hobart 16, Stewart 13, Angar 10.

No. 6, 5 pairs blue rocks, entrance \$1, three moneys: Sigler 8, Miller 7, Brentnall 6, Stewart 6, Angar 4.

No. 7, 15 blue Keystone, \$1 entrance, three moneys: Brentnall 13, Angar 12, Hobart 11, Miller 11, Stewart 11, Collins 10.

No. 8, 15 single Keystone, \$1.50 entrance, three moneys: Miller 14, Collins 14, Stewart 13, Angar 13, Brentnall 12, Sigler 12, Hobart 11.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles and 5 pairs blue rocks, \$2 entrance, two moneys:
Miller.....1110111111 11 10 10 10 11-16
Brentnall.....1111111111 11 11 11 10 10-16
Angar.....1111111111 10 10 10 10 10-16
Hobart.....1110111111 11 10 10 10 10-16

Extra No. 2, 15 single blue rocks, \$1.50 entrance, three moneys: Miller 14, Angar 13, Sigler 12, Stewart 12, Brentnall 10, Collins 10, Perry 10, Courtney 6.

Extra No. 3, entrance \$1.50, 3 moneys: Miller 12, Angar 11, Collins 11, Stewart 11, Dan Terry 10, Scott 9, Brentnall 8, Courtney 8.

Extra No. 4, 15 single blue rocks, \$1.50 entrance, 3 moneys: Miller 15, Collins 14, Brentnall 13, Courtney 12, Smith 12, Sigler 11, Extras No. 5, and 6, combined, 10 singles each \$1 entrance, 3 moneys: Courtney 19, Brentnall 18, Dutchy 17, Collins 17, Miller 15.

Regular No. 9, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance, 4 moneys:
Quimby.....1111122-7 Scott.....11201212-6
Brentnall.....1112221-7 S.ewart.....2022222-5
Miller.....212121-7 Canon.....1101102-6
Angar.....121122-7 Collins.....102121-5
Sigler.....222102-6 T. Smith.....1102010-4
Terry.....121110-6

This tournament was divided; third shot, miss and out, and divided on the first round by Collins and Canon.

No. 10, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance, 4 moneys:
J. Smith.....1112212121 10 Angar.....0210212121-8
Quimby.....222222210-9 Scott.....1110101101-8
Sigler.....101111111-9 Canon.....020212102-8
Miller.....212111111-9 Brentnall.....120212102-7
Collins.....110211211-9 Stewart.....1101010102-6
Terry.....120121111-9

J. Smith first, second div., third shot out and won by Angar.

No. 11, 5 live birds, \$5 entrance, 2 moneys:
Stewart.....21211-5 J. Smith.....10212-4
Miller.....11111-3 Collins.....10011-3
Quimby.....22221-5 Scott.....10011-3
Canon.....11111-5 Brentnall.....02010-2

Stewart and Miller div. first on the shoot-off, each killing 6; Canon and J. Smith dropping out in the fifth round, Quimby losing his last bird.

THE KAT.

C. E., New York.—It is impossible to name a place near New York where you can be sure of getting good duck shooting on Thanksgiving Day. Usually at such places near the city there are more duck shooters than ducks. You might go to Great South Bay, on Long Island, to Barnegat Bay, in New Jersey, or some point on the Sound in Connecticut. For information as to details about these places write to the following parties: G. F. Howell & Son, Atlanticville, Long Island; Capt. John Kelly, Barnegat, N. J.; Samuel Loper, Waretown, N. J.; Geo. M. Neville, Great Neck, C. T. From some or all of these you ought to get the information you desire.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. Mackendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaudin, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr., New York.
REAR-COM: G. L. Parnelle, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Apollonio, Winchester.
EX-COM: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: C. E. L. Porteous, Kingston.
EX-COM: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: Richd. Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX-COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Hauto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Cham. 27. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, plain, Irondequoit Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 10. Rochester, Fall Regatta, P. M., Arlington, Ann., Irondequoit Bay.
7. 9 A. M., Arlington, Ann., Passaic River. 12. Knickerbocker, Ann., N. Y. Passaic River.

BUSINESS IN CAMP.

UP to 1886 it was the custom to hold the general meeting of the A. C. A. at the camp, usually on the last day but one. Since the division scheme has been in operation this method has been abandoned, and there is now no such thing as a general meeting of the members of the Association, nor can the individual members vote on any question; the business of the Association being now managed by the executive committee, and chiefly at the November meet. Although the members have no direct vote save in the choice of their division officers and in division matters, the Association has been conducted on the democratic principle that the officers are elected to carry out the wishes of the members, whom they directly represent. In accordance with this idea, it would be a good thing if a general pow wow could be held in camp, some rainy morning, for instance, being selected, when all members would meet in the big tent and discuss any questions which might be suggested, changes of sailing rules, management of meets, etc. The position of the presiding officer might not be an easy one, as all would want to talk at once, but by a suitable adherence to parliamentary rules a useful discussion might result.

One thing at least might be counted on, every man present would be led to take a closer interest in the details of the Association, and to consider more carefully the questions of policy which arise each year, and which are generally left to the officers alone. Had the many sailing men in camp last year been asked to meet together and discuss informally the standing sail question, some very serious blunders would have been avoided; and though the question seems settled for the time, a quiet talk over rules by those interested in them would be productive of good this year. The closer and more intimate the relations between the great body of the A. C. A. members and the officers elected each year to serve them, the less danger there will be of mistakes in making rules, and of opposition to rules which, though good are for some reason not popular.

"ARE YOU READY? GO."

IN another week the fleet of fifty or sixty canoes will be busy racing, and we shall hear on all hands ample explanations how at least half of these would certainly have won if —. There will be a great many different models and rigs of life, but the one which will outnumber all others is the "If-the-boom, sheet, tiller, halliard, mast or seat—had not broken." A few of the many mishaps in canoe sailing are beyond prevention, but very few; nearly every breakdown may be directly traced to neglect or to the craze for light weight which afflicts the majority of canoeists.

Granted that the supposed advantage of light weight is not overestimated, that the saving of an ounce or two in the weight of the centerboard is an all-around gain, there are many who will find to their cost that they could better have carried 50 lbs. of wood and brass than to have whittled spars, gear and fittings down to the last point, resulting in a total breakdown.

The first thing in a racing canoe to-day is the sliding seat. Does yours slide freely and easily, and can you sit on the extreme end without fear of it breaking? The next thing is strong rigging and fittings, mast, halliards and sheets, and above all the rudder and deck tiller. Is your tiller strong enough to handle the whole boat by, hauling yourself in with no possibility of breaking it, or is it a little flimsy affair that must be handled most carefully? Next to strength of gear, convenience of handling is very important, the proper lead of sheets, halliards and centerboard gear. Can you handle your board when out on the piazza, raising and lowering it as a centerboard is handled in a yacht, or is it a fixed keel, fitted to evade the rule, requiring a couple of hands to hold the boat while you adjust it in deep water? To get the best results from a centerboard, it is necessary that it should be tended from time to time, and though this is a difficult matter at times in any canoe with the crew out on the seat, the board should be fitted so that the whole or any portion of it can be used at will.

It is too late now for any changes in model, rig, board or rudder, but it is not too late to make sure that, at least no later than the day before the first race, the hull of your canoe is as smooth as oil and sallow-grease can make her; that the board, seat and tiller

are in perfect order, lashings being clapped on at any weak spot; that the sails are fully stretched on the spars, all gear sound and free from chafe, running freely; paddle and bailer, the latter with a line on it, stowed below. When this is done, there will be still time for a look over the programme so as to be sure what the courses and conditions of each race are.

If all this is done in due season, there is little danger that the starting gun will find the man on the beach, his gear in a tangle, centerboard jammed, and mast's stepped in the wrong tubes, while he calls down blessings on the regatta committee because the race is not held for him. The man who breaks down and the man who is late are apt to be very closely related, and though the soundest of spars may crack under the strain of a close race, and there may be but little time between one race and the next, the wise man who is left behind or comes in disabled, even though he feels that the fault is not his, will keep his own counsel rather than risk being set down as one of the tardy kind. So much blame has been heaped on regatta committees, both yacht and canoe, about delay in starting, that the races are likely to be run off as promptly as possible, and if due notice is given of all events, especially of changes in the programme, and if sufficient time is allowed between races to permit all reasonable rest and shifting of rig, the racing men will have no right to grumble because the start is not postponed until the last man is ready.

WHO MAY COME TO CAMP.

THE question of who besides the members may come to the A. C. A. meet has been discussed for years as it has come up in various shapes. With the camp once in running order the presence of guests costs the Association nothing; and from this point of view there can be no objection to the presence of non-members. At first the rules were very lax, many non-members visited the meets and camped there unquestioned, but this privilege was in time greatly abused, men who could and should have joined the Association refraining from doing so, thus saving a dollar, but visiting the camp for the full time. Various temporary regulations have at times been adopted, but the matter is now subject to a fixed regulation under Section 2 of the by-laws. Under the last clause of this section members who for any reason wish to invite non-members to camp, save on such special occasions as visitors' day, must apply to the commodore and secretary-treasurer, who may grant permission. If the visitor's stay is prolonged beyond two nights; that is, if he is sharing regularly the advantages paid for by the members at large, he or his introducer must pay \$2, the equivalent of a member's dues and initiation. This plan permits the presence of all properly accredited visitors who may come to camp from curiosity or a desire to understand the Association better before joining; and at the same time it prevents the presence of a number of men who should only come as members. It also provides for the men who turn up in considerable numbers each year applicants for membership at the last minute who wish to visit the camp before their applications have matured. It has been the policy of the Association to welcome as far as possible all who desire to examine the camp with a view to joining, and not a few of the best members have drifted in by mere accident from being in the vicinity of the meet.

THE A. C. A. YEAR BOOK.

WE quote elsewhere some very pertinent remarks from the *Sail and Paddle* concerning the A. C. A. Year Book, a matter of some hundreds of dollars on one side or the other to the Association each year. After some experience in the publication of the small and unattractive pamphlets once issued, we suggested to the executive committee at the meeting in 1885 at Oswego the possible value of the year book as an advertising medium. The objection was then made that such a book would be inferior in appearance, and that the members generally would object to the presence of advertisements, so the matter was dropped without action. It was not until three years later that secretary-treasurer Mix and Mr. C. B. Vaux together produced the 1888 year book, far larger and handsomer than any of its predecessors, and costing the Association less than the plain rules and list of names of the previous years. The value of the book, as well as the improvement in appearance which was made possible through the receipts, was made plain, and the question of advertisements was settled for an indefinite time.

The cost of publishing and distributing the rules and list of members in the plainest form would now reach nearly \$300 per year, and the book itself would be by no means satisfactory. To issue the present book without the advertisements would cost the Association some \$500, a heavy annual expense. With the aid of the advertisements the book may be made superior to the present one, and at the same time cost the Association nothing, perhaps even turning in a profit in time.

To realize this end, however, the book must be managed on a thorough business basis, and not as it has been thus far. The value of an advertising publication depends entirely on the way in which it is managed; if a good line of ads is kept up each year the value will increase; but with a little neglect it will rapidly depreciate. Little can be done in the way of securing ads by one unfamiliar with the work or who takes it in hand for the first time; and for this reason, if no other, the secretary-treasurer of the Association cannot manage the business part of the book. In order to secure the best returns, the contract for the publication of the book should be given to some reliable firm for a period of not less than three years, renewable then if satisfactory to both parties. In this way the manager will have every opportunity to work up a regular line of custom, taking only the best ads, renewing his contracts from year to year, and making new ones in the proper season. Thus far the season has passed by before the arrangements for publication were completed, a source of loss in each year.

There is now some competition to be met, other similar publications, division year books, etc., are in the field and divert a certain amount of business. Under a proper management, however, the A. C. A. year book can be made one of the most desirable mediums of advertising in the country, with a profit to the Association, a gain to the members in a better book, and at the same time a valuable catalogue for all in want of outfit supplies. The details of the arrangement and the selection of a suitable publisher may be well left to the officers of the Association, but as there is nothing in the present rules relating to the publication of the book, we wish to call the attention of all members to the matter, in order that some steps may be taken in the direction indicated, the making of a contract for the publication of the year book for several years on such terms as may be obtainable.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—MAP OF THE A. C. A. CAMP.—The map of the camp site in our issue of July 23 was photo-engraved from the camp circular sent out by the committee. At the time it appeared we were ignorant of the fact that the map was originally made by Messrs. H. C. Ward and H. R. Ayerill to illustrate a very interesting description of Lake Champlain in the July number of the *Sail and Paddle*.

A. C. A. MEET CAMP RULES.

1. Members are requested to register at headquarters immediately upon arrival. Membership badges will be delivered upon payment of camp dues.
2. Tents are to be located only upon approval of camp site committee, and due regard must be had for thoroughfare. Tents and surroundings should be put in order by 9 A. M. each day.
3. A member of the executive committee will be appointed daily to act as officer of the day, and will be obeyed accordingly. Senior officers of clubs will be responsible for order and neatness in their respective localities. A member of the executive committee and a lady honorary member will be appointed to take charge of the ladies' camp.
4. The signal service will be established near headquarters, and all announcements will be made under the A. C. A. signal code. The signal code book can be purchased at the bureau of information.
5. The clerk of the camp (who will also act as postmaster) or the secretary-treasurer will be at headquarters tent from 9 to 11 A. M. and usually from 2 to 4 P. M., and also upon the arrival of each mail. A yellow flag will be hoisted in front of headquarters tent when either of the above are present on duty.
6. A gun will be fired and colors hoisted at 8 A. M. The sunset gun will be the signal for hauling down the colors. All guns will be omitted on the Sabbath.
7. After 10 P. M. quiet must be maintained in the camp. The officer of the day will have instructions to strictly enforce this rule.
8. At headquarters a bureau of information will be established, where all inquiries regarding boats and trains will be answered and all general information relating to camp matters can be obtained. Members are especially requested not to trouble the officials nor committees for information which can be obtained at this bureau.
9. Passes and badges for invited guests may be obtained from the secretary-treasurer. No guests will be expected in camp before 9 A. M. or after sunset, except for occasions specially announced upon the bulletin. Neither guests nor members from the main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. nor after 6 P. M., except upon special invitation. Neither passes nor badges will be used upon visitors' day, which day will be duly announced.
10. Suggestions or complaints should be made without delay to the senior division officers, or at headquarters.

WALTER U. LAWSON, Commodore.
A. C. A. HEADQUARTERS, Indian Bay, Willsborough Point, Aug. 6.

THE 1891 YEAR BOOK.

THE publication of the American Canoe Association Year Book is left entirely in the hands of the secretary. A new secretary is elected each year, and consequently takes up the business of getting out the Year Book without much, if any, experience in such work. Before 1887 the Year Book was a very simple affair, containing only the names of members and the constitution, by-laws and rules, and costing to issue less than \$150. Mr. Mix was secretary that year, and consulted with the editor of this paper as to the best method of improving and enlarging the book without adding to the cost, as the A. C. A. could not afford to spend more money than it had formerly done. The editor and Mr. Mix worked together in the matter, and by taking a few select advertisements they were able to give the members a book which cost to produce over \$400, and yet cost the A. C. A. only about \$100. The following year the contract to publish the Year Book was awarded to the nautical Pub. Co. late in the season, after another firm had taken the work, and failed to do it. Last year the secretary and the editor of *Sail and Paddle* produced a book which cost nearly \$500, and the Association was only called on to pay the mailing expenses; but the labor involved on the parts of the secretary and the editor was given without any compensation. Each year the problem has to be solved as to how best to do the work, as it is in new hands.

Mr. Brazer has just issued the Year Book for 1891, and in its arrangement and contents it is as near perfect as a book of this kind can be made. The date of issue is later than usual on account of the regatta committee's report, and the changes in rules that were left in their hands, and which it seems could not be finally agreed upon earlier. Mr. Brazer has proved himself to be a capable editor.

The expenses of publishing so large and complete a book have been partly met by advertisements; but the large edition issued—2,500 copies—increased the cost greatly. The extra copies are to be sent to boat and yacht clubs, and in other directions, to set before a large circle of readers the purposes, aims and doings of the A. C. A. with the idea of increasing its membership.

Now the point we wish to make is this: that if a permanent arrangement could be made with some publishing house by the officers of the A. C. A., the Year Book can easily be made to pay all expenses, and net a profit to the publishers and the A. C. A. It is undoubtedly a valuable advertising medium, but only a limited number of business men will take space in it unless the contracts can be secured before Jan. 1 each year, as at a later date the advertising appropriations of all the large houses are exhausted. This is a subject that may well be discussed at the business meeting in August on Willsborough Point.

The book, necessarily, increases in size each year, and, consequently, in cost, and it is an important item on the expense account.—*Sail and Paddle* for July.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: J. P. Rice, W. H. Parker, C. A. E. Eason, H. B. Service, P. J. Norton, W. H. Sterns, Harry Banks, Walter Gunn, G. E. Barron, E. A. Knight, Wm. Bryant, Henry Vollmer, Guy Kirkham, H. P. Wright, E. H. Hall, Dr. Lather Garlick, Springfield, Mass.; A. F. Greenleaf, Amesbury, Mass.; Atlantic Division: J. Ernest G. Valden, Sidney M. Wittingham, New York city; James F. Sisson, Newark, N. J.

A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE.—Boston, Mass., Aug. 3.—Edwin B. Jones and William H. Chas. D. Palmer of the Regatta Boat Club, Lowell, Mass., is this day appointed chairman of the A. C. A. regatta committee, vice Dr. J. Arthur Gage, who has been obliged to resign on account of business reasons. All communications can be directed to Mr. Palmer at A. C. A. Camp, Willsborough Point, New York.—WALTER U. LAWSON, Commodore.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. | 15. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead. |
| 6. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth. | 16. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups. |
| 7. New York, Golet Cup, Newport. | 19. Hull, Ladies' Day. |
| 8. San Francisco, Club. | 19. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail. |
| 8. Hull, Second Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. | 19. Fleon, Club, Marblehead. |
| 8. Lynn, Lynn. | 19. Fall River, Open, Fall River. |
| 8. Savin Hill, Second Cham. | 20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh. | 20. Massachusetts, 2d Cham. |
| 8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prize, Halifax. | 20. Dorchester Bay. |
| 8. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Bizes. | 20. Rhode Island, Open. |
| 8. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay. | 20. Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast. |
| 8. Cor. Navy, Del. River Squad, Riverton, N. J. | 22. Quincy. |
| 8. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston. | 22. Corinthian, Marblehead, 2d Cham., Marblehead. |
| 10. Quincy, Third Cham. | 22. Monaquot, Sweeps, Weymouth. |
| 10. Miramichi, Vice-Com's Pen. | 22. Cor. Navy, East River Squad. |
| 12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay. | 22. Royal N. S., Ruth Cup, Halifax. |
| 12. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead. | 22. Sippican, Open, Marion. |
| 13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. | 22. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise. |
| 13. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth. | 24. Newark, Ann., Newark Bay. |
| 13. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Conn. | 24. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marblehead. |
| 15. Hull, Ladies' Race. | 26. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester. |
| 15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead. | 27. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 15. Beverly, 2d Cham., Marblehead. | 27. Massachusetts, Third Cham. |
| 15. Corinthian, N. Y., Sweeps, Marblehead. | 28. Dorchester Bay. |
| 15. Mosquito, Open, Boston. | 28. Carolina, Club, Wilmington, N. C. |
| 15. Cor. Navy, H. I. Sound Squad. | 29. Hempstead, Long Island. |
| 15. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford. | 29. Hull, All Classes. |
| 16. East Bay, Long Island. | 29. Savin Hill, Cash. |
| | 29. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad. |
| | 29. Beverly, 2d Cham., Mon. Beh. |
| | 29. Royal N. S. Capt. Russell's Cup, Halifax. |
| | 29. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont. |
| | 29. Miramichi, Cruise. |

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adm.*

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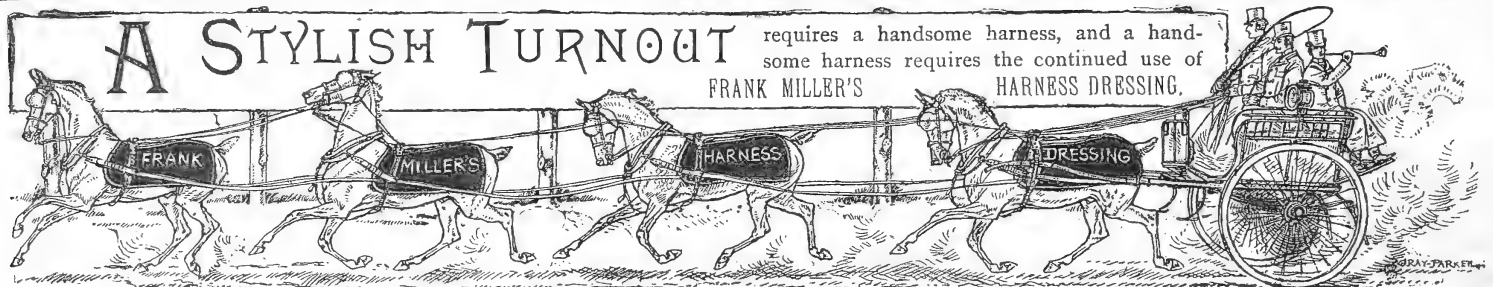
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No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10ft., weight 9, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12, 13oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted. Price 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. Price 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. Price 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancewood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft. Price 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 33c.; 40yds., 95c.; 60yds., \$1.05; 80yds., \$1.15; 100yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40yds., \$1.75; 60yds., \$2.25; 80yds., \$2.50; 100yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread, 43c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., doz., 45c.

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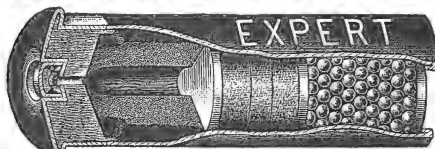
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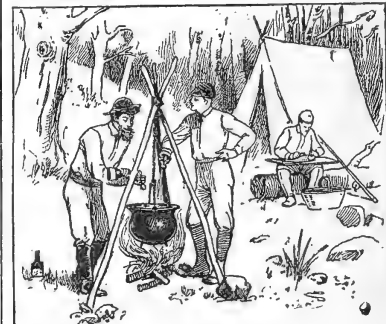
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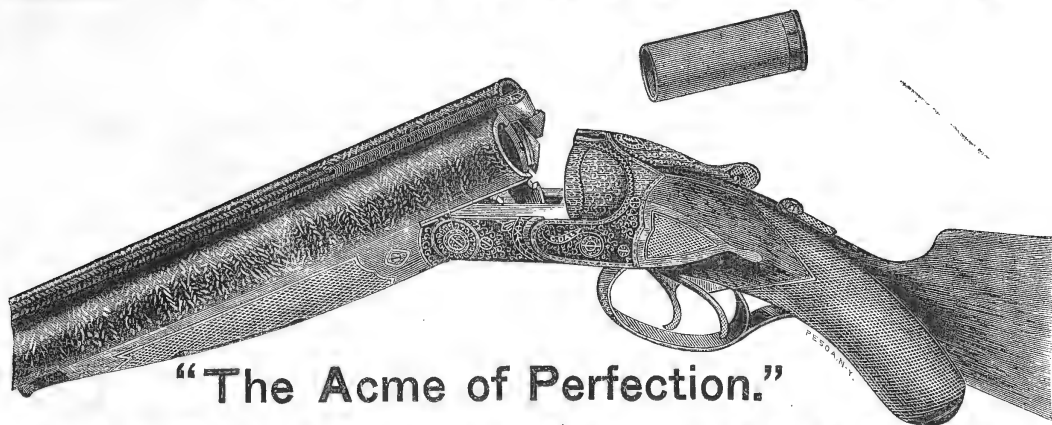
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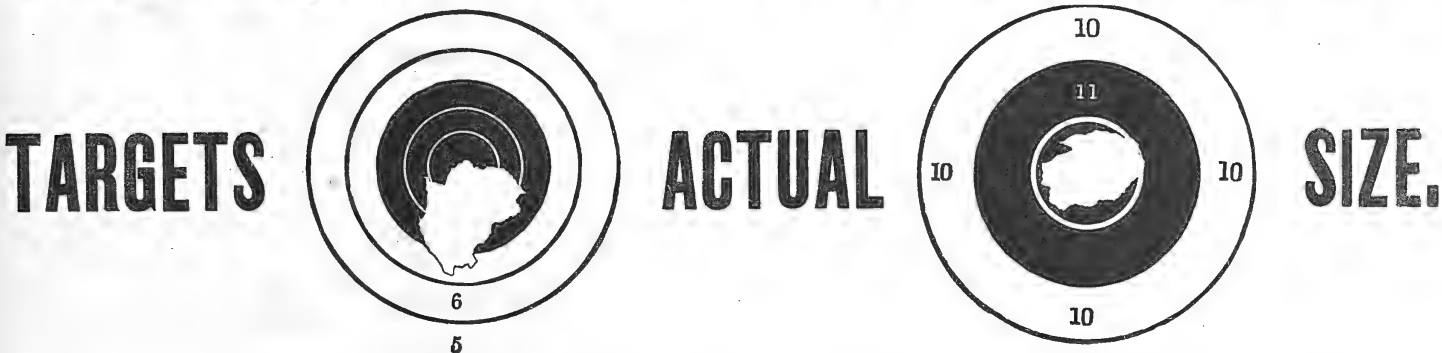
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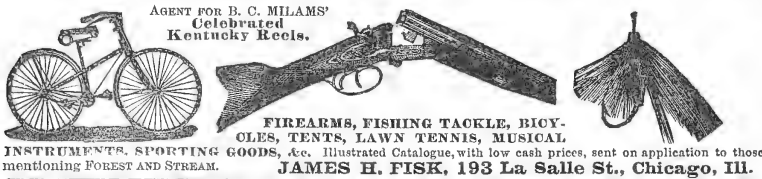
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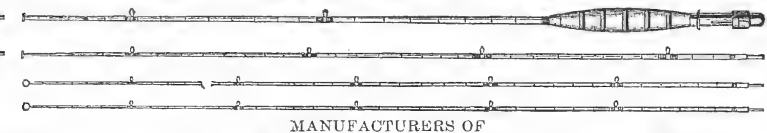
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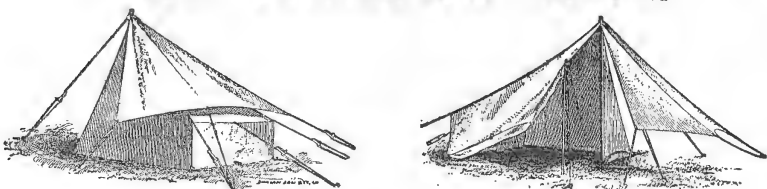
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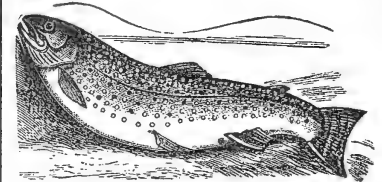
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1891.

{ VOL. XXXVII.—No. 4.
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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MONKEY TALK.

THE several species of lower animals have commonly been credited with a language of their own; and now Prof. R. L. Garner has not only established in a scientific manner that monkeys talk to one another, but has actually acquired a smattering of the simian tongue. After years of assiduous study of monkeys at the zoölogical collections of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago, Prof. Garner at length hit upon the device of employing the phonograph to record the sounds made by one monkey in communication with another. A pair of monkeys, which had been kept in one cage, were separated and placed in different rooms. A phonograph was placed near the female, and her "talk" duly recorded on the cylinder. The phonograph was then taken into the room with the male, and made to repeat the sounds which he manifestly recognized as made by his mate. His "talk" was then recorded, and being reported by the instrument, was duly recognized by the female. Thus, as Prof. Garner points out in the *New Review*, where he reports these experiments, "for the first time in the history of philology, the simian tongue was reduced to record."

From this first step progress was rapid. Other phonographic records were made, and by studying these sounds, repeating them over and over, and finally mastering them, Prof. Garner was prepared for addressing a monkey in the monkey's own language. Taking his place near the cage of a capuchin monkey, the professor uttered the word which he had translated "milk." At the first utterance he caught the monkey's attention; and the word being repeated again and again, the monkey spoke it in answer and turned to the pan kept in the cage for him to drink from and finally brought the pan close up to the bars, repeating the word. Prof. Garner rewarded him with some milk, and the performance was repeated until the monkey had had his fill of milk and until the experimenter was satisfied that the same word was used every time. Subsequent investigation showed that this word, first interpreted "milk," was likewise used for "water" and really meant "drink" or "thirst."

By a like course of linguistic tests, the words for "hunger" or "to eat" and "weather" or "storm" were learned, and a fourth word which is a "menace" or "cry of alarm." The Professor has made the acquaintance of many capuchins, and has found no one of them that does not use the two words for food and drink. From the experiments so far conducted it appears to have been determined that the simian tongue has about eight or more sounds, which may be changed by modulation into three or four times that number; they seem to be half-way between a whistle and a pure vocal sound; the sound used most is like "u," or "oo" in "shoot;" the next like "e" in "be." The investigator concludes:

"Faint traces of consonant sounds can be found in words of low pitch, but they are few and quite feeble. The present state of their speech has been reached by development from a lower form. Each race has its own peculiar tongue, slightly shaded into dialects, and the radical or cardinal sounds do not have the same meanings in all tongues. The words are monosyllabic, ambiguous, and collective, having no negative terms except resentment. The phonic character of their speech is very much the same as that of children in their early efforts to talk, except as regards the pitch. Their language seems to obey the same laws of change and growth as human speech. When caged together one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. His replies are in his own vernacular. They use their lips in talking in very much the same way that men do. I think their speech, compared to their physical, mental, and social state, is in about the same relative condition as that of man by the same standard. The more fixed and pronounced the social and gregarious instincts are in any species, the higher the type of its speech. Simians reason from cause to effect, and their reasoning differs from that of man in degree, but not in kind. To reason, they must think, and if it be true that man cannot think without words, it must be true of monkeys: hence, they must formulate those thoughts into words. Words are the audible, and signs the visible, expression of thought, and any voluntary sound made by the vocal organs with a constant meaning is a word. The state of their language seems to correspond with their power to think and to express their thoughts."

With the attainments so far made, Prof. Garner is confident that he has discovered a clue to the great secret of animal speech, and has pointed out the way to its solution.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT IS reported that two bird butchers have been camping on "Bird Island," a projection of Anastasia Island, opposite St. Augustine, Florida, and systematically slaughtering the sea birds. Florida has for years been cursed with these millinery plume collectors; and the hopeless feature of it all is that they have carried on their work of extermination within the law, for Florida has seen fit only to forbid the killing of birds of plume by non-residents of the United States. Why a bird butcher who hails from Long Island is a whit more to be tolerated than another one from Cuba is beyond comprehension. The Long Islander is of the two apt to be the more energetic and to kill more birds. We trust that the newly enacted game law of Florida is an improvement in this respect; and if it provides any punishment for the campers on "Bird Island," the citizens of St. Augustine should see to it that their work is stopped. Bird life on the bay and seashore is one of the attractions of that charming winter resort, and should be protected.

Railroads and wagon roads give easy and quick access to old-time fishing waters, where in years gone by it was necessary to pack in over an ill-defined and arduous trail, or perhaps no trail at all. And reaching the journey's end, one finds comfortable hotel accommodations, where formerly not a board had been sawed nor a shingle split. But with all the improvement and progress there is wanting the solid fun of the old excursions: no railroad car, however luxurious, can quite compensate for the charm of the wilderness tramp; and no hotel, however well conducted, can furnish forth the comfort of the lean-to with the camp fire. This is an age of improvement and progress and development, and the charm and delight of one woodland resort after another are being improved and developed into oblivion. The sportsman, tourist naturally resents the building of a summer caravansary on the shore where season after season he has gunned for shore birds, or the building of a steamboat on a wilderness lake he has fondly called his own; but his resentment is as unavailing as that of the Arran Islanders who lament the multiplication of light-houses and the substitution of iron for wood in shipbuilding because the two agencies diminish the supply of wreckage on which they and their fathers before them have in part subsisted.

If Dr. Dawson, one of the Commissioners sent out by Great Britain to investigate the Alaskan seal fisheries, had actually declared, as he is reported to have declared, to a deputation of Canadian sealers, that "there is no danger of fur-sealing being ended, because the seal is an animal which cannot possibly be exterminated," the remark would have shown the Commissioner to be an ignorant and foolish person. But we prefer to believe that he was not correctly reported by the newspapers, for such an assertion would be simply grotesque from such a source.

A man, a cow and a gun, in a Connecticut pasture. The man intent on woodchucks. The cow quietly chewing her cud. The gun "lying low," both hammers cocked, in the grass. That was an apparently innocent and harmless combination; but it came near proving the death of the man. The cow, prompted, no doubt, by bovine curiosity, approached the gun. The man took a stick to the cow. The gun, stepped on by the cow, discharged its load into the man's right leg, which the surgeons afterward amputated.

The death of Truman Harrington, of Camden, N. Y., removes one of the best-known guides and woodsman of the Adirondack region, who died last week, aged 71. He was born at Boonville, on the western borders of the wilderness, and was noted as an enthusiastic and skilful woodsman from early youth. Of late years he had been chief forester for the Bisby Club at their camp on Bisby Lake.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

Adirondack Number.

OUR "Adirondack Number" of June 18 was a pronounced success. As we then said, the material provided was more generous than we could make room for, and several papers were left over for a second number devoted to the same subject. This will be our issue of Aug. 27; and among the contents will be the following, the first two having been announced for the former number:

The North Woods in the Fifties.

A visit to the Adirondacks thirty-three years ago. By J. H. D.

Two Weeks at Spruce Lake.

The experiences of four young fellows under tutelage of a guide.

The Upper Adirondacks in '56.

By "Byron."

The Wane of the Adirondacks.

By Charles Hallock.

The Cranberry Lake Country.

By D. H. B.

Circumnavigating the Adirondacks.

By "Piseco."

The Sportsman Tourist.

TROUTING IN WEST VIRGINIA.

ON the 22d of June our squad started to test some of the mountain streams which are the source of Cheat River, in West Virginia, and which are almost unknown to anglers. The members of the party were Bowyer McDonald, Master Ray Williams and the writer, from Washington city, and W. T. Koontz and Hazard Othey, of Ohio. There was, in addition, before starting, the usual per cent. of ardent sportsmen who couldn't be held back at first and couldn't be dragged forward at last. What they missed will be told later on.

The scene of operations selected was the eastern side of Randolph county in that portion of the State so graphically described by "Porte Crayon" in his "Virginia Illustrated," and by John P. Kennedy in his book, now out of print, entitled "The Blackwaters."

Our route from Washington was via the B. & O. Railway to Cumberland, where the thrifty custom prevails of charging transfer fees on checked-through baggage. We here took the West Virginia Central, one of those rare roads on which a passenger may ask a question of any employe without being made to wish he hadn't.

To one who has never visited a lumber region the scenery on this road is a revelation. Enormous saw and planing mills, acres of sawlogs, and whole fields filled with lumber seem to almost inclose the entire tract. Villages are plentiful as in New England, but there is scarcely a farm under cultivation. In most of the streets the stumps are still standing, from which the lumber was cut to construct the houses.

Up the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac and across the divide brought us to the wild Blackwater region and to the end of our journey by rail, at the new and live lumber town of Davis. The scenery hereabouts, which half a dozen years since must have been grand and picturesque, is now absolutely dismal. Whole mountain sides are covered with the remains of fallen trees, nearly all blackened and charred by frequent fires. To see the rapid and apparently wasteful destruction—aye, devastation—of noble forests here would make Senator Edmunds's heart ache.

However, we did not come here to moralize, nor to plead for forests, but to catch trout, brook trout, mountain brook trout. Not the liver-fred frauds of suburban goose-ponds, but the brook trout in his native brook—the trained athlete accustomed to contest for his subsistence in the clear, cold, dashing mountain stream 3,000ft. above the sea, the unchallenged Apollo of the water—the splendid result of nature's most successful effort to unite the perfection of symmetry, color, space and vigor. Who that has encountered him does not remember with delight the gleam, the flash, the swirl, the struggle! Who that has captured one of 16oz. has not paused before ereeling it to feast his eyes on its resplendent beauty! A 12 or 14in. brook trout at the end of 8 or 10yds. of proper tackle, with his lightning-like curves and shoots among the rocky rapids of a mountain stream, affords the acme—the *ne plus ultra*—the extremest ecstasy of piscatorial sport. This we sought and this we got, those of us who remained to the end. But this is anticipating.

Trusting our luggage on the journey from Davis to the possibilities of a road wagon, we footed it over mountains and through valleys until at the end of twenty miles we were brought to a halt by the annoying information that the remainder of the alleged road was so obstructed by fallen timber as to be impassable. This was a serious disappointment, as we were still eight or ten miles from the heart of the trout region. Here, at the mouth of Gandy, we quartered in an old log house, in lieu of pitching our tents, and established our headquarters.

At Davis we had increased our number by adding Mr. Anton Degler as guide, and Mr. Jim Giffen as cook. Tony Degler is a paragon of guides—a thorough sportsman, tireless, cheerful, a trained woodsman, and without a mercenary symptom. As for Jim, he can get up such a meal from scant materials as will make an angler's mouth water. Our blessings rest upon the good-humored heads of Tony and Jim.

Before slinging our creels we ordained and established with all due formality the constitution and by-laws of the Gandy Salmo Fontinalis Club, which said constitution and by-laws were in the following words, to wit: "Don't Kick!" A club badge was pinned to each hopeful bosom and a daily championship badge for the biggest fish caught each day, and another for the biggest caught on the trip were displayed in order to excite emulation.

We sallied forth in the evening to test these unvouched for waters, some with bait, some with flies. The angling was fairly good, no more. When all of the party had straggled in we summed up the result, finding sixty-five trout from 7 to 10½in. in length. There were symptoms of half-concealed disappointment, not so much on account of the number as of the size of the catch. The disappointment was hardly reasonable, as we were still eight or ten miles from where first-rate fishing had been promised.

Gandy at this place and for a dozen miles above is a rapid stream, having few deep pools, and is wide enough, for the most part, to permit the free use of the fly. The temperature of the water here is about 70° Fahrenheit; that of the air ranges from 45° in the night to 73° in the afternoon. Fire and blankets were found to be indispensable to comfort every night.

Neighboring mountaineers told us we had come too late in the season for the best results in this locality; first, because the stream was now too low, and second, because it was already well fished out. Nevertheless we easily caught in a few hours each day an ample supply for our table, on which other meat was not abundant. Although 10, 11 and 12-inch fish were caught in considerable numbers, "too many small ones" was a general complaint. Some of us seemed to forget that brook trout are not surgeons.

The novices of the party expressed surprise at some features of our experience; they were not prepared to find that four-fifths of our fish were caught in less than 20in. of water; they did not expect to see the fly, as a rule, more effective than the bait. The night-fishing was a novelty, as open pools which scarcely afforded a rise during the day rewarded nearly every cast as late as 10 o'clock at night. We did not test it later. One feature rather upset some pretty well-settled notions of the veterans. This was that the white and bright-colored flies

were not the most effective at night. Out of every score caught by me after dark (no moon) more than a dozen were taken on gray and brown flies.

The first excursion beyond easy reach of camp was made by Mr. Koontz and a Mr. Cunningham, the latter a visiting brother from Ohio, who was doing the region, so far as it could be so done, on horseback. They ascended Gandy about six miles, fished several hours, and returned in the evening with 97 fine trout. One of these, 12in. in length, entitled Koontz to the championship badge for the day. This experience greatly elated him, and raised the spirits of the whole party.

Next day Messrs. McDonald and Degler scaled the Allegheny divide, slid and rolled down the eastern slope into wild, rugged and dashing Seneca—or, in the vernacular of the natives, "Sineker." The story of their experiences among the deep cañons, narrow ledges, yawning chasms, deep pools and roaring cascades was fairly hair-raising. They fished in the afternoon, slept, or tried to sleep, under the gloomy hemlocks, where rattlers, catamounts and other beasts of prey abound, ate broiled trout and biscuits, fished next morning and returned to camp with 176 trout of our standard size. May be some fellow thinks he can tell McDonald what "roughing it" means!

At the end of the first week three of our party seceded. Whether the frowning mountains, the lonely situation, or the apprehensions of an Indian uprising moved them we have yet to learn; but they departed, leaving the over-buoyant McDonald and myself, with the guide, cook and boy-of-all-work, to complete the outing as contemplated.

Mornings and evenings we would sally forth with our rods for an hour or two to replenish our larder. We lived comfortably and contentedly, spreading a luxurious table supplied with milk, butter, eggs, and all the vegetables of the season. No discontent was murmured, none was felt. We caught our fish, ate our meals, smoked our pipes and played cribbage, envying no mortal man his happiness. Frequent visits from neighboring mountaineers, who regaled us with hunting stories in their own picturesque style, added variety to our tranquil life. Here, during these halcyon days, as well as on a rough and tough campaign, "Bow" McDonald proved himself to be the *beau ideal* outing companion.

I must not omit honorable mention of a genuine Virginia "Majah," who had strayed into these fastnesses, and paid our camp frequent and protracted visits. He had seen better days, doubtless much better, had been educated at the University, and was evidently upon terms of intimacy with every well-known soldier and statesman of the present and past generations, and in every characteristic of the identical type from which "Colonel Cyarter of Cyartersville" was drawn. He was a delightful story teller, and we compensated him for his entertainment by trying hard to believe his stories. Dear old Majah Norman, we love thee; though we could not unanimously approve of thy seventeen-foot fishing pole.

There we lived in nature's luxury for nearly three weeks, when, a few days before our date for breaking camp we started, McDonald, Degler and I, for the grand tour of Upper Gandy and Laurel. It was a long, hard tramp of thirty-six miles, with first a rude semblance of a road, then a path, then a trail, then the rocky and slippery bed of a stream, then the virgin wilderness until the round was nearly completed.

This region of country is owned in large tracts by non-residents. Hundreds of acres of trees on the mountain sides are girdled, and as the trees die, bluegrass, timothy and clover spring up, affording rich pasture for herds of fine cattle. These cattle are cared for by herders, living miles apart, who, with their families, comprise the entire population. With few cultivated fields, no roads, no churches, no school houses (the parents acting as teachers and preachers), with little hope of greatly bettering their condition, these hardy people live upright and contented lives. However meagre the supply of provisions, they hospitably welcome all strangers, refusing compensation except from those apparently well able to afford it.

To traverse this interesting country we left camp at six in the morning, and wending our way up Dry Fork to its source, crossed over the divide and down to Gandy at the famous Big Tunnel. This tunnel is neither more nor less than a large cavern extending with windings and turnings for a mile under a great mountain, and through which cavern flows the rivulet of Gandy. Our guide, Degler, has conducted a number of parties through this perilous passage, but was never asked to take any person through a second time.

We reached Gandy by fighting our way through laurels, briars and swamp below the tunnel, and found it to be at this place a dark, rapid stream, 20 to 30ft. wide and about 10in. deep on the shoals. Quickly joining rods, lines, leaders and flies, we plunged into water cold enough to make our feet and shins ache. My first short cast hooked a 10in. trout, which, like all the others caught here, fought with remarkable vigor. In less than an hour, having covered about forty rods of water, McDonald had two dozen and I a dozen and a half, averaging more than 9in. Here, for the first and only time, the "throwbacks" were not numerous enough to be a nuisance, not half a dozen being hooked.

Judged by what we saw of it I regard Upper Gandy as the best trouting waters we visited. Barring two not very formidable objections, to wit, the uncomfortable coldness of the water, and in places, the proximity of the branches, it is an ideal trout stream; not too deep to be easily waded, just wide enough to be covered with a medium cast, and with trout to be proud of in every square rod. To this hour I regret that we did not give an entire day to Upper Gandy.

Following our prearranged plan, we crossed the mountain to the waters of Laurel, near Green Knob, the highest peak in all that region. In the evening we fished a mile or so of Elk Run, catching some dozens of small fish, which, with our Gandy catch, more than supplied supper and breakfast for the dozen persons who that night slept under the hospitable roof of herder Philip Harbaugh.

Next morning, following a hunter's trail for two and a half miles, we reached mahogany-colored Laurel, the local fame of which had instigated this expedition. It well deserved its reputation. We found it fairly alive with trout, big and little, especially little. Here, if anywhere, we were to fill our creels for our friends at home, and we made a new classification of sizes: "Washingtonians," 8in. or over; "campers" (for immediate use), between 7 and 8in.; all smaller ones ranking as "throwbacks."

This classification, it was found, left the "Washingtonians" in the minority, and we soon had all the "campers" we could use: we therefore reduced the classes to two, making "throwbacks" of the "campers." The reader is advised to credit any story he may hear about the multitude of trout at this place. The most accomplished fish liar or circulation editor could not earn board wages in trying to exaggerate the number. We heard from good authority that a few days before our arrival a herder youth (our packer here) with one companion caught 900 in a day and a half. After testing the stream we not only believed the story but believed that we could have duplicated this marvelous catch if numbers had been our chief object. But we wanted "Washingtonians" and, heeding the rule that the larger fish are usually among the first caught at a given place, we hurried along, leaving myriads of greedy "throwbacks" and, doubtless, hundreds of big fellows for future anglers.

After a mile or two of this royal sport we encountered a streak of adverse fortune. The catch suddenly fell off three-fourths and we were puzzled; but the mystery was cleared up when we arrived at Beverly trail and found a camp just deserted by a party of fishers, who had evidently undertaken to exterminate the entire trout species.

We spent the night at this camp, which was merely a bark roof with the lower end resting on a large log, first, however, dressing our fish. Next morning we hastened over the remaining two miles of fished-out waters and again found the glorious sport of the previous morning. By 10 o'clock we had all the fish we were willing to carry and called a halt.

As fifty-six hours elapsed between the time when we caught the first of these fish and the time we reached ice, it may be interesting to learn how we preserved them. Under the supervision of Guide Degler we dressed every one with the most scrupulous care, exactly as for the table—removing the entrails, gills and every trace of blood, washing perfectly clean, and sprinkling the inside of each with a pinch of salt. After thoroughly cleansing our refrigerator basket and creels we placed in the bottom of each a layer of elder leaves, upon this a layer of trout, and so alternating until the basket was nearly full, then elder leaves to the lid. These fish were out of the water from 30 to 56 hours without ice and 20 hours with ice, yet the cook, sundry experts, and all others who inspected them pronounced every fish to be in perfect condition. True, we had the dry and comparatively cool air of the mountains until we reached ice; but we feel assured that the method employed had much to do with their excellent state of preservation.

Returning to the subject of our pilgrimage. After dining we put up our rods, sadly reflecting that this was the last time for this long-to-be-remembered expedition. Shouldering our luggage, we trudged for ten miles over a colossal mountain at a point facetiously called the "Big Low Place," through pathless woods to Dry Fork, and down that hide-and-seek stream to camp. The tramp was toilsome, but uneventful. The inspiring "ching, ching," "boom, boom," imitations of the drum and cymbals by Degler, and McDonald's cheering trombone response "tarra-a-ah-r-r-rum," lightened our lagging legs.

Next morning we broke camp, and, accompanied by our little caravan, walked twenty miles to Davis. Next day evening we reached home, each having from 10 to 15lbs. of fish fit to grace a banquet of the gods, and proud of our achievements, pedestrian and piscatorial, as members of the Gandy Salmo Fontinalis Club.

JERE WILLIAMS.

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE AND TO ISLE ROYAL.—II.

[Concluded from page 43.]

MORNING found the storm raging as hard as ever. A fair beautiful morning it was if only the breeze and the waves were quiet. After breakfast we started to walk to Grand Portage, which we knew could not be more than four or five miles away. The walk was quite enjoyable, but tiresome as we followed the shore line. The scene was most beautiful as we came out on the point that looks into Grand Portage Bay. Nearly in front of us was Grand Portage Island, while away up at the head of the bay lay the village of Grand Portage, surrounded by high rocky hills scantily covered with small trees, bushes and verdure. Scattered about between the hills and the bay were the whitewashed log houses of the village. The contrasting waters of the bay, the green hills, and the whiteness of the houses, dominated by the chapel, made a scene surpassingly beautiful, more like an old world scene than the newest of the bustling new. It was a tedious walk around the bay, and as we neared the village rain began to fall. At the first house the Indian woman and boy refused to talk English. At the next we were cordially welcomed in good English. It was the house of an old ex-government school teacher, a Frenchman from lower Canada—now the postmaster at Grand Portage—whose strong son Joseph said that he would return with us and bring down our dunnage for two dollars.

The old ex-school teacher was much interested in us as soon as he learned that we had been on and were acquainted with White Earth Reservation. By recent treaty the Grand Portage Indians, between two and three hundred in number, may be moved to White Earth, and there is much dissatisfaction among them at the prospect of leaving the lake and hills and going to the prairies and pine woods. I was glad that we could give a good report of the land.

The return to Camp Castaway was a rough one. The wind blew harder, the rain fell, the swells ran so high that Joseph feared that if we were once landed we would not be able to get off again. We made a stern landing, running in on a big comb as we did the day before. Considerable water got into the boat, however. Dinner was prepared and eaten, our dunnage packed and placed in the boat, the Acme folded up, roller put under the big boat, and watching our chance we shoved her in on a big wave and away we went, Stephens waving a goodbye to our camp as we rounded the point.

We were landed on Grand Portage Island, as the steamer does not run up the bay to the village. Joseph told us there was fine trout fishing at the falls in Pigeon River, and also that there was a lake back from Grand Portage that was full of trout. We also learned that our long looked for Reservation River was the stream where we had caught the three big trout. Well, we have one satisfaction now—we know where Reservation River is, the distance down from Chicago Bay and the distance

up from Grand Portage. We also know that between Duluth and Grand Portage there is no better trout stream.

The only house on Grand Portage Island is one inhabited by three fishermen. The boss is called Peter, the other two Martin and John. They fish for the Booth Packing Co., getting for lake trout 3½ cts. per lb. fresh, 2½ salt, and dets. for whitefish. We were made very welcome here, both by men and dogs, of which latter eight came down on the pier and sat in a row to see us land. Joseph, Peter, Martin and John all united in saying that Isle Royal was the place to go for trout, and that Washington and Grace harbors were the particular places where trout abound. After supper we went to bed assured that between midnight and morning the steamer would be in for us. We also learned that Tunnelled Rock by our last camp was a famous trout place, and so were the ledges all about there. Peter said: "On warm, still summer days the tunnel is full of them. Some day I'm going to put a net across one end, and go to the other end with a long pole and drive them out into the net and get a boat load at once." May that day be long deferred was and is our earnest wish. We went to bed early assured that we would be called in time. A light was also set out to call the steamer in. I awoke at broad daylight, found Stephens awake and no steamer. She had passed in the night not heeding the signal, and we were left. No Isle Royal for us, as we must be home by Saturday night.

How bitter our disappointment only those who have been in similar positions can tell. The fishermen sympathized with us, Peter placed a boat at our disposal and told us we had better go to the Pigeon River Falls, as they were well worth seeing. He, however, contradicted Joseph by saying there were no trout in Pigeon River, and another fisherman named Paul, who came over from the mainland, said there were no trout there. What should we do? Go to the falls or go up to Tunnelled Rock and try for trout there? We decided to go for the rock and the trout; so started out, rowed about a mile when we saw a steamer headed toward the bay as we thought. "Tis the Dixon behind time," was our cry. We hurriedly returned, packed our dunnage into the boat, and were ready to board the boat. But, alas! no boat came, no whistle sounded. 'Twas a big "Canada boat," as they call them on the North Shore, and she steamed majestically by about five miles out. Back to shore we went, and decided to ask Peter when he came in from his nets, which he and the rest had gone right after breakfast, if he would not take us over to Isle Royal. The hooks and nets are set out from three to six miles from shore. The hooks are baited with herring, are attached to a heavy line, and are usually down about three fathoms in the water. Some of the lines of hooks are a mile or more in length.

When Peter returned, and was asked if he would go, he promptly refused, as "the wind was dead ahead," but he added, "It may change after dinner and if it does I'll go." About 3 P.M., after various furies, the wind did change and we were soon off, Peter taking John along. We went in Peter's Mackinac sailboat. The wind soon died away and recourse was had to the oars. Presently a spurt of wind came, followed in a little while by a calm, and thus it continued the entire trip. Night drew on. The outlying rocks called Rock of Ages was finally passed. Away to the northwest gleamed a beacon light on some point in Thunder Bay. Nearer came the wooded shores of Isle Royal. The darkness grew more dark. We passed an island and rounded into a bay. It was not Washington Harbor. An exceedingly animated discussion now took place between Peter and his mate. Finally the conclusion was reached that we were in Grace Harbor, but a few minutes more would put us in Washington Harbor and at the fishing station. We soon rounded another point, the barking of dogs rent the air. A few minutes later we lay to alongside a rude wharf, on which we unloaded our dunnage; then went to a fishing shanty near by and aroused the inmate, a young man named Walter, who, very scantily clad, bid us welcome and proceeded to prepare a lunch of bread and butter and tea. Stephens and I spread our blankets on the floor and were soon sound asleep, from which we did not awake until Peter and the others arose and began to prepare for the return to Grand Portage. There was a brisk breeze and they had a fine sail home, as we learned afterward.

We procured a boat and went up Washington Harbor about a mile and pitched our tent on a high point between Washington and Grace harbors. Only a few steps either way and we were in which harbor we chose. After breakfast we got our tackle ready and started for a stream which came in at the top of Grace Harbor, and which was reported to be full of trout.

We found the stream without trouble. Just as we commenced to cast it commenced to rain. The trout were not there, but the rain was in good earnest, and the wind began to sigh and sigh among the trees in a way that boded no good for us. I went up the stream a ways and returned wet through. I found Stephens sitting on a box under a tree looking gloomy enough. "I was never so discouraged in my life," he said. The rain came down harder and we started for camp feeling pretty blue. Had we taken this long trip only to be beaten at last; for we knew if the rain continued long there would be no trout fishing for us. Arrived at camp, we proceeded to make everything snug and comfortable. After dinner the rain stopped for a time, and we proceeded to undo the Acme preparatory to a trip to the head of Washington Harbor to try a river which came in there. But the rain commenced so hard that we had to leave the boat half set up and seek the shelter of the tent, where we remained until nearly night, solacing ourselves with the latest Scribner, Howell's "Hazard of New Fortunes," Nessmuk's "Woodcraft" and the Book of Books. The life of the Master of the Waters never seems so grand to me as when read by the water's side amid the enveloping woods.

Just before supper time the rain ceased long enough for us to set up the boat. Stephens took it and went to the fishing station to find out about the weather, he said, and get pointers about location of fish. I had supper nearly ready when I heard his cheery and welcome hail from the water. After supper the rain recommenced and we went to bed and to sleep with it beating on the tent. How comfortable and snug we were. If we could only find the sun shining when we awoke. In the morning it was still raining, and the outlook was dismal enough. Here we had come four hundred miles, and the prospect seemed good for us to stay in our tent. Soon

the rain ceased. "Let's go across the harbor and see what we can find," said Stephens. "All right."

So off we went, and were scarcely a dozen rods from shore when it commenced to snow. Could it be possible? June 3 and a northeast snow storm upon us? Even so. We reached the opposite shore, but only staid a few minutes, as the snow came down thicker and faster. We hurried back to fix camp for a snow storm. We turned the tent around, made all secure, built a great fire, and prepared to endure as best we might what was before us. How the snow did come down until afternoon. We read our books, and the time passed quite swiftly.

There was a little let up in the storm in the afternoon and we went up to the fishing station. The men were all busy preparing hooks and mending nets or making new ones. We visited two of the houses, one with a sign over the door saying "City Hall." This was kept by two young men, who made us very welcome. From there we went to Capt. Johns's house, where we found Mrs. Johns and four children, the only woman on that end of the island; had been on the island twelve years. After a pleasant visit here we returned to camp—Stormy Camp we had named it now. The clouds had still further lightened, so after supper we went across to Grace Harbor to the stream again, but all in vain. There was a brief spell of sunshine at sunset and our hopes were high for the morrow. We went to bed early and awoke to find the sun shining, grass and leaves frozen stiff and everything white with frost and ice half an inch thick in the wash basin.

Nothing daunted we started up Washington Harbor for the river at the top. The harbor is five miles long and so narrow that it looks more like a river than a bay. At the head of the harbor is the dock and settlement of the Wendigo Copper Mining Company. At the dock was their steamer, the W. B. Taylor and the little steam yacht Louise, of Hancock. We went up the river about a mile, but could get no rise to our temptations of various kinds. Saw many suckers in the river. At length we gave up in despair, and returning to the harbor, left the boat and went back a mile to one of the prospecting holes of the Mining Company. A broad road has been made at great expense and labor from the harbor to the mine so-called. We went into the tunnel which they are drifting in the side of the hill, saw the drillers at work, examined the indications, Stephens fired off a blast—then we returned to the harbor, ate our dinner and rowed over to the dock. Saw some men fishing from the dock.

"After trout?"

"Yes."

"Do you find them?"

"Not now, but before the storm caught lots of them here."

We landed and made a few casts, and Stephens caught a fine 12 inch trout; but that was all. We started for camp, and on the way down the harbor Stephens caught a fine lake trout on the troll.

We prepared a grand dinner, read and chatted a while, then to bed and to sleep. 'Twould be our last night on the island. Stormy our experience and slight our success. Yet we had put in the time pleasantly. We put in the next forenoon in trolling around and exploring. In the afternoon we packed up, bid farewell to "Stormy Camp," and went over to the fishing station to wait for the steamer. A large quantity of fish was ready to be shipped. It had been a busy day with the fishermen. On account of the storm they had not been able to visit hooks or nets for three days; so their labor had been excessive the first fair day. We took a run into Grace Harbor while waiting and I hooked a large laker, but lost him.

Soon the whistle of the steamer was heard and we were aboard. The captain ordered a lunch for us. While we were eating the boat steamed out of Washington Harbor and we were on our way to Duluth. At Grand Portage an Indian brought some trout on board for the captain, which he had caught in the lake, of which mention has been made before.

We did not sleep as well on the boat as in the tent, there were too many stoppages, each heralded by three long blasts of the whistle. At Baptism River, where there is a club house and club of 45 members, two fishermen came aboard, members of the club. They had been up all the week but had caught nothing, the storm having stopped the fishing all along the shore. We came to the conclusion that we were not the only ones whom the storm had knocked out. We reached Duluth a little ahead of time but were soon on the train, rolling westward and planning how we can arrange it to take the trip over again in July or August. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, MINN.

Natural History.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

HOW do I "kill time"? What do I find to do in this lonely region, where there are no books and where the mail arrives monthly, if not at less frequent intervals? These and similar questions are put to me with surprising regularity by every one whom I chance to meet, by the shepherd who cannot understand why a fellow can gather weeds and take care of them as though they were gold dollars, why I should prefer to write while the rest of the boys are sleeping or playing "freeze-out" for tobacco and knives; and to the more aristocratic dwellers of the settlement, who reside in log huts instead of under canvas, who live on bacon instead of on mutton, venison, grouse and trout, whose world is bounded by four narrow walls instead by the fathomless blue, I am an unsolved enigma. Now I can find plenty to do, and the thought of "killing time" is as far from me as the thought of committing suicide. So here go some of the leaves from my note-book.

July 18.—Up at dawn to catch the sunrise from the peak just above camp. I take my botanical press, for I believe I have found a new orchid, must also gather purple clematis and some of that giant larkspur. So much for intentions. At the "bed ground" I am arrested by the sight of eight freshly killed sheep and lambs. An examination of the surroundings shows the trail of an old she bear with two cubs. To-night I will watch for them.

Observation 1.—Bears, where they have a choice, do not kill wethers—only ewes and lambs. The lambs they de-

vour, but of the ewes they touch only the udder, evidently being partial to the lacteal fluid in its natural receptacle.

I climb higher and enter a dense pine grove. There is a whirr before me and a female dusky grouse (*D. obscurus*, typical form I believe) with her half-grown brood arises at my feet. The young soon disappear in the underbrush.

Observation 2.—The dusky grouse, when endeavoring to protect her young, does not resort to the strategy of the ruffed grouse, but flies boldly before the intruder, alighting on branches over his head, even following him to attract his attention and courting his shot until the brood is far away.

Well, I gather my flowers and come back to breakfast. Along strolls Jack from a neighboring camp and wants me to go fishing. He has gathered a supply of grasshoppers and I accompany him. Going down the meadow I find the nest of a warbler (species unknown) in the grass.

Observation 3.—Do birds have a prejudice against pines and aspens as nesting places? Here are nests upon nests of species that I know to be arboreal elsewhere, and all are built upon the ground. In fact I have never found so many nests containing eggs in any one season before.

What is that buzzing? Ah! a fight? Two horse flies are attacking a cicada, and they whirr around just on a level with my eyes.

Observation 4.—Insects vary in their methods of attack. The cicada carries on the warfare with its wings, endeavoring to beat its opponents to death. The horse flies rush in and try to bite. The vulnerable part of the cicada is at the junction of thorax and abdomen. Two minutes were sufficient to end the fracas, and the cicada, much larger and apparently stronger than the combined opposition, lay dead on the ground, while the flies are gorging themselves upon their prey.

At length we reach the creek. I have in a tin can some live specimens of the diminutive fish called here bull-heads. Now, in Mammoth, only 12 miles below, bull-heads abound and they are the best bait imaginable. But they are not found in this creek, and though every one of the trout had come up from Mammoth, I did not get a bite.

Observation 5.—Trout in this creek darker and with fewer spots than I have before noticed. They, contrary to the custom of other trout in this vicinity, do not lie in the riffles or hide beneath overhanging banks, but are found only at the bottoms of the deepest pools beneath the most dense shade. Trout know the food natural to the waters in which they are, and will refuse any other nourishment no matter how tempting.

However, I was not discouraged, but tried to allure the shy brown backs with a brown-hackle. This, too, was ineffectual. I finally secured a dozen beauties with a silver-dector, which, according to the time of day and the state of the water, was not according to Hoyle, Pole or Cavendish.

From a rocky point just before us arose a female mallard. We went to the spot and found a nest containing seven eggs. It was nothing but a bed of feathers plucked from the duck's breast and placed upon bare, grassless, shrubless stone. Jock broke one of the eggs, and I saw that it was at least two weeks old. Such a place for a nest was most singular. The water below was a roaring torrent, where a duck could not swim, so it was absolutely impossible that there the ducklings should learn to enjoy their natural element.

Observation 6.—At the period of incubation ducks make their nests whenever the desire to deposit the first egg comes upon them. If they have neglected to provide a suitable retreat, it is too late to mend matters.

Since then I have passed and repassed the spot and have seen the eggs handled frequently, but for all that Madame Duck does not desert her rocky home.

Jock suggests that I go to his camp, three miles distant, for dinner. On the way we cross an immense marshy flat, and in the middle of this is a beautiful spring, some 8 yds. in diameter. The water is fairly blue, icy cold, and no bottom can be seen at the center, but about the edge, where the water is from 1 to 10 ft. deep, are massive rocks that are fantastically draped with aquatic mosses and algae so that it seems like looking down into fairyland. The waters of this spring run for a quarter of a mile and then sink to reappear a mile away, bursting into the creek from crevices in the volcanic rock. The swamp is a great breeding place for teal, and three or four ducks with their young broods are swimming in the miniature lake. As we burst upon the scene one duck flies off, but the rest stay to conceal their young. How do they do it? Bring them in to shallow water, where they can rest upon the bottom and stick their bills up through the moss. Then the old ones swim out into deep water and resort to the same tactics. We drive the ducklings from their place of concealment and they swim out to their parents with half of their bodies exposed. Though the moss is just as inviting they will not hide where they cannot feel bottom and their mothers bring them back to shore.

Observation 7.—Young ducks can dive, but have not the power of remaining beneath water for any length of time until they can make a strong flight. The power of remaining beneath the water is acquired by practice and is not innate.

We proceed with our walk and on a rocky mesa, more than a mile from water, I find several large quaking aspens gnawed off from 8 to 10 ft. above the ground. The work is the exact counterpart of that done by beaver, but the trees are from 9 to 14 in. in diameter. Too large and too far from water for beaver. The limbs have been gnawed away and all of the bark has been eaten off. Among the wreckage lie the skeletons of five horses.

Observation 8.—When compelled by dire necessity, herbivorous animals may become first-class rodents.

I have since learned that winter before last five horses were snowed in in this grove, where the snow falls 10 ft. deep and lasts from October until May. When their owners came up in the spring they found the snow for a limited circle about the grove packed for 3 ft. as hard as ice and the trees in the condition they are at present. After getting all the nourishment possible from their forced diet, the poor equines had starved to death.

Now, these are notes from my book for zoology. I have another devoted to botany and a third to Ute-ology, if I may coin the word, and between the three I manage to keep busy. Whether my observations, or rather my surmises are correct or false I cannot tell without comparing notes. If I am wrong I want to be corrected, information is what I am after, and there are many

readers of FOREST AND STREAM that can verify or disprove this guess work of mine. SHOSHONE.

MACKAGUNT PLATEAU, Utah, July 27.

A DAY IN YUCATAN.

WE were up and ready to resume our journey at sunrise. Our abode for the previous night had been an old, much-ventilated thatched shanty, the property of a Maya Indian family. Upon our inquiring as to the possibilities of obtaining a breakfast we learned that a few tortillas and a little milk might be had. After much trouble and considerable swearing in Spanish at last we were given each a bowl of the worst milk I think I ever tasted. It was bitter and very disagreeable to the taste. The tortillas were quite good, being fresh made and warm. Upon inquiring of the man of the house as to what was the cost of our entertainment, he immediately answered "Cinco pesos" (five dollars). We demurred at this, but were finally compelled to pay it.

About 7:30 we commenced our march. S. and myself going ahead to look for birds. The road upon which we were traveling was cut through a dense forest, and presented a most grand and beautiful scene as we glanced before and behind us. The early morning sun was just peeping through the foliage, gay plumaged birds were making the air resound with their notes, and the pure, fresh air gave us travelers a feeling of freedom and enjoyment which must be experienced to be appreciated.

The first trophy to fall by my hand was a beautiful yellow breasted flycatcher, which I took on the wing as he was diligently chasing a huge dragon fly. A short time after I shot another, and I knocked a third from the top of a high tree. These flycatchers appear to be the most abundant bird in Yucatan, and there are said to be no less than twenty species found here.

Shortly after shooting the flycatchers we were startled by a series of sharp, shrill notes which were totally unknown to us, and soon over the tops of the trees came a flock of bright-plumaged parrots, which alighted in the branches of a large tree not far away. With quickened pulses we carefully approached the spot, and fired into the flock, which with a mighty chattering took wing and flew to a tall tree in the midst of the jungle and beyond our reach. We found under the tree four fine specimens, which were immediately transferred to our game bag. These were the first parrots seen by us and they produced an intense feeling of excitement.

About noon we arrived at a convenient lunching place and proceeded to do justice to our provisions. This spot was upon the edge of one of those remarkable cenotes, so common throughout Yucatan. This one was of a round shape and about 30ft. below the level of the ground. It was surrounded by reeds and rushes, and it was dotted here and there by patches of water lilies. We discovered several herons, rails and ducks upon the water, but failed to obtain any. This cenote is called in the Maya language *Shkolack*, and is double; that is, there is one upon either side of the roadway. The waters were inhabited by several species of fresh-water shells of the genera *Ampullaria*, *Planorbis* and *Physa*, and by a water snake, the character of which I was not able to determine.

After eating our dinner, taking a few photographs and skinning our birds, we resumed our journey toward Sitelpech, a small village, the objective point for the day. On the way we passed several large fields of heniquen, from which the famous Sisal hemp is made. The heniquen industry constitutes the chief wealth of the Yucatecans, and immense quantities of the hemp are annually shipped from the country.

The plant is an agave and by some botanists is said to be identical with the pulque plant, or maguey (*Agave americana*). The leaves of the plant are first cut off close to the ground. They are then passed through a tearing machine, which reduces the leaf to its fibre. It is then hung up upon poles in the sun to dry and afterward is pressed into bales by machinery.

Shortly after dark we arrived at our destination, and after partaking of a hearty supper of tortillas, friolitas and chocolate we retired to rest in a carpenter shop.

F. C. BAKER.

"PLAYING POSSUM."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The supposition of a recent correspondent relative to the opossum coiling solely from fright when attacked, is, I think, erroneous. I believe this remarkable little animal occupies a position very close to the fox for cunning and sagacity, and that its actions are due at least to instinct, and perhaps to reason.

I have known this animal to submit to the most terrific blows of a club, without, apparently, moving a muscle; but on placing a fire brand in close proximity to his flesh he would scamper off as rapidly as his motive power could carry him.

In fact, with regard to the brain power of our lower animals, I venture the prophecy that before many years have passed our scientists will have conceded that those actions that are now attributed to mere coincidence or instinct in our animal kingdom, are, in reality, the outgrowth of a systematic course of reasoning or original thought.

I have seen the fox adopt tactics to outwit the hunter, that for instantaneous originality and shrewdness, would outwit ninety-nine out of one hundred men.

The raccoon, in these respects, is almost, if not indeed, quite on a par with reynard, and I hope in the near future to place before the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a few facts gleaned from personal observation of animals in their native home that will prove my assertion.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

C. A. R.

WHITE MUSKRATS.—In your edition of July 23 ("A. G. H.") comments upon the rarity of white muskrats. A family of white muskrats were placed in my hands to be mounted for the Earl of Dunraven, if I remember correctly. They had been obtained by some one of his party when it made the very extensive collection while on the tour of this country in 1875-6-7. I was at that time engaged with Prof. H. A. Ward at Rochester. One day four very beautiful albino specimens of the muskrat were given me to prepare and remount into a characteristic group. They consisted of an adult female and three young about two-fifths grown, and all of them a pure chalk white. They were considerably contorted by the

botch who first skinned and undertook to mount them, and it was with some apprehension that I decided to remodel and give them their true form, for they were too valuable to run much risk. However, after some difficulty they were prepared and combined into one of the most novel groups it has been my pleasure to make. Albinoism among mammals and birds is much more common than is generally supposed. As another interesting example of the subject we have at our establishment, 738 Broadway, two albino wolves of the largest type. One is from Siberia, and came with a lot of 700 skins. The other came from Hudson's Bay. The former skin has a slight creamy or yellowish tint, but the last mentioned is a clear chalk white.—FREDERICK S. WEBSTER.

CAROLINA PAROQUET.—Savannah, Aug. 8.—In reference to Mr. Frank M. Chapman's letter in regard to the Carolina paroquet in last number of FOREST AND STREAM I beg to say that this species was fairly abundant in Hillsborough and Hernando counties, Fla., as late at least as 1878. The flocks were generally from ten to thirty in number, and I saw the greatest numbers in the sandhill region, they seemed to feed in the small cypress swamps. The cry of this species is harsh and can be heard a long distance.—THEODORE GORDON.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased.—One rhea (*Rhea americana*), two European jays (*Garrulus glandarius*), two spotted-sided finches (*Ammodramus latham*), one moccasin (*Aneides*), five ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalus adamanteus*), five ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalus mitchellii*), one harlequin snake (*Elops fulvipes*), one copper snake (*Ameletus*), one copper snake (*Ameletus*), five American glass snakes (*Ophiostoma centralis*), ten corn snakes (*Coluber guttatus*), three chicken snakes (*Coluber quadripunctatus*), four king snakes (*Ophibolus getulus*), four hood-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinos*), three banded water snakes (*Tropidonotus fasciatus*), three scarlet snakes (*Cnemidophorus coccineus*), thirteen black snakes (*Basiscantium constrictor*), three coachwhip snakes (*Basiscantium flagelliforme*), eight pine snakes (*Pituophis melanoleucus*), two indigo snakes (*Spilotes crehensis*), two green snakes (*Cyclophis vernalis*), six ringed snakes (*Tropidonotus natrix*), two slow worms (*Anguis fragilis*), eight cistern newts (*Amphibia cristata*), and one fire-bellied toad (*Bombinator iguana*). Presented.—One red fox (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), one weasel, two common seals (*Phoca vitulina*), one sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*), one bulfinch (*Pyrrhula ludicilla*), one red-winged blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), two American yellow birds (*Chrysomitris tristis*), one peacock (*Pavo cristatus*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one water snake (*Chionosternum peninsulanicum*), one carinated tree boa (*Trophidophis melanurus*), one tree boa (*Epiplatys anguifera*), one black snake (*Basiscantium constrictor*), three Blanding's terrapins (*Emys blandingi*), one horned lizard (*Phrynosoma cornuta*), one snapping gecko (*Hemidactylus rupicapudus*), and one spotted salamander (*Ambystoma punctata*). Born.—One elk (*Cervus canadensis*) and one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

STILL-HUNTING DEER WITH BIRD DOGS

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an article contributed to your paper I described a method of hunting turkey with pointer and setter. Those dogs are equally as useful in still-hunting deer. They take to it as readily as to fowl. If well broken for turkey they will slow-trail deer, or if the game is lying in covert lead the hunter to it, setting it the same as if quail or prairie chicken.

Often than otherwise in hunting in heavy covert, without such a dog, a deer will spring up and away without the hunter seeing it, or he may barely have a glimpse of it, its presence being generally known only by hearing it run, or if there is snow by seeing its trail. Not expecting to obtain but a shot or two a day, if that much, the hunter does not at all times carry his gun at a ready, as it is very tiresome to do so a whole day, especially if the gun be heavy. Again, deer may spring up in very unexpected places, and at such time the gun may be on the shoulder, and the quickest of shots not be able to bring it to bear in season. With such a dog the hunter will be apprised, and have his gun at a ready, knowing of the presence of game and the probable place of its springing up.

I have used six different bird dogs, which I trained to still-hunt deer, two pointers and four setters. I could tell to a certainty whether they were winding deer or lesser game. Walking no faster than myself, a few steps in advance and naturally very quiet, when they winded a deer they would carry their heads more erect than when winding smaller game and manifesting more anxiety, and in approaching a lair their tread would be cat-like, and every muscle would seem to be strained to its utmost tension, and without moving their head they would frequently turn their eyes to me as much as to say, "Look out!" On such an occasion the eyes of one of my pointers, when turned to me, seemed to glow like coals of fire, his excitement was so intense.

When very dry in timber, still-hunting deer is very difficult. The rustling of leaves, the breaking of twigs in walking, the rubbing of the clothing against brush on a still day can be heard a long distance. Whoever has seen the head of a deer lying in covert without having been seen by the deer will have observed that its ears are constantly in motion (I believe the same to be the fact when they are asleep), turning slowly in different directions; and when the ear has caught a sound it will be turned in the direction of the sound.

Sometimes a deer will lie very quiet when they see the hunter; but let the eye of the hunter and that of the deer meet and the deer will be away the moment the two eyes meet.

Out of rutting season deer will ordinarily lie down by an hour after daylight, then your dog may strike the trail and lead you to its lair. Many deer are fatally wounded and lost to the hunter if there be no snow and the hunter has no dog. This is often the case when hunted with the shotgun. Often deer, when mortally wounded, will not bleed externally, and if they do the character of the ground may be such as to make trailing by the blood difficult, if not impossible; but with a dog thus trained you can find your game if dead or bring it to bay.

On one occasion a friend and myself had been to the marshes and ridges for deer for a couple of days, but not meeting with success, we started for a lake for ducks and geese, and when near the lake and passing a large marsh

with our team, we saw a young man and an old man beating the marsh. Presently a large buck sprang up and both men fired at it. The buck ran beyond gunshot, then stopped a few minutes and looked at the men, then resumed its flight. The men came to where we were, and I told them they had mortally wounded the buck; that I never knew an instance where a buck had been shot at and had acted thus, but it was mortally wounded. The men went back and took up the trail and followed it into a ridge of timber. We camped near by, and the men returned to our camp and said they had found blood and followed the trail almost through the timber near to another large marsh when they lost the trail. I said to the men that the buck had gone into the latter marsh to lie down. When the men returned to our camp they were disputing as to which of them had wounded the buck. The young man was armed with a shotgun and the old man with a long, old-fashioned Kentucky rifle. Taking my dog I went with the men to the west side of the latter marsh so as to have the wind of it, the buck having run down wind, and commenced beating the marsh across wind, going deeper into it at each point. Soon the dog turned his nose up wind, and following him I found the buck in about the middle of the marsh, dead, killed with buckshot.

The old man had not touched it with his rifle, and seemed much crestfallen, as he had been boasting to the young man what a sure shot he was with that rifle, while the young man was green at hunting.

At another time a friend and myself went into the same region for deer, and had been there several days without seeing game. After dinner I thought we had better return home. My friend thought we had better put in that afternoon hunting and return home in the morning. We started west cross wind, which was blowing freshly from the south. When about half a mile from camp the dog turned his nose into the wind and we followed him half a mile or more, when down came a large and a small buck on a slope. They came so near me that I sent an Ely cartridge through the body of the larger buck and then killed the smaller one with the rifle.

After dressing the game I took my belt axe and started to cut some forks to put the deer out of reach of wolves, and had gone but a few steps when my companion hailed me, "Say, L., your dog is making a point." As I was turning to get my gun, out sprang a doe from a small thicket not 200ft. from where I had killed the bucks. It was rutting season, the doe had tried to hide from the bucks; they were trailing her. It was the doe the dog had winded in the first instance, and we happened to be in the right place at the right time. At such season a buck will trail a doe as easily as a dog can.

For still-hunting deer the dog must be thoroughly trained to understand and obey the slightest directions by voice and gesture and the whistle. A dog that you have to be continually scolding is a nuisance in still-hunting deer or turkey.

For the last five years I have been without a dog, and I feel the loss very much, not being able to cover as much ground in a day as when younger.

Many amusing incidents happening while hunting deer come into my mind as I write. My brother once made me a visit when he had never seen a deer, but was a very good shot for a boy. A friend, brother and myself went into the ridges for a day's hunt for deer. When beating the brush the friend fired. After we came together, brother inquired what the friend had shot at. Friend replied, "A deer. Did you not see its flag?" Brother replied, "I don't know what you mean." It was explained to him that the flag was the deer's tail elevated and waving as the deer ran. "I saw something white flitting through the brush," he said, "I thought it was a white bird. I could have shot it. The next white bird like that I will shoot." We obtained no game that day.

A few days afterward my brother and myself went into some timber for deer. Directing my brother to go down along one foot of a brushy ridge, I went down the other with the dog, so as to have the wind of the ridge. The dog turned his nose up wind, and I followed him. Presently I heard the report of brother's gun; and the dog being anxious, I bade him go quickly. Running to the crest of the ridge, I saw a sight to see worth more than a circus. The dog had a large doe by the throat, and brother had it by one of its hind legs. There was some grand kicking, tumbling and sprawling, a much-mixed-up mess of deer, dog and boy. After enjoying the scene for a moment, I went up and killed the doe with my knife. Brother had stunned the deer by creasing it, and as he was looking at it, having laid down his gun, the deer sprang up, and the dog being present, both seized it. After brother had recovered his wind he said, "I saw that 'white bird' and shot at it."

The nephew of a friend came to pay his uncle a visit. The young man had never seen a deer. We gave him a hunt, going into the ridges with a two-horse wagon. On arriving near the timber I took the young man to an open space beyond that timber, where I thought a deer would pass in case one was started by the rattling of the wagon when it should be driven into this brushy timber. I also took a station near by. The young man was armed with his uncle's double shotgun.

Upon the wagon being driven into the timber, down came a splendid buck, dancing and prancing along with mincing steps, its attention being wholly directed to the rattling of the wagon. The buck came within easy range of the young man. As soon as he saw the buck he pointed at it, and partly turning to me, saying half aloud, "There he is! there he is!" at the same time nodding in the direction the buck was moving. I tried to draw bead on the animal with the rifle, but this young man, in spite of my efforts, would keep in the line of range. The uncle breaking cover, took in the situation and hallowed, "Lie down, Joe! lie down, Joe!" but Joe did not lie down and the buck escaped into the timber. The young man was so excited he forgot he had a gun in his hands. I thought my dog standing at my side looked disgusted at the outcome.

H. L.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 5.—Beach birds are plentiful now. Two men shot about 200, I am told, and another one about 100 in a single day recently. They find sandpipers, ringnecks and chicken-plover, and a little later the winter yellowlegs will be here.—E. F. L.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—A. D.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 6.—The flurry of excitement has not yet died out here over the restaurant cases, of which mention was made last week and earlier. The first of the cases was brought against Chas. Kern, county treasurer of Cook county, ex-president of the State Sportsmen's Association, president of the Audubon Shooting Club, restaurant keeper, etc., etc. The hearing was to have been next Monday, but Mr. Kern was wise enough to forestall that. Day before yesterday he dropped into Justice White's office and threw himself on the mercy of the court, pleading ignorance, youth, inexperience, first offense and an alibi. The court promptly fined him the limit, \$25, with costs, total \$32. This was in the case of the bird ordered by myself and tasted of and examined by Messrs. Mussey, Low and Dicks. On the evening before Mr. Mussey had obtained another prairie chicken at this restaurant, and three evenings before that another gentleman had still another prairie chicken. Beyond that, Mr. Kern is reported in the columns of a friendly paper to have admitted that his steward had purchased six prairie chickens for purpose of sale. I see no reason on earth why Mr. Kern may not and should not be fined not only twice \$32, but three times \$32, and more than that, six times \$32, always provided that his steward told the truth in owning up to only six birds. As one paper here puts it, County Treasurer Kern as a sportsman heartily approves of the action of his fellow sportsmen in fining restaurant keeper Kern for violating the game laws, while restaurant keeper Kern is angry at sportsman Kern for getting into any such a fix. Now, I would like to ask County Treasurer and sportsman Kern if he sees any good reason why restaurant keeper Kern should not be fined six times \$32 or \$192? And I would like to ask restaurant keeper Kern if such a fine as that would not be a powerful jog to a man's memory? And I would like to ask both sportsman and restaurant-keeper Kern if a good round fine like that would not be six times as good an incentive as \$32 to induce sportsman Kern and restaurant-keeper Kern to get a little closer together next year, when this dangerous season again comes round, and each is again going his way apart. Why should we remit on a single bird when we can get a case on it? Is it not the full severity of these lessons which gives them their usefulness? If we get a light fine or a stayed fine, of what use is that for a public lesson? We intend to hold all these other cases for every bird we can, and why should we treat Mr. Kern, either one of him, any better than any one else? Mr. Kern, both of him, has this recourse left in face of a criticism like this, and that is exactly what would be only a wise, tactful thing for him to do. He can step into Justice White's court, he can inform against his own restaurant, he can say, "Here, I'm done with this; my restaurant did sell six birds, and I know every one of them was as illegal as any other one. Here's \$192. Does that square it?" That would square it. Half the fine would be paid into the treasury of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association, and at the next spring's meeting of that body he could come forward with clean hands and vote for its disposition for the prosecution of other violators of the law. Clean hands in sportsmanship are what we ought to have, and the mere formality of washing them does not always make them clean. Mr. Kern's friends now hesitate to prosecute him any further, but he ought not to hesitate for a moment to prosecute himself, and if only as a measure of self-protection. He ought to pay \$192 and not \$32.

I do not insinuate that Mr. Kern will need a lesson to keep him from selling any more illegal game, but I do say that all these other restaurants need a lesson, and a sharp and severe one, to keep them from selling such game right along. I see no reason why we or Mr. Kern, as sportsmen, should pass upon the wisdom of the law, and no reason why we should distinguish between violations of that law. Merciless this may be, but mercy is not what is wanted, if we mean that we really want to see this sale of illegal birds stopped. If we are only out for a talking-bee, very well; then fine them all one bird around, and go away and let them get back to selling again as quick as possible, as most of them, barring Mr. Kern of course, will do. Mr. Kern should not wish to see justice tempered with mercy in his own case, because he is a level-headed sportsman. Now, he can spend \$192 better and more wisely and more tactfully than he ever spent that amount before in his life. Will he do it? Read the answer in the stars; there are no restaurants there. But I hope he will. It would be such a nice thing for him to do. Won't you do this, Mr. Kern? Come, let us have some of that oft-quoted poetry of justice.

I don't seem to be able to quit writing about this, for I have been thoroughly indignant at seeing these little young birds so commonly offered on sale all through this city. When will the time come when game will no longer be legal merchandise, at any season? Not until the fields and covers are bare of it, I presume. This fall men will write me asking where they can find some prairie chickens. I shall direct them to South Water street freezers.

At present one freezer in Chicago market is said to be empty. Fred Smith has shipped his game to Boston, about 2,000 lbs. of venison and a lot of quail. At least, so says the well known shooter here who, truer to his friendship for Mr. Smith than to his friends the prosecuting sportsman, warned him to be on the lookout.

In this work it was hard to get sportsmen who would go out after evidence, though plenty could be found who would stand around and holler. "It's a shame!" the prominent sportsmen would exclaim, and tears would stand in their eyes. "Oh, these wicked men, to sell illegal game!" they would say. But would they hustle? Nay, verily. "If you will go to the Stock Exchange restaurant, corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets," said I to one of a firm of sporting goods dealers in this city, "you will find on the bill of fare 'Teal duck, whole, 45 cents.' I saw it there when I happened in with a lady. Can't you get a friend to go and locate that?"

"I would like to go—it's a shame—but I don't dare to, on account of my business," was the reply. And so it goes. I wish to offer a letter from Mr. A. C. Collins, the well known violator-jerker of Connecticut, president of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish. This I would do not as a rebuke to any one, but as an incentive to all by way of a word from a live, active man. The letter runs:

HARTFORD, Conn., July 31.—I have just read the exploit at Kern's. Go for him. Those milk-and-water-shaky-afraid-of-

their-shadow persons who wish to be called sportsmen make me weary. You are going at 'em (game law violators) right. I sincerely wish you and your friends success. I have no particular use for no "sand" sportsmen. Down with game law violators should be the war-cry of every honest sportsman.

A. C. COLLINS.

Aug. 7.—The merchandise of game made possible paragraphs like the following, which I find: "JAMESTOWN, N. D., July 25.—Two buffaloes were seen some thirty miles southwest of this place last Sunday. A ranchman gave them chase, but being poorly mounted failed to capture either animal. These buffaloes are doubtless the last of the race that is at large. A few years ago a small band were discovered feeding in the hills a short distance from this city, and one big bull was killed. How these two managed to escape slaughter for so long is a mystery, as they have been persistently hunted by both whites and Indians for two or three years."

Mr. E. D. Graham and Mr. Walter Waddington, a young Englishman, have inquired for some place along the Milwaukee & Northern line to spend two weeks of outing, and I have sent them to Thunder Lake and river for a first camp, with advice about Ellis Junction and Middle Inlet country, and a hint about the Little Oconto country. They should be well located if they get any sort of a guide for a teamster.

I am very often asked to direct parties wishing to go into Wisconsin for a summer trout or mascalonge trip. The other day a gentleman surprised me by stating that "last summer they killed a good many grouse with the rifle." Nearly every party that goes in takes a rifle. Why? I was prepared for the question which followed, as with a confidential smile the gentleman asked, "Do you believe it's all right to kill a deer for provender when you're camping out in the summer?"

"No, I don't," I replied to him, "and I don't believe in taking a rifle along in there in the summer time, and I don't believe, moreover, in directing or aiding or advising men who believe that is all right." A large number of deer are killed every summer in Wisconsin by fellows who try to justify themselves by such specious excuses as the above. It makes me tired. If I wanted to rob, I'd just come right out and say, "Here, I'm a robber; I'll steal, I will. Get on to me, see?" But I wouldn't try to steal behind my own back. The man that kills a summer deer simply steals from the people. It isn't honest. Leave the rifle home.

Mr. Hud. Jones and Mr. Percy LeRoy start soon on a delightful canoe voyage in the North Peninsula of Michigan, of indefinite duration. Mr. Jones will stay in till cold weather. They will try the Brulé, the Menominee and the Michigami. I advised Mr. Jones to try the Ontonagon, as he would be almost certain to get good trout fishing there, and this he will probably do, although I can personally testify that the Brulé has abundance of 2 and 3 lb. trout left this summer, for I saw them.

Mr. R. B. Organ, and for that matter Mrs. Organ also, is mourning a loss which they will never see repaired. Their dog Cleaver is dead, having finally yielded to old age and rheumatism, after long months of helplessness. I have mentioned Cleaver before. He was one of the best known dogs in Chicago, and I doubt if there ever was a more intelligent. His sire was an Irish setter, not quite full bred, and his dam a Chesapeake Bay. Cleaver looked more like a Gordon, of which strain he had about one-thirty-second, through his sire. Human companionship had made this dog almost more than brute. At 10:30 every night he went to bed, on his own motion, at that time going into another room and carrying in his own bed, which he arranged at the side of the fire. Cleaver could count up to 7 and he could connect sound with ideas up to that number. Mr. Organ would tell him to get up in a chair and would then throw a number of objects on the floor, his collar, chain, a glove, etc., etc. When he said, "Cleaver, go get your collar" (or glove, chain, etc.), Cleaver would at once go to the heap of articles and pick out the one designated. He always did this without the least hesitation. Some dogs learn to do this trick to some extent, but are uncertain or puzzled at times, nosing over the articles, but Cleaver's mind always seemed clear and he knew how to associate the command with the right article at once. I have seen a dog pick out his master's watch or pocket knife from among a dozen by scent, but this would not account for Cleaver's feat. He simply heard and understood human speech up to the extent of those seven articles. For Mrs. Organ he would fight, even if Mr. Organ himself raised a hand against her in pretended rudeness. They will not see his like again.

Mr. E. C. J. Cleaver (it is a mere coincidence that Mr. Cleaver's name follows that of Mr. Organ's pet) is just back from a two weeks' trip on Delavan Lake, Wis. This lake I have already mentioned as one of the very most beautiful around Chicago, and it is full of interest and fish. Mr. Cleaver, as many know, is an ardent yachtsman, and he returns to Delavan to-morrow to participate in a little twelve miles race which was recently postponed. The lake is about five miles long. It is much frequented by summer people, but I do not hear of many expert anglers who have tried it, and so do not depend upon reported fishing. Two gentlemen last week caught twenty-five wall-eyes, pickerel and bass, just plain minnow fishing and not casting, in one day. Neither fisher nor summer man need fear to risk it at Delavan Lake.

Fox Lake hotels, and all the places, farmhouses and all, along Lake Marie, Camp Lake, Loon Lake, Silver Lake, and dozens of others, are now crowded. The Mak-saw-ba Club boys, on the Kankakee, however, are the only ones of whom I hear who are doing any steadfast angling, and they are catching good strings of bass every Saturday.

E. HOUGH.

VIRGINIA BAY BIRDS.—Norfolk, Va., Aug. 4.—The bay bird shooting at Currituck is very good now. I took some friends from Pittsburgh, Pa., down on July 23. Our party bagged 250 yellowlegs, graybacks, willets and curlew in one day's shooting. Some other members of the Martin's Point Club bagged about 250 on Friday of last week. Should any of your readers or friends desire to join a club where they are certain of always making a good bag, I heartily recommend this one. Any information desired may be obtained by addressing J. B. White, Norfolk, Va. Tarpon (silver king) are still being caught off the Princess Anne Hotel. Our party found a very large one on the beach on our way down to the club in July. Our bay bird shooting was never better than now; all will last through August, September and up to Oct. 15.—YELLOWLEG.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Oneida county sportsmen have been greatly interested in the articles published in the FOREST AND STREAM recently regarding "The New York Association." The letter of Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, met with the warmest approval, and a number of associations would be glad to enlist in the work he so admirably outlines. The subsequent letter of Horace White, president of the Sportsmen's Association, was also commended, but there are serious objections to the plan he suggests. The FOREST AND STREAM editorially hits the nail on the head. If the sportsmen of the State are to form an association that is to be protective not only to fish and game but to the forests, not a moment should be lost. It is high time to act. There has been and still is too much apathy among sportsmen, although there has been a great awakening during the past twelvemonth. Many who scarcely gave the matter a thought before are now emphatic in their expressions that something should be done to preserve our grand old forests and that a State park should be established in the Adirondacks at once. This awakening of public sentiment has been brought about by the vast purchases of Adirondack lands by syndicates and the establishment of private fish and game preserves, by the wholesale devastation of the forests by lumbermen and the invasion of the wilderness by new railroads. Sportsmen who are not identified with the clubs owning the preserves are shut out from the resorts they have so long frequented in the southern and western portion of the Adirondacks, tourists are debarred from many privileges they formerly enjoyed, and those who seek the wilderness with the hope of regaining impaired health find themselves restricted to a few resorts by no means as desirable as those monopolized by the syndicates. Central New York sportsmen are anxious that some action shall be taken speedily. If it is desirable or advisable to endeavor to bring about the desired ends through the medium of the existing State Association, the urgency of the case ought to be sufficient to warrant President White in calling a special meeting at an early date to consider the matter. There is no shadow of an excuse for delaying action until the regular meeting of the Association next spring. There has been too much delay already, and if anything is done it should be done with a view to mapping out a plan of action before the next session of the Legislature.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 4.

IOWA DUCK SHOOTING GROUNDS.

IF the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will look over the map of North America they will find almost directly north of Minnesota and Iowa in the British possessions the greatest breeding grounds for ducks and geese in the Northwest. There are thousands of lakes and sloughs, in which grow great quantities of wild rice. There is nothing that ducks and geese like to eat as well. They will find it wherever it grows. South of the lake country in the British possessions is almost a continuous chain of lakes running through Minnesota and the northern part of Iowa. When the northern ducks and geese are on their way south in the fall they drop into these Iowa and Minnesota lakes and feed on the wild celery and rice which grows in many of them. In the northern part of Buena Vista and Pocahontas counties, Iowa, are located many of these lakes and sloughs, and there is also considerable flat land which is not very well settled. Here may be found fine shooting. In and around the lakes and sloughs may be found ducks and geese, and on the higher lands good chicken shooting may be had.

There is good prairie chicken shooting almost anywhere west of Eagle Grove, a division station on the C. & N. W. R. R. Eagle Grove is a fine town for sportsmen to stay in. There are many local sportsmen, and they are very gentlemanly to visiting sportsmen. Mr. Young, of the Railroad House, takes great delight in making sportsmen as comfortable as possible. Nothing is left undone by him. He is always at their service.

West from Eagle Grove is located a nice little town called Rubens. It is on the open prairie, and the shooter will have to go but a short distance to be on the chicken grounds.

West of Rubens, about 10 or 15 miles, we come to the town of Laurens. This town is also located on the open prairie, and is one of the best points in Iowa for shooting. Northeast and southeast of the town is a fine duck country. At times, I think, the mallard duck shooting cannot be surpassed in the west. The town of Marathon, west of Laurens, is located a few miles east of the Little Sioux River. It is a fair shooting point for ducks, good for chickens, but too near the Little Sioux River for the best duck shooting. Where the river runs through that part of the country the land is quite rough. As we go west, toward Sioux Rapids, we find high "river bluffs," some of them more than 100 ft. above the river. Good shooting may be had in the spring at river ducks, but I am not able to say what the fall shooting is, but would not think it would be first-rate, as the country is so rough.

At Sutherland we are out of the valley of the Little Sioux. Good chicken shooting may be found anywhere in the southern part of O'Brien county. J. G. S.

MASSACHUSETTS SHORE BIRDS.—Boston, Aug. 6.—As near as can be learned no big bags of shore birds have yet been made by the Massachusetts gunners, though the law was off on July 15. It is in the midst of the mid-summer vacations, and everybody is more interested in vacations of some other sort than with gun and dog, though some of the boys are getting ready their decoys and practicing with the bird-call whistle. But the weather is hot and the sport starts slowly. Grouse have not yet been seen in any considerable numbers in this State, in fact those who take notice of the young broods report them scarce. In Maine the hope is that there is to be a fair supply of grouse for the gunners. In May and June a good many broods were reported, but later the weather has been cold and wet at times, and the fear is that the broods have suffered.—SPECIAL.

The best harness dressing is that which has been tried and approved by the largest number of practical men. The test of half a century places Frank Miller's celebrated harness dressing at the head of all American preparations of this kind, and its popularity is such that most others have been distanced in the race.—ADO.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE BOYS A-FISHING.

I HAD just arrived in the town of L., and being a stranger I was lost for the want of amusement. Having finished one cigar, I might have smoked another to while away the time, but that was against my principles. So I started for the river, which was about 200 yds. in front of the hotel in which I had taken my lodgings. As I neared the stream I heard some one say:

"Bill! Bill! I've got a bite. I tell you it's a big fellow too."

The voice, I perceived, was quite near, so I directed my steps thither and took a path leading around a knoll. I followed it and soon came in sight of two fishers. It was a pretty sight. Nestled among the trees was a rustic bridge, and leaning far over it were two boys tugging away at the fishing line, their clothes bespattered with mud and water, but their faces all aglow with the prospects of carrying home the big fish that was just then giving them so much trouble. I stood looking on, while many instances of my boyhood days were called to mind and the many times I was flogged for wearing my Sunday clothes on my fishing expeditions (of course I did not soil them). Pretty soon I heard one of the boys say:

"Here he comes! pull hard!"

The pull was too hard for them. Over they went, one falling head first into the water. I ran to the bank, and by this time the little fellow had recovered himself and swimming vigorously for the shore. He came up the bank blowing the water from his face. I expected to hear him cry, but he looked at me winking and blinking, trying to get the water from his eyes, and said so seriously, "Well, Mister, that was a big fool!"

It amused me considerably, as also the boys, to find that the hook had only caught in some bushes which held it fast.

S. C. M.

DENVER, Col.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A FISHERMAN'S SONG.

DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE WHO LOVE THE FOREST, LAKE AND STREAM.

THE deer from his red coat the night dew is shaking—

Fisherman, up and away!

The birds in the forest with glad songs are waking—

O, fisherman, why will you stay?

The sun o'er the hilltops is timidly peeping—

Fisherman, up and away!

Arise O thou fisherman why art thou sleeping?

O, fisherman, why will you stay?

Through mists of the morning the wild duck is flying—

Fisherman, up and away!

In the depths of the lake the black bass is lying—

O, fisherman, why will you stay?

The bright sun in the east the night clouds is flushing—

Fisherman, up and away!

O'er their wild rocky beds the clear brooks are rushing—

O, fisherman, why will you stay?

O there is more joy in the forest, on billow—

Fisherman, up and away!

Than man ever found on soft bed or pillow—

O, fisherman, why will you stay?

FREMONT, Mich.

DR. JOHN W. McNABB.

RAINBOW TROUT OF THE McCLOUD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Scarlet-Ibis," in number of June 11, mentions the Dolly Varden and rainbow trout.

A perusal of his article recalls most agreeably the two weeks spent by the writer and Nat. B. Harmon on the famous McCloud River in Siskiyou county, California, in June, 1887. Leaving San Francisco the evening of the 17th we take the sleeper of the Portland train at Oakland Mole, and the next morning finds us at Sisson, 250 miles north, and at the headwaters of the Sacramento, here but a meadow brook.

While eating our breakfast at Sisson we interview the landlord regarding the best fishing places, and he refers us to the driver of the Fall River stage, which leaves in twenty minutes. "Wall, ye git in with me an' I'll set ye down over on the McCloud." We ask him how far he proposes to take us, and learn that the nearest stopping place is Downing's Ranch, 18 miles east, at the southern base of Mt. Shasta, which looms up 14,400 ft., bright and gleaming with eternal snows, a prominent landmark for a hundred miles in any direction. Having come to this point simply on the reputation of the McCloud to furnish trout of remarkable size and vigor, and with no definite destination in view, we quickly place our traps and ourselves in the open spring wagon, and hugely enjoy the ride in the fresh, crisp morning air over Squaw Mountain, and noon time brings us to Downing Ranch, a two-roomed log house, a stable of "shakes" without roof, and a sheep corral.

The driver introduces us to the ranch people, who conclude they can take care of us; so after a hasty lunch and rigging up in our fishing gear, we ask to be directed to the most likely place on the stream, which we find at its nearest point is some two miles away. Only the old people were at home that day, and they directed us to the Upper Fall, some distance up the stream. We found a fall of some 90 ft., at the foot of which was a swirling, eddying stretch of water, with dark, deep cavernous holes among the rocks that looked the very home of the famous beauties we had come so far to interview.

A word as to our tackle. My companion, an ardent lover of the royal sport, a veteran angler, is just now about to test the qualities of a new split bamboo from the hands of some noted maker, and I have an humble rod of ash with lancewood tip, light, strong, and of that whiplike flexibility and perfect balance so pleasurable to

feel. Our flies, a varied assortment of the commoner kinds, the hackles in grays, browns, ginger, etc., predominating. We are each supplied with 6 ft. leaders, lines of lightest silk, in color darkest green, and small multiplying reels, and ample room in our creels for all that may come to our hooks, which, by the way, are No. 8.

Thus equipped, we fearlessly make our first casts, and for some time are successful; but as the shadows lengthen small trout of 6 to 8 in. begin to take the fly, and at sunset we count a total catch of 104. Wending our way over the trail to the ranch, we discuss the situation, which, considering the largeness of our expectations as to size of the fish to be found in this stream, seems discouraging.

At our supper of fried trout and corn bread we meet the young son of our host, Will, a stalwart youth of seventeen, who laughs at our catch of "little uns," and says he can show us where we can see "some whoppers jumpin'," but in rather a sarcastic vein remarks that we "can't get 'em with them little bits of poles." In fact, he had "got on" numerous big ones, but they had either broken his "pole," the line or the hooks, and he looked with contempt upon our slender tackle. However, Will proved extremely good-natured, and after breakfast at early dawn of the next morning we follow him to the hole at the big springs, some two miles below the scene of the previous afternoon and much nearer the house.

We find the river down in a narrow cañon, with rather precipitous banks of two or three hundred feet, and the hole a somewhat turbulent pool of good length and breadth, between immense springs, the waters of which issue from the rocks a hundred feet above our heads, and came leaping, tumbling and cascading down and mingling with the waters of the McCloud.

These feeders or springs, of which there are many in the short course of the river, find a channel under and through the lava beds all the way from the snow line of Mt. Shasta, a veritable nature's ice house, and afford an abundant and constant supply of the purest and iciest water to the stream below. The space between these two big springs—the largest on the river—is about 100 yds., and in the pool between, according to Will, the big trout lurked.

The morning is glorious, the sun just peeping through the tops of the giant sugar pines, and while we eagerly joint our rods and tie on our most taking casts a gentle breeze, drawn up the mountain gorge by some invisible force, slightly sways the bushes on the banks, and directly we see hundreds of June flies, dislodged from their retreat under the leaves, fly fluttering with damp and heavy wing over and near the water's surface. Talk about rainbow trout. They began their breakfast right then and there. Dozens of 2-pounders could be seen at a glance, as they leaped high, their beautiful sides gleaming in the morning sun, 16 in. sections of the most brilliant rainbow.

A thrilling sight, truly, and we hastily change our flies for the gray and ginger hackles, as most nearly approaching in color the drab and dun of the natural fly, for which the trout so plainly manifest their liking. After two or three short casts to get the leaders straightened, I reach out a little further and softly drop my cast just over where but a moment before a grand specimen had shown me his whole length, when the hungry fellow, as if to dare me to battle, again leaps clear from his element and, with a saucy flip of his tail and a most graceful summersault, disappears with my gray hackle. A slight and quick motion of my wrist, and I know that I have hooked my first rainbow. I have held a plow behind a yoke of unruly steers, and it seems an apt though prosaic comparison to the wild rush of that trout through the swift waters of the pool. When first struck he vaulted 2 ft. or more into the air, and with a vigorous shake tried to free himself from the hook; then, with zigzag and erratic course, down the stream he headed for a rock half hidden by a growth of watercress that partly dammed the channel at the foot of the pool, making the reel sing as it paid out the line.

With some effort I checked his mad charge, and shortening the line with every yielding turn, glanced about for a place to land my prize, for I have no net. Suddenly the tension upon rod and line is eased and I fear the game is off, but quickly reeling in, as he leaps again and again, and soon showing the first signs of lost vigor, I have him turning up his gleaming sides in token of defeat and he comes a weary captive to the ready hand of Nat, who, standing by, has watched the gallant fight of this gamey fish. Time, 13 minutes. Will, who has cut a pole in the brush near by, and has seated himself on a rock while making fast the small "clothes line" he has been wont to fish with, drops his work and wide-eyed and open-mouthed, is speechless from start to finish; but with the fish safely in hand he gives one wild yell and a jump to where I stand with thumb under the gill of my captive.

"That's my trout, my trout," he exclaims, and points to a wire snail hanging from the mouth of the fish, where sure enough I find a No. 2 hook firmly caught through the cartilage of the nose. Will recognizes this hook and snail as his property, which more than a week before he had baited with a grasshopper and cast upon the waters. It had been seized by this same trout and in attempting to land it in the good old way, by a vigorous jerk of the pole, the trout objecting to such violent methods, had kept part of the tackle in protest. This magnificent specimen of the rainbow trout weighed, when caught, 3 lbs. 9 oz. Will had hooked and lost so many in this same pool that he had come to believe that short of a good-sized sapling for a rod and a lin. bawser for the line, nothing could induce them to leave this, their favorite haunt. While I am telling all of this Nat has not been an idle listener, but has hooked an almost exact duplicate of my prize, one as full of fight, game to the last.

Here let me mention and comment on the fly-taking propensities of the rainbow as we found them. We confined our fishing for the next ten days mostly to this pool, and in this time took from its dark waters with the fly over 500 trout, all rainbow, that would average 2 lbs. each. The last day's fishing was as good as the first, with no apparent decrease in numbers or voraciousness. There seemed to be no small fish here, and their even size and wonderful vigor were most remarkable. Many were the repetitions of the scene describing the capture of the first fish, and occasionally, when two of these gallant beauties were struck at one cast, the long and exciting contest can be better imagined than described. We lost but few fish, as they rose to the fly with no uncertain rush, and we always saw our game the instant of

the rise, the fish invariably leaping clear of the water. Standing squarely facing across the stream, a long cast directly to the front would drop the flies well out, and the hackles, dry from their course through the air, would fall soft and light as a bit of down upon the swiftly-flowing waters, and floating airily while the slack of the line lasted, formed the most seductive lure. The good qualities of hackles, from the fact that they dry quickest while casting, were here firmly impressed upon me; and since that time their use in many of the mountain streams and lakes of the Northwest has confirmed my first impressions.

I have not since that time found another place where all the elements were so perfectly combined as we found them on that trip to the McCloud—no mosquitoes, no black flies. The weather perfect and the hungriest and gamiest trout it has ever been my experience to deal with.

We found no Dolly Varden unless a trout captured by Nat at the foot of a fall some eighty rods above the hole could have been one. Here at high noon the sun's rays penetrated a deep, still pool, and here we could see some large fish almost motionless near the bottom. They would not notice our flies, but a No. 4 hook baited with a piece of trout belly, a double gut leader, and a .44 cal. cartridge for a sinker, had the desired effect, and Nat had the liveliest kind of a time in very cramped quarters for 25 minutes.

This trout had the appearance of being a very old and overgrown rainbow, weighed 5 lbs., and measured 24 in. from tip to tip. In color one could imagine seeing where the brilliancy and beauty of the rainbow once existed, but now dulled and gray with age. I carefully and reverently scraped the moss from his venerable pate, fully expecting to find the initials "B. C." thereon, but he had outgrown all reliable evidence of his certain years.

Words are inadequate to describe the full measure of our enjoyment on this memorable trip. I have not since then visited the McCloud, but my lines have been cast in other places where the trout, if not so gamey, have atoned in size and numbers. Some time, if agreeable, I will tell you of the sport to be found in the waters of western Washington, the trout in the streams and lakes, and the salmon in the sound.

GEO. E. MILLER.

SEATTLE, Wash.

ANGLERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River convened at Clayton, N. Y., Aug. 6. Those present were C. G. Emery, Brooklyn; H. H. Warner, Rochester; Wm. P. Esterbrook, Rahway, N. J.; Frank P. Mathews, Potsdam; H. S. Chandler, Phil. Luther, New York; Dr. E. L. Sargent, Watertown; Geo. Sawyer, Syracuse; W. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall, Walter Fox, Alexandria Bay; H. S. Barker, Dr. Liddy, G. M. Skinner, R. P. Grant, John Foley, G. H. Strough, Clayton. Secretary Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, read the annual report:

I have to report a year of hard work and many perplexities. We have, with the aid of our State game protector, secured the capture of a large number of nets. The exact number I am unable to state, as the protector did not report the number taken.

The State Fish Commission has been very liberal to our association in granting us a protector for the river. We felt at the time Chief Drew was superseded that the service would suffer, and with that feeling we sent a delegation to New York to wait on the Commission and urge Mr. Drew's reinstatement, but failed. The necessary aid of two individuals was brought against Joseph Hazleton and Porter Holden. They were tried and acquitted, and I am glad to say that we have a very efficient and willing helper in our present chief, Mr. J. W. Pond. He has in hand some suits for violations in the county, and has employed Mr. Clon R. Brown, a very efficient and competent attorney, to prosecute for the State. I learn that Attorney-General Tabor will be the chief to push the suits to a successful termination, and will render the necessary aid. Two indictments were brought against Joseph Hazleton and Porter Holden. They were tried and acquitted. Since their acquittal they have brought suits against Protector Starring, Michael Haas, H. W. Visger, John I. Cornwall and myself. Our chief has employed E. R. Brown to put in a defense. We have had delegations at Albany in favor of the game law reported by the codification committee, which bill failed to become a law. The railroads have shown a willingness to do anything in their power to aid in the protection of the river from netters.—W. H. THOMPSON, Secretary.

A letter from Attorney-General Tabor was read, in which he writes: "I am in entire accord with the object of your association and pledge you my hearty co-operation in any undertaking you may have in view in furtherance thereof. In behalf of all the anglers of the State who are true lovers of the sport, I desire to convey the thanks to which yourself and your association are entitled for the good work already done and which I know you will continue to do in the future."

Treasurer R. P. Grant reported a balance of \$555.71 on hand. Messrs. Strough, Emery and Cornwall were made a committee on nomination of officers of the association. Upon their report the secretary was instructed to cast a ballot for the association, and the following officers were declared elected for the ensuing year:

President, H. H. Warner, Rochester, N. Y.; First Vice-President, H. S. Chandler, New York; Second Vice-President, Jacob Hays, New York; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton, N. Y. Executive Committee: A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; J. H. Quimby, Albany, N. Y.; Jas. T. Story, Albany, N. Y.; G. T. Rafferty, Pittsburg, Pa.; A. D. Williams, New York; G. H. McKinley, Clayton, N. Y.; F. H. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. W. Crossman, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; David Stevens, Syracuse, N. Y.; G. M. Skinner, Clayton, N. Y.; W. P. Esterbrook, Rahway, N. J.; J. B. Wistar, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; J. R. Stebbins, Dr. E. L. Sargent, Watertown, N. Y.; W. J. Cassard, New York; H. R. Heath, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. A. Johnson, New York; W. I. Bascom, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; W. W. Byington, Albany, N. Y.; C. A. Ellis, Dr. A. Bain, Clayton, N. Y.

The chair appointed Messrs. Strough and Chandler to draft resolutions in respect to deceased members.

A series of resolutions was adopted, after debate, as follows:

Resolved, That the Anglers' Association of the River St. Lawrence appoint a committee of three, besides the president, to co-operate with the State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Game and Fish to secure active legislation for further protection of the St. Lawrence.

Resolved, That a committee of four be appointed to confer with the Canadian Fish Commission with a view to securing their co-operation in the protection of the frontier.

The chair appointed G. H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, Clayton; J. L. Luckey, of Rochester, and Henry Folger, Kingston, as such committee.

Resolved, That the president of this Association appoint a committee of two members at each of the following places: Cape Vincent, Clayton, Round Island Park, Thousand Island Park and

Alexandria Bay, whose duty it shall be to solicit subscriptions of money from all persons visiting the islands and from residents, such subscriptions to be paid into the hands of said committee, or to R. P. Grant, at Clayton, W. H. Thompson or A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay, for the purpose of creating a fund to be used in enforcing the laws for the protection of fish in this county. All funds so collected shall belong to the Anglers' Association and be paid to the treasurer.

The chair appointed as such committee to solicit funds for the furtherance of the objects of the Association W. P. Esterbrook, Thos. J. O'Donohoe, Cape Vincent; R. P. Grant, G. M. Skinner, Clayton; Anson Sweet, David Stevens, Thousand Island Park; R. S. Moseley, H. R. Heath, Alexandria Bay; F. H. Taylor, H. Van Wagenen, Round Island Park; Hamilton Child, Grand View Park; H. F. Inglehart, Central Park and Westminster.

This paper was headed by H. H. Warner with a subscription of \$100, C. G. Emery followed suit with another hundred, W. P. Esterbrook subscribed \$25. Walter Fox \$20, A. C. Cornwall \$25, W. H. Thompson \$20, J. A. Davis \$10, Wellington M. Willis \$10, E. L. Sargent \$10, Geo. A. Strough \$10, R. L. Moseley \$5.

Sixty-three new names for membership were proposed and accepted. The association now numbers 381 members.

The usual annual excursion of the Anglers' Association will not be made this year.

In proof of the association's good work Mr. Warner cited the fact that never before were there so many bass of less than a pound weight. He made an eloquent address on the subject of further protection of the game fish, and advocated the employment of a patrol boat in the waters of Jefferson county, which includes the lake shore as well as the river. He had been coming to the islands for nineteen years, and had seen the almost total annihilation of the wall-eyed pike in these waters. That excellent food fish as well as the white fish and lake trout had all but disappeared from Lake Ontario, and but for the efforts of this association the black bass and pickerel would likewise have been netted out of existence. He wanted it understood that violators of the game laws would be followed to the end of all law. No case would rest with defeat in Jefferson county, or Supreme Court. The Anglers' Association would carry every case to the United States Supreme Court, if necessary, to win a victory. No resident of, or visitor to, the Thousand Islands need be ashamed to solicit funds for the furtherance of the objects of this association. And all who participate in the sport made possible by the united efforts of the members should feel that they are contributing to their individual pleasure when contributing to the cause.

Wednesday was the anglers' day on the river, says *On the St. Lawrence*, of Aug. 7, and well can they feel proud of their achievements, not for success in tempting the finny tribe but for capturing the nets of illegal fishermen who gobble up the game fish of the St. Lawrence River and destroy the sport of fishing among the Thousand Islands. As the private steam yacht *Siesta*, owned by H. H. Warner, of Rochester, approached the bay at 11 o'clock Wednesday evening she was bubbling over with joy, and the peculiar toots of its rich-toned whistle aroused the villagers and visitors thereabouts and told them that something unusual had happened. The *Siesta* tied up at Cornwall's dock and its owner with several friends went ashore to witness the burning of thirteen nets that the *Siesta* had captured near Fox Island. It seems that the *Siesta*, after leaving Mr. Warner at Clayton to attend the meeting of the Anglers' Association, had received orders to continue up the river as far as Cape Vincent and watch for nets. State Game Protector Pond, of Malone, and Joseph Northrup, of Alexandria Bay, the game protector in this district, were aboard. They went to Cape Vincent and steamed about the lake in the vicinity of Fox Island. They grappled for nets and were astonished to find them so numerous in that locality. Capt. J. A. Davis, of the *Siesta*, espied a sailing boat off Fox Island, and with the aid of a field glass he could see the occupants of the sailboat pulling in their nets and making for the shore. A small boat was lowered from the *Siesta* and the game protectors started for the sailboat. When they reached the boat they found it overloaded with nets, in one of which were over 500 black bass. The men in the sailboat were Fred and Edward Barber. The latter made a desperate effort to turn the officers away. He struck at Game Protector Northrup with a hatchet, but was finally overpowered, handcuffed and taken aboard the *Siesta*, which conveyed them to Cape Vincent, where they were arraigned before Justice of the Peace Borland and the examination was set down for August 19, the prisoners being released on their own recognizance. The yacht, with her thirteen captured nets, then steamed away for Clayton, where H. H. Warner was taken aboard, and then it went direct to Alexandria Bay. The nets were thrown upon the dock, and at midnight were piled up in front of the Marsden House and set afire. At least property to the value of \$500 was destroyed in this way. Game fish of all kinds were caught in these nets.

MINNESOTA BASS.

DULUTH, Minn., Aug. 4.—I returned a few days ago from my second fishing trip of the season and a short note may not come amiss to future fishers. On the first trip I could only stay one day and decided to try a small lake three miles south of Aitkin, on the N. P. R. R., and hunting up a former companion we reached the lake about noon and at 3 o'clock commenced fishing. Black bass and rock bass took the bait as fast as it reached the water and at 8 o'clock we went ashore and counted our string and found we had 115 fish, nearly all black bass. The bass are very game and make a good fight, but this country is not a good one for fly-fishers. The fish will not rise to the fly but take frogs, minnows and worms at any hour of the day until late in the evening. The country here is full of small lakes and there is, undoubtedly, finer bass fishing here than at any other point in the country east of the Mississippi. Our catch was considerably over the average, but it is nothing out of the common to take 20 or more bass, weighing from 2½ to 5 lbs. a piece, at this lake any morning or evening. A party of nine of us were out last month at a lake 20 miles north of Aitkin and enjoyed a week of the finest kind of sport. The bass were all very large, from 3 to 5 lbs. each, and fought nobly against coming in out of the wet. I must not write any more at present and will save the account of our happenings for some future time.

EDWARD J. LUTHER.

THE ILLINOIS RIVER FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nature has bestowed an abundance of beauty upon the Illinois River. The stream winds its way in a westerly direction, bearing to the south, between high bluffs on either side which rise in some instances out of the water's edges to a height of nearly 150 ft. These bluffs are studded with native pines, besides other forest trees, which give a most pleasing appearance to the country to those seeking a pleasure trip. The river is navigable for boats from this point to its mouth, and boats ply the water from here to Peoria, a distance of 73 miles, and return daily. The valley proper is from one to three miles wide, that is above Peoria. Along the valley there are many lakes or cañons which abound with fish of all kinds, especially those known in the northern Illinois waters; black bass and pickerel predominating.

This river is the home of the fishermen. The lakes and bayous along the stream are their fishing grounds, not exclusively, however, but generally. These are the places where illegal fishing has been going on for years past unrestricted until this season, when an attempt has been made to bring the violators to justice. During the past six months a large number of violators of the fish laws have come to grief through my vigilance and persistence to punish the offenders, regardless of who they may be. The outcome of the work done has thoroughly stirred up not only the fishermen, but those sportsmen who delight in taking a day off from business and spending a few hours along the banks catching fine strings of fish. The former know not at what time to place their illegal nets in the water, for fear of being caught in the act and given a heavy fine for their indiscretion. Of the latter, their words of approbation is sufficient evidence of their appreciation of the work so far done by myself.

There is one place on this river which I think worthy of mention, and that is what is known all along the river as Senachwine Lake. At this place illegal fishing has been persisted in despite all that could be done by the local authorities and the gun and rod clubs along the river. This lake is about five miles in length, opening into the river, and has always been the home of the fishermen. This is a clear sheet of water on the west side of the river, and has a fine gravel bottom in the larger part of the lake. It is supplied by many cool springs of fresh water which flow from the bluffs on the west into it, and near the extreme upper end a small stream or creek empties its contents therein. This makes it a favorable place for fish to spawn. The west bank of this lake rises rather abruptly out of the water, while on the opposite side the land is low and swampy. Here can be found in immense quantities the yellow and white pond lilies, and a larger and more beautiful species of water plant called the lotus. At this season of the year this is a grand spot, both for fishing and scenery.

There is a fine large three-story hotel near the upper end of the lake, called the Undercliffe Hotel. It is located on the most pleasant portion of the lake, with a clean gravel beach lying to the front and with fine forest trees surrounding the whole. This hotel is magnificently furnished in the interior, and is under the management of a Mr. Lincoln, whom one will find a very accommodating, agreeable and genial host, and one who takes a great pride in having everything to suit the wants of his guests. This hotel is easily reached from the Peoria branch of the C., R. I. & P. Railway, which has a station one-half mile from the Undercliffe and called Putnam.

Illegal fishing has been carried on in this lake to a great extent, and numerous persons had been coming to me and entering complaints of violations and requesting my assistance in the matter. These illegalities were done by large gangs of fishermen who had repeatedly defied all the authorities, and it proved a tedious task and one full of risks to gain sufficient evidence to convict them. To remove all the obstacles in this instance a man acting under my instructions and supervision—in the capacity of deputy fish warden—was sent to the lake to collect such evidence as he could. While there he saw enough to justify him in sending word to me, and I immediately went down to the lake. This was on July 28 just past. While there I saw two gangs of men commence illegal seining. One party of nine men worked a seine 650 yds. in length, 200 yds. of which was of illegal mesh, being 1½ in. only, 650 lb. of fish were taken with this seine at one haul. The other gang, of five men, on the opposite side of the lake were using a seine 320 yds. in length, all of which was of 1½ in. mesh. They were taking out with these seines very small sunfish and bass, too small to catch with a spoon hook. These fourteen men were arrested on the spot and taken by myself and deputy to Hennepin, Ill., where they were fined. The aggregate of the fines was \$176.85, which was paid. A good half day's work among defiant fishermen.

One of the peculiarities of the case is the fact that the Woods brothers are in charge of the Swan Lake Club House for a Chicago sporting club—the very fellows who are always shrieking for the enforcement of the laws for the protection of game and fish. But this seems to be a general rule (with but few exceptions). The men who call themselves "sportsmen" and declaim the loudest about enforcing the game laws are the very men who do the unlawful shooting and fishing. These club house owners are the greatest source of trouble to the fish wardens, as they, being the proprietors of the house and lease or own the land and water, lay claim to their rights to do as they please, regardless of the State laws. They have money to back them in their acts, and it is a hard matter for the authorities to make successful prosecutions. But sooner or later, I, for one, would be pleased to learn of the capture and punishment of these fraudulent sportsmen. (?)

Since making this raid on the representatives or managers of this club, I have been requested to extend my territory further down the river, by parties who are now, and have for years past been doing all that lay in their power to put a stop to the illegal fishing, and who have been thus far unsuccessful in their efforts. Many letters of encouragement are now being received from these gentlemen, who assure they will lend any assistance I may need to collect evidence in similar and other cases.

Some few weeks ago Mr. G. E. Cole, president of the Fox River and Kankakee River associations, was in La Salle in company with Mr. Bartlett and Fish Warden Beech, of Elgin, on the steamer *Lotus*. In conversation with Mr. Cole, he was anxious that an association for the protection of the fish be formed here, and gave the assurance that he would lend all the assistance in his power to

further such a scheme. He stated that when the citizens became interested in the movement then was the proper time to act. Since making this big haul of "suckers"—almost single-handed—a large number of gentlemen of this city, Peru and others along the river have become enthusiastic in the matter and wish an organization perfected as soon as possible. There have been over thirty of these gentlemen who have signified their intentions to become active members and to do all in their power to organize. Mr. Cole has been written to for a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Fox River Association, which are considered standard. It has been suggested that the proposed association be called the Illinois Valley Game and Fish Protective Association. Mr. Cole will, no doubt, be greatly pleased to know that his advice has been made use of, and that his suggestions have borne good fruit in the establishment of an association, and one that will redeem itself in the pledges taken by the honorable gentlemen who shall comprise it. More will be written of the association as soon as more progress is made.

M. D. GREEN, Fish Warden.

LA SALLE, Ill., Aug. 3.

BOSTON MEN IN MAINE.

AMONG the Boston vacationists who have taken rod and line along with them may be mentioned Mr. S. C. Proctor, salesman in the hardware store of A. J. Wilkinson & Co., and Mr. E. A. Wilson, with B. S. & G. C. Wilson. These gentlemen went to Paris, Me., chiefly because it is the native town of Mr. Proctor. They did not expect remarkable fishing, but were rather happily disappointed. They tried Norway Lake one day for black bass and caught one of 2½ lbs.; but just as the sport began to be good there arose a gale of wind that made fishing impossible. Several nice strings of pickerel were taken from the Little Androscoggin and several from the vicinity of Snow's Falls. From this river at that point Mr. O. W. Thayer took a pickerel weighing 4 lbs. one day when they were fishing the Little Androscoggin below the falls. Mr. Proctor says that the idea prevails in that section that the stocking of Bryant's Pond, the source of the Little Androscoggin, with black bass has driven the pickerel down into the river. At least they are more abundant in the river since the bass have begun to get big enough to fight their way in the pond above. But over forty years ago, before the same pond was stocked with pickerel at all, it was a famous trout pond. Of late years no trout are found there of any account.

Mr. R. B. Foster, of the firm of Foster & Meeks, went down to Providence the other day with a view of going fishing for scup and tautog. He was invited by his son-in-law, who has charge of a pleasure yacht there, to make the trip. They went down on Saturday and had some good fishing, till the weather interfered. They fully intended to be back that night, but were becalmed and had to wait the turn of the tide, when they slowly began the tedious process of drifting up the river and back to town. They were all night long at it, or rather they got into port about 3 o'clock A. M.

S. J. Ellis, bookkeeper for Stearns & Winslow, of Boston, and Charles C. Morgan and W. S. Richardson, salesman of the same firm, went to Bath, Me., the other day. They hired a boat, with the full intention of roughing it in the bay and on the Androscoggin. They caught perch in abundance, and other fish of that sort, when the weather permitted. But the elements were so boisterous that they could not get out much of the time, and after trying it from Friday to Monday they gave up and came home. They will try "roughing it" of that sort again only in fair weather.

The vacationists are leaning more than ever to rod and line sports this year. A great many excursionists have gone in to the Rangeley Lakes over the new narrow gauge railroad from Phillips to Rangeley, and the majority of these excursionists have fishing rods with them. In most instances their outfit is crude, but their expectations are large enough to balance the whole. They expect big trout from a few hours' fishing in August. They have read the guidebooks and the Maine papers, but with reading of trout fishing their practical experience ends. Hence they are disappointed. They should be. The good things of this life come only to those who are capable of earning them, and such ability comes only through experience. A party of four excursionists have been fitted out in Boston for the Seven Ponds this week. They have had no previous experience. They did not even know where the Seven Ponds are located till inquiry was made of the initiated. Will they have great sport?

As already written for the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I am much afraid that partridge shooting in Maine is to be very poor this fall. I have made still further inquiries, and the general reply is that the birds are not seen where it would be reasonable to expect to see them. Mr. John Allen, of Newton, with the Stanley Dry Plate Co., has been on a vacation to his old home in Kingfield, Me. He had some good sport on the trout streams, though he did not succeed in getting any large trout, one pound being about the largest of his catch in several days' fishing. He saw no partridges in locations where he most expected to see them. In fact, he saw none at all. A gentleman of Boston, who has considerable correspondence with guides in the vicinity of Upton, Me., says that the older guides write him that there are very few partridges this year in the vicinity of Upton. On the other hand, the papers that are trying hard to boom the Rangeley Lake region say that partridges are unusually plenty this year. But I have questioned a good many returned sportsmen, and they say that they have seen fewer broods this year on about the same trips as on former seasons. The quiet theory among the guides and farmers is that the foxes have destroyed the chicks. Foxes are unusually abundant in Maine and New Hampshire, and are thought to be rapidly increasing. The boom theory is that shooting is to be great.

Mrs. R. M. Bartleman, who has spent several seasons at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, has lately succeeded in landing a 5-pound trout. This is that lady's first big trout, though she has fished several seasons.

Bears are unusually abundant in Maine. Mr. John Allen, mentioned above, says that the vicinity of Kingfield is infested with them, much to the disgust of the sheep farmers.

SPECIAL.

Simpson—I wonder what kind of a line it is that Budkins uses when he goes fishing. It always breaks just as he is landing the "biggest fish you ever saw." Sniffer—It's nothing but "yarn."—*Detroit Free Press*.

ANGLING NOTES.

OWING to the lovely cool weather during the month of July and the rains, the fishing for black bass, trout and salmon took quite a spurt. The June fishing, which is generally the best, was a great disappointment as most of the streams were too low, but the latter half of July almost made up for it and the number of large fish killed, particularly black bass, is unprecedented.

Mr. R. B. Lawrence writes from Blooming Grove Park that he is agreeably surprised to find the trout taking the fly so well. And Mr. Alfred Roe was so successful when he was up there a short time ago, that some of the members begin to suspect that his guide was helping him out with his reel. Any one acquainted with the gentleman referred to, of course, knows such a suspicion is unjust.

From the Adirondacks I hear that there is little fly-fishing, the trout have retired to cooler "watering places," and unless at the mouth of some cold spring, they can only be taken with bait or gang in deep water. There is no law against this method of fishing at present, but there is no telling what public sentiment and a wise Legislature may do in the future.

I would advise anglers going to the Adirondacks to take some green-drakes with them. Last August I would have given 25 cents apiece for a few of them. It is awfully provoking to see a fly drop on the water and a great trout rise and end its frantic flopping with a splash and be unable to provide the fish with an imitation of it. The nearest I had to it was a "professor," and if I happened to be within casting distance and could drop my fly quick enough in the widening circles, the trout would take it, but I could not bring up a single fish out of the deep dark water with any of the flies I had.

I find that in deep water trout will not rise to small flies as a rule, that is any respectable sized trout. I do not believe that any angler has such a record for big fish in the Adirondacks as Superintendent Pillsbury, who has fished that section for thirty years, and he uses flies dressed on No. 3 and 4 sproats. The majority of anglers use No. 8 and the result is that they only catch baby trout. No. 6 is plenty small enough, and as I say, if lakes or deep ponds are to be fished, No. 4 or 5 would do better yet. For August and September the following flies are excellent: Light and dark Montreal, great-dun, Howard, Brandreth, white-miller, coachman, Abbey, green and gray drakes, ibis, Yottie, professor and Beatrice.

The fishing for black bass in Lake Hopatcong is much better this season than usual. The best time of day to fish is from daylight until about 8 or 9 A. M., and again in the evening. On small lakes or ponds this is generally the rule, but on large bodies of water like the St. Lawrence, they take better in the middle of the day or from 9 A. M. until sundown. I do not think I ever caught a bass after dark on the St. Lawrence, whereas at Hopatcong they will rise to the fly all night. SCARLET-IBIS.

BLACK BASS AT REED'S BAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If any of your readers would like some magnificent bass fishing, let them start at once for Cape Vincent. Stop with mine host Frisbie of the Union long enough to secure honest George McDonald as oarsman, and go at once to Reed's Bay, and if they are not satisfied with their catch they will be hard to please indeed.

Reed's Bay is about nine miles from the Cape, and of course too far for one to fish and return the same day. Go calculating to stay two or three days or longer. J. J. Only keeps a very good house at this point and his charges are moderate.

On July 29 last Mr. Ellery Stebbins, of Clinton, N. Y., and myself, started for Reed's Bay for a two days' fishing. The result was 188 as fine small-mouth bass as one could wish to see, a large number of them weighing from 2½ to 3½ lbs. on the scale. The first day we captured 108 bass, trolling with minnows and flies. What we call our record day was really a part of two days, the weather being so bad we could fish only four five hours each day. Still, with all the disadvantages of a hard thunderstorm, high winds, etc., we saved 80 beauties. We caught several doubles, some of them weighing upward of 2 lbs. each. One large one got away with a No. 1 Sproat hook of mine, and in less than twenty minutes Stebbins took him in out of the wet with my hook in his mouth; he weighed 3½ lbs. My hooks are tied with a different colored thread from any I have seen, so there can be no mistake as to its being the same fish. Our catch was pronounced the finest lot of bass brought into Cape Vincent for two years.

F. A. ELIOTT.

CLINTON, New York.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your contributors, if I understand them aright, seem to doubt that grayling are found in the streams of the Rocky Mountains, and one thinks that another correspondent mistakes whitefish for grayling. I have caught whitefish, grayling and trout in the Madison River and its tributaries in Montana in 1864 and again in 1883. How any person who ever heard or read a description of a grayling, or saw a woodcut of one, could mistake a mountain whitefish for a grayling is past my comprehension. I could excuse a careless observer if he confounded a grayling with a mountain trout.

In 1883 I did much fishing in the Madison and its small tributaries. We would take ten times as many whitefish as trout, and about the same ratio as to trout and grayling, trout being the more abundant.

In 1886 a friend in Montana, a fine fisherman, long a resident of Madison county, wrote me that grayling had become very plenty in that river—that at a point where we had fished in 1883 grayling were plentier than trout, and that trout and whitefish were plenty. Whitefish have a mouth much like the sucker, adapted to gathering food on the bottom of the stream, such as crustacea. In fact, by an examination of whitefish I caught, I found they were then feeding on such food. In the latter year my wife, daughter, myself and a guide tramped and camped for thirty days in the vicinity of and in the National Park, doing much fishing. The guide, who had been in the country since 1863, informed me he knew, in

1863, of a fine place for taking whitefish in the Madison, at the upper end of the Upper Madison Cañon. So I made it a point to stop there for dinner and let the horses graze, and laid in a store of grasshoppers as we went up the cañon. In about an hour's time we took about a bushel of whitefish—did not attempt to count them. When our "hoppers" were exhausted we resorted to horse flies, which we caught on our horses. That fly proved to be a killing bait. About as soon as the bait struck the water we would take a fish.

The bottom of the river at that point was filled with small stones, and quite rapid, and the water lukewarm, occasioned by the inflow of hot and warm water from springs along the margin of the stream above that point and from the Firehole Basin. I surmised the reason that fish were so plenty at that point was that the water was of a temperature to facilitate the growth of crustacea, and thus become a feeding ground, or that the water of the river above that point was too warm for them, as such springs were very plenty from that point up the river.

For table use I consider the whitefish as palatable as trout or grayling; in fact, many of the residents there prefer the whitefish. I found the whitefish gamy, making a strong fight, a fight as strong as the trout, if not stronger; hanging, as one of your correspondents says, to the bottom of the stream. H. L.

A CAMP ON THE LICKING.

JOE, Jim and Jack made up the trio that undertook, one May afternoon, to make a reality of much talk and much planning an expedition to the wilds of Licking Creek, in Pennsylvania, object of said expedition being to prevent in some measure a too close peopling of the finny natives of that stream, those beauties with the gorgeous spots and silvery sheen.

A covered wagon at last held the commissary stores for man and beast, and the numerous impedimenta of three fishers: these last proceeded to stow themselves away in the remaining space, and the party were soon en route; not, however, ere we had been focused in the eye of the watchful editor, who we well knew would make us, nolle volle, the subject of a news item.

After traversing eight or ten miles of roads of all degrees of roughness, we arrived at the wooded country; here and there a number of abandoned homes were passed, the clearings for which the surrounding forests were rapidly closing up. Deserted homes are supposed to be viewed with rather sombre feelings, but in this case not so, but with a grim satisfaction that here at least the forest area was more than holding its ground.

Arrived at the point selected for our rendezvous, another deserted place, a very few minutes were spent in looking the ground over. By general consent camp arrangements were postponed till it should be too late to fish, and a match was begun on the creek. Joe and Jack decided to work upward while Jim followed the stream down. The former two could hardly think it possible that in such ideal water they should not receive a rise at least to every other cast. The case was different, however, and when the party met in the late twilight, they were still fishless, besides minus some of their fishy exuberance. Jim's reel on inspection was found to contain but four trout, so we then and there decided that the trout for good and sufficient reasons were not at home to us that evening, but we promised to call again on the morrow.

On our return to camp we saw that some hustling would have to be done, before we could fill the void aching beneath our belts, so with a right good will all set to work and by nine we were all enjoying our first meal in camp. The meal dispatched, camp was cleaned for a camp-fire chat. All good things must end, and toward midnight several moves were made to retire, but all were loth to shut out in sleep the charm of the surrounding scene—save for the constant gurgle of the mountain stream, and the uncanny notes of the whippoorwill, the woods were perfectly silent. At last the thought of the early rise in the morning drove us off to seek rest for another day's activity.

Preparations for a good start were begun in the morning, but trifling over our breakfast, caused the sun to be well up before we marched out. I will not state in numbers the day's take, but brother anglers have no fear, that that we are of that species denominated the "trout-hog". Jack scored best in size, his largest fish completely hiding a foot-rule. The magnetic thrill of pleasure he experienced on taking this one, he declared sufficient recompense alone for this trip.

After ten hours steady fish from six to four, and that without lunch, more than hungry and with aching limbs, we again sought our camp. A hurried, but good dinner eaten, the unwelcome task of breaking camp presented itself. All too soon were affairs in shape for leaving, and away we rolled homeward bound, with the thought that there still remained some places in which one could commune with nature in wildness primeval. ONYJUTTA.

CAPE COD NOTES.

BLUEFISH continue scarce, but a few are taken almost daily at Woods Holl. Three were taken by a fisherman on July 28—two of them at one time. Mr. Slaughter caught one weighing 7½ lbs. and another weighing 6½ lbs. July 29. On the 31st Mr. John Field took a fine one weighing 8½ lbs. 7oz. from the rocks, chumming with menhaden and heaving and hauling with live eel for bait. This is the bait generally used now at this place. One of the best catches of recent date was a 3½ lbs. striped bass and six bluefish by one line. The bass seemed to find the eel exactly what it wanted. A few tautog are caught in Buzzard's Bay and in the "Hole." Sea bass are not yet plentiful, but scup of a larger size are coming in now. A brier ray, which is not at all common here, was obtained on the 27th and shipped to Washington to be cast for the Columbian exposition. A cramp fish or torpedo was one of the curiosities brought in alive a few days ago. The shocking powers of this singular fish were tested by a number of people, among them one of the Fish Commission employees, who undertook to help lift it into an aquarium. The result can be imagined—the employee dropped a remark and the torpedo at about the same time. A big sturgeon, captured last month, was cleaned and from it were taken three basketfuls of eggs. T. H. B.

WOODS HOLL, Mass.

A MONSTER SUNFISH.

ON Aug. 4 Story & Stevens secured from one of the harbor traps a curiosity in the shape of a sunfish about 4ft. long and 4½ ft. in width. It weighed about 150 pounds and was evidently an old-timer, as leeches and barnacles were clinging to it.

The above mention from the Gloucester (Mass.) *Daily Times* calls to our notice one of the most singular of the fishes appearing as summer visitors on the New England coast. The sunfish has been aptly distinguished by Dr. Jordan as a fish "apparently composed of a head to which small fins are attached." A good figure of the species is published in the "Fishery Industries, U. S.," plate 35. The mouth is very small and the teeth of each jaw are united into a beak. The dorsal and anal fins are very far back and the tail fin is a mere narrow fringe scarcely separated from the first two.

Points which make the sunfish a curiosity are its great size, odd shape and singular habit of floating almost horizontally at the surface of the water. It reaches a weight of 800 lbs. and is known in all temperate and tropical seas. Floating sluggishly for days at a time and slowly moving its breast fin above the surface, it is sure to attract notice and is easily captured, but as worthless when taken as the sun-jellies upon which it feeds. The Italians call the fish *mola*, which is Latin for millstone; another name, given in the "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," is head-fish, in allusion to the disproportionate size of the head. The flesh is not eaten, as it consists chiefly of oil and tough fibers.

STRIPED BASS IN A MILL POND.

IN the city of Bridgeton, N. J., is a large mill pond of about 160 acres, which was made primarily by a dam over the headwaters of the Cohansay River in 1814, and the area of the pond was increased about 1835 by a dam further down the stream. This pond has in it the ordinary pond fish of New Jersey, sunfish, "raccoon" (yellow) perch, pike, catfish, eels, suckers, and a rare fish known here as the "silver fish," besides large quantities of roach, which furnish food for the other fish. About twelve years ago it was stocked by the West Jersey Game Protective Society with small-mouthed black bass, which have become very abundant and have been taken up to 6 lbs. weight.

The most extraordinary catch was made yesterday. A rock, or striped bass, was taken in the middle of the pond in about 15 ft. of water, with a large roach for bait, by a glass-blower, who sold the fish in the town as a black bass. Its weight was 8½ lbs. This seemed to me an extraordinary catch. The employee of the Iron Works who guards the pond claims that this is one of the small rock which he placed in the pond several years ago, which he had taken with a net from the river below the dam. I think the better explanation is that this fish had ascended from the river when the waste gates were raised last week to vent the water from a freshet which had broken a dam further up the stream, and which endangered the dam at this pond. It must have required wonderful power for this fish to ascend the waterfall caused by the raising of the gates. F. S. J. C.

AUG. 5.

STRANGE CAPTURE OF A TROUT.—Mr. Gillies, Edington Mill, and a friend (Mr. Jones, from London) were fishing from a boat in the dam road at Edington Mill, when a large fish was observed feeding in the shallow water just under Pear Bank stream. Mr. Jones carefully rowed up behind the fish and Mr. Gillies threw the line, which caught a swallow a few feet off the end of the rod. The swallow and the worm struck the water at the same time, and the fish was seen to move round. On pulling up the line the fish was found struggling in the water and the swallow in the air. The latter soon freed itself, and it was fortunate it did, as the fish claimed all attention by at once making for the deep water. The tackle used being very fine, great care had to be used, and the fish had a great deal of its own way; but after a fine run of a quarter of an hour he was safely landed into the boat and proved to be a yellow trout in splendid condition, which on being weighed turned the scale at just over 3½ lbs.—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

THE SALMON FISHING.—The season is practically over in New Brunswick rivers, and it has been unsatisfactory because of a lack of rain. The waters are clear and low and altogether too warm to induce salmon to dally with the artificial fly. The reserve of Mr. I. W. Adams, treasurer of the American Net and Twine Co., on the lower Nipissiquit, has yielded about sixty salmon and grise to four rods, a poor showing for so fine a stream, but better than that of many other celebrated waters. The Cascadia and the Restigouche fell far behind their usual record. Salmon were plentiful enough and netters reaped a rich harvest at the mouths of the rivers, but the conditions were dead against the fly-fisherman who liberally dispersed his gold and lost his patience in the upper reaches.

GLoucester, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A day or two ago I was informed by a resident of Riverdale that on Sunday, July 25, the mill pond there was alive with young alewives from 1 to 2½ in. long. About the same time the water was allowed to run out of the pond, and in a large, deep hole near the dam great quantities of white perch were seen. Yesterday morning a lot of mackerel got caught in the canal near the bridge, and men and boys dipped them up with nets and with their hands. The fish were of good size and quality, and were estimated to be about twenty barrels. The *Daily Times* has a note on a big eel captured in Cape Pond on Aug. 2, which was 37 in. long and weighed 4½ lbs. dressed.—E. F. LOCKE.

UNION BRIDGE, Md.—The Monocacy has been furnishing some pretty good bass fishing during this season. Rain has greatly interfered with anglers, however. During the first few days of July good catches were made. On the 1st Messrs. Dern and Hollingberger caught seventeen bass, ranging from ½ to 2½ lbs. each, and since that date have had a fair day's fishing, Dern catching two weighing 2½ and 2½ lbs. Later, should the weather clear, we hope to give you full scores from our little river, which is well stocked with bass.—C. A.

TADPOLE BAIT FOR BASS.—Charles Parkins has been enjoying some fine bass sport with a new fly. It is intended as a large trout fly. He made it for Prof. Lee, of St. Clair, and has named it after that gentleman. It has red wings, hackle and tail; it has a combination body finished off in gold tinsel, the colors being red, orange and yellow. Mr. Parkins went up to the dam and threw the fly one day several weeks ago. He caught forty nice bass. A few weeks later he caught fifteen. In speaking of his experience Mr. Parkins said: "You can't catch very large bass with a fly at the dam on account of the number of boats passing. For bait fishing for bass this year you will find tadpoles the best. It is funny, but last year liver was found to be the best bait. The fisherman must change his bait to suit the demand of the fish. In rivers helgramite, small frogs and stone catfish are the best."—*Pottsville (Pa.) Chronicle*.

DUTY ON FLY MATERIALS.—In referring to "Free Trade's" note on the duties levied on sportsmen's and tourists' belongings by the Canadian customs authorities, what consideration can we expect from other countries as long as our own tariff laws are so onerous and prohibitive? I have been trying to teach myself to tie salmon flies lately, and but few of the necessary materials are to be had in this country. I have imported a few feathers, tinsels, etc., by mail, and have had to pay as high as 45 per cent. duty, lost much time at custom house, and had to sign eight documents and pay for blanks.—*THEODORE GORDON*.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July 28.—Fishing in Fernwood Lake has not been good of late; after trolling for over two hours recently I took only one white perch, and my companion caught nothing during the whole afternoon. Very little angling is done in the fresh waters here. We have white perch, yellow perch, pickrel and bass. A pond has been stocked with German carp, but I have not heard that any have been seen. A short time ago I saw the largest mackerel I have ever seen; it measured 24 in. in length, 12 in. in circumference, and weighed 4½ lbs. It was taken at Cape Cod.—*E. F. L.*

BLUEFISHING AT PERTH AMBOY.—In your issue of July 30 is published a letter from me. In that letter I should have written that our boatman was Frank Dawson, instead of John Davison, as was published. Mr. Frank Dawson claims to know where the center of fishery is located, and with the belief that honor belongs to whom honor is due, I ask that this correction be made.—*H. C. W.*

BLACK BASS.—Greenwood Lake, New Jersey, has furnished excellent bass fishing during the past week. The fish are of the large mouth species and of small average size, although occasional big ones are seen. Scores of 42, 50 and 70 in a day have been reported, the last made by Mr. Fred Clark, of Storm's Island. Helgramites, crayfish and frogs are the successful baits, and still-fishing brought better returns than casting.

SHARKS AND DOGFISH.—With the improvement of the summer fishing come the fisherman's pests, to drive off edible fishes and cause danger to apparatus and danger to life. In the vicinity of Cape Ann, Mass., line fishing for cod is seriously interrupted by dogfish, a small kind of shark, and near Seaville large and ferocious man-eating sharks have made their appearance, and two men have been grievously bitten by them.

THE ANGEL SHARK.—A specimen of the rare shark, *Squalina angelus*, was taken near Atlantic City, N. J., last week, by Capt. Jos. L. Gaskill, of the Life Saving Service. The specimen measured 4 ft., and is on exhibition at the pier where it has been an object of great curiosity.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, Maine, has been stocked with land-locked salmon, and, apparently, with success. At Kinco, a lady from New York took one recently that weighed about 4 lbs. On July 27 Mrs. J. F. Hildreth, while trolling in the lake, caught a salmon weighing 6½ lbs.

A SHARK 12 ft. long was caught at Block Island recently and exhibited on Block Island dock. Whenever bluefish are plentiful on any part of the coast sharks may be seen feeding upon them, but menhaden suffer vastly more than bluefish from such depredations.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

IV.

Sing a song o' trout-ing,
"Three-pound fish, I yum!"
Biggest fish in that ere brook
"That ever swallowed yum."
When the "whale" was hefted
He didn't weigh a pound.
Wasn't that a pretty lie
To be a traveling round!

NEW JERSEY.

O. O. S.

V.

There was a young man lived in Youghall
Was the biggest liar since Adam's foughall.
For the fish that he bought
He'd swear that he'd caught—
This young man of unlimited goughall.

LOUISIANA.

H. P. U.

A QUEER DECISION.

THERE has been a curious decision in France upon the right of ownership in private fish; that is, fish bred and brought up and protected in private waters, but which had escaped to waters owned by other proprietors. A Mr. St. Vincent, living in the Department of Marne, in France, was the happy possessor of an artificial pond built in the center of a running stream, but protected and shut in by a dam and a screen from the waters above and below. There he raised his fish. The report does not say whether they were trout, black bass, carp, or that favorite of the French sporting gentleman's heart, the merry little gudgeon. They were not only his property but his pets, and the law stood with its legs over his right and title to do with them as he would, possibly even that he might fish for them out of season, but certainly that no other ruthless hand could deprive him of their possession and enjoyment. Unfortunately there came a flood, and the waters roared and raged and beat upon that dam, and tore at that screen, and shook and shattered and undermined it, and finally swept it wholly away and allowed the pets and the property to pass down into other regions as the prey of the spoiler. Such things have happened in this country, and human nature is human nature the

world over, and French nature is not so unlike American nature as they think, in their pride of giving extravagant fashions and a difficult language to the rest of the world. The riparian owners of the stream below the former dam of Mr. St. Vincent proceeded promptly and manfully to fish for their squamond pets and property of the said St. Vincent, just as the riparian proprietors and many vagrant anglers have been in the habit of taking advantage of similar heartrending accidents upon the soil of Long Island. They thought they were in their right and gloated over the misfortune of the modern saint which had thus suddenly turned to their profit. The bank of that stream was lined with their rods and the current filled with their dobbers by the by, this is a good old Dutch word, so don't despise it), while the willow owner wrung his hands and said, "Sacré bleu, sapristeche, sapristie, nom de Di-u," and possibly even more improper words in his native tongue.

But having got through railing at fate, his rage gave him an inspiration, and he commenced suit against the sportsmen who were thus making sport and gain on his misadventures. He went to French law, it must be distinctly understood, and French law is a wonderful and incomprehensible article. No one need be surprised at anything from French law, whether it is got out of the Code Napoleon or the dusty recesses of the judicial mind. There is only one result that can be confidently and invariably relied upon: it is that in a case between a foreigner and a Frenchman it will always decide for the Frenchman. Vide, the remarkable case where it required an American father-in-law, whose daughter had married the Frenchman, to support the father-in-law or count son-in-law, whichever he might be, as it said, "according to what would have been his station in life if the daughter had lived and become heir to her father."

But this case of Mr. St. Vincent was "Greek meet Greek," and, strange as it may seem, out of the intricacies of French law, he won his case, not only on the first trial, but upon appeal to the French court, where the decision was confirmed. How the court managed to determine a certain side issue, the report of this interesting decision does not tell. For example, how were these riparian proprietors, possessed as they were of the right of fishing upon their own domain, to arrange not to catch the private fish of their neighbor, Mr. St. Vincent? Thus raising a question as complicated as our own beautiful statute, which provides that an angler shall not catch any fish less than six in. long, and compels him to find out beforehand how big a bite he is about to get. And when the court fixed the amount of damages which these involuntary poachers were to pay, how could it tell how many of their basketfuls were of their own inherent gudgeons, supposing them to have been gudgeons, and how many were interloping gudgeons?

Moreover, were not these law-breakers entitled to compensation for the food and nourishment of the strangers, which they had thus unwittingly taken from their gates for the period of their sojourn before they were illegally yanked from their native element? This would raise the further question of what would be the cost of maintaining and entertaining fish per diem, and as that depends upon their relative size and weight, and as they have to secure their own food, which often consists of deleterious insects, whose destruction would be a benefit instead of a detriment, the calculation is a tricky one.

However, I give you the precedent for what it is worth. The dam of the famous and wealthy South Side Club, which has done such royal work in producing and cultivating trout, may give way some day and the vandals below may undertake to imitate the neighbors of Mr. St. Vincent. Then this decision will come into play, although the four following horns of dilemma will have to be considered: First, shall the owners of the stream thus favored by fate be restricted catching their own trout at the peril of "damages-interests," as this case says? Second, shall they be forbidden to fish at all thereafter for all time? Third, shall the owner of the broken pond be allowed to enter upon their property in spite of the ancient saws about *quare clausum fregit*, to recapture his own fish and those only? Or, fourth (finally and in conclusion, as our good old sermons used to put it), in what imaginable way is the former proprietor to get his property in to his possession anyhow?—*Robert B. Roosevelt in New York Times*.

Fishculture.

FISH HATCHERY FOR VERMONT.

THE State fish hatchery will be located at Roxbury, on land donated for the purpose by E. N. Spaulding, of that town. The site was selected upon the recommendation of Commissioner Elliott B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Commission.

Commissioner McDonald is now in Vermont, to decide upon a location for the new station for which the last Congress appropriated \$5,000. Several essential conditions will determine the choice in this case as in all others; there must be a bountiful supply of clear, spring water of even temperature and capable of delivery into the hatchery by gravity. The location must be central in the region which it is intended to supply and with railroad communication to its distributing points. It is often difficult to find all of the necessary conditions present in localities which seem at first glance to be eminently suitable.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—The United States "Fish Farm," at Nessho, in this State, is progressing finely. The station is one mile from Nessho and contains 13 acres of ground, in which there are 18 pools and ponds, around which are laid out well-kept walks and drives. The water area of the hatchery amounts to 145,000 sq. ft. of surface, and the water itself is admirably adapted for its purpose. The product of the hatchery last year was 22,000 rainbow trout, 12,000 brown trout, 500 speckled trout, 1,350 red-eye perch, 1,750 carp, 9,907 tench, and 17,000 gold fish. The estimated production for this year is as follows: Twenty thousand black bass, 3,000 croppie, 15,000 carp, 15,000 tench, 10,000 red-eye perch, 5,000 gold fish, 12,000 speckled trout, 18,000 brown trout, and 12,000 rainbow trout. The trout do well in the waters at Nessho, and also at Mammoth Springs, the head of the Merrimac River. Mr. James, one of the owners of Mammoth Springs, informs us that there are seven miles of good trout water at that place, and that there are now California trout there which will weigh 5 lbs. These were planted by the U. S. Fish Commission some years ago. There are other streams in the Ozark Range where this trout would do well, and it may be that trout fishing may yet be numbered among the sporting offerings of this State.

VERMONT FISH HATCHERY.—The directors of the State fish hatchery, Messrs. C. C. Warren, of Waterbury; R. B. Noyes, of St. Johnsbury, and Dr. H. H. Swift, of Pittsford, held a meeting at Burlington, and decided, upon the recommendation of Col. Elliott B. Hodge, of Plymouth, N. H., to locate the new building at Roxbury. Mr. E. N. Spaulding has donated the land necessary for the purpose. There is a desire on the part of some persons to see the United States hatchery, for which the last Congress appropriated \$5,000, located at St. Johnsbury. Commissioner McDonald will soon visit the proposed sites and make a selection.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto, C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. E. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Youkers, N. Y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles F. Connell, Secretary.

WHITE WINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of July 30 a letter signed J. MacKelcan, who states that he is an old journalist, and, therefore, not afraid to sign his name to all he writes to the press. For all I know he may be an old journalist, but when he gets into kennel matters his journalistic abilities do not shine out very prominently. He ought to know that when writing upon doggy affairs (as well as on other topics) it is requisite to know what one is writing about, or he is pretty sure to fall into error.

Now, we will take his letter from the commencement and be as brief as possible. He infers that Mr. George Bell did not own White Wings. Now I can vouch for his being in partnership with Mr. Ireson in the Seaton Kennels; however, any one doubting this can easily have it verified by writing Mr. Ireson as to the truth of this assertion. Consequently it is only natural that Mr. Bell would handle his dogs at the shows at which he exhibited them, instead of "being employed by Mr. Ireson to attend to them," as your correspondent puts it. He then goes on to inform your readers how White Wings was brought into existence, and this is where he should have come to a full stop, for the rest of his letter is only a conglomeration of errors. He states that Ranger beat Gem of the Season last year at Cleveland. In the first place, this show was held April 14 to 17 of this year, and these two dogs did not compete in the same class. Gem of the Season won in the challenge class and Ranger in the open class. However, Mr. MacKelcan may have reference to a race which was held during the show in which Ranger proved the victor. He concludes his letter to you by stating that White Wings, the only time shown, won in her class over twenty competitors at the Members' show of the T. K. C. Now, if Mr. M. would only strike off a cypher, he would come nearer the truth, as instead of twenty there happened only to be two competitors in this class.

Now in his extract taken from the *Globe* he is also astray. He gives the time of the running at the Woodbine by White Wings and Ranger for 440 yds. as 25½ and 25¾ seconds, whereas the time recorded by Messrs. Ireson and Bell was 26¾. White Wings beating Ranger by half a length.

In conclusion, I trust that our "old journalist" when he "effuses" again on kennel matters will endeavor to ascertain facts so that people who do not know may not be led astray.

TORONTO, Can.

H. P. THOMPSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your permission I would like to say a few words regarding Mr. MacKelcan's letter in your issue of July 30, and perhaps may be able to throw a little light on the subject.

Some time ago Mr. Bell informed me that he had acquired an interest in Mr. Ireson's kennel of greyhounds, and desired Jolly Ranger (since shortened to Ranger) to be added to his list of stud dogs in the *Canadian Kennel Gazette*. In an interview with Mr. Ireson shortly after, he (Mr. Ireson) corroborated Mr. Bell's statement. White Wings won first at the Toronto Kennel Club's club show in May, the only other entry being Mr. Fitzsimmons's Why Not. Where were the remaining eighteen?

In writing this I have no other object than to correct positive misstatements, which, I am sure, were not published with Mr. Ireson's knowledge or sanction.

H. B. DONOVAN.

TORONTO, Can.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the July 30 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, under the heading "How is This?" Mr. J. MacKelcan says Gem of the Season was beaten last year at Cleveland by Jolly Ranger. Gem of the Season was at that time in England. If he meant last spring, Gem of the Season was not then and never has been beaten by Jolly Ranger. I think it would be wiser if Mr. MacKelcan would confine himself to facts.

A. W. PURBECK.

SALEM, Mass.

A DOG'S DEVOTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend of mine being a lover of dogs and the chase, keeps an excellent pack of hounds and puts in his leisure days, during the fall and winter months, in hunting foxes.

At the close of a run last November one of his favorites was missing, but as the chase had extended over several miles of new country it was thought he had fallen in with another pack and would soon be heard from, or get starved out and come home for his rations. However, as the week passed and nothing was heard of him he became convinced that some reprobate had shot him out of pure cussedness, and maledictions dire were heaped on the head of the slayer of poor Dick.

Among his canine family was an intelligent sheepdog, and one of his many accomplishments was that he knew the name of every horse on the farm, and when sent to the pasture for a particular animal would single it out and bring it up to the barn lot. Sometimes the others would come with it, but the animal wanted was certain to be on hand. After the hound was missed the sheepdog was absent a good part of the time, seldom coming home except for food, when it would eat the smaller pieces with haste and filling his mouth with the larger portion start in the direction of the barn, as was supposed to finish his meal in peace and without interference from the hounds.

One morning it occurred to some of the family to watch him, when they saw him cross the fields toward an old straw stack a half a mile from the farmhouse. They followed him, and to their surprise found the favorite hound in an emaciated condition with a broken leg and a bad wound in his side that he received in some manner in this last race. The faithful collie was wild with joy. When he saw his master coming, he ran to him and putting his fore feet on his breast barked with delight, then ran to the straw stack and back again to his master, manifesting his pleasure in unmistakable dog talk. The dog had carried his own food to the hound for over a week and went without himself. The patient was placed carefully in a blanket, and on the way home the sheepdog headed the procession, the proudest dog in the county.

The invalid was given comfortable quarters, and carefully nursed, but even then Shep would not wholly give up his charge but would lie with him for hours on his pallet of straw, evidently sympathizing with and keeping him company, and not until Dick was able to take his place in the pack did he resign his guardianship.

CAMERON.

ELSAH, Ill.

GREYHOUNDS AND GREYHOUND JUDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I certainly must take exception to some of the remarks made by Dr. Mills in your issue of July 23, regarding Mr. Huntington's decisions at the late New York show, and ask him for proof of the statement that his opinion of the error made by Mr. Huntington in "donning the ermine" is "proved by events."

I will ask the doctor what judge ever entered the ring at the W. K. C. show, for the first time, and came out with more flying colors than did Mr. H. Perhaps, in the history of American dogdom, never has a judge been placed in such a delicate and trying position, and the great credit Mr. H. did to himself is worthy of being emulated. His best friends met side by side in friendly rivalry, assured they would get both an impartial and intelligent decision and—they surely did. I spent many hours at the W. K. C. show among the greyhound men and failed to hear either any of his friends or any judge of a greyhound take the slightest exception to the award of special prize to ch. Balkis, over Gem of the Season, and I will esteem it a great favor if Dr. Mills will mention one friend of Mr. H.'s who is a greyhound judge, who dissents from the decision. As to the decision being "a great blunder" let me assure Dr. Mills he either does not know the requirements of a greyhound or if he does, is too biased to see through other glasses than his own. That Gem of the Season is a hard one to beat goes without saying. He, a dog brimfull of quality, is a bit better in head than Balkis, and not so wide in front, but aside from that where stands Balkis? For legs and feet he has no superior, he has a far better back than Gem, while from the last rib to his hind feet he out-points Gem a hundred fold.

I have for many years lived in Kansas where almost our only enjoyment and pastime was coursing jack rabbits. I have coursed them week in and week out, and my friends will testify I never owned the worst greyhound in the State but rather the other way. I have bred greyhounds by the score, sold them, exchanged them and bought a good one when I saw it, and if Dr. Mills knew the first principles of coursing and the requirements of a greyhound he would know that placing ch. Balkis (that grand old sire) over Gem of the Season was not "a great blunder."

He would also know that excepting the exceptions which are very rare, a greyhound short between his couplings, high on his hind legs, without his hocks being well let down and his hind legs tucked under, his body can never be considered to be built on correct greyhound lines. If he does not believe this let him look over the dogs that run for the Great Waterloo or come out to Kansas next October and see the outline of those that win.

Before setting himself up as a greyhound authority against such a man as Mr. Huntington who has bred more winners than probably the Doctor has dogs, I would advise him to study a little more or not talk about "great blunders" unless he wishes the criticism to revert to himself.

Gem is a very taking and flashy dog, but with his short back, tucked up loin and high set up hock, he can no more beat ch. Balkis than Elcho can beat Scavenger. Dr. Mills must remember that the propelling power of a greyhound lies back of the ribs, not in front of them, and a greyhound not right there will be beaten by a dog that is. Let us hear from some of the judges on this, as I think it a question of great moment to the greyhound cause. GREYHOUND OSBORN.

NEW YORK CITY.

MASTIFF JUDGING AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is unfortunate that this subject is kept to the fore. It seemed the universal wish to dismiss the many and grievous mistakes made, as lightly as possible, stamping them with disapproval and letting them be forgotten. Had this course been accepted by all, forgetfulness would have drawn its pall over the unfortunate affair, but the absurd defenses of the serious mistakes made have fanned the flame again, and the interests of mastiff judging for the future demand emphatic condemnation of these defenses far more than the original mistakes do.

As I said before, I did not see Beaufort at the time of judging, but I did see him not more than half an hour after, and being dazed at the awards, asked Mr. Winchell to take the dog off the bench that I might see his condition at that moment. There were Messrs. G. G. Stephenson, George Glazier, Chas. E. Wallack and others present when Mr. Winchell took the dog off, and all coincided in the opinion that no dog ever showed more vigor and activity. I remember as well as though it were an hour since, how nimbly he hopped up on his bench again, and the easy power he displayed in all his movements.

The statements of anonymous scribblers that Beaufort showed the extremity of decrepitude, the wavering ghost of mortality in the last gasp, are of no weight. The statement that the writer will not put his name to is very much emptier than air; but the statement of the judge as to this point is entitled to respect. Now, as the dog most positively did not show any signs of weakness or weariness half an hour before the judging or half an hour after, a search for an explanation of the judge's statement is necessary. My theory is this: I understand that the judging was protracted, that the dogs were trotted out and in, back and forward for a long time. Beaufort is a dog of marked mental peculiarities, and while the best show I ever saw (except C. O. D.), having the faculty of setting himself in the best positions if left to himself, I fancy he got disgusted with aimless trottings around, and "it makes me tired" was the view he took.

This is not an unusual trick of dogs; it is on record that the oldtime champion, Miss Hales's Lion, had this trick; he would show well for a while, and if kept too long at it would lie down and go to sleep, disgusted with useless performances. My DeBuch, a dog of tremendous power and activity, was another; he was very lively for a while, both at Pittsburgh and New York shows, but he got disgusted at the long judging at the former, and Mr. Watson just got inside the line of his endurance at New York.

Now, what is the duty of the judge in such cases? Evidently to determine whether the dog's appearance is due to physical weakness, or mere transitory environments. One or two trots across the ring should satisfy the judge whether he moves all right and there is no use in keeping up a procession. The judge must confine himself to the appearance of the dog when before him, but it is his duty to determine what share he had in effecting a change in the dog's appearance. Again I must condemn as most mischievous the dictum of the judge that earning large stud fees and winning prizes are incompatible. Such mischievous nonsense as this was never before announced in connection with dog shows, and the "per curiam" of the judge that he would frown down all such attempts, should relegate him to other pursuits than dog judging. Is a stud dog disqualified from winning show prizes? Or must a show dog not be used in the stud?

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 30 a very wild letter appears from the wilder brains of an anonymous correspondent. If he saw the dog in the ring, as I much doubt, he must have been as disabled as he describes Beaufort. Of course, in such a state some one would "totter around the ring." Such authority as Mr. Charles Mason, Mr. Wm. Wade, Mr. E. G. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wallack and others agree that Beaufort was never shown in better shape. Mr. Wade

says of him there that "he was as active as a cat, without showing a trace of weakness. I know that most positively, having the best opportunities of seeing this." If there was a word of truth in the assertions of the unknown, why was he the only one to discover it? It is one thing I admire about the unknown, he sticks up for the side that is down; but why not be a man about it, and not be ashamed to sign what he asserts. Ninety-nine times in a hundred an anonymous correspondent writes what he knows to be a falsehood. The truth is, I think that he did not see the dog, for if he did he could not have had the assurance to state what he has, even when the judge says in his own defense in his report, "That his awards of Beaufort have met with almost universal disapproval." Is the unknown not in the same condition that the Rev. Mr. Stiggins was when he was brought to the temperance meeting drunk, and he got up and gravely "declared the whole meeting drunk." There is one thing about the judge's defense in his report, that I called his attention to, Beaufort's being exhausted in stud service and his feebleness. I did say that he had been well used in the stud, as I was proud of his appearance there, as it showed what a grand one he was in activity and condition.

Would it be natural to call the judge's attention to what would throw him back or entirely out? All who are familiar with Beaufort in the ring know that he is the most perfect trained dog there, that he always appears at his best; his every position is one of grace, any boy could lead him in the ring and show him to as good advantage as the most expert handler, if they will lead him by the end of his chain and let him have his own way. He has been educated for the ring as no other dog I ever saw. Mastiffs have not advanced as they should for the last two years or so. Is it not partly on account of the uncertainty of the mastiff awards at the principal shows, as some of the sporting papers assert? Whatever it has been, they can again be brought to the front if the breeders will work together. I am glad that Mr. Whitney has given it a push in the right direction with his broad shoulders; let others do as much according to their means, though their purse may not be so big. Let's bring a class of mastiffs before the judge at New York that America will be proud of. Let each breeder bring his best, though he may not win first, he will have the satisfaction of knowing where he stands. The chances are that there will be a judge there then, who is recognized as an authority. It is now quite certain that champion Beaufort will go back soon unless purchased here. England knows the value of such a stud dog as Beaufort. The dollars England has received from America since he has been here have been few. It pays her better to sell America his puppies at high prices. Figures would show that we have paid England more money for Beaufort blood than that of all the other stud dogs combined.

J. L. WINCHELL.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't know whether, because I was not born a man, I should be debarred from contributing to your interesting journal, but it was not my fault, I assure you, for if I had been consulted upon the specification, I might to-day have graced the Presidential chair instead of being the wife of one of the most ardent admirers of dogs and guns, and one whom many consider a first-class shot, too. Modesty, of course, forbids me giving my own opinion, but I do know he never fails to bring home game when he goes after it. I am very fond of intelligent canines myself, and the experience I have had in caring for every animal that could be construed into a hunting dog should, I think, entitle me to a little liberality in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. To be truthful, when I married Mr. Jones I was not aware that he was such a lover of dogs and guns, but that fact made no difference, for I have had ample time in finding this out, and my first lesson commenced soon after we were married. I proved such an apt scholar that I went through all the grades and graduated with a flourish. I was also mortally afraid of a shotgun, but I soon got over that, and, in fact, learnt how to shoot and load a gun myself. Only once when I tried to scrape acquaintance with a rifle I came near being disgusted with the performance, for I hit my mark so straight, and the target being of oak, the bullet rebounded with such force as to burn a streak on my forehead, and that settled the rifle business for a little while.

I have a better acquaintance with the canines than many would suppose, and though Mr. Jones is complimented so highly and praised so loudly about his management and training of dogs, I know that I have about as much to do with the training as he has; yet I am naturally relegated to the background and must perforce listen to his praises, and do nothing but grin and bear it. The first dog I was introduced to in the hunting line was a full-blooded Irish setter. I was "bedazzled" into taking the little thief when he was about five weeks old. Why he was called a setter puzzles me to this day, for he did everything but set while at home, and kept things going pretty lively, too, and all the time he looked so fearfully innocent. The way he grew, too, was amazing; I suppose it was the fresh air and the running so many miles away from home did the business. Mr. J. would leave home in the morning and tell me to take good care of that dog. Now that was reversing the order of things to what I was accustomed, for my father always had a dog to take good care of me. But I wished to obey orders, and the first time I left home locked the dog in the kitchen. On my return some hours later, I found the window—sash and all—gone, so was the dog, and by the way things looked, I was thankful there was any kitchen left. I thought I had better go, too, and skirmish around a little; but had I known that Irish setter a little better I might have saved my shoe leather. Mr. Jones came home, and, of course, explanations being in order, I went to see a friend and left him to solve the window and dog problem. He lost two days hunting for that dog, not with him; finally finding him ten miles in the country. Not much setting about that, but I thought in future he should practice the art a little. This all occurred in Wales, and for the purpose of my tale I must tell you that the majority of bedsteads used by those able to get them, were iron, with iron strips placed to hold the mattress or feather beds. To be doubly sure of having things comfortable, we had a mattress first, then a feather bed on top.

Next time I went from home I had an idea, and thought it a brilliant one, too. I chained the dog to the bedstead so firmly that if he went the bedstead must follow suit, and complacently left home thinking of woman's wit. Vain exultation! I returned to find the house, as far as the outside went, looking as I left it. I opened the front door. All was quiet. How glad I felt; and on good deeds intent meant to give the dog an extra supper. I opened the bedroom door—Goodness! Was it a dog or a spotted leopard that greeted me? Had some one turned my room into a feather-cleaning establishment? Instead of setting he had been engaged in biting, and so very successfully that not a vestige of mattress or bed was left, and the most feather-loving Indian would have been frantic at the exhibition. For three nights we slept in the cellar, and I had all the extra work I could attend to without the extra supper. Of the many experiences I had with that one dog alone I could fill a five-hundred-page book. Once he laid bare the mysteries of one of my haircloth chairs, one of a set that I was especially proud of. Then he concluded to chew up all the articles of clothing he could find hanging to dry, regardless of ownership. For some time I replaced those garments, but so frequently were his misdeeds brought home to me that, after exhausting my finances and my credit, I decided to investigate, and found that if that dog was ten miles away in the country the next

door neighbor's dress would be chewed up by him. Poor dog, and poor me, we were sadly imposed upon.

By degrees I concluded to take the dog with me on my rambles, and one day we espied a hare. I had heard Mr. J. say To Ho, and I said To Ho, too. The dog stopped with his bushy tail straight out. The hare stopped, and I stopped, too. For a time I thought we were all three paralyzed, and if an artist had come suddenly upon us just then what an admirable subject for his canvas he would have had. However, I got tired standing like a mummy and pulled at the dog's tail, he did not expect this and turned on me, but although he was disgusted he did not bite me, as I thought he would. He grew up a splendid animal and was sold for a high price when we left Wales, and soon after took first premium at a dog show at the town of Carmarthen. He was very fond of sugar, and would risk a whipping to get some any time. Mem.: For a thiefish, slick, catch-me-if-you-can dog, I commend the black blood every time.

MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

PHILADELPHIA K. C. DERBY ENTRIES.

THE entries for the Philadelphia Kennel Club's Derby of 1891 number 12 English setters, 6 pointers and 2 Irish setters, 20 altogether. The stake is open to all setter or pointer puppies whelped on or after January, 1890.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

TORY STOKER—(Francis R. Hitchcock), black, white and tan dog (Rebel—Trinket II.), Sept. 15.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS—(L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (Cincinnati—Cornelia G.), April 21.

HAZEL THE BLACKIE—(L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Cincinnati—Cornelia G.), April 21.

TENNYSON—(B. Ridgway), orange and white dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti), March.

BOOTH—(B. Ridgway), black white and tan dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti), March.

KATIE NOBLE II.—(F. G. Taylor), black, white and tan bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble), April 29.

NAT'S BOY (F. S. Brown & J. B. Ellison), black, white and tan dog (Nat Goodwin—Hazel).

NAT'S GIRL (F. S. Brown & J. B. Ellison), black, white and tan bitch (Nat Goodwin—Hazel).

SUSSET (F. S. Brown & J. B. Ellison), black, white and tan bitch (Nat Goodwin—Countess B.).

JOE LEWIS (J. O'H. Denny), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Fanny), April.

WINNIE NOBLE (J. O'H. Denny), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Fanny), April.

SIG GLADSTONE (J. O'H. Denny), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Diamond), March 18.

POINTERS.

HOXIE GODWIN (C. E. Connell), liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Fan Fan), May 7.

DICK LEE—(J. H. Winslow), liver and white dog (Dick Swiveller—Bloomo III.), May 6.

MACK NASO—(Dr. J. A. Hartman), liver and white dog (Nick of Naso—Lillie Dale), May 10.

MAY DOWNING—(Dr. J. A. Hartman), liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Chloe), Oct. 23.

TORY SQUIRE—(Francis R. Hitchcock), liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina), Sept. 6.

TORY BARON—(F. R. Hitchcock), liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina), Sept. 6.

IRISH SETTERS.

ADONIS—(H. E. Richards), dog (Champion Tim—Curren Bell II.), July 29.

BESS—(B. M. Vaughn), bitch (Champion Tim—Curren Bell II.), July 29.

All these with the exception of Mr. Connell's Hoxie Godwin were whelped in 1890.

DOG CHAT.

THE Rhode Island Poultry Association will hold a bench show in December, during the week commencing on the 16th. Mr. Michael Flynn, Jr., has the management of the affair and wishes to make the show a success, so that the managers of the Association may think fit to join the A. K. C. If sufficient inducements in the way of prizes is offered there is no reason why a nice little show should not be held. Mr. Lacy has been asked to judge all classes.

His many friends will be pained to learn that "Uncle Dick" is again pursued by misfortune, as Mrs. Fellows broke her leg in a most singular and unexplainable way. We are pleased, however, to learn that Mrs. Fellows is doing well under the circumstances and promises a speedy recovery.

One of our correspondents writes that some crank is poisoning the dogs in his neighborhood, chiefly valuable dogs. If any of our readers have had a like experience and can give any advice in the matter, we shall be glad if they will communicate with us, either confidentially or for publication.

We hear from Mr. John A. Logan that the bench show that was to have been held at Youngstown, Ohio, Sept. 1 to 4, has been abandoned. As this show would have conflicted with that held at Kingston, Ont., the arrangement is perhaps a wise one.

Mr. Paul Hacke's eight Barzois are now on their way from Russia, and on their arrival will go to Spratts' Kennels for a while to get rid of their sea legs and be freshened up before proceeding to Pittsburgh. This is without doubt one of the most important importations of dogs that has occurred for some time, and such a collection of Barzois as Mr. Hacke will now be able to show will be sure to create a craze for these dogs sooner or later.

"Namquoit" has his hands full nowadays with his new venture *Forest, Field and Shore*. He is owner, editor, and pretty nearly everything else, and we must say he deserves great credit both for his pluck and the very readable paper he has brought out. It will now be issued semi-monthly instead of monthly.

Mr. Lamb tells us that Clydesdale Nell, his newly-imported St. Bernard, whelped Aug. 3, 13 puppies, six dogs, by Lord Bute, and he is delighted with them. All are perfectly marked and healthy, and the bitch has plenty of milk. Mr. A. H. Moore purchased through Mr. Lamb the puppies Lady Brooke and Lady Myra, by Scottish Prince out of Hepsey. Lady Brooke weighed 6½ lbs. at four months. He ends up his letter with, "I sold three St. Bernards last week at good prices through my little 'ad' in your paper."

The Blue Grass Kennel Club, an association formed for giving a show at the coming State fair, has decided to hold a bench show Sept. 23, 24, 25 and 26, at Lexington, Ky. Application has been made for admission into the American Kennel Club, which meets Sept. 17, and the show will doubtless be given under A. K. C. rules. The services of the well-known Mr. Geo. H. Hill have been secured as superintendent and a liberal premium list has been decided upon. The secretary, Mr. Roger Williams, was until recently in partnership with Dr. Van Hummel in the Kookwood and Landsker Kennels and is a noted breeder of greyhounds. It was his intention to give up his kennels, but we are glad to see he still takes sufficient interest in dogs to boom the new

show along as its secretary. There are lots of good dogs that are within convenient distance of Lexington, so that they should be able to get up a good show. The old Meadowthorpe Kennel, with Scotch Bailey at the helm, evidently laid the seed that has now germinated in a practical form.

From what "Peto" says, it seems collies are deprived of the rights of a first offense in England, for he tells us of a case where a collie jumped at a horse which ran away and so injured itself that it had to be killed. In the suit for damages against the owner of the dog the judge decided that, although it was proved the dog had never misbehaved before, according to a law passed for the protection of sheep the collie was singled out as punishable at the first offense.

It is astonishing to what ends some people will go to secure their dogs winning in the ring. At a show held at Haverfordwest, a small town in Wales, a man showed a pointer that had won previously but was afflicted with a twitching, the result of distemper. He was advised to give the dog strychnine to pull it together while being judged. He did so—"not wisely but too well," and the dog fell down apparently in greatest agony. He recovered, but whether he will be any good for showing again is uncertain.

The new mastiff bitch Exeter Diree, that is to make its home in the Flour City Kennels, Rochester, N. Y., must by this time have arrived, as she sailed July 25 on the S. S. American. She is said to be in whelp to Exeter Boanerges, who is by champion Beaufort out of Bura. This will be another acquisition to this good kennel.

The St. Bernard interests of this country have in this year of 1891 received some fearful blows, the mortuary list showing such famous names as Ben Lomond, Alton, Hesper, Plevna and now Prince Regent and Scottish Prince. St. Bernard men congratulated themselves, and very properly, on the acquisition of such blood, as they were dogs that had already shown the ability to produce good stock before they were imported. Now we are set back, with one or two exceptions, almost to the same position as in 1889, as far as crack dogs go. We have, however, r. dogs of the same blood, which we must perforce pay more attention to, and we must remember that we still have Sir Bedivere, Plinlimmon, Watch and Aristocrat among the big guns. At the same time these heavy losses are calculated to break the heart of any but the truest fanciers and those with very long purses, and will make breeders pause and think twice before they pay the prices they have been doing the last year or two. These large figures do not represent the true value of the dog, because there is not one that can be depended upon to reimburse the buyer for the outlay. Three thousand dollars is a large sum of money to get back in stud fees. No dog ought to be put to stud until he has been at least six months in the country and become acclimated, for say what they will, this country is not a St. Bernard country, and we do not believe that dogs can be raised as they are in England; there are exceptions, but very few. What stud dogs, with one exception, although they have had good bitches, have produced St. Bernards that equal either themselves or their progeny begotten on the other side. It therefore seems clear that we must pay more attention to importing good specimens of the female sex, and in this division is where we fancy most of the money will go in future. Next week we will print some extracts from an article in *Fanciers' Gazette* (England) by "Conrad" that puts the situation plainly before breeders in England and shows in what a crippled state recent American importations have left St. Bernard breeders over there, and the death of these dogs have now made the situation still worse.

Mr. Eberhart writes us: "Score one for the dog in Cincinnati. Our Mayor has been forced, by strong opinion and thousands of the dog's friends, to call off his brutal dog catchers in Cincinnati, preparatory to turning over the whole business to the Ohio Humane Society, who will soon have full charge and conduct it mercifully. Much credit is due Messrs. Love and Todhunter, superintendent and assistant of the Humane Society. Now, let other cities make as big a fight as we did here, and the dog will get a 'square deal.'" Mr. Eberhart intends to do the Toronto show, and speaks hopefully of some pups of his own breeding that will come out there.

Mr. A. C. Stone, who knows how to work up a show, and if not a success it will be no fault of his, writes: "From present indications the 3d Annual International Bench Show of Dogs of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held in the city of Toronto, from Sept. 14 to 18, will surpass anything held before in Canada, and will compare more than favorably with the best shows held in the United States. Applications are being received from all parts of the United States and Canada for premium lists, besides mailing over 2,500 to known exhibitors. Most of the large kennels have signified their intention of exhibiting, and all the large classes are expected to be well filled. The Industrial Exhibition Association are erecting a large open inclosure ad joining the bench show building to be used for the storage of crates and an exercising room. All dogs will be received there. In premium list in Skyeterriers the number of class for open dogs is 155½, open bitches 155½, and toy terriers (other than Yorkshire) open dogs and bitches 164½; the above were omitted in printing. The following classes have been added: 46½, harriers, dog puppies; 46½, harriers, bitch puppies, prizes \$5 and diploma in each case. Class 169½, pug puppies, bitches, \$5 and diploma. Diplomas are added to classes 112, 113, 114 115 in field spaniels, and 121, 122, 123, 124 in cockers. A bronze medal, valued at \$10, is offered for the best bloodhound dog or bitch. Entries close Aug. 29."

We hear that Mr. Sears has purchased Mr. Diffenderfer's last remnant of what was a good kennel of "ladies." In buying Hepsy, however, he has secured the pick of the basket, and she will be assured of a good home, which Mr. Diffenderfer most desired. Mr. Sears has materially strengthened his team by this purchase and is to be congratulated on his good judgment. She is a breeder and one of the best specimens of her sex in the country.

Our readers must forgive us for having so much about St. Bernards in this issue, but somehow all the doggy news this week seems to run that way.

An excellent show of fox-terriers was held at Leicester, England. There were also a few collies shown. As this is in the heart of the fox-terrier country, as might be expected all the cracks were on hand. Dominie won in the challenge class, and Mr. Redmond again stepped to the front with D'Orsay in the open class, and also won with him the cup for the best in the show owned by a member of the Fox-terrier Club, and another for best in open and novice classes. Deputy, Starden's King and Newcome were also in the money in the or 'or named, all well known dogs. In bitches Mr. Timme's Dollar beat Mr. Redmond's Donna Dominie, a decision that was not generally indorsed. Some good ones were also shown in the novice and wire-haired divisions. Mr. Vicary was the judge.

"Old Turk," speaking of his "Reminiscences of Fox-Terriers and Fox-Terrier Men" in *Fanciers' Gazette* says of the noted bitch Cottingham Nettle, owned by Rev. W. J. Mellor: "He had also Cottingham Nettle (afterward Mr. Henry Gibson's), said to be by Old Jock ex Wish, although

I have grave doubts as to this being correct; still she bore a resemblance to the old dog, but circumstances connected with his early life make me feel convinced that his breeding was uncertain. The first time I saw this bitch was during one of my frequent visits to old Jack Terry's. On going into his house (a public) he said, 'You are just in time; I have just bought a smart bitch, come upstairs and see her.' We went to Jack's room and there on his bed she lay, covered up with a rug, having just been washed. At that time her ears were carried as straight up as ever I saw a dog's. I remarked this to Jack; he said, 'Say nowt, no one has seen her except you and when you see her again her lugs will be all right.' And the next time I saw her they were carried splendidly; they were small and of good shape and texture. The Rev. W. J. Mellor was not cognizant of this, I am certain; nor do I believe he ever knew they had been tampered with." These old reminiscences, that seem to be in vogue now, are laying bare a good many of the secret ways of dogdom.

The trotting dog Doc created quite an interest at the late trotting meeting at Buffalo. He was pitted against horse, pony and bicycle in quarter and half-mile contests, and got the judge's decision every time. This dog is four years old; and during the last two years has earned \$9,000 for his owner, Willie Ketcham, who drives him to sulkey. Of course such a dog is valued very highly, and large sums have been offered for him. He is a thoroughbred Irish setter. His owner is out with a challenge to trot any pony not over twelve hands high, half-mile heats, or against any man runner for the same distance. He will give any trotting horse a start of twenty-five seconds to do a mile to Doc's half-mile, or will trot a half a mile against any horse running a mile in harness, and also challenges to walk, trot, run, jump or swim any dog in the world, best three out of five. Doc is a native of Canada and evidently a wonderful dog.

Gordon setter men are expecting good results from the field trial arrangements, and soon expect their favorites to regain their long-lost but old-time popularity. Messrs. Smith Bros., Deep River, Conn., who have for some years possessed a kennel of this breed, have asked Mr. Morris to select them a good brood bitch of the Ronold—Rhine strain, which they consider is the best combination of field qualities and show merit. He has decided on one of champion Beaumont's pups out of Countess Flo, both of which he imported. She is sister to Sally Beaumont and Flomont, winners at the spring shows, and is unusually good in the field. She is to be served by Mr. Morris's dog Rexmont (Heather Harold—champion Bellmont), winner of three first prizes, and from this union the Smith brothers expect to get winners at future trials as well as shows.

Le roi est mort! Vive le roi! Or at least so the fair owner of King Regent thinks now that Mr. Lamb has sent his newly-imported bitch Margharita to be bred to that dog. As his name denotes, he is a son of the lately deceased Prince Regent.

Dr. Cryer, who has been fishing "up in the woods" at Bethany, Wayne county, Pa., writes: "I feel lost without the FOREST AND STREAM," and orders it to be forwarded to him. He has Bob Ivy with him, and he is having a good time helping him fish. Dr. Cryer has sold champion Bessie to Mr. Fisher, of Detroit, Mich., to be delivered after the fall shows and she has visited Bob Ivy.

Mr. Diffenderfer sends us word that he has cleaned out his kennel. The last to go yesterday were Lakme and Princess Hepsy, an excellent-headed pup by Scottish Prince out of Hepsy. These will find a home with Mrs. Smyth in the Swiss Mountain Kennels. The photograph of Princess Hepsy, which Mr. Diffenderfer kindly sent us, taken at four months old, shows an exceptionally fine-headed pup.

The South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association has been reorganized at Charleston, and is now a chartered association under the laws of South Carolina, with a capital \$2,000. After the show of poultry and dogs held last winter they found they had incurred a loss of about \$1,087; but as they had purchased new coops and benches from Spratts Co., they have, with cash contributed by members, assets to equal that amount. Messrs. Ross A. Smith, the president of the old and new association, and Alwyn Ball are the moving spirits and have worked hard to keep the thing going. On their advice the assets of the old association have been purchased. A new board of directors has been elected: Messrs. Ross A. Smith, President; Alfred Aldrich, Vice President; B. McInness, Jr., Secretary; J. Alwyn Ball, Treasurer; W. St. Julien Jervey, Solicitor. They announce that the next show will be held Jan. 5 to 9, 1892, and the president was authorized to communicate with several gentlemen with a view to their employment as judges. Mr. Lacy has been asked to adjudicate in the dog department. All the stock for the new company has been subscribed and everything points to a successful show, and one that should be popular with Northern exhibitors, considering the way they were treated last January.

Dr. Snedev, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is getting together a nice kennel of bull-terriers. He has purchased several from Mr. Harris's kennels; among them Little Donovan, who did so well last spring, and White Violet. It looks very much, with the new ones that have recently been brought from the other side, as if this breed will take another jump in popular favor next spring.

Mr. L. T. Eads, of Davenport, Iowa, writes us that they are about forming a kennel club out there, and propose exhibiting some dogs at the coming fair. From little causes arise great effects sometimes, and those little gatherings often start a local interest in dogs that grow to proportions little thought of at first. The more of these little fair shows we can encourage the better, as it affords the country people who are able to keep dogs at little expense an opportunity to become acquainted with breeds of dogs that they had little idea of before, and that they are often tempted to take up either as a business venture or as a hobby. If our big breeders would look a little ahead they would encourage those little gatherings by sending on a few of their dogs as an object lesson and—an advertisement.

Mr. George Thomas will leave England Aug. 12 with his new purchases and the terriers he took over with him. While he has been away we have tried to keep our readers informed of the winnings of the dogs belonging to the Anglo-American Terrier Kennels, together with the new ones they have bought. Mr. Thomas will bring fourteen over with him. Among the new ones there is a good St. Bernard, by Alton out of Victoria III., a Basset hound for Mr. Rutter; Prince George, the black and tan terrier, and also a bitch of the same breed, two Irish terrier dogs and two bitches, one in whelp to The Irish Ambassador and the other to Breadenhill, and another "Irishman" that is expected to secure all the blue ribbons at the coming shows, but whose name is not forthcoming yet. This kennel is coming out strong in the "Home Rule" breed, for their team will consist of five Irish matrons of the best blood, and two, if not three, stud dogs. As their stud dogs had not arrived, Ballymony visited Larika, owned by Mr. Chas. N. Tweeds. Mr. Tweeds is a New York lawyer, a son-in-law of ex-Secretary Everts, and a lover of fine dogs, having a kennel at his place at

Beverly, Mass. He owns a Scottish terrier bitch, which he imported from Mr. Ludlow, who bred the noted Kilston, and this dog will be responsible for her coming litter.

The greyhounds Ornatus and Lily of Gainsborough will also come over with Thomas, and will materially strengthen Mr. Purbeck's team, and Dearborn street, the handsomest avenue in Salem, will be pretty lively these summer evenings when Mr. Purbeck is trying to find out which of his dogs can go the fastest. Several Yorkshires will of course come over, but Mr. Symonds does not know yet what they are.

In a friendly letter, Mr. Chapman, the energetic secretary of the National Beagle Club, informs us that his beagle Tone, who was first in her class at the beagle trials last year, has whelped five handsome pups by old champion Bannerman. The only dog pup that will be sold goes to Mr. R. E. Rowley, of Topeka, Kan., a great lover of the beagle for sport. Tone is dam of the challenge winner Twintwo, who made such a good record this spring. He expects great things of a sister of Tone's in the coming trials. Old champion Tone is in better shape than ever. Mr. Chapman's is essentially a working pack, and about twice a week he takes them, about dusk, in the woods behind the house, and after staying with them a few hours leaves them to run alone the remainder of the night. They will run for sixteen to twenty hours by themselves, and do not come home till the sun dries up the scent. Champion Fitz Hugh Lee and Lou are among the last to come in. Exercised and run in this way their offspring must necessarily be to the manner born, as well as strout and hardy.

We little thought when penning a rosy paragraph about Prince Regent last week that within a few days he would be beneath the sod. It seems that last Friday morning he attempted to serve the St. Bernard Lady Flo, when he fell to the ground and seemed to lose all power of his limbs and then commenced to vomit. Mr. Reick sent for a doctor, and as it was important that Lady Flo should be served that day, he went over to see Col. Ruppert, Jr., who owns Scottish Prince, and asked him if he would allow the owner of Lady Flo the services of that dog. Col. Ruppert agreed and the bitch was at once sent up to Poughkeepsie, arriving late in the afternoon. She was put to Scottish Prince and this dog collapsed in a similar way, from apoplexy it is said, and was dead in three-quarters of an hour. In the meantime Prince Regent had been getting worse and an hour before he died Mr. French, of Glover & French, arrived, but nothing could be done for him and at 12:30 P. M. he died. An autopsy revealed a ruptured spleen. Thus two of the best St. Bernards in the country and \$8,000 were lost. Mr. Reick sent for us as soon as he came down town, and informing us of Prince's death, he said, "What dog shall I buy now?" While admiring his pluck, we hardly commended his wisdom, but of this further on. It is indeed a melancholy coincidence that both these dogs, father and son, should die within a few hours of each other, and from similar causes. It is also peculiarly unfortunate for the breeders of St. Bernards that these two grand dogs should have passed away, for Prince Regent was securing the attention from breeders that he should have had before when in this country, Mr. Reick having booked eight bitches for him and two were on the way from Port Huron, Mich., the day he died. This noble dog has been buried on Mr. Reick's lawn and "Prince Regent" in coleus will mark his grave.

Prince Regent was by the great Plinlimmon out of Miss Meg, showing a list of well-known names in his pedigree that fully accounted for his great success in the stud and which earned for him the title of "sire of sires." Among his get are such dogs as Princess Florence, counted the best St. Bernard in England to-day; Scottish Prince, that was the worthy successor of Sir Bedivere in England; Earl Rosebery, Duke of Armadale, Lady Gladwin, Kingston Regent, Lord Dante and King Regent. He was whelped in February, 1887, and in the ordinary course of events he had many years of usefulness before him. He had also won numerous prizes on the bench, and was the only dog that succeeded in lowering the colors of Sir Bedivere, though of course this was a rather left-handed honor, as Sir Bedivere was but a pup at the time and his first appearance in the ring. Prince Regent showed that true St. Bernard quality to a high degree, and his beautiful disposition endeared him to his owner, who, though he tries not to show it, feels his loss very keenly. It has been rumored that Prince Regent had done little in the stud since his return to England from America; but we hear that on May 29 a bitch whelped fourteen pups to him, eight dogs, and the dam of Salvador Rosa is now in whelp to him; so this refutes any such rumors as these, which unfortunately are of too common occurrence in this country.

Col. Ruppert also naturally feels his loss, as few men would care to put \$5,000 into dog flesh and lose it within a few weeks. In buying this dog Col. Ruppert thought he had the only dog that could hustle Sir Bedivere, and this was Mr. Sidney W. Smith's opinion. Scottish Prince was whelped April 24, 1889, and consequently only just about full grown. He was by Prince Regent out of Moss Rose, and was completely described in our issue of June 11 on his arrival in this country in company with Aristocrat and Altonette. Col. Ruppert had just got his kennel into working order, and engaged the services of Mr. Loveland as manager, but this sudden loss has rather disgusted him with the idea of carrying out his projects. The loss is certainly severe, but he has yet a good one in Aristocrat, and it is to be hoped that he will, as time heals this wound, reconsider his decision. Scottish Prince of course had not much opportunity in the stud since he has been here, as he was sick on his arrival and was just getting around again when he died so suddenly. He had, however, served one, champion Flora II., the smooth, and as Mr. Reick is lucky enough to own her and she shows signs of being in whelp, due Aug. 23, this gentleman must be congratulated, as this will be his only progeny sired in America. His litter out of Hepsy is said to have been a very good one, and as he has sired some good ones in England the chances are that Mr. Reick will have something to console him.

"Sealyham" terriers is the name given to a breed of terriers owned in Wales by a Capt. Edwards. They have been bred by this family for a very long time. Their pedigree can be traced for 100 years back. They are described in *Canine World* as a sort of small, long-backed and short-legged terrier, not especially good looking, but game to the back bone and well fitted, by build and temperament, for going to earth. They have wonderful noses and will run a fox to ground, but are better adapted for otter work.

Collies are at present commanding tremendous prices in England, something like a second St. Bernard boom. Mr. Stretch has just sold a young collie, bitch seven months old, to Messrs. Farrer for \$500. The sale is of more than ordinary interest to Americans, from the fact that its sire, Charleroi II., was in the Chestnut Hill Kennels some time. The dog is now showing what he is worth in the stud, and although American breeders were told this at the time, he was not appreciated as he should have been. The puppy was out of Ormskirk Countess, and but for the offer of such a long figure for this youngster he would not have parted with it, as it is said to be a wonder. Another litter that we hear of is owned in Birmingham, and a big price has been offered for them by a connoisseur of the breed.

We call the attention of those interested in Irish setters to the advertisement of the Glenmore Kennels in our business columns. O. A. has trained Irish setter for sale; R. G. Van Volzha, foxhounds and English setters; and Fox and Coon Hunter, foxhound pups; J. B. Alfred, beagle pups; A. H. Moore and Chequassett Kennels, St. Bernard pups; Webb Smith, foxhound pups; Prospect avenue, choice Irish and Gordon setter pups; C. E. Stanley, Gus Bondbu pups; and N. A. Dickinson, Chesapeake Bay dog pups. The Toronto Kennel Club show is also advertised.

The fast-running greyhound bitch Why Not, the property of Mr. Fitzsimmons, of Toronto, was found in her kennel at a late hour July 24 with the cords of her hindlegs cut close to the feet. It is supposed that this has been done by the same persons who poisoned White Wings. Of course, this fast greyhound is incapacitated from running again.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Bang Bang of Kippen, Sensation of Kippen, King of Kippen and Queen of Kippen. By J. S. Summers, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white pointers, three dogs and one bitch, whelped July 14, 1891, by Bing of Kippen (champion Naso of Kippen-Dela) out of Ida Heath (Heath-Maud).

Graphic of Kippen, Bella of Kippen, Charm of Kippen, Naso of Kippen and Meteor of Kippen. By J. S. Summers, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer dogs and bitches, whelped July 14, 1891, by Bing of Kippen (champion Naso of Kippen-Dela) out of Ida Heath (Heath-Maud).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Tudie-Eberhart's Cashier. H. J. Bramlage's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Tudie (Coco-Judy) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash-Lady Thor), Aug. 7.

Wild Rose-Pious Pembroke. F. M. Nash's (Berwick, Me.) greyhound bitch Wild Rose (Joe Juniper-Bessy II.) to A. W. Purbeck's Pious Pembroke (Nelson-Adrian), July 31.

Metchley Surprise-The Squire. Seminole Kennels' (Chesnut Hill, Pa.) collie bitch Metchley Surprise (Sefton-Lady Rutland) to their The Squire (Charlemagne-Flurry), Aug. 6.

White Violet-White Wonder. Dr. Sneden's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch White Violet to H. A. Harris's White Wonder, June 5.

Classic Bang-King of Kent. F. S. Webster's (New York) pointer bitch Lassie Bang (Bang Bang-Tellie Doe) to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent (Priam-Kent Baby), July 31.

Fauntie M-Gem of the Season. Manatage Kennels' (Marblehead, Mass.) greyhound bitch Fauntie M. to A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season (Vanhook-Fly II.), Aug. 3.

Winsome Wagtail-Waterfall Wagtail. Dr. Sneden's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Winsome Wagtail (Kushner-Neil Bright) to their Waterfall Wagtail, May 25.

Ida Heath-Bing of Kippen. J. S. Summers's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Ida Heath (Heath-Maud) to his Bing of Kippen (champion Naso of Kippen-Dela), May 9.

Molt-Henmore Shamrock. F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Molt (Berkeley II.-Daisy) to his Henmore Shamrock, May 16.

Onota Peg-Henmore Shamrock. F. L. Cheney's Irish setter bitch Onota Peg (Chief-Bizreema) to his Henmore Shamrock, (Muskerry-Avoca), May 2.

Bizreema-Henmore Shamrock. F. L. Cheney's Irish setter bitch Bizreema (Nimrod-Lorna) to his Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry-Avoca), May 25.

Daisy-Henmore Shamrock. F. L. Cheney's Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief-Ligh Doane) to his Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry-Avoca), May 26.

Harp-Henmore Shamrock. Wm. H. Wise's Irish setter bitch Harp to F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry-Avoca), June 18.

Yum Yum-Henmore Shamrock. B. P. Rotherock's Irish setter bitch Yum Yum (Glencho-Yum) to F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry-Avoca), June 18.

Breeze-Rowdy Rod. D. A. Goodwin's (Newburyport, Mass.) English setter bitch Breeze (Bob Gates-Flo Machin) to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

Maud-Rowdy Rod. Bert Crane's (Chicago, Ill.) English setter bitch Maud to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

Peg Athol-Rowdy Rod. Dr. N. Rowe's (Chicago, Ill.) English setter bitch Peg Athol to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

Volley-Rowdy Rod. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s (Jersey City, N. J.) English setter bitch Volley (Antic-Prince) to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

Eve-Rowdy Rod. H. Merriam's (Weston, Mass.) English setter bitch Eve (Orlando-Royal Merial) to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

See Noble-Rowdy Rod. Col. B. Ridgway's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch See Noble to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

Celest C-Rowdy Rod. Greenfield Hill Kennels' English setter bitch Celest C. (King's Dan-Elsie Belton) to Mr. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Ida Heath. J. S. Summers's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Ida Heath (Heath-Maud), July 14, eleven (seven dogs), by his Bing of Kippen (champion Naso of Kippen-Dela).

Countess. M. Ramsden's (Ambler, Pa.) collie bitch Countess, Aug. 5, nine (four dogs), by Seminole Kennels' The Squire (champion Charlemagne-champion Flurry).

Mack's Juno. W. B. McCulloch's (Hyattsville, O.) pointer bitch Mack's Juno (Hex Morgan-Fleet), Aug. 3, thirteen (eight dogs), by Hon. G. H. Barger's Leslie (Spot Dash-imported Belle Randolph).

Dixie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Dixie, Aug. 5, five (three dogs), by Rowdy.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Ruby. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped March 27, 1890, by Rusher out of Nell Bright, by L. Dehm, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. W. C. Sneden, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dandy Boy. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped June 8, 1891, by Spokane out of Lalla Rookh, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Frank W. Hess, Chicago, Ill.

Lady Desmond. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped June 8, 1891, by Spokane out of Lalla Rookh, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Richard Graham, Mexico, Mo.

Patience. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped June 8, 1891, by Spokane out of Lalla Rookh, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to S. Stanton, Grand Lodge, Mich.

Shot. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1889, by Dash out of Dot, by Greenfield Hill Kennels, Greenfield Hill, Conn., to N. Bishop, Bridgeport, Conn.

Gautama. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July, 1890, by Arkus H. out of Lark, by Greenfield Hill Kennels, Greenfield Hill, Conn., to H. Figg, Bridgeport, Conn.

Alvino Alaniz, a Mexican ranchman of Rio Grande City, Tex., has undergone a fearful experience that will probably cost him his life. He was riding after cattle two days ago, and camped at night by a little creek that ran through a tangled mesquite. He tethered the horse, cooked his supper, and was squatted by the fire smoking the inevitable cigarette, when a mad coyote sprang upon him from the dark. The little beast, with every hair standing on an end and jaws drooping foam, struck him full in the face and fastened its teeth in his nose. The attack bore Alaniz backward, and he sprawled at full length. He endeavored to defend himself with his hands, but to no avail. The coyote snapped his teeth through the skin in a half dozen places and the face of the man was covered with blood. As he struggled to his feet, frenzied with terror, his assailant disappeared. The ranchman reached Rio Grande City next morning and was treated, but is extremely prostrated and will probably die of hydrophobia. Mad wolves and coyotes are by no means uncommon. Three years ago G. C. Chamberlain, a son-in-law of the millionaire ranchman, Richard King, was attacked while on horseback by a mad wolf. He went to Paris as fast as steam could take him, was treated by Pasteur, and has not suffered any inconvenience. — *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

F. S. P., New Bedford, Mass.—Can you tell me to whom to write to inquire about a breed of dogs called the great Danes? Ans. W. E. Hagans, secretary of the Great Dane Club of America, 505 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

S. C. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—One of my dogs, a bull-terrier, has a great many warts upon his lower lip. Will you please tell me how to get rid of them? Ans. Remove them with a pair of scissors. If you do not care to do this, apply with the end of a match glacial acetic acid every other day till they disappear.

H. C. C.—My terrier has a sore about the size of a quarter on the inside of ear. There is a small hole in the middle of the ear which matters a little, and this forms a scab round it. I have tried several things to heal it up, but cannot do it. It does not spread at all, but just will not heal up. Is there no remedy for it? Ans. Apply a little of following ointment twice a day: Green iodide of mercury, 3 grains; vaseline, 1 drachm. Also put cap on the dog, so as to fix the ear and prevent the dog shaking it.

CANINE.—My setter pup, 8 mos., old, acts very peculiar when I set his feed before him. He will eat a mouthful and then turn away from it and look as if he would like some more, but dare not touch it. He will attempt to eat and then go and sit down. Sometimes he has vomited after the first mouthful a yellowish, slimy looking matter. After a little while and when coaxed he will begin to eat and seems all right after. What is the trouble? Ans. Examine mouth and see if all the teeth are sound. Treat for worms and then give the following mixture: Bicarbonate of potash, 1 dr.; compound tinct. of gentian, 3 drs.; water, 6 oz. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

W. L. P., Vicksburg, Miss.—I have lost several valuable pointer dogs from disease. All showed the same symptoms. Considerable slobbering, with gums and tongue much inflamed, the latter around the edge, which toward the last stage extends into the throat. The dog becomes unable to lap water, and eats with great difficulty, and in four or five days dies. I think there was no swelling of the body. What is the disease and what is the remedy? Ans. From your description it looks as if the dogs had licked some irritant, which set up inflammation of the gums, tongue and throat. Bathe the gums and tongue frequently with the following solution: Boracic acid, 4 drachms; water, 10 ounces. Feed the dogs with white of raw eggs beaten up with milk and a little scraped raw meat.

RUTHERFORD.—I have lately been presented with a pointer bitch called Dell, and I am going to trouble you for her pedigree if she has any. She was bred in Wyoming, and is said to be of Sensation stock. As the bitch is a gift, and I don't wish to look too far down her throat, I will be obliged if you will give me such information as you can. She was formerly the property of a Mr. Jarvis, who has had her on his farm at Brentwood, L. I., for a year or more. As she seems very nearly up to the pointer standard, I will be obliged for any information that you can give me as to her ancestors. Ans. We are afraid we cannot help you, as this Dell is not registered in either stud book. There is a Dell in A. R. R. (1822), but this is by Croxteth out of Trinket, and was bred by Mr. Sterling, of St. Louis, Mo.

A READER.—Please inform me of the best way to break an old dog. I have a pointer about 4 years old, and he will break and chase dogs of all kinds. I have whipped him and it does no good, and I have shot him with No. 30 shot and he pays no attention to it. What had I better do? 2. What amount of shot should a 16-gauge gun put in a 30in. circle at 40 yds., No. 8 shot? and which is best 12 or 16-gauge for trap and field? Ans. 1. When you go out with him you must attach a cord to his collar, better have an improved spike collar in his case, and when he attempts to break shot, pull him down. This is the only way you can manage him, but we are doubtful of success unless he keeps up all day. His skin looks all right, but is rather dry. We feed him lightly on bread and milk with an occasional bone; no sweets. The local veterinary surgeon can discover nothing the matter with him. Can you tell me what is the matter with him and suggest a remedy for the scratching, which bids fair to leave him a "hairless dog" every other day, or a fortnight, then wash off. Best kerosene, 1 pint, best cotton-seed oil 3 pints. Treat for worms and then give this mixture:

Sulphate of magnesia.....4 drs
Bicarbonate of soda.....14 drs.
Liquor sodæ arseniatæ.....1 dr.
Water ad libitum.....6 oz.
Give a tablespoonful twice a day and allow two or three ounces of meat daily.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ENGLISH REVOLVER NEWS.

BISLEY, July 18.—The revolver shooting for the first week has ended, but of course there may be many changes in the leading scores before the end is reached next Friday. The top scores, at present are:

Series 1, sliding target:
Walter Winans (Smith & Wesson).....39
C F Haig (Colt).....39
Series 2, disappearing target:
Walter Winans (Smith & Wesson).....40
C F Haig (Colt).....39
Mr. Winans has made 40 on five different occasions this week in this competition.

Series 3, rapid-firing:
C F Haig (Colt).....38
Walter Winans (Smith & Wesson).....36
Smith & Wesson aggregate prize for best scores in above competitions:
C F Haig.....39 39 38-116
Walter Winans.....39 39 38-115

Mr. Walter Winans has a bet of 5 to 1 on himself that he beats Mr. Haig's 38 score in series 3 during the coming week. (Mr. Winans to-day made a good enough group for a 42 if it had been half an inch higher.)

Plunkye prize, restricted to English officers: Major Williamson and another 37 and 35.
For all prizes the fight will begin in earnest next week, as the range was strange to most of the competitors and there is no shelter from the wind, which makes high scoring very difficult; but after Sunday's rest they will come fresher. Mr. Walter Winans is suffering rather in his right eye from burnt powder blowing into it, but hopes to have it well enough to begin shooting on Monday or next Tuesday.

Our previous blunder has crept into the programme book for the Irish Rifle Association prize meeting just published. In the two revolver series (one restricted to Colt's revolvers and the other to Webley's revolvers) the conditions say:

"Minimum bore .40cal., ammunition, government, marks I, II, and III, only allowed."
Now, "mark I" is .45cal., "mark II" is .455cal. and "mark III" is .457cal. and will be interesting to see competitors shooting this ammunition out of .40cal. pistols.

BISLEY, July 25.—The following are the full details of revolver prize winners and scores:

REVOLVER—FIRST SERIES.

Six shots at a target about 20 yds. distance, and moving across the line of fire at about the rate of the "quick march." No sight-ammunition allowed.
Mr. Winans, N. R. A. (Smith & Wesson), first prize.....39
Mr. Haig, N. R. A. (Colt).....39
Private Green, 2d Gloucester (Green).....37
Private Martin, 10th Lanark (Colt).....36
W W C Dixon (Webley).....35
Capt. Barchard, Inspector of Musketry (Colt).....35
Major MacKerrell, 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards (Colt).....34
Lieut. Tryon, 1st Battery Grenadier Guards (Colt).....34

Capt G Hamilton, 14th Hussars (Colt).....34
Private Elliot, 2d Cornwall (Colt).....33
D Wilson (Webley).....33
Capt Lamb (Colt).....32
Major Williamson (Colt).....32
Mr Breton (Colt).....32

Winners of £1.

Captain Cowan, Royal Engineers (Colt).....32
Captain Lewis, Jersey Militia (Colt).....31
Private Carter, 1st South Stafford (Webley).....31
Major Heap, 2d Manchester R. V. (Colt).....30
Lieutenant Heath, 18th Middlesex (Colt).....30
Captain Lamb, Cheshire Regiment (Colt).....30
Captain Millner, 8th K. R. (Colt).....29
Lieutenant Darrah, 2d Queen's (Webley).....29
Sergeant H. H. 7th Canada (Webley).....29
Mr Joyn, I. R. A. (Colt).....29
Lieutenant Stewart, 1st R. S. Fus. (Colt).....29
Captain East, 1st V. B. H. R. (Webley).....29
Private Lowe, 18th Middlesex (Colt).....28
Mr Miller, N. R. A. (Colt).....28
Commr. Scott, R. E. (Webley).....28
Color-Sergeant Henderson, Canada (Webley).....28
Lieutenant Gibson, R. A. (Colt).....28
Captain Urmost, 2d Gordon High (Colt).....24
One score of 24 points counted out.

SECOND SERIES.

Six shots at a target appearing and disappearing at intervals of three seconds at a distance of about 20 yds. The following are the best scores:

Mr. Winans, N. R. A. (Smith & Wesson).....40
Mr. Haig, N. R. A. (Colt).....39
Dudley Wilson (Webley).....38
At Breton (Colt).....38
Mr. Dixon, N. R. A. (Webley).....36
Major MacKerrell, 1st V. B. Royal Scots (Colt).....36
Mr Green (Green).....36
Capt Cowan (Colt).....36
Pvt Carter, 1st Stafford (Webley).....36
Capt Lamb, Cheshire Regt (Colt).....35
Sergeant Martin, N. W. M. I. (Webley).....34
C M Hall, Canada (Colt).....34
Capt Lamb, Cheshire Regt (Colt).....33

Winners of £1.

Capt Barchard, D. I. Musketry (Colt).....33
Capt. Millner, 8th K. R. (Colt).....33
Mr Miller, N. R. A. (Webley).....33
Major Williamson, Oxford L. I. (Colt).....33
Mr Jynt, I. R. A. (Colt).....33
Mr Andrews, Woolwich (Colt).....32
Capt Lewis, Jersey Militia (Colt).....32
Mr Lloyd Jones, (Colt).....31
Mr May, N. R. A. (Colt).....31
Lieut. Rose, Second East Surrey (Colt).....30
Pvt Elliott, Second Cornwall (Colt).....30
Lieut. Tryon (Colt).....29
Lieut. Darrah, Second Queen's (Webley).....29
Capt Scott, R. A. (Webley).....29
Mr Tryon, 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards (Colt).....29
Capt East, 1st V. B. Hants (Webley).....29
Major Heap, Second Manchester.....29

THIRD SERIES.

The best scores made in this series are given below. Six shots are fired at a target about twenty yards distance, which is shown for twelve seconds only. No concession is given for misfires or any failures of the revolvers or ammunition:

Mr. Winans, N. R. A. (Smith & Wesson).....39
Mr. Haig, N. R. A. (Colt).....38
Dudley Wilson (Webley).....35
Major MacKerrell, 1st V. B. R. S. Fus. (Colt).....35
Private Carter, 1st Stafford (Webley).....33
Mr. Breton, N. R. A. (Colt).....33
Captain Millner, 8th K. R. (Colt).....31

Winners of £1.

Mr. Dixon, N. R. A. (Webley).....31
Capt. Barchard, D. I. Mus. (Colt).....30
Major Williamson, Oxford L. I. (Colt).....30
Lieut. Darrah, 2d Queen's (Webley).....30
Private Hall, 79th Battalion Canada (Colt).....30
Captain Lamb, Cheshire Regiment (Colt).....30
Captain Hamilton, 14th Hussars (Colt).....29
Captain Straker, 31st West York (Colt).....29
Mr. Joyn, N. R. A. (Colt).....28
Captain Cowan, Royal Engineers (Colt).....28
Captain Lewis, Jersey (Colt).....28
Captain Barchard, 15th Regiment (Webley).....28
One score of 22 points counted out of prize list.

REVOLVER AGGREGATE.

A Smith & Wesson engraved gold-plated .38cal. target revolver, pearl stock, to the highest scores in the above three competitions, constituting the revolver championship of England:

Walter Winans.....39 40 39-118
C F Haig.....38 39 38-115
Dudley Wilson (professiona).....35 38 35-108
Major MacKerrell.....34 36 35-105
Breton.....32 36 33-101

Although there were thousands of entries for the different revolver series, there were only twelve entries for this aggregate, and only four of them got scores in all three series. Mr. Wilson, the professional, was unfortunately in not entering at all time, so could not compete, but, as seen above, his scores would not have won even if he had.

All the competitions at the revolver range ended at 1:15 on July 24. The presentation of prizes took place on the afternoon of the same day before a large audience, but, while many of the rifle shots went up for their prizes, the revolver shots were unable to attend, as they had an important meeting sitting at the time in Mr. Walter Winans's cottage in the camp, to decide on a memorial to the council of the National Rifle Association asking for certain alterations at the revolver range for next year.

As these competitors had no opportunity to meet all together except just at that day and hour (as they live some in Ireland, some in England and Scotland, etc.), they had to be excused being present at the prize distribution. The following resolutions were agreed to unanimously except for one dissentant in one or two cases:

1. Agreed that the revolver 20 yds. target should have a 2in. instead of a 3in. bullseye, also that this 2in. should not have any subdivision, as these latter give advantages to "faking" shots, also that the value of the bullseye should not be indicated by a figure printed in white in it, as that spoils the blackness of the bullseye.

2. That the rings round the bullseye should be "hair lines," invisible from firing point, and that these lines should be very close to the bullseye for the first lines and gradually get further on the principle of the American pistol target, not at regular intervals like the English target.

Every one agreed to this except one, who said that he did not approve of imitating America, but that Bisley ought to keep to its own way of scoring.

3. That there should be more target accommodation and that "pool shooters" should be put by themselves so as not to interfere with the serious competitors.

4. That there should be competitions at 50 yds. at a 6-in. bullseye.

5. That revolvers should be divided into two classes, military and "any revolver," and competitions given for each.

6. That military revolvers should not have "bead" front sights or movable sights, but real practical bolster sights was proposed by Major MacKerrell and Walter Winans, but voted against by all the rest.

7. "A" revolver to be allowed any ammunition. Caliber, sights, weight and length of barrel was agreed to unanimously, but most thought that the trigger pull should be the same as for military revolvers, viz. 4 lbs., so that competitors who shoot both classes of revolvers should not be confused by two sorts of trigger pull.

The meeting was greatly in favor of a 100 yds. range for pistol, as through the kindness of the Association they had been allowed to try a few shots at that distance and found they could do good shooting; but they thought 50 yds. would be far enough for the next few years till the poorer shots had been educated up to long distance shooting.

The revolver competitions have been such a success, and the Council of the N. R. A. being so obliging when they know that the bulk of competitors desire anything, it is likely most of these requests will be complied with.

WALTER WINANS ON THE RANGE.

A reporter of the *Sussex Daily News* had a chat with the leader of the English revolver field, and in the issue of July 25 says: "The first item of discussion was his position at the present

STARLING.—On Aug. 8 the sloop Starling, owned by Mr. S. W. Knowler, was struck by the steamer Gay Head when passing through Wood's Sound and sunk, the crew being saved.

BIJOU.—The owner of the catboat Bijou, Mr. P. H. Jeannot, has just been notified that by the correct measurement his boat won in the annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C., beating Marguerite (the Cape Cat A. P. E.), though the race was at the time given to the latter. This makes Bijou's record still unbroken.

TIME TO KEEP COOL.

EVEN the present torrid weather is no justification for the hot and intemperate language which is used by some in discussing the foul between Volunteer and Gracie. One Boston paper goes so far as to characterize the possible disqualification of Volunteer by the regatta committee as "bare-faced robbery," while the usual "prominent yachtsman, etc.," has threatened that in such an event Gen. Paine will withdraw forever from the races of the New York Y. C. Although these idle vapors carry little weight of themselves, they are indications of the very strong feeling which has arisen over the matter, and they show the necessity for calm and deliberate action on the part of all concerned. In spite of the unwarranted insult of the Boston Post the regatta committee of the New York Y. C. is beyond all suspicion of unfairness or partiality, and whatever its decision may be, there is no doubt that it will be a perfectly honest one. In such a case as this the principals are but poor judges of the true merits of the case. Each is strongly interested, and naturally sees but his own side, while in the hurry and excitement of such a moment the coolest man is likely to be mistaken. There is plenty of evidence from impartial spectators, while Mr. Stebbins, the photographer, has sent to the committee a series of four views of the whole affair. These should be the basis for a fair and impartial decision, in which both parties should agree, however much one may be disappointed.

IROQUOIS, though well known for some years, has just excited much favorable comment on the New York Y. C. cruise. The steel schooner Iroquois was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and is now owned by Vice-Com. Ellis, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Her reputation as an ideal deep water cruiser was made long ago by her experiences in the great blizzard, which she rode off the coast, and by her work in southern waters under her original as well as her present owner. That she was by no means a slow boat has been known to many, but this season, with a new suit of canvas and in the best possible condition, she has taken a place at the head of her class, all the more credit being due to her owner from the fact that he handles the wheel himself. A boat which is admitted to be one of the easiest sea boats in the fleet, in which the owner spends the winter in comfort among the West India Islands and on the Florida coast, and in which, as has this year been proved, he can not only make a most creditable showing in a good class, but comes within 20 seconds of taking the Golet cup from Volunteer, must be considered as very near perfection in these days of special racing machines.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BATTEN.—The use of several flexible battens extending entirely across the sail is an old thing in canoeing, but up to this time the batten as used by yachtsmen has been merely of an elementary form, a short stick run into the leach of a sail to correct some local fault. For several years Mr. Herreshoff has used the full batten on his cat yawls, and within the past month he has applied it to Gloriana's mainsail in much the same way. The sail now has three battens extending from the leach nearly half way to the luff, these being very thin and flexible on the forward end but stiffer near the leach. The perfect sail no doubt should have a correct draft without other spars than the boom and gaff, but as this degree of perfection is seldom attained, the batten has proved in many cases a useful makeshift, even in its usual form. The longer ones in Gloriana's mainsail are still better in all probability, but it is doubtful whether the process of lengthening will continue still further, until the entire breadth of the sail is covered, as in a canoe. To do this requires a material not yet obtainable, something very strong and flexible but of light weight.

RACING VS. CRUISING TRIM.—The idea is generally prevalent among racing men that every ounce of weight sent ashore in a race is a gain to the boat; but so far from this being an invariable rule, the exceptions are numerous, several being noted on the cruise. Liris, so far as can be judged, is sailing better this year on the cruise, and especially in the New York Y. C. regatta, with no end of furniture and fittings aboard, than in many of the races when Designer Gardner had all the match safes emptied and made the crew leave their pocket handkerchiefs ashore. Mayflower has been sailing up to her old reputation, for the first time since the change of rig, on the runs of the cruise in cruising trim. In the Golet cup race she was completely stripped and made the worst showing of the cruise. Whether or not a yacht should be stripped, and with what weight she will do her best sailing, is not a matter of rule, but must be learned by each skipper before he can hope to win races.

"DRAWING LINES."—A most amusing commentary on the practice "drawing lines" from the performances of certain boats to determine the merits of other craft, an amusement very popular in Boston of late, is found in the result of the late Golet cup race, in which a boat that has not been counted at all turned up second to Gloriana. Although she was beaten badly herself, she in turn left the rest of the fleet astern to the same tune. All the elaborate calculations of the comparative speeds of Owene and Gloriana which were based on the performances of Sayonara fell to pieces before the fact that Barbara beat both Owene and Sayonara very fairly to windward, and finally came in second to Gloriana.

"DEAD FOR A DUCAT."—The work of Gloriana in the Golet cup race gave the event very much the appearance of the funeral of the class, and though there is a chance that Beatrice may prove able to make a race for the Herreshoff flyer, it is evident that the others, Owene, Sayonara, Barbara, Nautilus, Minola and Alborak have no use at all for her, and can only win prizes when she is not present. While the coming races off Newport and Marblehead are certain to prove both exciting and interesting, there is little prospect that they will do more than settle the question of second, third and the poorer places, leaving Gloriana anywhere from 5 to 10 m. ahead of the fleet. In this event, the class will be as dead as the 40ft., and after even a shorter existence.

GUNS VS. WHISTLES.—The guns on the Electra are manned and handled as well as any in the fleet, and far better than the usual starting gun on any chance yacht or tugboat, but they are not free from the infirmities of their kind, and have twice missed fire on the cruise in giving the starting signal. The old reliable steam whistle is seldom known to miss fire in competent hands, and the wonder is why regatta committees still adhere to the tricky and treacherous gun at the risk of spoiling the start in every instance.

A BABY GLORIANA.—In the new edition of "Yacht and Boat Sailing," published a month since in London, and just passed through the Custom House here, there is a design for a 1/2-rater by Mr. Dixon Kemp, which in some respects shows a remarkable likeness to Gloriana, the outline of stem being the same, though the bow has not the excessive fullness of the Bristol boat.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1891.

A PART from the 46ft. class, the racing up to the end of July has been of the most unsatisfactory sort; the schooners and larger single-stickers have done little or nothing, the handicap and cruiser races have failed to fill the entry lists, and the sole interest has been in the small classes, from 46ft. down to 25 ft. It is then a matter for regret that the cruise, which has shown a most decided improvement over the club regatta as well as over last season. The racing among the schooners on the cruise has been specially good, a very fair fleet of starters showing up for each run as well as the Golet cup and Vineyard Haven races, and while nothing specially startling in the way of speed or of exciting finishes has been seen, there have been some very pretty contests between Mayflower, Marguerite, Iroquois, Quickstep and Oweene in particular, while Volunteer, Constellation and Fortuna of the larger classes have taken part in most of the races. Grayling has not been with the fleet, and though Montauk was present she raced but little.

The racing in the single-stick fleet has been of unusual interest in the 46ft. class, the only one which is at all alive and up to date. Of the old classes, the 70ft. has not come up to expectations this year. Katrina, of the old class, has been in the fleet, Grace and Fanny, as to leave them little chance of beating her. On the hard beat of the first day she did the best work of the fleet, but she failed to start in the Golet cup race, and there is good reason to doubt whether she would have been able to give Gloriana some 25 m. had she done so. Shamrock was with the fleet but did not race, and Gracie was left behind at Newport in the 46ft. class, while the 40ft. class was a very spirited attempt to represent the class in the Golet race.

In the other classes, however, a number of the old boats started and made very fair racing among themselves, though, of course, not in the game with such craft as Owene and Gloriana. It is good to see the familiar names of Hildegard, Mischief, Cinderella, Clara, Huron, Tuels and their fellows. It is to the owners of the boats and the schooner that the chief credit is due for the success of the cruise. The 40ft. class made but a poor showing, Gossoon being out of several races through her accident. Liris has sailed well with the fleet, but Ventura, the only other racer, has done but little, and the racing of the class has been very tame.

While racing is by no means the sole end and object of the annual cruise, and the complaint is frequently made that too much time is spent in the menial part of the programme, it is a plain fact that without racing the cruise is a failure as a sporting and cruising craft. How to obtain just the proper amount of racing to give life and excitement to all, without at the same time making the cruise one big regatta with a daily round of hard work and no chance for rest or social intercourse, is a very difficult problem; but the danger lies rather with too little racing than too much. This year four of the five runs were races for all who wished to enter, the conditions being as follows:

SQUADRON RUNS.

From Huntington Bay to New London, 63 miles. Start off Eaton's Point Buoy and finish off lighthouse, New London.

From New London to Newport, 40 miles. Start off Sarah's Ledge and finish off the Dumphings.

From Vineyard Haven to Vineyard Haven, 37 miles. Start off Brenton's Reef Lightship and finish at red buoy No. 2 off West Chop. Vineyard Sound Lightship must be left on the port.

From Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, 34 miles. Start off the bluffs in front of the Sea View House and finish off Clark's Point Light, leaving Sow and Pigs Reef buoy on the starboard.

From New Bedford to Newport, 67 miles. Start off Clark's Point Light and finish off Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Hen and Chickens Lightship on the starboard.

The Electra will establish start and finish lines for each run and give the corrected time of all yachts crossing with their private signals at the peak and their racing numbers displayed (Sec. 3, R. R. X.) and in cruising trim, anchors on the bow and cables boat, cruising complement of boats carried, cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending aback the truck or to the end of the boom, if so desired.

A squadron run prize will be given in each class where two or more start, with a second prize if four or more start.

Any yacht alone in her class can sail in the class above.

Water can be taken into the tanks until 8 A. M. the morning of the run with this exception, racing rules to govern.

These conditions subject to alteration in any class on the request of a majority of the contestants on any run.

Vessels that do not wish to be timed will not cross the line, nor carry their private signals at the peak. They will be at liberty to get under way and proceed to the squadron's destination with the gun announcing the harbor start.

STARTING SIGNALS.

The Electra will fly the United States ensign at the fore until the preparatory signal is made. Preparatory signal.—One gun will be fired, and at the same time the U. S. ensign will be hoisted and the blue peter set in its place. 1st start.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and the club signal set in its place; when the time of yachts in Classes V., of schooners, and V., VI. and VII., of sloops, cutters and yawls, will be taken as they cross the line. Five minutes later the club signal will be fired. 2d start.—Ten minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and the club signal again hoisted; when the time of yachts in Classes I., II., III. and IV., of schooners, and I., II., III. and IV., of sloops, cutters and yawls, will be taken as they cross. Ten minutes later the handicap gun for yachts in Classes I., II., III., and IV. (all types included) will be fired.

With a large fleet of some 40 yachts as a nucleus, the entire fleet aggregated about as many more sailing and some 50 steam yachts, a number of course being with the fleet only a few days at a time, as at New London, Glen Cove or Newport. When under way, however, as in leaving New London or Newport, the regular fleet of some 60 to 80 yachts made a spectacle that the New York Y. C. may well be proud of. The flagship Electra was assisted by the regatta committee and also carried the representatives of the New York and Boston papers. Com. Gerry finding his chief pleasure in making every one at home. It is needless to say that under the direction of the fleet captain, Mr. Stephen Peabody, and the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold, all arrangements for the handling of the fleet in the runs and races were well carried out. The new feature of a special steamer for members at the start of the cruise and again for the Golet cup race, was very generally appreciated by the large non-owning contingent of the club.

FIRST RUN, HUNTINGTON BAY TO NEW LONDON, AUG. 4.

The first racing run of the cruise, a brief account of which was given last week, was something out of the regular line of cruising passages. The wind and sea were nothing particularly bad, but the distance, 63 miles, was just twice the length of the usual run, and the error of head wind and all the way, the race was tedious and trying and not a little wet. The sailing fleet included some 60 yachts, from the big schooners Constellation, Dauntless and Palmer down to the forties Gossoon, Liris, Choc-taw and Ventura. Of these nearly 30 crossed the starting line, with numbers and private signals set, only 20 finally crossing the finish line at New London. The racing was close and the contest exciting in some places, but after the first half dozen miles it was impossible to follow the contestants at all closely, they were widely scattered. Breakdowns and minor casualties were numerous, but the details were not generally known until the entire fleet was assembled in harbor a couple of days later.

At the start the weather was cloudy with a light rain, the wind being from the eastward, a worktopossal breeze and the water a little rough. As the fleet advanced the rain ceased, save a few showers, the sky cleared and the wind held steady until afternoon, dropping toward evening, and falling entirely by sunset. In the middle of the sound there was some tolerably rough water. The crews of the smaller boats being well soaked. On the last third of the run the sea was much smoother. When the leaders reached the finish the weather was clear and fine, the evening being perfect. The start was made between the Electra and a tug, off Eaton's Neck, the tide being at low half flood. The finish was made off the lighthouse at the mouth of New London Harbor.

In several classes the boats were so matched as to make good racing, Minola, Sayonara, Owene and Nautilus in the 46ft.; Liris and Gossoon in the 40ft.; the modern Katrina against the old-time cracks Gracie, B-down and Huron in the 70ft.; while Iroquois, Marguerite and Clara made a good class of the smaller schooners. Constellation, Palmer, Norswaan and Intrepid made up the largest class. Cinderella and Clara were ready for a duel, this being their first meeting this season, and though a race was in poor form as to sails or crew, a close fight was expected. Cinderella was steered by Clara's old skipper, Capt. John Barr, while Clara was sailed by an amateur, Mr. Walter Thompson, her crew being made up of the wife of Mr. Osborne, her owner. Unfortunately Clara broke a chainplate just before the start, and did not cross the line but fell in with the non-racers to leeward. She made a good race, however, overtaking Cinderella in the worst of the sea, when more than half the course was covered,

and beating her into New London by a good lead, though neither was officially timed.

When the time for the smaller boats was nearly up, Capt. Chas. Barry took Overton along the line, with Sayonara and Minola for a lowing him. Even the El-etra's guns, which are usually prompt and reliable pieces of ordnance, at times prove subject to the same weaknesses as others of their kind; and this time the gun missed fire, leaving the boats hanging at the line for a short interval until the whistle was blown in place of the gun. The three were obliged to reach along to the leeward end of the line, while Nautilus and Gracie, who had been lying to windward of the flagship, dashed promptly across on the whistle with a good start to windward. Although the starting explanations were very explicit, being the same for all the races of the cruise, they were not understood by three of the larger schooners, Columbia, Dauntless and Montauk, all crossing with the small boats, well ahead of their proper classes, and thus not being timed. The official time was:

Nautilus.....	6 20 56	Katrina.....	6 37 00
Sayonara.....	6 21 18	Hildegard.....	6 37 07
Gossoon.....	6 21 31	Sylph.....	6 37 15
Quickstep.....	6 21 31	Huron.....	6 37 50
Cinderella.....	6 21 45	Bedouin.....	6 38 12
Oweene.....	6 22 07	Constellation.....	6 38 39
Liris.....	6 22 57	Mayflower.....	6 38 43
Minola.....	6 23 48	Gracie.....	6 39 29
Cllo.....	6 24 02	Gevalla.....	6 39 40
Mischief.....	6 24 44	Whaleway.....	6 40 25
Eleanor.....	6 25 00	Forget Me Not.....	6 41 35
Iroquois.....	6 30 16	Phantom.....	6 42 51
Marguerite.....	6 30 23	Palmer.....	6 44 03

Norsmaan, Fleur de Lys, Intrepid and Eleanor were handicapped.

Not a few, both of the racers and in the cruising division, were more than satisfied with the first 20 miles of beating, and a number put into New Haven and other ports. Among these were Mischief, Fleur de Lys, Cllo, Sylph, with a broken board, G-valla, Eleanor, Whito, Oweene, Fanny, Por-abona's, Phantom, Whaleway and Forget Me Not, the old sloop Bertie with a new name. Of other white craft, a number came to grief in one way or another; Constellation, for instance, lost some time in setting a smaller one, Nautilus carried away the jaws of her gear, Owene crushed the sheaves out of her throat hallow back and also lost the tack of her topsail, Mayflower tore her jib, Sayonara lost her topsail sheet, taking in the sail and housing her tomast for a time, and Gossoon parted her main shrouds at the masthead when but a few miles past Fort Jefferson, immediately giving up and running for safety under loose sails. The honors of the run went to Katrina, Iroquois and Oweene, the former leading the fleet nearly all day and finishing 20 m. ahead of second boat, the big schooner Constellation. Iroquois, the 80ft. schooner, like Katrina, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, saved her time easily on the schooner classes, being fourth boat in. She beat her rival Marguerite by 30 m. and was about even with Mayflower on the 40ft. class, doing good work with her mates, beating Gracie and Huron badly, though herself out-sailed by the newer Katrina. Owene held a good place all day, sailing well to the front with the big boats for a long time and finally leading her class by a quarter of an hour. Liris did well, having about caught Gossoon when the latter was compelled to withdraw. The official times of those which finished are as follows, the corrected times not being given, owing to incomplete measurements, and to the fact that they were not needed, the winners being correctly placed by the elapsed time:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constellation.....	6 33 50	5 34 27	10 55 57
Palmer.....	6 41 03	5 53 05	11 09 02
Norsmaan.....	6 45 00	7 35 20	12 55 20
Intrepid.....	6 45 00	7 47 56	13 02 56

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Fortuna.....	6 40 25	6 43 21	11 32 56
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THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

Mayflower.....	6 38 43	5 49 24	11 10 41
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FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Iroquois.....	6 36 16	5 47 54	11 11 38
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MARGUERITE.....

Marguerite.....	6 46 03	6 20 39	11 44 16
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FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

Quickstep.....	6 21 51	7 12 42	12 51 18
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THIRD CLASS-SLOOPS.

Katrina.....	6 37 00	5 15 21	10 33 21
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Bedouin.....	6 38 12	5 42 37	11 04 25
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Gracie.....	6 39 29	6 53 39	12 14 10
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Huron.....	6 37 50	7 00 06	12 28 16
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FOURTH CLASS-SLOOPS.

Hildegard.....	6 37 07	7 02 08	12 25 01
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SIXTH CLASS-SLOOPS.

Oweene.....	6 22 07	6 24 26	12 02 19
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Sayonara.....	6 21 18	6 38 57	12 17 39
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Minola.....	6 23 48	6 40 05	12 16 17
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Nautilus.....	6 20 56	5 57 40	14 36 44
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SEVENTH CLASS-SLOOPS.

Liris.....	6 22 57	8 04 55	13 41 58
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The Electra anchored off the lighthouse at 5 P. M., lying there to time the yachts until after 9 o'clock. After dark her search light flashed out in all directions as a guide to the belated craft. The harbor of New London presented a very different appearance on her arrival from that of last year or 1889, there being comparatively few yachts in the harbor, and the usual difficulty in anchorage, near by her Puritan loomed up as familiar to her friend, and the Eastern boats—Merlin, Alga, Wayward, Baboon, Alucete—were with her. Of the New York boats awaiting the fleet were Concord, Uvira, Lydia and a number of steamers. Just before dark the fleet of the Philadelphia Y. C., also cruising, sailed into the harbor after the flag-ship Norma. As the yachts anchored the crews came ashore in small groups under the piazzas of the Pequot House were crowded with yachtsmen discussing the events of the day.

During the evening the fleet was startled by two fires. Just as Clara was about to anchor, Mrs. Osborne, who was below, gave the alarm of fire, and the after cabin was found in flames. As the yawl was turned over on top of the skylight, and the boom was nearly at top of the mast, the fire was so difficult in reaching the flames; but the skylight was broken after the boom was cleared away and the cabin well drenched with water. The damage was confined to the paint and hangings, the hull being unharmed. A little later the Golden Rod, a naphtha launch of some 40ft., with a cabin, owned by Mr. Bourne, caught fire when near the Port Griswold House, as she was returning from a trip outside the harbor. The best accounts of the fire were that one of the crew attempted to light the cabin lamp, when the flame spread and spread very rapidly. The owner and his wife were on board, but the yacht was promptly beached, so that no one was lost, a boat's crew from the U. S. ship Constellation lending valuable aid. The boat burned down to the water, being entirely ruined. Beyond these two accidents the evening passed very quietly ashore and on the yachts, all hands turning in early after a hard day.

NEW LONDON, AUG. 5.

After Tuesday's run a day in port was a matter of necessity, as few would have been willing to continue to Newport, and many had small repairs to make; while it was also necessary to wait in order to re-unite the scattered fleet. Early on Tuesday morning the auxiliary yacht Golden Fleece came in, making a fine appearance under her square rig, all canvas set, having made the entire harbor run. One by one yachts struggled in from the westward and eastward until the harbor was well filled. A bright sunny day with a light air put all hands in a good humor, as no sailing was on the programme. A match has lately been made between the owners of Minola and Jessica for \$250 a side, and it was expected that it would be sailed on this day under the management of the committee, but Mr. B. Belmont declined to start on the ground that the race needed the rest before starting again on the cruise, and the race was postponed to a date not named, when a race, 10 miles to windward and leeward will be sailed. It was announced during the day that the unsuccessful race of the Cherry Diamond Y. C., on July 25, had been declared off, and that the race will be re-sailed on Aug. 18, off Newport, the other two races of the series possibly being sailed immediately after.

At 11 A. M. a meeting of captains was held on board the Electra, at which it was decided to continue the cruise next day to Newport, sailing for the Golet cups on Friday, and making the third run, to Vineyard Haven, on Saturday. Com. Gerry has announced that it is the policy of the club in the future to accept no cups from parties outside the club, but that where certain races are desirable, the club will furnish the prizes. In the afternoon the rowing races for the Owl and Greenbock colors, and also the race of naphtha launches, was held; creating but little interest outside of the contestants, as is usually the case. The first race was for the Gamecock colors, open to four-oared gigs pulling sweeps, course about two miles, with five crews from the schooners Dauntless, Iroquois, Fortuna, Fleur de Lys and Columbia, the finish being in this order. The race for naphtha launches, under the handicap arranged for by Fleet Captain J. B. Peabody, came next with six starters: Columbia, Sapphire, Iroquois, Electra, Huron, Fleur de Lys, the prizes being \$30 for Columbia and \$10 for Sap-

phire. The Owl colors, for cutters pulling two sweeps or pairs of sculls had but one starter, from the Columbia, and the dinghy race had also one, from Bedouin. By nightfall there was a very large fleet of yachts, both sail and steam, in the harbor. The evening was spent very quietly, the music at the Pequot House tempted no one to dance, and the yachtsmen were nearly all on board their ships. The orders were for a start at 9.30 A. M. off the buoy on Sarah's Ledge.

SECOND RUN, NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT, AUG. 6.

As soon as the fleet was astir on Thursday morning the news ran from ship to ship that Volunteer had arrived during the night, and glasses were quickly focussed on the hold-looking black schooner with clipper stem and peculiar rig which lay near the mouth of the harbor. There was little doubt as to her being the old white craft, the altered sheer, rig and color disguising her completely. The course for the day's racing was from off the Sarah's Ledge buoy to the Dumplings, in Newport Harbor, 40 miles, going outside of Fisher's Island, or through the Race. The day was warm and bright, with a moderate easterly breeze, smooth water and the tide being near the turn of high water. A number of the yachts started through the short cut, Fisher's Island Sound, where the fleet got under way at 9 A. M. the racers standing out to the starting line. Golden Fleece, with funnel stowed, was under canvas only, in spite of the light head wind.

It was 9.45 when the preparatory gun for the smaller classes fired and 9.55 when the start was given. Although it was a time start, with 5m. to start, the men have been trained to "one gun" start and the importance of starting first in nearly all cases has been so clearly proven, that this start, like the others in the cruise, found the boats crowding for the line at gunfire. At this work the Barrs have few equals, and Oweene's skipper has taken the line first on most of the races of the cruise. This race was no exception, and Oweene ran her bowsprit close under the stern of the flagship in the lead of the pack. All were so closely bunched as to make it difficult for the spectators to tell the boats apart. With Capt. John Barr burying Cinderella along beside her, Sayonara turned close to the ship, but not so close that Ventura could not find room to poke her bowsprit, crowding through at the risk of a collision on one hand or the other. The start of the larger yachts, 10m. later, was a little slower, but hardly less exciting. Fortuna forcing her way in between Milicete and Gracie and threatening to run the Rock Reef lighted, the leader of the pack, but when clear of the line Cinderella went about, heading in shore, and soon the fleet was scattered, some on one tack and some on the other. The start was timed:

Oweene	9 55 31	Wayward	10 11 32
Liris	9 55 39	Fleur de Lys	10 11 42
Cinderella	9 55 53	Merlin	10 11 55
Mineola	9 56 03	Volunteer	10 12 03
Sayonara	9 56 39	Gracie	10 12 43
Jessica	9 56 43	Fortuna	10 12 54
Ventura	9 56 50	Volunteer	10 13 16
Nautilus	9 57 31	Phantom	10 13 23
Milicete	9 57 47	Palmer	10 13 57
Uvira	9 58 19	Mayflower	10 14 10
Quickstep	9 58 45	Hildegard	10 14 39
Clara	9 59 19	Intrepid	10 14 43
Katrina	10 10 50	Montauk	10 15 39
Enone	10 10 52	Iroquois	10 16 22
Marguerite	10 11 27	Whiteway	10 16 40

The early part of the race was rather dull, the wind being light. Oweene was well in the lead, with Sayonara, Uvira and Katrina near her. When off the Rock Reef lighted, the leader of the pack, most of the schooners, standing in toward the Rhode Island shore, while Mineola, followed by Jessica and later by Huron, stood off shore toward Block Island, hoping for a southerly breeze. Beyond Fisher's Island the cruising contingent was picked up, including Puritan. Watch Hill was passed about noon, and an hour later the order was Oweene first, well in shore, with Uvira second and Sayonara third, with less tide, the leader of the pack, was of not more than half a mile, but a wide stretch of water lay between Sayonara and the next pair, Katrina and Quickstep. Not far from these two was Liris, who had been doing good work with Ventura, while near her was Capt. John Barr in Cinderella, trying to beat his old rival Capt. Hank Huff in the new Volunteer. The big schooner had not done much thus far, but perhaps all that could be expected, her previous record being a first place in the division. Hildegard and Wayward, both left, had been fighting all day with small gain to either, the black sloop being now a little ahead of the Burgess cutter. Puritan, not in the race, was between Hildegard and Wayward. Ventura and Nautilus, also close in shore, came next, followed by Clara, who had been chasing Cinderella all day and was now gaining on her. Milicete was also with this group, making a division of her own, and advancing guard. To the westward of Watch Hill were the most of the schooners, Marguerite, Iroquois, Fortuna, Palmer, Mayflower and the sloop Gracie. Far off shore was Mineola, followed by Jessica, while Huron was astern of both. They had a moderate breeze, but the best course, as events proved, was that taken by Oweene, working the beach from Watch Hill to Point Judith, and getting a favoring start there.

The yawl and cutter came through Fisher's Island Sound, and was making no effort at racing, tacking in and off along the shore in that lazy and deliberate manner which characterizes her rig. When first sighted she was well ahead of the fleet, and the leaders gradually overtook her, but when she once fell in with the racers she seemed to stick with them, holding her own for a long time in a way that excited general comment. Mr. A. Bryan Alley was preparing to give her a chase, but he was so busy with his super-abundant racing spirit into the old hooker.

Marguerite to-day was beating Iroquois, working away from her when east of Charlestown Inlet, and joining company with Volunteer and Quickstep. Mayflower tried her luck off shore in the direction of Mineola, picking up the latter's breeze, and, like her, gaining when they came in for Point Judith. Merlin followed Mayflower part way out, but tacked in again and joined the beach company.

Oweene pointed high and got out to windward when nearing Point Judith in a way that cheered her admirers, who, in spite of many confident assertions for a month past, had for the whole day been pondering doubtfully on what the morrow might bring forth. After clearing the point, sheets were started and intermediate jibtopsail set for the race, and the finish, where the Electra was waiting to time her, Mayflower and Intrepid, but sailing with sheets hard in, as they had been trimmed on the wind. She caught and passed Oweene, while the other big boats, with a freer course and a moderate wind, made a gain on the little fellow, though she finished second, as the following times show:

Mayflower	5 31 06	Quickstep	6 26 31
Oweene	5 35 51	Palmer	6 26 37
Sayonara	5 45 23	Hildegard	6 26 37
Mineola	5 46 34	Clara	6 26 32
Katrina	5 50 08	Iroquois	6 29 13
Merlin	5 55 42	Cinderella	6 34 03
Volunteer	5 57 59	Enone	6 41 42
Uvira	5 59 19	Ventura	6 41 42
Jessica	6 10 43	Milicete	6 50 29
Fortuna	6 14 45	Montauk	6 51 30
Gracie	6 18 03	Milicete	7 03 29
Marguerite	6 18 53	Phantom	7 10 23
Liris	6 23 40	Whiteway	7 12 29
Nautilus	6 25 40	Fleur-de-Lys	7 17 21
Wayward	6 26 02	Dantless	7 19 32

Clara, starting astern of Cinderella and sailing her own course, had proved that fair sailing was not to be expected. She was very quickly caught and passed Cinderella, beating her by a handsome margin. Constellation had sailed to Newport on Wednesday to give a rest to Gloria's crew, so was not with the fleet, losing a leg thereby. The full times were:

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	10 13 57	6 26 37	8 12 40
Palmer	10 14 47	6 26 37	8 12 40
Intrepid	10 14 47	Not timed.	

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fortuna	10 12 54	6 14 45	8 01 51
Fleur de Lys	10 12 54	7 17 21	9 05 36
Montauk	10 15 30	7 01 30	8 46 00

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merlin	10 13 16	5 57 59	7 44 43
Volunteer	10 13 16	5 57 59	7 44 43
Mayflower	10 14 10	5 31 06	7 16 56
Phantom	10 13 23	7 10 23	8 57 00

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite	10 11 27	6 18 53	8 07 26
Iroquois	10 16 22	6 29 13	8 12 51
Enone	10 11 42	6 41 42	8 30 50

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quickstep	9 58 45	6 26 31	8 27 45
Lydia	10 00 00	Not timed.	

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katrina	10 10 50	5 50 08	7 39 18
Gracie	10 12 43	6 18 03	8 05 18

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hildegard	10 14 39	6 27 43	8 12 04
Wayward	10 11 32	6 26 02	8 14 30
Whiteway	10 16 40	7 12 29	8 57 49
Milicete	10 12 43	6 50 29	8 37 46

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cinderella	9 55 53	6 34 33	8 32 08
Clara	9 59 19	6 28 33	8 29 13
Whitby	10 00 00	Not timed.	

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sayonara	9 56 39	5 45 23	7 48 49
Mineola	9 56 22	5 45 34	7 50 12
Nautilus	9 57 31	6 25 40	8 28 09
Oweene	9 55 31	5 35 51	7 40 20
Uvira	9 57 47	6 06 29	8 08 42
Jessica	9 58 19	5 59 19	8 01 00
Ventura	9 56 43	6 10 03	8 13 20

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Liris	9 55 39	6 23 40	8 28 01
Ventura	9 56 50	6 48 02	8 51 12

In the harbor were Barbara, Beatrice and Gloria. Beatrice is the only yacht in the fleet, and she is enrolled in the New York A. C. her owners having but recently made application for membership, and their names not having been acted on according to the constitution, the required time not having elapsed. The owners of the other boats in the class were willing that Beatrice should be admitted to the Golet cup race and the other events of the cruise, and no objection was made by any one, but it was decided that the regatta committee should accept the entry of a yacht whose owner is not regularly enrolled in the club. This was generally regretted, as every one was anxious to see a meeting between Gloria and the two Burgess boats with which she has not yet raced. The fleet in the harbor included the entire class with the exception of Alborak and the Vanderbilt boat Ilderim: Mineola, Sayonara, Oweene, Beatrice, Nautilus, Gloria, Barbara, Jessica, Uvira and a new and very interesting entry, the yacht whose owner is not regularly enrolled in the club. This was generally regretted, as every one was anxious to see a meeting between Gloria and the two Burgess boats with which she has not yet raced. The fleet in the harbor included the entire class with the exception of Alborak and the Vanderbilt boat Ilderim: Mineola, Sayonara, Oweene, Beatrice, Nautilus, Gloria, Barbara, Jessica, Uvira and a new and very interesting entry, the yacht whose owner is not regularly enrolled in the club. This was generally regretted, as every one was anxious to see a meeting between Gloria and the two Burgess boats with which she has not yet raced. 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and Pigs was reached the wind had dropped and all life and interest had gone out of the race. For a long time the yachts drifted along, Mincola, Nautilus, Gossoon and Oweene, with the schooner Quickstep, being in the lead, passing Sow and Pigs between 1:30 and 2 o'clock. The wind now came in light from the south, increasing slowly until the whole fleet was going at a fair pace through Vineyard Sound. The head tide caught the laggards and they made a late finish. The race amounted to nothing as a test of speed. Mincola was handled very well in the light airs and came in leader. Clara again beat Cinderella, though by only a few seconds. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Dauntless.....	10 52 15	5 42 09	6 49 44	Not meas.
Constellation.....	10 52 53	5 40 55	6 48 02	Not meas.
Palmer.....	10 54 53	6 28 20	7 33 27	7 33 27
Fortuna.....	10 51 22	6 06 38	7 15 16	7 11 10
THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Merlin.....	10 57 02	6 07 33	7 10 31	7 10 31
Mayflower.....	10 52 17	5 47 39	6 55 16	6 53 03
Phantom.....	10 55 41	6 17 30	7 21 49	Not meas.
FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Marguerite.....	10 51 14	4 49 03	5 57 49	5 57 49
Oweene.....	10 50 43	6 04 03	7 13 20	7 11 01
Iroquois.....	10 53 05	6 16 40	7 23 35	7 22 55
Crusader.....	10 53 33	6 29 52	7 36 19	7 36 15
FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Quickstep.....	10 40 00	6 13 37	6 10 37	6 10 39
Victor.....	10 40 00	6 13 37	7 33 37	7 29 39
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Huron.....	10 58 15	4 45 02	6 46 47	8 46 47
Thetis.....	10 55 36	5 06 02	7 10 26	not ms.
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Mischief.....	11 01 39	6 26 48	7 30 48	not ms.
Wayward.....	10 58 33	6 27 01	7 28 38	not ms.
Hildegard.....	10 57 33	6 30 01	7 32 34	7 32 34
FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Clara.....	10 39 05	6 15 10	7 36 05	7 32 17
Cinderella.....	10 17 16	6 05 52	7 32 36	7 32 36
SIXTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Mincola.....	10 36 01	4 32 12	5 56 11	5 56 11
Nautilus.....	10 35 35	4 57 28	6 20 40	6 19 16
Oweene.....	10 35 35	5 22 08	6 46 33	not ms.
Sayonara.....	10 35 35	5 22 08	6 46 33	6 46 33
SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Gossoon.....	10 37 32	5 03 52	6 26 20	6 24 41
Liris.....	10 35 45	6 27 11	7 41 26	7 41 23
Ventura.....	10 38 20	Not timed.		

One Sunday in Vineyard Haven is much like another, the yachtsmen flock to Cottage City to talk, flirt and ride bicycles, and the day is one of lazy bustle. Nothing particular being done. This year the Oak Bluffs Club was as hospitable as ever, throwing open its doors to the visitors. In the morning a meeting of captains was held on the flagship, at which it was decided to hold a race for all classes on Monday, for cups given by the club, sailing on Tuesday for New Bedford. The yachts dressed ship during the day, to the entertainment and edification of the Vineyarders.

VINEYARD HAVEN RACE, AUG. 10.

Vineyard Sound is a fine place for racing, while the high ground gives every chance to the spectators, and with a good S.W. wind the racing was most satisfactory to all hands, ashore and afloat. The special feature was the presence of the Burgess centerboard boat, owned by Messrs. Bryant and Prince. She sailed with the fleet for a sweepstakes prize of \$50 each put up by the 46-footers, not being eligible to sail for the club prize. The prizes were cups costing \$200 for each of the three schooner classes, \$150 for the 70 and 61ft. classes of singlestickers, and \$100 for the two smaller classes. The course was from off the Sea View House around a mark off Robinson's Hill, 32 miles, the forlorn turning with Cinderella, Beatrice and Mincola close to her, Oweene being a couple of minutes after the gun:

Clara.....	10 40 15	Ventura.....	10 45 00
Cinderella.....	10 40 20	Fortuna.....	10 45 48
Beatrice.....	10 40 23	Marguerite.....	10 45 49
Mincola.....	10 40 28	Oweene.....	10 45 49
Oweene.....	10 43 08	Quickstep.....	10 47 50
Sayonara.....	10 43 42	Mayflower.....	10 47 54
Bedouin.....	10 44 03	Dauntless.....	10 48 35
Mischief.....	10 44 17	Iroquois.....	10 49 18
Hildegard.....	10 45 00	Palmer.....	10 50 00
Gossoon.....	10 45 00		

Hildegard, Gossoon, Ventura and Palmer were handicapped. Ventura parted by the halliards before the start and Messrs. Adams held Gossoon until her opponent made repairs. Volunteer was with the fleet, but did not start. Beatrice led the fleet to the Nobsk Buoy, all being on the wind, the times being:

Beatrice.....	11 30 00	Fortuna.....	11 37 37
Cinderella.....	11 31 00	Merlin.....	11 39 05
Clara.....	11 33 00	Quickstep.....	11 40 05
Oweene.....	11 33 30	Iroquois.....	11 40 37
Mincola.....	11 33 40	Palmer.....	11 42 07
Hildegard.....	11 34 05	Mayflower.....	11 47 15
Sayonara.....	11 34 12	Dauntless.....	11 47 15
Bedouin.....	11 34 45	Mischief.....	11 54 00
Marguerite.....	11 36 30	Gossoon.....	11 55 35
Oweene.....	11 36 53	Ventura.....	12 00 15
Huron.....	11 37 45		

Oweene was close by Hildegard, and after passing the buoy went on starboard tack off shore, the rest continuing on port tack. Marguerite and Oweene led the schooner fleet over the first leg, the former taking the lead near the buoy, Quickstep being close to them. Beatrice soon had a long lead on the fleet, Mincola and Sayonara, close together, being far astern of her. The yachts north down the Naushon shore, the wind drawing more to the north, until Hildegard and Iroquois were close by, Clara had dropped back and was with Mayflower and Iroquois, but Quickstep was pushing the leader, Marguerite. Gossoon had no competitor but Ventura, and the race in this class possessed little interest. The outer mark was timed:

Beatrice.....	1 14 26	Hildegard.....	1 41 00
Mincola.....	1 23 00	Bedouin.....	1 41 00
Sayonara.....	1 23 45	Marguerite.....	1 45 00
Oweene.....	1 24 55	Quickstep.....	1 45 00
Cinderella.....	1 36 00	Iroquois.....	1 45 00
Clara.....	1 39 00	Huron.....	1 50 00

The run home was made with spinakers to starboard, with more wind than was needed for the big kites, but all came home safely. The official times were:

CLASS A—FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Dauntless.....	10 43 35	Did not finish.		
Palmer.....	10 50 00	3 19 43	4 29 43	4 29 43
Fortuna.....	10 45 48	3 23 45	4 37 57	4 35 04
Merlin.....	10 47 54	3 13 34	4 25 40	4 22 15
Mayflower.....	10 48 13	3 13 14	4 25 01	4 20 06
CLASS B—FOURTH AND FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Marguerite.....	10 45 43	3 05 34	4 15 36	4 15 36
Iroquois.....	10 49 18	3 05 34	4 15 36	4 15 36
Oweene.....	10 45 49	3 21 54	4 26 05	4 24 31
Quickstep.....	10 47 50	3 08 13	4 20 23	4 12 52
CLASS C—KEEL SCHOONERS, ALL CLASSES.				
Dauntless.....	10 48 35	Did not finish.		
Palmer.....	10 50 00	3 19 43	4 29 43	4 29 43
Fortuna.....	10 45 48	3 23 45	4 37 57	4 35 04
Oweene.....	10 45 49	3 21 54	4 26 05	4 24 31
CLASS D—THIRD CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Bedouin.....	10 43 42	3 00 10	4 17 28	4 17 28
Huron.....	10 44 00	3 12 52	4 28 52	4 28 52
CLASS E—FOURTH AND FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Hildegard.....	10 45 00	2 55 49	4 13 49	4 13 49
Mischief.....	10 45 20	Did not finish.		
Cinderella.....	10 46 33	2 56 33	4 14 33	4 14 33
Clara.....	10 40 15	3 06 23	4 26 05	4 26 05
CLASS F—SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Sayonara.....	10 42 42	2 46 26	4 03 43	4 04 44
Mincola.....	10 40 28	2 45 19	4 01 41	4 01 41
Oweene.....	10 42 08	2 47 43	4 05 35	4 05 35
Beatrice.....	10 40 23	2 35 11	3 54 48	3 54 48
CLASS G—SEVENTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Gossoon.....	10 45 00	3 44 14	4 59 14	4 59 14
Ventura.....	10 45 00	Did not finish.		

RUN VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEW BEDFORD, AUG. 11.

This year old Long Island Sound has redeemed itself by providing a good breeze as long as the fleet stayed within its limits. While the open water to the eastward gave two days of drifting to one of good sailing. The run of Saturday to Vineyard Haven was very unsatisfactory, and that of Tuesday to New Bedford was no better. All the morning there was a flat calm, and the start was delayed. The start was timed:

Oweene.....	11 29 39	Milicete.....	11 29 45
Mincola.....	11 25 51	Sayonara.....	11 30 31
Nautilus.....	11 29 10	Clara.....	11 30 43

Cinderella.....	11 29 23	Gossoon.....	11 32 28
Quickstep.....	11 44 50	Volunteer.....	11 50 54
Merlin.....	11 46 25	Hildegard.....	11 51 59
Palmer.....	11 48 52	Beatrice.....	11 56 32
Gracie.....	11 50 29	Iroquois.....	11 58 21

Gossoon had no competitor, so went into the 46ft. class. Milicete had joined the fleet after withdrawing on Saturday with the loss of her hobstays, making a hurried repair job at New Bedford. Mayflower went to the eastward from Vineyard Haven, and many other yachts left the fleet to join again at Newport on Wednesday.

The wind was very light from the west, all crossing on port tack, the fleet making for the north side of Vineyard Sound, only Hildegard and Quickstep holding the Vineyard Haven or south shore. The strong ebb tide drove the knowing ones close to shore, where short tacks were the order of the day. Near Nobsk light Oweene was ahead, with Sayonara, Cinderella, Gossoon, Milicete, Clara, Nautilus, Merlin, Volunteer and Iroquois in order.

Just after noon, while stealing her way close inshore, Mincola picked up the rocky bottom off Wood's Hole. Two steam launches from the shore and the Electra's launch went to her aid, the former heeling and heading her offshore, but being unable to move her off. Mr. Frost went with the Electra to New Bedford where he secured a tug, and the yacht was hauled off at midnight, the damage being supposed to be but slight.

The next exciting incident was furnished by Oweene, who took the ground half an hour later some three miles beyond Mincola. She, however, was on a sandy bottom and the steam yacht Wild Duck, by skillful management backed in, ran off a hawser and hauled her clear. Sayonara laid by her for a time and then continued the race.

About 1 P. M. the wind came in stronger and the larger yachts began to move. The 46ft. class and the Quickstep went in through Quick's Hole, while the others ran outside by Hen and Chickens, finishing off Clark's Point, where the fleet was timed:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Constellation.....	11 53 00	4 07 23	4 10 23	4 10 23
Palmer.....	11 48 52	4 10 06	4 27 14	4 27 14
THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Volunteer.....	11 50 53	4 09 16	4 18 23	4 18 23
Merlin.....	11 46 23	3 53 40	4 08 17	4 07 38
FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Iroquois.....	11 53 00	4 32 22	4 39 22	4 39 22
FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Quickstep.....	11 33 00	3 43 43	4 15 43	4 15 43
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Gracie.....	11 50 28	4 26 03	4 34 35	4 34 35
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Hildegard.....	11 51 58	3 48 26	3 56 28	3 56 28
Mischief.....	11 51 57	4 29 25	4 37 28	4 37 28
FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Cinderella.....	11 29 23	4 15 06	4 45 40	4 45 40
Clara.....	11 30 46	4 37 46	5 06 54	5 06 54
SIXTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Sayonara.....	11 50 33	4 03 02	4 32 29	4 32 29
Nautilus.....	11 29 08	4 24 11	4 55 03	4 54 15
Milicete.....	11 29 43	4 38 29	5 08 46	5 07 48
Gossoon.....	11 32 26	4 06 10	4 23 44	4 28 11
Mincola.....	11 28 48	Did not finish.		
Oweene.....	11 28 38	Did not finish.		
Beatrice.....	11 56 32	4 28 25	4 32 03	4 32 03

Beatrice was timed with the fleet. Cinderella beat Clara, and Hildegard made a very fine showing.

On Wednesday the fleet continued to Newport, where the special race will be sailed to-day, after which the squadron will be disbanded. The sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead will be sailed off Newport on Monday, Aug. 17, followed by one or more of the Cherry Diamond Y. C. races on Tuesday. The match between Mincola and Jessica will probably be sailed at Newport, and in the following week, beginning Aug. 24, the mid-summer matches of the Corinthian Y. C. will call all the 46ft. class to Marblehead.

HULL Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP RACES.—The first cup races of the Hull Y. C. for classes 3, 4 and 5 were sailed on Aug. 1 in a freshening S.W. wind, the times being:

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Moodynde, W. H. Shaw.....	24.08	2 00 05	1 27 39	
Posy, R. G. Hunt.....	22.08	2 02 52	1 28 04	
Susie, W. W. Keith.....	23.02	2 04 15	1 30 04	
Erin, J. Cavanagh.....	20.05	2 03 02	1 32 27	
Three Brothers.....	21.04	2 07 48	1 33 03	
Montezuma, G. E. Curry.....	22.07	Did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.				
Echo, Burrill and Isham.....	24.06	2 01 49	1 29 11	
Swordfish, Hall and Johnson.....	24.07	2 02 08	1 29 36	
FOURTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
Idler, F. L. Dunne.....	20.08	1 07 55	55 19	
Egeria, E. B. Rogers.....	20.07	1 26 44	1 04 12	
FIFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.				
Kureka, F. Ware.....	19.11	1 21 00	57 52	
Madge, W. M. Thayer.....	19.11	1 21 10	58 03	
Atala, E. F. Linton.....	19.10	1 24 22	1 01 10	
Magpie, H. G. Otis.....	19.00	1 25 28	1 01 30	
FIFTH CLASS—KEELS.				
Composite, J. McIntyre.....	16.04	1 30 58	1 04 13	
Vandal, E. W. & H. W. Pratt.....	22.01	1 29 04	1 07 45	
SIXTH CLASS.				
Rocket, H. M. Faxon.....	16.02	1 26 50	59 53	
Cricket, E. B. Lambert.....	16.08	1 27 50	1 00 23	
Mab, J. Shaw.....	15.09	1 28 18	1 01 56	

The judges were Messrs. W. A. Cary, J. B. Forsythe, W. E. Sheriffs, H. S. Woodbury, J. R. Chadwick, E. E. Souther, J. J. Souther, E. L. Bunnell. In the evening a hop was held in the club house.

On Aug. 8 the second race was sailed, the times being:

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.				Did not finish.
Ustane, S. N. Small.....	20.11	2 52 16	2 20 57	
Mosby, J. B. Brown.....	23.08	2 40 39	2 10 25	
Posy, R. G. Hunt.....	22.07	2 56 30	2 27 14	
Moodynde, W. H. Shaw.....	24.08	3 10 54	2 41 43	
Three Brothers, O. A. Galvin.....	21.04	Did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.				
Swordfish, H. L. Johnson.....	24.07	2 56 30	2 27 14	
Echo, Hurwell & Isham.....	24.06	3 15 24	2 46 02	
FOURTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
Idler, F. L. Dunne.....	20.06	1 58 54	1 36 18	
True Blue, H. T. Hutchins.....	17.10	2 21 05	1 55 59	
FIFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.				
Atala, E. F. Linton.....	19.10	2 48 53	2 25 42	
Egeria, F. Ware.....	19.11	2 51 08	2 27 59	
FIFTH CLASS—KEELS.				
Composite, J. McIntyre.....	16.04	Did not finish.		
SIXTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.				
Rocket, H. M. Faxon.....	16.02	2 24 14	1 59 17	
Cricket, E. B. Lambert.....	16.03	Did not finish.		
Mab, John Shaw.....	15.00	Did not finish.		

The result up to date is to give the championships to Swordfish, Idler and Rocket in the third class keels, fourth and sixth classes respectively. Pansy and Torment have each won a leg in the third class centerboards, Egeria and Atala each a leg in the fifth class centerboards.

A TUXEDO FOUL.

THE question which was discussed in the abstract last fall, the race which was the origin of it being of no importance, has been revived in very practical shape by the collision between Volunteer and Gracie in the Golet cup race last week. The conditions were similar to the Tuxedo case, save that the weather boat, with the larger sail plan of the two, was the overtaking vessel for some time. At this date we have not heard the decision of the regatta committee nor seen the evidence, of which no doubt plenty was submitted, but apart from the question of position, which will probably be the basis of the decision, there is also a question of the interpretation of the rule.

On the part of Volunteer, Gen. Paine is reported as saying that when Gracie hailed for room, Volunteer luffed as far as she could and that then Gracie struck her. The rule, No. XXIV, Section 14, of the New York Y. C. reads: "If overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass the mark."

As we understand the statement of Gen. Paine, the rights of the yacht hailing for room were admitted, and an effort was made by Volunteer to concede them, but only to a certain point. She luffed as high as possible, but not tack.

The question arises whether in doing this she fully complied with the rule, and though there may be some difference of opinion, we believe that she did not. However unfair it may seem in some case to require a boat to tack while her companion goes by on the same course, the wording of the rule seems clear and definite. Granted that the inward and leeward yacht has an overlap, and, with close hauled, can still jam by the mark without tacking, it is still the duty of the other to be entitled to room regardless of the effect on her opponent. If the leeward yacht is in this position, it is the duty of the other not merely to luff as high as possible, but get out of the way, even though she may be obliged to tack to do so. How far this principle applies in the present case can only be determined from the evidence submitted by the committee, aided perhaps by a number of photographs of the foul which were taken, but we call the attention of racing men to a very important point in the rule—that under given conditions the outer yacht must get out of the way, at whatever cost to herself.

RIVERSIDE Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, AUG. 8.—The Riverside Y. C. of Riverside, Conn., held its annual pennant regatta on Saturday, the race being very fluky, owing to the wind. The full times were:

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—45FT. CLASS.			
Wayward.....	12 50 00	Finish.	Elapsed. Corrected.
Alcedo.....	12 50 00	Did not finish.	
40FT. CLASS.			
Doctor.....	12 50 00	Not timed.	
35FT. CLASS.			
Vorant.....	12 50 00	Not timed.	
Estela.....	12 50 00	Not timed.	
YAWLS—25FT. CLASS.			
Dot.....	12 50 00	2 34 15	2 44 15
Natima.....	12 50 00	3 35 37	2 45 37
Effie.....	12 50 00	3 32 11	2 42 11
JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Sirene.....	12 50 00	3 10 10	2 20 10

The regatta committee were Frank B. Jones, Wm. Huffington and Chas. E. Wilson.

HOBB'S HOLE REGATTA, AUG. 8.—On Saturday a race was sailed at Hobb's Hole, near Plymouth, Cape Cod, open to yachts from Plymouth, Kingston and Duxbury, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARD SPRITS.			
		Elapsed.	
Old Honesty, J. C. Dawes.....		1 54 14	
Dandy, S. S. Richards.....		2 03 08	
Mignon, Damon Bros.....		2 03 35	
Henrietta, C. W. Watson.....		2 04 00	
Puritan, D. H. Craig.....		2 04 00	
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
No Name, George Atwell.....		2 01 21	
Jesse, I. Morton.....		2 05 47	
Roulette, Charles Rogers.....		2 08 59	
No Name, G. Rogers.....		2 09 54	
Outlaw, E. Morey.....		2 16 52	
THIRD CLASS—CANOES.			
Mollie, A. L. Bailey.....		1 03 27	
Carmen, F. A. Jenks.....		1 04 26	
Phebe, C. R. Raymond.....		1 07 31	
Kittiwake, W. T. Eldridge.....		1 10 27	

THE OCEAN DORY RACE.—One of the two foolhardy navigators, Captain Lawlor of the Sea Sparrow, reached the English coast on Aug. 5, landing at Coverack, a small town near the Lizard. He was well, but very much exhausted by the long trip. The other dory, Mermaid, Capt. Andrews, was last spoken on July 27 in lat. 45 N., long. 55 W.

LYNN Y. C., AUG. 8.—The fourth race for the Expert cup was sailed on Saturday at Lynn harbor, with five starters, in a strong northwest wind. Tempest won very easily.

CAPE COD Y. C., AUG. 8.—The first of a series of three races of this club was sailed on Saturday off Orleans, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wave Crest, D. S. Young.....	19.09	1 46 28	1 43 20
Madge, Cummings & Hines.....	23.05	1 50 37	1 50 37
Unique, W. Wareham.....	20.00	1 53 50	1 50 55
SECOND CLASS.			
Carrie L., George Clark.....	16.01	1 53 20	Not taken.
Little Brave, J. Ryder.....	18.03	2 03 07	Not taken.
Henrietta, R. Rich.....	18.06	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Viola, E. L. Cummings.....	23.05	1 29 00	Not taken.
Josephine, P. A. Smith.....	22.00	1 41 06	Not taken.
Nauset, A. O. Hurd.....	23.00	Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Georgie, G. Hopkins.....	13.00	1 33 42	Not taken.
Breeze, H. L. Cummings.....	12.06	1 36 48	Not taken.
Fawn, D. W. Dean.....	12.09	1 41 39	Not taken.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 8.—The third championship race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a variable breeze from N.W. to S.E., finishing in a calm. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Stanley, W. L. Colson.....	20.05	4 03 35	3 32 45
Quisset, W. P. Taylor.....	25.08	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Ideal, F. Williams.....	21.10	4 01 20	3 25 28
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell.....	21.09	4 11 40	3 35 41
Awilda, J. H. Bligh.....	24.00	4 18 30	3 46 09
Wraith, W. H. Cheatham.....	22.08	Withdrew.	
Wapiti, James Hertram.....	23.04	Withdrew.	

Ideal wins two legs, subject to protest from Awilda for sculling with tiller. Awilda also protests Good Luck on the same grounds.

Canoeing.

AMENDMENTS TO THE RACING RULES.

WE publish this week several amendments to the racing rules which are offered for adoption at the coming meet. Two of these are necessary, as has been proved by experience; but they are of such a nature that for this meet at least they may be adopted and posted by the regatta committee as a part of the racing programme. We allude to the conditions for starting and finishing.

One of the proposed amendments, however, is in exactly the wrong direction and we hope that it will be very carefully considered by those who vote on it. It is the custom of all yacht clubs, based on long experience, to make changes in the racing rules only in the off season, between October and May. When Rule XXII was amended last year we urged the addition of a clause limiting all changes of rules to the annual meeting in November, but the work was so hastily done that this important point was neglected, though indirectly covered by the method of procedure prescribed, all amendments coming through the regatta committee. It is now proposed to amend Rule XXII, so as to allow a vote by mail at any time on the question of a change of rule; a change which we object to on two grounds.

In the first place, the vote by mail is but a necessary evil, an expedient made necessary by the impossibility of holding more than one meeting in a year at which a quorum of the executive committee can be collected. As questions come up from time to time which cannot be deferred to the November meeting, such as a change of camp site or election to fill a vacancy, the vote by mail is necessary. At the same time it is a very undesirable mode of voting, all discussion of the question being barred, and it should be used only in most urgent cases. For all changes of rules it is most unjustified, as the great point of such changes is the discussion which takes place in all meetings and which tends to prevent mistakes. Its racing rules are the most important of all the A. C. A. laws, and while changes are necessary to keep the rules up to date, it is essential that they should be as few as possible; and when made, so well considered as not to require immediate alteration.

By the plan now proposed, a rule may be changed without any discussion; the due notice, being given, a vote by mail is taken; the question probably being only partly understood by many who vote on it.

The second objection is based on the fact that all changes of the rule should be made out of the racing season and before building begins. As now provided, it is the business of the regatta committee to report on all needed changes immediately after the meet, the report being published so that every member may know what is proposed, and if necessary may file an objection with the division officers. The changes are submitted to the general meeting of the executive committee, where they are subjected to a discussion and criticism which is likely to reveal any faults. This method of amendment cannot be improved on, and if any change is made in Rule XXII, it should take the form of a statement that changes in the racing rules should only be made at the annual meeting.

AMENDMENTS TO THE A. C. A. RULES.

THE following amendments were sent by Dr. Gage on July 31, but failed to reach us in time for publication last week: Proposed by Francis H. Gisborne: To omit all of Rule XVI, after the first sentence. Proposed by Colin Fraser: To insert in Rule XXII. In place of the words "meeting of executive committee at which they are to be acted upon;" the words, "vote of executive committee is taken thereon." Proposed amendment to rule 10: "In paddling and combined races canoes shall be started by their sterns and the finish time taken when their bows cross the line." To rule 6: "In sailing races a canoe shall be considered to have finished when her forward or mainmast has crossed the line."

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meet of the W. C. A. at Ballast Island, July 11 to 25, went far to justify the comments of our correspondents, Mr. Warder, two years since, which created so much stir at the time. The prohibition of the standing sail, the opening of all races to the canoe yaws, and various other causes, have resulted in the extinction of the regular 16x30 canoe, and of all paddling and sailing races for canoes, the racing being practically confined to a few canoe yaws of 36in. beam. The attendance was small, and gave no evidence of a growth on the part of the Association. The officers elected were: Gen. G. H. Gardner, Cleland, O. C. Vice-Com.; G. G. Case, Jackson, Mich.; Rear Com., C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.; Sec., O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.; Executive Committee, Messrs. Crane, Ware and Ellard.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Alden P. White, Salem, Mass.; Onas, Dana Palmer, Lowell, Mass. Atlantic Division: Thos. J. Hand, Geo. B. Watts, Jr., New York. Central Division: John E. Tatham, D.D., Hoosac Falls, N. Y.; Chas. W. Lansing, O. S. Presbury, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Wm. H. Langford, Peterboro, N. H.; Doring, E. F. Jones, Troy, N. Y.; B. J. Worman, G. H. Blakeslee, F. L. Brigham, Albany, N. Y. Northern Division: Russell H. McMillan, F. J. Mann, Howard A. Kelly, Leslie W. Sweetman, A. J. O'Malley, W. E. M. Powell, Toronto, Ont.; C. S. MacInnes, Hamilton, Ont.; W. A. Lempiere, Edmond F. R. Tate, Lakeside, Ont.; D. MacInnes, H. C. Baker, A. T. Lefevre, R. M. Colke, Kingston; Walter J. English, Fred H. Langford, Peterboro, Ont.; Arthur Knowlson, Lindsay, Ont.; F. H. Dowling, Thos. Bisk, Bobcaygeon, Ont.; E. F. Burritt, Ottawa. Eastern Division: Wm. Reid, Holyoke, Mass.

A NEW RACER.—Mr. W. Whitlock, of the New York Y. C., who has probably owned and built more canoes than any other American canoeist, has a surprise ready for the races in the shape of a new racer from a design by Mr. Wm. Gardner. The new boat, built by the St. Lawrence Co. of Clayton, is of the latest type, somewhat after the fashion of Kismet. Before designing her, designer Gardner examined closely all the canoes in the New York C. C. house. The order was given on July 9, and the boat will be used at the meet.

NEW YORK C. C. SAILING RACE, Saturday, Aug. 1: Start. 1st round. 2d round. Aztec, W. W. Howard..... 3 19 30 4 59 45 Bonnie, C. B. Vaux..... 3 19 43 50 withdrew. Tide, strong flood. Wind, moderately strong in first round, and very strong and squally in second round, S.W. by W.

THE A. C. A. MEET.—Camp was opened on Wednesday of last week, Com. Lawson being present. The men came in slowly at first, but Monday the camp was in shape, and everything promised a large and successful meet. The weather was rainy at the start. A full account of the camp and the races, which begin to-day, will appear next week.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.—The meet of the Northern Division at Pigeon Lake was quite a success from all that we have been able to learn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. G. S., Newburgh, N. Y.—It has been well demonstrated that woodchucks climb trees.

T. C. P., Canajoharie, N. Y.—The open season in New York for deer is from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1. Hounding is permitted from Sept. 1 to Oct. 20.

W. D., Paterson, N. J.—What is the proper way to clean a 38cal. rifle? We have been using fresh water, and also used oil. It seems to lead at the firing of each shot about the end of the cartridge. Ans. Would try a change to a harder bullet and lubricant can, and failing to get good results send rifle back to maker.

J., Silver City.—Which of the two bullets has the greater force or penetration, fired from Winchester repeating rifle, 26in. barrel, .45-70-500 or .45-52-405, at short range, say 50yds.? Ans. It will depend on the powder used, whether it is all burned up; the heavier powder charge should give the better penetration.

C. E. M., Detroit.—1. Will a 26in. barrel shoot as far as a 30in. barrel and will it burn as much powder? 2. What is the difference between a stub twist barrel and a Damascus barrel? 3. Which is the better for all-round shooting, the full or modified choke? 4. Would you consider a 12-gauge 28in. barrel gun weighing about 74lbs. heavy enough for ordinary shooting? Ans. 1. Theoretically no. 2. It is in the quality of the steel and iron used. Single iron-steel is the cheapest and the best quality. Damascus barrels run up to 6 rods twisted together. 3. Modified choke. 4. Yes.

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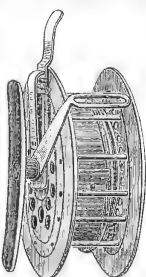
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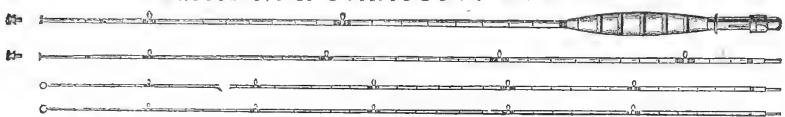


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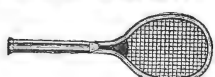
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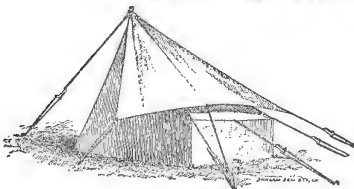
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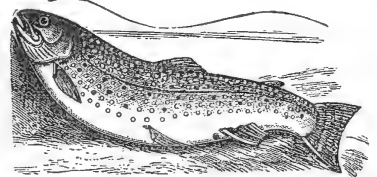
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 5.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

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Adirondack Number.

OUR "Adirondack Number" of June 18 was a pronounced success. As we then said, the material provided was more generous than we could make room for, and several papers were left over for a second number devoted to the same subject. This will be our issue of Aug. 27; and among the contents will be the following, the first two having been announced for the former number:

- The North Woods in the Fifties.
A visit to the Adirondacks thirty-three years ago. By J. H. D.
- Two Weeks at Spruce Lake.
The experiences of four young fellows under tutelage of a guide.
- The Upper Adirondacks in '56.
By "Byron."
- The Wane of the Adirondacks.
By Charles Hallock.
- The Cranberry Lake Country.
By D. H. B.
- Circumnavigating the Adirondacks.
By "Piseco."

RESTOCKING LAKE ONTARIO.

THE necessity of restoring the fish supply of Lake Ontario is most strikingly illustrated by the following item from a Rochester newspaper: "A novelty in Harned's window is a genuine Lake Ontario whitefish, something rarely seen these days." Mr. F. J. Amsden reminds us that "fifteen years or so ago whitefish were caught on our shores and peddled the next morning through our streets, selling as low as 5 cents a pound." The rapid decline of the fisheries of this lake may be seen at a glance by referring to the Review of the Fisheries of the Great Lakes, recently published by the Fish Commission.

In 1880 the catch of whitefish was 1,064,000lbs.; in 1885 the amount was only 90 711lbs. Lake trout in the same period fell off from 569,700lbs. to 20,510lbs. The causes of this decadence have been the subject of heated and fruitless discussion until recently the public demand for restorative measures has resulted in the appropriation by the United States of \$20,000 to establish a great hatchery to restock Lake Ontario. Commissioners McDonald and Blackford last month visited the region in which the establishment is needed, and the former examined all the sites proposed for the undertaking, but none of them are suitable. The water is invariably too warm and the supply inadequate for the purposes of a hatchery such as the one proposed. When it is remembered that Com. McDonald hopes to rear 1,000,000 salmon at a time besides hatching many millions of whitefish annually it will be realized that the water supply must be practically unlimited. The Neosho, Missouri, station started its existence with a spring flowing nearly 600 gallons per minute, besides a collateral supply of several hundred gallons per minute from another spring. It is hoped that some point on the Salmon River will yet be found available for the new establishment. Another subject of equal importance with the location of the hatchery will come up for conference in October between the special commission appointed by New York and the Commissioners of the Dominion, and that is the protection of fish in Lake Ontario, the terms of the resolution carrying the appropriation by Congress requiring such legislation before the funds of the Government can be used to build a hatching establishment.

TWO PICTURES.

RECENT advices from Brockville, Ontario, on the St. Lawrence River, inform us that the once famous Union Park fishing grounds have been, up to the present time, sadly unproductive, very few bass and pike having been caught there. On the New York side, however, and nearer the foot of Lake Ontario, at Cape Vincent and Clayton, there are multitudes of both of these fishes, as may be learned from a note in our angling columns, just received from a correspondent at Cape Vincent. How is this difference to be accounted for? Apparently by the legalizing of the use of nets by the Canadian authorities on the north shore of the river and the prohibition of netting on the American side. It may be a good thing to catch bullheads, but in doing so the game fish fall into the same trap and probably never find their way back to the river again. Last winter the mouth of Jones Creek was beset with nets, fished ostensibly for bullheads. In the early spring Clow's Bay was completely webbed with nets of the same kind. In this month of August scarcely a pike is to be found in this once prolific bay, and the bass, which contributed mainly to the fame of the Union Park grounds, have vanished, it is feared, almost beyond hope of restoration unless prompt remedies are applied. Putting two and two together it seems clear that netting bullheads is incompatible with the enjoyment of bass and pike fishing, and it remains for the Brockville people to determine, first, whether or not the explanation suggested has a basis in fact and, second, whether it is not desirable and more than desirable to effect a change in the present fish law.

SALTED SALMON TROUT.

THE trade name of a fish is often very different from the name by which it is known to fishermen. "Ocean trout," for example, is a canner's term for young menhaden; "sea salmon" is a name now applied to the new preparation of the tunny or horse mackerel—a fish reaching nearly half a ton in weight. In Labrador about 1,000 barrels of so-called "salmon trout" are salted annually and most of them are sent to New York, Boston

and Gloucester. Some of these find their way eventually into New England, whence several specimens were recently obtained by Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of seeing the fish. We had supposed that the salmon trout of Labrador is the species described and figured in our Salmon and Trout Supplement as the *Salvelinus stagnalis*, or sea trout, and so it is in part; but at least one other trout is salted and sold along with the sea trout and that is the common brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*). It is highly probable that grilse salmon are sometimes seined with the two kinds of trout and go to make a part of the contents of the barrel. We are led to believe this from the fact that a specimen of the so-called unspotted sea trout of Canada received by the National Museum proved to be a young sea salmon.

The Labrador sea trout is a very large fish, red-spotted, and with a moderately forked tail; it runs up the large streams to spawn, but for commercial purposes it is caught in salt water near the mouths of streams. It resembles the Dolly Varden of the Pacific coast (*Salvelinus malma*) and the golden trout of New Hampshire and Maine (*Salvelinus aureolus*) very closely in appearance and habits. The sale of this Labrador trout in salt is legal, but the fish is really a brook trout and a very near relative of the common red-spotted *fontinalis*. It may be also that the sale of *S. fontinalis* in brine is not prohibited, but the practice is woefully destructive and ought to be stopped. In New Hampshire the brook trout (*fontinalis*) is identical with the Labrador brook trout and the golden trout is so nearly like the sea trout that few people can distinguish one from the other.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN reference to the suggestion of "H. P. U." "that there should be a reunion of the old friends and contributors to FOREST AND STREAM during the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893," we are assured by Dr. Henshall, who has charge of the Angling Exhibit, that this matter has been already considered by Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief of the Department of Fisheries, and himself, and that every facility will be provided to render such a reunion not only practicable, but pleasant and profitable. A reception room will be arranged with a register to contain the name, home address and Chicago address of every angler and sportsman who wishes to avail himself of the privilege. Personal interviews and meetings between brother sportsmen can be arranged by telephone or correspondence, the means for which will be at hand. Also certain hours of each day can be set apart, during which friendly greetings could be exchanged, new acquaintances formed and a spirit of universal good fellowship established, and the *esprit de corps* of the angler's guild maintained. Suggestions from contributors to FOREST AND STREAM are in order and will be gladly received and duly considered. It is especially desirable that anglers send their photographs with their autographs at bottom of card, to be placed on the walls of the reception room. They may be sent to Dr. J. A. Henshall, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

Many older visitors to the North Woods will learn with genuine regret of the destruction of "Bartlett's" by fire last Sunday. The brief report which has come to us says that the hotel was burned in the morning, the seventy guests losing clothes and luggage. Of all Adirondack resorts this was one of the most cherished by the goodly company of true anglers who year after year met there.

From a tarpon fisherman of long and successful experience we have received an explicit paper on the requirements for that popular sport. It will be published at a later date and cannot fail of being helpful to anglers when fitting out for a winter on the west coast.

Now that Kentucky has adopted her new constitution, one of the provisions of which is that all laws shall be of general application, we may hope to see decent game and fish laws on her books. The existing statutes are a mass of local regulations with no general observance.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ALONE.

ALONE How can I be alone,
When earth and air and babbling brook
Are pages in that wondrous book
Dear Mother Nature wrote for me?
Each bird and bud lifts up his voice
And bids my heart awake, rejoice.
Even the winds, that gay and free
Go tripping over hill and lea,
Give greeting with a glad tone,
And all I see I call my own.

ALONE How can I be alone?
Each morn Aurora's ruddy fire
Calls forth a sweet, celestial choir
That wooed me from refreshing sleep.
The roses lift their heads and say:
"All hail, kind mate, to thee good day!"
And from the grassy, fern-clad heap,
Where smilax and clematis creep;
From blackened pine, by moss o'ergrown,
Comes welcome, as from friends well known.

ALONE! How can I be alone?
High in mid-heaven an orb of gold
Pillars of amethyst uphold.
It gleams with love, whate'er betide.
The doe with opal-onyx eye
Peers from the coope as I pass by.
The rubies in the shy trout's side
Their silver setting almost hide.
Sure, fairer jewels never shone,
And every radiant gem my own.

ALONE! How can I be alone?
Though fellow man doth seem more far
Removed than yonder twinkling star,
Though not in our familiar tongue
Come words of comfort, words of cheer,
Sweet messages from those most dear,
Still, nature's vesper chimes are rung,
And songs, by unseen spirits sung,
Float round my head, that on a stone
Finds rest, I sleep, yet not alone.

SHOSHONE.

CAMP LIFE ON MUSKOKA LAKE.—I.

LAST May we began to overhaul our outfit in preparation for our annual summer outing. We found that it would be policy to contrive some kind of an arrangement that would take the place of the pine boughs used last year as a bed. After considerable figuring we had a folding cot made, which has proved to be the one thing needful in that line. The plan is as follows: A frame of well-seasoned Georgia pine, 2x4 stuff, with the ends mortised together, a center piece of same size, extra heavy canvas tacked on sides and center piece, holes in four corners for pins. When not in use ends can be taken off and all rolled up together. Before setting it up we cut crutches about a foot and a half in length, driving them in the ground so that the four corners of the cot rested on them, bringing it up from the ground about twelve inches. The center piece kept us from rolling against each other, and we have yet to see anything that will equal this for a convenient and comfortable double cot.

As we had made up our minds to spend the summer on our old camping grounds in Muskoka, Canada, we concluded to take passage to Toronto on one of the Canadian line of boats which run from Chicago to Montreal. June 13 saw us and all our luggage at the Chicago dock ready to start on a trip that would last fourteen weeks.

The day was dark and gloomy, with occasional showers, and to any one of a superstitious nature it would have been a harbinger of bad luck, but to us who had been on a continual jump since early morning, it was only one of the unpleasant days we were sure to have while in camp. The Alma Munroe, which was to bear us and our belongings for five days and nights, was not a boat that would impress one as possessing much speed, nor would such impressions be far wrong, for during our whole trip we overtook nothing in the shape of a floating craft, and I think to-day the Alma is the slowest boat that ploughs the waters of the great chain of lakes. But what did it matter to us, as long as the weather was fair and the provisions held out; and we must say they set an excellent table and give good service. The different points of interest are passed too quickly—Waugoshance, Skilligalee and the Isle of Mackinaw; then our first stopping place, the Canadian port of Sarnia, where a number of the passengers availed themselves of the chance to lay in a supply of tanglefoot. River and Lake St. Clair and Detroit River are one continuous panorama, which should be seen from the deck of a steamer to be thoroughly enjoyed. Windsor and then Cleveland are reached in due time, from there across the lake to the Welland Canal, and here commenced one of the most enjoyable parts of the whole trip. They sing of moonlight on the lake, but give us ours on the Welland Canal, with the deck of the Alma Munroe under our feet, corn cob pipes in our mouths, camp luggage in the cabin, and a three months' vacation staring us in the face.

The next morning we arrive in Toronto, where we have considerable difficulty with the custom house officer, who is in grave doubts whether to allow our guns to go through or not, our Winchester especially attracts his attention. "How long have you had it? When did you get it? How much did it cost?" and other sundry questions are put to us in quick succession, but we finally convince him that it would be the proper thing to allow us to pass; not without a great many shakes of his head, however, and prolonged mutterings. We soon transferred our luggage on the steamer which was to take us to Hamilton, our starting point on the railroad journey to Muskoka.

At Hamilton we had considerable work to do. As our canoe was in storage there it had to be shipped north; provisions and a few cooking utensils were bought; and then with heads shaved we are ready to start again.

Three hundred miles north we arrived at Bracebridge, a small village on the Muskoka River. The falls here cause the first portage to those who wish to follow the river to the great northern watershed.

Before the chute was built the falls were one of the

hardest on the river for the lumbermen to run. Many are the tales told of the great jams, the last one continued many days—one log standing upright was the key to the whole thing. Ropes were fastened; horses and men pulled, but to no avail—the log must be partly sawed. Who would do it? It would be taking one's life in hands to attempt it. Fifty dollars—an Indian and a saw, and the story is told.

For half a dollar we induce a farmer to haul our canoe and luggage to the river's edge below the falls. Here we were at last ready to start on our long-looked-for trip. Perhaps it would interest some fellow campers to know what our outfit consisted of.

First—Our canoe, the Chicago, was a cedar lapstreak, 16ft. long, 30in. beam and 10in. depth, weighing about 60lbs., and carrying an extra large lateen sail; her capacity was supposed to be 1,300lbs. As an all-round canoe she pretty near fills the bill.

Second—Clothing.—Each outfit of our extra clothing was packed in small round bags, 20in. long and 24in. in circumference. These and the ammunition bag had been well parafined, which made them perfectly waterproof. Our wardrobe was limited to extra pair pants, extra shirt, extra suit of underwear, two extra pair socks, one of them heavy wool, four bandana handkerchiefs, three pair of shoes—one low canvas, one tan color and one extra heavy, with thick soles—and a rubber overcoat.

Third—Ammunition.—This bag was about the same size as the clothing one, and contained 700 rounds of .32 cartridges for the Winchester, 200 rounds for the .22 rifle and about 200 rounds for the shotgun. Into this bag went the fishing tackle box and the miscellaneous stuff, such as nails, string, tacks, wire, etc., etc.

Fourth—Provisions.—This bag consisted of an inside bag of heavy canvas inclosed in oilcloth, length 40in., circumference 36in., with heavy rope handles on side. Into this went the following, each in a bag of its own: Tea, sugar, flour, rice, beans, oatmeal and salt, also the coffee, which was kept in an air-tight tin with small screw top.

Fifth—Blankets.—Three heavy pairs were tightly rolled in oilcloth, inside of which were the matches (in rubber-corked beer bottles), towels, dish cloths and mosquito net.

Sixth—Tinware.—These important articles consisted of large, small and smaller pails, tin plates, cups, porridge dish, frying-pan, coffee pot, knives, spoons, etc. These all fitted in the large pail which went into a bag with draw-string at the top.

Seventh—Stove.—This was an invention of our own, and was made of sheet iron, 2ft. long, 14in. high, the four sides were hinged to the top which had one hole. Having no bottom it could be folded up flat. The pipe—three lengths—telescoped together. This stove gave good satisfaction, but it is not perfect by any means, although for size and convenience we have never seen its equal.

Eighth—The Tent was an 8ft. wall, rolled up with pegs inclosed and in a bag of its own, the poles and ridge being tied together.

Ninth—The Cot was folded up with ax lashed to its side.

Some will think we had a great many bags, but experience has taught us that "A bag for everything and everything in a bag," is a good motto while out camping.

Any one but a camper looking at our pile of luggage and then at our canoe would wonder what we were going to do with it all, but that was soon settled.

The sail, tent poles and cot were laid in the bottom. In the bow went the stove pipe, clothes bags, tinware and stove. Then came the provision bag, tent, blankets, with the guns and fishing poles laid along the sides, the ammunition bag was placed in the stern, which just left enough room for the two of us to crowd in.

By this time the day was pretty well gone, and as we wanted to make our old camping ground about two miles down the river, we sent the canoe along at a pretty good speed, although it required close watching as the river contained a great many logs from the drive now going on.

We were informed at the village that we would not be able to make the lake by the mouth of the river, as the logmen had possession, but would be compelled to take what they called the cut, which branched off about a mile further up. Turning the bend of the river the old camp ground came in view. It seemed such a short time since we had pitched our tent there before. Everything was just as we left it; the dead pine boughs lay in a heap at one side, relics of our once fragrant bed; the blackened hole in the ground showed where the camp stove had once done good service and in a short time would be utilized for the same purpose. It did not take us long to pitch the tent and get everything under canvas; one of us getting supper while the other got things in ship shape. Night overtook us before we had the dishes washed, but by the aid of a camp-fire we made short work of them, and were soon under the cover of two pairs of heavy blankets. But what a night! We had neglected to put up the mosquito netting and—but what camper has not gone through the same experience. We got up about two o'clock in the morning and smudged the tent, which seemed only to sharpen their appetites. We will let this pass, as we do not wish to awaken sad memories.

CHICAGO.

BAXTER AND GRIMM.

EPHRAIM AND CHERRIES.

I AM alone to-night and memories of bygone, happy days in Colorado on the southern border come crowding thick and fast. Just about this time of the year I was resting up at my ranch on Rita Azul, Colorado, after a long cow hunt. I had three Mexican families on the ranch. Two of them had land from me, which they were working on shares after the leisurely way a Mexican generally works. The other man was taking care of my cattle and doing chores and his wife was doing my cooking.

One afternoon I felt pretty well rested and told the women on the ranch that I would take them over into the Manca del Burro Cañon after cherries, which grow there in profusion. The men were all gone except one boy of about sixteen, a rather lazy, quiet young gentleman about the color of an old saddle. They accepted the invitation eagerly, and so I told Juan Maria De Castro to hitch a pair of ponies to the farm wagon and put some hay into it; some blankets were put on the hay, and my load piled in. Five young women, six or ten children, with Juan Maria and me on the seat. Taofla Josephite

Luisa and the other women, with the ever-present shawl over their head, and several with a coat of white dirt on their faces to preserve their complexions. It was a curious-looking load, and they made as much noise as a flock of blackbirds.

We drove west along the base of the hills to the entrance of the Manca del Burro and then up the cañon, sometimes in the creek, then out, crossing it twenty times in a mile. It is a deep valley with a brook at the bottom and the banks slope steeply up for half a mile each way from the brook. We passed one patch of cherries about a mile up the cañon, and went to the next patch, two miles further up, turned the wagon round and unhitched the horses, the women got out, and leaving Juan to herd the children we climbed up to the cherry bushes. They were about 200yds. up the steep bank and ran parallel to the creek for several hundred yards. The patch was about 20yds. wide and the bushes about 5ft. high, covered thickly with fruit. These cherries resemble the choke cherries of the East. The women all went to picking cherries, talking and laughing as they picked. I picked a few and ate them, then sat down and dreamed of other scenes and my far away home in the East.

All at once the women stopped talking, and as I rose, there was a grizzly bear as big as a beef steer, standing on his hindlegs and looking at us from the other side of the bushes. He stuck out his tongue, licked his lips and growled. The girls were paralyzed, and stood still and stared with blanched faces. I told them to run and stood my ground. There was a wild stampede down the hill, accompanied by some good honest screaming. I drew my .45 six-shooter, resolved to make a fight if he came after them. He quietly dropped down on all fours and disappeared, and I went down the hill as fast as I could go.

When I reached the wagon it had just started, and I climbed in as Juan Maria struck the horses with the whip, got on at the hind end, scrambled over the women and children so that Juan should not break our necks running the horses; and soon grabbed the reins and slowed them to a walk. The women looked as if they had been run through a threshing machine. Their calico dresses were torn into strings, and they almost cried, until I promised them a new dress apiece for getting them into the scrape, when they laughed and seemed perfectly satisfied. It was quite a contract, for good calico was worth 25 cents a yard in Trinidad. We stopped at the lower patch of bushes, but the women would not get out till I had thrashed around in the brush for some time to convince them that there were no more bears.

They filled pails and baskets at last and we all went home. They to a home that was home. I to a place where I staid—one American alone with a horde of savage, ignorant Mexicans around him. Well, there is one comfort, I am well out of it.

W. J. DIXON.

Natural History.

THE BEAVER AND HIS SUNKEN WOOD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from my annual outing, and on looking over the numbers of FOREST AND STREAM that came during my absence, I observed in the number dated July 2 an article having the above heading, signed by "Berlin."

I wish to apologize to "Berlin" for what he terms my "flippancy," and to assure him that I thought his first article was really intended as a joke. I now see that he was in deadly earnest, and as I have personally seen and inspected many colonies of beaver when I was a young man, I feel that I ought to try and make clear my position of skepticism as to the manner in which "Berlin" says the beaver accomplishes the feat.

When a boy of 14 or 15 years of age, I began spending my school vacations in the forest, in company with different companions, some of them being well versed in wood lore, and a love of nature was thus inculcated that has continued to grow with the passing years. When about the age of 20 (I cannot be just sure, as my notes of those long past days were destroyed long ago by fire), I spent two summers far from the haunts of man, and within half a mile of two colonies of beaver. Many an hour, both day and night, have I spent in trying to get acquainted with this most interesting and sagacious of wild creatures. I had a companion at that time, a man as well versed in the ways of the "wood folk" as the most enthusiastic youthful questioner could desire; and between my own observations and the information derived from my campmate, I fancied that I had acquired a fair knowledge of *Castor fiber*. Some years afterward I also had various opportunities of observing different families of beaver, in late fall and early winter, while deer hunting. All this was in the Megantic region, in Canada, and neighboring parts of Maine. I mention all this only to show that I know something of the subject I am writing about.

This question of sinking their wood, as provision for the icy months of winter, was often discussed, and with considerable pertinacity I endeavored to ascertain how it was done. I have seen the bottom of their ponds literally paved with pieces of alder, poplar, white birch and other woods from the size of a pipe stem to 4 or 5in. in diameter, cut in varying lengths. They did not seem to be bedded in the mud, but only lay upon it. Disturb one of them, and up it would bob like a cork. Now, where can the theory of "sucking the air out" come in here? If the air could be exhausted from the cells of the wood (of which more hereafter), and replaced by water, the wood would remain sunken when disturbed, and could not float any more than any other "water-logged" piece of wood. But this is just what the beaver's wood will not do. It is like Banquo's ghost, and will not "down." Of course, after it has lain upon the bottom for a long time it will not rise, as it becomes thoroughly water-soaked, but it takes considerable time for it to reach this stage—certainly more than the first season, as all freshly cut wood will rise quickly. This I personally know, as I have often disturbed it.

A few words about the theory of "sucking the air out" will now be in order. I do not care to cast any ridicule in my remarks, as any theory in regard to natural history, honestly maintained, should be treated in all fairness. But let me ask "Berlin" how large a piece of wood can he

exhaust the air from, so that it will remain under water? Can he take a piece of poplar, 2in. in diameter and 3ft. long, and not alone with his mouth but with the most powerful air pump, exhaust the air, and replace it with water to such an extent that it will remain submerged when at rest in the water? He cannot do it. And I have seen pieces of twice that size submerged by the beaver. The air cannot be exhausted from the wood no matter what size it may be unless the whole circumference of the stick at the end to which the lips are applied be inclosed during the act. Now I would again ask, can a beaver take the end of a 2 to 4in. stick into his mouth and grasp it firmly with his lips? The form of his mouth renders this impossible.

A beaver's incisors protrude so that they cannot be covered entirely from sight by the animal. The lips are not flexible enough to accomplish this, much less to tightly inclose a piece of wood when wedged between the teeth.

So that aside from the philosophical improbability of being able to exhaust the air in the manner mentioned by "Berlin," by any means, it is clear that the beaver cannot do it.

It was the opinion of my old teacher in wood lore—and it became mine also—that the beaver anchored his wood by pressing it sufficiently deep into the mud to overcome its buoyancy by the adhesive qualities of the latter. The bottom of a beaver's pond is always covered with a heavy slimy ooze, where he anchors his provisions; and if the wood be held in contact with this for a short time it becomes tightly adherent. This I believe to be the secret, but would not assert it positively.

This article is written in all kindness, and only with a desire to set myself right with "Berlin" and others interested in the subject. It is already far too long, but I do not propose to reopen the subject or trespass further upon the columns of dear old FOREST AND STREAM in regard to it, and so have been thus diffuse. AREFAR.

CALIFORNIA.

REARING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

YOU remember I mentioned several weeks since that Mr. Dyer had hatched in his incubator sixteen little Virginia ortyxes, and that two half-grown bantams had been pressed into service as assistants to the brooder in mothering the orphans. It grieves me to say that this experiment, like that of the grouse, was a failure. The quail lived about a month and were as chipper as could be, running all over the large yard and garden, busily searching for insects and other food with the bantams, and made a very pretty picture. Then without any apparent cause they began dropping off one by one or twos, and in a week or two had gone to join the big bevy on the other side. But the bantams and the brooder are all right, the latter now having eleven more quail eggs in it nearly ready to bloom.

The failure cannot be laid to neglect in care, for Mr. D. is at home all the time, and thoroughly enjoys such experiments. The birds had a varied food of finely-cracked wheat, corn, oatmeal, millet seed, ample run in the grass and garden, were carefully kept in the brooder and wire run when the weather was wet or chilly, and watched with loving care, and if the bantams had taken half as much interest in the matter as Mr. D. the result might have been different. But it was hardly to be expected. It was their first experience and they were but callow themselves, yet they did nobly, submitting to the nestling as far as their capacity would allow with great patience, but otherwise evincing little interest in their adoptions, neither calling them nor attending them faithfully in their foraging, though generally seen with them. It was a perfunctory performance and was quite an interesting study. The little mites were as fearless of humanity as so many ordinary chicks, and often evoked from the passers by the exclamation "Oh! aren't they cute." I don't know what course Mr. D. will pursue with the ensuing editions, but let us hope he may witness an abundant fruition of his patient labors. O. O. S.

VINELAND, N. J., Aug. 12.

MARINE BIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.

A USEFUL work is being undertaken by the University Marine Biological Association, which has been founded for the purpose of establishing and maintaining laboratories and aquaria on the coast of the United States, where accurate researches may be carried on, leading to the improvement of the biological sciences and especially to an increase of our knowledge of the food, life conditions and habits of American food fishes and molluscs, and for stimulating public interest in these matters.

The importance of possessing seaside laboratories at which the working naturalists of the country, the teachers in schools and colleges, the patient investigators in pure science, the Government experts and others could secure a practical acquaintance with the structure and habits of marine animals, has long been appreciated in Europe, where many such laboratories exist. A beginning has been made in this country, but more such stations, well equipped and provided with competent instructors, are needed. To establish these laboratories money is required, but no one doubts that the sums expended will be returned manyfold by the actual increase in food fish—to mention only one example—which will result from the study of marine life.

The laboratory established by this Association is located at Sea Isle City, on Ludlam Island, New Jersey, a situation which seems very well chosen. A tract of land of five acres has been secured on Ludlam Bay, within three or four minutes' walk of the ocean beach. Two railroad stations are almost within a stone's throw and a steam tramway affords facilities for reaching any point on the beach within six miles at any time of day.

The laboratory consists at present of a two-story building 24x72ft., thoroughly equipped for practical and scientific investigation. A suitable pumping plant furnishes a constant supply of salt water for the aquaria and working tables, and a number of boats of various kinds, dredges, trawls, tow-nets, pound-nets, etc., under the management of experienced collectors and fishermen, will keep up the supply of specimens and enable the investigators and students to search all points of interest in the neighboring waters.

The establishment of this laboratory is authorized by act of Legislature of the State of New Jersey, which provides that its property shall be exempt from taxation, and that the authorities in charge of the station shall

have the right to fish unmolested in any of the waters of the State for the purpose of obtaining material needed in their investigations.

It is expected that publications, to consist of monographs on various forms of life, will be issued from time to time. Further information may be had by addressing the Rev. Jesse Y. Burk, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

KANE, Pa., July 25.—Col. Thos. L. Kane founded and laid out the town of Kane, McKean county, where he raised, in the spring of 1861, a regiment of hunters, trappers and loggers, known as the "Bucktails," which became famous for their great bravery, skill as marksmen, and unusual powers of endurance. Kane, ninety-five miles from the city of Erie, is situated at an elevation of 2,001ft. above the level of the sea. It is the highest point reached by the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, a division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's system, and one which traverses some of the best regions in our State for hunting and fishing. The town is located on an elevated tableland known as "Big Level," which constitutes the boundary from south to north of the Pennsylvania oil and coal field. In this region the ornithological student will find several species of birds as summer residents which are found in but few localities of the State as natives. During the past summer the following-named species have been observed breeding, or seen during the months of May, June and July:

Winter wren, tolerably common; olive-backed thrush, common, five nests found; red-bellied nuthatch, rather rare; mourning warbler, one nest taken; magnolia warbler, frequent; chestnut-sided warbler, very abundant; hooded warbler, several birds seen; Blackburnian warbler, frequent; black-throated green warbler, common; large-billed water thrush, rather rare; Canadian fly-catcher, frequent; yellow-bellied fly-catcher, tolerably common; rose-breasted grosbeak, common about three miles east of Kane; wild pigeon, few single individuals or pairs seen; red-shouldered hawk, common; snow bird (*Junco hyemalis*), very abundant. W.

DEATH VALLEY.

SOME time since we published a review of a Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, which contained a preliminary report by Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the investigations which he has been carrying on for several years in Death Valley. The present season's work in this region closed some little time since, and Dr. Merriam—who, as already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, has been appointed one of the American commissioners to investigate the present status of seal life in Bering Sea—has started for the north. A reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle interviewed Dr. Merriam while he was in that city, and quotes him as making the following statements with regard to Death Valley:

"The valley and its lowering black walls of barren rock," he said, "are weird and strangely sublime in their desolation. For miles and miles the curious mountains may be seen outlined against the clear sky. From the top of Telescope Peak, the highest of the Panamint or western range which shuts the valley in, one may look down precipitous 12,000ft. to the level of the valley, as dazzling white as snow. Stretching from the mountain's foot are the glistening fields of salt. Here and there are running streams of salt and mineral waters. To drink of them is to die. The view is closed in by the gloomy cliffs of the Funeral Mountains, which form an impenetrable barrier at the east of the cañon. The scene is one of violent contrasts of glaring whites and dead blacks."

"The valley is the most barren and the lowest of a series in eastern California and southwestern Nevada. At a rough estimate it is about 150ft. below the level of the sea. It runs generally north and south, although its most fertile regions turn to the northwest. This portion has been named Mesquite Valley. It is a region far worse than Death Valley proper. The valley may be compared to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. It is rather an immense chasm than a valley. It is about 140 miles long and at its broadest part is only 18 miles wide. In some parts it is not more than 15 miles in width."

"On either side of the valley, stretching almost its entire length, is a range of mountains, absolutely barren of animal and vegetable life. The western range is the Panamint, averaging in height about 9,000ft. The eastern range is the Funeral, a suggestive and not unapt name. The Funeral Mountains rise fully 7,000ft. above the level of the sea. These mountains are black with the exception of curious patches of red rock. Away to the north is Mount Mageruder. Beyond in the distance rise the heights of the Sierras. Almost at the southern limit of the valley is Mount Ivanwatch. Behind it is the 'Devil's Playground,' a region of absolute barrenness."

Down the valley a hot, suffocating wind blows with terrific velocity. In its course through the stricken region it gathers a black cloud of hot, shifting sand that has blinded many an unwary horse and rider. Under the glistening beds of crystallized salt in places are running streams of salt water. Beneath these is still another bed of salt. In other parts of the valley are wastes of hot sand drawn in some places into high mounds by the whirling blasts that sweep down the cañon. There, too, is the most curious earth I have seen—self-rising earth, as it is called. As far as the eye can see it appears in curving outline, up and up, as if puffed by a natural yeast. The unfortunate animal that steps upon the little hills will crash through, for they are not much more than fragile crusts."

"Still stranger is that section of the valley which for want of a better name is called 'Death.' Innumerable pinacles taper from the ground. They are as hard as stone and as sharp as sharpened steel. Beneath and hidden by them are pitfalls, tumble into which means a broken leg or arm. Then, too, are the rich fields of borax, which have lured many a man to death. Dreadful as is Death Valley, its northwestern arm, Mesquite Valley, is worse. All of the water upon its surface is poison. The wind has thrown the sand into immense mounds, one of which is three miles long and 500ft. high. It was in this valley that the immigrants lost their lives. Water may be obtained only by digging deep wells, and then it is none too pure."

"Our party, the Biological Survey of the United States Government, has been in the valley for months. It left there only a few days ago, having finished investigation. The general purpose of the report is to find out the cause of the long, rise in close array from the ground. They are as hard as stone and as sharp as sharpened steel. Beneath and hidden by them are pitfalls, tumble into which means a broken leg or arm. Then, too, are the rich fields of borax, which have lured many a man to death. Dreadful as is Death Valley, its northwestern arm, Mesquite Valley, is worse. All of the water upon its surface is poison. The wind has thrown the sand into immense mounds, one of which is three miles long and 500ft. high. It was in this valley that the immigrants lost their lives. Water may be obtained only by digging deep wells, and then it is none too pure."

"We found that in certain zones certain flora and fauna flourish. These zones are both horizontal and vertical. The party chose the desolate region of Death Valley for its labors, for from it, and not far distant, can be traced the seven zones we have established. The valley, notwithstanding its barren elements, has many phases of life. It has thirty or forty species of animals and fully as many of vegetable growth. Nothing, of course, will thrive on salt or borax bottoms, but on the edges of these districts various hardy plants thrive. In the sand and gravel, mice, rats, bats and many other animals, and not a few reptiles."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6.—Another specimen of the rare Argentine was recently caught in the harbor at Belfast, Me., and forwarded by Mr. H. P. Thompson to the U. S. Fish Commission. This fish is a relative of the smelt, but grows larger. A few days since I noted a fine

tarpon in the market at Golden's; also a nice example of the flasher (*Lobotes*). The tarpon was taken at Virginia Beach. It would measure 50in. in length and probably weighed 70 or 80lbs.—BONART.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ADVENTURE.

ONE cold morning in January early in the sixties five resolute fellows hurriedly stepped into a skiff at a little town in Illinois on the east bank of the Mississippi, and with two sets of oars pushed out into the current in pursuit of game—a fugitive from justice—intending to intercept or get track of him at a railroad town sixteen miles below.

The river was full of running ice, stretching from shore to shore, with here and there small streaks and patches of open water, which the men worked the skiff into when they could gain time by doing so. They would frequently get into a pack of mush ice and have to fight their way through it with tedious and exasperating delay. At other times they were hemmed in with ice fields as large as a good-sized farm, and would drift with the current until an opening showed itself through which they could get into open water; but by hard work and good management they reached their destination after a four hours' run, when the crowd separated.

Two of our number went to the railroad depot, two others to police headquarters and the other to the telegraph offices, but all to no purpose, as the party we were so anxious to interview had evidently kept away from railroad and telegraph lines.

It was well along in the afternoon when we got together again ready to make the return trip.

The ice was not running as heavily as in the morning and there was more open water, but we had the current to contend with, which had been in our favor on the down trip, but by hugging the Illinois shore and taking advantage of the openings we were making satisfactory progress under the circumstances.

We had pulled leisurely over about six miles of our course, comparing notes and discussing the incidents of the day, when we heard the baying of hounds nearly two miles above us on the Missouri side, followed soon after by the report of a gun, when the music suddenly came to an end. As there were "right smart deer" in the river bottoms at that time, such occurrences were so common as to scarcely excite comment, except among hunting circles and lovers of the chase.

We had probably rowed about a half a mile further when the keen eyes of the steersman saw what appeared to be a piece of driftwood coming down the river in the ice and drawing toward the Illinois shore, but there were so many cross currents during the winter when the water was low that there was nothing strange about that. A few moments later, however, he sang out, "Boys, there's a doe, and it is making for the Illinois shore." How our pulses leaped, all was excitement on that little craft, and every man was on the alert. The blades fairly bent under the strong steady sweep of the oarsmen, the pilot stood up in the stern the better to overlook the field and keep the skiff clear of the ice.

The doe saw that a new danger threatened it and increased its speed, rapidly nearing the bank. Now it was at the head of a stretch of comparatively open water, while we were at the lower end of it.

And now the boat jumps at every stroke of the oars, and seems to fly over the water; the doe redoubles its efforts and in a few minutes will reach the bank. It is now or never with us, and the oarsmen by a sudden spurt aided by a skillful maneuver of the pilot ran the boat between it and the shore, which was not more than 50yds. distant, and at that place opened out into a heavily-timbered creek bottom. The boat was under such headway that we shot several lengths past the doe, and as luck would have it got fast on a small cake of sunken ice. Had the doe kept its course it could easily have passed below the skiff and reached the bank in safety, so far as we were concerned, for we had no firearms with us, not even a revolver. In its fright it started back toward the Missouri shore, beating the water into foam in its effort to escape; but it soon settled down to a steady swim when it reached the heavy ice.

It was some minutes before we got rounded to and headed for it, and it now was over two hundred yards out in the river, fast leaving the shore behind. Then the chase began. The skiff was heavily loaded and the undertaking was not without a spice of danger, but fortunately we had on board three cool-headed fellows and two of them had the oars when we first sighted the doe; the other, who had lived on the banks of the Mississippi until he was well nigh amphibious, stood in the stern with a steering oar and directed the chase. And now look out for music.

We soon overhauled the doe, when the man in the bow caught it by the ears and tried to cut its throat; but he might as well have tried to hold the tail end of a cyclone. It fought desperately and got in several savage blows with its hoofs; but the fellow was good grit and took the pounding until he was glad to release it. In the skirmish it got both its forelegs over the gunwale of the skiff as if it wanted to come on board and finish him; but as we had all the passengers we could accommodate at that time, and as we had no guarantee that it would behave itself if it came on board, he let it go again and we headed it toward the Illinois shore. When it got too near the shore for safety he made the second attack with the same result, and in both cases it came near swamping us, so near, in fact, that we began to think of the wives and babies at home. Oh, for a gun; any kind of a gun—flint-lock, percussion or pepper-box, anything that would shoot.

We drove it back and forth to and from the shore several times to tire it out, to take the edge off the animosity, so to speak. In the meantime both boat and doe were rapidly drifting down stream, when the bow oarsman in sheer desperation struck it across the neck with the edge of an oar blade and stunned it, when it was hauled alongside the skiff and knocked in the head with an old hatchet that happened to be on board. Then we towed it

ashore in triumph and cut its throat with a pocket knife. One of the party was so elated that he gave a long "Whoop-ee-ee, boys. This ain't the game we started for this morning, but it's a heap better 'n none."

Another occupant of the skiff just smiled all over his face, not because we had caught the doe, but because he was once more safe and sound on dry land and not on the bottom of the Mississippi with acres of ice running over him. He showed the white feather from the first, and violently, even pitifully, protested against the "foolhardy scheme; he didn't want to be drowned for any blanked deer that ever lived." He couldn't see where the fun came in. He was told to keep cool as there was no danger, that we were after venison and we would have that doe if we chased it till sundown, and that he could have his choice, either to stay on board or get out and walk to shore.

If ever a poor creature had earned its life and liberty it was that poor doe. It had probably been hard pressed by the hunters and hounds the greater part of the day, and as a last desperate chance for life had plunged into the river, trusting rather to its treacherous currents and grinding ice than to the mercy of its human foes from whom it was trying to escape. But its perils were not over, for after fighting its way through a mile of ice and drift, it fell into the hands of foes less merciful if possible than those it had left behind.

It was exciting sport for the men in the skiff, but looking at the other side of the picture it was cruel sport for the doe. It was a sight that might well call for pity, to see five unfeeling men trying to sniff out its harmless life when it was battling so gallantly against such fearful odds. No matter which way it turned there was no chance to escape, death was certain, the drifting ice was everywhere, and its pitiless pursuers were pressing it close, ready to take every advantage of its failing strength. Its helplessness excited no sympathy.

Is there not in all of us a trace of the original savage that dwelt in caves, that has come down through the ages tainting each succeeding generation: that centuries of civilization cannot eradicate nor repress, but only gloss over with thin film of custom, waiting only the opportunity and occasion to burst forth like a consuming fire?

The doe was a large one and in prime condition. We found a slight flesh wound on one of its hips, probably made by the hunter's farewell shot as it took the river for happier hunting grounds. As we had lost at least an hour's time in this adventure, we loaded our quarry into the skiff and commenced the remaining ten miles of our trip in better spirits.

When the sun went down we were still paddling our way through the ice, and it was nearly midnight when we reached our homes, cold, hungry and fatigued, but late as it was that doe must be hung up and dressed, and as we had with us an expert in that line this feat was soon accomplished. The next morning we breakfasted on venison steak and fought the battle over again.

ELSAH, Ill.

CAMERON.

AGAIN IN BRIAR LAND.

MAN is prone to return to his first love, despite his lively memory of scratches from her sharp-pointed claws. So we sought again the briars in Thanksgiving week of 1890, and were once more torn, pierced and mutilated—all for undying love of Dame Grouse and Bre'r Rabbit. I have told FOREST AND STREAM something of two of our previous trips, hence this letter may be regarded as in the nature of a serial story.

Had the reader stood on the wharf at daylight of Sunday, Nov. 23, he might have seen a party of four, Jesse M., Tom T., E. H. and the writer, pulling and hauling like tugs at a hawser, on the ropes and chains of six dogs, all setters save one, a noble hound of uncertain age and African descent. That we got the resisting brutes on board the boat and safely tied them in the fore-castle or some other place, goes without saying, but that we left to the roustabouts the loading of our heavy boxes of ammunition, etc., is a complaint to our foresight and experience. Then the noble Mattano—a slow, filthy, disagreeable side-wheeled scow—cast off, blew whistle, and puffed slowly, then faster and faster, till the muddy Virginia Rhine was churned into foam and great waves were sent ashore to endanger the castles *en route*. The officers of the scow are polite gentlemen, but how they tolerate the shell is the mud-turtle's own problem.

Well, we got there at last, after men and dogs had almost lost patience and hope. Shallow water compelled us to seek the sandy beach by means of a 7x9 float, which was dancing a hornpipe some thousand feet out on the waves of the two-mile broad river, with boxes, trunks and baskets "too numerous to mention," with sighing and howling dogs scattered here and there on, among and under them, with terrified women and some maudlin and noisy men, and an accompaniment of much "chin music," we got fairly ashore safe and duly grateful.

Our host's ox team awaited our baggage as usual, and at nightfall we were gathered around the supper table, all talking at once and each sure his talk was the only one worth listening to. Next day we began the hunt, with pancakes, pork and coffee, prepared by our host's selfsame pretty daughter, whose black eyes had shot so many darts into our hearts the previous years. In this connection it may be stated incidentally that E. H., the youngest member of our band, found his week's stay pleasurable and much too short. At first we couldn't understand why he retired reluctantly and late and rose cheerful and early (against his wont at home), but gradually the mystery cleared away, and after the manner of men we forgave him, for to use a modern classic, "we had been there too!"

Breakfast over and dogs fed, we sallied out conquering and to conquer; but alas for the fond hopes of mortal men! There comes sometimes, even in King George county, Virginia, a killing frost—of meanness and malignity—which nips the bud of promised birds and prospective rabbits. So it was that memorable Nov. 24.

The leading actor in our band was one known as G. G. About noon, as we were eating the bread, bacon and herring lunch earned by the sweat of our brows, he, the aforesaid G. G., appeared mounted on a fat charger and in commanding tone demanded to know what manner of men we were. We told him in somewhat haughty style. Then he announced himself the proxy lord of the manor by virtue of a duly acquired right to its hunting privileges, and insisted we were trespassers on said manor. This so astonished us that we remained seated on a log, but offered a placating symbol—in the form of a brown bottle,

Then we arose and girded ourselves, and said unto him that the true and good lord of the manor had permitted us to hunt thereon for these many years, and had also indicated he had no objection for this one; consequently we should hunt, hunt, hunt.

With doubts, denials, demurrers, etc., our noble friend rode away, and we feared he was forever lost to our fond gaze. But it was not so to be, for next morning an amiable constable appeared through the mist that enveloped the hillsides, and "warranted" us in the politest manner to appear at a country store, half a mile away, at 10 A. M. Upon appearing there we found bilious G. G. had ridden miles upon miles the night before, to seek a magistrate and hound us with King George county law. The magistrate was a polite, kind, reasonable and well-informed man—a true gentleman—whose memory we shall cherish. He read to us the special act of the Virginia Legislature, applicable to that county alone, by which an "informant" can become complainant, and if a huntsman has no "written license" to gun on a particular estate, he may be fined and his gun and dog confiscated. As in other years, we had no "written license," and hence were technically trespassers, being thus at the mercy of any maliciously-minded person who might choose to become an "informant."

To be fined and lose some valuable guns and "no-price" dogs would have been something more than an equivalent for two hours' trespassing, with not a dead bird or rabbit, nor even a chipmunk to attest our skill. The proxy lord, G. G., swore he had an exclusive verbal permission to hunt on the estate in question, yet admitted there was no consideration given. Here was then a *nudum pactum* that would have raised even Blackstone's massive wig. We quickly demurred, while admitting a technical trespass under the statute. The wise magistrate said we might pay the lowest possible costs, \$4.20, and go our way, which we did after treating all hands to cigars, save always the good G. G. He averred that he was prompted solely by hostility to our host, and had absolutely no purpose to injure us. He was simply determined to make it pleasant for our host by attacking his friends and guests. Our host was a hard-working, thrifty, prosperous farmer, who had moved there from Maryland some thirteen years before. And these things made him obnoxious to G. G., who had never moved (save when the Confederate army took him along), had never worked, and was neither thrifty nor prosperous.

Subsequent to the magisterial seance we received invitations from more than one of our host's neighbors to hunt on their farms, and every disposition was shown to prove that G. G. did not represent Virginian hospitality. For G. G. himself nothing but anathemas were heard, and we learned that he had long been one of the most unpopular men in the county, so that his last essay had merely confirmed his undesirable title to notoriety and dislike.

It is a great stretch from G. G. to innocent birds and rabbits, but it must be made, even though the latter subjects be summarily dismissed after a brief interview. My friends M. and T. "shot to kill," while I wandered o'er hill and dale, in forest and meadow, observing nature "in her loveliest mood."

The large basket trunk which they took home filled with dead birds was their coveted testimony to skill, which I naturally envied. But after all I got more out of the trip in fun over this and that in the way of ludicrous happenings, and for years to come I can tell with pleasure of my adventure with "that nigger's hound," which had so queer ideas and ways, was so indifferent to the change of masters, localities, sleeping quarters and diet, so stubborn and opinionated, so stupid and yet sly, and always so hungry and hollow even when stuffed with corn bread and rabbits. I can recall how he declined to hunt squirrels, though "warranted" for them, how he always refused to come to a trail, how I once threw him in a "briar patch," *vi et armis* (translated, by his tail), and after a rabbit that calmly awaited him therein; how he emerged with a *sang froid* which completely unnerved me, and must have surprised Bre'r Rabbit himself, and I can always explain my lack of luck by stating the fact, namely, that the hound always raced the rabbits into a hole, but suppress the concomitant fact that the said hole was his own throat. (It was not till the last day of my stay in Briar Land that I learned where the hole was.) So sly and "past finding out" are the ways of a hound educated in an American Ethiopia.

One week from our going we gathered again on the sandy bank of the river in the bright morning sun, and four hours thereafter the good steamer Wakefield bore us to Alexandria, whence Mr. T.'s smart team quickly took us to Four-Mile Run. There our good friend Charlie P. awaited our coming, and at dusk we sat once again around Mrs. T.'s groaning table; everything was cooked to perfection, and we ate and ate like starved men of turkey and "fixings" too numerous to remember. The reader will not blame us if, remembering the most notable experience of our trip, we sang:

"Old Grymes should be dead,
That bad old man,
May we never see him more."

POTOMAC.

"BANK-GRASS KNOLL."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 30 "Sand Hill" dropped on the writer of this quite heavily; but as a small boy once remarked to me when a bigger one knocked him down, "It did not hurt much." Firstly because it was done in a gentlemanly and courteous manner, secondly, taken in the abstract, what he says is quite correct; thirdly, judged as we are by standards at best arbitrary and uncertain, there are few of us whose conduct as sportsmen is not open to criticism, and lastly, I have a perfectly clear conscience.

About two miles from here lives old Oliver F., a man who some years ago discovered that seasoned shingles make good kindling and proceeded to strip them off his house for this purpose. As the shingle line gradually receded it was necessary to use a sharpened stake to punch the kindling, and it became the duty of George Tom, Oliver's eldest son, to see that the stake was in its place within reach of the door. One night he neglected to do this. Next morning, on his way in from the barn, he met his paternal parent in no very pleasant frame of mind. "See here, George Tom," says he, "what do you mean by neglectin' of your business in this way. There,

I had to go out in my sock feet this mornin' to hunt up a stake to git kindlin'. After this, when you have anythin' to do, you tend to it. No one 'll ever hire you when you git to be a man if there's no dependence to be put in you; and you're shiftless, I tell you, boy, shiftless, and if there's anythin' under the light of this here heavens I hate, it's shiftlessness."

Similarly we all hate unsportsmanlike ways, but they are mostly George Tom's ways, not our own. The sentence in my former communication, upon which your correspondent founds his objection, is, perhaps, somewhat loosely written; it certainly is open to a more extreme interpretation than is consistent with strict accuracy. The reader might possibly think that I lost four nights' sleep out of every week for three open seasons and killed thousands of ducks. This would be incorrect. I was at that time engaged in a brain-vorring, nerve-exhausting business. My day's work was usually finished by 4:30 P.M. Then, with gun and a couple of dozen cartridges, I strolled down to the Dugway, adjacent to which there is a large tract of intervals and marsh abounding in ponds, puddles and duck food. I would walk up perhaps half a dozen snipe, killing some and missing the rest. A little before sundown I would hide in my blind on the "Bank-grass Knoll" to wait for the ducks. Before long they would come. Some would pitch down far from any shooter and go to feeding, others in circling around would get killed or missed. Then, when dusk came and there was danger of failing to find if we killed, we left our stands—the Parson, Samuel, Chase and I—and walked home in the gloaming. One duck was a fair bag, two good, three extra and four a "whooper." The Parson and I killed less than 50 each a season, the other two exceeded that figure slightly.

The ducks would come quite early Monday evenings, and a little later each day till Thursday, by which time there would only be a few stray ones before it was too dark to shoot. Then we would leave them alone till the following Monday, when the shooting would again be good. Unquestionably the ducks came there to feed, and many of them did so. I have seen ducks feeding complacently in a little pond just north of my stand, paying no attention to the shooting in a blind 200 yds from them, but if I, at about half that distance and in plain sight, fired, they would leave in a hurry.

If I was a sinner then, I am one still—an unrepentant one. For I expect to occupy the old stand on Bank-grass Knoll again this fall for a few days after the opening of the season. I will probably enjoy it, even if I don't kill many ducks. Of the many pleasant memories associated with those three years, the ones clinging around Bank-grass Knoll are what I would care least to have eliminated. Even when I killed nothing there was something comforting and restful in sitting there in the after-glow and listening to the song of the wind through the bank-grass, so close to my ears. I think others have found it so, too. No one would make me believe that the Parson came a distance of two and a half miles for the sake of the ducks he got.

Perhaps we were sportsmen, perhaps not, but I think if "Sand Hill" could have known our little clique he would have pronounced us not too bad a lot. He would have found us content with very little and never cursing our luck, except when the guns missed fire, and then the worst the Parson ever said was "bother."

In conclusion, I may say that I would not shoot a duck on her nest; that's George Tom's way, and I despise it; but I did shoot ducks between sundown and dark, and would do so again. Twice I have fired at ducks after dark, and will not say that I won't do so any more. This may not be right, but we cannot all of us do right all the time.

L. I. FLOWER.

MCDONALD'S CORNER, N. B.

AN ADIRONDACK SQUIRREL HUNT.

THERE lies before me in my study a silvery rug made of 16 gray squirrel skins, which, as my eye catches it, turns my thoughts back to a cool bright October day spent on the edge of the Adirondacks hunting squirrels with a keen-nosed old hound.

For many years near Lake George a now old man by the name of Stevens has lived, and man's memory hardly runneth back to when his companion, a liver and tan hound, did not exist. The two are county characters, and their reputation for knowing just where the game was to be found was proverbial.

At sunrise we climbed out of the wagon at his cabin in the edge of the woods. The horse was placed in the little shed with a bunch of corn stalks to feed upon. The old hound, called from his kennel, barked and gamboled as he saw the guns drawn forth from the cases. We climbed over the bars and followed the cow path up across the white frost-covered pasture. It was a steep climb. Below gradually came into view the valley of the Hudson, the course of which was outlined, as the river wound across the plain, by great wreaths of rising mist, the edges of which the sun had tipped with rose. The old hound scampered through the wood lot, where the bluejays were crying and the chipmunks chattering around the brush piles as though they were glad again to see the sun. Pausing, pantingly, we gazed down upon the beautiful panorama framed by the great trunks and branches of the few remaining trees while waiting for the voice of the dog on a trail. The old hunter, as he leaned his 6ft. or more of spare frame on his ax handle, with scraggy gray beard and coon-skin cap, formed a strong picturesque figure.

The welcome bay came down the mountain side, and the old man with face alert bent forward to mark the direction of the running. A short "Come on!" and with rapid strides he led toward the heavy timber. The ringing music stopped, and an occasional angry bark told plainly the game was "treed" or "holed." The latter it proved to be, as we saw the dirt flying from the paws of the dog as he sought to reach his quarry under the roots. All the morning we tramped through the big timber. Only a single gray was shot, and he came tumbling out from the red leaves of a bough he was scampering along. The old hunter had predicted squirrels in plenty in the morning, and the keenness of his dog had been duly lauded. As the hours wore on both master and dog were chagrined, as their actions plainly revealed. About noon he proposed lunch and then to try a different ridge. High up on the mountain on a big moss-covered rock a fire was built. Stretched out at full length in the grateful warmth of sun and fire we rested. Down through the woods the sunlight touched with silver every trunk, branch and

twig. The oaks still held their flaming red foliage, the green of the hemlock showed here and there, and the white birches caught up the strong light in dazzling whiteness. The woodpeckers are working noisily close by, and away below a hawk is sailing in slow concentric circles. The hound slept at the feet of his master, who, with back against a log and cap well back, between the puffs on his short pipe told of a deer run in yonder ravine and of bear hunting further up, years ago, when this was well nigh a wilderness. Far out over the valley of farms and woods the eye rests on the blue ridges of the Green Mountains.

With new energy the second ridge is sought. Scarcely is it reached before the dog gives voice and leads us straight to the summit. Beneath a hickory he sits with upturned nose, and before the tree is reached a silvery body springs out for a neighboring tree. A gun rings out and the second squirrel is brought to bag. Off again went the hound, soon to give noisy tongue, and down to the foot of the ridge we hurry. This time beside a brook that purled along, an oak with a hole high up showed where the game was hidden. At the foot of the tree numerous little particles of bark gave evidence that it was a family tree. Off came Stephen's coat and an extra hitch is taken in his leather belt. Then the keen axe falls with a vigor into the hard wood. Up and down flashes the bright steel; right and left fly the white chips as the gash sinks deeper into the trunk and the blows ring out through the forest. The end is nearing, the tree slowly quivers, then sinks, then falls with a mighty crash. Out from its hollow trunk near the top comes a jumping mass of gray that instantly separates. Bang, bang, bang, bang, sound the guns, yelp, yelp, the dog, and the keen shouts of the old man as stick in hand he jumps after a wounded squirrel. Fresh shells are jammed in before the smoke drifts away. A flash of gray through the trees, I fire, a miss, again and down the squirrel comes, but only to scramble over a log. I crash through the bushes and as he jumps for a knotty chestnut the third shot lays him still. We gather round the fallen tree and five grays have been added to the now filling game bags. With lighted pipes we rest waiting for the new trail to be found. Soon it comes and then another as the afternoon wears on. At sunset on the far side of the ridge the hound treed the sixteenth squirrel in some saplings. Our approach starts him out, and as he jumped right across the glowing sky of the west the shot turns him in midair. We shoulder our guns and set out through the still gray woods for the wagon. The old hunter leads the way, erect with his axe on his shoulder and the hound sedately at his heels. As we descend the full moon pours its light down into the valley with here and there a glittering light.

My eye catches the rug again. Ah, poor little grays, you lived but to satisfy man's desire for sport. Is it not true of the killing of all animals what Frank Forester said of Bob White? "It is a singular proof how strong is the passion for the chase and the love of pursuit implanted in the heart of man, that however much, when not influenced by the direct heat of sport, we deprecate the killing of these little birds and pity the individual sufferers, the moment the dog points and the bevy springs, or the propitious morning promises good sport, all compunction is forgotten in the eagerness and emulation which are natural to our race." Yes, little grays, while I regret your killing I fear my love of sport would draw me again in pursuit of you and other game, and to wish all days were as happy as those with dog in wood and field. And from yonder fireside Bess wags her tail in assent as my reverie aloud wakes her from dreams, perhaps, of whirling quail or wily grouse. N. B. W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 14.—There never was any fly-wheel so big it couldn't be stopped and made to run the other way, though sometimes that may be a long operation. The continuance of any evil which does not affect directly the general public's convenience is much the same way. It runs of its own weight. But it can be stopped also.

For years the sportsmen of the country have been talking a great deal and working a little, about the killing and selling of illegal game. They have not stopped the abuse. The fight has been a considerable one. Nowhere has this fight been so hard to carry on as in the big game selling cities. A little actual work in a rural district will stop illegal shooting. To stop illegal selling in a great city is more difficult. Nevertheless, that can probably be done. In all these years of talk the probability never looked as probable as now.

Now is the time, and this is the year, to increase the fight on illegal game. I don't know how or why this is, but the fact is unmistakable. For some reason the fly-wheel of this iniquitous machine is slowing up. The sentiment in favor of game protection has changed notably. Much of the evil lay in ignorance or apathy. Agitation has informed the public, and even those who are not sportsmen are beginning to see the evil of the old destructive ways. I am speaking now safely for this region at least. I believe Chicago has done more in actual game protection this year than any other city or section of the country. To-day the sportsmen here feel that things are coming their way. The organization of the Possum Club, the work of the Fox River Association, the organization and highly satisfactory work of the Kankakee Association, the passage of the bill stopping the abominable ice fisheries—all this was a good year's work alone, but it is not all.

It may be remembered that FOREST AND STREAM was the first to show up Brusewitz, appointed last year as a game warden for this city, and to move for his dismissal. This fellow's conduct finally got to such a point that the petition printed away last spring in FOREST AND STREAM was taken up and, with a heavy list of signatures, placed before the governor of the State, the meeting for this purpose being held at Mr. Low's office, as was duly reported. The sportsmen prayed the appointment of M. R. Bortree, of this city, as warden. The result was long in doubt, but this week the good news came that Brusewitz was deposed and Mr. Bortree appointed. This is one of the best things of the season, and is not less than a triumph for the sportsmen. Gov. Pifer did well.

Mr. Bortree received his commission this morning, and less than an hour thereafter had a warrant in his pocket for a noted South Water street law-breaker. The result will be given later.

I have already spoken, in the three preceding issues of the paper, of the cases inaugurated against the restaurants and hotels here by the sportsmen. In these the course of victory has thus far been unbroken. Mr. Abner Price, the quiet, faithful and conscientious president for this year of the State Sportsmen's Association, has been patient in getting the matter in trim, and is to be congratulated upon his administration already. It bids fair to be the most distinguished administration of them all in the matter of stopping illegal handling of game. If only he shall keep on, he has the chance now to make a record for all other associations, as well as this one. The popular sentiment now is with him. The tide has turned, and for once it is safe to say that things are coming our way. The iron is hot now, and I only hope that the striking will be incessant.

Thus far the restaurant cases have gone by default. Mr. Kern, county treasurer of Cook county, president of the Audubon Club, ex-president of the State Sportsmen's Association, etc., etc., has paid \$32 for the good of the cause. He has, however, failed to inform the Association where his six prairie chickens were bought. As a prominent sportsman, and more especially as one who has rushed into print and been rushed there, to the effect that he was ignorant and innocent, and only his new steward at fault, it now behooves him certainly to attest his ignorance by bringing up his steward and causing him to give the desired information. We want the South Water street merchant as well as Mr. Kern. There are two more straight cases against Mr. Kern, and it is now the sentiment of even some of the more conservative that these cases should be pushed at once unless he will so far conserve the interests of the Association as to locate the game dealer who sold these birds. We all know now who that dealer is, but have not testimony to prove it. It is certainly not unreasonable to ask Mr. Kern to show his hands if they are clean, and if they are not clean they need a little more washing.

The cases against the McGarigle Catering Co., the Leland Hotel, the Wellington Hotel and Rector's restaurant were not allowed to come to trial, defendants pleading guilty and paying the fine and costs. Justice Randall H. White, before whom the suits were brought, thought that \$25 and costs, or about \$30, was about right. This morning Billy Boyle's case was to have been tried, but his attorney said his wife was sick in bed and prayed a continuance for a week. When the case comes off the attorney himself will be sick in bed.

Last night, just to see what effect the late fines had had, I went down to Rector's for supper.

"You're not serving much prairie chicken nowadays, are you?" I said to the waiter.

"Well, not since the other day," said he smiling. "How much did those fellows stick the old man?" I asked.

"Twenty-five," said the waiter. "But, Lord! he don't mind that."

"Well," I said, "it's a shame they can't let a man alone. Can't a fellow get a little prairie chicken on the quiet, without their making such a fuss about it? I used to get a bird here once in a while, and here now I can't do it, all because of this foolishness."

"Oh, well, you see," said the waiter, "that \$25 fine is all right. We don't want it thought we're serving too much of that sort of thing. But we haven't got any prairie chicken to-night, but then, you see—"

"Have you got any teal duck?"

"Oh, yes, a nice teal."

I had before this ordered my supper, and so could not well order duck. I, however, tried to find some one to send down, and to-night Billy Farmer and a friend will try for some duck there. I hope they will get it. I think Justice White would stick a good heavy fine and a reprimand, too, on Mr. Rector if he were caught so soon again. There ought to be new men sent around again to all these places which have just been fined. I have always said that a fine for one bird was a bagatelle to them. They should be fined the limit on every individual bird, and as many cases brought as possible. They will quit selling when they find it is costing them too much to sell, and not before. Mercy is ill-placed with such men. The rougher this Association is the better. Mr. Low, the attorney for these cases, thinks the Association will get public sentiment against it if it is too severe. I do not agree with this in the least. It isn't a question of public sentiment, but a question of illegal game; and the men who sell it ought to be jerked as early and often and as thoroughly as that can be done. This talk at Rector's place ought to be proof enough of that.

At the close of the little gathering which attended the continued Boyle case this morning, State Fish Warden F. L. Buck, the same who has done the fishway work for the Kankakee Association, accompanied Mr. M. R. Bortree, the new Chicago warden, to the justice's desk, and there swore out a search warrant for the commission house of Fred W. Smith. Buck had been informed of 150 dozen prairie chickens now hanging in Smith's coolers, and had been promised a diagram of the store-rooms, so that these birds could be located at once. I wanted to see some of this, and so accompanied the two above to Mr. F. S. Baird's office. Here the statutes were examined carefully and all made ready. Mr. Buck then stepped out to get his diagram. He was gone about three hours, and came back without any diagram. He had traced his clue to the buyer for the Union Restaurant, Henry Erbe, who had said he bought a dozen chickens there last week. Mr. Erbe referred Mr. Buck to a gentleman who was lately in partnership with Fred Smith. This gentleman promptly declined with thanks to tell what he knew, though there was where the story of the 150 dozen chickens started. He said later, after Mr. Buck had left, that Fred Smith had no chickens in his place on Dearborn street, but that all his stuff was in the big cold storage warehouse down on Sixteenth street. So the 150 dozen chickens looked dim. At this stage of the game, 3 P. M. to-day, I left. It was then thought that on Mr. Bortree's return from home the search would be made of Smith's place at any rate. Of that I will learn later. Under the circumstances Mr. Smith will probably have been warned before the searchers get there. I see no reason why all the freezers on South Water street should not be examined, and also certainly the great cold storage houses. Many commission dealers have their stuff in the cold storage houses, and if they were thrown open it is likely that a terrible sight would be shown to sportsmen's eyes. As to the right of search the law protects the warden well, the clause permitting search read-

ing, "If he have reason to believe" that illegal game is concealed. He can not be proceeded against. It is safe to say that some of these "reasons for belief" will be sifted before long now. Brusewitz is gone. We've got a warden in Chicago now. Congratulate us.

Mr. Price, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, announces his appointments for the ensuing year as follows: Board of Directors, Dr. N. Rowe, Fred. C. Donald, B. B. Organ, C. S. Burton and F. A. Place; Law Committee, Wolfred N. Low, John Lyle King and F. S. Baird.

I should correct the types of last week's paper, which say that Mr. Low is "not at present a member of the Kankakee Association. I wished to say he was not at present a member of the board of directors of that Association.

An interesting question of insurance comes up. A certain game dealer on South Water street carries \$50,000 insurance on game the year round. Suppose he burns out in the close season, could he collect? This has been asked here lately. He is wasting his money. A thing illegal does not exist in law. He ought to call in some of his insurance.

A deplorable affair is reported from Dayton, O., Aug. 9, as follows:

"State Deputy Game Warden L. K. Buntain of this city fatally shot David McIlvain, who he caught with four others seining in Mad River, near Harshmanville, about midnight. Buntain had heard that a party had gone up the river to seine contrary to the State law, and at the request of Ben F. Seitzer, member of the County Fish and Game Protective Society, accompanied him to the spot, both being disguised. They came upon the party in the act of drawing the seine. A fight ensued, and McIlvain was shot."

In the above case the outcome is to be regretted, though the fault was doubtless the victim's, both in doing an illegal act and resisting the legal means of correcting that act.

Capt. J. W. Eddy, Capt. W. C. De Remer and Mr. James Brooks, last week again proved the virtue of the Des Plaines River, which runs right at the edge of Chicago. They caught 16 bass and 3 pickerel at Willow Springs. This point can be reached via Alton or Santa Fe Railway. Mrs. Nash has the only stopping place there.

Warden Buck reports all the fishways in on Rock River, all in on the Fox River, and all just as good as in on the Kankakee River.

The Illinois Valley Protective Association will soon be organized, on lines similar to the Fox and Kankakee River associations. The world do move.

Later, Evening, Aug. 9.—You can get a lot of courtesy and a whole broiled teal at Rector's Restaurant right now for \$1.50. As I was going home from my office to-night I passed by that corner, and could not resist the temptation to go in and see personally whether, in the face of the late conviction, he would actually continue to sell illegal game. I was alone. The waiter of last night was not at hand, but I found another, and gave him an order for a good supper, of which a broiled blue-wing teal was a part. The latter was listed at 60 cents on the bill of fare, and no discounts off. It came all right. The bird was three-quarters grown. Mistake was not possible. The odor of wild duck is not to be confused with any other, the more especially if the bird be a trifle "high," as this one was. I have killed and eaten too many teal not to know one, though it is not yet certain whether the Justice will accept my unsupported testimony to that effect. There will be a chance for that to be decided, as this case will be brought. I hope that Billy Farmer and his friend will also locate their cases there to-night. This ought to cost Mr. Rector \$75 and costs, not less. Is not this proof sufficient that a fine for one bird, a mere complimentary fine, is of no avail to stop this nuisance? Ought not the other Kern cases to be prosecuted? Ought not the Boyle cases to be argued for three birds, and the full penalty for each, and ought not the Hotel Richelieu case, which is yet to be tried, be laid for two birds, and argued for a \$50 fine? I say mercy is ill-placed with these men, and to-night I have proved it. If the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association had three men who were willing to get out and do a little steady hustling, it could prove this again and again in the majority of the cases in which action has already been brought. I venture to say this: The first fines amount to nothing in the bulk of these cases.

I must compliment Mr. Rector upon the quality of his service. When I first went in, tired and a trifle dusty, the waiter, before I ordered, brought me a glass of water with no ice in it and a section of butter also iceless. He, however, looked at my hat and umbrella and they seemed to please him. When I ordered a good supper, including the teal, his estimate continued to improve. He took away the iceless water and butter and brought a glass of water with ice in it and two "pats" of butter nicely iced and trimmed with parsley branches. I expanded the order yet a little, and presently he whisked away my cup of coffee and brought me another. "You'll find this nice and warm, sir," said he. Then he stood and fanned me and kept things in good running order. There were no flies about that table. I never enjoyed a supper more and never gave a waiter a half dollar with greater pleasure. He was such a good, pleasant, revised edition waiter. And besides he was doing me a favor. I should say in passing that two friends who tasted of Mr. Rector's teal, a portion of which was pocketed, agreed unhesitatingly to his character. Mr. Rector runs a good fence. He says he has teal and he does have teal.

No other newspaper has collected a jot of evidence in this work here. They may come trailing in after a while. By watching FOREST AND STREAM they may be able to get a story about it. I just say this a sort of off hand. News in a newspaper is great stuff, but some papers don't think so.

Aug. 15.—After so much racket about protecting game, I presume a good many shooters would like to think about shooting a little game for themselves, legally of course. The prairie chicken season will now soon be open, and inquiries are constant for good shooting grounds. Unfortunately the bulk of our Western prairie chickens are now reposing in Chicago freezers, or local freezers throughout the shooting country, but I should like to help some gentleman to a day after these fine game birds on their natural cover. I still think northwest Nebraska, north of the North Loup, is the best place to go to, though I have not heard personally from that season there, the amount of rain, etc. Last year that

country had the best shooting of any, and the shipments from there were simply terrible. Last year Minnesota and South Dakota were too dry and the shooting there was very poor. This year matters are much better in those States, the rainfall later in the season being more abundant, and yet not excessive in the early spring. Ottotail county, in Minnesota, ought to be a safe chance this year. I should not be afraid to risk Ortonville. Glenwood is mentioned, but I do not think so much of it. I hear from Minneapolis that the illegal shooting before the opening of the season has up to this time been much less than usual. A case or two of convictions at St. Paul helped matters in that neighborhood.

For Iowa advice is much more difficult, as that country was nearly depleted by market-hunters. If a party should go to Ruthven, Ia., they could by judicious inquiry get at shooting near there or around there.

On the whole, South Dakota, after northwestern Nebraska, is the safest country I know of to visit for upland grouse shooting this fall. Reports come in that the season there has been favorable in every way. Near Tracy the birds are described by a resident late from there as very abundant. Volga, S. D., is another good point, and I don't think one would miss it there. Huron is probably not so good, though much chosen as a starting point. Last year the sharp-tailed grouse shooting in the Turtle Mountains country, of Dakota, was magnificent, and this year it should be practically as good. Hitchcock, S. D., is good this year also, I am told.

In Illinois the shooting will be about as good or perhaps better than in most of the States further west. There will, of course, be this drawback here, that the shooting has begun now, and will be practically over by Sept. 5, though its opening date is Sept. 15. Nevertheless, Sept. 15 will show fine cornfield shooting, the hardest and finest sort, and clear above grass shooting on cheeping grouse, along the old Sangamon Marsh, 20 miles below Pekin. Mason City, near there, is another point closer. There will be some birds left not far from Jacksonville, not many. Near Bloomington there will still be some shooting left by the early thieves, and this will be better yet near Saybrook, just below Bloomington. At Mt. Pulaski, this State, there will be birds, and I think the boys there try to keep the law observed. I have heard of birds along the Kankakee, in Indiana, but could not recommend that. Near Moline, Ill., there were a few coveys this summer, probably eaten before this. Near Yorkville, on the Fox River, there was probably pretty fair illegal shooting for awhile this year.

I give any advice as to shooting country with a great deal of reluctance, for fear that some good fellow off on a vacation may through it be led into disappointment. It is not possible to speak with certainty for any country not personally visited, which is of course out of the question at this date. More than this, one's success in a strange country depends on himself. He must have the knack of making friends, and a disposition to hustle, and an eye for good ground, and a knowledge of his game. Moreover good "chicken dogs" are scarce, either local or imported along. The market-hunter never did a more deplorable thing than when he killed off, through death of *raison d'être*, that magnificent hunting companion and friend, the old fashioned "chicken dog."

Another thing. The dates of the open seasons should be looked up, not in rough and inaccurate newspaper compilations, and not in the slips of alleged "game laws" sent out by some of our sporting goods houses and manufacturing firms. I found the South Dakota date wrongly given in one of these affairs to-day. Mr. F. S. Baird, who is just about to start for that country on a shooting trip, called my attention to it. "All these publications have given that date wrong," he said, "you'd better write in and have your paper correct it."

"Is it wrong in the *Book of the Game Laws*?" I asked.

"Wrong everywhere," said he. I went to my desk, and found that the *Book of the Game Laws* had the date right, and just as he found it in the Dakota statutes. By a fault of the indexer of the statutes this reference is not paged in the back of the volume as regularly. So here the *Book of the Game Laws* was better even than a reference to the statutes, which to the ordinary searcher would have been misleading. I do not know of any other compilation of the game laws which is altogether accurate. It may be fallible, but I have not yet heard of a mistake that it has made. It is one of the most useful books a sportsman ever had in his hand, especially just about now. I don't know what I get for saying all this, but it is something which ought really to be said. E. HOGGH.

WESTERN WILDFOWL GROUNDS.

WEST of St. Peter, on the C. & N. W. R. R., is located the town of Tracy. It is a very nice town and many of the residents are fine sportsmen. Large prairies are on every side of the town, and the location is one of the best to start out from for some good shooting of any place I know.

South of Tracy is the celebrated Lake Shetek country, where may be found great quantities of ducks and geese. Should the sportsman be in the country during a flight of canvasbacks and redheads he would have very fine sport. Lake Shetek is the head of the west branch of the Des Moines River, and is located in the great "flyway" of ducks and geese from British America to the Des Moines Valley, and from there to the Mississippi Valley and from there on to the Gulf. This lake country is a great breeding ground for ducks and geese and all the snipe family. Wild celery and rice are found in many of the lakes. The native ducks decoy the flight ducks into the lakes when on their way south. Sometimes the feed is so plenty that they will stop a month or more. Then the sportsmen will get as fine ducks for table use as can be found in any part of the country. Good chicken shooting can be found anywhere west of St. Peter.

West from Tracy, in Dakota, we come to the great duck, goose and chicken country of Dakota. North of Watertown is located the Indian reservation. It is a great country for lakes, and quite a breeding ground for waterfowl. Great quantities of small grain are raised around Watertown, and when the flight of geese come down from the Devil's Lake country in North Dakota it is a sight to behold. At any place west of Watertown good shooting may be found. The Jim River country is a great place for ducks and geese. Near Columbia the Jim River forms quite a lake, and there is a grand chance for the sportsman to try his hand at pass shooting, the best of all shooting. The shooter who kills three ducks

out of five on a duck pass may be classed as an A No. 1 shot. I have seen but few shooters that could do so. A duck every other shot is good work.

I think more white-fronted, snow and Hutchins geese pass through Dakota than Minnesota and Iowa, but I am satisfied that there are more Canada geese in Minnesota and Iowa, and that more ducks pass through those States.

The sportsmen from the East will not need to bring loaded shells. Good ones can be found in almost every town, and they are sold very cheap. Good teams and drivers are always to be had at fair rates. These drivers know where the best shooting grounds are located.

There has been a great deal of rain in the Dakotas this season. The lakes and ponds are full of water. Splendid grain fields are to be found all over the States. With such large quantities of feed and water wildfowl shooting must be good. J. G. S.

WASHINGTON.—Seattle, Aug. 9.—F. Schramm & Co., the proprietors of the Rosemont cafe, pleaded guilty in Justice Von Tobel's court yesterday to a complaint charging them with selling grouse in violation of the game laws of the State. The representative of the firm said the birds had been bought and disposed of by an unauthorized employee without the firm's consent, and upon the motion of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Caldwell, the minimum penalty, \$10 and costs, was assessed. An interesting point was brought out during an informal discussion by the attorneys that followed the disposition of the case. The prosecuting witness, Josiah Collins, jr., said that when he bought a grouse at the Rosemont there were a number of prairie chickens hanging from the same hook. Mr. Rademeyer, the firm's representative, said that they had been shipped from South Dakota, and contended that he should be allowed to sell them. Mr. Collins, who, besides being a sportsman, is the author of the game law now in force, insists that the simple act of disposing of game is an offense, and that it is necessary to include game brought without the limits of the State to guarantee the enforcement of the statutes, which would otherwise be rendered inoperative. Boyd & Chamberlain had their case continued until Wednesday next. They will contest the case.—*Post-Intelligencer*.

HE HAD HIS MEDICINE.—One of our most respected citizens wanted some prairie chicken last week (Aug. 5). We killed, dressed and sold him three prairie owls. He said that they were very tough for young birds. He has found it out; and we who vilely betrayed his confidence and trifled with his feelings do not care to associate with him. (His shotgun is good for 100 yds.)—D. (Cimarron, Kan.).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE ALLURING CHARMS OF LINKVILLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The most unique locality to be found by the sportsman is probably that surrounding the town of Linkville, in Klamath county, Oregon. The town nestles at the foot of a large mountain, and lies right on the bank of what is locally known as Link River. This stream—which is quite large—connects the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes, is alive with thousands, and probably millions, of large fish, which are constantly passing to and fro between the two lakes, and are as constantly jumping out of water in sight of the town. They are of all sorts and sizes. Some of them appear to be cutting up these antics for the fun of the thing, and some to shake some kind of an eel-looking creature which attacks them in the water and becomes attached to their sides, causing the fish apparently much suffering. It is no uncommon thing for large fish to be taken there whose sides are all scarred up in consequence of these attacks.

It would not be surprising if many fish were thus destroyed. Probably there are not in the world two lakes more numerously stocked with trout than the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes. Judging by map measurement they each average thirty miles in length by ten miles in width. Many large streams empty into them, affording splendid fishing and spawning grounds. Lying east of the Cascade range of mountains, where genuine winter prevails in the season for it, the water is better and the fish healthy and solid—features which do not prevail on the western side of the mountains, where an almanac has to be consulted to accurately ascertain the season of the year.

But, to revert to Link River. There is another and very peculiar feature about its banks, they are a snake paradise. The blue ribbon—though it may have been consistently worn by the sportsman for the last decade of his life—will not prevent the seeing of tens of thousands of snakes in a walk of a mile from the town. They are of a harmless variety, and of all colors and sizes, six inches to six feet in length. On warm sunny days they lie twisted together in heaps of hundreds, and it is not uncommon to see three thousand of them in fifteen minutes' walk. If disturbed while taking their siesta in their effort to get away they become twisted into the form of a cable as large as a man's body and cannot move. According to an estimate made by one of the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants of that vicinity, there are snakes enough in that country to build a wall four feet wide and four feet high at least a mile long. Some of the farms there are fenced with walls laid up with round water-worn stones. These walls constitute the home of thousands of these reptiles. If one of these walls is approached, from nearly every interstice a snake's head will be projected with forked tongue forbidding trespass on their domain. What is singular about this whole affair is the protection afforded to these reptiles by the inhabitants there. They will not allow them to be killed or even injured. Their children, familiarized with them from their birth, have no loathing or fear of the reptiles, but pick them up and play with them, as any other child does with a toy, under caution of the parents not to hurt them. The reasons given by the farmers and others for this protection are three. First, the farmers could raise no crops without their aid in destroying various bugs, insects and vermin which would otherwise overrun the whole region with destruction of all living vegetation; second, the reptiles smell sickening enough living, but their stench is intolerable when dead; and third, they devour and re-

duce the number of frogs; and hereby hangs a tale, o'er true.

Perennially there descends upon Linkville and the surrounding country untold millions of little creatures, resembling a frog, and about the size of a small one, which are reminders of the biblical frogs of Egypt. Where they come from no one seems to know, but it is probable that they come from the rivers and lakes and Klamath marshes. Upon their arrival every door and window has to be closed against them, or they will invade the house in countless numbers and dispute possession of every part thereof, even to the bed. There is no standing upon politeness at these times. The entrance to, and exit from, a house is done with instantaneous celerity, and a resounding slam to the door which, under ordinary circumstances, would betray a passionate mood. Of course the streets of the town are full of them. And now the snake takes his annual feast, as that of the Passover, And thus is nature's law of supply and demand fulfilled.

Up among the mountains surrounding Linkville there are large quantities and many kinds of game. Quail, grouse, wildcats, mountain lions, deer, and an occasional bear are there. It is a region where much hunting has probably not been done, as it is situated sixty miles from any railroad, and nothing but an abominable stage road to make a connection. Thick cowhide boots are the correct thing for the sportsman there, as the rattler will dispute his way.

But if the sportsman desires to go afishing with the most economical of tackle, he may provide himself with an inexpensive pitchfork and pay a visit to Lost River, a sizeable stream a few miles east of Linkville. There he will find pickerel of enormous size, and so thick in the river that they fill it from bank to bank. The inhabitants never use any other kind of tackle.

More anon.

M. W.

ALAMEDA, Cal.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

AFTER MASCALONGE IN ELBOW LAKE.

I'VE got to go to Park Rapids, Thursday. If you'll go along we'll go over to Elbow Lake and try the mascalonge. Will you go?" So said Stephens last Monday night, and Thursday morning at 5 o'clock we were on the Northern Pacific train bound for Wadena, where we would take the Great Northern line for Park Rapids. We had often talked of taking the trip to Elbow Lake, in Minnesota, but lack of time to make the trip, which included a sixty-mile drive to the lake over a road of incomparable roughness, and a return over the same road, had prevented. But the completion of the railroad line to Park Rapids Aug. 1, brought the lake within eight miles of the railroad. So Aug. 6 saw us off for a few hours fish in the renowned Elbow Lake. We breakfasted in Wadena. Here we met three "fishing cranks," one of whom was an old acquaintance, and with the other two we soon became acquainted, and then followed an exhibition of rods, reels and lines, and relating and comparing experiences. They all said they envied us our trip and wished they could go. Stephens and I had our light split-bamboos, and were going to use a small G line with a No. 8 Skinner spoon. It was to be all experiment with us. We had never caught a mascalonge, but we had always said that if we could get where they were we should use our ordinary trout tackle with the exception of the spoon.

At 9:30 A. M. we boarded the train for Park Rapids, the county seat for Hubbard county and the present terminus of the railroad. Trains had been running only five days and everything was of the essential essence of the "newness of the new." The railroad runs through timber nearly all the way; hardwood, interspersed with tamarac swamps at first, then the grand old pine forest. We reached Park Rapids, where a genuine boom is in full development, in time for a 2 o'clock dinner. We ordered a team to be ready for us as soon as Stephens should get his business done. Four o'clock found us on our way. Elbow Lake is eight miles east of Park Rapids, and the drive is a very pleasant one through the pine woods all the way. Col. W. H. Martin lives on the shore of the lake and we had planned to get a boat of him and stay all night if he could keep us. We found Mr. Martin at home, and after a few questions had been asked and answered, were made welcome. We sent the team back with instructions to come for us at 10 o'clock the next morning. We soon had our rods rigged up and on the advice of Mr. Martin put a piece of light copper wire about 6 in. long at the end of the line to fasten the spoon on to keep the fish from biting off, which they will often do if no wire is used. Mr. Martin has lived on the lake eleven years, and not only knows all the country thereabouts, but also where the gamy mascalonge abide. He gave us a few directions and we were off up the lake, leaving orders for an eight o'clock supper. The lake is very appropriately named Elbow Lake, as it closely resembles a bent arm. We turned the bend and went slowly along the west shore, keeping just out from the weeds.

What was that which gave such a tug at the line and caused my rod to bend so? Had the spoon caught on a log? No, for there was a succession of fierce jerks that caused me to call out to Stephens, "I've hooked one!" I had a very pleasant experience for the next few minutes, which resulted in bringing to the side of the boat a fish that could do more rushing and plunging and splashing, when seemingly played out, than any fish I had had on the hook in some time. Get him into our landing net we could not, so watching my chance I caught him in the gills with my left hand and jerked him into the boat—my first mascalonge, not very large, only 7 lbs., yet my first mascalonge.

"He didn't jump 10 ft. into the air," I said.

"No; nor jump over the boat," added Stephens.

"Nor run at us with his mouth wide open gnashing his teeth."

"But isn't he a beauty?"

And indeed the fish was very pretty, I had no idea that mascalonge were such fine looking fellows.

During the next hour we caught four more, three of them being almost exact mates to the first, even to a

very small fraction of a pound in weight, the other weighing only 4lbs. One of these fish went through a variety of gymnastic exercises, which were far and away ahead of anything in that line I ever saw any fish do. I had Stephens's rod in my hand with about 150ft. of line out when I hooked it. Immediately the fish broke water and just clearing it leaped away to the left, and at once repeated the performance, going to the right. I handed the rod to Stephens and watched the fun. When the fish was in about 75ft. from the boat it sprang straight out of the water about three times its length as though shot from a gun, and fiercely shook itself while in the air.

"Are you sure that is not a tarpon?" asked Stephens, as he saw the performance, contesting every inch with the fish meanwhile.

"No, I'm not sure of anything only that this is most glorious sport," I answered.

We had adopted a plan of getting the fish into the landing net after our struggle with the first one. We would back them into the net, or, as Stephens phrased it, "make them set down in it." By doing this we saved the net, as masalonge have an ugly way of going through a net if they have half a chance; and also saved getting the net, teeth of fish and hooks tangled in "confusion worse confounded."

In the twilight we rowed back to Col. Martin's. He was surprised at our catch of five fish. "I did not expect you'd get any, being strangers to the lake and to that kind of fishing. I thought I'd go out with you in the morning and help you get some, but you've done as well as I could myself."

We felt very well satisfied as we sat at the bountifully spread table drinking our coffee, eating broiled spring chicken, and blueberries and cream. Bed time came all too soon, as we sat listening to the Colonel's lively account of hunting and fishing in various places, and especially there when he first settled on the lake. He told of a masalonge jumping clear over the boat, and various other performances of the fish that were equally wonderful, and of the old veterans that no tackle would hold. He lamented the growing scarcity of game and fish, but as deer were seen every day, and sometimes several in a day, and a great moose had only a short time before come to the lake in broad daylight, but a few rods from the house, drank from the lake, and walked away into the woods again while Mrs. Martin and her daughter stood in the yard looking on, we thought some game was left yet.

We went to bed, saying that we would get up at daylight and go on the lake, coming back to an 8 o'clock breakfast. We were on the lake at 5 o'clock. The first fish I hooked I lost after getting it to the boat, the next one we landed, it was another 7-pounder. Soon after this Stephens was pulling along, I having his rod in my left hand and mine in my right, when I was most vigorously notified that a fish was on Stephens's hook. I handed him his rod. He gave a jerk or two and tried to reel in, but could not. "That's no fish. I've caught fast to a log or something," he said.

"It is a fish," I replied, and just then it broke water a long ways back. "Here, you reel him in," said Stephens, after he had struggled with him for a while, "while I try and keep the boat out of these rushes." I took the rod, and if any one had told me there was so much fight in an 11lb. masalonge, as we found it to be when we weighed it, I would have told them they did not know what they were talking about. Three times I brought that fish to the boat, and three times it took 150ft. of line off the reel. The surges, runs and plunges of that fish I shall ever remember. At last I told Stephens to row to the shore, about 40 rods away, and we'd land him on mother earth. I've led several varieties of animals in my life, but I've never led any that gave me so much excitement and pleasure as leading that fish. The slight bamboo rod was as pliant and bent and sprung as true as steel. I feared for the line, a light G silk one which had been used several times before. The way that fish disported itself on the way to the shore was wonderful, but at length it lay upon the sand our prize. We now started back for breakfast and caught two more on our way across weighing 3lbs. each.

When we reached the landing and showed the fish, the Colonel said: "You have far and away beaten every one who ever came here as you did, without knowing the lake or the habits of the fish. It's wonderful, and you haven't broken a rod or line either."

We felt very well satisfied. We had no large fish as masalonge run, but with our tackle it was rare sport with the size fish we had. We packed the nine beauties so we could take them home. There were two weighing 3lbs., one of 4, five of 7 and one of 11lbs. Soon after eating breakfast and packing the fish the train came to take us to Park Rapids, from whence we would take the train home. All too short had been our stay, and we are fully determined to go again and stay longer. We had always been told, and it was repeated by several in Park Rapids, that the masalonge were only to be found in Elbow Lake and Sand Lake, which is near by. I have read the same statement many times, but Col. Martin assured us that lying north and northwest from Elbow Lake, between the Fish-hook and Crow Wing rivers, there is a chain of 15 lakes, all of which have masalonge in them. "I have caught them in 10 of the lakes," he said, "and know they are in the others." What grand possibilities for rare fishing in that chain of lakes! The railroad making them so accessible now, doubtless they will be visited by hundreds in the future where one or two go at present. Yet Elbow Lake has been visited this season by parties from New York city, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco. Park Rapids will also be the point of departure for the Itaska region until the railroad is extended on. It is rare sporting country all around there. Stephens and I had our 11lb. masalonge baked to-day for dinner. 'Twas a rare good feed—fit for a king.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn., Aug. 8.

MAINE FISHING.—Monson, Me., Aug. 15.—Many large lake trout have been taken in Lake Hebron this season and an unusual number of large spotted trout. Dr. A. T. Sanden, of New York city, who has spent the summer in this vicinity, has been very successful and is well pleased with this country for trout fishing. A Mr. Hull, of Boston, took a lake trout at Lake Onaway last week that weighed 18½lbs. with a 6oz. rod. He was engaged about two hours in landing it. Landlocked salmon fishing has also been good in Onaway, Long Pond, and that famous salmon resort, Sebec Lake.—J. F. S.

TAUTOG OFF MANOMET POINT.

A WRITER not long ago expressed an opinion that the blackfish or tautog was not usually considered a game fish. I should like to have that gentleman down at one of the "Gunning Rocks" off Manomet Point, some good day, and let him hook a "fighting bull" tautog of about 4lbs. on light tackle, say an eight-ounce bass rod, and see whether he would not change his opinion about the fish. I have just come back from spending a month at Manomet, where I managed to get two or three days' tautog fishing every week, and had very good sport. The tautog fishing there is certainly excellent. Although the fish are not so abundant as they are further south, they run very much larger, fish of 1½lbs. being the smallest usually taken, and these being rare, while 2, 3 and 4 pounders are numerous, and fish of greater weight, up to 7 or 8lbs. are not uncommon. Ten-pound fish are occasionally taken, especially in the latter part of the season.

Manomet is the northeast corner of the town of Plymouth, just where the Massachusetts coast bends to the south to form Cape Cod Bay. The point itself is a high bluff of glacial drift, from the seaward face of which boulders of all sizes have washed out from time to time, and the sea has eaten away the banks, so that they form a regular "bouldertrain," continuing the point out under the sea in the form of ledges and scattered rocks. Three of these rocks lying in a straight line parallel to the north shore of the point, only a few hundred yards from the land, and a fourth about a quarter of a mile further out to sea, are the only places where the tautog are to be found during the summer, until we reach the White Horse Rocks, a mile or two to the westward, or the Fishing Rocks round in Cape Cod Bay, an equal distance from the point.

After the middle of September, the fishermen tell me, the tautog are to be found all over the ledges, large male fish chiefly.

My fishing was confined almost wholly to the rocks north of the point, especially the three inshore rocks. Two of these, called respectively the North and South Gunning Rocks, are covered only by the highest tides, while the third and westernmost is submerged at half tide.

The fourth or off shore rock, called the "Bass Rock," is submerged at all tides and can only be fished early in the tides, as this runs very hard as it approaches high water. We only fished at this rock once and had no luck.

The "Gunning Rocks," and the "north rock of all," are best on the last two or three hours of the flood tide, and sometimes on the first hour of the ebb, though often the fish stop biting as soon as the tide begins to run ebb. The fish appear to go off into deep water with the ebb tide and gradually work in as the flood makes to the rocks, where on calm days you can see them circling round and round close to the rock, as if on patrol. Some days no fish at all seem to come in, and at other times, after biting briskly for a short time, they appear to go off for a while and then come back again.

My experience was not long enough for me to be at all sure of the conditions that influence the movements of the fish. Very rough weather and cold water seem to be unfavorable. Some of the fishermen say that the fish do not bite with an easterly wind, but we found a long continued fresh southwester quite as unfavorable. On the other hand, in very calm weather the fish seem to be afraid of the boat and are shy about biting. As a rule the fish seemed to bite better when the tide served in the morning than when high water came in the afternoon.

The fishing, of course, is all done from boats. I prefer to go out in one of the good-sized sailboats, such as the lobstermen use, though I have gone out by myself in a dory and caught tautog. The big boat, however, is more comfortable to stand up in, when casting or playing a fish, and it is a decided advantage to have a boatman along to lay the boat up to the rocks properly, as well as to prepare the bait, which is quite an art, especially when lobsters, the favorite bait at Manomet, is used. The boat is anchored within easy casting distance of the rock, and in such a position that the tide is running from you toward the rock. You then cast in close to the rock and let your sinker lie upon the bottom, with the line slack. The tautog usually seizes the bait with a rush, and starts off to carry it under the overhanging edge of a rock. This first rush must be checked by putting on all the strain your tackle will bear, for the fish is pretty sure to be lost if he once gets under the rocks; he will either saw off your line on a sharp edge of rock, or tangle you up in the rockweed and break loose. When the first rush is checked and you can gain line on your fish, he comes up suddenly, making you strain for all you take in till near the surface, when away he goes with a savage downward plunge that tests your rod severely, aiming for the weeds again. A good fish will keep this up for a considerable time before he is ready for the landing net. The tautog lacks the fiery dash of the black bass, but his bulldog style of fighting certainly gives most excellent sport. We thought this summer that the male fish—weight for weight—fought with more vigor and persistency than the females, and so got into the habit of calling them "fighting bulls."

Most of the fishermen, visitors as well as natives, at Manomet, fish for tautog with stout handlines, and "yank" their fish in hand over hand. I and some of my friends, however, found it better sport to use a rod and comparatively light tackle. My own favorite rig is one of Mr. Henshall's "Little Giant" bass rods (originally described in this paper), ash butt and lancewood tip, 7½ft. long and weighing about 8oz., with 50lbs. of braided linen F line on a plain multiplying reel. An ordinary reel will do, as long casts are not needed. I use No. 1 blackfish hooks on gimp to guard against rough usage from rocks and barnacles, as well as the tautog's hard mouth, and an egg-shaped tracing sinker weighing about 1½ or 2oz. close to the hook.

The bait commonly used, and which seemed to be the most attractive this summer, is fresh lobster. The fish will not touch lobster that is at all tainted. A "black-skin" lobster, that is one that is almost ready to shed its shell, makes the best bait, as the whole of it can be "shucked out," and it seems also to be more attractive to the fish. Besides, it stays on the hook better, and holds out better against the attacks of those notorious bait-stealers, the cunners, who fairly swarm round the rocks. Failing "blackskin" ordinary lobsters are used, a good-sized piece of the fleshy tail threaded spirally on the hook,

which is capped with a bit of "bone," usually the basal point of a claw. The large "sea clam" also makes a good bait, and the fish will sometimes take ordinary soft clams.

Codfish are also sometimes taken while fishing for tautog, but give very little sport. A 5lb. codfish will succumb and be easily reeled in after one or two sharp rushes. My best day's score was 11 fish, only one of which weighed less than 2½lbs. My largest fish weighed between 4½ and 4½lbs., and I had a number over 4lbs. Manomet is easily reached by stage from Plymouth, and has a good hotel, the Manomet House, and several boarding houses. There are only three or four boatmen, however, who have sailboats to take people out fishing.

Easily reached from the hotel are several ponds, which furnish a few black bass and pickerel, and quantities of white and yellow perch.

JOHN MURDOCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 13.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

NEARLY all the American salmon fishermen who visited Canada this season have now returned home. One of the last to go was Mr. James Grant, broker, of New York, and president of the St. Marguerite River Salmon Club. The members of this club report rather a better catch than usual in their river, which is a tributary of the Saguenay.

The finest fish taken out of Lake Beauport this year was caught last week by Major Geo. R. White. It weighed slightly over 2lbs., and took a yellow fly. Mr. John E. Hubbard, of Montpelier, Vt., a member of the Montmorenci Fish and Game Club, returned home yesterday after a week's fishing of the club's preserves at Beaver Meadows, twenty-eight miles from the city of Quebec, in company with Dr. Henchey, of Quebec. They took an immense number of trout, some of which turned the scale at 5lbs.; but complain very loudly of the flies. The same complaint is made by American anglers who have just returned from the waters of the Laurentian Club, north of Three Rivers, though the sport there has proved excellent. Mr. S. C. Lewis, of New York, and Mr. T. Q. Barstow, of East Orange, N. J., have just returned here from fishing these waters, and have now gone to Lake St. John after the landlocked salmon.

Reference was made in a former number of FOREST AND STREAM to the splendid success had by Mr. Myers, of New York, in the Peribonca. On his return to Lake St. John, Mr. Myers, accompanied by Rev. E. C. Sweetser, of Derby Line, Vermont, took another trip, ascending the Ashuapmouchouan to Lake Jeanne, and then by way of the Wassimiska reaching the Mistassini, by which they descended to Lake St. John. On this trip they took some very large ouananiche, including a few specimens over 6lbs. each in weight. This was the trip that Dr. Smith, of Brooklyn, and Mr. E. N. Hurlbut, of New York, spoke of making, but upon their arrival at Roberval they changed their plan and ascended the Little Peribonca for 36 miles, then crossed into Eagle Lake and by means of the river Aleck reached the Grand Peribonca, which they descended to Lake St. John, where the estuary of the river is two miles wide. They took any quantity of large trout in the small rivers they crossed, and a 14lb. pike at the first falls of the Peribonca, besides several ouananiche.

The Grande Discharge has furnished some extraordinary large fish of late. Mr. J. G. Grant, of Montreal, killed a 5lb. ouananiche this week, and Mr. J. Lewis Webb and Mr. Jas. L. Breese, of Tuxedo Park, took upward of 50 fish, one of which, weighing slightly over 8lbs., rose to the professor fly on a No. 10 hook, and was killed by Mr. Webb after a gallant struggle of 50 minutes.

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, of New York, has recently made, in less time than a week, a splendid trip up the Mistassini to the fifth falls, and made a most successful catch of ouananiche, which averaged from 3 to 4½lbs. per fish all round. He has preserved a magnificent lot of the skins of the landlocked salmon to take home with him to New York.

The fly nuisance, which is so bad in most Canadian woods in the month of July and the first part of August, is now abating, and in ten days from date the angler will be very little troubled by this pest. For trout fishing in Canadian lakes September is by far the pleasantest and best month of the year. Anglers should bear in mind, however, that the close season for ouananiche commences on Sept. 15, and should govern their movements accordingly. The open season for Canadian trout continues until the end of September.

I should like, before closing, to express my dissent from the generally received idea, which I notice is firmly held by writers in FOREST AND STREAM, that the *Salmo sebgao*, as I understand the landlocked salmon of the Maine lakes is sometimes styled, is identical with the ouananiche of Lake St. John. There is certainly variety in the species, much more widely marked than that usually existing in different fish of the same species taken in different waters. There is quite a sluggishness in the manner of the Maine fish as compared with the rare fighting qualities and terrific battle offered by his Lake St. John cousin, and I doubt whether this is altogether attributable to the magnificently wild waters which form his habitat. At all events the survival of the fittest in the relative qualities of the two fish must have taken very many generations to become as richly marked as it now is. A very prominent and distinguishing point of difference is the greater width of tail in the ouananiche, and much more size and strength in front of the tail, where are to be found, I suppose, the muscles that are used as rudder chains. This may probably be a development, but must have been a far more gradual one than that which gives the ouananiche a slimmer body and more of a graceful, athletic form than its American connection, whose surroundings offer less resistance to piscatorial locomotion than do the seething waters of the Grande Discharge and the rapid currents of the rivers tributary to Lake St. John. But a rich contrast, that would certainly appear to date back to the origin of the species is offered by the dark spots upon the sides of the head, which are invariably much larger in the ouananiche than in the landlocked salmon of Maine.

QUEBEC, Aug. 8.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

BLUEFISH were off New London, Conn., Aug. 11, in force. A fishing party caught 115 in two hours, among them many 6-pounders.

LAKE SIMCOE, Canada, is suffering from over-fishing, and anglers in the vicinity are promoting a protective association.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER FISHING.

CAPE VINCENT is probably the best fishing ground on the St. Lawrence River, and the present season has been a very fine one. Since the middle of July, when the influx of anglers began, there has been a great abundance of bass and pickerel (*Esox lucius*), and as the season advances the fish appear to be increasing in numbers. Live bait is plentiful, and this is almost universally used, either in still-fishing or trolling. Spoon hooks are sparingly employed by some fishermen, chiefly when seeking mascalonge.

Black bass is the species most sought after and most abundant. The fish weigh from 1½ to 2½ lbs. on an average, but 4½ and 5-pounders are also taken. The daily catch varies from about 30 to 120 fish. The "high-liner" so far this year is Mr. Snider, of Philadelphia, who on the 7th instant took 186 bass.

Pickerel are found in the deep channels, and are not often caught when fishing for bass, which take the bait nearer the surface. During the week of Aug. 9, catches of 20 to 30 fish were reported, the largest specimen being a 9-pounder.

The best months for angling at Cape Vincent are August and September, when this popular resort has a large advent of sportsmen from New York, Philadelphia, Jacksonville and other cities. X.

ANGLING NOTES.

MR. F. C. ANDREWS, a well-known Brooklyn angler, has just returned from a fishing trip in Maine and reports that the trout fishing at Grant & Soule's camp on Beaver Pond is excellent and confirms the statement that they rise well to the fly all through the summer months. This section is more easily reached by way of the Rangeley and Kennebeco lakes. By writing ahead to Grant & Soule (P. O., Rangeley, Maine), one of them will meet the visitor and save the expense of taking in a guide. A guide up there is hardly necessary, as any experienced fisherman can get all the trout he wants without one. Board \$2 per day, or \$3.50 including boat. Mr. Andrews states that deer were never so plenty; they were continually running across them or seeing them feeding along shore.

Black bass fishing is reported as being unusually good at Henderson Harbor.

The *Daily on the St. Lawrence* reports the capture of a 65lb. sturgeon on a hand line and states that it is the largest fish killed on a line on the St. Lawrence River. The *Daily* is mistaken. On June 11, 1885, Mr. Herbert R. Clarke, of Jersey City, killed a smooth-back sturgeon (on an 8oz. split bamboo fly-rod and single gut leader) that measured 66in. length, 29in. girth, and weighed 78lbs. This fish was hooked foul on a No. 2 fly, by a bass running under him. Mr. Clarke followed the fish in his boat for over a mile and killed him after a struggle lasting one hour and five minutes. The fight and capture were witnessed by a number of well known visitors at the Bay.

The people who go around with loaded fire-arms on fishing trips when there is no kind of game in season, are naturally ignorant and just the class who are apt to get into trouble. The last time I came out from the Blue Mountain Lake I met a stage load of cockneys who were blazing away with revolvers at telegraph poles, etc. It never occurred to them that they might kill some innocent berry picker. I was glad to hear that one of these gentry had to pay pretty well for shooting a calf which he mistook for a bear. SCARLET-IBIS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO.—Recently I commented on the singularity of a catch of 15 small-mouth bass to one rod in the Kankakee River at Mak-saw-ba Club. At that time I had not seen any of the fish that were taken. A week later Mr. Mussey, Mr. Card and Mr. Dicks came back from another trip, in which they were even more successful than before. Mr. Card, for instance, taking eighteen fine bass and wall-eyes on Monday, including two wall-eyes that weighed 7½ lbs. each. The two former gentlemen brought in a nice basket of fish, and had in their catch a number of the Kankakee "small-mouths" which they had been catching earlier. These fish were not the small-mouth or genuine black bass, such as are locally distinguished as "tiger bass," having neither the red eye, the black, fine-scaled belly, dark color and unmistakable configuration of that fish. They were, upon the other hand, not to be described as large-mouths, though the general bronze color of the upper parts and whiteness of the belly would seem to so class them. Yet the mouth considered alone would class them as small-mouths. The angle of the jaw did not extend nearly back to the eye, and the total size of the mouth was about equal to that in a small-mouth of the same weight. These fish were the same as the bulk of the catch in the Fox Lake region, where many anglers call them "small-mouths," because their mouths are smaller than those of the big-mouths. Dr. Bartlett, I believe, says these are small-mouth bass, but this was not when a specimen was present. It chanced that in the same basket the angler had two specimens of *dolomieu*, the genuine small-mouth, such as could not by any possibility be mistaken. They had also a half-pound specimen of the genuine big-mouth. I wish *FOREST AND STREAM* would classify this common mid-way fish for us, and if necessary we will send photographs or a specimen. The discussion bids fair to tear up Chicago, and two factions, the big-mouths and small-mouths, are rapidly growing into Montag and Capulet prominence.

Another question I remember to have been asked of *FOREST AND STREAM* which was not answered, and that is, to what weight does the genuine pickerel attain? We would not look on the great Northern pike in this latitude, and yet, "pickerel" of over 20lbs. weight are not infrequent in the lakes of northern Illinois, in streams of middle Iowa, and also in rivers of Indiana below here. These "pickerel," indeed practically all the pickerel running from 3 to 6lbs. weight or over, such as fall in upon an average summer day's fishing, have the cheeks and gill-covers scaled only on the upper half. Are they pickerel, or pike? Does the genuine pickerel ever weigh over 10lbs., and if so, how heavy does it grow? I must ask pardon of Dr. Bean if these questions were answered definitely in his admirable articles on the *Esoxidae*, which

were most admirable in that they enable the reader to take a fish in his hand and come somewhere near telling what it is—a quality not possessed by many books on fish and angling. E. HOUGH.

[All of the pickerels have the cheeks and gill-covers completely scaled; in the pike the cheek is scaly and the lower half of the gill-cover naked; the mascalonge has no scales on the lower half of cheek and gill-cover.]

AN ILLINOIS CATFISH.—A live catfish weighing eighty-five pounds was caught in the river near Quincy last week by two moulders while in bathing, reports the *Meredosia News*. The moulders saw it swimming near the surface and threw a stone at it, stunning it so that it came to the surface. One of the moulders then got on it and paddled it ashore. Coming from any other friend of ours than the genial secretary of the Illinois Fish Commission, we should have felt inclined to doubt some of the little details of this exciting story. You see, in this region the stone catfish is a mere pigmy, just the size for black bass bait; but here is a giant that would make bait of a dozen black bass and still feel the pangs of hunger. No, in this climate such a yarn generally wilts, moulders and falls into a state of innocuous desuetude; but in the exuberant atmosphere of Quincy the boulder they throw the bolder they grow, till even the catfish comes up from below, with broadening smile, and listens while his esteemed fellow citizens blow.

SALMON IN THE MERRIMAC.—Concord, N. H., Aug. 12, 1891.—E. B. Hodge, of the Plymouth Fish Commission said to-day that there are now more salmon in the Merrimac River than at any time since the Lawrence dam was built 40 years ago, and he thinks, even further back than that. In one day he caught 23 fine ones at Plymouth. They are, however, being mercilessly slaughtered by the dozen at Garvin's Falls, at the mouths of the Suncook and Soucook rivers, and at other points. Speaking of the agreement existing between this State and Massachusetts, Col. Hodge said it was generally thought that its provisions cost New Hampshire considerable money, while the fact is that the matter has been so arranged that the general government has footed the bills, and it has not cost this State a cent. Moreover, it was this agreement with Massachusetts which alone made possible the establishment of the first fish hatchery in this State.—*Boston Herald*.

SAULT STE. MARIE TROUT.—The Sault Rapids and the small streams in the vicinity of the town have long been known as famous for trout fishing, but it remained for two American gentlemen from Memphis, Tenn., Mr. C. T. Brooks and Mr. W. Lee Beard, to discover one of the best, if not the best, trout fishing grounds in the district of Algoma, and that right on the boundary of the town, in the St. Mary's River in the vicinity of the Shingwauk Home. These gentlemen caught at that place, with fly bait, last week, a string of the finest speckled trout ever brought to the Sault, one of the beauties weighed 5½ lbs. and 3oz., they were all large fish. This is Mr. Brooks' second summer at the Sault, and he is delighted with the place as a summer resort.—*Sault Ste. Marie (Ont.) Express*, Aug. 8.

BLUEFISH were plentiful in Boston Bay last week, and some have been caught with hook and line. They have traveled as far to the eastward as Portland. They drove all the mackerel out of Gloucester Harbor through the canal into the Squam River. The best way to catch them here is by means of a droll. I have seen 13 bluefish caught in one hour behind a boat sailing 3 knots. The fishermen like eel skin for bait on the hook, leaving lin. of the skin dangling free. Some tie menhaden slivers on the hook, but eel is the favorite. The bluefish is considered a bad fish here because it drives all other kinds of fish off the coast.—S. J. MARTIN (Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 9).

MACKEREL have appeared in large schools on the Lathrop street beach, at Beverly, Mass., and amateur fishermen have caught hundreds of them with hook and line. Any kind of bait served to catch them, as they were ravenously hungry. Two men took about 100 in an hour.

A TATOG weighing 17½ lbs. 11½ oz. was caught by David Carruthers at Fresh-Water Cove, Gloucester, Mass., says the *Gloucester Times*. This was one of the largest fish of the kind ever taken in the locality.

A BROOK TROUT weighing 1½ lb. 13oz. and measuring 17½ in. in length was caught recently by Wm. Hills, of Ipswich, Mass.

Fishculture.

LATE SPAWNING SHAD.—While at Fort Washington, Md., on the Potomac River, last May, we found the United States shad hatchery about closing a season which was below the expectation of the superintendent in its yield of eggs. Cold weather and clear water in the midst of the run caused a very small catch of shad in the upper river, and it was then believed that late spawners would make their appearance when the conditions became favorable. We learn that on July 31, long after the fish are supposed to retire to deep water, a fine roe shad measuring 18in. in length and 6in. in depth, was caught in the Potomac and sold to a Baltimore firm. This is a confirmation of the theory held by Mr. Worth at the end of the Fort Washington season.—B.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Are you planning for an outing this summer? Have you ever looked up the famous resorts of the Northwest? It is not an exaggeration to say that the best hunting and fishing grounds in North America are found in the territory tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lake park region in Minnesota affords pickerel, pike, bass and mascalonge; rock bass are found in numerous streams, and deer, elk and bear abound in the forest regions; antelope are found in North Dakota. The Snowy, Bitter Root, Grazy, Rocky and Cascade Mountains are the home of moose, elk, caribou, cougars, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and other large game, while all of the Northwestern States abound in feathered game. Rocky Mountain trout and grayling are caught in the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Clark's Fork and Green rivers, affording unrivalled sport. An interesting pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," can be obtained free on application to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A. of the Northern Pacific R. R. at St. Paul, Minn. Descriptive publications concerning Yellowstone Park, Pacific coast and Alaska will also be mailed on receipt of application, referring to *FOREST AND STREAM*.—Ado.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.
Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 23 to 26.—Inaugural Show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club at Lexington, Ky. Rogers Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.
Oct. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Oct. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

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Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnes, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. E. A. Brown, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 26.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgarriff, Sec'y.
Feb. 4.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

HAMILTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I shall not have another opportunity of doing so before the entries close for our coming dog show, I take advantage of this chance to make a final appeal to American exhibitors to lend us a helping hand by way of making our show a distinct and unquestionable success.

There has never been a dog show here, and I am anxious for that reason that the first one should be such as will awaken an interest and give satisfaction to exhibitors and visitors alike. If the show is successful and pays for itself, as I have every reason to believe it will, there will be no difficulty in making it an annual fixture, and this is an end to which I think I can legitimately appeal for help from our friends across the line who love dogs.

Our premium list has been carefully prepared and will bear comparison, I think, taken all around, with any other on the Canadian circuit. We have had some applications from friends who desired that alterations should be made and some of the classes added to, but we have decided to make no change, in the belief that having once issued our prize list it would be unfair possibly to some who might not see them, if we made additions or alterations thereto.

We will give a good show, the dogs will be fed and benched by Spratts, the prize money will be paid instantly, and exhibitors will have their comforts well looked after. The show has been well advertised in the American and Canadian papers; it immediately precedes the big show in Toronto, which is held only forty miles further away, and can be reached in an hour by rail or boat, and it affords therefore an opportunity for exhibitors not found elsewhere. The Hamilton Kennel Club fought a desperate battle single-handed lately with the Customs authorities in Canada in behalf of American exhibitors, and they can repay us now by helping our show along and making their entries as large as possible.

One thing I must repeat before closing this too long letter. It is well known, of course, that the exhibitor shows, not so much for the sake of the value of any prizes he may win, as for the advertisement he thus acquires for his kennel and stock. I have to point out that nowhere in America is there to be found a better market for dogs than in Hamilton, and breeders may rely confidently on not only making sales, but on booking orders for a time to come. I expect therefore very many American entries, and give the fullest assurance to exhibitors of a hearty welcome. A. D. STEWART, Pres. Hamilton Kennel Club.

HAMILTON, Canada.

MORE CORRECTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A note has just come to me from Mr. A. W. Purbeck, of Salem, Mass., in which he takes exception to my statement that Jolly Ranger beat Gem of the Season at Cleveland. I did not mean at the bench show. Jolly Ranger was in the open class. But at the time of that show the two dogs were pitted against each other to run a course of 150yds. on an avenue outside the show ground. They ran four heats, Jolly Ranger won three heats and the last was a dead heat. Mr. Purbeck's letter head shows a portrait of Gem of the Season, and he appears to be a very fine specimen of the breed. But at the present time Jolly Ranger is not in the pink of condition, but will be exhibited at the bench shows this fall and will be open to challenge from any other dog of his class. Mr. Freson will, however, allow his dog to run only in prize competitions, not for any wager whatever. J. MACKELCAN.

TORONTO, Canada.

[We trust that this matter is now settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.]

SKIN DISEASES.

WE are so constantly receiving inquiries about mange and kindred diseases that we cannot do better than publish Mr. A. J. Sewell's admirable article on sarcoptic mange which appears in this month's *English Kennel Gazette*. The description of this pest of the kennel is so plain and the remedies advised so simple, that the owner or kennelman should be able with little trouble, if he has also had the article on eczema by the same writer, to decide for himself what skin disease his dog is afflicted with:

This disease is also called scabies, and is most contagious. Mange is a form of artificial eczema, caused by a very small animal parasite (*Sarcoptes canis*), which, when seen under the microscope, is not unlike a tortoise. When fully developed, the acarus has eight legs, and the under surface is covered with hairs and short spines. The male is smaller than the female. The young parasite has only six legs, but it acquires two more after shedding its first skin. The male lives on the surface of the body, while the female burrows under the epidermis or outer skin, where she lays eggs in a small furrow or channel. The eggs take about a fortnight to hatch. The young parasites escape from beneath the epidermis, but the parent does not leave the channel, but dies after she has finished laying eggs.

The itching that always accompanies mange is increased as the patient becomes warm. It is partly caused by the irritation set up through the parasites burrowing under the outer skin, and partly by an acid matter excreted by the acari. The irritation in some bad cases is so great that a dog never gets any rest day or night, and the constant scratching and restlessness wears him to a shadow. I have seen dogs reduced to such a state, the result of the disease, especially when the appetite has failed, which sometimes occurs, as to die from the result of exhaustion, accelerated by a form of sympathetic fever. It is stated by some authorities that the acid matter excreted by the parasite does in some cases—that is when the disease is spread over a large surface of the body—induce blood-poisoning, and then the bowels and other internal organs become congested.

Mange affects all breeds, and also dogs of all ages. I have seen puppies at four weeks old—when the mother has been affected—covered with the disease. It is on these young subjects that the true nature and characteristic symptoms of the disease can be best studied, as puppies at this age cannot injure the skin by scratching, as is the case in older patients. Young puppies affected with mange are always fidgety, and whine and do not thrive. When picked up and carefully examined, the skin covering the belly is found covered with a number of small pin head vesicles or little blisters, which look like slight elevations of the skin. There are seldom any pimples or pustules present, as is sometimes seen in young puppies, the result of eczema or to simple heated blood; neither is the skin red nor inflamed, but it looks of a dirty gray scaly condition. The disease soon spreads to the skin underneath the chest, and then to the legs, and before long, more or less over the whole body, head and face. There is only one way for a dog to contract mange, and that is by coming in contact with the parasite (*Sarcoptes canis*), which causes the disease. It is not necessary for a dog to catch this complaint to come in contact with another one actually suffering from the disease, but a healthy dog, being put in a kennel where a mangy one has been, or on a show bench, or even on the same ground or floor, is sure to become infected. Besides, persons are frequently the source of conveying the parasites from one dog to another. It is not generally known, I believe, that people readily catch the mange from dogs; but such is the case, and I have known of several instances—in fact have seen whole families more or less affected.

Fortunately the *Sarcoptes canis* does not propagate on the human skin, therefore the disease soon disappears if means are taken to prevent fresh infection. Dog mange, when affecting people, differs from the ordinary human itch, in that it affects the face, besides other parts, which is not the case in the latter disease. Whether the disease can be transferred to other animals, such as horses, cattle or cats, I cannot say. I have never been able to prove that it can be. One occasionally hears it stated that keeping a dog dirty will cause mange. This is impossible, though, I believe, a dirty animal more easily contracts the disease, and it certainly spreads more rapidly over the body of one neglected than it does upon one that is occasionally washed and well groomed every day. In fact, with dogs that may have contracted mange and are regularly washed with soap containing a disinfectant like carbolic acid, the disease is often kept from spreading to any great extent for a long time.

Symptoms.—The first symptom is scratching, which begins a day or two after a dog has been affected. In adult dogs mange usually commences about the elbows or the outside of the hock joints, and if the skin be carefully examined at these parts small pimples and vesicles will be found here and there. In this respect mange differs from eczema, as in the latter disease the pimples and vesicles appear in clusters, often in different parts of the body at one time. Besides, in eczema a dog is inclined to lick himself a good deal, as there is a burning sensation with this disease. As a consequence, there are often large moist patches about the body. In mange the dog endeavors to relieve the irritation by scratching and rubbing.

It is important to be able to diagnose a case of mange in the early stages, especially when there are several dogs kept, as by isolation and early treatment the disease may be prevented from spreading to others in the kennel.

If one of the early vesicles of mange is carefully examined, a minute spot or streak may be observed. This is the aperture made by the insect on its first entrance within the epidermis, and from this spot a whitish fluted line may be traced, which generally runs in a slightly curved direction into the epidermis. This whitish line is called the cuniculus, which is the burrow of the acarus. It is generally about the twelfth of an inch in length, and it terminates under a slight elevation of the outer skin; this is where the insect lies. If this elevation of epidermis is removed with the point of a needle the parasite may be seen with a strong magnifying glass. The spot or streak just described is not found upon all the vesicles or pimples, as many are formed, the result of the irritation set up during the burrowing of the acarus.

The disease quickly extends from the elbows and hocks to other parts, especially to the outside of the ears, around the eyes, face, and, as time goes on, more or less all over the body. The hair falls off in patches, partly the result of the constant scratching, and also in part to the destructive influence of the parasites. The skin is dry and scaly, and has a thick corrugated appearance. Small dark brown and yellow scales form, due to the rupture of the pimples and pustules by the scratching. In many cases of long standing, the result of the irritation and scratching, eczema appears, especially in white dogs; and, as in ordinary cases of this disease, large moist patches then develop. But this is not of much consequence, for the eczema soon passes off when the original disease is cured and the irritation ceases.

Dogs suffering badly from mange become weak and emaciated, in spite of the most nourishing food freely given.

If the six following points are taken into consideration when examining a dog suffering from skin disease, there should not be much difficulty in arriving at a conclusion whether the complaint is mange or not: 1. The contagious nature of the disease—if many dogs are kept, several, or nearly all, will be similarly affected. 2. The great irritation. 3. The loss of coat. 4. The small pimples and vesicles, and the little yellow and brown scabs. 5. The steady progress of the disease from one part of the body to another.

6. And the most important and positive sign of the disease of all, the presence of the acarus. But the parasite in some cases, especially when the skin has been much injured by scratching, is difficult to find.

The treatment of mange consists in applying agents to destroy the parasite, and the only remedy, in my opinion, worth mentioning is sulphur mixed with some excipient as lard, vaseline, or oil to make it more easily applied to the skin. The sulphur treatment is most effectual, and, however much the dog licks the dressing it does no harm beyond acting as a slight purge. There are numerous other remedies recommended for the cure of this disease, such as the different preparations of mercury, which I never use or recommend, as they are very poisonous—also the different preparations of tar and its products, as carbolic acid (also very poisonous for dogs), oil of tar, etc.; and then there is that most stinking of all remedies, the lime and sulphur lotion. This lotion is certainly effectual, but when the skin is inflamed and tender it often increases the irritation, though only temporarily. This remedy may sometimes be applied with advantage to a sore that has been formed by a dog constantly licking or biting a part and which cannot heal in consequence, as a dog will seldom touch the place that has been dabbled with this preparation.

In using the sulphur preparation it is not necessary to make the ointment or dressing strong—one to eight, that is, one part of flour of sulphur added to eight parts of vaseline, lard or oil, and well mixed, is sufficient. For short-coated dogs I always use the ointment made with vaseline, as it is more easily worked into the skin, besides being, in my opinion, more easily absorbed than when made with lard. For dogs with long, thick coats the sulphur is best mixed with oil. Vegetable is the best; it is just as cheap as whale oil or train oil, and there is no unpleasant odor from it, as there is from the other two.

Whichever preparation is used, whether it is the sulphur and vaseline or sulphur and oil, to effect a cure it must be thoroughly and freely, but gently, rubbed into the skin, not only into the parts where the hair is off, but all over the body, legs, head and tail; not a part must be missed. So much depends upon the proper application of the dressing, for if it is not well applied, but only smeared over the hair, the case will last an indefinite time, whereas, if the dog is properly dressed, the worst case may be effectually cured in a fortnight.

The dressing should be used every other day for a week, then after a couple of days or so the dog should be thoroughly washed. Some writers recommend that the dog should be washed before commencing the dressing. This is not necessary. Besides, by moving the dog about and using baths and towels, you are running the risk of spreading the disease, and the person who does the washing is almost sure to catch the mange. About a couple of days after the washing the dog should be dressed again, as before, for another week, and then finally washed and put in a kennel that has been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected.

For dogs that are kept in the house the grease of ointment or the dressing made of oil is objected to. In such cases the balsam of Peru may be mixed with the sulphur instead of oil or vaseline and applied as previously recommended. This preparation is quite as effectual in its action as the others, and a good deal more pleasant for the dog, but the cost of the balsam is much against its being largely used. The dressing made of equal parts of castor oil, kerosene, olive oil and coconut oil, as recommended for general eczema, is also a very useful remedy for mange, but its action is increased by the addition of sulphur in the same proportion as recommended for the sulphur and vaseline ointment.

It is quite useless trying to get rid of mange from a kennel or even from a house without the place where the dog has been living during the attack has been thoroughly disinfected. To do this the dog should be removed from the kennel and the place first thoroughly fumigated for twenty-four hours somewhat after the following manner: All the crevices around the windows, etc., should be covered over with strips of brown paper, made adhesive with flour paste, so as to make the place as air tight as possible to prevent the sulphur fume escaping. Then an old iron saucepan or a tin containing about a pound of sulphur, which is sufficient for a kennel about 6ft.x10ft. and about 8ft. high, should be placed in the center of the floor. If a little methylated spirits be added to the sulphur it is more easily ignited. After this has been done it is necessary to leave the place quickly, the door closed and strips of paper pasted along the edges from the outside. After twenty-four hours the door and window may be opened so as to well air the kennel and to allow the sulphur fumes to escape. The wood work should then be thoroughly lime-washed, applied almost boiling hot and very freely, and the flooring well scrubbed with a strong solution (about one in twenty) of some disinfectant, hot. To make quite sure that the process of disinfecting is complete, it is a good plan, especially where mange has existed in a kennel for some time, to repeat the fumigating a second time, and, if expense is not objected to, to destroy the old benches and have new ones erected. All collars and chains, dog benches, combs, in fact everything that is used for the dogs must be also disinfected.

When a dog suffering from mange has lived in a private house, disinfecting is quite as necessary if the dog is to be permanently cured as it is in the kennel. Mats and baskets should be baked, and the carpets, chairs, etc., where the dog has been in the habit of lying, washed over with a strong solution of Sanitas, which does not stain.

It is much more difficult to eradicate mange from a place than distemper. When a dog is known to have been in contact with another one suffering from mange, a bath in a strong solution of Jeyes's Fluid (1 in 40) within an hour, that is, before the acarus has had time to burrow under the epidermis, may often prevent an attack of the disease.

A. J. SEWELL.

WHAT IS A "BELGIUM" SETTER?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Would you be kind enough to tell me if, in all your wide experience you have ever heard of a "Belgium" setter? My intimate friend and field companion owns a dog that is conceded by all who know him to be the best one in this neighborhood (and there are a number of good ones here). This paragon of dog flesh is a little under the average size, weighs about 45lbs., color black and white with a very faint tinge of tan mixed in the black along his cheek. This tan color is so faint as to make it doubtful even on close inspection as to whether it really is tan; it looks more like suburn. His head is rather short, with very long ears heavily feathered, is deep chested and just a little cat-hammed; tail long, and when in field at work carried straight, other times with quite a curl. The most noticeable characteristic is a hump on the nasal bone just back of the nose. He is very timid and affectionate. Has thrown several litters that run to lemon and white. This dog, twice in one day, a year ago last fall, performed the rare feat of standing a live bird with a dead one in his mouth. Is a natural retriever and the best I ever saw. One of his oddities is his great dislike for water. When not hunting he will not even get his feet wet if he can help it, though he will bring a game bird out if necessary, but can't be induced to touch anything else. This dog came from Pittsburgh, Pa., and positively refused to notice quail even when flying up all around him, or any other bird until nearly a year old, when, like the old dog Trim, it struck him all at once.

If you can throw any light on this dog you will confer a great favor on his owner, myself and all other sportsmen in this community, as we are all interested.

FRANK G. LUMAN.

EUTHANASIA—HAPPY DEATH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was pained to see a letter from your valued correspondent "Clumber," in the issue of the 6th inst., condemning the use of chloroform, and I can only think that the medical friend and the vet. did not know how to kill a dog with chloroform, therefore this letter. As I have used chloroform for the last 15 years for the purpose of killing dogs easily, and never having any trouble, I think I may perhaps save much trouble and impart information on the point in question by detailing my method. As every surgeon knows at this time that the actual operation is not the difficult part to bring the patient through, but that the proper means be taken beforehand and after to make the operation a success, therefore in producing death by chloroform the proper steps should be taken so that by no chance it can be a failure. My method, which I have used for many years, is the following:

For a large dog, say a St. Bernard, I need 3oz. of chloroform, and for small dogs less. I have a shot bag of coarse canvas which has one side ripped down about three inches, according to the size of the dog's muzzle, so that the entire muzzle is inclosed; no chance of biting allowed. I place in the corner of this bag a pledget of absorbent cotton sufficient to absorb the amount of chloroform I may think necessary. I pour one, two or three ounces of chloroform on this, and taking a firm hold of the dog by the back of the neck, I thrust the bag over his muzzle with no chance of biting by this means. In from one to three minutes the dog is asleep, then I lay him down, pour a little more chloroform over the cotton at the bottom of the bag, and cover the whole with a blanket or other dense covering to prevent the air getting in, and in ten or less minutes I have always found that death has taken place without a struggle, except at the very beginning of the anesthesia. Let "Clumber" and others try this method, where the lethal chamber is not to be had, and he will never say that chloroform is not the most euthanasic (if I may coin a word) method of getting rid of old favorites that they ever used.

As I am on the subject perhaps I may trespass a little more on your kennel column and give my experience of anesthetics in canine surgery. When I began to operate on dogs about fifteen years ago I always used chloroform and was tolerably successful, but in two or three instances my patients went through all right, but did not recover well from the effects of the chloroform. I then turned my attention to the other anesthetic—ether—and it I have found to be the proper fluid to be used in canine surgery. I have never had an accident nor never had a case in which I could not administer it in safety. The greatest difficulty I had was how to administer it easily, which I at length overcame by having a solid leather cone made, which is 6in. deep and large enough to place over the entire muzzle of the dog; this is lined with a double layer of thick flannel and holes are perforated through the sides and bottom of the leather to admit the air. I thoroughly saturate the flannel with the ether and place it over the muzzle, and if more ether is necessary it can be poured through the air holes. By this method the cone acts as a muzzle, so that there is no chance of biting, and as it is not necessary to remove it to give more of the ether, I consider it just what we want for operations, and in my hands has been most useful as well as successful. I have performed very many operations on dogs, but none of them ever succumbed to the anesthetic ether, which I cannot say of the other, chloroform.

J. S. NIVEN.

BARZOIS IMPORTATION.

DR. GRIMES writes us that the following-named Barzois for Mr. Hacke's kennels reached London from St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 6th inst.:

Abreck, all white dog, scar on left hindleg (wolf bite).
Viewga, all white bitch, with light lemon ears.
Ondoff, all white dog, with a light lemon tint.
Viola, white bitch, ears, forehead and left side of body fawn, and a small fawn spot on right side.
Pospeck, large white dog, with lemon tint.
Zanoza, white bitch, fawn patch on top of tail, fawn patch on each flank, both ears fawn, nose light, and has two scars on nose (wolf bites).
Armeda, white bitch, light brindle ears, brindle patch on top of tail, and a black spot on middle of back.
Ospek, white and brindle dog, white face, and is of the old Gustopsovy type.
Osmaée, white and brindle dog, brindle head and ears, and one side of the muzzle white.
Karai, white dog, with lemon ears, and a light lemon patch on right side.
Dr. Grimes numbers each dog, and corresponding numbers will be found on their collars, so that we may recognize them when they reach New York, which should be the last of the coming week.

Oudar, a fawn and white dog with a fawn head, and which stood 32in. at the shoulder, and Odinor, a white dog with fawn ears, two fawn patches on sides and back, and fawn on top of tail, having been jerked on their backs in the docks at St. Petersburg, and sustaining injuries to their spines and badly hurt, died two hours after arrival. As the following copy of telegram from Capt. Cole, of steamer Viatica, to Alfred Henley & Co., St. Petersburg, shows:

"Two dogs dead. Other queer." Signed, COLE.

Dr. Grimes adds: "The death of these two dogs is very much regretted, but we hope to replace them by something equally as good, which, when done, will make Mr. Hacke's kennel number nineteen full-grown Barzois, besides the large number of young stock on hand and anticipated, and constitutes his the largest and best in the world, outside of Russia, and second to none there."

As most of these dogs are workers and have been tried on wolves, it looks as if with a little exertion that in the near future we may add wolf coursing to our Western sports, and this will afford something new in the way of amusement for our biased sportsmen who feel inclined to incur a little danger. Mr. Hacke deserves the thanks of his fellow fanciers for his enterprise in getting together such a representative kennel, and it is to be hoped that future shows will experience the benefit of such an interesting exhibition as a dozen of these dogs will make.

SELF-SHOWING MASTIFFS.—Hulton, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I cannot but think that Mr. Winchell is mistaken in saying that Beaufor's perfect carriage in the ring results from specific training for this point. Caution's Own Daughter is even a better shower than Beaufor, due probably to her youth and her being so much lighter weight and if I remember aright, Mr. Trickett told me that she always had that perfect pose from her puppyhood. Both dogs are thoroughly well balanced, full of vigor, and weight and power to handle that weight and are in exact proportions. My old DeBuch was another dog with these qualities, and all of them showed the same ease, power and grace of movement everywhere that they did in show rings. I fancy that it is (or was) their just proportions that made them good showmen, not their training.—W. WADE.

KINGSTON DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The executive committee of the Kingston Kennel Club's dog show, to be held Sept. 1 to 4, feeling they had imposed too many classes on Mr. H. W. Lacy, have divided the spaniel classes in view of the very large entry expected and given field and cocker spaniels to Dr. Wesley Mills.—C. H. CORBETT, Sec'y.

DOG CHAT.

THE great Princess Florence has met her first defeat in a regular class, and to Alta Bella belongs the credit of this achievement. The former bitch was thought to be almost invincible, and her owner confidently expected to be able to beat Sir Bedivere when she was fully matured. Alta Bella is a daughter of the late Alton, whose death was so regretted by St. Bernard breeders, who appreciated him at his proper value. This win places Alta Bella in the foremost rank in England. Mr. Gosling, the judge at Darlington, where this happened, is a well-known St. Bernard man, and must have the courage of his convictions highly developed. The meeting created great excitement. In Princess Florence's defense it may be well to remark that she was not in good coat; but the decision seems to have been indorsed by the *cognoscenti*.

Darlington show has always been one of more than passing interest to fanciers in England, and it is easily the best managed and largest one-day show in England. The secretaries of some of our easy-going four-day shows would be sorely put about to get through the work that the secretary of such a show must tackle. He is, however, ably aided by experienced committeemen, two of whom have officiated at every show for twenty years past. Of course, to get through the judging with dispatch, fourteen judges and six rings are provided.

We have received a pamphlet about how to train dogs for the field, written by the well known handler, Mr. J. L. Bevan, who is trainer for the Randolph Kennels, Asheboro, N. C. Mr. Bevan's well known ability in this work is proof that his ideas are worthy of imitation and his instructions are simple enough to be understood by any one. These kennels are situated eighteen miles from High Point, and nine from Lexington, N. C., and are owned by Capt. C. S. Wainman, an Englishman.

At a meeting held Tuesday, July 7, by the Southern California Kennel Club, it was decided to hold the next dog show in Los Angeles from Wednesday April 20, to Saturday, April 22, 1892, both days inclusive. Mr. C. A. Sumner is the secretary.

The following arrangements have been made with the railway and express companies for the Toronto dog show, held Sept. 14 to 18: The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern will carry dogs free. Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee will carry one dog free. The Erie Railway system charge not less than 25 cents or more than \$1 per dog, according to distance. The Wabash, from one to one hundred miles 25 cents, one hundred and one to two hundred and fifty miles 50 cents, over two hundred and fifty miles 75 cents per dog. The Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways charge regular charges one way and return dogs free, but certificates must be procured from the secretary at the show to enable exhibitors to secure the benefit of the return. The Canadian and Dominion Express Companies charge double rates going to show and return free. Mr. Stone tells us there are several railways to hear from yet. Entries close Aug. 29.

Colonel Ruppert, Jr., has thought better of his intention not to take an active part in St. Bernards. We are glad of this, as we want all such men to stay in the business, and New York is one of the best places in the country for a kennel of this breed, for two or three good stud dogs will soon pay for themselves here. Mr. Ruppert is not confining himself to dogs, for we see that he has just purchased a couple of good yearlings at a recent sale, giving \$1,500 for one and \$1,000 for the other.

James Abercrombie, a farmer at Waterton, Ont., being annoyed because a dog owned by John S. Cook killed one of his sheep, went to Cook's farm and shot the dog. Cook, seeing the act, got his rifle and shot Abercrombie, the wound he inflicted proving fatal shortly after. No time to argue about a first bite in this case.

Mr. Robert Leslie, late president of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, of Lynn, writes pathetically about being compelled to part with his well-known pointer Spot Dash, owing to lack of facility to keep him. He has not been home with him for several months, except when wanted for service. Spot Dash is an excellent stud dog, and a good one in the field, and whoever gets him will own a pointer. Mr. Leslie sends his noted Belle Randolph to W. K. C.'s King of Kent next week.

Although Mr. Lamb had decided on sending his newly imported bitch Margharita to Mrs. Smyth's King Regent some time since, unfortunately she was sent on just too late for the service, as the bitch was very cross at the first trial, and deciding to wait, the delay proved unfortunate.

We hear that Lord Bute will sail next Saturday for this country, and his advent is sure to be anxiously awaited by many who, knowing him so well by reputation, wish to see him in the flesh.

Mr. Sidney W. Smith writes to a friend in this country that he has just bought what he believes to be the tallest dog (St. Bernard) living. He is bigger than Lord Bute or Scottish Prince was at shoulder and 13 months old. At present he is all bones, but he has him eating well, so he will soon have him made up.

In the coming Irish setter trials the Claremont Kennels will run four dogs, to wit: Claremont Patsy, Rancho, Rose of Claremont and Frisco N.

It almost seems impossible for any one but a Welshman to pronounce properly the names of some of these Barzoi. It is to be hoped Mr. Hacke will select some more pronounceable cognomens for the dogs of his kennel when he gets them settled. Czar, Ivan, Zloem, etc., are all right, but Pwylai and some of those that he is importing only a man with a stiff neck could think of pronouncing properly.

The noted smooth St. Bernard Cavour, owned by Capt. Nicholson, of England, has fallen a victim to pleurisy. Mr. Reick made an offer for this dog last winter and came within an ace of buying him.

Mr. A. C. Jackson, the bulldog judge, relates a humorous story to the editor of *Stock-Keeper* about the difficulties of judging on the continent. The exhibitors there, like all those in other places, expect to win, and show their disappointment in a number of ways embarrassing to the judge. He says that one time a woman came into the ring with two little dogs in her arms. Not being able to notice them a pathetic scene followed. The lady sat down on the ground and sobbed hysterically, while a committeeman on either side offered her consolation and begged her to bear up. Later on he heard that to soothe her ruffled feelings two specials had been presented to the emotional exhibitress.

The Charlottesville Kennel pointers are all in good condition, writes Capt. McMurdo, and ready for their preliminary work in the field, and will be put down as soon as the weather cools off.

We have not room for the whole of "Conrad's" article in *Fancier's Gazette*, but he strikes the keynote when he says: "It is fortunate for the future of St. Bernards in England that American buyers have turned their attention to dogs

rather than bitches, for we have still left almost all our best, only one champion, Plevna, having been sent to the Far West, the sad tidings of whose death we gave last week. So long as our best bitches remain at home there is not so much to fear, and with ordinary luck we shall soon be able to replace the crack dogs which have been taken from us. Still it is a work of time, but with Princess Florence and Alta Bella before mentioned, Miss Dutton's champion Peggoty and Dorothy II., Mr. Norris-Ely's champion Bellegarde, Dr. Iuman's Winona, Rev. Thornton's Andromeda and Abyss, Mr. Harris's Lady Campbell, and the many other high-class matrons that might be named, there should be no difficulty in breeding another Sir Bedivere and a fresh supply of good St. Bernards to meet the wants of our enthusiastic friends across the herring pond, who are always ready to plank down the dollars when they find anything to suit their taste." And if they will listen to reason this is the plan they must pursue in future. Instead of "planking down their dollars" for dogs, let their dollars bring over some of the above named breeding stock.

Mr. J. W. Taylor, in retiring temporarily from the show ring, has sold his crack Irish terriers, among them the champion Breadenhill, to a Dr. Marsh. The price for Breadenhill is not given. Another of the cracks of the kennel is Jack Briggs, and as he has been sold to Mr. R. Toon, of Sheffield, this is most likely the good "Irishman" that Mr. Symonds is expecting, and which we made note of last week. He has won two firsts and specials at Dumfermline, first Gloucester, and first Southport.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.), by continuous effort and an average of opinion, has got the price of Sir Hereward down to either \$3,750 or \$4,000. It will be remembered \$6,000 was the price first stated, and according to our "Mann" it settled at \$5,000.

A sensational price has been bid at auction for a smooth collie. Entered at Darlington for \$75, she was claimed by five different people, and when put up to auction secured a bid of \$175.

Would it not be well for some of our reformers who are crying out about our kennel club, to make some efforts through the journals of their own country to have things explained as they want them and not keep writing to English journals, the readers of which cannot be expected to understand or take more than a glancing interest in the matter discussed. "Nutcracker," who has hit pretty hard, is taking a rest, and "Nuteater" is having an innings now. It strikes us the latter has a St. Louis flavor with it.

From the list of high class mastiffs which we find in the English papers and now for sale by Mr. Mark Beaufoy, the noted breeder, the friends of the breed in this country have an excellent opportunity to get some good breeding stock, especially on the female side. This gentleman, as we noted some time since, has decided to give up exhibiting.

The Kingston Kennel Club is busy getting together a list of specials for their show, Sept. 1 to 4. Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal, offers \$5 cash for the dog or bitch showing best muscular development and in hardest condition. J. Henderson & Co., stationers, Kingston, offer a pair of pictures, valued at \$8, for the best English setter dog in the open class owned by a member of the Kingston Kennel Club. F. W. Spangenberg, jeweler, offers a silver mug for the largest number of fox-terriers entered by an exhibitor. A. C. Johnson & Co. offer a silver mug for the best pair of English setters owned by one exhibitor or kennel. F. Nesbitt, corner book store, offers an album, valued at \$5, for the best pair of St. Bernards owned by one exhibitor. W. Skinner, druggist, offers a silver mug for the largest number of cocker spaniels entered by one exhibitor. FOREST AND STREAM offers one year's subscription for the best Gordon setter bitch in the open class, and another year's subscription for the best wire-haired fox-terrier. P. Alke offers a steel engraving, value \$6, for the best pair of Clumber spaniels in open class.

The Montreal Exposition Company is out with an excellent list of prizes for their inaugural dog show, to be held Sept. 22 to 25. As far as the amount of money promised is concerned it ranks next to Toronto. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, greyhounds, pointers, setters, collies and cocker spaniels have kennel prizes of \$15 for four or more and \$10 for the best dog and same for best bitch in each breed. Challenge prizes in these breeds, for each sex, are \$10 and diploma. In the open classes \$10, \$5 and diploma are given, cocker spaniels having also \$7, \$3 and diplomas for other than black in both sexes. Great Danes have \$10 for the best in each sex, \$10 and diploma in both challenge classes and \$10, \$5 and diploma in the open classes. Fox-terriers have a kennel prize of \$10 with also the \$10 specials, in challenge classes \$7 and diploma and in open \$7, \$3 and diploma. Clumber spaniels are given \$7 and diploma in the challenge classes and \$7, \$3 and diploma in the open divisions. Field spaniels get only open classes with \$7, \$3 and diploma. Beagles, pugs, Yorkshire terriers and black and tan terriers get \$5 for the best in each sex, the two last named breeds are provided with challenge classes with \$7 and diploma and all have \$7, \$3 and diploma in open classes. All other breeds are given at \$7, \$3 and diploma in the open classes. In the miscellaneous class \$20 is to be distributed at the discretion of the judge. Special prizes of silver plate are promised and will be announced later through the kennel press. A special of \$15 is to be given to the handler showing best *bona fide* list of not less than 10 dogs in his charge. Entries close Sept. 8 and the fee is \$2 for a single dog and \$1 for every additional dog entered by the same owner. The show will close at 6 P.M. every evening and exercising dogs will only be allowed between 8 and 9 A.M., 12:45 to 1 P.M., and 6 to 7 P.M. The usual rates will be charged by the express company and no trouble need be expected from the custom authorities. The management draw the attention of exhibitors especially to their omission of puppy classes, so that the building may be kept as clean from disease as possible. Dr. Mills will superintend, and the judge for Clumber, field and cocker spaniels is Mr. P. G. Keyes, of Ottawa, while all other classes will be taken by Mr. John Davidson.

The Glenmore Kennels send us a very artistically-arranged catalogue of their Irish setters. Excellent pictures are given of Beau Brummell, Molly Bawn, champion Winnie II. and champion Ruby Glenmore. Great stress is laid on the fact that this kennel breeds primarily for the production of high-class field dogs. Bench form is an after consideration. If, therefore, this kennel will carry this out, the appearances of Irish setters in the field will, we trust, be not so much like angels' visits.

The fact that all dogs imported to this country must be accompanied by a certificate of registration in the kennel club stud book of the country it comes from, is very likely the reason that Mr. Thomas did not leave England last week as expected. This will cause the Anglo-American Kennels to be absent from the opening show of the Canadian circuit—Kingston. At Sheffield, England, Aug. 3, their greyhound took second to Annie Laurie II., said to be in better condition. In spaniels they took equal second to Young Batchelor with either Endcliffe Don or Street Arab, the new one said to be a bit high on leg. Beaconsfield won in black and tans, though, from reports, his coat seems out of order, having bare patches on his side; Prince Regent was vic. At Darlington,

Beaconsfield's condition put him back, as Broomfield Rose beat him in the challenge class. In the open class Mr. Lacy's Rhodes Oban beat Prince Regent again. In a hot class of field spaniels their Street Arab was bc., and is spoken of in one report as a little "on the leg," but a nice spaniel otherwise. Mr. Purbeck's dog Ornatius was not given a card, but *Stock-Keeper* says, "Ornatius was wrongly dispatched without a card, for he can boast of more substance and as much quality as Undercliffe Smoker, the recipient of third prize." In this class the great dog Henmore King was also put back. This seems a bit funny when Ornatius at one show was placed equal first with Jenny Jones, a greyhound bitch that all reporters seem to agree upon as just about perfection as a show greyhound. They were judged at Darlington by Mr. Thomas Graham, a well-known coursing man.

A correspondent writes us that it would be a wise move on the part of the Toronto people to make strenuous efforts to find and punish the miscreant who cut Why Not and poisoned White Wings, as there is a feeling of insecurity among greyhound men, and unless every precaution is taken this will affect the greyhound entry at Toronto next month.

Mr. H. P. Thompson, of Toronto, has lost by death his fox-terrier bitch Ebor Speedy.

The Kingston Kennel Club has assigned to Dr. Wesley Mills the field and cocker spaniel classes at that show, to be held the first week of September.

Peoria, Ill., seems to have a better opinion of Mr. Rabbits, Spratts' representative, now in the West, than the worthy citizens of Omaha had. We see by the *Peoria Journal* that he was given the bridal chamber at the National Hotel, much preferable quarters than those they would fain have placed him in at the other town. The *Journal* therefore takes this opportunity to indulge in a little sarcasm at Omaha's expense and incidentally remarks that there is a possibility of Spratts Co. putting up a factory in some Western city, and of course Peoria would like to have it. We are glad to hear, however, that Mr. Rabbits is all right.

At a special meeting of the members of the United States Field Trial Club, held in Indianapolis, Aug. 13, which was presided over by the president, the reports of the secretary and treasurer showed the club to be in a very satisfactory financial condition. The club is entirely out of debt and has over \$1,200 in the treasury. Mr. J. M. Freeman, who lives at Bicknell, where the trials will be run, was present at the meeting, and reported the grounds to be in splendid condition, with an abundance of birds. In order to protect the grounds a motion was passed prohibiting all persons from shooting, hunting, handling or exercising dogs on grounds south of the railroad for three miles, east and west, and four miles south of Bicknell. Disqualification is the penalty for disobeying this rule.

In one of the evening papers we find a column article which describes what is said to be a "puppy walker." A pretty young woman, dressed in the height of fashion—a "summer girl" if at a watering place—is depicted as walking in Central Park four dogs in four-in-hand fashion; one of the dogs is a greyhound, another a collie, another a bull-terrier, and a Dandie Dimont completes the quartette. This miscellaneous class is said to be held in hand by four straps that converge into one, which the lady "puppy walker" holds in her hand. She is supposed to keep all these going straight ahead on the gravelly path of virtue. This sounds very pretty in theory, but in practice we fancy the puppy walker would have rather a contrary time of it. Of course the young woman has had a wealthy father who failed a couple of years since, and this is the way she strikes out for herself. These dogs are owned by different people, who are too indolent to do the walking themselves, so she kindly does it for them at the rate of \$1 a day for a two-hours' jaunt, and while taking a rest, complacently informs her interviewer that this brings her in an income of \$7 or \$8 a day. What bosh some people do write about a subject they know nothing of, and we pity the young lady who, led away by such a plausible tale, would endeavor to turn an honest penny in such a way, especially in this heated term.

It is gratifying to know that the prospects for a large and successful show at Hamilton, Ont., are of the highest. Although over 2,000 prominent lists have been sent out the demand is still kept up. Most of the large kennels have signified their intention of exhibiting, and all the classes are likely to be well filled. No pains will be spared to make the visit of exhibitors a pleasant one, and the fact that Mr. A. D. Stewart is to superintend the show is of itself proof that it will be well worked, down to the smallest detail. The entries close positively on Aug. 24, so that those who have not yet sent in their names have still time to do so.

Straws show which way the wind blows. Mr. Patterson, who owns some good St. Bernards among other breeds, writes: "Stop my advertisement and send me bill. I am flooded with letters." He also adds that the St. Bernard bitch Maritana II., which he recently imported and that was bred to Lord Bute before coming over, has missed.

F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., has purchased from R. D. Perry, Braintree, Mass., the noted foxhound Major O'Rourke, a winner in the Brunswick Fur Club trials of 1889 and 1890. Mr. Hayes will put him at stud.

The Irish Setter Club's field trials will be held near Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, Sept. 16 to 17. The trials include pointers and setters and the dogs will be shot over, the trials being run on the moors near Cookstown.

As soon as Mr. Sidney W. Smith saw the paragraph in *Stock-Keeper* that we referred to recently about the condition Prince Regent and Scottish Prince were in when they arrived here, he went to London and laid his side of the case before the editor of that paper. He does not, however, disprove our assertion. We saw the dogs when they landed, and we have had sufficient experience among dogs to know the difference between nail scratches and eczema. In the case of Prince Regent it is folly to say that the sore on his tail was the result of knocking in the kennel. It was in the wrong place and fully 6 in. long. Prof. Liantard, our noted "vet.," gave it as his opinion that it was eczema of not less than one month's standing. The spots on Scottish Prince were as large as the palm of one's hand. Mr. Mann, who brought them over, objected to the boxes as too small and found them full of protruding nails, and Altonette was landed suffering from distemper. As the two dogs are dead now perhaps it is no use going into the matter any further.

Mr. Reick was not long in consoling himself with another Regent dog. On Wednesday we journeyed with him to Staten Island to have a look at the dark horse, which turned out to be Kingston Regent. This dog was owned by Mr. Julius Smith, of Port Richmond, S. I., and is by Prince Regent out of Lady St. Gothard, and is therefore royally bred on both sides. He was whelped Jan. 26, 1889, stands 33 in. good at the shoulder, and is a very heavily built dog, weighing in condition near the 200 lb. mark. Though he lacks a distinct blaze, his solid orange body and beautiful head shadings make him an extremely handsome dog; and as he is all

right on his pins and very well off for bone, he is a very taking dog. His head is massive and much shorter than his lamented sire's. He measures over 42in. round the chest, 18in. in muzzle and 27in. round the skull. He was sold at 12 months old to Mr. Smith by Mr. Geo. Booth, of Hull, Eng., who bred, we believe, this dog, Marquis of Ripon, Lord Dante and Lady Gladwin, all in the same litter. He has never been used at stud, and is therefore a very vigorous, active dog, and one that should prove invaluable in the stud, especially on account of his rich coloring for light-colored bitches. Mr. Reick paid a long price for him, but we do not think that with ordinary luck he will regret his purchase. He will be placed at stud at once, as he is fully acclimated.

We spent a pleasant afternoon at Mr. Reick's place, at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and North River, last Sunday. It is an excellent situation for a kennel, ample grounds, with plenty of shade, and easy of access, being in the city. This gentleman is getting together a good kennel, and when he has got things as he wants them, we will have to describe the New York Kennels in our articles on "American Kennels." Old champion Hector evidently appreciates his new quarters, for he was still as lively and vigorous as ever.

It is rumored that Mr. W. S. Clark will be one of the judges at the forthcoming beagle trials. This ought to be a wise choice and one that will help to fill the entry list.

An excellent picture of a pug appears on the front page of *Canine World* this week. It is one of the daintiest pieces of work we have seen for some time.

Premium lists of the Blue Grass Kennel Club's bench show, to be given Sept. 23 to 25, at Lexington, Ky., can be had by addressing Roger Williams, secretary. In all the most prominent breeds \$10 is offered for first and \$3 for second. In the others \$5 for first and \$3 for second. The entrance fee has been placed at \$2 and 25 cents extra for unlisted dogs. The specials are seventy-five in number and all in silver. Application for admission into the American Kennel Club is now pending, and as all the necessary conditions have been complied with they will without doubt be admitted at the next meeting, Sept. 17.

We are glad that Mayor Grant has undertaken the job of teaching New York dog catchers manners. He has suspended one, Michael Crowley by name, for one month for being saucy to a Mrs. Wallace. Now, will some one undertake to teach this class of public servitors the rudiments of morality and honesty.

Every one who visited the dog show in New York will probably remember the beautiful Parisian dog that took vhc. reserve in the miscellaneous class, the property of Mrs. Horace Stokes. There were a number of people who tried to buy the dog at the time of the show, but to every one Mrs. Stokes replied that she wouldn't part with the dog for several thousand dollars. One day last week as it was crossing the street at Saratoga Springs it was run over and instantly killed, a heavy wheel of the carriage passing over and mashing its skull.

There is a talk in Toronto of having a banquet to be given by the Toronto Kennel Club and the Canadian Kennel Club jointly, during the Toronto show, to dog fanciers of Canada and visiting exhibitors.

Friend Dole writes us that the two dachshunde, Windrush Rieter and Janet, arrived from England last week for Mr. Maurice. Janet is due to whelp to Pterodactyl some time next month. The bull bitch Countess of Norfolk also arrived for Mr. Sackett. She is in whelp to Fair Prince. Mr. Hatch's bull bitch Maggie was also among the lot. This bitch is said to be always near the front in good company. All the dogs arrived in good condition, although they were twenty days on the road. Mr. Dole has sold his bull-terrier bitch The Star to Mr. H. Fred Church, who owns Prince Bendigo.

We are told that Mr. P. G. Keyes, of Ottawa, one of the committeemen of the Ottawa show, measured the greyhound Sir Launcelot's mouth and found him 5-16 of an inch over-shot. Next!

Mr. James W. Whitney is very well pleased with his new mastiff bitch Exeter Dirce, which arrived Aug. 14 by the National Line, and he is delighted with the care that they took of her. While not, of course, the equal of C. O. D., she is an excellent mastiff. This kennel has also purchased Linkwood Queen from Mr. James Thompson, Washington, D. C. She is by champion Beaufort out of Gerda. As this bitch has a good head and is grandly bred, she should do well for the Flour City Kennels. Mr. Whitney tells us his kennel is about full. This kennel will exhibit at the fall shows.

Col. North is wise in retiring the undefeated greyhound Fullerton; a record such as his should run no danger of being tarnished with a defeat. He is now at stud. From what we gather there are several of our greyhound breeders who would send bitches to him did they know how to go about it, amount of fee, and so on.

We have received the English Kennel Club Stud Book for 1890, and take this opportunity to give praise where praise is due. Our A. K. C. Stud Book for 1890, with a larger number of registrations, made its appearance in February last, and the English one is delayed till July. America ahead again.

Enfield Grabber, the noted bulldog, has joined the ever-increasing majority. He was a most promising dog and the loss is a severe one. The dog was sent to be set up, and when taking the skin off, the taxidermist found a plaice sticking in its throat, the evident cause of death.

Somebody whispered to us that a crack bull-terrier would soon make its way over here if it could be bought right. Now we see by *Canine World* that Mr. Harry Thompson has concluded the sale of the champion Streatham Monarch, but price and name of purchaser have not transpired.

As a rule our exhibitors are humane enough to ship their dogs in crates that are amply large enough, but sometimes we meet with exceptions. In England, it would seem, they cannot do just as they please in this respect without incurring the consequences. The owner of the dachshund Indiana sent her to a show in a box too small to stand up in, and then crowded eight pups in with her. Arriving at the show the bitch was found dead as well as some of the puppies, only four recovering. It is refreshing to hear, however, that the inhuman owner was fined \$25 and costs for the cruelty to the bitch and \$1.25 and costs for the cruelty to the pups. This ought to have a wholesome effect.

We draw the attention of St. Bernard breeders to the advertisement of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, placing their Kingston Regent at stud. A large list of dogs are on sale this week. Among the new ones we find that Otto Bevering has a spaniel for treeing partridge, Glenrose Beagle Kennels offer beagle pups; Killarney Kennels some choice Irish setter pups by Elcho, Jr., and others; F. H.

Hayes, trained foxhounds; F. B. Echlin, St. Bernard pups; John Hargreaves, fox-terriers; H. C. Graff pointer pups and trained setter; J. H. Ten-Eyck Burr, St. Bernard pups; E. H. Osthaus, several well-bred pointer pups; Box 10, pointer pups; Robert Leslie, the noted pointer Spot Dash; Geo. H. Holtham, Nick of Nasso pups; J. H. Schwack, rabbit hounds; and Frank F. Dole, choice bull-terrier pups. Fred. P. Kirby advertises that he will handle dogs at Lexington show.

In a letter just received from Dr. Inman, the owner of Siegfried (late Salvador Rosa), he says he had three American inquiries last week about selling the dog. He adds, and this will put an end to further unnecessary trouble, "I do not intend (at least at present) to sell the dog."

A bombshell will fall on several prominent members of the kennel world and two kennel clubs, if certain A. K. C. rules are not complied with in the course of a couple of weeks. Non-payment of the prize money due at two shows last spring is the cause of the trouble. Suspension is the penalty.

The St. Bernard Jim Blaine, lately owned by Mr. H. Halsey, arrived in this country three weeks since and is now owned by Mr. F. C. Hatch, of Arizona.

The Westchester Fair Association will hold a dog show in connection with the fair at White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 29 to Oct. 2. Nearly all the breeds are provided for, and prizes are \$2 and \$1. A large building, 100' long, has been erected for their accommodation.

The death of Mr. J. H. Murchison removes one of the oldest exhibitors in England. Though principally interested in fox-terriers at a time when Old Jock, Grove Nettle, Belgrave Joe and champion Olive were the cracks of the day, he also dabbled in black and tans. We well remember Mr. Lacy's old champion Queen being sold to him somewhere about 1871 for the then remarkable price of \$416, little Pam being thrown in to make the bargain good.

Mr. Rawdon Lee, whose connection with the London Field is well known, is, we hear, to be an exhibitor again.

According to *Canine World* Lord Bute was sold to Menthon Kennels for \$3,750, and Mr. Shillcock offered afterward \$125 to call the deal off.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

A MAN let loose his beagle
To make the bunnies hump,
The beagle hunted where he pleased
And the man sat on a stump.

The dog ranged far and wide,
He would not be controlled;
And when he'd sat six hours
He got exceedingly cold.

A neighbor riding through the woods
Saw where he'd taken root,
"Your dog," said he, "is hunting
Two miles beyond Mt. Foote."

Mt. Foote was fifteen miles away,
So with the man he'd met,
Our friend rode sadly homeward,
But that beagle's hunting yet.

BRADLEY.

DRUGGING DOGS FOR SHOWS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In "Dog Chat," a few weeks since, I noticed a strong and well-founded protest against the practice of drugging dogs with arsenic, etc., to get them into show form. Only excessive occupation at the time prevented me from enforcing these remarks then. Some months since in the English journals this subject was treated week after week. Many veterinary surgeons and others testified to the evil effects and the prevalence of this abuse of arsenic. As shows are much more numerous in England than here, and many dogs attend a large proportion of those held, the difficulty of keeping the animals in form and the consequent temptation to use drugs is very great. I have reason to believe that the condition of some of the dogs shipped to America is owing in part to the fact that during the voyage the accustomed drug is withheld, naturally.

A little chapter from my own experience may be more useful than abstract discussions. Last winter a dog was brought to the canine clinic of the Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science of McGill University, of this city, of which I had charge, for skin trouble. Though a mass of disease I at once was greatly struck with the high quality of the dog. He was greatness in ruins, as I had never seen it before in a dog. Inquiry brought out the fact that he had been a great English Crystal Palace winner.

After trying various kinds of treatment to little purpose I liked the dog so much that I took him to my own kennel to be treated. Many remedies were tried, but he could only be kept in moderate condition by pouring into him constantly enormous doses of arsenic. Evidently this dog had become so used to this drug that he could not do without it. I fear that the drugging of dogs for shows is a growing evil in the United States and Canada. I wish to warn all against this abuse of a useful remedy. It should be given to dogs with specific troubles only, and never as a general tonic or to improve "condition."

Reliance should be placed on dieting, exercise, grooming, massage and an occasional wash to keep a dog in condition. The neglect of some handlers and owners of dogs at shows after the judging is over is deplorable, and indicates how little real regard they have for this noble animal. A dog should be taken off the benches at least twice, and better three times, daily. He should receive more rather than less attention than at home, for the trials are severe. At a future time I will indicate when arsenic really should be used. Provision is made at Montreal and Ottawa shows for removal from the benches thrice daily.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D., D.V.S.

THE DOOM OF TROEVEETIE.

AN obliging correspondent informs us: "I have in my possession a copy of an old judgment, dated 1595, which perhaps may interest you: 'The Sheriffs of the city of Leyden.—Whereas the demand and conclusion done and taken by Lot. E. Huygengael, Mayor of this city, against and on account of the dog of Jan Janz van den Poel, named Troeveetie, or by any other name it might be called, whether by name or surname, at present being in prison. Whereas the information given by M. Eysler for this purpose, as well as the prisoner's own confession, given without torture or rack. Giving sentence and justice, we have of high authority and on behalf of the county of Holland and West Friesland, condemned it (the dog), by these presents, to be brought into the yard of Graefstyn, in this city, where criminals are usually punished, and that it may there, by the executioner, be hung by means of a string on the gallows, between heaven and earth, so that death may ensue; further that its dead body be dragged on a stretcher into the gallows-field, and that there it be suspended to the gallows in horridification for all other dogs, and as an example to everybody. We further declare all his assets, if it owns any, to be forfeited and

confiscated in favor of the county of Holland and West Friesland. Actum in the public court of justice—the 'Doomstool'—in the presence of all the aldermen, May 25, 1595.' This dog had bitten J. J. van den Poel's baby when playing at his uncle's house, where the child was holding in his hand a piece of meat, which the dog had seized, and so bitten the child, and thus inflicted a wound on the two fingers of the right hand, 'through the skin to the flesh, making the blood pour out of the wound, and causing the child to die from this world by the terror thus produced within a few days afterwards.'"—Hartshorne's "Hanging in Chains."

TORONTO KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

A SHOW of members' dogs was held at Toronto, in Richmond Hall, the evening of Aug. 13. It created a great deal of interest among fanciers, and some dogs known to outside fame were the recipients of honors. It was a bad time for a show owing to the absence of many members, and the near approach of the show next month. Mr. James Luckwell, the well-known spaniel man of Woodstock, Ont., donated the ermine, and made his work all the more interesting and instructive by instructive discussions of the dog's good points. A vote of thanks was tendered him at a meeting of the club, which was called by President Boyle after the judging. The awards were as follows:

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, C. Campion's Belle; 2d, T. J. Mitchener's Shaun Rhu.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION.—1st, Geo. Bell's King of Obos.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. Bell's Obadiah; 2d, T. J. Mitchener's Dono. Bitches: 1st, G. Bell's I Say; 2d, J. Elder's Muse; 3d, P. J. Keating's Jennie.—OTHER THAN BLACK.—1st, T. D. Fitzsimmon's Mollie. Puppies: 1st, J. Bell's I Say.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Vhc., P. J. Keating's Raven.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, 2d and 3d, Yorke & Forshaw's Ruby, Duke and Topsy.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Yorke & Forshaw's Romeo.

BLACK POODLES.—1st, R. Wright's Friday.

"CHURN-DOG" STORIES are always in order. A city man who used to live on a farm, as so many city men did when they were boys, sends us this: "At home on the farm we had a number of cows, so many that churning was too heavy a task for even the men folks, so Mr. L. rigged up a dog churn, an inclined wheel, a sort of canine treadmill. It became the duty of Ponto, a large white mastiff, to tread that monotonous cycle, and notwithstanding the toothsome bit of meat that was fastened on a lath within four inches of his nose, he was not at all proud of his position and responsibility. He made several attempts to shirk his task, and twice succeeded. He got to know when churning day came around as well as any one in the house. On the morning of that day he would loiter about the kitchen door until he was fed, and as soon as he heard the note of preparation—the bringing of the cream jugs, preparing the churn, etc.—he would put for the woods and would not be seen again until night. The day of churning was changed, and next morning a more crestfallen and astonished dog was never seen when he was collared and harnessed to the beam which set the dash in motion; he looked positively foolish. He did his work, but with lowered head, and in cogitation evidently. On another occasion he tried another dodge. When they were about to put him on the wheel he ran up to his mistress holding up one paw, affecting to be lame. She thought much of the dog, and was inclined to let him off that day. The next instant he was seen churning over a high fence after a neighbor's cat. 'Well,' said the old lady, 'if he can go after a cat like that, he is able to churn.' And he did, and never tried to shirk his work again.—J. D. J."

THE MONTREAL DOG SHOW.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The new building for the bench show is now completed. It is 170x36ft., and it is estimated that 600 to 700 dogs can be comfortably benched. Two neat offices, one for exhibitors and the press, the other for the judges and officers of the show, have been erected. In order to economize space for the exhibits, these offices have been elevated. The building is pronounced first-class in every way by all who have seen it. It is admirably ventilated and lighted. A large number of premium lists have been mailed. Those who have not received them should apply to the secretary, J. S. Robertson, 56 St. Peter street, Montreal. We expect a very large entry, but shall not crowd even if we have to decline entries.—WESLEY MILLS, M.D., Superintendent.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Onawa. By Chas. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped May 5, 1891, by Trinker's Bang (Crockett-Trinker) out of Juno King Don (King Don-Meteor's Dell).

Corktown Bebe. By Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 5, 1891, by Bounce (Bob Obo-Tough) out of Enone (Obo, Jr.-Tough).

Corktown Crusoe. By Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 5, 1891, by Bounce (Bob Obo-Tough) out of Enone (Obo, Jr.-Tough).

Royal Rosey and Leah Lee. By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped Aug. 6, 1891, by champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman-Cora) out of champion Twinkle (champion Lee-Juliette).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Kilmarnock Winnie.—Renown. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, (Boston, Mass.) collie bitch Kilmarnock Winnie (Kilmarnock Chief—champion Winnie) to their Renown (Metchley Wonder—Daisy Miller), Aug. 7.

Flora—Dad Monarch. Mr. Dunn's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Flora to S. B. Allen's Dad Monarch (Roy Monarch—Blue Jennie), Aug. 5.

Tough—Bob Obo. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair-Belle) to Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (champion Obo—Farrow's Nellie), July 22.

Wanda—Obo, Jr. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Wanda (Bob Obo-Cleo) to Rideau Kennels' Obo, Jr. (champion Obo—Farrow's Nellie), Aug. 5.

Rattler III. J. C. Crawford's (Chicago, Ill.) beagle bitch —to W. S. Gates's champion Rattler III, May 5.

Queen of Lee—Rattler III. P. Donaldson's (New Richmond, O.) beagle bitch Queen of Lee to W. S. Gates's champion Rattler III.

Damper, Jr.—Rattler III. C. H. Jintz's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Damper, Jr. to W. S. Gates's champion Rattler III.

WHELFES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Twinkle. F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch champion Twinkle (champion Lee-Juliette), Aug. 6, three (one dog), by Cornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman-Cora); dog dead.

Mystic II. E. H. Bragg's (North Sidney, Me.) beagle bitch Mystic II. (Ross-Spot), Aug. 10, six (four dogs), by his Chubb (imported Blue Boy-Mystic).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Jack Bannerman. White and tan beagle dog, whelped September, 1888, by champion Bannerman out of Kate, by Ray Hillebrant, Johnstown, N. Y., to F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y.

Major O'Rourke. Foxhound dog, by R. P. Perry, Braintree, Mass., to F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me.

No. 1, 10 singles, \$1 entr. Exports:				
Miller.....	011111111	-10	Cady.....	1101001101
McMureay.....	111111111	-10	Apsar.....	1111110111
D.....	100111111	-8	Heik.....	0111111111
Collins.....	110100111	-6	W Wolstencroft.....	1111111111
Amateurs:				
Brentnall.....	011110111	-8	Jones.....	1011011111
Willey.....	011111110	-8	Simpson.....	1111110111
Conner.....	111111111	-10	Curtis.....	1111010111
Strong.....	110110111	-8	Capron.....	1001101111
Knowlton.....	111111110	-9	Bristol.....	1101111111
Bradbury.....	111101111	-8	J Wolstencroft.....	1111011111
Bowdish.....	110101111	-8	Burbridge.....	0101111110
Stewart.....	111111111	-8	Heik.....	1100111111
Langs.....	100111001	-6	Bush.....	1011111111
Kies.....	010011111	-5	Teek Kay.....	1010111101
Robart.....	111111111	-10		

[illegible]

CAMP ORNAMENTS.—The various decorations and devices in shells and pebbles are entirely missing this year, there being little attempt to make the camp at all ornamental.

THE A. C. A. SEA SERPENT.—The great A. C. A. sea serpent which attacked the camp on Monday is a novelty, and has excited a great deal of curiosity. There is no trace as to its origin, but a wandering pair from Squaw Point report that on a stroll far beyond the camp they found in a wheatfield some remnants of canvas and wood, some pots of paint, brushes, nails and similar debris, with a number of very large footprints, evidently those of a human being and not a dragon.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1891.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1890—Lake George. | 1886—Grindstone. |
| 1891—Lake George. | 1887—Lake Champlain. |
| 1882—Lake George. | 1888—Lake George. |
| 1883—Stony Lake. | 1889—Stave Island. |
| 1884—Grindstone. | 1890—Jessup's Neck. |
| 1885—Grindstone. | 1891—Lake Champlain. |

FOR twelve years the American Canoe Association has held its annual camps in these locations, this year coming for the second time to Lake Champlain. The first eight of these camps were practically under the management of the Association as a whole, but for the last four years the division scheme has been in operation, each division in succession holding the meet in its territory and having the main part in its management. The present meet completes the first full round of divisions, the order having been Central, Northern, Atlantic and finally Eastern. As a matter of fact the first canoeists to take advantage of the new scheme and organize themselves as a separate division of the A. C. A. were the New England men, the Eastern Division having been organized at the local meet at Calla Shasta, on the Connecticut River, in May, 1886, and the first meet under the new arrangement should have been held in the Eastern Division. In that year, however, 1887, Mr. Butler and Mr. Barney, the leading men of the new division, declined the office of commodore, and the division waived its turn, leaving the main body of the Association to hold the meet, as in the past, which was done at Bow-Arrow Point, on this lake.

The next year, 1888, may really be set down as the first A. C. A. meet under division auspices, the commodore and secretary-treasurer being chosen from the division and not from the Association at large, and after completing the round of all the divisions, it must be said that what was looked upon as a doubtful and even dangerous experiment when begun in 1886, has proved in all ways a success. Instead of dividing the Association, or causing a decrease of membership, the four local bodies have been able to reach individual canoeists more effectively than the one original body; while the friendly rivalry between the divisions has stimulated each to special efforts to excel the others, both in the management of its meet, when the turn comes, and in attendance at each meet.

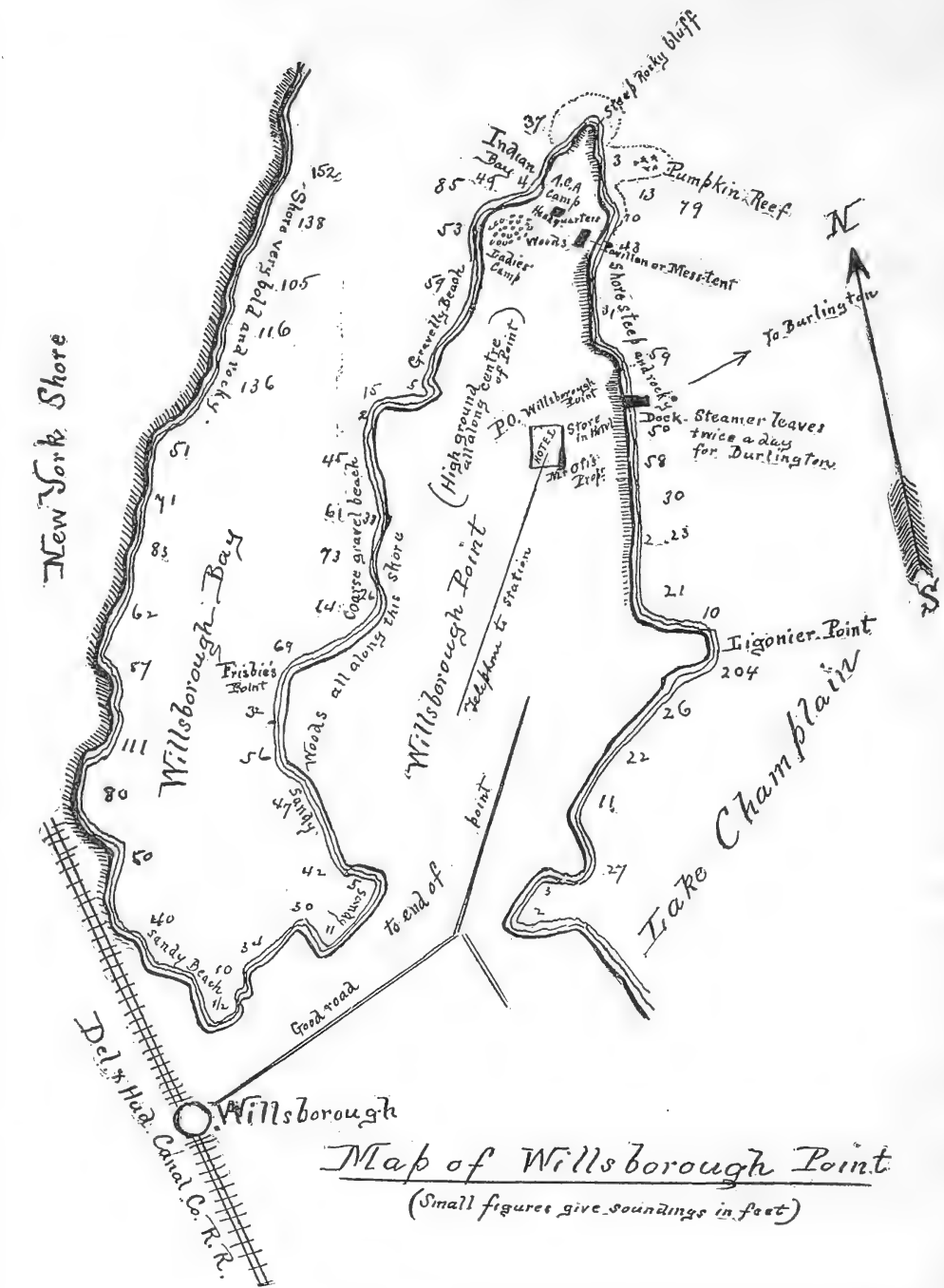
While the first salt-water meet, that of the Atlantic Division at Jessup's Neck last year, was in many respects a most delightful one, there were several serious drawbacks which served as warnings to the present executive, and with the experience of 1890 to guide them, the present camp has been made one of the best, so far as site and conveniences are concerned. The view at the head of this column includes the most picturesque scenery of the eastern portion of the United States, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Long Island Sound, and above all the famous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. It is no wonder that each of the nine separate camp sites has its special beauties and its enthusiastic partisans, and that a comparison is very difficult, but in beauty of location the present camp is unequalled. The view is far wider and more extended than on Lake George, being like Grindstone and Jessup's Neck in this particular, but in each of the latter the distant mountains on every hand which make such a charming background for Willsborough Point, were entirely absent. Wooded hills and mountains, the Adirondacks on the west with the Green Mountains of Vermont on the east, together with clear green water, shady nooks and bays, sandy beaches and islands green and rocky, make the view in all directions a most charming one.

Not only is the outlook all that could be desired, but the camp site itself is in keeping with the surroundings. Taken as a whole, the location offers a most admirable combination of convenience and beauty. The land is mostly high, and in all places sufficiently dry to make good tent sites. Shade or open space can be had at will in any part of the camp, and the water is everywhere at the beach level. The beach in many places, especially on the eastern side, is of pebbles, but in parts is rough and stony. Considering the amount of shade, the signal station is conveniently visible, though to make it so headquarters were located at a distance from the main camp.

Two great features of the camp are the hotel and the mess. The former is a cozy and comfortable place, offering every convenience for ladies and chance visitors who do not care to camp out. At the same time it is free from the objections of most summer hotels, which turn loose on the camp a host of sightseers. It is in charge of a gentleman who has done everything possible to accommodate the canoeists, and who is giving them a table that has never been equaled at any camp mess. The meals are served in a large summer pavilion, the sides of which are of canvas, with a board floor that is perfect for dancing, as has been fully proved. The tables, covered with clean table cloths and real napkins, are served by neat trim country girls, and the bill of fare is most satisfactory in quality and quantity. The scale of prices is \$1 per day, or 35 cents each for breakfast and supper and 50 cents for dinner. There are tables and seats for probably 200 persons, each table being reserved for a party of five. Many tables are decorated with flags on small stands, and the pavilion is a most comfortable camp store. Throughout the camp a number of small cooking outfits are seen, but there are few large camp messes, nearly every one patronizing the general mess. The only disadvantages of the camp arise from the fact that nature has laid it out on too large a scale for the number who are likely to attend, and as a consequence the familiar social intercourse of Grindstone and Jessup's Neck is absent to a certain extent. Casing the ground, the available space is far in excess of any previous camp, there is ample room for a meet of 600 or 800, and naturally the 200 or 300 who will make up the camp this week are broken up into groups instead of forming one united community. There is hardly a limit to the variety of tent sites, a man may choose between the woods and the open, between the beautiful rocks, high up on a rocky ledge, and overlooking the lake, the shelter, gravelly beach, with a low bank at the back, or the open hillside with its unobstructed view. The result is that the men are widely scattered. Wherever one may be he is certain to have a long walk to half a dozen points of interest, either the mess shed, the headquarters and post-office, or the bluff from which the races are to be seen. From the Toronto camp to the mess shed is a very long distance, and from the main camp to the mess shed is a still longer one, and the mess shed is a long way from the lake, and the lake is a long way from the mess shed. All this interferes greatly with the usual familiar, everyday intercourse of camp life, and especially with the smaller camp-fires and impromptu sports, no one knows what may be going on in other parts of the camp.

The location of the dock is also unfortunate, as may be seen from the map; it is a long distance from all parts of the camp, the consequence being that no one can go to the dock for a day or two, and one may be camp two or three days without knowing who of his friends are present. In this respect the camp is like Stave Island and Long Island in Lake George; and very different from Jessup's Neck, where the arrivals at the main dock were seen and quickly announced through camp. One of the pleasantest features of a meet is the daily arrival of the steamer and the meeting of old friends; and much of this is lost when the dock is far from the center of the camp. In this case, however, there is a strong compensation; by using the existing dock the Association saves a heavy outlay.

The courses for the races are two, an inner course off Indian Bay, and an outer, to the N.E. of the point. The former is visible from the main camp, but not from Squaw Point; to see the outer course it is necessary to go to the point or to the "steep rocky bluff," or half a mile from the landing, and the distance is still longer if it is a still longer sail from these landings to the starting line. The camp site committee, Messrs. Buddington and Butler, have worked very hard and with good results, the preliminary arrangements being excellent. Tent floors have been built in advance when ordered, also the usual landing stages, the grounds have been put in good order, and special care has been given to the sanitary arrangements. The camp is a most comfortable one, and the transportation is fairly good. The connection with the trains from the south, from New York and Albany, is hardly perfect, entailing a wait of nearly five hours at Port Kent. In the hurry and bustle of everyday life, a few hours of serious thought and deliberate introspection, communing with one's self as it were, are never thrown away. At the same time, one would hardly select the stringpiece of the Port Kent train for an August camp, for such a trip is a most disagreeable one. Absolute quick transit for the last five miles of the long journey to camp is something of the first importance, but which has been seldom realized. It was in 1884 at Grindstone and in 1888 at Lake George, but at Bow-Arrow in 1887, Stave Island in 1889, and particularly at Jessup's Neck in 1890, the period of purgatorial probation was anywhere from six to twenty-four hours for the men and an indefinite time for ladies.



Map of Willsborough Point.
(Small figures give soundings in feet)

gage. The first essential in the way of transportation is prompt connection with the railroads from New York and Albany at Lake George, Lake Champlain or the St. Lawrence, from half to two-thirds of the attendance is from this quarter. It seems now that a better connection could have been made from Willsborough Station, but this is a matter that can only be learned by experience, and the committee have done a great deal of work, and it has been well done.

The final arrangement of the camp is somewhat different from that in the map before published. Indian Bay is a deeper indentation than there shown, and the headquarters is nearer to the end of the point, near the first of the three letters A. C. A. Here are Com. Lawson's tents, the A. C. A. tent, with post office and secretary's office, the flag and signal poles, and two cannon. To the north, on the high ground of the extreme point, is the Canadian side, where the members of the Toronto C. C. Following the shores of Indian Bay, on which, if the truth must be told, the beach is by no means perfect, being partly muddy and soft, with holes and rough stones in plenty, to the westward of headquarters is the Brooklyn C. C. camp on the beach, with Springfield just back of it on the high ground.

The main encampment is in the grove on Indian Bay, opposite to the figures 4 and 4 on the map. This grove, mainly of trees, extends for a mile along the shore of Willsborough. The first suggestion was to make this the ladies' camp, and it is so marked on the map, but the location was finally changed, Squaw Point being on the east shore of the Point, near the figure 3 on Pumpkin Reef.

The tents of the main camp being scattered among the trees, there are this year no defined club camps, such as those of the Vespers and lanterns at Jessup's Neck, while the fine display of club flags that graced the bluff there is also missing. The club attendance this year is thus far smaller than last, the register will probably show a greater number of clubs represented, but by only half a dozen members each. The Mohican C. C. will probably have more men in camp than any other. The older clubs are not well represented in point of numbers. Rochester has only two representatives, Capt. Rogers and his son in telescope, Newburg has one member, Oswego none, Rondout none, Pittsburgh none, Buffalo none, Peterboro none, Red Dragon none, Rome none. The Toronto, New York, Yonkers, Knickerbocker and Brooklyn average about half a dozen members each. A great many new faces are seen, and thus far comparatively few of the old men who made up the camps of 1887 to 1889.

Among the latter are Gibson, Whitlock, Vaux, Stephens, Fernow, Rev. Dr. Neide, Knappe, Butler and W. B. Wackerhagen. Gen. Oliver is expected for a few days, also Dr. Chas. A. Neide. Mr. Shedd is in Tacoma, Mr. Mix and Dr. Masten are in Europe, Mr. French is detained by business, as are Dr. Gage and W. G. Mackendrick, of the present regatta committee. The most distant representative this far is Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, Ohio, at an A. C. A. meet for the first time. A rumor has reached camp that Mr. Warder, now of Oakland, Cal., is on his wild and woolly way to camp, being last reported at Tacoma, where he stopped to visit Mr. Shedd. Mr. Barney is expected, but without a canoe.

At Squaw Point are of course the Seaveys, with Miss Dartnell, a large lantern party, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Winsor, Miss Fredrick and the Misses Douglas, and Mr. and Mrs. Belmont. Mr. Scott, of Ottawa, has a party of five; Mr. J. N. Mackendrick, of Gal., is present with his wife; the Misses Sherwood are also at Squaw Point; while Mrs. and Miss Vaux and Mrs. Gibson are at the hotel.

Those who have read Mr. Poe's "Thunder Storm Cruise" on this lake, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, will not be surprised to learn that the thunderstorm is something of an established

institution on this part of the lake as well as further north; and that camp has been favored with several very sudden storms of wind and rain, alone or in company. There has been but one real "rainy day," but a small and unobtrusive black cloud may be seen at almost any time above the hills, which may at a few moments' notice either sprinkle or drench the camp. The weather has been very pleasant, warm enough, but nothing like the high temperature and moisture of the coast, and it promises to continue pleasant for the remainder of the meet.

The usual duration of an A. C. A. meet is nominally two weeks, actually 10 days, the men breaking camp immediately after the conclusion of the racing, but few remaining the full time. This breaking up has been apparently governed by no special law, a few are called away by necessity, others see the vacant tent sites and the boxes on the dock and a stampede begins, the whole camp sometimes disappearing between sunrise and sunset. This year, for the first time, the attempt has been made to "continue the surroundings" for a third week, the date announced being Aug. 6 to 27. It has been impossible to lay out a full programme in advance, as so much depends on the attendance, but the general plan was for a preliminary week with no set events, but the pitching tents, renewing and making acquaintances, short cruises and regattas. The second week, or from Aug. 13 to 20, will be the principal week, devoted to races and visitors' day, while the third would be filled up with such cruises and entertainments as might be practicable. There is no doubt that a very pleasant meet can be had and the camp kept together for nearly three weeks, but it will in all probability prove desirable to begin the races on the Monday, instead of Thursday, of the second week.

One member of the site committee, Mr. Buddington, has a residence at Port Kent, and so has been enabled to spend much of his time about Willsborough Point, with the aid of his steam launch, giving personal attention to the thousand and one details which go to make a successful meet. Com. Lawson and Mr. Butler have also made a number of trips from Boston, and Vice-Com. Winné, from Albany. The camp was fairly opened as per programme on Aug. 6, the men drifting in slowly from all quarters. The headquarters tents were pitched, the flag poles set and a very good dock built. In the course of the next three days a number of tents were pitched, many of them at Squaw Point. For a day the rain proved troublesome, and on Wednesday night a very heavy squall struck the camp, but, with these exceptions and a few odd showers, the weather was most pleasant.

Toward the end of the week many new men arrived, making 150 in all. The camp thus far has been a quiet one, our old friends "Annie Laurie" and "Annie Rooney," too, together with "All Over," are buried beneath the deep blue waters of Peconic Bay. "Comrades" has not yet become epidemic to any considerable extent, and a strict quarantine is maintained by the patrol. The newest vagary is a request frequently made in a loud voice by one man or another to "Let the animals growl," which is invariably answered by a series of howls, growls and yells from all quarters which

wake the distant echoes. A second request, of "Louder, for the ladies," always follows, awaking a response which shakes the whole Point. In the short intervals during the day in which quiet reigns in this menagerie, a steam launch which haunts the bay, and is possessed of a most villainous whistle, makes itself as much of a common nuisance as possible by a long-drawn series of discordant shrieks.

This year the A. C. A. has added to its personal property and available assets the copyright of a "yell" as follows:
 Ricoty ax, Co ax, Co ax,
 Ricoty ax, Co ax, Co ax,
 Hi Ro, Hi Ro,
 Hi Ro, Hi Ro,
 Whoop Her Up,
 Whoop Her Up,
 (Two syllables of club name of "yeller" repeated.)
 A. C. A. A. C. A.
 Growl.

The camp orchestra shows out in good numbers, over a dozen, and the usual varieties this year, banjos, guitars, mandolins, a violinello, but no bugle. The youthful contingent this year included three small boys, the bright little nephew of Com. Lawson, the nephew of Vice-Com. Winn, and a youngster from Lowell.

One pleasing feature of camp decoration is missing this year, the club totems and various designs in nebbies and scollop shells, which added so much to the camp of 1890, but the conditions here are unfavorable, apart from the lack of shells. But few attempts at the usual burlesques of street names, etc., are seen.

Only one of the regular committee, Mr. L. B. Palmer, is present, but the place of Dr. Cragg is filled by Mr. Palmer, of Lowell, while Mr. R. J. Wilkin takes the place of Mr. W. G. MacKendrick, Mr. McMillan, of the Toronto C. C. is clerk of the course. The programme of the races is as follows:

REGULAR EVENTS.

- No. 1. Paddling and Sailing Combined.—One-half mile alternately, 3 miles.
- No. 2. Paddling.—Half mile straightaway.
- No. 3. Sailing.—Four and a half miles, same rig and ballast as in Race No. 1. (These three races to constitute the record races.)
- No. 4. Trophy Paddling.—One mile straightaway. Exempt from one-man canoe rule.
- No. 5. Unlimited Sailing Race.—No limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, two hours and a half; 6 miles. Starters in the trophy race to be selected from this race. See Rule 5.
- No. 6. Trophy Sailing.—No limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, three and a half hours; 9 miles. Starters to be selected as by Rule 5.
- No. 7. Novice Race.—No limit to rig or ballast; distance, 3 miles; open only to men who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1890.
- No. 8. Sailing, "The Pecowic Cup."—Four and a half miles; no limit to rig or ballast. Winner of trophy barred.
- No. 9. Sailing, Club Race.—To be sailed on an L course, one leg a mile and the other leg half a mile, to sail twice over the course; distance, 3 miles. First three members of any one club to count; no club can be represented unless it enters at least three men; to be sailed early in the meet.
- No. 10. Cruising Race.—Open only to "General Purpose Canoes;" distance, 6 miles. Details to be posted. To be held early in the meet.

OTHER EVENTS.

- No. 11. Paddling War Canoe Race.—For crews of not less than ten; half mile straightaway.
- No. 12. Paddling Tandem.—Half mile straightaway.
- No. 13. Paddling Club Race.—Club Four, mile straightaway.
- No. 14. Sailing Upset and Maneuvering.—Open only to "General Purpose Canoes." No special appliances to sails, no limit to ballast; at signal, throw over and recover paddle; second signal, canoe to be tipped over until top of foremast touches the water. Canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail.
- No. 15. Paddling Upset.—Usual conditions.
- No. 16. Canoe Gymnastics.
- No. 17. Gymnastics.

The buoys for the courses are oil barrels covered with white and red cloth in strips. As they float high they make excellent marks.

The usual arrangements for entries, starting, etc., are in force, the two regulations for starting and finishing all races, which were published last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, being adopted by the committee. Mr. Buddington's launch serves as a judge's boat, the races being timed from it.

The first races were called on Saturday, events 7, 10 and 15, novice sailing, general purpose sailing and upset paddling. The day was rather cloudy with a little rain, the wind being very light until late in the afternoon. In the evening an impromptu dance was given in the mess shed, the music being furnished by the Yonkers men and other crew members. The evening was passed very pleasantly, the party breaking up about 10:30.

During the night a fatal capsize took place at the mouth of the bay, the canoeists fortunately playing only the part of rescuers. Three men, Joe, an Indian who has a tent at Port Kent and sells small canoes, etc., with two white men, Wells and Murphy, started to sail to Willsborough Point in a small boat owned by the Indian, carrying all their tents and luggage. They pitched camp on the east end of the main line of tents. Services were held in the pavilion by the Rev. Dr. Neide, assisted by Dr. Cragg, of Burlington, a new member; and in the evening a service of song was held around a camp-fire at Squaw Point. During the day a number of men came into camp.

The racing fleet this year shows comparatively few new craft. Mr. Butler is sailing the Bee, his latest canoe, built last winter. Ford Jones has Canuck unchanged from last year. Knappe has the Ruggles Trout, used by Mr. Elliott last year. Schieffelin still sails the Leda. The two Swens from Toronto, sail their old canoes Christmas and Gwen. Murphy has a new canoe by a Rochester builder of the same construction as the Ruggles boats,

but much fuller model and inferior finish. Cartwright is sailing the Imp, used by Forbush last year; has no canoe present. Whitlock has Hornet and the new "City of Paris." Quick and Oxholm are using their old boats, Uno and Beta. Among the new Ruggles boats are the handsome Dawn and Tornado, owned by Gessler and Moore, of the Knickerbocker C. C. Douglas is sailing the new Tempest, designed and built by himself, and Palmer has the Ruggles Teaser of last year, re-named Cricket.

The paddling men are out this year in full force for the trophy, which Mr. Harry MacKendrick will not defend, being absent. Canada sends a strong paddling contingent, Johnson, the well-known paddler, who has not raced at a meet since 1888; Tilley, who made such a good showing last year; Muntz, a new man, of the Argonaut Boat Club, of Toronto; while Carnesie, of Cobocook, has a very handsome new boat to help him to first place again. A large entry is promised for the paddling races, and the States will also be well represented. The paddling racers are very handsome craft, the old open canoe having given way entirely to finer models. Messrs. Tilley and Carnegie have two specially fine boats, designed by Mr. Tilley and built by Rice, of Toronto. The Canadians will use in the paddling races these specially built racers, while Palmer, Knappe, and probably all the men from the States, will paddle their Ruggles sailing canoes, Cricket, Dawn, and the rest.

Not enough has been seen of the racers under way to show anything definite as to rig, but it may be said that there is nothing specially novel in the shape or rig of the sails this year, while the racing rig promises to greatly outnumber the standing.

The entry list is smaller than last year, including 40 names, as follows:

No.	Canoe.	Owner.	Club.	Builder.	Length.	Born.	Depth.
1.	Gwen	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
2.	Uno	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
3.	Beta	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
4.	City of Paris	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
5.	Hornet	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
6.	Tempest	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
7.	Cricket	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
8.	Dawn	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
9.	Tornado	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
10.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
11.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
12.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
13.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
14.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
15.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
16.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
17.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
18.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
19.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
20.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
21.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
22.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
23.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
24.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
25.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
26.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
27.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
28.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
29.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
30.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
31.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
32.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
33.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
34.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
35.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
36.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
37.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
38.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
39.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5
40.	Argonaut	W. S. Sweny	Toronto	Plebeian	16	30	5

The first race called on Saturday was event No. 7, the novice, 3 miles on the inner triangle, the wind being very light. The winner was Hornet, sailed by Mr. Smith, of the Shulz-Shub-Guth C. C., who has never sailed a canoe prior to coming to camp. The second race was for the general purpose canoes sailed on the outer triangle, 6 miles, wind light, won by Gwen, Mr. Roy Sweny, winning. The men were all very slow in regaining their canoes.

The first race on Monday was the paddling record, 1/2 mile, inside course, 19 starters, won by L. H. Belle, with 19 minutes second and Cricket third. The next race, event 8, Pecowic cup, was started at noon over the outer triangle, 5 miles. Canuck won easily, with Bee second, but Bee fouled the first mark. In the afternoon event 5, the unlimited, was started in a light wind, like the preceding race. Bee won by a good margin, with Beta second, Canuck third. No fourth and Leda fifth. The complete details of all the races will appear next week.

While watching the Pecowic Cup race, on Monday, the camp was thrown into a state of wild dismay and consternation by the appearance of a strange and horrible monster far up the Bay. As he came down, his eyes flashing fire, his huge jaws clashing together, and his many scaly coils rising above the water, the bravest quaked with fear, and the timid sought the shelter of the woods. As the monster disappeared, his remorseless way it became evident that his destination was Squaw Point, in search of the beautiful maidens which all tradition tells us is the chosen food of dragons and sea serpents.

A few bold spirits courageously manned the battery on the bluff, and a number of shots were fired, but with no apparent effect. As the monster turned to round the point, a forlorn hope, Messrs. Rogers and Kirkpatrick put out from shore in the old Hiawatha and attacked him with lances and harpoons, the gore flowing freely after each determined thrust. The combat was fierce and desperate on each side, and it was not until just abeam of Squaw Point that the serpent, badly wounded but not killed, was taken in tow and safely beached at the pavilion dock. His length is over 100 ft., and he is of the true summer-hotel variety, probably the only one ever captured alive. It is supposed that he has been attracted to Lake Champlain by the reports which have reached him of the great number of pretty girls in camp this year. A very funny incident occurred as his snakeship approached the camp, a small brown dog in the bow of a canoe espied him and at once set up a terrible barking.

CANOE-YAWLS AND CANOE-YACHTS.

THE necessity for a class of sailing craft of small size, but of greater power and stability for sea-going than a canoe, and yet retaining many of the good points of a canoe for cruising and handling on water, and for transportation and housing on shore, has for some time past been acknowledged and carried out by canoeists, and has prompted the class known as canoe-yawls. At the same time, practically the same wants have been asserting their existence, at the small end of yachting, and have generated what is known as the half-rate class, in England. Americans, always awake to improvements, have also caught on to the canoe-yawl type as a useful and probably "coming" class. In both countries, up till quite lately, the class has not been clearly defined as to its guiding or governing principles, or definition. The result, as might have been expected, is, that in one direction the class has imbibed many of the features of small yachts, and in the other, the equally objectionable tendency to develop skimming dish form for the sole purposes of speed.

The American paper FOREST AND STREAM very neatly christens the yacht-natured craft as "canoe-yachts," defining them thus—"keel craft with a large percentage of outside ballast;" and the canoe-yawl as "centerboard craft of moderate draft, and with inside ballast all movable, such boats, as by their draft, model, and ballasting, may be heached and housed;" and, further, it considers that the rating rule "seems peculiarly adapted for the class at large."

That the Y. R. A. rating rule does bring the two types, canoe yawl and canoe yachts, very fairly together, in ordinary circumstances, for racing, by its proportionate limitation of sail area to length, has been amply proved on several occasions this season, where boats of equal rating, but of different type, have met in sailing competition. But, though the sailing power or speed ability may thereby be correctly gauged, and the functions of the rule as a racing gauge fully maintained, there are other features demanded for special service or utility which no pure racing rule will fully grasp and maintain.

The truth of this is most clearly and unmistakably exemplified in the feature of depth, *i. e.*, fixed draft versus alterable draft. The rating rule, pure and simple, allows any "draft," hence the 1/2-rate rule of the latest pattern has permitted a permanent draft of at least 3 ft., in the form of a half ton lead "fin" (in some extreme craft the draft is even as much as 4 ft. 6 in.), whereas the canoe-yawl type has a draft of from 6 in. to about 1 ft. 6 in., supplemented with a drop-plate keel, whereby the same area nearly of effective lateral resistance may be obtained. But, question, assuming the length to be equal, does the sail area of 15 1/2 sq. ft. need a half ton lead fin of such depth to carry it? The answer is, no, it will not be the shallower and more useful type of craft, reefed for the breeze, sail equally well?

The answer from the canoe side of the question is decidedly in favor of the canoe-yawl type versus the yacht type; always, be it remembered, rating being equal.

Experience may now be called in, and the past week has furnished that which we could only speculate upon previously; a canoe-yawl has been at work in the Solent with the 1/2-raters and has beaten them, and has also saved her time on the 1-raters. We will give the plain facts as reported, and not claim too much for her or her class even. She herself is of a model we do not believe in for, aught except reaching speed, and we shall be surprised, should the rating rule, so if she does not get a bad beating in the first meeting with 1/2-rating yachts, in which there is a beat and run in a sea and strong wind; it should be so—but will it be?

The Spruce, canoe-yawl, raced at Hamble, July 17, in the 1-rater class, came in 1m. 1s. astern of Samona (1-rater), thus saved her time for first prize and beat all the 1/2-rater yachts. On the 21st she sailed in the Castle Club, Southampton, in the 1-rater class against 19 boats, she came in third boat, saving her time for first prize off Samona (1-rater) and Pup (0.8-rater), and beating the next boat (a 1/2-rater) by 5m. 48s., etc. She sailed again last Saturday against the 1/2-raters and took first prize at Southampton.

The general report of her performance, and which we also saw at a distance, being in another race, was that in the beat to windward, the rating rule, especially Balm, beat her easily, but, on the reach she left them easily, and in running they were about equal. —London Field.

RED DRAGON C. C.—Philadelphia, Aug. 11.—At a meeting of the Red Dragon Canoe and Boating Association, held Friday evening, Aug. 7, the following resolution was adopted: Resolved, That the name of this club be changed to the Red Dragon C. C. of Philadelphia.

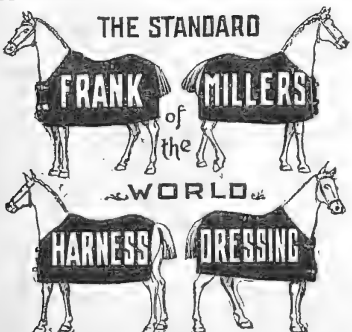
A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: C. Frank Kireker, Paterson, N. J.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M., Mr. Sterling, Wis.—I intend to purchase a 12-gauge hammerless gun, about 8 1/2 lbs. weight, for duck, goose and grouse shooting. Would you advise 30 or 32 in. barrels? Does the extra 2 in. perceptibly increase the range? Will a heavier load than can be used in a 2 3/4 in. shell improve the shooting of a gun of weight mentioned at long range? Ans. A 32 in. barrel will be more satisfactory for long range in such a heavy arm. Use the 2 3/4 in. shell, and for harder hitting use a sharper grade of powder.

F. A. S., Seneca Falls.—What is the difference between pickerel and muskellunge? Ans. The name pickerel is often given to the pike. The true pickers are of several kinds and all of them small, the largest not exceeding 8 lbs. in weight. All of them have the cheeks and gill-covers completely covered with scales. The muskellunge grows to a very large size—50 or 60 lbs. It has no scales on the lower half of the cheeks and gill-covers. See FOREST AND STREAM of April 2 and 9, and May 14, 1891, for detailed accounts of all these fishes.

M. C.—I control a natural trout stream whose waters have been largely depleted of trout by persistent fishing. The stream is a grand one for breeding and growing trout. It is 1 1/2 miles long and is fed by springs at intervals throughout its entire length and discharges not less than half a million gallons of water per day. There is in the stream an abundance of food for trout. I intend to restock the stream and wish to ascertain: 1. What growth will trout make in their first, second and third years? 2. From the above description of the brook, what number of trout of good size (after the brook has become well stocked) should you think could be taken from the brook each year? In other words, what is the producing powers of such a brook when well stocked? Ans. 1. Yearlings will average about 2oz.; two-year-olds 4oz.; three-year-olds 8oz. according to Mr. Answorth's experience. Sometimes, however, two-year-olds will weigh 1lb., or stunted individuals only 4oz. No fixed rule can be given; much will depend upon the amount of food furnished and its quality. 2. It is impossible to tell the producing power of the brook in advance of trial. The best guide known to us is the report of the Caledonia station of the New York Fish Commission and that of the Southside Sportsmen's Club.



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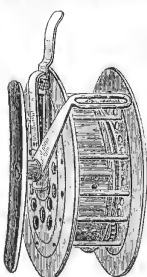
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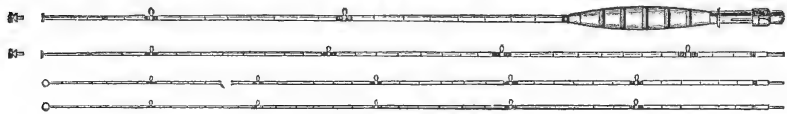


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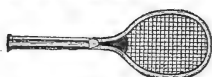
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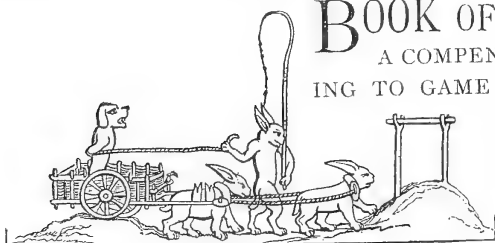
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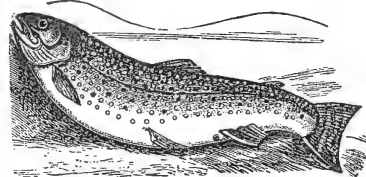
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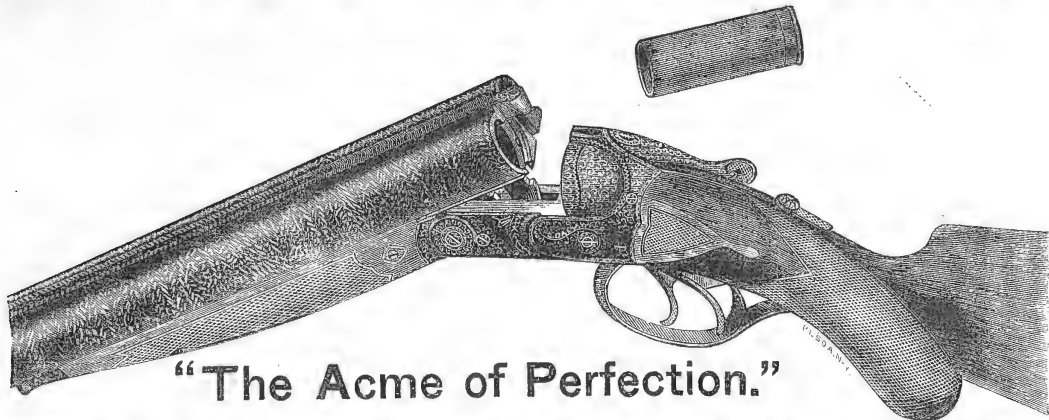
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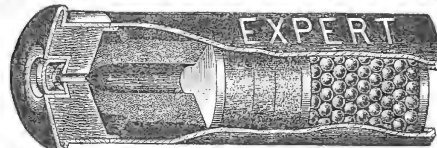
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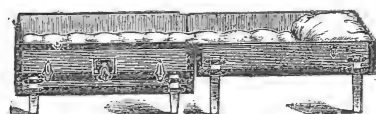


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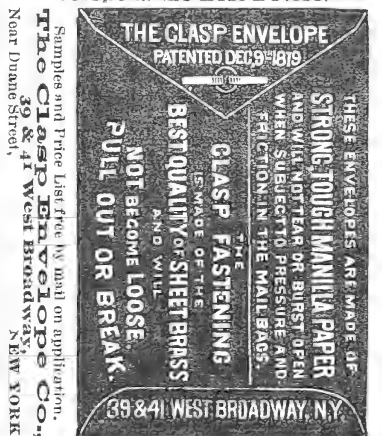
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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 6.
No. 218 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

May begin at any time. Subscription price for single copy \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. Rates for clubs of annual subscribers:

Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.

Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 218 BROADWAY.
NEW YORK CITY.

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"THE WANE OF THE ADIRONDACKS."

THE title of Mr. Charles Hallock's paper published to-day has been changed, on its author's suggestion that with their ever increasing hosts of summer visitors the Adirondacks cannot well be said to be on the wane. Nevertheless, a perusal of this second special Adirondack number will convince most readers that the Adirondacks, as known to the sportsmen, are in large measure passing away. It is not at all surprising that most of the papers we print to-day, coming from older visitors to the North Woods, should be of a reminiscent character and tinged with natural regret at the changing conditions in the Northern Wilderness.

No one who has known the region in its primitive condition, when the sportsman might go wheresoever his own sweet will prompted, fish in any and all waters unmolested, follow his deer without let or hindrance, and camp where fancy dictated, on jutting point or beside pleasant rivers—no visitor of those years, now returning, can contemplate existing conditions without such comparison, nor without involuntarily sighing for the old order of things. The Adirondacks of to-day stand largely for a district of vast private parks and preserves, posted with trespass notices and guarded by private police; of lakes plowed by steamboats and dominated by huge summer hotels: of sickening woodland wastes devastated by the ax and by fire.

There is no need of visiting the North Woods to learn all this. The newspapers regularly devote a share of their space to the Adirondacks, as to other summer resorts of people who because of their wealth or social or political position are entitled to have their sitting-down and their rising-up chronicled by the press. These people

are not at all dependent on fishing or shooting for their amusement. The record of Secretary Noble's catch of 109 trout in a day takes up but two lines in a half-column letter, which is for the most part concerned with the more popular North Woods amusements of balls, lawn tennis tournaments, church fairs, charity fairs, trotting meetings and rifle matches for silver trophies. Paul Smith's was once in the wilderness; but note the record of a recent gala night there:

While the charity ball at Paul Smith's on Tuesday was not as large as the annual charity dance in New York, yet it lacked little in brilliancy. The company of distinguished ladies and gentlemen gathered on the shores of St. Regis for sweet charity's sake would have done honor to any ballroom in the world. The silks, satins, laces, diamonds and fine clothes generally made the woods-men's eyes stick out with wonderment at the fortunes thus displayed. Some of the ladies went so far as to send to the city safe deposit companies for their jewels. Paul Smith beamed on his guests, as a genial host should, and pointed to them as proof that they represented \$150,000,000 of cold hard cash.

When the man with the fishing rod encounters an orchestra in a North Woods hotel making music for an occasion of this sort, how is he to avoid falling into a reminiscent mood, and why may he not be indulged in his plaint that the glory of the Adirondacks is on the wane?

A CAMP-FIRE RUN WILD.

SOME wooden tent-pins inclosing a few square yards of ground half covered with a bed of evergreen twigs, matted but still fresh and odorless, a litter of paper and powder smirched rags, empty cans and boxes, a few sticks of fire wood, a blackened, primitive wooden crane, with its half-charred supporting crotches, and a smoldering heap of ashes and dying brands, mark the place of a camp recently deserted.

Coming upon it by chance, one could not help a feeling of loneliness, something akin to that inspired by the cold hearthstone of an empty house, or the crumbling foundations of a dwelling long since fallen to ruin.

What days and nights of healthful life have been spent here. What happy hours, never to return, have been passed here. What jokes have flashed about; what merry tales been told; what joyous peals of laughter rang where now all is silence.

But no one is there to see it. A crow peers down from a treetop to discover what pickings he may glean; and a mink steals up from the landing that bears the keelmarks of lately departed boats, both distrustful of the old silence which the place has so suddenly resumed; and a company of jays, flit silently about, wondering that there are no intruders to assail with their inexhaustible vocabulary.

A puff of wind rustles among the treetops, disturbing the balance of the crow, then plunges downward and sets afloat a scurry of dry leaves; and out of the gray ashes uncoils a thread of smoke and spins it off into the haze of leaves and shadows.

The crow flaps in sudden alarm, the mink takes shelter in his coign of vantage among the driftwood, and the jays raise a multitudinous clamor of discordant outcry.

The dry leaves alight as if by mischievous guidance of evil purpose upon the dormant embers, another puff of wind arouses a flame that first tastes them, then licks them with an eager tongue, then with the next eddying breath scatters its crumbs of sparks into the verge of the forest. These the rising breeze fans till it loads itself with a light burden of smoke, shifted now here, now there, as it is trailed along the forest floor, now climbing among the branches, then soaring skyward.

Little flames creep along the bodies of fallen trees and fluffy windrows of dry leaves, toying like panther kittens with their assured prey, and then grown hungry with such dainty tasting, the flames upbust in a mad fury of devouring. They climb swifter than panthers to treetops, falling back they gnaw savagely at tree roots, till the ancient lords of the forest reel and topple and fall before the gathering wind, and bear their destroyer still onward.

The leeward woods are thick with a blinding, stifling fog and smoke, through which all the wild creatures of the forest flee in terror, whither, they know not—by chance to safety, by equal chance perhaps to a terrible death in the surging deluge of fire. The billows of flame heave and dash with a constant insatiate roar, tossing ever onward a red foam of sparks and casting a jetsam of lurid brands upon the ever-retreating strand that is but touched with the wash of enkindling, when it is overrun by the sea of fire.

The ice-cold springs grow hot in its fierce overwhelming wave, the purling rills hiss and boil and shrink before it, then vanish from their seared beds.

All the living greenness of the forest is utterly consumed—great trees that have stood like towers, defying the centuries, with the ephemeral verdure of the woodland undergrowth; and to mark the place of all this recent majesty and beauty, there is but smouldering ruin and black and ashen waste.

Little farms but lately uncovered to the sun out of the wilderness, cozy homesteads but newly built, are swept away, and with them cherished hopes and perhaps precious lives.

What irreparable devastation has been wrought by the camp-fire run wild!

Meanwhile the careless begetters of this havoc are making their leisurely way toward the outer world of civilization, serenely noting that the woods are on fire, and complacently congratulating themselves that the disaster did not come to spoil their outing; never once thinking that by a slight exercise of that care which all men owe the world, this calamity, that a century cannot repair, might have been avoided.

Campers, "Put out the light, and then—put out the light."

FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" READERS.

NEXT week we shall begin the publication of a series of illustrations, "Among the Wildfowl," drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. W. Townsend. These sketches are capital delineations of wild duck ways as studied by the artist during his ducking excursions on Virginia coast waters. Their truthfulness to nature will be appreciated by all old duck hunters. The series will extend through several weeks.

From Capt. F. S. Dugmore, R. N. R., a falconer of thirty years' experience, we have secured a series of chapters on the "Art of Fishing with Trained Cormorants." Capt. Dugmore has not only successfully followed this sport himself, but has taught others the art, having numbered among his apt pupils the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. Whether or no the instructions which he has prepared for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM shall lead to the introduction of the Chinese fishing methods in America, we may at least give assurance that the instructions themselves will be found vastly entertaining. Their publication will begin shortly.

One of the "Snap Shots" the other day suggested that we proposed some time to have a special number made up of forest and stream reminiscences of boyhood days. The hint has been acted upon by several favorite contributors; and there has been sent in a goodly supply of happily told youthful experiences well worthy the telling. It is in store for a future number.

RESCUE OF NATIVE FISHES.

THE work of transferring fishes from the overflow ponds in the Mississippi Valley has been going on for several years with excellent results. Hundreds of thousands of adult fishes have been saved from drying up in pools and sloughs during the heat of summer and the effect upon the supply is clearly seen. The State of Illinois and the United States have joined forces in this undertaking and pushed it vigorously forward. Illinois owns a swift steamer, the Lotus, which is specially fitted up with fish tanks on the outer guards, into which sprays of water can be thrown by pumps run by steam from the boiler, through pipes extending the entire length of the boat on each side. This insures safe transportation and rapid distribution. The United States sends out its Fish Commission cars in August to extend this highly successful work into remote portions of Illinois and many other States. It is certain that the results of systematic stocking with mature fishes of the kind here distributed are never in doubt and always prompt, and the industry, therefore, never fails to receive public sympathy and support.

We regret to note the death of H. F. Bingham, a well-known lawyer of Portland, Oregon, who, while fishing on a cliff of rocks at the beach Friday, fell into the water, was carried out to sea by a huge wave, and drowned. Mr. Bingham was interested in FOREST AND STREAM subjects and frequently contributed to our columns.

THE first special Adirondack number was issued June 18.

The Sportsman Tourist.

KATYDID.

IN the cool, crisp nights of autumn,
When the woods are dark and still,
Loud above the hisping crickets
Rings in accents clear and shrill
That never-ending wrangle of the green-winged katydid:
Katy did!
Katy didn't!
Yes she did!

From twilight until rosy dawn steals softly o'er the hills,
These disputatious insects, who inherit stubborn wills,
Are nagging one another with voices rasping rude:
Who was it broke the bottle?
And at once the restless brood:
Katy did!
Katy didn't!
Yes she did!

When frosty nights have chilled the fierceness of their rows,
And only faint, weak stragglers still cling among the boughs,
'Tis sad to hear their faltering song,
Thin echo of the past,
Still keeping up the family feud, though life be slipping fast:
Katy did!
Katy didn't!
Yes she did!

W. TOWNSEND.

A COLORADO OUTING.—I.

IN this country we never consider how hot it is until we find a thermometer, then 86° F. becomes impressive, and we get out of patience with the flies. The Colorado fly is exasperating to a degree impossible in any other quarter; the bald-headed man must be, I conjecture, at a disadvantage when the house-fly is in pursuit of business or pleasure; he has a way of clinging with his fore feet to the bare scalp and dragging the other four feet over the glistening surface, he does it in a leisurely world-without-end sort of way, as if he had poisoned his toes with ivy and they itched and he had struck witch hazel or other antidote against irritation. But with the heat and flies, there is always a "custom of an afternoon" for the south wind to blow, and that gentle breeze makes life a luxury if one keeps in the shade, its hypnotic influence after lunch is irresistible, even with the racket in the busy thoroughfare under the window—a thoroughfare where we could kill antelope twenty-five years ago.

Under this influence I look out and down into the display offered by a candy and cake bakery across the street, not omitting an invitation to "ice cream" done in letters of irregular sizes and original designs. I imagine the ice cream to be watery and devoid of temptation while I brush a fly off my nose and recognize a cake in the baker's window. The cake had white icing once, but the flies have communed with the cupid that ornaments the center and have left tokens of their adoration here and there, and the sunlight has burned brown patches in the surface, so that the wedding cake is no longer appetizing—but it was a very gay cake at one time and gave promise, just as a wedding cake does, of a more satisfactory fruition. In its best estate and even later—the wedding cake having been subjected to a closer inspection than the present distance affords—I am advised, of course, touching the fly specks as well as the texture and shape of the cupid's wing—they, the wings, reminded one somewhat of a trout's pectoral fins, and now that they have been tarnished the color adds to the illusion.

With the combination of the house flies, the cake and its adornments, the lunch and the mercury, an easy chair and the soft south wind stealing in at the open window, you can imagine the result: I am momentarily startled by a slight crash of something coming in contact with the floor and faintly realize that the briar root has slipped from my fingers, but I also realize that it was quite smoked out, and a lingering spark a mere possibility, and that the pipe is accustomed to hard knocks—then I have a faint notion of a wish to be out of town, notwithstanding I believe Denver to be the most delightful city on the continent. But for this I may be forgiven and justified as one may be for loving the young men and women whom he has watched growing from babyhood to maturity, when one has a hand in the bringing up; one does not often have the opportunity of seeing a village of 2,500 develop into a city of 150,000—souls, I was going of say, but I am skeptical in some things, and this same doubt is at the bottom of the wish that moved me from the window.

The grip, better called a capacious leather satchel, with a change of clothing, an empty creel swinging from my shoulder and the rod case leaning against the back of the seat in front, where I can keep my eye on it, a confused notion of men, women and children hovering about phantom-like, and all strangers, except a shadowy impression of Brother Byers reading a newspaper, intermingle it would seem with the noise of the falling pipe. The sweet savor of the south wind vanishes and the atmosphere is stuffy and smells of oil until the windows are raised. There is the ringing of bells, the shuffling of feet, the buzzing of strange voices, then every sound suddenly ceases and I am moving. The sensation is pleasant and the surroundings familiar for a little way; then there is an impression of outlying shanties and here and there a tall brick smoke stack not so familiar. The shanties are depressing, they denote poverty, the poverty that haunts railroad tracks in the suburbs of cities, the poverty that always comes in the company of rats. It is a queer paradox that what we consider the main instrument of progress always brings in its train poverty and rats—the fact leads one to doubt the integrity of the progress, or whether, indeed, it is progress at all. Presently the surroundings grow familiar again, the south wind has found me out and streams through the windows and the car, and is freighted with sweetness as usual. It takes a little time before I realize the freshness, because the suburbs are elastic, and five miles an hour the lawful speed. Certainly Denver is a city.

Away to the right rise the plains to the foothills and beyond are glimpses of the range, with patches of snow lingering on the bosom of Mount Rosa. Only a little while ago the fourteen miles stretch of country between the Platte River and the foothills presented a green car-

pet through the July days, unbroken by any evidences of man's occupation; now there are fences and farm houses, and fields of golden grain ripe for the harvest. But the mountains show me their old-time landmarks and help to keep me at home until the Platte Cañon is reached. The river looks smaller than it used to, but get off the train and down to the water line and it will require more than the skill of the tyro to send the coachman successfully to the opposite bank. Get into the current and you will recognize something of the old-time vigor. The Platte is not "played out" by any means, but the trout are not so large or abundant as in that "little while ago." I dreamily recognize many a turn of the once beautiful river, here and there a point of rocks or a mountain; but the pools, the still reaches and the riffles have become demoralized, have changed places or disappeared. It is not the old river, but I find enough of the oldness lingering about it to remind me of the old love for it. Pine Grove, as it is called—"Brown & Stewart's ranch" it was thirty years ago, with a solitary log cabin—is quite a summer resort, with all the airs of a pleasant village. Indeed, the river for seventy miles or more of its way through the hills to the lower cañon is little else than a summer resort, dotted with bits of houses, and made strange by the presence of broad-brimmed hats tied out of shape over rosy cheeks; every face, it seems, is a smile—an out-of-doors smile; there is a bewildering flash of bright colors, not from the wild flowers; and now and again a bit of music, as sweet as the note of a meadow lark, will come rippling through the car window, giving no hint of style or tubercles. A little further on I recognize a pile of granite reaching down to the edge of the stream; there was a pool just at the base, but now there is a rifle in its place. I remember the pool and the trout I have lifted out of it, and I remember also falling into it, owing to the treachery of a dead limb on a pine log. I remember apostrophizing the log and the low temperature of the water until the latter choked me off—the pure crystal was not shocked at my exclamations, but took me into its embrace laughingly, as if it had been on the watch for a lover whom it understood to be a little reluctant.

Further on it was Schlats, and it is Schlats now, with a difference in the association only. Now it is civilized and a resort, but in the early days it was a haven between Tarryall, Buckskin Joe and adjacent mining camps and Denver, in which one was glad to find shelter, especially of a winter's night. A hint of the freighters and the miners would tax the nerves and the delicacy of the present habitués. At the foot of Kenosha Hill I single out from among the phantoms in the car a man with a bilious complexion and a Roman nose—he is chewing gum; in his company is a sallow woman, his wife no doubt, she is chewing gum, and in the company of both and exercising grandmotherly supervision is another woman, with gray hair and gold glasses, and she also is chewing gum; there is a little boy with a long slender neck, pale face and brown eyes—he is chewing gum. These people have no business in a railroad car; they should be on foot, or on horseback, or bowling over corduroy in a lumber wagon, or in any situation where they could exercise other than their jaws and shake off the dyspepsia. But they won't, they will die in ignorance of the sweet smell of mother earth and the fragrance of pine boughs in their bed chambers. No doubt they believe that a night under the fretted roof with only a blanket between their city-nurtured bodies and the gorgeous canopy would be the death of them. They prefer dying of gum by rail. At Como, in the South Park, where an excellent dinner is served, they pecked, ate oatmeal and drank water. I wanted the boy—in him I saw a possibility, notwithstanding he sat with his hands in his lap and was not tempted by pie or orange.

By and by the road winds up the Breckenridge Pass. Down below a thousand feet or more, men, looking like midgits, are working in Tarryall Gulch, the oldest placer camp in the State. It has given up its millions of yellow metal and still pays. Salver Heels, looming up on the left, has a bit of cloud for a cap this afternoon, and beyond is the Mount of Three Waters. We are on the backbone of the continent, and may look down into the valley of the Blue River and see Breckenridge, another old mining camp that has added its share to the millions of the world's wealth. From this point of view the town seems very quiet nestled among the towering hills. But all is not peace there, especially on Saturday nights, yet it is milder than in its younger days. Down the Blue a dozen miles, still by rail, and Tom Hamilton takes one in charge at Dillon, provides a good supper and bed where I am dreaming double. Did you never dream double? It is a novel psychological experience, sometimes ludicrous and again harrowing. I am in a chair in my office in Denver and also in bed at Tom Hamilton's, while the scent of the pines floats in at the window and the music of Ten Mile invites me to linger. I can feel myself under the blankets and realize the difference in the temperature, and while I draw the covering a little closer around my neck confess to myself that there is good troutling in Ten Mile.

"Yes, there is good troutling in Ten Mile," and Brother Byers, my briar root in his hand, stands over me in my office chair a long way from Tom Hamilton's. I am irritated at the sudden transition and find something exasperating in the broad smile which my disturber bestows upon me.

"Pshaw! why did you awaken me?"

"To let you know that I agreed with you, as I always do, You said there was good troutling in Ten Mile."

"But you don't always agree with me. Here I was on the way to Black Lake and had got as far as Tom Hamilton's, then you must come around and wake me up."

"We'll start for Black Lake to-morrow morning—the train leaves at eight o'clock."

"I shall not go on it. I shall start from Dillon."

"And miss the grand scenery along the Platte, over Kenosha Hill, through the South Park and over Breckenridge Pass, down?"

"Hold up, do—I have been through it all during the last fifteen minutes and I shall start from Dillon."

There is a United States mail from Dillon down the Blue; it goes in a spring wagon drawn by a thin team, and takes the grade of the Union Pacific, which makes a splendid road. The post offices along the way are not maintained by the government, but every ranchman has his own. The place of deposit may consist of a box, an old boot, or, as in one instance, a decayed hand-satchel stuck on a pole by the road side. No one would think of disturbing the contents any sooner than of despoiling the iron boxes on the lamp posts in town. One of these re-

positories consisted of a wooden box with a shelf and a canvas cover to protect the contents from the weather. In this particular post office a bluebird had made her nest and was rearing her young—two little innocents mostly head and eyes and exhibiting a lack of feathers. They expressed no trepidation at his daily visits, the driver said, and that spoke well for the owners of the post office and the carrier, who is an ex-sheriff and accustomed to the use of the revolver.

The road has familiar landmarks as we proceed. Big Ute Mountain is one. Brother Byers and I discuss it. We came into the Blue Valley from Hot Sulphur Springs, up William's Fork and over the pass by an Indian trail at the northerly end of Big Ute Mountain. But that was fourteen years ago, we were there on horseback, with a frying-pan and two tin cups, together with three days' rations of coffee and sugar, a loaf of bread each, and a little salt. Our destination was the same then as now, but the trail is a thing of the past. We reached the mouth of Black Lake Creek about noon, and found a carriage in waiting to take us to the summer retreat of our genial U. S. Marshal, A. H. Jones, who is now the owner of the lake, and at whose table, in company with him and his charming family, we took lunch—what a contrast to the experience of fourteen years ago, under a poncho!

Our host has a beautiful little steam yacht and boats galore, and the old log rafts went out with his advent. The lake is as charming as ever and as full of trout; the log cottage on the point near the outlet adds to the attractiveness and seems home-like, without intruding upon the old-time romance. Catching trout from a steam yacht affords a luxury undreamed of in the rafting days, the amusement accommodates itself to the later stiffness in the knees and the falling off of activity developed in fourteen years. The sound of a tiny steam whistle on Black Lake, under the shadows of the huge heaven-kissing granite of the Gore Range, while we skirt the pine-covered foot of Mount Powell at ten miles an hour! It seems preposterous at first, but then the luxury of it! It is like the sudden transition from the plum-bush pole to the aesthetic bamboo, and I convert the change further into a delicate tribute to the aristocratic denizens of the crystal waters, who are entitled to the best that skill and good taste can afford. There is an exquisite harmony in the combination not often achieved, and it should be accepted and treated as a sort of holiday in the holidays, the Sabbath, as it were, of the outing.

Toward evening our host turned us into a yawl and took us in tow, and we tied up at the inlet and caught trout for an hour or more. We had a fish well, of course, and there was no fear of waste. The lake has been stocked and restocked, not only with natives and rainbow, but with the Eastern brook trout, and they are all doing well. This afternoon, however, the natives are the more active. A half-pound young gentleman shows himself on the surface at the prick of the Sproat; he shakes himself savagely, and not finding any relief, darts quickly into the swift current of the inlet, but circles back, not being given any line, leaps half out of the water, and repeats his efforts to tear himself from the fatal restraint. His efforts are in vain, however, and he is lifted into the boat, still struggling. From the beginning to the end there has been no cessation of defiance; he comes intrepidly into the sunlight while he advises one of his mettle and fights it out on that line as if fighting were his mission in life. Again there is a rise to the coachman and a strike, just on the edge of the current, and the ripple prevents one seeing the quarry; but a new experience is in store for the angler who has never caught any save the Rocky Mountain trout. This stranger disappears, but the light silk line cuts the water with a force approaching to viciousness. Hither and yon it sweeps, and the bamboo maintains a steady, graceful curve, and soon proves too much for this gentleman, who prefers to avail himself of the full advantage of his battle ground. Your Eastern brook trout is finally brought to the surface, and with all due respect and tenderness relieved from the hook and consigned to the well. A strong fighter, but he lacks the dash and brilliancy of evolution common to his black-spotted congener. And for this, I presume, I shall be trampled upon by both feet of the votary of the *Salmo fontinalis*. But understand me, I draw a distinction simply between their methods, not between their beauty or their courage; each is perfection.

While we have been amusing ourselves a black cloud has been climbing to the summit of Mount Powell's mate and shows itself over the peak; the shrill notes of the yacht's whistle breaks the silence, and our host is steaming for the inlet at the little craft's best speed to rescue us from the impending shower. But we do not escape. The big drops strike us and then multiply, and Brother Byers takes his medicine standing and with a smile on his face that has no malice in it. He would not have forfeited the hour's pleasure for a triple baptism.

That night all slept under the shingles with the patter of rain to soothe us during our infrequent moments of wakefulness. I could not but contrast the comfort with lying out on the banks of the Blue with nothing over me but the canopy and the rain beating down, and thought that there is much to commend in our civilization, and that such an obliging host and friend is a rare jewel; and I was also inclined to believe that every man, woman and child in Denver had a soul.

L. B. FRANCE.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A NUMBER of years ago, while visiting in a small town in central Missouri, I witnessed the return of a party who had been down on the Gravois River fishing, bringing home several hundred pounds of fish. As soon as they arrived word was sent for all to come to the blacksmith shop and get a mess of fish free. A St. Louis drummer, who had been trying to sell the storekeeper a bill of goods, observing so many women and children go to the wagon and take what fish they wanted without paying for them, walked up to the wagon and inquired of the boy who was holding the horses, "Are these fish gratuitous?" "No," said the boy, "they are pretty much all buffalo and catfish."

JACK.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

ADIRONDACK LIFE.

ADIRONDACK MEMORIES.

IT is a good many years, seventeen at least, since I visited the Adirondacks in *negligé* costume, though I have channeled all around them by rail of late, and only as recently as Decoration Day passed through Boonville and Lowville, where I fell in with such a multitude of fishermen and anglers coming out of the wilderness with rods and baskets, that I have ever since felt a realizing sense that but little effort is needed to popularize this much-vaunted summer resort. Of course the Adirondacks of to-day are different from what they were in the genesis of Pol Smith and old "Saugermong," and I am frank to say that I am sorry for it. No doubt, were I to go in now, a glimpse of their modern appointments and attractions would be as much of a revelation to me as St. Paul's vision of the menagerie let down from heaven in a sheet, but with more paucity and less variety of animals indigenous to the country; for, by all accounts, panthers are obsolete, and bears and deer are becoming scarce. The bare idea is startling!

When the wilderness was primitive, catamounts were not uncommon; and I remember once, when pulling leisurely around the Oxbow in the Raquette, with old Steve Turner at the oars, of barely escaping a misadventure with one of the varmints which lay extended at full length on one of the thick branches which protruded horizontally over the river, ready to drop on us when we passed under. Fortunately I was keeping a lookout for up-coming boats, and so I happened to ask Uncle Steve what was that queer-looking lump on the limb just ahead; and when he rested his oars and turned to look the "lump" rose up, and wheeling about, gave one tremendous spring over the tops of the brush which skirted the river and took to the depths of the jungle.

Good old Steve! I am wondering if he is living now? At sixty years of age he could pack a 70-pound boat over the three-mile Sweeney Carry with the best of the boys, and he didn't mind the mosquitoes and flies on the St. Germain any more than would an ironclad man-of-war. He was short and sturdy rather than great and mighty, and so I used to wonder at his prodigies of strength, for he seemed an old man then. But here am I, verging on the self-same steps of time, still hale and blooming, and thankful for preservation of health and manhood, though I cannot carry off a load—like that.

"Adirondack Murray" had his camp then on Raquette Lake, down river (was it in 1867?), and his comely wife was with him, attired in a Tam O'Shanter cap and a mountain suit of red and crimson plaid. How jaunty she looked! How hamadryadic! They kept open house in those days, with the latch string out, and a halo of welcome was luminous about the rustic roof. By my halidome! (whatever that is) those were halcyon days for all of us, ere yet the hair had grizzled or the pitcher been broken at the fountain, for vicissitudes had not ripened. How we have scattered and wandered since.

My attention was first directed to the Adirondacks some time in the '40s, by reading Rev. John Todd's "Long Lake," a sprightly book printed about the time that Mr. William C. Prime wrote his inimitable "Owl Creek Cabin" letters. Dr. Todd was a companion of Audubon at times, occasionally visiting him in his hermitage when he was making his painstaking studies of birds. Of course, we know that there has always been a representative Long Lake hermit, whose cabin is shown with deferential index to the newer-comer, but I have the word of Sabattis, Sr., the old pioneer guide (dead now, I suppose?) that Audubon was the original and only simon-pure recluse of that region. Whoever wishes to read the earliest reminiscences of the Adirondacks should examine Dr. Todd's book. It is in the libraries. As for Audubon, I am rejoiced to learn that the praiseworthy movement inaugurated by the New York Academy of Sciences to place a suitable monument over the grave of the great naturalist in Trinity churchyard, is likely to prove successful. I used to know old Sabattis pretty well, and once he pulled out of the woods for a fortnight and found me at my residence in Brooklyn. Alas! the trail that he followed is cold enough now.

In the time of my periodical visits to the North Woods I had to take a stage road of forty-seven miles to the hostelry of Paul Smith, which had just been located on St. Regis Pond. It was a pretentious structure for the time, but was subsequently enlarged considerably, and at last bloomed out into a full-blown modern caravansary. Few ladies ventured in in those days. There were no railroads then until the short spur was completed from Plattsburg to Ausable Forks, and I wish there were none now, with all deference to the ladies, and the lazy, who think a long drive too much of an undertaking. So, "if wishes were fishes, we would have some fried." Nevertheless, railroads now penetrate to every mountain crevice and ravine, and that is perhaps why I do not go there as of old. Pleasure and transportation are made too easy in these days. Desires are too easily gratified to be valued.

Martin's on the Lower Saranac Lake was my ideal of a wilderness snugery. It was built with an axe of split logs—a pretty large house of its kind. It was the pioneer hotel of that region. Bartlett's was a favorite resort of mine at the outlet. It was there that I caught my first lake trout on the fly. Then there was old Mother Johnson's pancakes, Graves's Lodge with its cream toast, its wild honey, its venison steaks and its baked trout selected to average a half pound on the platter, and done to a turn. Fenton's, Number Four and Big and Little Tupper. Only to think of putting steamboats on these secluded waters! It is sacrilege; and old Tahawus, shorn of his ancient name and prestige, bends his proud head with sympathy and resentment. Eheu! their glory has departed.

Let those who like innovations be content with the present, and happy with the outlook. To my eye there are clouds upon the mountain peaks, and "Baldy" himself cannot raise his head above them. Conservatives like myself will never forget the days of auld lang syne. Perhaps I shall never visit the Adirondacks again. If I should happen to do so, I know where there is a cache of old reminiscences, but I must not mention them now. Modern society will dub me a crank more gloomy than Poe's raven. So I leave it to take its chances among the railroad men, the lumber speculators, the land monopolists and the promoters of the National Park. For the present I must keep silent,

CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE CRANBERRY LAKE COUNTRY.

THERE is yet a region of the Adirondacks which has not been overrun by tourists, though sportsmen have pretty thoroughly explored it. I refer to the northern part, bounded on the south by Beaver River and on the east by Raquette River. Cranberry Lake is situated nearly in the center of this territory, and diverging from it are trails and old roadways to many of the smaller lakes and various rivers. The lake is said to have an altitude of 1,649ft., is some seven miles in length, with varying widths, as shown by the shore line of more than twenty miles. Originally, where as nature made it, the lake was a widening of Oswegatchie River, but some twenty years ago a dam was erected on its outlet for mill purposes below, which raised the water about 15ft., killing the timber on the margin and rendering the shore unapproachable. There is a belt of flood wood entirely around the lake, unsightly in appearance, preventing the landing of boats, and objectionable in every way. But for this it would be a majestic lake. In the southern distance small mountains invite attention, while in the vicinity of the lake are several hills which bear the name of mountains.

The lake is accessible from DeKalb Junction, on the Rome and Watertown railroad, a distance of thirty-six miles by livery. W. R. Bishop has the only camp upon it, and his hostelry very comfortably and satisfactorily accommodates thirty or forty people. The fishing is all some distance from the house, and in springtime is very good; but at this season of the year the catches are not large, for no rest is given to the "spring holes," when the trout seek cold water and only can be found. Undoubtedly there are many spring holes in and on the shores of the lake, but the guides have never made search for them, perhaps fearing that fishing so accessible might interfere with their vocation, and yet this could hardly be, for there is but one boat here, which, like the proverbial toothbrush, "belongs to the house." As it is, they find plenty of time for thought and reflection, for it costs \$4 a day to employ one of them—an extortion which every sensible person, however wealthy he may be, will rebel against.

Chester S. Lord, of the New York *Sun*, who recently left here, made an excellent sportsman's record. He caught several large trout, several of weights of 5lbs. and more. He is always active and has studied the locality until he is quite as familiar with it as most of the guides, and his outfit is always thoroughly complete.

Justice Irving G. Vau, of the Court of Appeals, has been here with his family since early in July. He casts off the ermine for the corduroy and looks the accomplished woodsman that he is. His outfit embraces every article that can be desired, and he entertains his friends royally at his superb Big Rock camp, which he occupies occasionally for several days at a time. He has spent many vacations here, being the chosen locality of several which he has visited, and is familiar with every lake and stream for many miles around. He is also a student of natural history, and in a quiet unassuming way becomes very entertaining while relating observations which he has made. He is a successful angler, having studied the conditions which one must understand if he would know how to succeed. Among others who are spending time here are R. K. Dana and family, of New York; Judge Northrup, C. H. Lewis, C. G. Baldwin, E. M. Allen and family, and D. H. Brun, of Syracuse; and Dr. Reeves, of Long Island. Another judge and several more lawyers will arrive this week. So that it may be possible to promptly try any offender of the game laws; but it is to be hoped that the guests and guides of this locality are law-abiding people. There are many deer in this vicinity, and when the season for shooting them opens, the larder of the camp will reek with luscious venison.

Divertisement for an "off day" is found in chartering the steam launch A. Ames Howlett, and going here and there about the lake as the freaks of its passengers may suggest. A noonday lunch in some pleasant shade and near some one of the many remarkably cold springs (some as low as 42°) is one of the occasional enjoyments of the place, though we have not as yet had such pleasure. There are days, you know, when zest gives way to indolence, especially when the weather is clear, the sun hot, and the general conditions wholly opposed to activity. There are plenty of trails to follow for him who goes out only for exercise, almost any one of which abounds in nature's best gifts to the thought-woodsman. The change from his daily life at home is so great as to invest him with surroundings of a character to almost entirely change the bent of his mind, and when he thinks, it is of the teachings of the new book opened before him. Most people whose minds are occupied with law cases and business affairs during ten or eleven months of the year, cease thinking when they come here, giving their minds as well as their bodies opportunity for recuperation. It is a splendid place for perfect rest.

I wonder how it is that people who need rest which the vacation season is supposed to give, can spend the time at Saratoga and fashionable seaside resorts, or even go to Paul Smith's, Loon Lake or the Ampersand, where society's laws and customs are unrelaxed and hold all in restraint. At such places as this one is, the barber, boot-black and laundry may be neglected without causing criticism. I do not mean by this that the law of cleanliness may be set aside, and it is not. Flannel takes the place of linen, and there is a kind of foot wear which without blacking looks best here. The barber may become an ally of fleas if he removes the beard and gives the insects opportunity for freely lancing the face. Where there are so few people, and all of one mind, sleep is quiet and undisturbed, though it is a universal practice at such secluded places to have breakfast at 7 o'clock. But good appetites are ready for every meal.

"Mercy, how the boarders yell
When they hear the dinner bell."

I have said that this northwestern region of the North Woods—or Adirondacks, though somewhat distant from the mountains of that name—is all that is left to the woodsman. And this region is rapidly going the way of all the rest. The havoc of lumbermen is seen on every hand and is constantly increasing. A railroad was built from Carthage several years ago to Benson Mines (iron) some forty-three miles in an easterly direction. It is now proposed to extend that road northerly nearly to this place solely for the purpose of opening several lumber camps. This would soon result in a further extension to some point on the railroad from Moira to Tupper's

Lake. Such a railroad would very thoroughly open up a large part of this tract to the masses, driving the sportsmen elsewhere. He has been driven about much as the American Indians have been made to seek new resting places from time to time, as made necessary by the avarice or pleasure of the white man. But let us hope that it will be many years before annihilation shall come to him. Let us rather hope that the people of the State will awaken to the fact that they owe it to those who are to come after them if not to themselves, to see to it that the 3,500,000 acres which constitute the Adirondack region shall constitute a State Park and become the property of the people for their proper uses forever.

By his purchase of 250,000 acres, Dr. Webb has possessed himself of the very heart of the forest, and the story goes that he will inclose it with a wire fence to prevent ingress and egress to people and game. The entire purchase is even now under police surveillance, to the great disgust of the many people who would enjoy the pleasures and comforts which its beautiful lakes and rivers have for so long heretofore extended so invitingly. We must meet the question as to whether this forest shall be controlled by capitalists or the people very quickly and decidedly if the people are to have any right to enter upon these millions of acres in the future. The law of eminent domain can be made to do the work, and every acre of private land ought to be condemned to the uses of the State without delay. There are hundreds of thousands of acres which could not be sold for twenty-five cents an acre, while there is considerable acreage of greater value; but the cost of the all that is owned by individuals is not of such consequence as to be considered. The present waste of the State for a single year would go very far toward paying the entire sum under a condemnation award.

But I have run off from the general subject of this letter. The Beaver River country has long been regarded as the most prolific of game; but as that begins to fail from an abuse of privileges, this locality seems to be the most favored in this respect. Deer are very plentiful hereabouts, and the guides freely admit that there has been a large percentage of increase since the enactment of the law regulating the shipment of game. Bears are occasionally seen and killed, but panthers do not seem to have made a home here, though they have a fondness for deer and are generally supposed to abound where deer are plentiful. Although it has become an historical fact that Gov. Seymour killed the last moose slain in these woods, there are guides here who will tell you that they saw moose as late as twenty years ago, some time after the last one is supposed to have disappeared.

I hope some time to write you a chapter of Recollections of Adirondack Life, in which I shall have considerable of incident and experience to relate. Here in this stillness, surrounded by health-giving evergreens, an atmosphere laden with balsams for many ills, with springs of water everywhere of perfect softness and purity, with all conditions to give rest, restore health and extend enjoyment, here, I say, I have spent some of the most profitable periods of my life. Those who have spent vacations in this wilderness as I have spent them, know what benefits nature affords most bountifully; those who have not been so privileged cannot too soon pass some one of the many gateways to this great Eden.

CRANBERRY LAKE, AUG. 6.

D. H. B.

THE ADIRONDACKS IN 1858.

HAVING heard much and read more concerning the wonderful scenery and the numerous and beautiful lakes and streams of the great North Woods, together with the reports of the great abundance of deer and trout in its mountains, lakes and streams, such an interest was aroused that nothing short of a personal experience would allay; and being a first experience, its scenes and impressions have remained with me during all these years, and later visits have but intensified them.

Late in July of 1858 (thirty-three years ago next month—a full generation) a party of three—of whom the writer alone remains—started for the northern part of the North Woods.

On arriving at Whitehall we took passage on the steamer Canada, in command of Capt. Lot Chamberlain, and who ever has traveled on his boat has met a gentleman and knows what a clean boat is. The steamer in those days took passengers at the village of Whitehall instead of Ticonderoga and landed them at Rouse's Point, a most delightful sail over beautiful water and amid grand scenery.

From Rouse's Point we went by rail to Chateaugay village, thence team to Bellows' Hotel on lower Chateaugay Lake. There we met the then venerable sportsmen Drs. Adams and Bethune, of Boston. Twenty-eight years later I met Dr. Adams on Upper Chateaugay, still hale and hearty and the most persistent fly-caster on either lake.

On the evening of our arrival at the hotel quite an excitement was created by the report that "there was a bear in the lake swimming for the shore." It took but a short time to unpack and load our rifles, when all started for the lake, some twenty rods, determined to have that bear's pelt. It was growing dusk, but the bear could be plainly seen and was making fair progress, but quite too far out in the lake for us to open fire; so we lay close, waited and watched with cocked rifles and bated breath. But the longer we waited and watched the feebleness grew our hopes of capturing the bear, of having a pelt to show and steaks for breakfast. Its nearer approach did not increase its magnitude, and it was decided to be but a cub, which we must not shoot, but take alive. To this all agreed, for a live cub was better than the skin of a dead bear to take home.

In the meantime the bear held on its course, reached the shore, climbed the bank, shook itself, looked at us, and lo! it was a black dog returning from a deer chase. As our rifles must be unloaded—no breechloaders in those times—we gave the dog a generous salute for its exploit.

Learning that deer and trout were in great abundance at Ragged Lake, some twelve miles over the mountain, where Mr. Bellows had built a log shanty for the use of his guests, we decided to make that our headquarters for a week or ten days.

Accordingly we engaged guides, procured the necessary supplies—but no whisky—made a pack for each, and having been set across the lake, took up our line of march, a faint trail indicated by blazed trees, no team or horse

ever having been there before us. Being unused to such loads our locomotion was not rapid, and our rests were frequent.

While upon our tramp we came upon a porcupine, killed by lightning—or in modern phrase, electrocuted. How did we know the lightning had killed it? Although there were no Indians in our party to interpret signs, the proof was before us. Lightning had struck a tree splintering it to the ground, and at its foot lay the dead porcupine.

At Figure Eight Pond our guide had a boat hidden in the bushes, and on it we piled our duffle, as "Ness-muk" would call our equipments.

Figure Eight Pond, a celebrated resort for deer to feed—where I saw seven at one time but killed none—is on a branch of Salmon River, which here runs south through Lilypad Pond, Ragged Lake, etc., and then turns nearly north, emptying into the St. Lawrence below St. Regis.

Being relieved of everything except our guns, we made better progress, and in due time reached the shanty on Ragged Lake, where we found two excellent guides, who soon had a welcome repast of trout and venison, which our long tramp enabled us to enjoy to the full.

One of the guides that came with us became so lonesome and homesick for a certain damsel he had left behind that he was allowed to return, and his place was much more than filled by the two guides found at the shanty on our arrival.

Our party of six consisted of J. R. Wiltzie, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Jas. G. Wood and the writer, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; with A. Sprague, H. Bellows and Burt. Blatchley, three most excellent guides, though Burt would swear awfully and drink all the whisky he could get, as we particularly learned afterward.

Here we passed seven days of real enjoyment, taking trout—real salmon-colored ones, and highly flavored—by day and floating for deer at night. Each of us had more or less severe attacks of "buck fever," but our rough tables never lacked either venison or trout. Neither was the surplus of either allowed to spoil. Our trusty and active guides, who understood the business, built a stone smoke-house of small but sufficient dimensions, laid sticks across the top, and on these the meat, cut into strips, with the trout properly dressed, and slightly salted, were laid, and the whole covered with thick bark. A slow fire was kindled in the pit and kept burning till all were partly cooked and well dried. In this condition either will keep for months, and when eaten at home is a pleasant reminder of camp scenes and life.

The exact number or pounds of trout we took I cannot give, but of deer we killed but five, which no one can say was extravagant, and to prove that none was wasted, my recollection is that we packed out of the woods some 70 lbs.

During our stay we had many pleasant, and some not so pleasant, experiences. I well remember taking Wiltzie in the little tub of a dugout and going down the lake some distance to look for a deer that I felt sure I had killed the night before. In order to get on shore the little dugout was pushed upon a bog, from which I stepped to another, and so on to hard ground, leaving W. in the stern. The contents of the lake at this point was neither water nor earth, being too thick to drink or wash with, and too thin to walk upon, color black, and rather thicker than molasses.

While out in the thick bushes looking for my deer, a smothered cry for help reached my ears. I rushed back to the shore, and in spite of the situation was compelled to indulge in a hearty laugh. There was W. in the black muck, having upset the dugout, vainly attempting to right the boat, or get on to it, holding on with one hand and fighting mosquitoes for dear life with the other, and no ground to stand upon, looking more like a bear than the one we attempted to catch on the other lake. By our united efforts the boat was righted, and we paddled back to the shanty. But such a looking object I never saw before nor since, black from head to heels, while the thin muck had saturated every article of clothing, filling both boots and every pocket about him. As we did not have many changes of clothing he was allowed to keep his bunk while his clothes were cleansed and dried. No more tub dugouts for him. The writer has but little to say as he came near having a much more, if not fatal, experience, in that same thick composition of water and muck.

Having satisfied our most sanguine hopes as to the sport, health, scenery, etc., we returned to the hotel and thence to Upper Chateaugay Lake, which at that time was in a primeval state with the exception of a single shanty—long since a ruin and its location almost unknown.

I thought then, and still think, it the most beautiful body of water, with its surroundings, I ever saw. High hills nearly all around it, with thick forest down to the water's edge which no axe had ever touched, nor steamer plowed its waters.

We made no attempt for deer, but trout were nearly as abundant as in Ragged Lake, but not of the same color or flavor.

I visited Ragged Lake in 1859 for the last time, for soon after the lumbermen built a dam which ruined its waters so as to destroy the old localities and ruin it for sport for many years to come. It is now owned by a chartered club, I believe.

The waters of Upper Chateaugay have also been raised considerably by a dam at the lower lake, where several charcoal furnaces are running and consuming the forests of the surrounding mountains, so that barrenness has taken the place of living verdure.

Perhaps in the aggregate more pleasure is obtained on the Upper Chateaugay at the present time than when our party was there, for now it has its thousands of annual visitors, where it then had its tens.

There are more hotels and near a dozen villas and cottages now surround it. Still I know of no more delightful place to spend a vacation than there. Fishing is fairly good, while bear, deer and partridge in their season are occasionally met with.

I have said so much concerning this my first visit that I must omit all notice of later visits to these waters and to other portions of the Adirondacks.

J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June, 1891.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE ADIRONDACKS.

I HAD promised that without fail I would "report in a person" on or before the 29th of July at Potsdam, N. Y. This involved a long and so often made railway journey from my abiding place in Brooklyn that my resolution to make it was subjected to considerable strain, when shortly after making the promise inducements of a very tempting nature were held out to me to make a different journey at the same time. The business which called me to Potsdam could be successfully transacted even if I were not on hand, so long as the other parties to it were. The other business I was assured would fall through without me.

With a slight, very slight hope that I might so arrange that I might miss neither, I suggested to the friends whom I was to meet at Potsdam a postponement, presenting vividly the hardship to me of being compelled to give up the first and only chance for an outing in the Adirondacks that has come to me in a very long time; that it was nearly three years since I had smelt the balsam or "wet a line;" that the trip was "really necessary for my health," etc. But I made no impression upon them. The answer was this: "We would be very sorry indeed not to have you present, but the day is fixed, the cards ready for mailing, the clergyman engaged, and we intend to be on hand at the appointed hour, high noon."

That settled it. I cleared for my den, lit my pipe and cogitated. Of course I would go to Potsdam—but, and the brilliant idea switched on to my brain circuit—why not go the woods also? Why not carry out both schemes?

Considering the Adirondacks as a big cyclone, I am in its southeast quadrant, Potsdam in its northwest; from S. E. to N. W. is a straight line; a straight line is—on paper—the shortest line between two points. It would be plain sailing from here to the neighborhood of the center—say Blue Mountain Lake; thence out, if I could believe the "Health and Pleasure" book of the New York Central, for there in "Excursion 768" to "Blue Mountain House and return to New York," the mode of travel and cost is given; and part of the route is from Norwood, very near Potsdam and on the same road. But as I gathered up my reminiscences of travel in this section, or rather in what I so thought, I was puzzled not a little. I have years ago gone through to the only Blue Mountain House that I ever heard of, that on the north side of Blue Mountain Lake, in Hamilton county, and my route to it involved many miles of boating and tramping, lucky when now and then, here and there, I could piece out with a buckboard or woods wagon over genuine woods roads.

Stoddard's map did not help me. What I wanted was on it, but I didn't see it, for I failed to look in the right place and contented myself with a search all around Blue Mountain House for any road or any place that a road could be put, except the one to Long Lake. Nor could I find within stage range any "Spring Cove" as given as starting point for stage.

So I gave up that route and wrote to Mr. Stoddard for a solution of my puzzle. His reply, received since my return, has enlightened me. There is another Blue Mountain, and a newer Blue Mountain House in Franklin county, to be reached by the new route to Paul Smith's, the Northern Adirondack Railroad, but it was not the one I wanted. The Prospect House, Hollands and the easy route to the Raquette and its delightful resorts are "not in it," and the Blue Mountain House, that I have had good times in, is not that one but another one, and I'm glad that I didn't save money by buying excursion No. 768 ticket. There is a Rome in Italy, and one in New York, yet when one speaks of a winter in Rome, one doesn't generally speaking mean the New York city of that name.

Losing confidence in time-tables, of which I had obtained too many, representing apparently opposing interests, I cut adrift from them, and determined to go it alone; and as I planned and cogitated, an attack of spring fever came to me, and I resolved to start at once, and if the center of that cyclone could not be quickly crossed I would do as I've had to do in real cyclones, trust to Providence and the impulses and chances of the moment to come out safe on the other side.

Thus I planned: I must be in Potsdam on the evening of the 25th; it is now the 23d. I have six days. I can have a splendid time if I start at once by the sleeper to North Creek, leaving this evening 7:30; turn out at 6 A. M., catch the tally-ho or perhaps a seat on a buckboard if I can't get the top seat with the stage driver, breakfast at North River, if as good as the dinner I got the last time I came out will suit, reach Hollands after a "glorious drive" in time for dinner; then if Henry Taylor has got telegram and is not employed he will be there with his skiff, and we will spend the afternoon of the 24th rowing down to the Raquette; and there's many a deep hole in the big lakes, and spring hole in Eagle and Utawanna, and the river that I, and many more that Taylor knows; and the chances are that when we pull out at Ned Bennett's, Under the Hemlocks, we will have a few—not many—good-sized trout, and the certainties are that I shall have greatly enjoyed the exercise of casting for them. Even if our basket is bare (and I can hardly believe that the rapids around Bassett's Carry will fail me altogether) Bennett's larder seldom is, and I am reasonably sure of a supper of good trout well cooked.

Then for a loaf and smoke on the pleasant front piazza, a comfortable night's rest, and an early morning start on the 25th for Forked Lake. We will dine at Fletcher's, and if he gives me a poor dinner it will be his first attempt in that line; then down the lake to the carry to Raquette River; and I'll go over again—in memory—an adventure I once upon a time had on that carry, when I encountered a tornado; and that part of it will be pleasant to think of and remember than it was to go through. A whole forest of trees of all sizes standing quietly on their bases has no terrors for me, but when trees of all sizes, from saplings to big ones, begin a skirt dance that soon develops into aerial flights, and rain every drop a bucketful precedes and follows, trees have no charms for me. We will probably have time to get down as far Buttermilk Falls, and even if we stop short there are several No. 1 spring holes; and if he is still living and there, the old fellow who runs the stoneboat carry for skiffs (whose name I forget, but know he was tall, for the trousers his very deaf wife loaned me while she dried my soaked outfit, would button around my neck), will, I feel sure, give us a cot in the attic, and cook my trout for supper and breakfast. And then the

morning will be the seventh day, and I will either rest, go fishing, or more likely start for Tupper's Lake, through it and the other one, and if I can't get through to Paul Smith's for the night I can, I think, to Childwood, on the dear little Massawepie, where, nearly thirty years ago, under the guidance of one of the Gale family, I saw and killed my first and only deer (for I don't like to kill them; I like venison, and I like beer, but I would rather see one else would do the butchering). And whether it be Paul Smith's or Childwood, I shall be sure of a pleasant evening, and will still have Monday and part of Tuesday to "pull and haul on," and the Northern Adirondack Railroad will "do all the rest," with a little help from Rome & Watertown.

Thus, and lots more thus, I planned, and the whole journey seemed as easy as an ordinary one.

I made up my mind on the jump; confided to my wife's care and trunk such of my costume as would be needed at the wedding, to which she too was going, but by the ordinary route; got my gripsack packed, and at about 6 P. M. demanded of the Delaware & Hudson R. R. ticket agent, "A ticket and berth to North Creek, by 7:30 train."

He looked at me a moment in a way which coupled with what he said, displeased me, "There's no such train."

"But there is, I have been over the route before."

"Yes, that may be; lots of people went over it last year." And he handed me a time table to confirm his statement, and pointed out that I couldn't start until 11:59 P. M., which to me meant that of my seven days' leave of absence, I could use but one minute of one of them.

I retired to a corner with the time table, a disgusted man; and my disgust was not reduced when I found that at the very best I could not help being just one day behindhand on all of my itinerary. I could loaf away the evening till midnight—and I had seen "Wang" and all the other shows worth seeing; I could turn out at Albany 6 something A. M.; leave Saratoga at 10, and by good luck reach Hollands just about the time I had hoped and expected to reach Bennett's; and not an inch of boating nor a minute's fishing. Not a trout! It was "tolerable and not to be endured."

Another idea came to me. As my supposed thorough knowledge of the entire woods to the westward of the Adirondack Railroad had proved a dead failure, I began to think that I didn't know anything about it, and made up my mind to learn something. And to do that I would explore new fields, and this is the trip which in mind I substituted: Go to Schroon Lake instead; trust then to some one who knows something (I was sure I could get to Schroon Lake alone), and find a way to get over to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. road, to strike it if possible at Baldwin; thence by boat or train, whichever seemed most feasible, and spend the night and next day at Ausable Chasm; then from Port Kent by rail or boat, according to which I didn't take before to Plattsburgh. Then by the Chateaugay road, a novel woods trip into the heart of the grand old Adirondacks, enjoying every mile of the journey to Paul Smith's and onward. This plan, with some modifications, I carried out; but the "grand old Adirondacks" which that little narrow-gauge took me through gave me the blues from the start. For miles and miles we went through and by acres of stump-covered rocks, covered with an inch or so of soil; millions of boulders, piles of iron ore, and worst of all, flock after flock of beehive-like structures, surrounded by thousands of cords of timber to be transformed to charcoal. It was a dismal ride; and the clearings of years ago as we neared Paul Smith's were like jewels in an ugly setting. If Dante had met me that day and asked my opinion as to a good model for his road to the Inferno, I think I should have recommended a trip over the Chateaugay.

I reached Albany, Saratoga and Riverside at appointed times, 6 A. M., 7:30 A. M. and noon. Staged it to Pottersville, 8 miles, where a very poor dinner did not cheer me up much; then came a pleasant trip up the lake in the little steamer Effingham, which I enjoyed until at one of the hotel landings a large party of people with hook noses swarmed aboard, and got my campstool and my place in the bow, for as they didn't seem congenial I moved aft. I was drifting and not perfectly sure where I should be to-morrow; but as we drew up for one of the hotels, the Grove Point House, I admired its location and pleasant surroundings, and went to it, intending to go on to-morrow—this was on Friday. Monday morning found me still there, and I would not have left then but my time was growing short. I liked my room, which was well furnished, with a comfortable bed; the view from my window of the mountain across the lake, the table, the attention, the service, the class of guests I found, and in short, the whole surroundings.

On Saturday I took a trip to the village, a mile distant, in the Effingham, the fare from this hotel being simply "Thank you." In the afternoon I rowed on the lake and fished, catching numerous fair-sized perch and a couple of black bass. On Sunday I went to church, this time tramping with a party, and each evening, for it had grown cold by nightfall, we assembled in the spacious parlor, where a bright wood fire made cheerfulness, and were entertained with delightful vocal music by a gentleman and wife and two young ladies from Albany, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin and the Misses Gilligan and Malone, and the rendering on Sunday evening of "Gloria in excelsis," by one of the young ladies, was superb. On Saturday evening there was a little dance as well, for *Mirabile dictu!* there were more young men than women at this favored resort, and all of them apparently good fellows. They were members of a New Jersey Athletic Club, who take their vacation here. Youth so far favored those young men that they got as much fun out of catching a big string of perch, as I used to before trout cut them out.

The only drawback to pleasure was sympathy with the landlord, who although far better off than those of most of the others on the lake, was suffering from empty rooms. He had about forty guests; can take care of about three times as many; but every hotel on the lake was similarly afflicted, and all but one, I was told, were worse off; and the fact that the seaside resorts and nearly all of the watering places have this season been comparatively empty don't help any. Even at Paul Smith's there were lots of rooms vacant. We talked this over on the piazzas. All agreed that the abnormally cool summer was principally at fault, but there were those who sought to find special causes; I for one. Some damned the McKinley bill, others the New York Central Railroad, which it was claimed was, by making access by

its own roads easy and by others hard, very much hurting this part of the Adirondacks.

To me another reason presented itself. The hotels in the Adirondacks are no longer in the woods. There are no woods where there are railroads a year old. We have stumps and dead trees in lieu of forest; hotels with electric lights and Chicago beef in lieu of hunters' camps and venison; steamboats and railroads in lieu of skiffs and buckboards; pickerel and perch instead of trout and salmon trout; conventionalities in place of freedom from outside contact and influences. The charm has departed. To those of us who contrast from our own experience the woods of thirty years ago and their resources with those of to-day, this is plain; but for those who are just beginning, let them spend a day roaming around in the deep sand at Paul Smith's, noting down the comforts and luxuries of the city which are at their disposal, then jump into a skiff and row up through Spitfire into the Upper St. Regis, and see the difference. The fortunate ones who have camps there are really in the woods. As the season is but six weeks long, the improvements are making poor men of the landlords.

The proprietor of the Grove Point very wisely utilizes his winters, the last one in keeping a hotel in Florida; and this winter he and many of his steady guests are interested in a hunters' camp and family hotel which he is to keep on the sea coast of South Carolina, where there will be no end of quail and bay bird shooting, and "all the comforts of home." He intends, I believe, to transport all of his Adirondack staff, and I with lots of his guests have promised to come to him. Just when and where this Mecca is to be I have yet to learn. If he keeps his promise to advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM I will try to go to his place.

On Monday evening, when the concert was over, all of my newly made friends bade me good-bye, for I was to start early. I had found that I could take a stage from Schroon to Iron Mountain, then by the Iron Mountain Railroad reach Crown Point at 11:15, but examination of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company time tables showed that this was about half an hour too late to catch the train for Plattsburgh, and I was compelled to hire a private conveyance for a 25-mile drive. The livery man offered to drive me over for \$8, but Mr. Mackenzie, my landlord, secured me a good horse and buggy for half the money, and at 6 A. M., after an excellent breakfast, I was off. If anybody wants to buy a good-looking horse that can take two men over a woods road twenty-five miles in three hours and a half they had better communicate with Mr. Cornell, the shoemaker, of Schroon, who starting (to be accurate) at 5:50 A. M. from Grove Point, landed me at 9:18 at the Crown Point depot, after a twenty-five miles drive in three hours and twenty-eight minutes, with more go left in the horse than he appeared to have had when we started, and not a hair turned. In one respect it is not to be wondered at, the morning was simply perfect, a good rain the night before had hardened the roads and the drive was an episode, taking in as it did some pretty water and landscapes, Paradox Lake and Iron Mountain. But although I enjoyed the drive, it nevertheless seemed strange with a railroad not overworked running right to the Crown Point depot, or near it, that it was not so arranged that tourists could use it. Is this also a little squeeze to help boom the late Rome & Watertown, now New York Central?

At Plattsburgh I took the Chateaugay Road, and I have already described how my anticipations of pleasure were thwarted. Of course there is more sentiment than sense in my views. The people have got to have lumber and iron and charcoal; and undoubtedly the material prosperity of the country is greatly increased by this road, for on it there are a number of apparently thriving, prosperous settlements started and lots of business is being done, but what the settlers will do when the timber gives out I cannot see. A bushel an acre would be a large crop to expect from some of the land.

Of course I enjoyed the little time I had at Paul Smith's, principally though because I spent much of it on the bosom of Upper St. Regis Lake. On Tuesday I took the stage to Paul Smith station and reached Potsdam that evening by 8 o'clock; from there to New York by Rome & Watertown and New York Central. So I made my woods trip—circumnavigated the Adirondacks and went to the wedding. PISECO.

TWO WEEKS AT SPRUCE LAKE.

OUR party numbered four, all under twenty years of age, namely, Shonk, Zack, Steen and the writer, whom the boys had nicknamed "Kansas Jake" on a former trip, which name stuck by me (don't infer that we are dime novel fiends) because I greatly resembled a party who played that character in the "Bandit King" a well known border drama. The name was afterward modified to plain "Kansas." This was our fourth annual camping trip.

For this trip we had been collecting duffle for months; every day added some little trinket to our vast collection until we had collected 316lbs. of luggage besides our guns, rods, etc., which we expected to tote twelve miles into the woods. We did not have the pleasure of reading "Nessmuk's" "Woodcraft" until after we came home from this trip. Had we read it before we would have saved a great deal of fun at our expense. After weeks of waiting Aug. 15 came at last, and on that day we arrived at Abraham's hotel, at the head of Piseco Lake. Aug. 16, we rose at 5:15 A. M. to find it raining hard. This was a damper, for we were anxious to be on the twelve-mile walk to our camping quarters. It stopped raining at about 9 A. M. We had to walk about half a mile from the hotel to meet Ceylon Clark, our guide. We had divided our 316lbs. of duffle as equally as possible. This with our guns made quite a load. When Clark saw our duffle he gave us a big laugh and said that we did not need one-half of it. We immediately sorted out what we could really need in the woods. He told us that we could get a fellow who owned a pack horse who would take the balance of our luggage in for \$8. This we gladly assented to, for we had enough of it at the half-mile pole. Here we were introduced to a gentleman from Franklinville, N. Y., who had spent several vacations with our guide, and if we did not object, he would like to go in the woods with us for a few days. We had no objections, as he looked and proved to be a jolly good fellow, although he was twenty years our senior.

We set out for Spruce at 11:20 A. M. The trip through

the woods was a hard one, but we pressed on, knowing that we would be repaid for our labor. Clark said that we were taking a very moderate gain. I concluded that if he called our present rate of speed moderate, he could count me out on anything faster at the quarter pole. Every mile that we left behind us we would thank Clark that he had not let us carry that duffle. Any one who has followed an Adirondack trail knows how grateful we felt toward him for relieving us of 79lbs. of luggage. At 3:45 P. M. the blue waters of Spruce Lake shone through the trees, and in five minutes we were executing a waltz around Clark's well-built log cabin, where we were to make our headquarters. We next inspected the interior of the cabin, and were surprised to find that Clark had a good wood cook stove and kitchen outfit in his mountain retreat. He informed us that he had brought the stove in the woods by piece meal on horseback. We found sleeping accommodations for eight people, consisting of four double berths, arranged two on each side of the cabin. The bedding was composed of woolen blankets, deer skins and balsam boughs. In about one hour after our arrival at the camp Clark called us to a very tempting meal.

Aug. 17.—It rained nearly all day, and our time was spent in swapping stories, reading and playing seven-up around Clark's stove, for it was damp and cold.

Aug. 18.—The morning dawned bright and clear, and Clark, Steen and I went down the outlet of Spruce Lake to try our luck at trout fishing. Our knowledge of trout fishing was very limited, while Clark is an expert with the fly-rod. Steen and I had a full line of flies, leaders, etc., when we started out, but when we returned we did not have half of our fine collection left. The flies had flown heavenward and lit on the boughs of the numerous trees that infested the banks of the brook. Clark and Steen were on the lead fishing down the stream, while I must have been a quarter of a mile in the rear when they began calling for me to come up to them. I started up, but had not gone far when I slipped on a large flat rock and fell head first in the water. I managed to get out without a dry stitch on me. I heard the boys calling me again, and made another start; had not gone 50ft. when I repeated my previous performance, this time breaking my rod near the butt. I picked myself up and sat down, and soliloquized as follows: And this is the trout fishing that I have heard so much about. Here I am, a poor, miserable wretch, soaking wet, with no companion to share my misery. Hearing the boys calling, I once more started down the center of the stream, for the center of the stream was the easiest place to walk, for on either bank the alders were so thick that it was almost impassable. When I finally came up to the party I presented a pitiable appearance. The only consolation that I got was, "that I ought to have had my bathing suit along."

We took an inventory and found that our combined catch amounted to eighty-six fine trout. Clark caught the largest fish which weighed 2½lbs. We took a trail for camp; on our way we saw one of Clark's bear traps with the decomposed remains of a black bear in it. Clark did not go to the trap until the bear was badly decomposed, therefore the hide was no good to him. Steen got one of his claws. We reached camp in about one hour. I was surprised to find that my clothes were nearly dry. Zack, Shonk and Case (the gentlemen who came in with us for a few days) returned from a fruitless trolling expedition.

Aug. 19.—The day being Sunday we were not very active. We took a sail on the lake. Steen saw something moving on shore, and when we got within about 25 rods he shot and killed it. It proved to be a large hedge hog. We all went picking red raspberries and got three quarts of that luscious fruit. At noon Mr. Case took his departure for home; we were all very sorry to see him go, for we found him a most agreeable gentleman.

Aug. 20.—Zack, Shonk and Clark went fishing for trout on the Jessup's River. They returned about noon with 107 fine fish, Shonk taking the lead with a 2½-pounder. While the trio were fishing, Steen and the writer were trying our .44-cal. rifles on the spry little red squirrel, which animal is found in great numbers here. Our rifles were too large for these small creatures, if we had a .22 Winchester we could have killed scores of them. We saw deer paths a foot wide, and signs as if the woods were full of deer.

After supper Clark told us to draw cuts to see who should go with him and float for deer. Steen drew the lucky stick, and at 9 P. M. he and Clark started out for the upper end of the lake, where the deer came in to feed on the lily pads. We waited in breathless suspense for the report of a gun. At last, about 10 P. M., the welcome sound came thundering across the lake. We were all excitement, and were hoping and praying that Steen had not got that terrible disease known to hunters as buck fever. The minutes seemed as if they were hours. At last we were relieved from our suspense, when Clark and Steen arrived at the landing with a big buck. Cheer after cheer rent the air as we crowded around Steen and shook his hand nearly off. We then inaugurated a green corn dance around the poor unfortunate buck. It was after 2 A. M. when we concluded our festivities.

Aug. 21.—We arose at 6 A. M. with our mouths all ready for one of those juicy venison steaks that we had read so much about. We found that Clark could cook venison as well as he could trout. We now had fish and venison on hand in great abundance, but the groceries were running low from the constant inroads made by the voracious gang. This necessitated Clark's going to Piseco for a new supply. He left us after cooking us a good dinner, to cook for ourselves. When supper time came Steen volunteered to act as *chef de cuisine*. He prepared us a supper equal to the best; but as a breakfast cook he was a dismal failure. His coffee was a villainous concoction, black as ink, and his potatoes would have tried the patience of Job.

Aug. 22.—We arose to find it raining, and it continued to drizzle nearly all day. Clark arrived in camp at noon with a large supply of groceries. In the afternoon Shonk, Clark and I went down the outlet of Spruce Lake for brook trout, in the rain. We returned with 75 fine trout, Clark taking the largest fish which weighed 1½lbs. Shonk duplicated my former performance by falling in the water and getting very wet.

Aug. 23.—Zack and I went trolling for lake trout, but did not catch any. Shonk shot and badly wounded a mudhen, and by hard work managed to catch her. It was great sport for us to see Shonk chase the poor hen; he hit her the first shot, but it took three shots more before he got

her, and then he caught her. Shonk insisted on having the hen cooked, and his wishes were complied with. The meat looked as if it was good, but Shonk could not go it.

Shortly after dinner two hunters who had been camping on West Canada Creek arrived in camp. They were hungry, so Clark cooked them some dinner; he also brought out the remainder of the mudhen which was left over from dinner. They devoured the mudhen with great relish, though one of the hunters said that the partridge was quite tough.

Aug. 24.—Zack and Shonk arose at 4 A. M. and went out on the lake to try their luck at trolling for lake trout. They had got about one mile from camp up the lake, when they saw something black moving in the center of the lake. They rowed as quietly as possible and soon saw that it was a large buck. As luck would have it Zack had his shotgun along, loaded with buckshot. They rowed for the buck, which was making for the shore. When the deer struck the bottom he started at a furious pace for the woods. Zack gave him one barrel of his gun and knocked him down. Shonk got out his big knife that he bought for such occasions, saying that if he could not shoot a deer he would cut one's throat. We were aroused at camp from our slumbers by the loud cries of Shonk and Zack and the reports of Zack's gun and Shonk's revolver. We got up and dressed as soon as possible and started up the lake to find out the meaning of so much noise. When we came in sight of them we saw Shonk and Zack embracing each other in great shape. We reached the boat in a few minutes and were overjoyed to see a large buck lying in the bottom of the boat. Clark said that it would weigh over 200lbs. Clark, Steen and Shonk went fishing for trout on the Jessup's River and returned at noon with forty-six fine trout. Clark said that as long as we had so much venison on hand we would not hunt deer until we had eaten up what we had, as he did not believe in wastefully slaughtering game, and we agreed with him.

Shortly after dinner a fellow with his pack horse arrived in camp with two hunters and their baggage. They were going to the big Stillwater on the West Canada Creek for a week. When the pack horse arrived in camp we saw a chance to get rid of some of our surplus venison. We sent half of the buck that we killed in the morning to a friend of Clark's who kept a hotel; he would have sent it to our friends at home, but the railroad would not carry it unless one of us accompanied.

About 7 P. M. four chumps arrived at camp, without any guide. They acted as if they intended to stay and made themselves at home. Clark had guided one of the party in former years. They were very tired and hungry from their twelve-mile tramp. Clark got supper for them. We played the good Samaritan and cut balsam boughs for their beds. When we demanded an explanation as to what they expected to do in the woods without a guide, they said that they were informed by the hotel keeper at Piseco that we were coming out on the morrow (which was not so). We informed them that Clark was under pay for five days yet, and we expected to stay our time out. They were very sorry that they had intruded on us. Clark was compelled to vacate his berth and sleep on the floor, which he did very gracefully.

Aug. 25.—The clergy arose at an early hour and went out trolling for trout. After breakfast we conferred with the clergy. They said that they did not want to intrude on us, but as they had walked twelve miles to get in the woods they did not want to face that twelve-mile trail so soon. We also thought it was pretty hard for them to take the back trail without catching a fish or getting a shot at a deer, all because of a misunderstanding. Of course they could stay at Spruce Lake as long as they wished, as the woods are free to all in this country, but the boats and cook are not. We proposed that Clark should bake up a batch of bread for them and leave them to shift for themselves at the cabin, while we concluded to go to the West Canada Creek, to a camp on the Little Stillwater. This camp belongs to the Barkers, who keep a sportsman's resort at Jock's Lake. Clark said the camp would probably be unoccupied, but if it was not we would build a shanty.

We got started at 2 P. M., and after a hard walk reached the camp at 4 P. M. We were happy to find it unoccupied. We all went fishing, while Clark was busy getting supper. We returned in about an hour; our combined catch numbered forty-three good trout and about 10,000 chubs, the still water seems alive with these pests. After supper Clark told me to get my nerves steady for it was my turn to float for deer. At 9 P. M. we started out. I sat in the bow of the boat, while Clark sat in the stern paddling. Not a ripple could be heard as we glided over the smooth surface of the still water. We had not gone far when we could hear a splashing in the water, which Clark said was made by a deer. I could feel something creeping up my spine. I forced it back, for I knew it would lead to "buck fever." As he kept drawing nearer and nearer I could hear my heart beat, and was afraid that the deer would hear it also. As we rounded a bend in the stream, about four rods off stood a young deer. I gave him a charge in the side, near the shoulder, he ran out of the water, but Clark said he was a dead deer. We went to the spot where he went out of the water, here we found blood in large quantities. Clark said he was lying down a short distance away, as he could hear him moving. We kept quiet for about half an hour, then we took up the trail of blood and found the deer about six rods from the shore, stone dead. I was surprised to find him so small. I thought he was as big as a horse when I saw him in the water. Clark said that he would weigh about 140lbs. I was somewhat chagrined to find that I had killed the smallest deer that had been killed (for I was the largest of the party).

Aug. 26.—We were aroused from our slumbers early this morning by Shonk, who came running into the shanty saying that he had seen some wild pigeons down by the creek; he caught up a gun and ran out, shot two shots in rapid succession. He came in again all excited and said, "Give me another gun, quick. There are two more left yet."

"Here," Clark said, "let me go with you and see if you haven't been shooting little Molly birds instead of pigeons." They went out, and as we did not hear the report of Shonk's gun we concluded that it was a bad case of pigeon fever. In a few minutes Clark returned with a broad grin on his countenance. It proved as Clark had said, the pigeons turned out to be Molly birds. After breakfast Zack and Clark went out on some woodcock grounds to try their luck with a dog, while Shonk, Steen

and the writer went down the West Canada Creek to try luck at fishing. Shonk was in the lead, fishing down the stream about 10 rods from the writer, while Steen was the same distance behind me, when suddenly I heard a loud shout from Shonk. We knew that something important had happened by the noise he made. Steen and I hurried forward and found Shonk had hooked a large trout; he was giving Shonk and his 8oz. fly-rod a severe test. Shonk reeled him up within 10ft. of the shore several times, each time he would make a rush taking the line off the reel with a vengeance. Steen got so excited that he commenced to undress, and was going into the water to catch the fish with his hands, but Shonk said to let the fish alone, that if he could not save him with the rod he would let him get away. Shonk succeeded in landing the trout in a few minutes; he weighed 3½ lbs. live weight. As the fish did not take to the fly we returned to camp. Our combined catch numbered eighteen fish. Zack and Clark returned at 2 P. M. with five game birds that they called woodcock.

After dinner Clark informed us that we had better make tracks for the camp at Spruce Lake, as we had devoured our supply of sugar, butter and coffee, and all we had for breakfast was half of a loaf of bread, venison and trout. We held a council of war, and concluded that we would stay over night and give Shonk a chance to float for deer (for he had not shot any) that night, and dine on bread, water and venison for breakfast. Shonk and Clark floated for deer and scared four out of the water, but did not get a shot.

Aug. 27.—After breakfast we broke camp, and after a hard walk of two hours we reached our headquarters at Spruce Lake. We found our friends the clergy still at the lake in good health and spirits. We passed the balance of the day in picking berries and reading. In the evening Shonk and Clark started out to float for deer, but found the lake too rough for paddling, so they had to abandon their expedition.

Aug. 28.—As we were going out of the woods on the morrow, we were very anxious to get a deer to take home with us. Shonk and Zack said that they could follow the trail to West Canada Creek, and they would go and float for deer on the still water, while Clark, Steen and I would go to Ottar Lake, which was about three miles up in the mountains from Spruce Lake. We all got off at 9 A. M. After two hours of hard tramping we reached Ottar Lake. The trail to this lake is marked by blazed trees, and is very hard one to follow. We found Clark's boat in good shape. Clark and Steen went out and fished with the fly for about an hour; they returned with 28 fine brook trout, which Clark cooked by stringing them on a little birch stick and placing it across two crocheted sticks before a bed of coals. After they were roasted he spread a little butter on them.

About 10 P. M. Clark and I went out on the lake and fished with a fly and caught forty-three trout, the largest weighing 2½ lbs., which Clark caught.

Aug. 29.—After breakfast we broke camp and started for Spruce Lake once more, where we arrived after a hard walk of two hours' duration.

The boys came in without any deer, but they had nine brook trout that would weigh on an average 1½ lb. each. They reported that last night they scared three deer out of the water, but did not get a shot at any of them.

We at once began packing our duffle to go out of the woods in the afternoon. Just before dinner time our man arrived in camp with his pack-horse to take out our luggage. Being very tired after our hard day's walk we retired early at Abraham's. After a very delightful drive the next day we arrived at Northville just in time to catch the train, and 3:30 P. M. found us at home, all very much benefited by the trip. A word about our guide, Ceylon Clark, will not be out of place here. Besides being an intelligent and painstaking guide, Clark is a first-class cook. He was always ready to please, and not a lazy hair graces his head.

KANSAS.

AMSTERDAM, New York.

THE UPPER ADIRONDACKS IN '56.

"GOD bless the old Adirondacks!" spoke Uncle Isaac, as he glanced at FOREST AND STREAM and noted there was to be an "Adirondack Number." "Tell them how I spent several weeks out there in the woods in '56 along the stream and floating on those beautiful lakes, and saw during that time no face of a white man, save that of my guide or perhaps my own reflected back from the quiet depths of some of the pure waters," he said.

I arrived at Dannemora on June 21. My old friend seized my baggage and sent it to his house and then gave me my choice to follow it or quarrel with him. We had been friends too long to quarrel, so I followed my trunk and made my headquarters with him.

The next morning I struck into the woods after having procured a guide who was perfectly familiar with all the wild region which I proposed to visit and who carried a large pack of provisions and other things necessary for our tramp in the woods.

We arrived at the Chazy after about three hours. It is a beautiful sheet of water, five miles in length by one or more in breadth. Above it to the south and east tower lofty mountains covered with gigantic timber, while to the west and north the old forest stretches away in all its primeval grandeur.

Here first I cast my fly to tempt the silvery denizen of the lake; here I watched him as it skimmed like a living insect along the surface, dart from his hiding place and rush upon the tempting but deceitful morsel, and laughingly observed his astonishment when he found the hook was in his jaw. Then followed break and turn, flash and dive, give and take as the slender rod bent "like a reed shaken by the wind," in his noble efforts to free himself; and then yielding sulkily, at last succumbing to the skill carefully pitted against his strength, he is reeled to the hand net and deposited in the basket, true spoil of the good right arm.

From Chazy to Bradley's Pond, some five miles deeper in the woods directly in our course to the Upper Chateaugay, we found the well beaten paths of deer, and leaving Bradley's we followed the outlet, which was very crooked in its course, and trout were to be had for the catching.

Resting at the Upper Lake that night, I started next morning for Ragged Lake, some ten miles deeper in the wilderness. Ten miles in the forest of a hot June day with a rifle, rod and basket, is a journey which must not be lightly considered. Yet when this most magnificent lake was reached I could but feel amply repaid for the

weary jaunt. Having rigged my rod and line I stepped carefully to the margin of the lake, overshadowed at this point by a huge jutting boulder, and threw my fly. It had scarcely touched the water when it was seized by a speckled trout weighing perhaps a quarter of a pound. I caught five or six more as fast as I could throw the fly, and could have caught any quantity; but we needed only enough for dinner and I forebore. When skillfully broiled by the guide I found that no keener relish was necessary than the ravenous appetite afforded by the long tramp to their immediate consumption.

Ragged Lake's waters swarmed with trout, and we rested by its shore for two nights. Here we found the deer, too, more numerous than we had seen them before. Long before the night shadows had gathered around us we saw them stealing out from the thickets that skirted the lake. They would walk stealthily and warily into the water, and after stooping their graceful necks to drink would swim away as if to indulge in a cooling bath to saturate their red coats, then return and feed quietly by the shore, secure alike from the annoyance of insects and the heat of a summer sun. In the night we went out among them with a light in the bow of our canoe, and the number we frightened into fits was not small. But to our credit be it told we left them unharmed, save by the terrors of our transient presence. We returned to our shanty and fell asleep under the lullaby of nature's midnight serenade.

Next day we coasted the lake to explore its hundred quiet and secluded nooks, and as we lay to under the cool shadow of a huge fir that leaned out from the rocks to rest a while and enjoy the beauty of the scenery around us, we saw a fine deer step into the lake from a point just ahead of us, and after stooping to drink, wade forward and strike out apparently for the opposite shore. We waited until he had got so far from the shore that we could cut him off, and then put out in chase. The lake was calm as a mirror; not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface, save the long wake made by the deer. Hearing the sound of our paddles, he turned his head and discovered us. For a brief moment he appeared to hesitate as to what course to take. He looked first in one direction, then in another, as if to ascertain the surest point of escape. We were now between him and the shore, and with energy born of despair he struck boldly forward. Our craft was as clumsy as a frail, and we gained on him but slowly—still we did gain on him. It was no boy's play to overtake that deer. In the excitement of the race, however, we forgot the labor and burning heat of the sun. Yet we had no thought of taking his life, that we might have easily done, for my loaded rifle lay in the bottom of our little craft. Our object was a trial of speed. A stern chase is said to be a long one, but when about two-thirds of the way across the lake our canoe was at his tail. Had we been less excited it would have seemed cruel to us to witness his fright. He would plunge forward with extraordinary efforts, raising his sleek body half out of the water, and then settle down again desperately to his work. With a look of genuine wildness, and distended nostrils, he struggled forward. Once we shouted a wild hullo as our canoe touched him, and the poor animal, regarding himself as lost, bleated out in the extremity of his terror. Still he pressed nobly forward until his hoofs touched the bottom, then the chase was up. A few desperate leaps brought him to the beach, and he plunged triumphantly into his native wilds. We heard his long bounds and the crashing of the dry brush growing fainter and fainter, until they were lost in the distance and all was still again.

Another night in camp and at early dawn we were off for Indian Lake, another beautiful sheet of water, about eight miles deeper in the forest. Here we constructed a raft, and remained for two days fishing for the lake trout which were to be caught in abundance; in fact, neither here nor at Ragged Lake was I able to discover any other species of fish than trout. On the morning of the second day we started almost directly west, designing to reach Meacham's Lake and the Saranacs later. Our dinner was composed of some beautiful brook trout and two partridges shot by the guide about noon, interspersed with sundry provisions from the pack of the guide.

A weary jaunt, indeed, yet one to be long remembered from the many new objects of interest observed on every hand. The day had been exceedingly sultry, and a bank of dense dark clouds rested on the western horizon, behind which the sun was fast sinking. My guide soon peeled from the trees around us a quantity of bark sufficient to completely cover the roof of the shanty, and we procured an elegant bed of green boughs.

After our supper of trout, rabbit and partridge, we stretched ourselves before the fire in the full enjoyment of our pipes, listening to those sounds peculiar to the deep, primeval forest, in the still night air, just before the storm. Here an owl solemnly hooted in answer to a neighbor across the lake, the tree toad piped his mournful trill, and the darkness became profound. About 10 o'clock the bank of clouds from the west had overspread the heavens. The lightning began to play most vividly, illuminating both forest and lake for an instant with perfect distinctness, and then leaving all in obscurity, impenetrable as Egyptian darkness. The deep voice of the thunder growled and rumbled like an earthquake in the distance. A low, mysterious moaning was heard in the forest around us, such as always precedes a storm, as if the old forest trees were whispering of the danger that was approaching.

Louder and louder grew the voice of the thunder. The lightning flashed and played along the surface of the lake, almost in a continuous blaze. Anon the pattering of the big drops of rain upon the forest leaves and upon the surface of the water was heard, and in a few minutes the storm was upon us. The rain poured in torrents, the lightning flashed around us, while the booming thunder echoed and reverberated through the mountains, sublime yet awful in its detonations. We were securely sheltered, and there was indeed a sublimity in the warring elements around us. In an hour the storm moved on. Its roar receded into silence. The stars peeked out again in their brightness and the night voices were again lifted up, as if rejoicing that the tempest had passed away. That following morning was the most beautiful that I ever witnessed—so clear, so cool and bright, and such freshness upon all things around us. The trees wore a brighter, greener mantle, the little forest flowers a richer hue. The birds sang more joyously, and the deep voice of the frog had a note of gaiety in it that it did not possess before. The lake was perfectly calm, not a ripple disturbed its

waters, save where a trout leaped above the surface. It was a glorious sight, the rising of the sun that morning; to see him gilding with his beams the tops of the mountains, while in the valley, where that lake lay sleeping, the grayness of twilight still lingered; to see the light chasing the shadows down the sides of the mountains; the rays, first resting on the tops of the tall forest trees, and then peering through the opening among the foliage, throwing bright spots upon the surface of the water, and then, as he rose above the grand old pines, giving his beams wantonly on the still bosom of the lake.

Many were the happy hours I spent while taking that trip, listening to the yarns of my old guide, who had, since early childhood, been a frequenter of these scenes. He was a man in every tissue and fiber of his brawny frame.

BYRON.

ADIRONDACK HOSPITALITY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

TWENTY-THREE years ago this summer, when I was a boy of seventeen, with three companions and no guide I essayed to "do" the Adirondacks for the period of three weeks.

We were not novices at camping, but woods life in the wilderness we found to differ decidedly from what it was within reach of some farmer friend's house, and after two weeks' experience we were reduced to a fare of hard tack and coffee, the latter with sugar but without cream or milk of any kind, and such fish or game as we were able to capture.

While the deer were thick about us and the larger game was present by "sign," often near our camp, we, having no knowledge whatever of hunting in the timber, were able to add fish only to our bill of fare, and the monotony of the table was beginning to pall upon our young palates, when one day, for the first time in a week that we had seen a strange face, we enjoyed a call from Jack Sheppard, then and now a noted guide in the Fulton Chain region, who came to ask for his camp, situated some distance from us on Lake No. 4, the loan of some coffee, offering to exchange tea for it or in fact anything else in the way of edibles.

We were well supplied with coffee, having more than enough to serve three times a day should we have remained for two weeks more, and, therefore, were able to accommodate him; but we did not care for tea in return, and told him so, at the same time setting forth our empty larder in all its bareness, and asking if we could get anything in the way of meat or vegetables at his camp, which we stood greatly in need of.

Sheppard was unable to tell us what his party could do, but promised to return during the day and let us know.

And he was as good as his word, for a little before night he appeared with both meat and potatoes, and better still, an invitation from his party to dine with them next day.

Time was of little account to us the next morning, and long before the hour named we appeared at the hospitable camp of the gentlemen whom Sheppard was with, who proved to be two Ithaca men, whose names I have unfortunately forgotten in the lapse of years. We were as pleasantly received as if old friends, and shortly asked to the table.

And such a table! Remember that we had been living alone for more than two weeks, more than half of the time upon hard tack and coffee, with occasional fish as our diet, and that none of us were cooks or had had much experience in that line, then you will understand what this dinner was to us. It ran as follows, and I remember it as if it were served me but yesterday: Soup—Frog's legs with potatoes as the vegetables. Meats—Venison, roast, with apple jelly and sherry. Fish—Lake trout, stuffed and baked, with butter dressing. Sweet and Irish potatoes, baked; fresh biscuit, pickles and olives, canned green corn, tomatoes and peas, with as good butter as I ever ate. Fresh huckleberry pie, and then coffee, crackers and Rochefort cheese, and lastly, Havana cigars and a bottle of port.

Perhaps the wine was not the best after dinner wine, but I promise you that we did it justice just the same, and that was the dinner in the heart of the "big woods" that we enjoyed almost a quarter of a century ago at the hands of gentlemen who were to us, as we to them, perfect strangers.

I have visited the Adirondacks many times since then, and have been "used white" by scores of campers, but I doubt if I ever received such open-handed hospitality as on that August day three and twenty years ago. H.

Natural History.

THE MANTIS SHRIMP.

WE note in a recent issue of the Waterbury (Conn.) *American* that "T. Fitzpatrick caught a peculiar 'fish' in Little Brook, back of his place, some time ago. It is now on exhibition and attracts a great deal of attention. The fish has a back shell, eyes, tail and two claws like a lobster, only that the shell is softer; its color is white; it is about 6 in. in length and 1½ in. thick; it has three legs on each side of its body about in the center; three-quarters of the under side of the creature is covered with a thick growth which looks like feathers, and, in fact, it is a curiosity. Hundreds of people have seen it and hundreds will see it, but no one has told Mr. Fitzpatrick what kind of a fish he has caught, and he is of the opinion that no one will do so."

If Mr. Fitzpatrick and the hundreds of visitors who have seen his "fish" will examine plate 274 of the "Fisheries and Fishery Industries," U. S., Section I, they will probably agree with us that the curious animal above described is a mantis shrimp, or sea shrimp, a burrowing crustacean about whose habits little is known. A related species in Europe is highly prized for food and the American forms might be utilized in the same way. The growths on the belly resembling feathers are merely the swimmerets similar to those found on the lobster.

POISONING FROM SHARK'S TOOTH.—Mr. S. F. Denton, the well-known artist, who is making the flexible casts of fishes, reptiles, etc., for the Fish Commission exhibit at the World's Fair, pricked his thumb and finger with the teeth of a shark which he was preparing and was obliged to suspend work entirely for several days.—B.

THE WOODCOCK'S TWITTER AGAIN.—There is no doubt that the general impression is that the woodcock, as it rises in flight, produces its whistle by the motion of its wings, especially as the sound appears not to be of a vocal character. But I have asked myself the question, if the noise was caused by the wings, why the bird sometimes takes to flight in perfect silence? Upon the authority of Mr. John S. Chilton, of Spring Hill, W. Va., I am more than ever convinced that the whistle is entirely vocal. Mr. C. was a strong advocate of the wing-sound opinion, and did not agree with the views of Mr. Trumbull until one day, as his dog was attempting to retrieve a bird, he heard the exact sound as it was jumping about that it makes while flying. He thinks this test conclusive. Some one, however, may say that the wings being more or less in motion while the bird was hopping, makes the opinion that the sound is vocal still questionable. I think not, however.—N. D. ELTING.

KILLED BY A DEAD SNAKE.—Florence, S. C., Aug. 12.—I inclose you a clipping from the *News and Courier*, of Charleston, S. C.: "Little Rosanna Lynch, daughter of Mr. John Lynch, was bitten by a piece of snake (a water rattle) on Friday at Little Salem Church, in Florence county. The people in the community were cleaning off the church yards preparatory for a protracted meeting. Mr. Lynch found the snake and cut it in two and threw it out of the way, but unfortunately his little daughter, about 7 years old, accidentally stepped on the head part and was bitten on the foot near the heel and died that night." The sad event occurred in my neighborhood and the account is correct. It might be of interest to some of your readers in showing that a snake cannot be trusted until dead a week at least.—W. M. BROWN.

CARRIER PIGEONS KILLED.—Ponkapog, Mass., Aug. 15.—I saw in your paper a short time ago something concerning carrier pigeons being shot, and caught by cats. The other day a carrier was brought to me that had flown against the telegraph wires. It lived a short time and then my brother skinned and preserved it. Around its leg there was a metal band with the letters and numbers F. C. C. 96. Thinking that the owner would wish to know about his bird I thought the surest way of his doing it would be through the *FOREST AND STREAM*.—J. H. BOWLES. A homing pigeon, apparently young, was found floating in Raritan Bay, Aug. 15, exhausted but alive. On one leg is a metal tag stamped "91, E. C. 884." The owner may have it by applying to Miss Mabel King, Water street, Perth Amboy, N. J.

WOODCHUCKS IN TREES.—Milwaukee.—Yesterday I shot a very large specimen from a young straight tamarack, the diameter about 25ft. up, where the woodcock clung, was hardly 2in. He was evidently driven there by a shepherd dog accompanying me and succeeded in reaching that height by making use of the small regular branches with fore and hindlegs.—H. D.

WHITE MUSKRATS.—Canton, N. Y., Aug. 15.—About white muskrats: Some boys killed one on the Grasse River about four miles above here one day this week. I did not see it, but quite a party of campers did. After all had looked it over they threw it in the river and let it float off. It is the first one I ever knew of in this section.—J. H. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MOOSE, DEER, CARIBOU.

THE new deer law of New Hampshire reads: "Act of March 26, 1891.—SEC. 1. If any person shall at any time, except between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of November, hunt, kill, destroy or capture with dogs any moose, caribou or deer, or between the first day of January and the first day of September in any manner hunt, kill, destroy or capture any moose, caribou or deer, within the limits of this State, he shall be fined fifty dollars for every such animal so hunted, killed, destroyed, or captured, or be imprisoned not exceeding six months, or both. SEC. 2. If any person during the open season of any year shall catch, take, kill or destroy more than one moose, two caribou, or three deer, he shall be punished as provided in section one of this chapter for every moose, caribou or deer destroyed in excess of said number, and if any person shall have in his possession more than the aforesaid number of moose, caribou, or deer, or parts thereof, such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of having unlawfully killed or destroyed the same." The text of the law as above is given in full in the July number of the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A CHICKEN HUNT IN THE NATION.

SEDALIA, Mo., Aug. 18.—A party of six of us left here at 6 o'clock P. M. on the 14th inst. bound for the Indian Territory to have a day's shooting with the prairie chickens of that far-famed country. Our destination was forty-four miles from the Kansas line on the main line of the M. K. & T. railroad, a distance of 270 miles from our starting point. We arrived there at about daybreak the morning of the 14th. As had been prearranged everything was in good shape, and the prospects for an early start were flattering. Breakfast was soon ready, but we got very impatient waiting for the team that was to take us to the hunting grounds. Finally the master of ceremonies was prevailed on to go and hurry up the team. He soon came back with a long face saying, "I have always heard it was no use to try to hurry these natives and I guess it's about right." In about an hour the wagon came; and water, ice, guns, dogs and men were loaded; and we were off to the stubble fields, which were about three miles off.

The day, up to 11 o'clock, was an ideal one; it was cloudy and pleasant, with a southerly wind. We were unloaded about 2½ miles from town, the driver pointing out to us the fields in which we were likely to find chickens. The wagon would have to go several miles around on account of wire fences. He pointed out a house, about 3 miles to the north, where he said he would go and order dinner for us. Everything being understood, we scattered out and started across the prairie. We had four dogs, none of which had ever seen a chicken, but each owner

was backing his dog and was satisfied that his dog would soon make a record for himself when we found the game. We crossed a beautiful creek, and on the north side was a very large field with wheat shocks standing all over it. We took a quarter of a mile of this field and went straight north. Every man kept his eyes on the dogs, expecting every step to see his dog stop staunch and rigid on a covey of young hens. On we went slowly, giving the dogs time; and they hunted beautifully, but when we had gotten to the north end of the field we had not seen a chicken. Here we divided, three going with two dogs to the east, and three with the other two dogs to the west. The writer was with the west crowd. As we started west through some high prairie grass an old cock got up wild and went about 300 yds., and was marked down in some very high grass. We followed him up. The grass was too high for the dogs to work, so we walked on, hoping some of us would start him, and we did. He got up within 20ft. of the writer, and made as much racket and looked as big as an old gobbler. He came down though in response to a load of No. 8s, in 20ft. from where he started. This gave us new hope; and going west on a big ridge along the edge of a cornfield, we found a small bunch and got three more.

The other boys, who had gone east, heard us shooting and came to us. As they got within some hundred yards of us one of our dogs made a beautiful point and was nicely backed by the other. Several chicks got up scattering and we bagged four. An Irish setter in the other party made a fine stand about this time and her owner killed a single. Soon another dog stopped and a single was scored. We hunted on this ridge until eleven o'clock, but failed to find any more birds.

By this time the clouds had disappeared and the sun came down very hot. We then started to the house for dinner. We arrived there to find no one at home, nor was our wagon in sight; but we soon found the well, and the water was fine. In about half an hour our wagon came up and the driver told us we would have to go on about a mile and a half further to get dinner. We arrived at this next place about 12 o'clock, some of us as near dead as alive from the heat. Here we had in a short time a very good dinner, for which we paid 25 cents each. After dinner we started west, and hunted faithfully until night, but only found one more covey of chickens, some of which we killed. Our principal work during the afternoon was in one stubble field of two thousand acres. The owner had threshed about 12,000 bushels of wheat and had about 6,000 more to thresh.

We got back to town about dark with 19 chickens all told. We reached home the next morning at 8 o'clock. Those who are anticipating a trip to shoot chickens in the Nation, I would advise to wait until September or until it gets cooler. Our trip was a failure so far as the hunt was concerned. We found no chickens to speak of. That there are chickens there there can be no doubt, but there is lots of country for them to be in and I dare say that ours is not the only party that will meet with disappointment this year. The country is the most beautiful I have ever seen, and I passed through several fields of corn that were far ahead of anything I ever saw, and it would have been hard for any one to have made me believe that corn could grow so large and fine. There are legions of quail there; we found covey after covey, and none seemed to have less than 40 or 50 birds in them, the most of them well grown. L. S. E.

STILL-HUNTING DEER WITH BIRD DOGS

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"Still-hunting deer with bird dogs," says "H. L." in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the 13th inst., recalls to mind my experience in hunting deer with a bird dog.

Three years ago our party, consisting of Reams, Kizer and Foreman, of Osceola, and Thorn Moore and myself, of this place, arranged for an October hunt in the "Green Woods." The Osceola party was to meet us at our camp. Reams had written us to take along a good hound or two and he would do the same. On the morning that we were to start something turned up that Thorn could not go, leaving me to hunt another companion and also to look after the dogs. Our old standbys, Drum, Dan and Cal, had made their last chase and I must look elsewhere. Sport was a dog owned by a neighbor. He was a cross between a cocker and an English setter and looked just like an overgrown cocker, and his owner said he would hunt anything. I loaded Sport into the wagon, and at 6 o'clock was ready to start to camp. I had no companion and did not care to drive the twenty miles alone. Just across the river I had to pass the house of a neighbor boy, Percy Showers, who was only fifteen years old, but a good all round shot with the shotgun. Percy had never seen a live deer, but I was willing to trust him; so I threw my old Parker and a dozen buck shells into the wagon for Percy and started. My young friend was delighted when his parents told him he might go with me, and away we went.

When we reached camp, Reams first looked at my bird dog and then at Percy, then he said, "Where is Thorn and the hounds? You will play the devil hunting deer with a bird dog and a boy and a shotgun." We did play the devil, as the story will show.

Our first chase was made on Winter's Ridge. Foreman, Percy and myself were placed in line across the ridge covered with very heavy timber, while Reams and Kizer took the two hounds and Sport, our bird dog, to make a drive. The leaves were mostly on the trees, and the wind blew so hard that it was almost impossible to hear the hounds if they should start a deer. The watchers had stood upon the crossings for some two hours, but no chase came. Thinking that no deer would be raised, Percy and Foreman came over to my stand and were discussing the failure of the drivers, when above the noise of the trees and coming down the wind was heard in the distance and very indistinctly the yelping of Sport. Leaving Percy where he stood Foreman and I started to other crossings. We had got but a short distance away when we heard Percy's gun. I turned to see what he had shot at, and had just time to get one shot at a four-pronged buck as he went over some brush and out of sight. I walked over to where the boy stood, and said to him, "I'm sorry now I didn't stay here. I might have had a better shot." Percy said in reply, "I'm sure I hit him, for he just stopped long enough to allow me to get the sights on him, and I put the lead right into his shoulder." I walked over to where I had last seen the deer, followed the trail some 30 yds., and found the buck dead with two

buckshot through his heart, two in his neck and one in his shoulder.

I bled the deer and laid him across a log, and turned to listen for the dogs, when I heard Sport giving tongue for all he was worth. In less time than I can tell it, he came up and took his position by the deer, the proudest dog you ever saw. In a short time the two hounds came up on the trail and attempted to claim the deer; but Sport was master of the situation, for it was his game, and in about one minute he had thrashed both those hounds and had again taken possession of his deer. Sport had raised the deer on the south side of the ridge and without any help whatever from the hounds had driven it to the boy with the shotgun, who did his work like a veteran.

We made many chases with Sport, and he proved himself the equal of any hound as a hunter and a trailer of deer; and I have never heard Reams speak of that meet without praising the bird dog and the boy and his old Parker. FRANK Y. HARRIS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Aug. 17.

A SHORE BIRD INCIDENT.

THERE are some prospects for shooting in Massachusetts when the law is off. The Restocking Committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association have encouraging reports from the quail and prairie chickens they put out last winter and spring. The committee has, in all, over 50 reports, and scarcely one is unfavorable. They have reports of 12 broods of prairie chickens, and all appear to be doing well. There is a complaint from one of the islands stocked that the birds have flown over to the main land, as indeed the committee rather expected they would. The quail appear to have reached a larger size at this time than they had by the middle of September last year. Mr. A. Tompkins, of Waltham, has been "up to camp," eight miles up the Sudbury River, and there in the meadows he saw, the other day, two good broods of quail. The birds were larger than he expected to see and remarkably tame. He got very near them and they did not seem to be alarmed. Residents say that they have been in the meadows all summer. Mr. Tompkins is quite sure that the quail are from the birds that were put out last winter. When any of the old birds are shot it will be known, for the birds that were put out in that section each had a little section of rubber tubing around the leg.

Some of the boys are trying for shore birds, summer yellowlegs, plover, etc., but not yet with very marked success. Two boys from the Chamber of Commerce—they object to the use of their names and may hardly like to be called boys—have been practicing with bird calls and getting decoys ready for some time. Monday morning they were ready. They both live at Beachmont, and down by the shore and across the creeks, a mile or so is a good location for flights of shore birds. They resolved to be there early. There are one or two booths there to shoot from, and the first man to get in has the booth at his command till he chooses to give up shooting. Only one of the booths is of any particular use, for the birds can be called down only to this one. The boys started before daylight, and after some paddling in an old boat with a broomstick and a shingle, and the wading of one or two creeks, they were near to the best booth. They started for it only to see another man a few steps ahead of them making for the same booth. Then began a race for position, but the stranger got the booth just a few feet ahead of the Chamber of Commerce boys. He rushed in with an exultant "Not this time, my hearties!" He had the position, and daylight was just breaking; so the boys were forced to take the upper booth, from which only a few birds have been shot. They began to call, and soon the birds came, but each time to swoop down directly in front of the boys' rival. He got several shots and a number of birds before our friends gave up in disgust, not having got a shot. They started for home and he invited them to come a little earlier another day, and get there in time to get the booth—if they were able. He also thanked them for calling the birds down. The boys say that he is shooting birds for the market, and that one has got to get to the booth pretty early in the morning in order to beat him. SPECIAL.

MICHIGAN DEER RESORTS.

CRYSTAL FALLS, Mich., Aug. 16.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I will give you the best points for deer in this section.

The vicinity of Fortune Lakes stands first. These lakes, three in number, are four miles from town, reached by a good wagon road. Camp grounds are splendid, runways between the lakes. The best place to camp is at the dam at foot of last lake. The hunting is excellent in every direction from this point.

Chicago Lake and the Brulé are next in order. The lake is ten miles from town, is five miles long, and the Brulé is only three miles from the foot of the lake. Splendid camp grounds. Canoes can be rented from the Chippewas for 50 cents to \$1 per day. The best ground is on the south and west side of the lake.

Next is the south side of the Mes-que-cum-e-cum, or Paint River, with headquarters at Camp 4, L. W. & V. S. Co. This camp is eleven miles by "road" from town. I cannot recommend the road to a rheumatic patient. It's rough. Between Camp 4 and the Chicago River there is lots of game.

The Hemlock and Michigamme River districts are good, but are being hunted to death now, so that by Sept. 25 the game will be scared out. The other places named are easily reached and the deer are there.

The livermen will take parties on to any of these grounds with their camp outfits at very reasonable rates, \$5 for the trip at the outside. The best equipped stable for these trips is Hollister & Co.'s; they will meet parties at train on receipt of message at any time. C. & N. W. R. R. is the only line reaching this place. There is a scarcity of guides here; the only ones I think of are Elon and Milan Stowell, Marion Buskirk, H. G. Fribley (lives at Chicago Lake) and Mr. Carr, care of J. E. Bower. These are the only reliable ones unless an Indian will do. The Chippewas live at the lower end of Chicago Lake. I will see these parties at any time and engage them for any persons you may suggest.

I would like to take a couple of hunters out for a week or two myself for sport and not for pay if I could get away. When the season opens I will probably be in the woods near Camp 4. H. H. P

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill. Aug. 21.—Thus far the sportsmen have won victory without a struggle in their restaurant cases. A pretty fight with the Richelieu Hotel was looked for, but was not to be. Manager Bemis went to Mr. Low, prosecuting attorney for these cases, and made some inquiries.

"Mr. Low," said he, "what sort of a case have you got against my hotel? What proof have you, anyhow?"

"Well," said Mr. Low, "two of our folks went to your café, wrote out an order for two prairie chickens, got them, paid for them, and brought away a portion which will be produced in evidence against you. You have no case."

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Bemis, I shouldn't think I had. I don't want to defend any such case as that. I'll pay my fine, and go home and give my steward a— I don't want to sell illegal game."

The poor stewards, how they are catching it these days. Mr. Bemis paid his \$25 and costs, and let us hope he gave his steward the promised article as aforesaid.

Billy Boyle still says he will fight, and we hope he will. His case comes off Monday next.

Last week I spoke of finding illegal game at Rector's restaurant after he had been prosecuted once. Mr. Rector will learn wisdom later on. On Friday last, Aug. 14, Messrs. F. A. Place, T. W. Pattison and C. W. Lapham went to Rector's place and ordered three teal, and got them. Mr. Place asked if they were not afraid to sell this game, and the waiter said his orders were to sell game at any and all seasons. Mr. Place asked him to note that he would prosecute, and made a record of the date and circumstances.

One would think that Mr. Rector would have had better sense than to go ahead after this, but it seems he did not. A week ago I asked Billy Farmer to take a friend and go to Rector's after duck. Yesterday at noon, Aug. 20, Mr. Farmer and Mr. C. W. Ashton went there, and ordered two teal, as per the bill of fare.

"How long will it take?" asked Billy.

"I'll see if we have any duck, first," said the waiter. He returned and said they could get teal, and they did get them. I saw the leg of one of them and no question about it is possible. This would seem to locate about six new cases against Mr. Rector, which at \$32 each would foot up \$192, just what Mr. Kern ought to have paid, and just what Mr. Rector probably will have to pay. One or two fines like that, and a restaurant man is going to learn a whole lot of sense pretty quick, whereas \$25 might not serve that purpose.

These cases have, however, done good unquestionably. Last night, for instance, I found that the Stock Exchange restaurant had taken duck from its bill of fare, and I could not get any. To-day I dropped in at the Lakeside restaurant and asked for teal.

"We haven't got any game," said the waiter. "There's been half a dozen men fined \$25 for selling it lately, and we don't dare sell it."

"Is that so?" said I, "who was it got fined?"

"Oh, Bemis, and Kinsley and a whole lot of them," said the waiter, with an inaccuracy which I could have corrected, for Kinsley has not been fined. The head waiter then came along, and I asked him if he had any game. He said:

"Game? Why of course we've got game. Here—"

"No we ain't," interrupted my waiter. "Boss says he's afraid to serve it."

"Oh, that's only prairie chicken," said the head waiter. "We've got woodcock and duck and all that."

"I don't care, it's all game, and all game is out of season now," said the waiter, stoutly, though inaccurately, so finally I did not get any game here. The effect of the late cases was evident.

There is a member of a big hardware firm here, which latter also sells some sporting goods, who has been down in Indiana hunting, and who killed half a dozen prairie chickens there. His partner says that such was his own admission. I know the name but dare not give it, for I have no direct proof that he killed the birds, more's the pity.

Here is a nice special-car-railway-official sort of an item to be in the dispatches, isn't it?

"Danville, Ill., Aug. 16.—[Special.]—E. A. Peck, general superintendent of the Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad; A. G. Wells, superintendent of the Peoria Division; J. W. Simmons, station agent at Paris, Ill., and Dr. George Blackman, of Indianapolis, came over in a special car from Indianapolis yesterday to hunt quail and prairie chickens. Late in the evening they were arrested by officers Rittenhouse and Kinney for violating the game law. The Vermillion County Fish and Game Association will take a hand in the prosecution."

More power to the Vermillion County Association! The sportsman's day dawns.

Aug. 22.—Messrs. Place and Lapham have gone to Minnesota after chickens. Mr. Place's hay fever always breaks out on Aug. 20, which somehow happens to be the chicken date in Minnesota.

Mr. C. S. Dennis and Mr. Clark of the Hibernian Bank of this city have gone to Detroit Lake, Minnesota, for a six weeks' stay. This will give them a fine trip in a magnificent country. They will be joined in early October by Mr. W. L. Wells, of the Shober & Carqueville Litho. Co. of Chicago. The latter gentleman is known by thousands of sportsmen who do not know his name, through the fine lithographs, "Mallards" and "Teal." These marsh scenes could be drawn only by an artist and a sportsman.

By the way, Mr. Wells was up at Detroit lakes two years ago, and had magnificent wildfowl shooting. He spoke of this to that veteran market hunter, Bill Griggs, well known along the Illinois River, and perhaps as well-posted a shooter on fowl as any of the land, he and Abe Kleinman having prospected together for new country many a time. Griggs did not say much, but last fall, when Mr. Wells again appeared at Detroit for his fall shoot, he found Bill and his partner there ahead of him. These men shot that fall in and around that country, and Griggs later said that he had never seen mallards so plentiful in all his experience, except in the earlier days on New Madrid marsh. As water and feed are generally good in the Northwest this fall, it is likely that the fowl shooting around Detroit will be good. The bass fishing in the adjacent lakes is too well known to need mention here. Chicken shooting I do not know much about in that region, but Mr. Wells says they got some birds not at west of Detroit.

Messrs. F. S. Baird and M. R. Bortree, the latter our new game warden here, are absent on their annual chicken trip to South Dakota, and will not return till the middle of September.

Week before last, Aug. 10, a gentleman killed eighteen jack snipe at Fox Lake. Ed. Howard says there were numbers of snipe in. This would seem pretty early for that bird in this region.

Woodcock shooting cuts a small figure in Chicago sport, but once in a while one hears of a bag. Earlier in the season Henry Ehlers killed 20 cock near Thayer, back of the Diana Club grounds, on the Kankakee, and week before last, in a day and half of not very hard work, he got 16 woodcock and 83 bass, a very good mixed bag.

The Kankakee looms as a fishing stream. Mr. Mussey joins Mr. Card for a week of it at Mak-saw-ba now. Mr. Card got 15 bass last Thursday. I do not hear of such fishing anywhere around in this hot weather. The gentlemen who are founding the new club down at Koutts, Ind., on the Kankakee, tried the fishing near their proposed grounds and made some exceedingly heavy catches. Mr. J. W. McAuley is prominent in the work in getting up this new club. Some of the best snipe ground in the West lies just back of Koutts, and the grounds are well chosen for shooting purposes, as well as for fishing, which last is only a side issue.

By all means the most considerable shooting party of the city on Sept. 1 will be that which will go to the Horicon marsh, in Wisconsin. This event is awaited with interest, and will be fully described, as earlier mentioned.

Mr. M. J. Eich, the meteoric trap shot who has been shedding effulgence around here for the past year or so, will depart for the Illinois River, Hennepin way, as soon as the season opens for ducks. Indeed there will be a general exodus for the marshes at that date. The Chicago boys are great duck shooters.

Dr. H. C. Buechner is back from his pleasant European trip. It would seem that he did not go afield there, but abode mainly at Munich. The Doctor says that at Munich, for 26 pennige, or 6 cents, you can get a glass of beer as long as your arm.

Dr. J. M. Hutchinson won the Ft. Dearborn Club medal yesterday with a straight score of 15. Cumberland Lodge shelters a number of shooters, field and trap.

Mr. Alex. T. Loyd and Mr. J. L. Wilcox have been having a little trial or so of their ability at the trap, to the disappointment of the latter gentleman, as see trap scores. Their first race, over a week ago, resulted 42-37 out of 50, in favor of Mr. Loyd. Mr. Wilcox then offered \$50 that he could beat Mr. Loyd's first score, and another \$50 that he could beat his next score. Mr. Loyd cheerfully agreed, and the next match, shot last Saturday, resulted 43-41 out of 50 for Mr. Loyd, Mr. Wilcox thus losing both wagers. Alex. Loyd is not safe to go against, for you can't tell what he is going to do; but a gamer loser or more gentlemanly winner does not live in Chicago, at least.

Mr. W. L. Shepard was going after trout and didn't go, and may be going after deer later on. Apropos of this they tell an interesting story of Mr. Shepard's last year's trip after deer in the North Peninsula. It seems that he hired a couple of guides to take out some hounds to start a deer for him. The guides stationed him on a runway, and went off. Mr. Shepard staid at his post half a day, and then started home, not having heard a sound of hound or deer. On his way in he blundered over an old logging camp, and peering in saw both the guides fast asleep, with the hounds chained up near by. This made Mr. Shepard angry, and he came home. Maybe the guides knew it was illegal to hound deer, and so let Mr. Shepard down easy. Anyhow, this is the story.

The many friends of John Gillespie are grieving over his condition. He has been stricken with total paralysis of the lower limbs, and no hopes are given for his recovery of their use. No better known figure of Chicago sportsmanship than John Gillespie. The boys go out and visit him at his home and comfort him as they can.

A sad affair occurred at Lake Marie, one of the Fox Lake chain, last Saturday, in which a lad named Dunlap, of Oak Park, lost his life. He and another youth were on the lake with a boat; Dunlap, who could swim but little, holding on to the boat and paddling with one hand, further supporting himself with one of the oars under his body. All at once he lost his hold on the boat, sunk with the oar, rose once and then disappeared forever. Three days' faithful search failed to find the body, which is doubtless tangled in the heavy weeds which cover the mud bottom of these truly dangerous lakes. I was there the day after the disaster, and they were firing cannon and using dynamite in the effort to raise the body. This may be effective so early after drowning, though I don't see why. Then a diver was brought on from Chicago, and rigged in his heavy armor went down to the bottom of the lake. He came up at once, saying that the attempt was useless, as he sunk to his waist in the weeds and mud. The body was not found. When I looked at the distance out these boys had gone over the deep and treacherous water, I was more strongly than ever impressed with the foolhardiness and carelessness sometimes shown by boys. Lake Marie is dangerous enough for the strongest swimmer. The fisherman who goes out of his boat into the weeds of these lakes, is lucky if he ever regains shore or boat.

Major Maitland-Kirwan, of the English army, has passed through, en route for his eighth annual hunting trip to the Rocky Mountains, where he anticipates repetition of earlier success.

Mr. A. W. "Wiley," or Mr. Bruner, of Riverside, California, goes back to the Golden State without the scalp of the redoubtable J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City. The two shot last Monday at Kansas City, Mr. Elliott scoring 47 out of 50 birds, and Mr. "Wiley" 44.

Great interest is current to-day in the match between the Milwaukee and Chicago teams, now in progress, as see trap columns.

A little more trap shooting before the fall field season. Elkhart, Ind., shoot begins Aug. 26. The thirteenth annual of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association opens on the 25th and lasts four days, at Jacksonville, Ill., Charlie Strawn and Jim Stice's town. Both good events.

Mr. Oscar Blomgren again asks me if I know about the pickerel's tail, and again I must ask if anybody else does. "In Sweden they showed me," said Mr. Blomgren, after his return from a tour of that country, "that when

pickerel are biting well you will find that the split in the tail, between the two lobes or forks of the tail, runs deep, and almost clear up to the flesh. When the fish are not biting much this split is nearly grown up. The boatmen would look at the tail of the pickerel we caught, and say, 'Now they will bite well,' or 'They will bite well in a week, or two weeks.' I do not know whether or not a pickerel's tail fluctuates with his appetite. Do you?"

If it does I don't know it. But this reminds one how careless is the common observation of the fishes and birds we are accustomed to handle. I confess I have always looked rather more closely at the other end of a pickerel, but must look for that split tail the next time.

The best fishing since June will begin now in two or three weeks, but will be lost sight of in the shooting. Fall is the best time for pleasure in Upper Wisconsin. No trout then, but no mosquitoes either, and plenty of mascalonge and deer.

Mr. C. M. Townsend, of Knox, Ind., secretary of the Northwestern Indiana Shooting Association, in sending in scores of the late pleasant Crown Point tournament, unfortunately too late for use, remarks, "We had in use one of Paul North's electric traps, which was a most pronounced success, not causing a balk during the day." Electricity in trap pulls, both for live bird traps and targets, is a foregone conclusion.

Aug. 23.—I notice FOREST AND STREAM is good enough to reply partly to my query as to the weight of the pickerel by recounting the characteristics of the cheeks and gill covers. These were already in mind, and it was only the question of possible weight that bothered; therefore I was glad to see in the correspondence columns of the same date the reply to "F. A. S.," that the largest true pickerel does not attain a weight of over 8 lbs. In Iowa we always used to call these larger fish by their right name of "pike," though I fear we included also the pickerel under that name. Here in Illinois and Indiana and Wisconsin everything in the pike or pickerel line is called "pickerel," no matter how big. We have still a few men left around here who insist that the mascalonge is "only an overgrown pike or pickerel," but these are men who never saw a mascalonge. The latter fish, placed alongside the pike, no more resembles it than it does a catfish, or at least it is as easy to distinguish. The question of a 3 lbs. "pickerel" or "pike" is harder to determine. Mr. H. B. Frazier, who first started this question of the weight of the real pickerel, caught an 11 lbs. fish at Power's Lake this spring, and a wager was laid by his friends as to whether it was or was not a pickerel. No description of the cheeks or gill covers could be had, and it remained only a pure question of weight to decide. Now it seems, as per FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 20, that the fish could have been a true pickerel, but was a pike. The big Kankakee and Fox River "pickerel," naugher a look at their cheeks, may also be pronounced off-hand to be pike and not pickerel. This will relax many wrinkles of thought around Chicago.

175 MONROE STREET.

E. HOUGH.

HINTS ON HANDLING GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been asked by friends frequently for advice for their boys in handling guns, I send you a digest of same. Perhaps, as the shooting season will now be on soon, you might think them worth publication:

1. Empty or loaded, never point a gun toward yourself or any other person.
2. When afield carry your gun at the half-cock. If in cover let your hand shield the hammers from whipping twigs.
3. When riding from one shooting ground to another, or whenever you have your gun in any conveyance, remove the cartridges, if a breechloader, it being so easy to replace them. If a muzzleloader, remove the caps, brush off the nipples and place a wad on nipple, letting down the hammers on wads—simply removing caps sometimes leaves a little fulminate on the nipple, and a blow on the hammer when down discharges it.
4. Never draw a gun toward you by the barrels.
5. More care is necessary in the use of a gun in a boat than elsewhere; the limited space, confined action and uncertain motion making it dangerous at the best. If possible, no more than two persons should occupy a boat. Hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating.
6. Always clean your gun thoroughly as soon as you return from a day's sport, no matter how tired you feel; the consequence of its always being ready for service is ample return for the few minutes' irksome labor.

BOSTON.

REINGOLDS.

WORCESTER NOTES.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Everything has been so quiet the past season that material for a letter does not seem to be forthcoming, still, lest you think we have all retired from the field, I will skim over the season's happenings just to keep Worcester on your map.

The trout fishing has been unsatisfactory on the whole. A few nice baskets were taken, but lack of water closed the season unusually early and the season's catch has been far below that of 1890.

The plover shooting was also poor on native birds, one bag of 11, two guns, being high. The bulk of the flight should be here now but I have heard of no good shooting, though a few have tried the Princeton hills the past week.

Trap shooting has held its own, and a good crowd turn out to the weekly shoots. A friendly match shot last Monday between A. B. F. Kinney and W. R. Dean at 50 clays, \$25 a side, the entire stakes to go to the club treasury, created considerable interest and sport. A strong wind caused the birds to behave badly and a good score was impossible. Dean managed to break 36, but Kinney was not in the race at all, only breaking 17. The coming tournament of the club should bring out a large field of shooters as good purses are guaranteed for each day. A few of the boys attended the New London tourney but failed to increase the size of their "pile" to any considerable extent.

At present all interest centers in the approaching bird season, and Sept. 15 is probably looked forward to with more eagerness than any other day of the year.

Reports from the young birds indicate a fair supply. Woodcock have probably bred better than usual, and we should have some native bird shooting the first of the season.

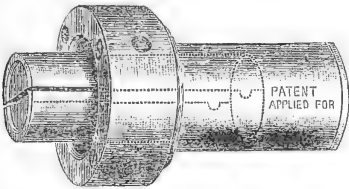
Partridges have bred only fairly well. The young birds are well-grown and strong flyers now, but the broods

are small, one brood of 8 being the largest I have heard of, and most of them running from 2 to 5.

Quail wintered unusually well, and if they have bred well we should have better quail shooting than ever before. The land posting craze is on the decline, at least it is making no headway, which shows a weakening. A little foresight and decency on the part of all sportsmen would in a short time eliminate the nuisance, as the better class of farmers are already tired of driving off friends and neighbors, many of them allowing their postings to go to ruin or tearing them down.

One of the worst evils we have to contend with at present is the unwarranted prominence given minor shooting and fishing events by local newspapers. To the unsophisticated it must appear at times as if one-half the inhabitants of the county spent their entire time hunting or fishing. This doesn't help matters with the farmers any.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO. have brought out a tool which they call the "handy closer cup." It produces a round or square crimp, and is especially intended for dealers or gunsmiths, being adapted for use in an ordinary foot or power lathe. This new closer cup has reversible steel pins, and in combination with the automatic expanding follower and burnisher produces a crimp that is remarkable for beauty of finish and closeness. Every shell is finished exactly alike. The cup will turn down and burnish smooth the interior surface of



shell, thus restoring the broken fibre of the paper, producing the close, even crimp so much desired by users of nitro powders. The end of shell being turned in evenly all around, resting squarely upon wad and burnished closely to side of shell at this point, gives resistance and uniform pressure so desirable for accuracy. The steel pins are reversible, so that the cup will crimp either round or square by simply changing position of pins. The company tell us that they shall bring out shortly a straight feed closer with this cup for sportsmen's use.

INDIANS AND GAME.—Wood Mountain, Moose-jau, Northwest Territories, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is regrettable that Indians should be allowed to take ducks' eggs in the way they do. A game guardian detected a party of Indians last week taking eggs on the Wascana near McIntyre's, and in one cart between 400 and 500 eggs were found, some of them hatching. As the ordinance stands he could do nothing. This kind of thing is going on all the time and should certainly be stopped. Owing to the new railway in northern Montana, large quantities of deer and antelope have been driven into Canadian territory, which are being hunted by Indians, who kill bucks, does and fawns. Two Sioux Indians and their families returned lately from a hunt which lasted about ten days. They brought with them no less than thirty-four antelope hides which these two Indians had shot, also quantities of wildfowl and prairie chicken eggs. And this is the so-called close season. These are non-treaty Indians, belonging to the other side of the boundary, and there are lots more of their kind hunting now. What chance has a law-abiding citizen of the Northwest of having legitimate sport, when it is so effectually destroyed in close season? If some means are not soon adopted to prevent this state of things, there will be in a few years but little game for any one, black or white, to shoot. I know of one Indian alone who has shot fifty-three deer and antelope this spring and summer, and there are other hunting parties out yet. I am afraid that the residents will not wake up until everything is exterminated.—RED ANTLERS.

EARLY CHICKEN KILLERS.—St. Louis, Aug. 19.—In-closed find a clipping from this morning's *Republic*: "DANVILLE, Ill., Aug. 18.—Justice W. C. Hollowell issued warrants to-day for the arrest of J. W. Simmons, superintendent of the Claire division of the Big Four Railroad, and Dr. Graves Blackman, of Indianapolis, for killing prairie chickens. E. T. Peck, general superintendent, and A. G. Wells, superintendent of the Peoria division, through their attorney, pleaded guilty, the former to killing three birds and the latter one bird. Their fines and costs aggregated \$45. Blackman and Simmons must have been better hunters, as the quartet bagged twenty-two chickens." It would seem that such men as those named would be above breaking the game laws.—P. H. H.

NOTES FROM MEXICO.—Dove shooting is pretty good now and cottontails are as usual abundant. We have had but little rain in this section so far. Farmers are suffering and I fear the ponds will be rather low for the ducks. There were heavy rains in this month last year, however. Local hunters are on the look out for a plover, *Aegialitis montana* perhaps, which appears here in August or September. I have never seen the bird myself. They call it "gauga," which is in Spain the name of a *perdix*. Another case of the misapplication of the Old World names.—AZTEC (San Luis Potosi, Aug. 14).

TO POLISH DEER HORNS scrub them with a brush and sand to take off the dirt and loose fiber, then polish with rouge and rotten stone and a cloth, and varnish with copal varnish.—*Scientific American*.

TENNESSEE.—Greenville, Aug. 12.—The prospect for quail, our only reliance for sport, is exceedingly good, and it is no unusual thing to find a mother with two or three dozen young.—J. M. M.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,632, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Spiveller," "Sybilena" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

v.
There was a young boy with a gun,
Who said he'd have r-o-o-dles of fun—
But he blew in the muzzle—
* * * * *
Another boy knew he had sense,
So all he blew in was his pence;
But the gun which he bought,
Just as us-u-al caught,
And blew into the boy, from a fence.
A hunter there was who was queer;
He shot "what he thought was a deer."
'Twas a man that he shot,
Who turned on the spot,
And made a bulls-eye of his ear.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS.

PAIGE.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A NOVICE IN PIKE COUNTY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to thank Mr. J. B. Mayer, of Hawley, Pa., for sending me to Pike county and advising that I stay with Mr. J. H. Thompson; also the FOREST AND STREAM for referring me to Mr. Mayer. I found what I was seeking, and if Mr. Mayer makes as happy a hit in all his suggestions then indeed is he a most wonderful man. As for Mr. Thompson, it seems to me that I shall never succeed in discharging the many obligations under which he placed me, and when I say Mr. Thompson I likewise include his entire household—his good wife, Grandmother Thompson, and even little Dick, the four-year old son and heir, who would insist on going afishing with us and who caught a bass too lively for his chubby hands to manage. Bless me, what a fisherman that boy will make. Before we reached the shore he earnestly insisted that his bass was as long as his arm. When taken out of the boat it was as large as Fanny, a six-months-old hound pup, and when at the supper table he told his mother and grandmother, his eyes sparkling with excitement, that he caught a bass "as big as the house!" What a future is before that boy!

I have no tale of record-breaking to unfold, nor of a huge bass that took me just so many minutes by the watch to land. I am a greenhorn or tenderfoot at freshwater fishing. The gentle art is to me a tantalizing and inviting mystery. I have got it all to learn. I know now, since I have had time to think it over, that I handled too roughly the bass I did hook. To state the case plainly, I yanked them, and generally lost them. But I am going to do better next time, or at least try very earnestly. Mr. Thompson will see when next we meet that his good advice has not all been thrown away.

Mr. T. has a lovely little place up on the mountains, nearly all woods and water. Some people might call the water a pond, and show a disposition to treat it with "sniff," but to me it's a real lake with clear, cold water, rocks and yellow lilies, with the trees and bushes at the very edge of the water, just as if they had come down from the hills to have a look at themselves in nature's mirror. And the rocks and boulders also have slipped their moorings from the heights above. Some halted at the bank, but most of them must have tumbled in, for nearly every bass I hooked went straight off to look for a rock, and he found what he was looking for with great suddenness, much to my sorrow and regret, and usually the loss of a hook or leader. What a collection of fishing tackle the bass and pickerel of that lake must have secured in the course of time. I contributed liberally. And what a heap of fun those fishes had with me. I know they are longing to renew the sport. One bass, a big dark-complexioned fellow of the gypsy type, came out of the water to look at me, and when he saw that I had my line tangled around the reel he laughed so heartily that the hook dropped out of his mouth.

I cannot help but admire the pickerel. He is a fish of a very even disposition, and his composure under the most trying circumstances is something truly wonderful. I saw one approach a sunfish that was hooked through the lips, and gently but firmly grasp it crosswise in his mouth. I was all excitement while the sunfish was paralyzed with fear and pain, but the pickerel appeared as calm and self-possessed as you please. He swam around in an aimless sort of way for what seemed to me at least three minutes, but really about half a minute, making no effort whatever to swallow the fish till he got good and ready. Then he turned the fish in his mouth and commenced to swallow it, head first. At this stage of the game my patience became exhausted, and I attempted to fasten the hook in him by a quick movement, but it was no go. He held on for awhile and then let me have the sunfish. There is nothing like experience to graft facts to a man's memory. In the first place I should have let the pickerel run a little longer and then pulled in gently. I had been told that before. Just wait till I meet that fellow again.

There are quite a number of bass in the lake. In the evenings they could be seen breaking around the lily pads and well out toward the middle of the lake. I tried casting the fly. In making this statement I feel that I owe an apology to every fly-fisherman of even ordinary ability; but then, I suppose, they were all beginners once and their efforts as awkward as mine. However, it does smack somewhat of presumption to see a tenderfoot tackle the fly on his first trip. By the way, I came near forgetting to say that I caught no bass with the fly.

After all, how very important are the unimportant things of this life. After you return from a fishing or gunning trip how the trifles and small happenings loom up, and what pleasure it gives to review them. The most exciting thing that transpired on my trip was the hooking of a large bass or pickerel while trolling alone and my frantic and unsuccessful efforts to save him. Yet where I recall this once, I muse a dozen times over the little red squirrel that ran along a fallen tree at the edge of the water, or the ground hog that mounted a rock and surveyed me so earnestly while I sat motionless

in the boat, or the wood duck that made the circuit of the lake with such an easy, graceful flight, or the hen partidge calling in the woods. These and a hundred other little things come to me now, and I love to think upon them.

Each has its individual history, and some way or other has been more or less associated with my past life. The red squirrel is an old friend. Curiosity has often led him to approach quite near to me, where he would clatter away for deer life, no doubt asking all sorts of questions and working himself into a rage over my provoking silence. Yet the slightest movement would send him scampering. What formidable looking teeth that ground-hog displayed while gazing at me from the rock. Little will they avail him when Spider and Ruby, a pair of fox-terriers at the house, once strike his trail. No matter how early I got about in the morning those two dogs were always off on a hunt, and Mr. F. told me they killed any number of groundhogs. As to the hen partidge and the woodduck, I hope to cultivate their closer acquaintance in September or October. They are both old friends, especially the woodduck.

I wish to go on record as living one week in Pike county without seeing a rattlesnake. Nearly everybody who visits that county returns with a snake experience. At first I stepped around mighty careful and expected every minute to hear a snake sound his rattles; but my expectations were not realized, although I tramped through some very likely-looking snake territory.

A promising-looking trout brook runs from the lake and finds its way to the Lackawaxen River through a very thickly wooded country. I should say the brook was about 10 miles long. A number of small brooks feed the larger one. These do not carry enough water for trout of large size, but Mr. Thompson and myself noticed quite a number of small trout in one of them, and Mr. T. suggested that it would be a good scheme to place the young fish sent up every year by the Fish Commission in these small streams instead of in the large one as is now done. This would prevent such a large per cent. of them being devoured by the big trout. As they increase in size and become better able to shift for themselves they would run into the main brook.

W. L. HALL.

FALL FISHING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that a few cool nights have almost entirely removed the discomfort arising from the fly pest that makes life almost unbearable in most Canadian woods in the early part of August, the leading American fishermen having trout and bass preserves in this country are returning for their fall fishing. Among these are members of the Metabetchouan and Springfield fishing clubs, and of the Penn Club, of Philadelphia. Friends of these clubs in Quebec, including U. S. Consul Ryder, who fished the trout waters of the Metabetchouan River and neighboring lakes about the middle of August, succeeded in doing very little this year. The mid-summer fishing is not usually good in these waters, but look out for big fish and large catches during the whole of September. I would strongly also recommend the fishing in the lower part of Lake Edward, and especially in its discharge, the Jeannotte River, for large trout in September. This is only to be excelled in Canada, I believe, for fall fishing by the Mistassini and Peribonca rivers and connecting waters. The balmy air and bright invigorating climate of a Canadian September, as well as the absence of insect pests, make this the month *par excellence* for visiting Lake St. John and its tributary waters.

Of course if ouananiche fishing is desired, it must be done before the 16th of September, and I might, perhaps, indicate where this obstinate warrior now most generally disports himself. Those fond of fishing in the Grande Discharge of Lake St. John will do little in September below the rapids. The fish are now making for the rivers, and numbers of them are to be taken at the commencement of the lake's outlet, in the vicinity of the Island House, having surmounted the heavy rapids of the Discharge. A few favorite September pools for ouananiche are near the mouth of the Metabetchouan River, to reach which anglers disembark from the railway train at Chambord Junction. But even better sport than this is obtainable in either the Peribonca or Mistassini or Ashuapmouchouan rivers, guides for either of which may be had at Roberval, either Indian or French Canadian, as anglers may prefer. Fifteen to eighteen miles from Roberval, on the Ashuapmouchouan River, is what is known as the Salmon River chute—picturesque falls, where the entire stream, here about a thousand feet wide, leaps over a ledge of rocks extending from shore to shore, and forming a kind of natural dam.

There are a couple of pools just below the falls where the ouananiche congregate before leaping the obstruction above, and here a number of splendid fish have been taken within the last few days, running from 2 to 7 lbs. apiece. I am now speaking from personal experience and observation. On the 10th of August in company with Mr. Patterson, formerly of the Hudson's Bay Company and now a fur trader at Lake St. John, I killed four ouananiche in the morning's fishing, of which three weighed 13 lbs. Notwithstanding that 7 lbs. sturgeon killed on an 8 oz. split bamboo fly-rod and single gut leader (see FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 20), I am free to confess that my 8 oz. lancewood was subjected to quite a severe enough strain before I had killed my best ouananiche, and he was under 5 lbs. too. If he had confined himself to his native element it might have been different, but his skyward somersaults and aerial contortions were something tremendous.

Bass fishing is now fairly good in Lake St. Joseph, which is only twenty-four miles from Quebec by Lake St. John Railway. It ought now to improve every day.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 22.

NO MORE FISHING THERE.—New Haven, Aug. 21.—The "old marsh" lake at Ferryville, Litchfield county, which had been a favorite fishing place in the northwestern part of the State for two centuries, has passed out of existence, the ancient dam being torn away because it was considered unsafe. The lake was two miles long and a mile and a half at its greatest width. The ledges about the lake were noted as hiding places for Tories during the Revolutionary war. Fish were taken away by the barrelful when the water was drawn off.—*New York Times*.

ANGLING NOTES.

MANY disappointed fishermen who frequent the Great South Bay are growling over the scarcity of fish in that favorite piece of water. A few weeks ago the fishing was excellent, but lately it has been very poor, and the fishing boats lie idle at Babylon, Bay Shore, Islip and Patchogue while their captains curse the pound nets, seines and fish traps which they, no doubt justly, claim ruin their business. It seems hard that hundreds of people should suffer in order that the few should profit. Still there is a fair supply of the coarser fish such as sea bass and flounders, even if the bluefish and weakfish are not to be caught. Saturday is always a great day on the bay and if the weather is pleasant and there is the slightest show for fish, the sloops and catboats swarm around the fishing grounds. About the youngest fisherman I have yet seen on the bay, is Master Douglas Hartshome, and if there was ever an enthusiastic fisherman, he is one. His struggles with a flounder nearly as long as himself on a light rod were very funny. But it is a good thing to encourage youngsters to take up fishing, and it is sure to keep them out of mischief, particularly as they grow up, for they will never give up angling if they once acquire a taste for it.

For the benefit of those who wish to try the fishing in the Great South Bay, I add a list of such boatmen as I happen to know of personally, but I wish it understood that there are very many others, only these I happen to know of: John T. Doocey, P. O. address Bay Shore; Frank Phelps, Monroe Ryder, Bartlett Horton, Charles Still, William Dayton, all of Patchogue. The usual charge is \$5 per day. "Bunkers" (menhaden) are \$1 per 100. Saturday they are always busy and must be engaged several days ahead.

Messrs. James M. Breese and J. Louis Webb have been trying the landlocked salmon at the Grande Discharge. They report the fishing excellent, though many up there were meeting with poor success from want of proper flies. The salmon were feeding on a small natural fly and wanted a close imitation. Most of the anglers were fishing with large salmon flies and could do nothing with them. Mr. Webb took the largest fish that has been killed there this season, weight 8lbs. He used a 7oz., 8-section bamboo fly-rod and it took 36 minutes to kill the onananche in the swift water. They saved some specimens of these flies and sent them to Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie to be copied.

SCARLET-IRIS.

FISH IN MAINE WATERS.

MR. DANIEL GUNN, of Boston, one of the best known printers of the Hub, is a veteran trout fisherman. The FOREST AND STREAM has already heard of him. It is he of whom it is related that he caught at one of his outings in Nova Scotia, a trout, a perch, a haddock, a halibut and a sea serpent, all at one cast—the first three are true. But he dearly loves to fish, and he contrives, in the midst of a very busy life, to snatch a few days from the cares of business each season, to spend with rod and line. This year he took a Boston friend with himself, and a Philadelphia friend of both also joined them. They went by train to Montreal, thence down the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Saguenay by steamer. They stopped at Tadoussac, and there they obtained a guide and a sailing and rowing craft for up the Saguenay. They found that the wonders of the Saguenay had never been half told them. The depth of the river is something surprising, 1,000ft. having been sounded only a few rods from the shore. The shores are lined with the most wonderful cliffs. From their boat they could look upward, almost perpendicularly to the height of 500 to 1,000ft., where there were huge boulders, wanting but the action of a single crowbar, apparently, to send them bounding and crashing down into the boat. But it was sea trout, as well as seeing that they were after. In the coves and under the bold shores, as they moved up the river, either on the flood or ebb of the tide, they would cast their flies, and they secured all of the gamey sea trout they desired. Three pounds was not an unusual weight for individual trout, and they caught one of five pounds weight, and several that weighed over four pounds.

This was not Mr. Gunn's first experience with the sea trout, as the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM doubtless remember; but to Mr. Tuttle, of the Standard Bottling Co., his friend, the sport was entirely new. The sensation of a 3-pound trout leaping out of the water, as Mr. Tuttle threw his flies toward some beetling cliff around which the tide was rushing, was a new one to this gentleman, who had heretofore been familiar with small trout in the fresh-water lakes and streams. And then when the monster became impaled on the hook by a well-directed strike, the sport was rare in the extreme. But the strike of the season was reserved for Mr. Tuttle. It seems that in his outfit he had a large multiplying reel, with some 150ft. of heavy line, and that at first he began using this reel on his fly-rod—a rig altogether too heavy. Mr. Gunn chaffed him somewhat on the size of his tackle, and remarked that a smaller reel and less line would doubtless answer, since they had taken nothing that required a very great amount of line; the sea trout not being noted so much for running as for fighting on the spot, as it were. Mr. Tuttle finally came to the same conclusion, and about the third day out he appeared with a smaller reel, on which he had about 50ft. of small line.

The next day they were well up the river, where the sport was good. Mr. Gunn was fishing from the boat, while Mr. Tuttle was casting from the rocks nearly opposite. Mr. Gunn heard a great splash. Then Mr. Tuttle's reel sang out with a perfect buzz. A great fish whizzed by the boat and down the stream till Mr. Tuttle's line was all out in no time. Mr. Gunn looked. Mr. Tuttle stood erect upon the great rock, holding the very end of the line in his fingers, actually detached from the reel. He had caught it as it snapped from the fastenings, and he was holding the great fish that was leaping and gyrating like nothing they had had on the trip. Mr. Gunn suggested to the guide that he go where the fish was leaping with the net and render all the assistance possible. Mr. Tuttle held on the best he could, and as good luck would have it, the line did not part again, and the guide, a skillful fellow, worked the net under the fish. It proved to be an 8lb. salmon. Mr. Tuttle wanted to start directly home to tell his friends of his good luck. But the other persuaded him to stay a few days longer. The

party returned a week ago, happy with their fishing and full of praises of the wonders of the Saguenay.

The Rob Roy Canoe Club, of Boston, has been spending its vacation at Great Pond, about 12 miles south of Waterville, Me. The members of the club have been camping on an island in the pond, where they have camped for several seasons past. It is getting to be a feature of Maine lakes and ponds that their shores are lined with tents and cottages in the midst of the summer season. The Rob Roy Club have selected Great Pond as their summer camping place because there are a number of ponds and lakes in the vicinity, in the towns of Belgrade, Wintrop and Mounmouth, that are reached by easy portages. These ponds are nearly all stocked with bass and pickerel. On the shores of Great Pond a number of Waterville prominent citizens own cottages. Among these are Mr. Frank Webber, of the firm Webber & Philbrick; Messrs. Hayes, Cornish and Bassett, Judge H. W. Stewart, Dr. Crosby, F. F. Graves. Mr. Webber has this season put a \$500 steam launch on the pond for private use, and with Captain Blanchard as pilot, the party enjoy many fine outings.

A genuine sea salmon has lately been taken in the Piscataquis River, Maine. Young salmon were put into a stream, tributary to the Piscataquis, above the dam at Foxcroft several years ago, since which time nothing has been seen of them till the one mentioned above was taken the other day at a point known as Ryder's Cove. It was believed generally that the many dams in the river had proved too much for the fish, but the taking of this one will give those interested in stocking the river new courage.

SPECIAL.

SMALL-MOUTHS NEAR CHICAGO.

I HAVE had experiences this June and first week in July that gave me more sport and more bass than I have had for many seasons, and that only two hours' ride from the city. Frank Kuhns and myself took a run out to McHenry, Ill., on the Fox River, June 12, fished one day, capturing 17 fine small-mouth bass. On June 20 we repeated the trip, and met with even better success.

The McHenry Hotel is blessed with a proverbial old salt, who has fished the Fox River 30 years, and has a penchant for telling those bent on the sport that they can't get fish unless they follow his principles and fish as he fishes. The sample of bait he displays to us was in shape of a fly (his own product, thank fortune), and when it strikes the water you would think some one had winged a canvasback. We didn't use it, and, contrary to his predictions about our wrong bait, methods and weather, we made the finest catch, we think, of the season. I will say here, that all of our catches have been the famous tiger bass, only when Kuhns gets a pickerel streak.

June 27 I extended an invitation to Mr. Antoine (of the sporting goods firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine) to visit these grounds, and we made still a better catch, with weather, methods and all, according to the proverbial, against us. July 3 Mr. von Lengerke accompanied me, where we spent the 4th and another day. We took 24 bass, all small-mouths, and one pike in the two days. The size of the fish caught every trip ranged from 4lb. to 3½lbs. I have caught gamy fish, but the ones we capture at McHenry, in the Fox River, are the greatest fighters I have ever had the pleasure of angling for. We tried all kinds of bait, and had fair success with minnow; but when Mr. Antoine introduced a bait he called the patent bait, then we threw up our hands. The bass seemed to recognize something in it new and delicious. Saturday next a party of four will make the trip for the fifth time. We will show our credentials—when we return.

The writer wishes to say to the angler who can only drop out for a day or so, Don't pass McHenry if you want sport. Work the river down anywhere to Algonquin, 20 miles below, and you will find such sport as few dream of, it being so close to Chicago. But you must work, for the bass are not captured by sitting in a boat, anchored. I have sat in boats with many of our fine Western anglers, but have never before met a more perfect master of the rod than our genial friend Mr. Antoine.

C. E. KENYON.

FISHING IN ILLINOIS.

FISHING with hook and line has been superb in Illinois River. Very fine bass fishing has been the rule through the season at several points. I believe that in some localities on the Illinois in this State better catches have been made than at any of the famous fishing places of the Northern lakes. At Lagrange locks, four weeks ago, a party of three took with rod and line 175 black bass and striped bass (*Roccus chrysops*) in a morning's fishing. The bass are the small-mouthed species. The striped bass weighed from 1lb. to 1½lbs. and were very gamy. A large number of wall-eyed pike, weighing from 2lbs. to 7lbs., have been caught here. At Harawa fine fishing has been the order of the day at Copperas Creek locks and Spring Lake near by. The bass fishing was as good as could be wanted, a single rod taking 25 to 30 in a few hours. On Kankakee River I am informed that bass fishing has been excellent at Momence; on Fox River it is better than for years. I look for the best fishing for years this fall along the river. I do not get time to do much myself, but take a lively interest in the sport and keep myself posted.

S. P. B.

QUINCY, ILL., Aug. 14.

AMBER FISH AT CAPE COD.—Among the occasional summer visitors to Cape Cod is one of the amber fish of the Southern States and the West Indies, belonging to the genus *Seriola* of the books. There is native to the waters around Cape Cod a small banded fish of this genus, but the one here mentioned is very much larger and rarely found so far north. In August, 1890, Mr. Vinal N. Edwards obtained in Buzzard's Bay the first seen in the vicinity of Woods Hole. On Aug. 1, 1891, a very large example, 3½ft. long, was caught at Menemsha, on Martha's Vineyard; its weight is 25lbs. This was kept alive for two weeks, and has now been sent to Washington, where it will be used to make a flexible cast to form part of the Fish Commission exhibit at the World's Fair. The collection of casts now in process of making by Mr. F. S. Denton for the Commission will undoubtedly prove one of the most attractive features of the exhibit at Chicago, and it will be capable of transportation without breakage—a desideratum never realized heretofore. An amber fish resembling the one here referred to is figured on Plate 108 of the "Fishery Industries."—B.

MADISON RIVER GRAYLING.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have noticed in FOREST AND STREAM, lately, several articles on grayling in Montana. In the fall of 1889 I was camped in the Madison Basin, near Marshall's Ranch, a few miles from the Park. While there I caught a good many grayling with a fly in the Madison River very near our camp. The flies with which I had the best luck were brown-hackle, black-gnat and coachman. At evening they rose quite freely to these flies and afforded good sport. I inclose a photograph of the largest one I caught, it weighed something over 2lbs., and you can see for yourself that this fish was no whitfish, but a true grayling.—HARRY N. CANDEE. [The photograph represents the grayling (*Thymallus ontariensis*), as our correspondent states. This fish is known to be abundant in the Madison below the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon: it is said to occur also in Gallatin River.]

MERRIMAC RIVER SALMON.—Nashua, N. H., Aug. 19.—Friday, Aug. 14, two salmon were caught at Nashua, weight 8 and 10lbs.; Monday, Aug. 17, two of about 8lbs. each. I did not see the fish, but my informant did. He stated that they were caught by Mr. Chas. Davis with a fly, at Cromwell's Falls, about four miles from this city. Mr. Davis also raised and hooked another one as large as the other two put together. He was fishing from the shore and lost him after playing him some time. Salmon are seen here each year, and occasionally a small one has been taken, but these are the first I have heard of as taking a fly. The river is very low at present.—B.

MARKED BASS.—Dr. E. H. Cook and F. W. Sanborn of Norway, are persistent fishers for bass. Some 150 bass have been caught by them and returned to the waters of Lake Pennessewassee. That they may know their fish if taken again each puts a different mark on the fish he takes. Dr. Cook's brand is a notch cut in the upper part of the tail, and that of Mr. Sanborn is a notch in the lower part of the tail. If you take bass with these brands or notches on them you will know who they belong to.—Leicester (Me.) Journal.

BASS FOR PRESIDENT HARRISON.—Lake View House, Vt.—Mr. Francis Kain, of the U. S. Treasury, New York, and Mr. Harry C. Ives, of Bridgeport, Conn., guests of Samson's Lake View House, St. Albans, Vt., have the honor of donating their morning's catch of twenty-three large black bass to ex-Gov. Smith, of St. Albans, Vt., and they will be served on the occasion of the visit of President Harrison and Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, on Tuesday, Aug. 25.—H. L. SAMSON.

BAINBRIDGE, Pa., Aug. 12.—There has been no fishing in the Susquehanna River at this place for a month or so on account of high and muddy water; but the stream is now getting down to fishing order. I was out yesterday and to-day and caught only two bass; but if the river continues falling and clear it should soon be in good condition.—J. T. B.

MANOMET, Mass., Aug. 23.—Miss Alice Davis, of Chicago, eleven years old, caught the biggest tautog of the season at this place last week. It weighed 7½lbs., and she landed it without assistance.—J. M.

TARPON IN LONG ISLAND WATERS.—Mr. Thos. H. Terry caught a tarpon at Long Beach, Long Island, N. Y., last week. It measured 3ft. 10in., and weighed 81½lbs.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN MEXICO.—The department of Fomento is giving special attention to pisciculture. It has had the streams and lakes of the country examined and reported on by competent persons and made arrangements for the acquisition of large quantities of fish and fish eggs. The breeding will be commenced at once under government auspices and private individuals who desire to engage in pisciculture will be supplied with fish and eggs. Mexico is not particularly well supplied with water courses, but there are numerous lakes in the country, but even in the latter fish are scarce and not remarkably palatable. The stocking of all the streams and lakes of the country with palatable fish would add immensely to the food supply and be the means of promoting a trade which would give employment to thousands of people and which is at present unknown except on the coasts. It is sincerely hoped that the government experiments in pisciculture will prove successful in every respect.—The Two Republics, City of Mexico.

A city boy who went to spend a few weeks with his uncle, a Leominster farmer, was instructed how to catch woodchucks in a steel trap for his amusement. The first morning the boy brought one all right. The second morning he came into the yard and called out: "See here, uncle, I have got a black and white one this time, and it smells dreadful. It is awfully pretty, but I can't stand it to drag it any longer." The boy changed his clothes in the barn.—Fitchburg Sentinel.

FOR years past a stork and his mate have regularly built their nest in the park at Schloss Ruhleben, near Berlin. In order to ascertain whether the stork was always the same, the owner of the Schloss ordered a steel ring, with the name of the place and the date, 1890, engraved on it, to be fastened round his left leg. This spring he returned with a ring on the other leg, too—a silver one—bearing these words: "India sends Germany her greeting."

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Are you planning for an outing this summer? Have you ever looked up the famous resorts of the Northwest? It is not an exaggeration to say that the best hunting and fishing grounds in North America are found in the territory tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lake park region in Minnesota affords pickerel, pike, bass and muscogone; rock bass are found in numerous streams, and deer, elk and bear abound in the forest regions; antelope are found in North Dakota. The Snowy, Bitter Root, Grazy, Rocky and Cascade Mountains are the home of moose, elk, caribou, cougars, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and other large game, while all of the Northwestern States abound in feathered game. Rocky Mountain trout and grayling are caught in the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Clark's Fork and Green rivers, affording unrivalled sport. An interesting pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," can be obtained free on application to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A. of the Northern Pacific R. R. at St. Paul, Minn. Descriptive publications concerning Yellowstone Park, Pacific coast and Alaska will also be mailed on receipt of application, referring to FOREST AND STREAM.—Adv.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.
Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 23 to 26.—Inaugural Show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Rovers Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 26 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.
Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Berj. McIntosh, Sec'y.

Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. E. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 22 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.

March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.

April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Summer, Sec'y.

May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Hicksville, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 1.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.

Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

—.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

IS IT NOT WORTH CONSIDERING?

WE do not mean now to discuss the past, to say anything as to the motives of the parties concerned, nor to point out how under a different management the present condition of the American Kennel Club affairs might have been avoided. Sufficient for our purpose is it to note briefly what that condition actually is, and the purpose is to suggest a possible remedy.

What is the situation? Certain men, whose names have been published under the disqualified and suspended list in the American Kennel Club, feeling themselves aggrieved, are bringing suits for heavy damages. The over-ruling of the defendants' demurrer in one of these suits at Albany has determined that the publication of the names in the *Gazette* is a libel, and the case must therefore go to a jury. The rendering of this decision has been a signal for numerous other suits of like character. The American Kennel Club officers and various associate members have been made defendants. Other suits are apprehended in which other associate members will be sued before the affair is settled. If allowed to go on in this way, every associate member who has any property that can be attached will probably be sued. The juries may award no more than nominal damages, but even in this event there will be the costs and interminable annoyance. Besides this, as we understand, the liabilities of the club and of the associate members are being daily added to by the sending out of new copies of the libelous publications. The material for suits is thus far greater to-day than it was last Thursday, and in all probability it will be greater next Thursday than it is this week.

There are frequent notices in the newspapers regarding these libel suits. The American Kennel Club is acquiring an unpleasant notoriety, in which the associate members are sharing, since their names are published as defendants in suits for libel. It must be remembered that many of these men are prominent and influential dog owners. They are becoming disgusted with the whole business, and talk of giving up their dogs and their interest in the kennel world. They are men who cannot well be spared. It would be a tremendous pity to have them alienated simply by reason of such unnecessary litigation.

In a word, the American Kennel Club is being plunged deeper and deeper into expensive law suits. There is every prospect that the end of the litigation will be disastrous. If things continue as they have begun, suits will be piled on suits, until the expenses of defending them will be more than the club or the members can stand. Many of our best dog men see for themselves nothing but annoyance and vexation; and those who are not already leaving the kennel world must in time do so if the thing goes on.

Now, is it not possible to find a remedy for all this? May there not be some sort of a compromise? May it not be reasonably demanded of all who are actively and with responsibility engaged in this kennel war that each side shall concede something to the other, submit their differences to

arbitration and accede to such adjustments as the best interests of the dog world shall dictate? We appreciate fully that it will be asking a great deal of those who have been libeled to recede from their present position. Nevertheless we have confidence to believe that if they are rightly approached they may abandon at least some of the suits now under way. How can this be best accomplished and most speedily?

Is such a plan not worthy of consideration by every man who has at heart the best interests of dog owners not less than of the American Kennel Club? Notwithstanding the length to which the imbroglio has gone, we believe that it is not too late to rescue the American Kennel Club from its difficulties, and under wise management to restore it to stability, to the respect of the public and to the confidence and support of all dog men. We shall be very glad to have any suggestions from any person who (foregoing criticism or blame of either side) may be disposed to point a way out of the entanglements of the present.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE ON DOGS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The obituary column of the sporting papers have set me thinking, and my thoughts have turned me back over fifteen years, when I first began to bring dogs from beyond the water, and as I have never seen anything in print concerning the point I wish to bring before your readers, I thus trespass on your kindness.

The first dogs I imported were Gordon setters; these I brought out in September, and I had no trouble with them till the following summer, when the two importations both got sick, or at least got off their feed, and looked like nothing for the whole summer; but picked up in the fall and were as they ought to be. The next dog I got was old Blossom, the Gordon setter; he came to me about July, and a sicker dog to live for four or five months I never saw; but with patience and many relapses he got through and was as good as the best. Then I got a black field spaniel from the Beverly Kennels, Billy by name, in October; he died in November after being here four weeks, never got over his trip; loss \$200. Next was another spaniel in March; he didn't do well till the following winter. Then I got an English setter for a friend. He was not worth anything for four or five months. This is my own experience, and has led me to think that the change of climate, feeding, etc., have a great deal to do with the health of dogs imported from England, especially the dogs with anything like long coats.

The terriers that I have imported did well; in fact never seemed to go back. From this I am led to believe that the reason so many of the imported dogs die is that they do not acclimatize, and it takes quite a year to bring them up to anything like show form.

I may be wrong, but it is worth while for importers to take note of this and not endeavor to force on their new importations, but just to try and keep them alive till such time as nature accustoms them to their new surroundings. It is not feed and care they will do it, but rest and time. I suppose not many of your readers, but some of my medical brethren, have read Hilton's work on "Rest and Pain." Although a medical work, it is worth every man's while to read it. It is so interesting that it won't weary, and the information gained will far repay the time. There Hilton elaborates what rest will do either in disease or health, which without our attention being drawn to it no one would ever think of. Therefore in conclusion, with every sympathy for the owners of the big ones, I would commend to them and their kennel men the necessity of waiting on nature, and not to endeavor to give fictitious strength till nature has properly counterbalanced the infinite change which takes place in removing an animal from an air so different from this—i. e. the damp, muggy air of England charged with the salt breezes of the ocean which surrounds it, to the dry air, free from salt and ozone of this continent. I would commend these thoughts to the importers of high-priced dogs, and if they are of any benefit, and they wait on the natural acclimatization of their dogs and not force them, I think the death rate will be much lowered; and the writer will be more than repaid if such a happy issue should follow.

J. S. NIVEN.

EVEN A WORM WILL TURN.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I wish some smart medical dog man would discover or invent a worm medicine that wouldn't smell to heaven, and taste as far the other way. Can't there be a concentrated essence of something or other put up in capsule form that can be disguised in a little wad of meat, that would slip down unchewed and unbeknownst, carrying its own purgative with it? If there is such a medicament, will some dear brother tickle me to death by divulging it. I have tried these loud medicines until I'm tired. One dose goes partly down and partly somewhere else, under vigorous protest and struggle, but there is nothing funny about administering the next. It is fraught with difficulty and danger. I don't want to abuse my dog and cause him to lose confidence in me by forcing him into a corner, if perchance by much deceit or wheedling I can lay hands on him, and prying open a case of lock-jaw to pour a nasty dose of compound turpentine, jimsonweed, santoline and areca nut disguised in asafoetida. It hurts my feelings and his. And then if one succeeds in getting the necessary number of continuous nauseousness down the aggrieved and suffering beast, he needs to be abused more yet with castor oil. It's all very well with yapping puppies, but when it comes to a mature, reflecting, sensitive and vigorous dog, "dat's anoder ting." I suppose the farm-smelling remedies would kill worms could they reach them. They are vociferous enough to kill anything. Will some good Samaritan calm my perturbed spirit and relieve my dog at one fell swoop?

O. O. S.

PAINLESS DEATH.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was pleased to see a letter on this subject from so sound a source in your last week's number. As the mode of disposal of dogs whose life is a burden to themselves or their friends is occasionally a problem most breeders have to solve, I beg to add a few hints to what has already been well set forth. To get rid of dogs by poison is neither a certain nor humane method. Very often the animal will vomit the poison, which may then be eaten, mixed with food as it may be, by some pet, and get follow. Prussic acid is a very sure remedy, but it is dangerous stuff to handle; for while it makes sure work of the dog it may be equally sure for his master. No poisons for dogs are as a rule to be absolutely condemned.

Chloroform is safe, easy of application, humane and need not be either uncertain or expensive. The following method will give entire satisfaction: Obtain some cheap German chloroform. One ounce will kill if properly used, though it is better to have four to six at hand. The idea is to give the dog chloroform vapors to breathe with as little air as possible. It is well to construct such a cone as will cover the head, ears and all, which may be readily made by folding up a stiff towel, etc. Over this should go some impervious material, as oiled silk, old table oilcloth, or even a piece of oiled brown paper.

But when all has been got ready in the absence of the dog,

he should be brought into some closed apartment, gently laid down and so bound that he cannot rise. His forelegs and his hindlegs may be banded or tied with handkerchiefs in pairs and then all four legs fastened together. Using soothing tones, all this may be done almost without the dog's knowing what is happening; and I would never think of administering an anesthetic to a dog for any purpose without his being secured in some such way.

From 1 to 2oz. of chloroform may now be poured on some cotton wool, or a folded piece of rag which has been placed in the bottom of the cone and clapped tightly over the animal's head so that no air can enter. The dog is almost sure to struggle more or less, but moderate pressure over his shoulders will suffice to keep him down, and soon death will result. The cone should be left in place for some time as a matter of precaution. Of course this procedure may be modified, provided the same principles are observed.

I do not think chloroform should ever be given to a dog at the beginning of an operation, and at no stage by one without a good deal of experience. Ether is the anesthetic for the dog. It may not be generally known that dogs take large quantities of opium or morphia without risk, and these dull sensibility sufficient for some short operations, though they make the dog sick at the stomach, especially if given by the mouth.

If the barbarous cutting of ears, etc., is to be continued, either ether by inhalation or morphia (1 to 2drs.) should be given by the mouth, or better, injected beneath the skin. There is practically no danger of killing a dog with opium or morphia, though of course very large doses, as over 2drs., are unnecessary in any case, and usually $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1dr. answers every purpose.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Although somewhat premature, yet for the benefit and information of those contemplating making entries or otherwise participating in this fall's field trials, to be held at my place, I beg to offer a few preliminary remarks now.

After a very mature deliberation of the National Beagle Club, it was decided to hold the second annual field trials at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y.

Nanuet is my home, and also that of the Rockland Kennels. It is a small village of perhaps 500 inhabitants, and located in the heart of a strongly wooded and rolling land county. While birds are comparatively scarce (as in most other localities in the East), yet the gray cotton-tail rabbits are plenty and numerous. Our kind are all runners, and ordinarily furnish the small hound with large contracts. Unless a very strong spurt is made, they rarely take to cover, which, if they do, is some old stone fence or hollow tree. A little switch usually creates a fresh start, and away we go again.

The last run that I had with my pack for a bag was on New Year's morning last. Six dogs, my man, myself and two guns. We started from the house at about 8 o'clock, with a light drizzly rain falling, it having snowed a trifle during the night. We had not fairly got together and started before they had one going, and in a few minutes I heard the crack of my man's gun followed by the cry of "all down."

Inside of four hours we had run fourteen rabbits, and when we returned at about 12 o'clock for our New Year's dinner we pulled nine big fellows out of our pockets. At no time during the four hours' hunt were we over three-quarters of a mile from home.

I have been out frequently with a party of friends and been met at a given point by my sister with a wagon, when we would unload from our jackets and cover the tail end of the wagon with rabbits, squirrels and birds. So much for the supply of rabbits. For covers, there is no end to them. It is one continuous "here's a taken place."

The ridges and hills are all taken in with ease. The lower lands in some places are wet at times, but with a pair of boots on will give you no trouble. During early season we find game, mostly in open fields or on borders of small woods. Later on they take to more secluded covers, and as it were prepare for their winter campaign. While our own acres afford but a limited field for operations, I am fortunate in having the good will of my neighbors and their consent for the promotion of the sport, in which they frequently join me.

Later on I will be pleased to furnish more direct information as to reaching Nanuet and facilities there for taking care of man and dog during the trials next November.

H. L. KREUDER.

DOG CHAT.

OUR illustration this week, taken from the *English Stock-keeper*, shows the type of beagles now winning on the other side. If the drawings are correct, and they are by Mr. Moore and in his best style, the type of head is hardly what our critics call for. They seem long and light in muzzle, but in bodies and legs there seems nothing to desire. The one standing up is champion Lonely, said to be the best beagle in England. She is by Careful out of Lovely and was whelped in June, 1886. She is 13½ in. at shoulder and is a beautiful hare pie color. She has been beaten but once and that time by her kennel mate Princess Countess, the one lying down. This, however, was not a just decision, as the latter is too wide in front. Princess Countess has beaten the great Ringwood and is by champion Ringwood out of Newhaven Countess. She is now rearing a litter by champion Ringwood. She is a beautiful blue mottled hound and was whelped January, 1888, her breeder being Mr. George R. Krehl. The owner of these two handsome bitches is Mr. Joachim, who is one of the principal beagle breeders in England.

A writer in the *Epoch* says: "A lady friend of mine owns a Skye terrier, now eight years old, of which she is very fond. When the little fellow was about a year old, a very savage cat jumped at him without the slightest provocation and scratched his left eye, from the effects of which a cataract formed and after two years caused blindness in that eye. From sympathy a cataract formed gradually over the other eye, and last summer he became totally blind. Some years before the second eye became affected the owner took Teddie (such is his name) to an eye and ear hospital of this city and had an operation performed on the eye which the cat had scratched. One of the physicians attached to the hospital was the operator, and he was surrounded by other physicians, assistants and nurses, all of whom were deeply interested. The owner held the dog in her lap, cocaine was administered, and Teddie did not move until a deep cut caused him to give a little cry. The operation was a failure; the cataract was so hard that the instrument slipped. It was like working on a piece of marble. Later on, the same doctor performed the operation painlessly on two different occasions on the same eye, with no better success than the first time; but he was willing to try it again and cut off the cataract entirely, but it would be necessary to chloroform the dog, as the pain would otherwise be too great. Teddie's mistress was at the same time informed that he might die from the effects of the anesthetic, and she would not take the risk of losing her pet. A few months ago, however, she changed her mind and determined to allow it to be chloroformed, preparatory to the fourth operation. The doctor, upon examining the eye, told her that nature had done what the three operations had failed to do. Teddie had evidently struck himself against something which had loosened one of the corners of the cataract, which now swings to and fro like a curtain, and enables him to see enough to get around without hurting himself. So the fourth operation was not necessary."

Mr. Reick, now that he has lost the progenitor of the Regent line of St. Bernard blood, is doing the best thing he can to replace him by getting dogs of the same blood and as near to him as possible. Besides purchasing Kingston Regent, he has now cabled for Marquis of Ripon, another good dog of the same litter, and a prize winner. Marquis of Ripon was owned by Mr. Booth, of Hull, and will arrive in this country shortly.

Whether Mr. Chapman, who is now in this country, is going out of St. Bernards or not is not known, but he has placed Sir Hereward, Princess Florence and Bessie III. on the market. We hear that the three are held at \$10,000.

We draw the attention of our readers, especially those interested in collies, to the advertisement of the Seminole Kennels. Judging from a pleasant half-hour's chat with Dr. Sauveur we were convinced he has the best interests of the breed at heart and will do whatever lies in his power to help the breed along. He proposes to allow members of the Collie Club the privilege of sending their bitches to his stud dogs at a reduction of thirty per cent. on the advertised rates. With such dogs as The Squire, Roslyn Wilkes, Roslyn Conway, etc., the influence of his kennel on future litters should be very perceptible, and it is only by patronizing such dogs, which have shown themselves good sires, that the collie breeders can hope to breed dogs that will be a credit to the country.

From a letter that Mr. Eberhart sends us we gather that a bench show will be held in Cincinnati this fall. He will take quite a string of dogs after Toronto, down to the Lexington show, which promises to be quite an interesting one, judging by the accounts received about it. They have marked out a new line, and if more of our agricultural shows will follow suit and have fox hunts, collie trials, etc., in which dogs take a part, they would draw better, and afford the *blase* circuit shower a little excitement which is sadly wanting, as a rule, after the first day and the judging is over. The Eberhart Pug Kennels feed the Lexington show with Austin & Graves biscuits.

We mentioned the fact some time since that Mr. Hedley Chapman, who is known to St. Bernard breeders as the owner of Princess Florence and Sir Hereward, and who sold Hepsy to the Maryland Kennels for the largest price ever paid for a dog of her sex, was coming to this country on a visit, and now we hear that he has sailed and is en route to Victoria, B. C.

A letter from Mrs. E. S. Avis tells us that her husband, Lieut. Avis, has parted with his promising young pointer bitch Duchess of Kent, by King of Kent out of Louise Byron, selling her to Mr. C. M. Rounds, of San Antonio, Texas, on account of his being ordered to Fort Clark, Texas. Mrs. Avis adds: "A little far out of dogdom, but not too far to lessen my interest in dogs, and three beautiful pups and our fine pointer, Chief, Jr., you spoke so kindly of last spring, will accompany us." Duchess of Kent has been well trained by Henry Christ, of Belmont, O., and as Mr. Rounds is an ardent sportsman and consequently fond of good dogs, he will do justice to her fine field qualities.

Mr. Geo. Smith's new English setter purchase, Sir Frederick, left England on the Helvetia and is already in this country. His list of winnings is very large and his appearance in the ring over here is sure to be of interest to setter men.

Pedro—"I hear that the Anglo Club fellows talk of expelling Gawge Van Leah for cawwyng a pawkage on the avenoo."

Cadley—"Aw, but that's off, y' know. The pawkage turned out to be a sick fawx-terrier rolled up in a blaw-net."—*Exchange*.

We acknowledge the receipt of some excellent examples of Mr. Clarence Rathbone's characteristic work with the camera among his fox-terriers. "Beverwycks At Work" and "Touch Me if You Dare" will be recognized at once as typical scenes in the experience of every fox-terrier man, and show that Mr. Rathbone has a happy knack of pressing the button at the right moment. Such pictures are far more interesting than the stereotyped way in which most of our dogs are taken.

Mr. Sewell, the noted English vet., who has examined a dog that bit a man, who afterward died of supposed hydrophobia, sends to *Stock-Keeper* a copy of the certificate he gave to the lady who owns the dog, which is still alive and which she has been urged to destroy. As it is very sensible and to the point it will bear repetition: "This is to certify that I have this day examined a short-coated collie dog with a white left forefoot, white chest and front of neck, and a white mark in right eye, the property of Madame Bourgingnon, and I find that the said dog is quite healthful. I may point out that it has been proved beyond doubt by very eminent men, such as Pasteur and others, that hydrophobia cannot result from the bite of a healthy dog. I may also point out that a dog once affected with rabies or hydrophobia, as it is commonly called, never lives more than eight days, and during the incubative stage, that is, from the time the dog was inoculated until the development of the disease, he cannot induce hydrophobia by biting or otherwise; in fact, the bite of such a dog is perfectly harmless. Some people even suppose that if a dog bites a person, and though he may be perfectly healthy at the time he inflicts the bite, but should subsequently go mad, the person that was bitten is sure to have hydrophobia. This is absurd and impossible. (Signed) A. J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S., V.S. to the Kennel Club, Dogs' Home, etc."

There has been considerable talk lately in the English kennel papers about all-round judges and specialty judges, in which Mr. Krehl, of the *Stock-Keeper*, has come in for some knocks. This week he comes out very explicitly and explains his ideas of the two positions, with which most of us will agree in the main. The specialist is generally an

amateur, and because he does not accept pay for his work, if his decisions do not meet with approval all we can do is to shrug our shoulders and say he did his best; but a professional all-round judge, as he is paid, should be held to a strict account and not accept work for which he is not capable. We fancy, however, that *Stock-Keeper* goes a bit too far when it says: "If the amateur undertakes to judge breeds of which he has an imperfect knowledge, he is not conscientious; if the professional does the same, he is not honest. *Voilà tout!*" That is all very well in a general way, but in this country, and we expect that it is the same in England to some extent, there are few shows which could afford to have judges for different breeds, and consequently the all-round judges, who are also very few in number, must perform be complaisant and take on several breeds which they may not entirely feel at home in. It may be wrong to do so, but what are they going to do about it? Again it says: "The victims of the irregular professional judging system are the show promoters, and they ask us how can they know when a man touts for their judging orders whether he is efficient or not? Ah, there is the difficulty! When talking this question over with a prominent member of the kennel world, he smilingly observed that it was a pity the Kennel Club could not institute competitive examinations and give certificates to applicants for the breeds they passed in. These certificates would be a perfect security to show promoters, and if the competitions could take place in public they would be a perfect treat to doggy men." The question at once arises: Who is competent to examine the would-be judges then?

Our readers should carefully note Dr. Niven's letter on the effect of climate on dogs in this issue. We have spoken of this matter before, and feel sure if breeders will exercise a little patience and more judgment, the result will materially increase our list of good dogs.

Mr. F. E. Lamb tells us he is importing another good rough St. Bernard bitch next month, and this one has been

The Grand Trunk Ry., N. Y. C. & H. Ry., West Shore Ry., New York, Ontario and Western Ry., New York, Lake Erie and Western Ry., Delaware, Lackawana and Western Ry., Lehigh Valley Ry., Central Ry. of New Jersey, Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Pennsylvania Ry., Baltimore & Ohio Ry. and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry.

We hear that Mr. Washington has sold the Irish setter Kildare for \$575.

We received a very pleasant visit from Dr. Sauveur, Tuesday last. This gentleman is the owner of the well-known Seminole Kennels, and impresses one as an enthusiastic fancier and one willing to help the best interests of the kennel world.

Mr. Boggs did not keep his Irish setter Finglas, of apology fame, very long, as we hear that Mr. E. G. Bishop has purchased him. From all accounts this dog will do well for the Glenrose Kennel. This gentleman has also purchased another noted Irish setter field trial winner, but further than this we are not at liberty to state anything, if we have not already said too much.

Among the dogs offered for sale this week Dr. C. E. Stanley offers an English setter; C. C. Gaines, choice Irish setter pups; Isaac Collignon, beagle pups; John E. Weston, cocker spaniels; G. Douglas, black cockers; C. E. Lewis, black cocker dog; R. H. Burr, Irish setter Red River Glencho; J. H. Parrott, English setter dog; M. A. Hanchett, pointer pups; Seminole Kennels, Irish setter. Seminole Kennels place the collies, The Squire, Roslyn Conway, Roslyn Wilkes, Roslyn Dandy, and Sir Kelpie; the pugs Treasure and Kash, Jr., and the Irish setters Seminole and Eleo at stud.

Our esteemed contemporary *Sports Afield* is rather misleading in its statement that Sir Bedivere, by a recent decision of the English Kennel Club, is champion of England. There is no such title. While Sir Bedivere is easily the first of his breed, he is only "a champion among others."

The Blue Grass Kennel Club have secured Brassfield's Pavilion for their exhibition hall. The building, we are informed, is particularly well adapted to the purpose, being all on the ground floor, circular in form, and one-eighth of a mile in circumference, with large courtyard in the center for judging and exercising. It adjoins the elegant grounds of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, containing several hundred acres, and which have been secured for the purpose of giving a series of fox hunts and deer chases in connection with the bench show. Arrangements have been made to have all the celebrated packs of foxhounds in the South present, including Gov. Wade Hampton's, of South Carolina; Messrs. Young & Taylor, of Mississippi; Quinn, Redd, Walker and Whitlock, of Kentucky, have signified their intention of being present with their packs, and as a large number of red foxes and deer have been secured some excellent sport is assured. Mr. F. C. Wheeler will judge the non-sporting classes, and Messrs. Austen and Graves will do the benching.

Mr. Fred Kimball, of Brockton, Massachusetts, has claimed the name of Ringwood Beagle Kennels for his kennel of beagles.

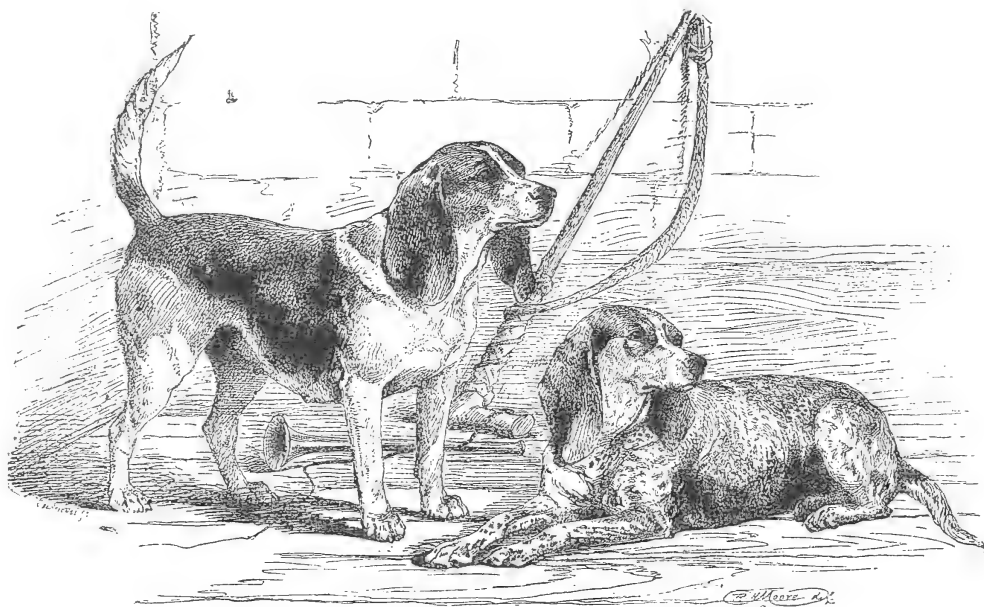
A dog which no doubt was better known to New Yorkers than any other in the city has succumbed to pneumonia. It was a familiar sight to those who passed the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street to see Bull-terrier Jack's intelligent face looking appealingly to passers by as if urging them to buy matches from his blind master. Regularly every afternoon at 3 o'clock in winter and 6 o'clock in summer this faithful dog brought his master to the old stand. Although the faithful beast preferred his old friends and constant customers, yet the most utter stranger could approach him and say, "How goes it, old fellow?" and Jack with a whole heartedness would give his paw and then turn his big brown eyes suggestively to the tray of matches which his blind master held. Woe betide the stranger who was so obtuse or so mean as not to accept the suggestion. Jack would bark and growl and create no end of excitement. The great intelligence of the animal made him an object of envy to many, but his blind master refused many most liberal offers, and is now inconsolable. The *Herald* has started a subscription to replace the dog with another or to help the now friendless man in some other way. We are sure there are some among our breeders who out of their plentiful litters can cheerfully spare the old man a pup, which may eventually become another friend and guide to him. Jack was given to him by some kind stranger when a pup, eight years ago.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows (Uncle Dick), of Hornellsville, N. Y., is to judge the dogs at the Fulton County Agricultural Society's fair to be held at Johnstown, N. Y., Sept. 7 to 10. Mr. F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., is the superintendent.

We hear that Mr. Jarrett, of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, will judge some of the classes at the Wilmington, Del., show next month.

Mr. W. H. Hyland writes us that he has purchased from Mr. T. G. Davey, London, Ont., the black and white pointer bitch Fan N. A.K.C.S.B. 15,598. He says: "I consider her about the best light-weight pointer bitch in America to-day, and I believe her record will justify my claim." She has won the following prizes, without a single defeat, viz.: First Boston, first Chicago, first Buffalo, first Detroit, first Toronto, first London, 1890; first challenge Chicago, 1891, defeating champion Queen Fan.

Mr. Shillcock writes to *Stock-Keeper* that in justice to himself he must make known the fact that it was Mr. Chapman's desire that he state the price at which he sold Sir Hereward as \$8,000.



THE BEAGLES CHAMPION LONELY AND PRINCESS COUNTESS.

Owned by Mr. E. B. Joachim, England.

mated to champion Keeper, he of the wonderful head. His Clydesdale Nell—Lord Bute litter is doing well, and of course are the handsomest "babies" in the world.

Mr. John H. Matthews has a very sensible and temperate letter in *Stock-Keeper* defending the Bulldog Club and Mr. Cuzle against the attacks made by "Nutteracker" in that paper. He says in one part, in answer to the accusation that this club had "spluttered" at New York and then gone out, that they intend to confine their efforts principally to the annual meeting to be held each year at New York, the rallying point for all American dogdom, and for the next few years to come this meeting will very likely be held in connection with the regular dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club. Next in the order of dog show work they select for special favor a point in the East (Lynn last year), one South (usually Baltimore), and one West, Chicago.

Mr. J. B. Dale has sold the fox-terrier Deputy, that has done so well lately in England, to Mr. C. H. Jolliffe, Stratford on Avon; and Newcome, Mr. Tinne's crack, goes to Mr. Astley's kennel.

Mr. L. P. C. Astley, who is well known to fanciers on both sides as an expert in the judging ring and as a dog show reporter, has been very ill lately. It seems he had to have an intricate operation performed in having an abscess taken out of his side, and, under chloroform, Dr. Bedell Benison, who owns the bulldog Forceps, removed the cause of trouble. Mr. Astley has lost 29lbs. in weight, but is now, we are pleased to note, well on the way to recovery.

The Barzois that we spoke of last week as coming over for Mr. Hacke have arrived, and will be on exhibition to-day at the Spratts Kennels. Accepting Mr. Clether's kind invitation to visit their kennel, we shall have more to say about them next week. Speaking of Spratts Co., they have brought out something that is well spoken of in the English papers as a "preventor." One of the annoyances of keeping a dog in the house will henceforth be overcome and my lady's favorite curtains and other corners which seem to have an attraction for some dogs, will now be safe from destruction. This preparation is a powder which is scattered over the favorite spots and effectually forces the dog to move on.

The secretary of the International Bench Show of Dogs, to be held at the city of Toronto from the 14th to the 18th of September, has received a letter from Mr. Wm. Fleming, secretary of the Trunk Line Association, stating that the following railways will carry three dogs free in baggage cars (at owner's risk, when accompanied by owners or caretakers who present for inspection the necessary identification papers) to Toronto during the holding of the show:

It is the generally accepted idea among those who are ignorant of the breed, that the ownership of a bulldog carries with it something derogatory to one's character. It is simply a tough relic of old associations, for the bulldog of to-day is as much an animal worthy to be man's companion as a St. Bernard or a mastiff. This is the way many estimable people think in England, and only last week the Marchioness of Stafford tried to buy the crack dog Forceps from Dr. Benison, after it had won first prize at Newport, Monmouthshire.

In speaking of the death of Prince Regent and Scottish Prince Fanciers' Gazette says: "Twenty years ago St. Bernards were shown in condition; now they are exhibited like fat prize pigs, often unable to stand up during the process of judging. Common sense dictates that this cannot be right, and we have often referred to the matter before. The putting on the fat, and the means that are had recourse to, to do so, must lead to an unhealthy state of existence, and renders dogs so treated susceptible to all sorts of diseases. Change of climate and feeding soon show their effect, and find out the weak spot when the constitution is impaired." This only bears us out in what we have lately written on this subject, which is one that will have to receive proper attention at the hands of St. Bernard and other large dog breeders.

Mr. John Lewis has sold the noted pointer Nick of Naso to Mr. Homer B. Aldin for \$350. This dog is well known on the bench and in the field, and when we saw him the other evening he looked fit to go in the ring any time. Nick remains in Mr. Lewis's hands for the present.

Before another issue of this paper the Canadian shows will have commenced with Kingston. A word of warning to exhibitors may not be out of place in view of the heat we shall probably experience. Baggage-masters nowadays have had more or less experience in taking care of dogs in their cars, but it is better to be on the safe side and make it impossible for a heartless baggage-master to so cover the crate that the dogs will be smothered. There is nothing better than a hamper or basket to ship a dog in, but when these are not available have boxes made in such a manner that it is impossible for trunks and other boxes to be set so close that fresh air is excluded. Allow the roof to lap over the sides and leave plenty of ventilation space under the eaves and your dog will be safe. Avoid overcrowding; better leave your dog home than lose him for the sake of saving a few dollars on expressage. Facilities for watering and feeding will of course suggest themselves to every careful and humane owner of dogs. The above notes are suggested from reading the account of the death from suffocation of one of England's best Bassets, Mr. H. Jones's Fresno, on the way to Spa, Belgium show.

Last week we noted exclusively that a crack bull-terrier would shortly come to this country. Now we see by *Canine World* that champion Streatham Monarch has been purchased from Mr. Thompson by Mr. Toon, who sends him to this country; in fact, he sailed Aug. 15. This dog made his debut at Manchester in 1890 when eight months old, and just a year after at the same show he gained his championship. Another bull-terrier, weighing 30 lbs., called Cherub, will also sail shortly to add strength to Frank Dole's crack kennel.

The same paper informs us that Mr. T. S. Bellin, a noted fox-terrier breeder and occasional judge, was to come over on the Teutonic with the intention of settling in this country. Mr. Bellin has bred many noted dogs, among them Rustic Result, Rustic Reclayton, Merry Queen Rustic, and the novice winner at Blackburn, Tin Foiler. The fox-terrier ranks will be further strengthened by this gentleman's change of country.

We draw attention to our suggestion in another column regarding the present state of things in the A. K. C. It is time that the dog men came to their senses and reflected on the harm that is being done to kennel interests by allowing these suits to go on. The A. K. C. is laying itself open to further trouble every day by allowing the sale of copies of the *Kennel Gazette* containing the alleged libels in the printed list of disqualified members. In view of the interlocutory judgment rendered by Judge Maygan the other day, it would seem the parties wisdom to hold these numbers in abeyance until these suits have been decided. Every copy sold constitutes a separate cause for a suit, and suits are being sent to the A. K. C. rooms to buy the *Gazette* for that purpose. But the club is either blind or will not see it in the serious light that it strikes other men. Why cannot a committee of representative men—breeders such as Messrs. Thayer, Childs, Terry, Fay, Sears, Whiton, Dr. Perry, there are lots of them—men in whom we all have confidence, be agreed upon as a committee by the two parties, and let them investigate both sides of the case and effect some compromise. If men are compelled, through fear of these suits and the damages they may entail, to sell dogs and property, how long is the associate membership going to last?

Mr. J. H. Winslow, the popular pointer judge, in a friendly letter tells us he has some good pointer pups coming on, and that his little setter bitch Nellie Belton is going to be a good one. She is sister to Albert's Duchess, winner of P. K. C. Derby last year, and Albert's Nellie that did so well at the Rossmont, Pa., and having a delightful time and surrounded by lots of dogs. He says: "I was killing a few bear, moose, etc., in Maine for a while, but as nobody will believe it I simply ignore their requests to furnish affidavits."

Dr. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, Canada, is bringing out a little book on "How to Keep a Dog in the City." The work no doubt will be acceptable, as Dr. Mills will speak from experience.

A movement is on foot in Canada with the object of removing the existing duty on thoroughbred dogs. At present, since a law made in November, 1888, all dogs imported, except from Newfoundland, are dutiable. A letter from Mr. Bowell, Minister of Customs, to Mr. S. F. Glass, secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, who is circulating the petition, states that nothing can be done this year, but if tariff changes are made next year the subject will receive attention.

One of the regulations at Toronto will be that only prize cards of the Industrial Exhibition Association will be allowed to be tacked up over the dogs in the stall, though exhibitors may post a list of winnings if they wish. This is a good move, for otherwise it misleads the public to a certain extent.

Mr. Geo. Thomas will sail on the Bostonian for Boston, and among the new ones added to his team is the greyhound Bestwood Daisy, a brindle and white, and which won at the Boston (Eng.) show over Lily of Gainsboro. As both of these bitches will very likely belong to Mr. Purbeck, it will be seen he will have a strong kennel of longtails. Mr. Toon has also purchased the bull-terrier Queen of the Dale and Common. The St. Bernard we spoke of as coming over is Young Alton, and though only fifteen months old he has already done some winning, we believe, and is expected to do well over here. Two new black and tan terriers are Prince Raglan and Rosette, the latter being in whelp to

champion Beaconsfield. A wire-haired fox-terrier, Barton Sting, is also in the string, and Mr. Mercer's Lady Belle, the Clumber, will come over in Mr. Thomas's care, in whelp to the noted Hot Pot, and we trust Mr. Mercer will have better luck than usual. We were right after all in the surmise that Jack Briggs, the Irish terrier, late the Western Ambassador, would eventually find a home in the Salem Kennels. He has beaten his noted sire and other Ambassadors of note. We gave his winnings last week. Another dog, Valley Boxer, is also in the list of coming ones, as well as a smooth fox-terrier. To make room for all these dogs the Anglo-American Kennels are enlarging their accommodations. Some of the dogs that are owned by this kennel will be left behind to win fresh laurels. As the Canadian shows have not catered very well to the Irish terrier breed, the bitches of this kennel will also be left in England till ready for the New York show, when the exhibit of Irish terriers will, we hear, be very large and of great merit.

At the Spa, Belgium, show Mr. Comstock's purchase, the Irish terrier bitch Crate, had an easy win. Mr. Dole's bull-terrier Hannah should have been there, but for some reason did not turn up.

An executive meeting of the National Beagle Club was held Aug. 22. The meeting was called to order by Dr. W. A. Power at 9 P. M. Minutes of last meeting were read and accepted. Messrs. Brooking, Berry, Turpin and Rutter absent. Mr. W. S. Clark was selected as one of judges at the N. B. C. trials this fall. It was then voted to lay the question of another judge on the table. The date of the closing of entries will be Nov. 1, and it was voted to get entry blanks, etc., printed. A show of dogs entered will be held before the dogs are run in the trials, and first, second and third prizes in all classes will be given, the same judges to judge both show and trials. Everything points to a successful meeting, judging from the communications received so far.

In the libel case of Gallup vs. Belmont and others, for publishing plaintiff's name in the disqualified list in the *American Kennel Gazette*, the defendants have appealed from the decision of the Special Term to the General Term. Sept. 8 proximo has been set as the date on which their demurrer will be argued in the Town Hall at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and it is expected a decision will be rendered within a month afterward.

Through inadvertence the challenge classes for field spaniels were omitted from the premium list of the Montreal bench show. They have therefore decided to make the classification for this breed the same as for Clumber spaniels, i. e., they will have class 54A, challenge dogs, with \$7 and diploma; 54B, challenge class for bitches, with the same prizes.

TAYLOR'S CLEO FALSELY REGISTERED.—North Tarrytown, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I wish to inform the party who purchased a pointer bitch named Taylor's Cleo from M. T. Mason, Northampton, Mass., that they have been badly imposed upon in regard to same bitch's breeding. Mr. Mason claimed her to be by Pommyery Sec—Larnock Elsa, whelped May, 1889; breeder, F. E. Atkins, and so registered in the A. K. C. Stud Book. As the bitch is not by Pommyery Sec—Larnock Elsa, and was not bred by F. E. Atkins, I notified Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary A. K. C., that the breeding claimed for Taylor's Cleo was false, and he has cancelled the registration. Larnock Elsa had no puppies by Pommyery Sec in 1889. Mr. F. E. Atkins, Waterbury, Vt., now owns Larnock Elsa, having purchased her from me in January last, and I am in receipt of a letter from him stating that he knows nothing of M. T. Mason or of the bitch Taylor's Cleo, and adds that Larnock Elsa whelped a splendid litter by Pommyery Sec on the 8th inst. —WM. H. HYLAND.

ROCHESTER NOTES.—A late acquisition to the canine community in this city is Jocko, a black and white setter, by Kent, he by champion Count Howard out of Geno. she by Sportsman, he by champion Gladstone. Jocko came from the kennels of Wm. Blair, of Pontiac, Mich., and is the property of Mr. Krug. W. H. Case, of Lockport, was in town to-day, and we met at the Flour City Kennels; he is interested in pointers and English setters, and expects to exhibit some of his dogs at the Canadian shows. Mr. Krueger, of beagle fame, and Mr. Lee, of the FOREST AND STREAM, called at the Flour City Kennels last Saturday, and complimented Mr. Pritchard on the form of the dogs he will star with this season. Cardinal Beaufort continues to improve and gives promise of great success on the bench. —O. STEWART BAMBER, M.D.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (turned free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Pitts Sing II. By Mrs. E. S. Avis, Morgantown, W. Va., for pug bitch, whelped October, 1890.

Chiquet Zola. By Mrs. E. S. Avis, Morgantown, W. Va., for pug bitch, whelped March 20, 1889, by champion Dude out of Tessa.

Penrice, Jr. By Mrs. F. S. Avis, Morgantown, W. Va., for pug dog, whelped June 18, 1891, by imported Penrice out of Silksworth Monk.

Alma. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped June 9, 1891, by Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman).

Twister, The Count and Str Bob. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug dogs, whelped July 1, 1891, by Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Nelly T. (Spokane—Lalla Rookh).

Dick Leslie, Cap Leslie, Prince Leslie, Duke Leslie, Max Leslie and Frank Leslie. By W. B. McCord, Hyattsville, O., for liver and white pointer dogs, whelped Aug. 3, 1891, by Leslie (Spot Dash—imported Belle Randolph) out of Mack's Juno.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Bradford Lill—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coombs's (Rangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Lill (Tinkle—m—Judy) to his champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Aug. 25.

Little Lad. J. E. Weston's (Utica, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch — (Sir John—Cassy W.) to his Little Lad (Newton Abbot Beau—Dinah Bennett) July 13.

Charmion—Hector. H. Scherloh's (New York) smooth St. Bernard bitch Charmion to New York St. Bernard Kennels' champion Hector, Aug. 18.

Rosa Graphic—Spot Naso. C. D. Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Rosa Graphic (champion Graphic—White Rose) to C. W. Winslip's Spot Naso (champion Naso of Kippen—Boski), Aug. 18.

Meteor's Flirt—Graphic III. C. D. Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Meteor's Flirt (Meteor, Jr.—Mamie) to J. A. Herther's Graphic III. (champion Graphic—champion Blossom), June 3.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Starlight. U. G. Chadeayne's (Sing Sing, N. Y.) English setter bitch Starlight (Rock, Jr.—De-bing Kate), June 26, eight (three dogs), by Ben Lewis's Lewis's.

J. E. Weston's (Utica, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch — (champion Black Pete—Black Meg II.), July 13, six (four dogs), by his Black Dash (Oberon—Susie).

Onota Belle. R. H. Burr's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Onota Belle (champion Chief—Bizzreena), Aug. 10, nine (six dogs), by his Red River Glencho (champion Glencho—Lyda Belle),

Speckle Gown. Posten & Burdell's (Columbus, O.) English setter bitch Speckle Gown (Count Noble—Naunie Gladstone), Aug. 18, six (five dogs), by Gladstone Boy.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Sir Bob. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 1, 1891, by Spokane out of Nelly T., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to John Mott, Jr., New Harmony, Ind.

Virgie E. Pug bitch, whelped June 8, 1891, by Spokane out of Lalla Rookh, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to W. R. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

Penrice, Jr. Pug dog, whelped June 18, 1891, by Penrice out of —, by Howard Bros., Columbus, O., to Mrs. E. S. Avis, Morgantown, W. Va.

Blaze—Gladys B. whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 12, 1891, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to Alfred Neff, Higganstown, Conn.

Barris, Jr. Orange tawny smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped April 23, 1891, by Barris out of Queen Anna, by New York St. Bernard Kennels, New York city, to Thos. Kelly, same place.

Lord Lincoln. Tawny and white smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 3, 1891, by Pilgrim out of champion Flora II., by New York St. Bernard Kennels, New York city, to James Hingston, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hectorine. Tawny and white smooth St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1891, by champion Hector out of Trojan Dick, by New York St. Bernard Kennels, New York city, to James Hingston, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prudence. Orange and white rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1887, by Helvellyn out of Zephyr, by New York St. Bernard Kennels, New York city, to W. H. Auld, Strathroy, Ont.

Zana. White and orange rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1888, by Duke of Wellington out of Krona, by New York St. Bernard Kennels, New York city, to Jas. Chaney, Clifton, N. J.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to attempts of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

W. A. S.—See our kennel business columns in issue of July 18.

A. D. G., Canada.—No. All depends on time of closing entries.

C. T., Ottumwa, Iowa.—Have forwarded your letter to a reliable person.

C. H. C.—The only way you can do is to advertise the fact in an English kennel paper.

H. F. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—Will you please give me the address of the best kennel of light-weight bull-terriers in America? Ans. It would be invidious on our part to answer your question. There are several good kennels of this breed, for instance Mr. Dole's, Mr. Harris's, etc.

A. R. C., Ottawa, Canada.—Would you kindly give me the address and name of the master of the hounds hunted near Rochester, N. Y.? I think the name of the place is Rosemont, but am not sure. Ans. The hunt club near Rochester, N. Y., is the Genesee Valley Hunt Club, and W. Austin Wadsworth is M. T. H.; his address is Genesee, Livingston county, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

AMERICA'S SCHUTZENFEST.

REPRESENTATIVES from all the German Schuetzen Bunds of New York and Brooklyn met Aug. 23 in the New York Sangerbunde Hall, No. 12 St. Marks Place, to consider the arrangements for the great international shooting festival which it has been decided by the German societies to hold in this vicinity in 1892. The meeting, which numbered close upon one hundred delegates, was presided over by Adolph Ludwig, the President of the United Association of Schuetzen Bunds.

The committee of finance reported that assurances had already been received of substantial support which rendered it altogether certain that the sum of \$150,000, which it was estimated would be required as a guarantee fund, would be forthcoming when it was needed. With this assurance as a basis, the association determined that the international festival should be held in the month of July, 1892, and cover as many weeks as might be necessary in order to give opportunity for the contesting of the numerous shooting events which it is proposed to put on the programme.

As this will be the first great festival of the kind projected by the originators of the undertaking ever held in this country, it was decided to defer final action as to the details of the programme for another week. The scheme, so far as it has been outlined, contemplates a programme of events which shall combine not only all the prominent features of the national shooting festivals of the Fatherland but also those of the famous Tir National festivals of Switzerland, together with features of a distinctively American character.

Champion shots from every part of Europe will compete in these contests with the experts of this country, and for each prize and trophies aggregating not less than \$50,000 in value. To accommodate the great throng of entrants in the events, it is calculated that no fewer than seventy shooting booths will be required and as many ranges, all of which, in compliance with the conditions under which the matches will be shot, will have to be substantial covered buildings.

A committee on site was appointed, with power to decide upon the location of the festival grounds, consisting of President Ludwig and Messrs. G. Kuhlman, N. Benjamin, Louis Stich, L. Lorch, W. Weller, B. Schlimmer, Charles Harth, and the permanent officers of the association. This committee is to report at the next meeting a programme of events, together with a plan of the rules and regulations for the government of the festival.

It was also decided to publish a paper during the period covered by the festival, which shall give a daily record of the progress of the shooting, the names of the prize winners, and such other information as may be of interest to the general public. This paper will be printed in German and English.

Aug. 18.—The New York Schuetzen Gilde, one of the oldest German societies in this city, held its annual festival and prize shooting at Washington Park to-day.

The officers are: E. Holtz, Captain; J. D. Dickeschied, First Lieutenant; R. Henke, Second Lieutenant; B. Wintermyer, Treasurer; H. Vayhl, Secretary; H. Storck, Orderly Sergeant; and J. Lorch, Target Master.

Winners at the king target were: H. Storck, R. Henke, C. Iba, B. Wintermyer and A. Stolzenberg.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 22.—The fourth sharpshooters' match of the season was shot to-day. The weather was fair with a very light five to six o'clock wind. Non-commissioned Staff Officer Frank Stuart, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, made the fine score of 49. It was the first time it has been made on the range this season. The following is the summary:

Seventh Regiment—H. V. D. Black, Co. B, 43; A. Stein, Co. C, 43; R. M. Mallock, Co. M, 44; W. N. Bayler, Co. A, 47; J. W. Halstead, Co. C, 47; C. H. Caldwell, Co. 47; R. Udwin, Co. A, 44; L. G. Hoffman, Co. H, 47; G. L. Stebbins, Co. K, 44; R. M. Dunn, Co. G, 42; J. W. Cleveland, Co. L, 42; E. R. Richards, Co. D, 43; H. B. Thompson, Co. C, 42; A. S. Spencer, Co. E, 42.

Eighty-ninth Regiment—J. F. Tracy, Co. H, 43.

Sixty-ninth Regiment—J. F. Stuart, N. C. S., 49.

Cavalry Regiment—A. M. Jacobs, Troop A, 46; E. J. Chase, Second Battery, 45; L. G. Reed, Troop A, 43.

Twelfth Regiment—T. J. Dolan, N. C. S., 45; A. B. Van Hueson, Co. B, 46; J. McCaulay, staff, 45; George Doyle, Co. G, 47.

Thirteenth Regiment—T. M. Harvey, N. C. S., 42; G. E. Constable, Co. F, 42; J. McNevin, N. C. S., 42.

Twenty-second Regiment—N. B. Thurston, Co. F, 43.

Twenty-third Regiment—G. S. Shepard, Co. D, 42; R. O. Oliver, staff, 45; F. E. Hamlin, Co. I, 47; R. Findlay, Co. G, 42; R. W. Simmons, Co. A, 45; H. M. Field, Co. F, 42; George Ball, Co. F, 45; C. L. Scofield, Co. H, 43; C. S. Pirie, Co. I, 47; W. A. Bayer, Co. D, 42; W. A. Stokes, Co. H, 43; G. F. Musson, Co. C, 43; B. G. Saunders, Co. C, 43.

Seventy-first Regiment—A. H. Paul, N. C. S., 42; W. H. Canter, Co. H, 45.

AUGUSTA, Me., Aug. 19.—The Maine Militia in a skirmish match to-day, 50 men teams from each regiment, 10 rounds, distance limited to 250 yds., position standing, 5 shots advancing and the same retreating, with one at each halt. The Second Regiment won with 1,432 points and 461 hits in a possible 500. The first Regiment had 1,550 points and 410 hits.

NEW ORLEANS RIFLEMEN.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 16.—The first day's shoot of the rifle tournament for the championship of the State took place today at the range of the Lawson Rifle Club, on Dumaine street, between the intersection of the club grounds and the city limits. The tournament was arranged by the Lawson Club, and a large number of fine prizes have been selected as fitting laurels for the victorious teams and the individual members thereof. The teams which participated in the shoot have been in practice for some time and an unusual amount of interest was manifested in the shoot. The teams which contested were eleven in number, and the personnel of the club representatives ranged from 8 to 13 men. The clubs contesting were the Eagles, Algiers, Expectations, Olympics, Endeavors, Perseverance, Southerns, Orleans, Pelicans, Volunteers and Arnauts. The shoot was commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning and was continued until nearly dusk, large crowds being constantly in attendance and encouraging their friends by their presence.

The only "possible" that was made during the day's shoot was that by Leo Keppler, of the Perseverance, who, on the first trial, knocked off 65 on the target. His other scores were also good, the lowest being 52 and his total 288 out of a possible of 325.

The individual scores worthy of note are as follows, arranged in the order of merit: John Christian (Expectations) 311, J. D. Bell (Expectations) 309, F. Mottis (Endeavors) 307, Harry Bouch (Olympics) 306, C. A. Hensley (Arnauts) 305, (Expectations) 304, Krammer (Expectations) 302, Capt. L. B. McNeely (Olympics) 302, P. Coyle (Endeavors) 301, M. Murray (Arnauts) 301, Paul Kneller (Arnauts) 301.

The above shows that Mr. Christian still holds control over the trigger and again carried off the honors of the day for his club, which had four members over the 300 notch, and which won the first and second prizes. Non-participants were eleven: Southerns, Eagles, Algiers, Volunteers, Pelicans, Perseverance or Orleans teams secured as high a mark for their individual marksmen as 300.

The lowest score made was that of George Orth, of the Pelicans, who made 17 points on the first fire and then withdrew. W. F. Schriever, of the Orleans, was the next worst shot, his score amounting only to 76. The scores by teams follow: Expectations.....3175 Eagles.....4775 Pelicans.....3091 Olympics.....3065 Algiers.....4738 Perseverance.....3759 Endeavors.....4984 Arnauts.....4244 Orleans.....3449 Southerns.....4949 Volunteers.....4074

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 19.—The new range of the Syracuse Rifle Club at Maple Bay was opened today with a regular shoot, in which a number of the club members participated. The Syracuse Rifle Club is much pleased with the new range and club house, and expect to have in a short time the finest range in the State. The members are grateful to W. S. Barnum, the proprietor of Maple Bay, who fitted up the range, built the club house and turned the whole thing over to the Syracuse Rifle Club. Both the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club and the Syracuse Rifle Club now have separate ranges at Maple Bay, and regular shoots will be held in the future as in the past. The Onondaga Sportsmen's Club occupy their range nearly every Thursday, and the Syracuse Rifle Club hold regular shoots every two weeks. The former club formerly used the Onondaga Valley range. This is the score of today's shoot:

	Off-Hand.	7	6	7	8	4	7	6	9	6	6-68
Smith.....	7	9	6	7	7	9	10	10	6	10-81	
Knapp.....	6	7	8	8	8	6	7	10	9	6-75	
Lathrop.....	5	5	8	9	5	6	6	9	5	5-63	
Knapp.....	7	7	5	6	6	6	7	6	8	4-61	
Seely.....	8	8	6	7	8	9	9	7	7	7-78	
Cately.....	8	9	5	7	7	7	7	5	6	6-64	
Ball.....	4	10	9	6	9	4	7	5	1-62		
Smith.....	7	9	9	8	10	9	12	6	9	10-89	
Barnum.....	9	9	9	10	8	9	11	11	8-83		

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. There were a number in attendance, but the weather conditions were unfavorable for good scores until late in the day, when J. Francis succeeded in securing 118 in the seal medal rest match. The best scores, 200yds., standard American target:

	(A) All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.	7	6	7	8	4	7	6	9	6	6-68
E. Alson.....	73	W. H. Chase.....	58	J. Bullard.....	52						
S. E. Howard.....	67	W. P. Stevens.....	57	W. E. Halladay.....	48						
D. Bayley.....	66	A. Ketch.....	57	J. R. Carmichael.....	43						
A. Remington.....	65	J. Maynard.....	56	W. L. Swan.....	42						
B. Davis.....	63	A. Sharps.....	55	N. S. Wilson.....	36						
C. A. Dean.....	60										

R. J. N. Eames.....100 A. H. Ballard.....106 E. Alson.....58 J. Francis.....100 E. James.....105 A. Keach.....77 M. R. Barter.....108 E. E. Partridge.....97 A. Bullard.....52 W. P. Thompson.....108 S. Jackson.....92

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 21.—The Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, held its first annual prize shoot at Greenville Schuetzen Park to-day. The event was held over the 200yds. range, which was in perfect condition. The shooting at the German ring target was open to all comers, and the competition was very brisk. The marksmen obtaining the highest scores on two tickets out of a possible 75 on each were: John Coppersmith, 70, 71; Geo. Joyner, 67, 68; E. Fisher, 66, 67; L. P. Hansen, 64, 65; H. Chavart, 54. G. C. Varick, president of the club, captured the first prize of the day, the first flag. The last flag was secured by John Coppersmith. In the shooting at the bullseye target, also open to all comers, the number of red flags, and the competition was very brisk. The winners were: Wm. Weber, 6, G. C. Varick, 4, H. Chavart, 4, J. Kaiser, 3, J. Boyce, 3, Wm. Robinson, 2, Thos. Hughes, 2, G. Jones, 2, C. Bunch, 1, Chas. Pinney, 1, W. Channing, 1. The target of honor shooting was open to members of the club only, and only three shots were allowed to each. The following scores were made: Capt. Louis Hansen, 63, Wm. Weber, 62, O. C. Boyce, 59, Henry Chavart, 56, President Varick, 55, Wm. Robinson, 53, Chas. Pinney, 52, Charles Thompson, 51, Benj. Hughes, 50. The prizes for the ring target ranged in amounts from \$5 to \$1. The premiums for the best work at the bullseye target were from \$20 to \$3; for the greatest number of bullseyes, \$7 in gold. The first red flag each day is worth \$2, and the last flag \$1.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 21.—In the skirmish run Captain Robert H. Aiken, inspector of rifle practice of the Sixth Infantry, Illinois National Guard, at the State rifle range here to-day, shot under United States army regulations upon the silhouette figures, and made a clean score, placing every shot upon the prone figure, making the highest possible score that could be made. The run consisted of 20 shots fired at 30-second intervals at unknown distances from 600yds. to 200yds. and return, double time and 10 halts being made. Captain Aiken is a resident of Chicago and captain of the State rifle team.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.—Wednesday, Aug. 18 was the regular shooting day of the above club and a goodly number put in an appearance at Dexter Park. The scores made were hardly up to the average, but the birds were a cracking good lot, and some of the men would not let a shot of some of the birds escape. The members of the club are a jolly lot and a bird scored lost has no effect upon their spirits. The members still adhere to the old position of gun, and clear below the elbow is the rule. Regular club shoot, 8 birds per man, handicap rises, ties shot miss and out:

J. Gerlitz (21yds.).....	121211-1	J. Frazer (21).....	12001010-4
H. Thompson (25).....	110111-1	S. J. Smith (30).....	10101010-4
T. Barnes, Jr. (30).....	1010111-1	J. B. Jones (25).....	10001010-3
F. Huff (15).....	1011111-1	E. A. Blanche (25).....	02001010-3
A. Dienst (21).....	0110111-1	J. Corwen (21).....	00001120-3
J. Dannefer (25).....	1112001-5	O. Gams, Sr. (21).....	00110010-3
H. Nohel (25).....	0110111-1	S. J. Smith (21).....	10010110-2
J. Wilbrock (21).....	0110122-5	A. Lucas (21).....	00100110-2
J. Schlicht (30).....	1011011-1	M. Boidon (21).....	00000011-1
Ties for third place.....	2122-4	Dienst.....	120-2
Gams, Jr. (30).....	2210-3		
Huff.....	2210-3		

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 22.—There was a larger attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day than has been seen there for several weeks, owing to the return of many from their outings.

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—To-day was the regular weekly shoot at Clarendon Hills of the Jamaica Plain Gun Club, and a goodly number of gunners drew beads upon the flying bluebirds during the afternoon.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Aug. 25-27.—Buffalo Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. \$1,000 guaranteed. Aug. 29 and Sept. 7.—Sweepstake Shooting at Rutherford, N. J., on the grounds of Boiling Springs Gun Club. Aug. 29, sweep at 50 bluebirds, entrance \$5. Sept. 7 (Labor Day), sweepstakes at targets.

Sept. 1-3.—Hackettstown Gun Club. Two days at targets. For programmes address James L. Smith, Hackettstown N. J. Sept. 1-4.—Second Annual Tournament, Cheyenne, Wyo. Dr. A. A. Holcombe, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-9.—Three Days' Tournament at Atlantic City, N. J. Atlantic City Gun Club grounds. Managed by E. D. Miller, Springfield, N. J., and Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sept. 8-11.—Grand International Tournament at Detroit. Live birds and standard Keystone targets.

Sept. 11-12.—Harrisburg Shooting Association, new club house, two days opening shoot, targets and live birds; also six-men team shoots for central Pennsylvania. Harrisburg Shooting Association. Entrance, \$100. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-17.—Knoxville, Tenn., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Sept. 15-17.—Dayton, O., Second Annual Tournament. Open to the world. First two days inanimate targets. Last day sparrows. Address W. Scott McDonald, Fifth and Ludlow streets, Dayton, O.

Sept. 15-17.—Stanton, Va., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Nov. 17-19.—Savannah, Ga., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

THE GUNS AT LEXINGTON.

LXINGTON, Mo., Aug. 17.—The Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association has just closed its first annual tournament, which proved to be one of the most satisfactory shoots ever held in the State. At the meeting held the night of Aug. 12 the organization was perfected and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Emison Chanslor, President, Lexington, Mo.; C. L. Blanton, Vice-President, Paris, Mo.; G. A. Sturges, Secretary, Lexington, Mo.; A. Geyer, Treasurer, Lexington, Mo. The following gentlemen constitute the official board: C. E. Field, St. Louis, Mo.; P. P. Dalmeyer, Jefferson City, Mo.; C. L. Blanton, Paris, Mo.; John Rhodes, Slater, Mo.; J. H. Barre, Louisiana, Mo.; Longnecker, Kahoka, Mo. The following gentlemen compose the committee on constitution and by-laws: T. P. Hale, Paris, Mo.; G. H. Drake, Warsaw, Mo.; J. R. Davis, Lexington, Mo. This committee to make their report at the next meeting. It was declared that all "A" class shooters should be barred from membership in this association. Lexington was decided upon the place for holding the next meeting.

The Lexington Gun Club may well feel proud of the success of this tournament. The officers in charge did everything in their power to assure the pleasure of the attending delegates; and the outlook now for the next tournament is for the grandest and most successful tournament ever held in this State. The following are a few of the most interesting shoots of the tournament:

No. 1, 10 live birds, 30yds.	7	Rosen.....	212221022-9
Dalmeyer.....	222110210-10	Smith.....	022212222-9
Farrate.....	0112100110-6	Sturges.....	210210210-7
Piper.....	021212032-8	Love.....	222011123-9
Heathman.....	1221201110-8	Drake.....	11111210-9
Meyer.....	122112220-9	Chanslor.....	002102220-6
McNally.....	222123002-9	Davis.....	011211000-6
Doehla.....	101212321-9	Parent.....	201012020-6
Rings.....	101212321-9	Hansen.....	0011120010-5
Hill.....	122122212-10	Redman.....	000200020-2
Kist.....	0221221012-8	Buchanan.....	102122211-8
Barre.....	111211010-8	Happy.....	00210011-6
S. S. Hale.....	111211022-9	Nickell.....	221000011-6
Strawn.....	211121131-10	Wright.....	203102020-5
Fagan.....	001111113-8	Pagan.....	200101110-9
Hammer.....	021121221-8	White.....	21001012-7
Seward.....	021121220-7	Coppock.....	21212020-7
Cornett.....	010222021-6	Hayson.....	002211012-7
See.....	011220021-7	Marshall.....	0220202021-6
Sturges.....	111111110-9		

First money, \$87.30, div. between W. Shacklett, Lexington, Mo., and C. E. Strawn, Jacksonville, Ill., on 10 straight; second money, \$42.25, ties on 9 div. by McNally, S. S. Hale, Rosen, Sturges, Love, Drake and third money, \$28.60, ties on 8 div. by Meyers, Barre, Fagan and Buchanan; fourth money, ties on 7 div. by Dalmeyer, See, White and Hayson.

No. 2, bluebirds, 18yds., ties div.	7	Woodruff.....	011000101-4
Strawn.....	101010101-7	Marshall.....	001001010-2
Seward.....	101011110-8	Nickell.....	001110010-5
Happy.....	101010001-4	Campbell.....	111110101-8
Meyers.....	001010101-4	Hammer.....	11111011-9
McNally.....	111101111-9	Green.....	111111111-10
Longnecker.....	001010101-5	Sturges.....	010010001-3
Dalmeyer.....	010101011-5	Shacklett.....	111111000-7
Redman.....	100000011-8	Blanton.....	001001010-2
Moore.....	110001011-5	Coppock.....	101100000-3
Hayson.....	100010110-7	Levay.....	111111110-9
Carter.....	001010101-4	Buchanan.....	101001110-9
L. Kist.....	011110101-7	Hammer.....	011100111-7
T. P. Hale.....	111110101-7	Ring.....	111111111-10
Horn.....	110110101-8	Cornett.....	1011000101-5
Brasher.....	001010101-5	Thompson.....	101100010-5
Restagno.....	101003001-2	Ross.....	100100100-8
White.....	001010101-4	Steigers.....	101100110-6
Chanslor.....	011110101-7	Love.....	011110111-8
Buller.....	111110101-7	D. H. White.....	011001100-5
S. S. Hale.....	111010111-8		

No. 3, live birds, 30yds., ties were divided:	7	Morgan.....	20010-2
Hill.....	12211-5	Nickell.....	02010-2
Sturges.....	11011-4	Billy.....	01100-2
Hammer.....	02212-4	Robertson.....	12020-3
Ring.....	02100-2	Strawn.....	12121-5
Fouate.....	12101-2	Hayson.....	22111-7
Salger.....	12121-5	Thompson.....	22000-2
Rhodes.....	11222-5	McNally.....	12120-4
Kist.....	20012-3	Fagan.....	01012-3
Dalmeyer.....	12011-4	Davis.....	10111-4
Doehla.....	20011-3	Rosen.....	12121-5
Heathman.....	01910-3	Meyer.....	02102-3
Ewing.....	12120-4	See.....	02102-3
Wright.....	02211-3	Horn.....	11201-4
Barre.....	12011-4	Love.....	12222-5
La Grasse.....	12011-4	Coppock.....	21220-4
Wilnot.....	10021-8	White.....	02121-4
Chanslor.....	02211-4	Drake.....	20201-3
Brady.....	12111-5		

No. 4, live birds, 30yds.	7	Hill.....	1211111-1
Bourne.....	121220100-6	Hayson.....	1220112021-8
Coppock.....	021010122-6	Coppock.....	2001112200-6
Green.....	212120210-8	Green.....	212120210-8
Rhodes.....	201202020-7	Marshall.....	011121211-9
Buchanan.....	110202020-6	Ross.....	1020001100-4
Barre.....	121111221-10	Scott.....	2011000211-9
Brasher.....	222222201-9	Kling.....	111202212-9
Wright.....	121010120-9	Parent.....	22222021-2
Drake.....	222201121-9	S. S. Hale.....	121102112-9
Thompson.....	102220200-6	Davis.....	112021111-9
Chanslor.....	101112111-9	Smith.....	012121211-9
Sturges.....	010101111-7	Seward.....	212110202-8
Happy.....	111111101-9	O. S. Hale.....	111022210-9
McNally.....	112122021-9	Longnecker.....	110122221-9
Shacklett.....	112122021-9	P. Hale.....	12212221-9
Dalmeyer.....	011111221-10	Geyer.....	001001011-4
Doehla.....	122100102-6	Bradley.....	111120110-8
Meyer.....	201212221-9	Staiger.....	001002010-4
Rosen.....	210011212-7	White.....	111121011-9
Ring.....	100112120-7	Redman.....	022010110-5
Ewing.....	121220200-4	See.....	012011210-7
		Drips.....	211112121-10

The sum of \$103.35, 50 per cent., went to F. P. Dalmeyer, present holder of medal. Medal this year won by Shacklett, Barre, Love, Drips; winners this year receive 50 per cent. entrance next year; ties on 8 second money, \$55.75, div. by Chanslor, Happy, Dalmeyer, S. S. Hale, Davis, Longnecker, White; ties on 8 third money, \$62. div. by Horn, Hayson, Green, Seward, C. S. Hale, Bradley; ties on 7 fourth money, \$20.70, div. by Rhodes, Ring, Parent; ties on 6 fifth money, \$5, Rosen.

No. 5, 18yds., bluebirds, all ties div.	7	Basher.....	110001011-6
Horn.....	101101101-7	Doehla.....	1011000111-6
Hill.....	101111011-8	Moorhead.....	110111010-8
Chifas.....	111100111-8	See.....	110111011-8
Redman.....	111100111-8	Carter.....	1101100011-7
Ring.....	110110110-8	Trigg.....	100010011-7
Campbell.....	111100111-8	McNally.....	010101111-7
Wood.....	111100111-7	Green.....	010101111-7
Piper.....	011110100-6	Thompson.....	100101110-5
Marshall.....	111100110-5	Sturges.....	000010101-5
Chanslor.....	110010100-5	Rosen.....	111101011-5
Shacklett.....	111101011-5	Hammer.....	011001011-5
Wilmot.....	111101011-5	Wilmot.....	011001011-5
Kling.....	111101011-9	Wilmot.....	011001011-5
Meyer.....	110010001-5	R. Wilmot.....	101010102-5
Blanton.....	111110111-10	Shacklett.....	100101110-5
Parent.....	111101011-9	Seward.....	110111011-8
Wright.....	111101011-9	Barre.....	011110011-8
Drake.....	111100111-9	Venable.....	111101111-9
Harrison.....	020101020-7	Shacklett.....	110110111-9
Ewing.....	000101011-5	Masteron.....	110010100-4
Hayson.....	011101011-8	Kist.....	101010101-6
Nickell.....	011010111-8	Drips.....	111101100-7
Smith.....	111101001-8		

No. 6, bluerock team shoot, 18yds.			
King.....	111100010-6	Barre.....	1001001011-6
Ring.....	011010111-8	Blanton.....	1101000001-4-10
Smith.....	110010111-9	Parent.....	1111111110-9
Dalmeyer.....	111101111-9	Hale.....	110010110-13
Steiger.....	0201001010-6	Horn.....	1101011010-7
Love.....	101101111-8-14	Basher.....	1100100101-6-13
Davis.....	0001101100-5	Happy.....	1111111111-10
Sturges.....	111000010-5-10	Bradley.....	1101111111-8-18
Chandler.....	100000010-9	Wright.....	01100000-6
Muller.....	110101111-9	Wright.....	100010011-10
Rodman.....	0110101010-6	Rosen.....	010110000-4
Hill.....	0111100010-6-12	Doebila.....	011000111-6-10
Shacklett.....	111110111-9	Hayson.....	1010100011-6
Hammer.....	000000100-2-11	Marshall.....	1111111101-9-15
Longnecker.....	110101110-7	Thompson.....	10000100-9
Muller.....	111101111-14	Stewart.....	1110001101-7-11
Hayden.....	11111010-8		
Hayles, T. P.....	0110001011-6-14		

MILWAUKEE-CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—The city of Milwaukee has a young but able shooting organization in the Milwaukee Field and Trap Association, now little over a year in age. This society is devoted to live bird shooting, and includes on its list many very clever followers of that sport. A short time ago this association concluded it would like a little visit to Chicago, and in that course arrangements were made by which a friendly match was to be shot with the Fort Dearborn Club of the latter city. Pursuant to the programme, the Milwaukee boys left home yesterday evening, sailing in the steamer Virginia, and braving the dangers of the unsalted seas, including the bumps of the Government pier. The voyage was a roughish one, and as the whole party was crowded into one cabin the night was spent in a highly wakeful manner, though one hardly conducive to good work at the traps on the day following. The following gentlemen comprised the Milwaukee party: Dr. J. L. Williamson, Dr. J. P. Carmichael, Messrs. H. Merrill, H. B. Tefft, G. L. Deiter, F. P. Stannard, A. H. Chapman, J. M. Marlett, W. H. Thurston, Percy Thomas, Geo. A. West, Chris. Schmidt, W. Bantam and Stephen Meunier. Ft. Dearborn Club had selected for its team the following gentlemen: A. and G. Kleinman, A. Thomas, C. D. Gammon, C. E. Felton, A. and G. Hoffmann, C. S. Burton, E. Ehlers, W. N. Low, W. L. Shepard, H. Kleinman, J. E. Price, C. B. Dicks and W. McKinnon; alternates, J. W. Lovday, W. L. Wells, J. M. Hutchinson, F. C. Donald and H. D. Nichols.

Shooting began late this morning at Watson's Park, Burnside, after a preliminary report down town. The conditions were 20 live birds, American Association rules, the match shot as a series of individual races, the team totals to count. Milwaukee shot only 13 men, instead of 14 as was in the programme, and this was due to the fact that one of the hoodooes began by straggling away from home on Friday. The Ft. Dearborn team was changed a little, Col. Felton, Geo. Hoffmann and Mr. McKinnon not shooting, and the team being made up as below. Dr. Hutchinson, from the alternates, shooting a very pretty score. The Kleinman family, as we see the scores, ran high as usual. Mr. Shepard let out one or two unsuspected notches. Mr. Low shot beautifully, and Al. Hoffmann also came within one of a straight. The only straight made in the shoot was accomplished by Br'er Gavge Kleinman, with his famous prize machine gun, the one with the discounts off.

The Cream City men, broken up as they were by their hard night, shot a very plucky race, and some performances were creditable. Mr. Merrill, probably the youngest of their team, did the best work, and came very near tying Geo. Kleinman. His style is very neat and clever. Mr. Thurston showed a pluck also. He shoots in the old style, gun below the elbow, and this position is so rarely seen nowadays that it attracted much attention. Mr. Thurston tied Andy Thomas, who had the misfortune of getting three birds altogether, which he hadn't the heart to kill. Dr. Williamson, Dr. Carmichael and Mr. Deiter all shot very neatly and got applause. Mr. Bantam, retriever for the team, did some brilliant work as short shot on incoming birds, once receiving an acknowledgment therefor. The following are the scores as made:

Milwaukee—G. L. Deiter (12-ga.)	22011212030122122-16
Chicago—C. D. Gammon (12-ga.)	10201212020111101-15
Milwaukee—H. B. Tefft (10-ga.)	11022102102010210-15
Chicago—J. E. Price (12-ga.)	10200112100011020-12
Milwaukee—W. Bantam (10-ga.)	01020303220201202-12
Chicago—H. Kleinman (12-ga.)	12112101103031210-12
Milwaukee—A. H. Chapman (12-ga.)	04012011121020222-10
Chicago—C. S. Burton (10-ga.)	010011202112101010-10
Milwaukee—Geo. A. West (12-ga.)	01100221121010101-10
Chicago—W. L. Shepard (10-ga.)	1112222112110102021-18
Milwaukee—S. S. Meunier (12-ga.)	011012010001010102-11
Chicago—A. M. Ho mann (12-ga.)	01111121222212211-19
Milwaukee—J. M. Marlett (12-ga.)	01200202212121210-14
Chicago—W. Low (10-ga.)	212121212222222-19
Milwaukee—J. P. Carmichael (12-ga.)	212121012010101212-12
Chicago—C. B. Dicks (12-ga.)	201022020122010102-12
Milwaukee—J. L. Williamson (12-ga.)	1121120120101010112-16
Chicago—H. Ehlers (12-ga.)	020010202222212102-13
Milwaukee—J. M. Marlett (12-ga.)	1102021012101012222-14
Chicago—G. M. Hutchinson (10-ga.)	22012121223001210-16
Milwaukee—R. Merrill (12-ga.)	12221201211122222-19
Chicago—Geo. Kleinman (12-ga.)	21222112112121212-20
Milwaukee—W. H. Thurston (10-ga.)	212101112221212101-17
Chicago—A. E. Thomas (12-ga.)	220002212101122222-14
Milwaukee—F. P. Stannard (12-ga.)	022001012121022022-19
Chicago—Abe Kleinman (12-ga.)	121210112122111112-12

The team totals therefore stood as follows:
Milwaukee Field & Trap Team.
G. L. Deiter.....16
C. D. Gammon.....15
H. B. Tefft.....15
J. E. Price.....12
W. Bantam.....15
A. H. Chapman.....13
G. A. West.....13
S. Meunier.....11
Chris. Schmidt.....14
Dr. J. P. Carmichael.....16
Dr. J. L. Williamson.....16
J. M. Marlett.....14
R. Merrill.....19
W. H. Thurston.....17
F. P. Stannard.....14-190
Ft. Dearborn won.

The first close game match shooting a pleasant address was made to the visitors by Col. C. E. Felton, captain of the Ft. Dearborn team, which was responded to by Dr. J. M. Williamson, president of the Milwaukee Field and Trap Association, the latter explaining that as they only had 17 members in all, they did not feel badly about the record 13 of them had made. Sweetstake shooting followed then until late in the evening.
The visiting gentlemen were entertained by the Ft. Dearborn Club to-night at a little spread at Werner's cafe, where an enjoyable time was had. They are a pleasant body of men, and it is hoped that they will come again. A return match will be shot in Milwaukee this winter. E. Hough.

BROOKLYN TRAP.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 17.—Several members of the Acme Gun Club had a day's outing at Dexter Park, Long Island, to-day. Six sweepstakes at bluebirds were shot. The first was at 10 targets each. H. Lemaire and R. Lambert won with a score of 9 each. The second sweepstakes, at 10 birds each, was won by H. Lemaire with 7. Third sweepstakes: Lambert 5, Lemaire 4, Ransch 3. Fourth sweepstakes, 15 targets each: R. Lambert 15, Lemaire 13, Ransch 11, Waldin 11, Morrissey 3. Fifth sweepstakes, 10 targets each: Lambert 6, Morrissey 5, Walding 5, Lemaire 3. Sixth sweepstakes, 10 targets each: Lambert 6, Ransch 7, Walding 2, Morrissey 4. A live-bird shoot at 3 birds each was won by R. Lambert. He killed 3 straight. After the shooting Dr. Hanshaw, D. Morrissey and H. Lemaire ran a 100yd. foot race. The latter won by a yard in front of Morrissey, the Doctor a good third.

Aug. 18.—The Kings County Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park to-day. Only seven members shot for the gold medal. The shoot was at 20 bluebirds each, club handicaps. H. Barber won the medal with a score of 13. The other scores were: Greiner 8, Keller 12, Dethloff 12, Ibert 4, Shoetter 12, Zirkel 12. A sweepstakes at 6 bluebirds each was won by Shoetter. Tom Short took second money, and Zirkel third. Another sweepstakes was won by Dethloff. A third sweepstakes was won by Short.

Aug. 21.—Two matches at live birds were shot at Dexter Park to-day. The first was between L. C. Gehring of the Emerald Gun Club, and P. Kunzweiler. They shot at 25 birds each, 30yds. rise for \$50. Gehring won easily. Score: Gehring killed 17, Kunzweiler killed 13. The second match was decided at 6 birds only. F. W. Pfander of the First German Gun Club of New York shot against J. Gerry for a \$5 bill. Gerry killed 5 and Pfander only 2. The various teams entered to shoot for the championship of Dexter Park are practicing daily for the first time, which is to be held on Aug. 31 and Sept. 1. The prizes offered are of great value.

PENNSYLVANIA TRAPS.

LEHIGH, Pa., Aug. 21.—The first day (Aug. 20) of the tournament of the Lehigh Gun Club was a grand success. Clay-pigeons were shot at. The contestants included William H. and James Wolstencroft, William Wilson, A. Lawrence and Milton Landis, of Philadelphia; Fred Claus and George Wheaton, of Newark, N. J.; Fred Cooper, of Mahanoy City, and J. Nettles, of Phoenixville.

First event, at 5 birds: J. Wolstencroft 5, Brey 3, Benning 3, W. H. Wolstencroft 3, Wilson 4, Class 4, Cooper 4, Lawrence 4, Landis 4.
Second event, at 10 birds: W. H. Wolstencroft 9, J. Wolstencroft 7, Lawrence 7, Wilson 6, Class 7, Benning 8, Cooper 8, Landis 8, Ochs 6, Brey 9.
Third event, at 15 birds: W. H. Wolstencroft 15, Lawrence 12, Wilson 10, Benning 10, Landis 13, Class 11, Nettles 11, Cooper 12, J. Wolstencroft 11, Brey 9.

First special, at 16 birds: W. H. Wolstencroft 15, Lawrence 12, Wilson 10, Benning 10, Landis 13, Class 11, Nettles 11, Cooper 12, J. Wolstencroft 11, Brey 9.

Wilson 11, Benning 12, Landis 14, J. Wolstencroft 14, Cooper 15, Class 9, Nettles 14.

Second special, at 10 birds: W. H. Wolstencroft 10, Benning 7, Ochs 7, Cooper 10, Lawrence 9, Class 5, Wilson 5, J. Wolstencroft 9, Nettles 10, Landis 10.

Fourth event, at 10 birds: J. Wolstencroft 10, Wheaton 6, Lawrence 9, Cooper 9, W. H. Wolstencroft 9, H. Benning 6, Landis 8, Nettles 8, Class 9, J. Benning 8, Huffart 8, Smith 9.

Fifth event, at 15 birds: W. H. Wolstencroft 15, J. Benning 12, J. Wolstencroft 13, Lawrence 11, Smith 13, Landis 14, Nettles 10, Cooper 12.

The sixth event was at 5 live birds for a purse of \$10; the result was: J. Benning 5, Gelsinger 3, J. Wolstencroft 4, W. H. Wolstencroft 4, H. Hinderstutz 2, Cooper 4, Flickinger 4, Smith 5, Landis 3, Nettles 5, Lieberman 1, Wheaton 3, Gibbons 5, Febr 5, Michael 3, Class 4, Gieger 4, Brey 5, Schantz 4.

The tournament of the Lehigh Gun Club ended to-day. Two live-pigeon matches were shot with the scores as follows:

First match, 6 birds: Fried 6, Leonard 5, Melatt 6, 6; Smith 6, G. Lewis 5, L. Hell 5, 1; Febr 5, 1; Gelsinger 5, 1; George 5, 1; Guff 3, 3; Benning 4, 2.

Second match, 10 birds, purse \$150: Melatt 8, 2; Fried 10, 0; Gelsinger 9, 1; George 8, 2; Smith 9, 1; Blank 8, 2; Cullen 6, 4; McFadden 5, 5; Leonard 9, 1; Flickinger 9, 1; Benning 9, 1; Michael 9, 1; Gens 7, 3; Hell 9, 1.

ESSEX GUN CLUB.

The members of this old organization held their regular monthly shooting meeting at Al Heritage's grounds, at Warren, N. J., on Thursday last. The day was a perfect one for shooting, but the attendance was not as large as is usually seen upon regular club days. The birds were above the average in quality, and a strong cross wind helped them in their flight. The regular field day is announced for Sept. 17, when a general jollification meeting will be held, and a good attendance anticipated. Previous to the regular club event several sweeps were shot off, some of which in detail are as follows:

Sweep No. 1, 4 live birds, \$3 entrance, 3 moneys:
Freche.....1111-4
Briental.....1111-4
Thomas.....1111-4
C M Hedden.....0111-3

Sweep No. 2, same conditions:
Briental.....1111-4
C M Hedden.....1111-4
Thomas.....1111-4
S Hedden.....1111-4
Liddy.....0111-3

Sweep No. 3, same conditions:
Briental.....1111-4
Green.....1111-4
L O Hedden.....1111-4
Smith.....1111-4
Freche.....1101-3

Regular club shoot, 10 live birds, regular club classification:
Class A.
Briental.....22211211-10
C M Hedden.....1022112211-9

Class B.
Liddy.....1112211101-9
L O Hedden.....1111221101-9
Class C.
Thomas.....0110212201-5
Terral.....121301009-5

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ing first place until the end of the first leg of the second round. The canoes were then under sail, the wind being very light. Gwen was just astern of Cricket, neither making any headway, when Gwen's owner began to rock her violently from side to side. As the big peak of the sail flapped about, the boat began to move, leaving Cricket astern, and soon reached the buoy where her owner was at liberty to paddle again. This maneuver gave Gwen a lead which Cricket could not cut down, the finish being Gwen, Cricket, Tempest, Mab, Lieda, Igwana, Xmas, L'Hirondelle, Eel, Tornado, Io, Bubbie.

In the evening the Mohicans held a camp-fire, and another was held at Squaw Point. The night was most perfect, with a brilliant moon, while a strong N.W. wind, cool and crisp, covered the lake with whitecaps, which broke heavily on the beach.

Wednesday, Aug. 19.

Wednesday morning was very bright and clear, but quite cool the wind still blowing fresh and a good sea running. The sea serpent, which had been quietly sleeping on the bay all night, met with a sad disaster, being completely capsized. He was taken in hand by Mr. Seavey and rescued from a watery grave.

The sailing trophy race was the first event of the day, being started at 10:30 on the outside triangle, 6 rounds, 9 miles. The first thirteen in the windward leg were entered as a matter of course, the two chosen being Roy Sweny and H. M. Smith, making the 15 starters elsewhere given. Mr. Butler had been hard at work for several days over his canoe and rig, the boat being in perfect shape for racing, and a most exciting race was anticipated between him and Ford Jones, the present holder of the trophy for the second successive year. To the disappointment of every one, at the last moment the boat was being launched from the float in quite a heavy sea, a hole was stove in the starboard side amidships, making it impossible to start. Mr. Butler took the mishap very bravely, setting to work to repair the damage in time for the club race, though the disappointment was a very heavy one. Mr. W. L. Lee had been notified to be on hand in case any one withdrew before the start, and he took Mr. Butler's place. The start was a poor one, the boats being so close together that they spread out. Shortly before the start, Tornado capsized, her crew going completely overboard, but quickly righting the boat, regaining his seat and bailing out. Uno was in collision with Hornet before the start, unshipping her rudder and not starting with the fleet.

The two favorites were Canuck and Beta, Lieda also being considered good for a place. Beta had a good position at the start, and led on the windward leg, with Canuck second and Lieda third at first mark. On the reach and run Lieda gained, finally passing Canuck to leeward at the end of the first round, Beta still holding a good lead.

After Beta had completed the first round and started on the windward leg, Uno, with her rudder now in order, cut in with the second and third boats, thus making her start. She sailed with Canuck, claiming the right of way as one time when on starboard tack and compelling Canuck to tack. At the end of the second round she was just ahead of Canuck, but by the end of the third round Canuck had passed her and Lieda, and on the fourth round Canuck headed Beta, after which Uno dropped out of the race. On the jibe of the second round Lieda lost time, but still led Canuck. At the end of the windward leg of third round Lieda carried away her forward mast step, the heel of the mast going through the garboards, after which she withdrew. The mishap was due to the use of iron screws in the mast step, which had rusted away. Gwen had capsized at the jibe on second leg, and Igwana partly filled and withdrew, Hornet doing the same, leaving but eight canoes. On the windward leg of the fourth round Canuck made a decided gain on Beta, which she increased on the reach, making a neat turn and jibe at second mark and taking the lead.

Running with a quattering wind a fine luffing match took place; Beta luffed out and was met by Canuck, dropping back only to luff again, this time taking and holding a place on Canuck's weather beam. Her advantage did not last long; Canuck gave a leap and was clear, running away for several lengths. The race for first place was over, Beta being the winner. Beta was still ahead of the others. Cricket and Elida made a very pretty race for a time. When Canuck finished Beta had just passed the last mark, thus being nearly half a mile astern. The positions on each round were as follows:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	6th Round.
Canuck.....	1	1	1	2	2	2
Beta.....	2	2	2	3	3	3
Dawn.....	6	5	4	3	3	3
Mab.....	5	4	5	4	4	4
Cricket.....	4	7	8	6	6	5
Tempest.....	7	6	7	5	5	6
Elida.....	8	8	9	7	7	7
Tornado.....	9	9	9	8	8	8
Gwen.....	11	capsized.				
Lieda.....	2	2	disabled.			
Igwana.....	12	11	withdrew.			
Hornet.....	10	10	withdrew.			

Mr. Jones carried his smallest rig, two standing sails, the same with which he won the trophy last year. Mr. Moore showed a great deal of pluck in starting just after sunset, with wet sails, and completing the white flag miles though, at the end of the fleet.

At 4 P. M. the club race was called, with three representatives each from Youkers, Vesper and Toronto clubs. The course was an L inside the bay, two rounds, three miles. Bee won, with Uno second and Beta third, the Youkers crew scoring the smallest number of points and winning the race.

In the evening the Central Division held its meeting, electing the following officers: Vice-Com. E. L. French, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rear-Com. T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; Purser, C. D. Mead, Dayton, O.; Executive Committee: T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; C. P. Walters, Rochester, N. Y.; C. G. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A camp-fire and open-air entertainment under the direction of Mr. Seavey assisted by his trained sea serpent made the evening pass very pleasantly.

Thursday, Aug. 20.

Thursday was clear and bright, with a strong south wind. The first race was the record sailing, started at 10:40. The inner triangle was used, three rounds being sailed, the strong and squally wind with a heavy sea making the race very exciting. The start was made at the east angle, in front of the camp, with but 7 canoes, Mab, Cricket, Tempest, Igwana, Eel, L'Hirondelle and Gwen. Io and Tornado were at the line but did not start, Tornado's rudder head breaking.

Tempest, with two reefs in her jib-headed sails, was the first over, with a good start. L'Hirondelle had trouble with her mizen, the step apparently being loose, and lowered the sail at the start, soon hoisting it, but she had little benefit from it throughout the race. The first leg was to windward, the second nearly free, and the third a reach. Cricket passed Tempest on second leg, and took the lead. A little later Tempest was twice knocked down by a long wave filled, Mr. Archibald was twice knocked down, but resumed his course, lowering his mizen. Mab, after dropping her big mizen into the lifts at the mark, now passed Tempest and took second place, but her crew preferred to tack rather than risk a jibe at the mark. On the last leg Mab set her mizen and passed Cricket, making a wide turn but having first place at the buoy. Cricket was in trouble on the next leg, sailing with main sheet off. Igwana was third, Tempest fourth, with Eel, L'Hirondelle and Gwen in order.

On the second leg Mab again dropped her mizen, running under mainsail only and tacking as before. Cricket in the middle of the leg carried away her forward mizen step, (not put in by her builder). Mr. Palmer luffed up and shifted the mast and broken tube into the after tube, then he laid on deck forward for some time repairing other damages, several of the boats being damaged. Tempest was sailing again, though partly filled with water, and at the end of second round the order was: Mab, Tempest, Igwana, Eel, L'Hirondelle, Gwen, Cricket.

The last round was a hard one, as most of the boats had strained their gear or shipped water. Eel capsized at the last buoy, but sailed the final leg to the finish. Mab won by a long lead, but when sailing to the finish she was capsized by the windward, Mr. Archibald was in the water and up on his seat again in an instant, coolly trimming sheets and resuming his course. The full summary of the record is given in the tables.

The record for 1891 is as follows:

	Combined points.	Paddling points.	Sailing points.	Total.
Igwana, H. D. Murphy.....	3	5	13	21
Mab, C. E. Archibald.....	3	2	12	17
Gwen, Roy Sweny.....	6	3	11	20
L'Hirondelle, E. C. Knappe.....	2	6	8	16
Cricket, L. B. Palmer.....	5	4	1	10
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....	1	1	4	6

Mr. Archibald's position is subject to a protest made against him for fouling in the paddling race by Mr. Douglas. The protest was not allowed by the regatta committee, but as the vote was not unanimous Mr. Douglas appealed to the executive committee, on the ground that the decision was made without all of his evidence being heard. The executive committee was also without sufficient evidence to decide the case at the meeting in camp, and the matter must now go over to the November meet-

NAME.	RECORD.			Trophy Paddling.	Unlimited.	Trophy Sailing.	Novice.	Pecowise Cup.	Club.	General Purpose.	War Canoe.	Tandem Paddling.	Club Fours.	Upset Sailing.	Upset Paddling.	Hurry-Scurry.	Gymnastics.	Jabberwock Cup.
	Combined.	Paddling.	Sailing.															
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
Gwen.....	1	5	5		w.	w.		7	9	1				1		w.		
Owa.....					1	d.	2	16	d.	d.								1
Bee.....								4	1						6	w.		
Xmas.....	7	6			w.					4								
Mish Nahma.....					15	w.		5	6									
Rush.....		13			w.	w.		3	4									
L'Hirondelle.....	8	1	4		16			w.							1	w.		
Dawn.....		9			10	3		12								2		
Agawam.....		4				3												
Uno.....					4			w.										
Elida.....					15	7		8							5	3		
Beta.....	6	2	2		2			8	3	5								
Libellula.....					2			12										
Evangeline.....							5	18		2								
Wasp.....					15			14										
Hornet.....	11				14	1		d.										
Cricket.....	2	3	6		9	5		6						3	1			
Tempest.....	3	10	d.		8									4	w.		1	
Spark.....				1				6										
Io.....	12	14				4				3								
Vera.....				2											w.	w.		
Eros.....		15						17							2	w.	w.	
Canuck.....					3	1		19										
Ma Petite.....								15										
Tornado.....	10	7			8			15										
Mab.....	4	8	1		11	4		10										
Nipsic.....																		
Ithanel.....		11																
Eel.....	9	12	3		17			13	7									
Bubbie.....	13							11		d.								
Mamac.....																		
Iota.....					3													
Beaver.....								20										
Kiowilla.....										w.								
Lieda.....	5	17			5	w.		9										
Imp.....		16						w.										
Narka.....				4														

* Subject to protest not yet decided.
† Tempest disqualified for using paddle.

w Withdrew.
d Disqualified.

ing. In the last of the record races Mr. Douglas was disqualified by the committee without protest for using his paddle, thus losing his place on the record, his claim that he was in danger at the time being disallowed.

The next race of the morning was the sailing upset and maneuvering, with only one starter out of seven entries—Gwen, Roy Sweny.

The Puritan C. C. is the only one which has made any attempt at camp decoration this year, on the fourth day in camp the prizes were presented, the regatta tents were very appropriately ornamented by a letter P some 20 ft. high formed of whisky and beer bottles.

During the morning the many handsome trophies and other prizes were arranged by the ladies on one side of the dining pavilion, all being displayed against a background of red cloth. Com. Lawson has provided a very handsome silver loving cup, which will be given for the record sailing race.

The first race in the afternoon was the tandem paddling, with four crews; Ianthe, Springfield, Toronto and Argonaut, of Toronto. There was a very strong wind and rough sea in the bay, making it a difficult matter to steer a straight course. Cricket, the only boat carrying a rudder, won easily. The light Toronto canoes were overweighed with two men, and also hard to steer, at times being blown down the bay.

The next race, club fours, had but two crews, Messrs. Palmer, Dodge, Douglas and Duguid, of the Ianthe C. C., and the Canadian crew, Messrs. Johnson, Tilley, Carnegie and McMillen. This race, under the same conditions as the tandem, resulted in a similar victory for the Ianthe crew.

Only three men entered for the gymnastics, Douglas, Dudley and Moore. Douglas was the first place. A meeting of the executive committee was held at headquarters, at which Vice-Com. C. V. Winn, of the Central Division, was nominated for the office of commodore by Mr. Ruggles, seconded by Mr. Wilkin. Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen, also of Albany, was nominated by Mr. Palmer for the office of secretary, and both gentlemen were unanimously elected. Messrs. Palmer, Stephens and Wilkin were appointed by Com. Lawson to revise and extend the list of lady members, numbering them in the order of election. On motion of Mr. Seavey, the number of Ezekiel Harvey Platt was declared stricken from the rolls. An appeal from the decision of the regatta committee in the matter of a protest in the record paddling race, made by Mr. G. P. Douglas, was read and referred to the regatta committee for further information. A letter from a member pressing charges of unethical conduct against two other members, accompanied by a letter from the vice-com. of the division to which all belonged, to Com. Lawson, was read and discussed, but as the evidence on both sides was not before the committee no action was taken. An informal vote was taken on a proposal by Mr. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Ruggles, to limit visitors' day to the hours 1 to 5 P. M., the proposal being endorsed. A letter from a member pressing charges of unethical conduct against two other members, accompanied by a letter from the vice-com. of the division to which all belonged, to Com. Lawson, was read and discussed, but as the evidence on both sides was not before the committee no action was taken. An informal vote was taken on a proposal by Mr. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Ruggles, to limit visitors' day to the hours 1 to 5 P. M., the proposal being endorsed. 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A letter from a member pressing charges of unethical conduct against two other members, accompanied by a letter from

Rush, W. C. Lee.....Withdrew.
Xmas, W. F. Sweny.....Withdrew.
Event No. 6, sailing trophy, Aug. 19; course 9 miles outer triangle; wind strong, with sea. Start 10:52:10; 15 entries, 14 starters:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Canuck, Ford Jones.....1	12 12 22	1 20 12
Beta, T. S. Oxholm.....2	12 15 21	1 25 21
Dawn, D. D. Gessler.....3	12 19 33	1 27 43
Mab, C. E. Archibald.....4	12 50 56	1 28 46
Cricketer, L. B. Palmer.....5	12 24 08	1 31 58
Tempest, G. P. Douglas.....6	12 26 10	1 34 00
Ellida, Ralph Brazier.....7	12 26 13	1 34 03
Donado, P. C. Moore.....8	12 30 33	1 38 23
Lieda, S. Schiefel.....9	12 30 33	1 38 23
Gwen, Roy Sweny.....10	12 30 33	1 38 23
Iguana, H. D. Murphy.....11	12 30 33	1 38 23
Hornet, H. M. M. Smith.....12	12 30 33	1 38 23
Nesta, D. Goodsell.....13	12 30 33	1 38 23
Uno, H. L. Quick.....14	12 30 33	1 38 23
Paul Butler.....15	12 30 33	1 38 23

* Capsized at start.
Event No. 7, novice race, Aug. 15, course 3 miles, inner triangle, wind light, start 10:31:00, 5 starters:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hornet, H. M. M. Smith.....1	11 25 55	54 55
Owa, W. L. Martin.....2	11 25 22	57 22
Agawam, W. E. Parsons.....3	11 29 38	58 38
Io, F. N. Foster.....4	11 29 38	58 38
Evangeline, Thos. Hale.....5	11 29 38	58 38

Event No. 8, Pecowic cup, Aug. 17, course 5 miles, outer triangle, wind light, start 12:35, 27 starters:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Canuck, Ford Jones.....1	1 31 38	1 31 38
Beta, T. S. Oxholm.....2	1 33 26	1 33 26
Rush, W. C. Lee.....3	1 35 03	1 35 03
Xmas, W. F. Sweny.....4	1 35 03	1 35 03
Nesta, D. Goodsell.....5	1 35 03	1 35 03
Tempest, G. P. Douglas.....6	1 35 03	1 35 03
Gwen, Roy Sweny.....7	1 35 03	1 35 03
Iguana, H. D. Murphy.....8	1 35 03	1 35 03
Lieda, S. Schiefel.....9	1 35 03	1 35 03
Mab, C. E. Archibald.....10	1 35 03	1 35 03
Bubble, Wm. Whitlock.....11	1 35 03	1 35 03
Dawn, D. D. Gessler.....12	1 35 03	1 35 03
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....13	1 35 03	1 35 03
Vasp, R. Appollonio.....14	1 35 03	1 35 03
Tordado, T. C. Moore.....15	1 35 03	1 35 03
Owa, W. L. Martin.....16	1 35 03	1 35 03
Agawam, W. E. Parsons.....17	1 35 03	1 35 03
Evangeline, Thos. Hale.....18	1 35 03	1 35 03
Ma Petite, A. T. Smith.....19	1 35 03	1 35 03
Beaver, M. L. Williams.....20	1 35 03	1 35 03

Bea fouled buoy at start, disqualified; Hornet fouled buoy, disqualified; Imp, Libellula, L'Hirondelle, Agawam, Uno, withdrew.
Event No. 9, club race, Aug. 19, course special, 3 miles, L course, wind light, start 4:10:15, 3 starters:

	Points.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yonkers C. C.....1	5	10 20	1 00 05
Uno, H. L. Quick.....2	5	10 20	1 00 05
Beta, T. S. Oxholm.....3	5	10 20	1 00 05
Nesta, D. Goodsell.....4	5	10 20	1 00 05
Vesper C. C.....5	5	10 20	1 00 05
Bae, Paul Butler.....6	5	10 20	1 00 05
Iguana, H. D. Murphy.....7	5	10 20	1 00 05
Ellida, R. F. Brazier.....8	5	10 20	1 00 05
Toronto C. C.....9	5	10 20	1 00 05
Rush, W. C. Lee.....10	5	10 20	1 00 05
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....11	5	10 20	1 00 05
Gwen, Roy Sweny.....12	5	10 20	1 00 05

Yonkers C. C. wins the Vesper banner.
Event No. 10, cruising race, Aug. 15, course 6 miles, outer triangle, weather light, start 12:15, 7 starters:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Owa, W. L. Martin.....1	2 17 10	2 04 10
Evangeline, Thos. Hale.....2	2 17 10	2 04 10
Io, F. N. Foster.....3	2 17 10	2 04 10
Mishi Nahma, S. W. Bridgman.....4	2 17 10	2 04 10
Kowilla, C. E. Cragg.....5	2 17 10	2 04 10
Bubble, Wm. Whitlock.....6	2 17 10	2 04 10
Mohecan, 38ft., 12 paddlers and helmsman.....7	2 17 10	2 04 10

Event No. 11, water canoe race, Aug. 18.
Goo-Goo-Zeeba, 20ft., 6 paddlers and helmsman.....2
Event No. 12, paddling tandem, 4 starters, Aug. 20. Water rough, quatering wind, strong. Course 1/2 mile:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
L'Hirondelle, Knappe and Parsons, Springfield.....1	2 17 10	2 04 10
Vera, Johnson and Tilley, Toronto.....2	2 17 10	2 04 10
Spark, Muntz and.....3	2 17 10	2 04 10

Event No. 13, club fours, 2 starters, Aug. 20. Water rough, strong quatering wind. Course 1/2 mile:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ianthe crew—Palmer, Dodge, Douglas and Duguid.....1	2 17 10	2 04 10
Toronto crew—Johnson, Tilley, Carnegie and McMillen.....2	2 17 10	2 04 10
R. F. Muntz and.....3	2 17 10	2 04 10

Event No. 14, sailing upset and maneuvering, 1 starter, Aug. 20:
Gwen, Roy Sweny.....1

Event No. 15, paddling upset, 9 starters, Aug. 15. Course 1/2 mile, inside:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dawn, D. D. Gessler.....1	2 17 10	2 04 10
Eros, W. L. Dudley.....2	2 17 10	2 04 10
Tempest, G. P. Douglas.....3	2 17 10	2 04 10
Sparrow, R. G. Moore.....4	2 17 10	2 04 10
Iguana, H. D. Murphy.....5	2 17 10	2 04 10
Xmas, W. F. Sweny.....6	2 17 10	2 04 10
Ithael, J. Duguid, Jr.....7	2 17 10	2 04 10
Cricketer, L. B. Palmer.....8	2 17 10	2 04 10
Vera, M. F. Johnson.....9	2 17 10	2 04 10

Event No. 16, hurry scurry race, Aug. 18:
L. B. Palmer.....1
D. D. Gessler.....2
H. D. Murphy.....3
Roy Sweny.....4
W. F. Sweny.....5
E. C. Knappe.....6
Thos. Hale.....7
G. P. Douglas.....8
M. F. Johnson.....9
W. L. Dudley.....10
F. C. Moore.....11
O. E. Archibald.....12
J. Duguid, Jr.....13
J. W. Sparrow.....14
J. W. Cartwright, Jr.....15
S. Schiefel.....16
S. Small.....17

Event No. 18, jabberwock cup, Aug. 19, course, 3 miles inside triangle; wind light; start 6:02:00; five starters:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Owa, W. L. Martin.....1	6 43 50	41 50
Kowilla, C. E. Cragg.....2	7 00 15	58 15
R. E. Aston, Jr.....3	7 00 15	58 15
G. H. Rich.....4	7 00 15	58 15
Ma Petite, A. T. Smith.....5	7 00 15	58 15

SHENANDOAH C. C.—Camp Three Springs, Va., Shenandoah River.—Messrs. Geo. Beall, C. L. Cooke and the Commodore of the Shenandoah C. C., in the canoes Shenandoah, Mary Lou and Shenandoah, are taking their annual cruise on the Shenandoah River. They started Thursday, Aug. 14, at Mt. Crawford, and will cruise to Harper's Ferry, occupying about two weeks. The river is in beautiful cruising order and the fishing good.—COMMODORE.

NEW YORK C. C. CUP RACES.—The trial races for the choice of a defender for the New York C. C. international cup will be sailed on Sept. 12 and the cup race on Sept. 14. The trial races are open to members of all regular canoe clubs. The cup races will be sailed on Gravesend Bay, and the trial races probably over the same course.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Chas. G. Bartlett, Jr., Black Hall, Ct.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

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Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$4.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.	
27. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	29. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad.
27. Massachusetts, Third Cham.	29. Beverly, 2d Cham, Mon. Beh.
Dorchester Bay.	29. Royal N. S., Capt. Russell's
28. Carolina, Club, Wilmington,	Cup, Halifax.
29. Hempstead, Long Island.	29. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
29. Hull, All Classes.	29. Larchmont.
29. Savin Hill, Cash.	29. Miramichi, Cruise.

SEPTEMBER.	
1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.	12. Beverly, 6th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
1. Ploon, Sail-off, Marblehead.	12. New Bedford, Annual, New
1. Monaquit, Sail-off, Wey-	Bedford.
5. Sipican, Open, Marion.	12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn.
5. Hull Corinthian, Open.	12. Massachusetts, Open, Dor-
5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marbleh'd	chester Bay.
5. Larchmont, Fall, Larchm't.	12. Savin Hill, Cham. Sail-off.
5. Bay View, Cruise.	12. Royal N. S., Handicap, Hal-
7. Fall River, Club, Fall River.	19-20. San Francisco, Cruise.
7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.	29. Beverly, 3d Cham, Marbleh'd
7. N. Y. R. A., Ann. New York	29. Miramichi, Open
7. Corinthian, Marblehead.	28. Beverly, 3d Cham, Mon. Beh.
7. Handicap, Marblehead.	28. Savin Hill, Fleet Captains
7. Lynn, Open, Nahant.	Cups Sail-off.
7. Mosquito, Open, Boston.	28. Royal R. S., Lord Alex Rus-
11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dor-	sell's Cup, Halifax.
chester Bay.	26. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.

7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend 17. San Francisco, Closing Day.

CHERRY DIAMOND Y. C. CUP, AUG. 18.

THE second attempt to sail the first of a series of three races for the gold cup of the Cherry Diamond Y. C. was made successfully on Tuesday, the course being ten miles to windward and return from Brenton's Reef Lightship. The first attempt, which failed through the absence of a stakeboat, was declared off, but in resailing only the original starters were eligible, Mineola, Jessica and Nautilus, the latter not showing at the line. A sweepstakes of \$50 was also on this race, while the private match between these two boats for \$250 was by agreement decided by it.

The wind was light from S. W. as on the preceding day, the start being made at 11:50.

Jessica cut across on port tack to take Mineola's weather, but was too late, the other on starboard tack putting her about and covering her. Mineola gained steadily on the windward work. Jessica losing something at the mark by overstanding. The turn was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola.....11	51 50	3 25 30	3 33 40	3 33 40
Jessica.....11	51 35	3 41 15	3 49 40	3 47 59

Aug. 20.

The second race was open to all the class, but Gloria declined to start, Mr. Morgan being ill through the week, and so Beatrix did not start, leaving the same pair as on Tuesday. The wind this time was strong N. E., the course being 10 miles to leeward, logged off by the tug Idlewild. The yachts crossed under clubtopsails and spinakers, being timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola.....12	38 42	4 11 46	3 33 04	3 33 04
Jessica.....12	38 42	4 11 46	3 33 04	3 33 04

Jessica was by 2m. 64. The races were sailed under the management of Capt. Sumner. The third race will be sailed at Marblehead next week after the Corinthian series.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES, 1891.

THE third annual sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C., of New York, was no less a success than the first two predecessors, being one of the first events of the year in the leading racing class. The interest in Gloria and Beatrix this year was even greater than that excited by Gosssoon and Minerva last season, while the question of the poorer places was this year of special interest. Though three of the ten entries, comprising all but one of the 45ft. class, were not present, their places had already been pretty well determined. The entries were as follows:

	Length.	Area.	Designer.	Owner.
Gloriana, K. C. Y. C.....54.17	2.57	Herreshoff, E. D. Morgan		
Oweene, K. C. Eastern.....54.62	2.57	Burgess, A. E. Turner		
Beatrix, C. B. Eastern.....54.59	2.29	Burgess, C. A. Prince		
Barbara, K. Eastern.....53.33	3.52	Pife, Jr., C. H. W. Foster		
Sayonara, K. C. Y. C.....54.06	3.01	Burgess, B. Thayer		
Jessica, K. C. Y. C.....50.23	7.28	Pife, Jr., W. O. McDonough		
Mineola, K. C. Y. C.....54.20	2.55	Burgess, A. Belmont		
Nautus, K.....54.17	2.55	Wint'gh'm, R. Maxwell		
Alborak, K.....54.17	2.55	Paine, C. R. Paine		
Uvira, K.....54.17	2.55	Pife, F. P. Sands		

The helmsmen were: Gloria, N. G. Herreshoff; Oweene, Capt. Chas. Barr; Beatrix, Capt. Crocker; Barbara, Capt. John Barr; Sayonara, Capt. Watson; Jessica, Capt. Harvey; Mineola, A. Belmont.

The date fixed was Monday, Aug. 17, immediately following the New York Y. C. Cruise. The course was the same 25-mile triangle, starting from Brenton's Reef Lightship. This year the club issued a very neat book containing rules and all information, including a chart of the waters.

The wind was light from S. S. W. on Monday morning when the tug Idlewild ran out to the start with the regatta committee. Messrs. E. B. Clarke, W. H. Plummer, Wm. Gardner and C. S. Davidson. The first leg was laid out 8 1/2 miles S. S. W., and the preparatory start being made at 12:07, the start at 12:17, the handicap limit being 12:20. All of the boats were started by their regular helmsmen, save Barbara, which for this race was in the hands of Capt. John Barr, of Cinderella.

All crossed on the starboard tack, with clubtopsails and balloon jibtopsails set, Gloria taking the lead, with Beatrix close to her, and the others strung out in close order, Barbara, Sayonara, Mineola, Oweene being a couple of minutes after the leader, while Jessica was handicapped, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloriana.....12	17 12	4 11 14	3 45 14	3 45 14
Beatrix.....12	17 14	4 22 48	3 57 48	3 57 48
Barbara.....12	17 31	4 22 48	3 57 48	3 57 48
Sayonara.....12	17 35	4 22 48	3 57 48	3 57 48

All headed off shore at the start, but Barbara first and then the others tacked and ran for Narragansett Beach, holding the leg until close inshore, when Gloria was to windward of the fleet, with Oweene next best, the Burgess cutter coming out ahead of the Burgess centerboard Beatrix, when they crossed in tacking.

Beatrix held third place, but Barbara was fourth, having a good lead on Mineola and Jessica.

The last half of the windward work showed little change in position, the whole beat out being rather slow and not specially exciting. The work was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloriana.....20	45	2 40 33	2 03 33	2 03 33
Oweene.....20	45	2 43 09	2 03 52	2 03 52
Beatrix.....20	45	2 43 09	2 03 52	2 03 52
Barbara.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Sayonara.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Mineola.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Jessica.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48

The elapsed times show very fairly the merits of the windward work, Oweene making an even showing with Gloria, and far better than the rest. Balloon jibtopsails were set to port and the fleet reached for the second mark with but little gain or loss all around save by Jessica. Gloria split the foot of balloon when half over the leg, sending up her No. 1 jibtopail in its place. The times at second mark were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloriana.....20	45	2 40 33	2 03 33	2 03 33
Oweene.....20	45	2 43 09	2 03 52	2 03 52
Beatrix.....20	45	2 43 09	2 03 52	2 03 52
Barbara.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Sayonara.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Mineola.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Jessica.....20	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloriana.....32	45	2 40 33	2 03 33	2 03 33
Oweene.....32	45	2 43 09	2 03 52	2 03 52
Beatrix.....32	45	2 43 09	2 03 52	2 03 52
Barbara.....32	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Sayonara.....32	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Mineola.....32	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48
Jessica.....32	45	2 47 48	2 07 48	2 07 48

The times of Oweene, Gloria, Mineola and Beatrix on this leg were practically the same, the other three all losing a little. After jibing at the mark, intermediate jibtopsails were set for the reach home, Mineola alone carrying a balloon. Gloria gained on all the rest save Jessica being about even, as the following times show:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloriana.....42	25	4 25 27	4 08 15	4 08 15
Oweene.....42	25	4 28 23	4 09 06	4 09 06
Beatrix.....42	25	4 30 14	4 10 19	4 10 19
Barbara.....42	25	4 34 25	4 14 24	4 14 24
Sayonara.....42	25	4 35 55	4 15 25	4 15 25
Mineola.....42	25	4 39 40	4 19 14	4 19 14
Jessica.....42	25	4 45 50	4 25 50	4 25 50

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloriana.....12	17 12	4 25 27	4 08 15	4 08 15
Oweene.....12	17 17	4 28 23	4 09 06	4 09 06
Beatrix.....12	17 17	4 30 14	4 10 19	4 10 19
Mineola.....12	17 51	4 39 40	4 21 49	4 21 49
Barbara.....12	17 51	4 39 40	4 21 49	

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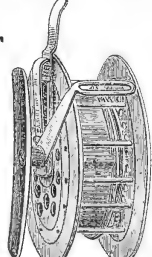
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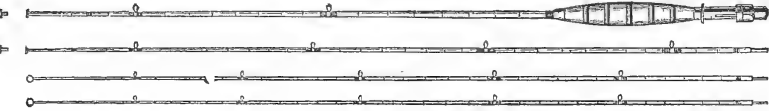
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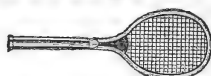
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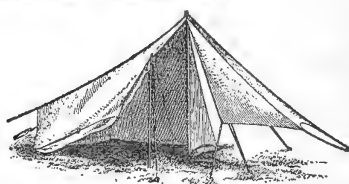
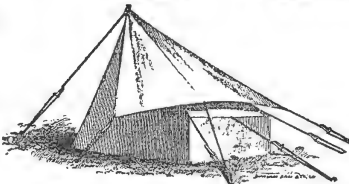
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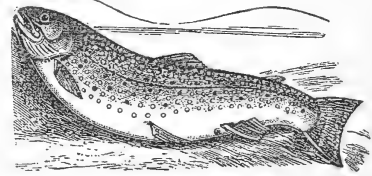
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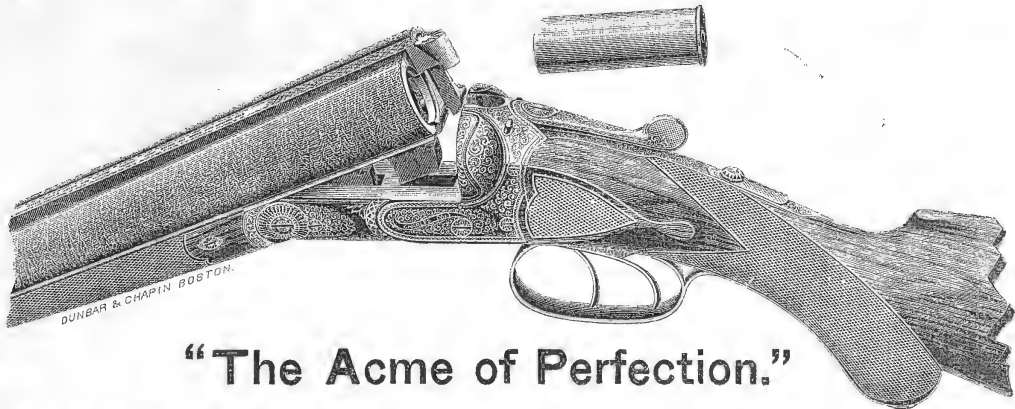
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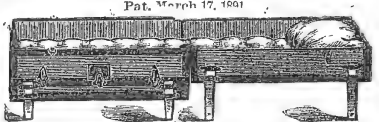
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891.

{ VOL. XXXVII.—No. 7.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price for single copy \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. Rates for clubs of annual subscribers:

Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.

Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Dayies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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OTTAWA AND CREEDMOOR.

DURING the present week the big meetings of riflemen at Ottawa by the Dominion Rifle Association, and Creedmoor by the N. R. A. of America, are on with good attendance, plenty of enthusiasm and every prospect of success in the gatherings. Each in its own field is working on the same lines. It is for the cultivation of the military spirit, for the encouragement of a love of firearms, and for the improvement of accuracy in their use among the civilian soldiery as distinguished from the regular army work, that the two associations are striving. The Northern one may be more distinctively national in scope than the gathering at Creedmoor, but it is only because the United States is too vast, and its several sections too great in their local ambitions to join in such a national display as that of Ottawa and Bisley.

The any-rifle civilian shots cannot complain that they have not been given abundant chance for competition. The management is rarely found laggard when there is a demand for this or that form of competition. It is put on the list and the attention of competitors invited to it. If there is really a demand for a match under those conditions it lives, if not the subsequent meetings miss it. In this way the matches now embody everything on which the management think they can command the support of shooters up to the full limit of the ability of the officers in charge. Neither Ottawa nor Creedmoor offer such a magnificent prize list as that at Bisley, but each is doing as great a work in its field, and if the time should ever come for anything more than the pleasant rivalry of fall meetings, each will render full return for every dollar and every hour spent in their maintenance.

ON THE ENGLISH RANGES.

THE suggestion made by our correspondent "W. W." in the Rifle columns is a most excellent one, and it is a surprise that it has not long since been acted upon. We have had teams go abroad, long-range teams to carry victory, military teams to suffer defeat, and there have been American riflemen as individuals who have won honors on the Wimbledon Common; Farrow gave points on off-hand work and Hyde played a lone hand as a long-range shooter. In each case they fought with American arms, and it is just at this point where, as our correspondent indicates, they missed the chance for the largest honors and the richest returns for their work. At present the bulk of the shooting at the great meetings there is done with the Martini rifle, and to gain the greatest showing at the prize list the visitor must adopt the arm with all the provisions of the conditions strictly adhered to. The rifles are very cheap and may be had at any one of a dozen dealers. Any American gun dealer will take an order for one of the pieces, and by plenty of practice in the most beastly weather he can select, the American having attended to his entry card, etc., will feel perfectly at home on Bisley ranges as the weather generally strikes it. "W. W.," a champion of champions at the Bisley meetings, and an old-time Wimbledon winner, though not as a rifle shot, but a revolver expert, knows fully whereof he speaks when he points out to his fellow countrymen here what a chance there is for glory and well-paid rivalry, with a Martini weapon particularly and finer arms as well at the great meets of the N. R. A. of Great Britain.

DEATH BEFORE THE TRAP.

A FRIEND lying dead at his feet, a widow and orphans rendered such by his hand, and a lifetime of regret, deep and bitter. Such is the calamity which in the twinkling of an eye fell upon James W. Cropsey at the recent meeting of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club at Coney Island. He had a couple of cartridges in his hand, slipped them into his gun, snapped it shut and—bang! his friend lay dead. Chastisement to one careless gunner has come at one sharp swoop, and should he ever touch a gun again, it is very certain that it will be with a full realization of what a dreadful engine of destruction it is.

Again and again the list of "Don'ts" in connection with the gun is brought home to the vast army of gunners. "Don't load except at the score," is one of the prime directions of a well ordered meeting—one of the cardinal points of faith and practice on the part of the gunner worthy of his arm. Violate the rule, and though luck may again and again lean on the side of the careless, the time will come when the efficacy of the rule is brought home in a startling fashion, and such an occasion was the tragedy at the Coney Island range.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE chief ambition of fishermen at some of the popular resorts appears to be to make a prodigious score. The strings are duly displayed to admiring groups on hotel verandahs, weighed, recorded, and then passed over to the kitchen servants, to be cooked or thrown on to the compost heap. There is no sense in trying to correct this on the score of angling sentiment; if a man is by nature fond of fishing for count, and finds satisfaction in displaying a bigger string than his competitor, no denunciation of his fishing practices will effect a change of heart or modification of taste. We cannot gain anything by quarreling with another person because his fun in fishing is of a different texture from our fun in fishing. But because of the economic considerations involved, since fishing for count almost inevitably means an undue diminution of the general supply, no effort should be spared to discountenance and abate the practice of fishing for a score.

A handsome gun is interesting as a specimen of artistic handicraft; and there are men for whom firearms have the fascination of paintings. One of FOREST AND STREAM's contributors is happy in the possession of a collection of more than two hundred arms. On the walls of his "den" are displayed rifles and shotguns and pistols, illustrating the development of sporting weapons from flintlock to hammerless. The collection has cost more than \$3,500, and our friend contends that in addition to the pleasure of using these arms in the field during a

quarter century, he has been more than repaid for their cost by the satisfaction of looking at them. It is not given to every ardent gunner to invest so much money in guns; and it may be consoling to reflect that the degree of one's enjoyment of shooting is not to be determined by the wealth and variety of his armament. Certainly no owner of a hundred arms can feel the affection for any one of them that his more modest brother has for "the old gun," the tried and true companion of so many days together. To hear some gunners tell of the performances of their favorite weapons, one might almost imagine these contrivances of wood and metal to be sentient and reasoning beings; they recall the old story of the lucky shot made by the accidental discharge of a gun while the hunter slept; the proud possessor ever afterward contending that the gun went off of its own accord when the game came into range.

We publish to-day an interesting collection of notes on the rearing of native and imported game birds. Efforts in this direction are in line with the changing conditions of shooting in America. We have reached a stage of game depletion, and a stage too of the game-preserve system, where artificial propagation and rearing are resorted to in a growing degree; and every fragment of such experiences as are here detailed in our Natural History columns is useful for instruction or warning. A note from Mr. Verner de Guize, received too late for publication to-day, assures us of that gentleman's perfect success in pheasant rearing at Mahwah, N. J. Breeding can be conducted in this country, he assures us from his own experience, quite as successfully as in Great Britain; and the birds have shown themselves well adapted to their new surroundings. We hope to supplement what is printed to-day with further notes relating to the successes or failures of other enterprises in the same direction.

We are not at all surprised to learn that the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have appointed "Jock" Darling a game and fish warden; and there is no reason in the world why the appointment may not prove a wise one. Darling has set the law at naught in the past, and has declaimed against the officers appointed to enforce it. For this we have blamed him; and blame him now. On the other hand, the man possesses certain traits of character that will admirably fit him for duty as a warden. The newspaper despatch reporting Darling's appointment adds that "it took a small army of officers" to arrest him last year. This is pure nonsense, as everybody knows who read Miss Hardy's account of the facts in our columns—an account which, by the way, went far to enlist sympathy for Darling in that affair.

A man forty-five years of age is not too old to take up shooting as a recreation, even though he may never have handled firearms and is totally ignorant of their use. There is health to be found in shooting, and strength to come of days in the field; and cheerfulness and lightness of heart and a braver spirit to be won in the fields and woods tramping. When by rational indulgence in such manly pastimes mental and physical upbuilding may be gained, it is a moral obligation resting upon every man to avail himself of them. And it is not too late to begin even though one be on the shady side of fifty.

The man mistaken for a deer has already been shot in the Adirondacks this season; and a like fate has overtaken the unfortunate companion of the man who did not know that his rifle was loaded. With all the handling of firearms by inexperienced handlers in the Adirondack season, the mystery is that the chronicle of accidents should not be ten times more extensive.

Albert Barnett, of Clayville, N. Y., who died last week at the age of 100, was a remarkable specimen of a well preserved sportsman. Until he was injured in a run-away accident in his 97th year, it is said, he handled rod and gun almost with the ardor and expertness of his prime, and he did not finally give up field sports until he had entered his 100th year.

The Nebraska prairie chicken crop is said to be unusually abundant this year, and 1891 may be remembered as a season when law-abiding sportsmen had a chance to bag a few birds left over at the beginning of the open season after the disgraceful scramble between market hunters and sportsmen before the law was up.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A COLORADO OUTING.—II.

IT had been arranged that Jimmie should be at Black Lake with a team the day after our arrival. Jimmie has light blue eyes that are round and a round nose. If he had to tramp one mile or one hundred, he would maintain a gait of two miles an hour and get there. He is gray and fifty, and I am never able to disabuse my mind of the impression that he has always been gray and fifty. He surrendered to Burnside at Cumberland Gap, and "hit was the end of my soldierin'," is the way and the extent of the information he gives one concerning his early history, conceding he has any history. He came to Black Lake in company with George and Charlie, drawing a reliable thoroughbred wagon; George and Charlie are seventeen; having grown up together they know each other's ways and they know Jimmie, and are just as reliable as he—they always get there. Going down hill, if the brake is not set to warrant the exact degree of friction requisite to their comfort they will lay back their ears and nip at each other like a pair of colts. This is their way of blaming each other and Jimmie; and Jimmie, thinking he understands his part of the business, remonstrates mildly, always first with George, then with Charlie: "George, what yo' doin'?"—Charlie, behave yerself; then the venerable bays will throw up their heads and champ their bits as if they were having a laugh all to themselves at their venerable companion and friend. All this time the lines are swaying in close proximity to the wagon tongue, and George and Charlie are herding themselves and the wheels never missing a boulder in the road or out of it.

Bidding our kind friends *adios* we cast our fortunes with Jimmie and his companions and start for the head of the Muddy. The Blue River Valley, down which we must go, is of itself not very attractive; there is a good deal of sage brush and grease wood on the narrow mesas, and we catch only an occasional glimpse of the river. The river is not attractive, because it is not blue, but yellow, roiled with the refuse of the gold hunter in the vicinity of Breckenridge, hence the loss of it is no grievance. An occasional peak or bib of a mountain range in the distance helps a little to divert the monotony, and Brother Byers, always observant of the practical side, misses no piece of meadowland, if it is no more than an acre in extent, and discusses with Jimmie the condition of every neighbor's hay crop in Middle Park, while I hold communion on the back seat with my brier root. The situation suits my mood, and I do not take the trouble to kill a mosquito that alights upon my hand, but give him a whiff of smoke instead. I am not over being tired yet, city tired, and it is enough for me to know that I am out of doors with nothing to do, and that we can be at home when the sun goes down, wherever we may arrive at that hour.

"There is Whitely's Peak," says Brother Byers, half turning his face toward me. I look off forty miles and see a mountain which appears to have been chopped down at one side, and that leans over as if it had been struck by a hard wind, and answer: "Yes, I see." Whitely's Peak has no interest for me, except that we are going in search of a lake in that vicinity—a lake where there are marvelous trout that no one can catch, and I promise myself in an indolent way that I will catch one.

About noon we reach Blank's and have dinner. We do this to save the trouble of building a fire. Blank is away from home, you can take your oath, but Mrs. Blank is at home with the baby, you can again take your oath. The house is neat, the baby is clean and the dinner substantial and inviting, you can again be sworn with no fear of perjury on your mind. Mrs. Blank accepts with a pleasant smile—which is a second course of dessert—the dollar and a half tendered for the dinners. I do not consider Mrs. Blank a robust woman, but cheery and ready to prepare a meal for the next wayfarer, or a half dozen of them; and to prepare meals all through the afternoon if occasion demanded. There is a Holy Bible and some odd volumes of George Eliot on a rustic table in the corner; the name on the fly leaves indicate that Mrs. Blank had contributed thus far to the literary necessities of the family and that the contribution was something left over from the days before Mrs. Blank had succumbed to the marital relation. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Blank, but I take him to be broad across the shoulders and one to whom a few hours daily over a hot stove in the summer time would be a recreation, but that he has no passion for that sort of a pastime. Being in want of a toothpick I hunt for the woodpile and find a chicken feather which answers my purpose. Among the odd volumes on the rustic table was the story of Amos Barton, and, while I trimmed the chicken feather, I wondered if this were another case of Milly with the virtues of Amos left out; it must have been very, very hard even with poor Amos's tenderness, or may be worse; and would it be the same story in the end? "My dear—dear—husband—you have—been very good—to me!" It takes so little to make some women happy that to grudge the means is—what shall one say of it?

We reached Kremling in due course, at the confluence of the Muddy with the Grand River. Kremling has a store, a saloon and a dwelling house, but no paint. Kremling is not new, I have known of it a dozen years or more; neither is it interesting, except as affording food for reflection on the eccentricities of mind. Maybe by the next glacial epoch or just before the ice gets as far down again as Kremling and the other tillable land is converted into rice fields, the sage brush and greasewood will be grubbed up and burned and the land utilized. The road up the Muddy does not follow the valley of the stream, the valley is too confined to make a road convenient, but we go up "a draw" instead, that is trackless and has an adobe soil. I remember being caught in a severe rain storm once in this draw, and have reason to deprecate the soil. As we reach the summits of the low-lying hills, any direction affords magnificent mountain views; the depressions have their influence and effect upon even George and Charlie, who walk going down hill and trot up to get out of the general dejection. We reached a ranch during the afternoon that afforded an excellent garden, which cheered Brother Byers, affirming, as it did, his conviction of the capacity of the soil and the climate for the satisfactory production of "all sorts of garden stuff." The entire vicinity was a sort of exaggerated

rolling prairie, environed by picturesque mountains, and we camped that night on a small tributary to the Muddy and fought mosquitoes while we drank our tea.

The next day noon we took dinner with Riggles, under the shadow of Whitely's Peak, then followed a timber road two miles, then a wagon track through a few hundred acres of scattered aspens and wild flowers. Ah, those wild flowers! the first we had seen in twenty-four hours—asters, bluebells, hollyhocks, geraniums, blue petaled flax, larkspurs shaded from gray to deep blue, lilies, and dozens that we had no names for—affording a wealth of colors that was bewildering. The remembrance of the road we had traversed became pleasant under the delightful influence, and I did not care how far it was to Hetzer's Lake if we might have this garden at intervals, if not all the way. Skirting a few hundred acres of meadow sheltered by thick growing pines, overcoming a narrow slough and traversing several rocks with three wheels of the jerky in the air at one time, we finally reached a tent by the side of a pond. This was not the lake, certainly, it was two feet deep and overgrown with Egyptian lotus, according to Brother Byers, affording a rich carpet of golden blossoms, to me altogether novel and beautiful. Where was Hetzer, and more particularly where was his lake? The tent door was closed, and a quarter of elk was suspended from an adjacent pine, but there was no sign of life in the gulch, except a chipmunk, and he was very shy, because Hetzer has a kitten and a dog for company.

We would camp at all events, and Brother Byers would go prospecting if I would assist Jimmie with tent. My friend came back with Mr. Hetzer in a few moments and I superintended the erection of our cotton dwelling, even to the selection of a spot with a proper inclination and no lumps, near the base of a half-decayed aspen. Then I refreshed myself at one of the three springs bubbling up on the edge of the pond—selecting a camping place and overlooking Jimmie and Brother Byers while they cut and drive tent pins wears on the system. To the west of our camp and at an elevation of 300ft. from the base is the summit of a hill; aspens and pines and flowers cover this hill, and when I inquire for the lake I am informed that this hill is the lower rim of the basin, and that at a clump of pines, "just there in that sag," is the lowest part of the rim. We climb by a zigzag trail to the clump of pines and are surprised at a beautiful sheet of water over 300 acres in extent set in a mountainside. We have put the rods together and go down 50ft. to the margin and embark in a scow. Hetzer says the lake is 150ft. deep "most anywhere," and the scow is consequently questionable; he reassures us by saying it will carry ten, and I take it that he does not mean to the bottom. The lake is as clear as the springs, and 150ft. of line with a grapnell would have been reconciling, but Hetzer had no such appliance; being a lot owner in a cemetery nearer home I weigh the prospects of its occupancy while Hetzer weighs the anchor, and conclude that I prefer grass to water as a mortuary tribute to my virtues; then I don't approve of a headstone with nothing under it, it is a cold mockery and—

"Please shove off the scow, Mr. Hetzer." This, of course, is the request of Brother Byers—he cannot swim a stroke, and being unconscious of peril he is courageous. The scow is shoved off accordingly and silently propelled around the lake, with a coachman trailing on one side and a grasshopper on the other. The shores are wooded to the water and are quite abrupt, there is no beach, and we notice regularly stratified limestone between the lowest growth of timber and the surface of the lake. There is no outlet and the inlet is a mere apology, being dry most of the year, only in the spring it is a tiny stream from the melting snow on a distant spur of the Gore Range. There is no evidence whatever of glacial action, and every lake that we know of in the mountains is the result of a glacier. How was this lake formed? Brother Byers can give as the only solution that caves commonly occur in limestone, that this must have been a great cave and that the roof had fallen in and left a great cup in the mountain side. We had traversed half the circuit of the lake, it was a good time for trout anywhere else, in our experience, but we had experienced no evidence here, while Hetzer assured us that he had placed 10,000 trout in the waters. He had commenced stocking it with fish from the Muddy eleven years ago, and he knew they were here. He had seen them and handled them in spawning time, trying to get up the inlet—two, three, four, five, six, eight-pound trout—he did not go over that weight, and I was ready to believe anything he said—he sculled the old scow like a still-hunter, you could not catch a sound of the paddle, only the low tones of Hetzer's voice as he told of the marvelous trout just under us, but out of sight. When we returned to camp I commissioned Jimmie to catch me a frog; I had noticed some in the slough as we came in. He said he would try, and the only thing I regret now is that I did not follow him and hide in the timber that I might see him in pursuit of a frog; think of a man whose extreme speed is two miles an hour catching frogs. But by the time I was ready for the experiment in the morning, faithful Jimmie came with five frogs in an old fruit can with a rag tied over them.

Then Hetzer and I went out on the lake, and I ran the Sproat through the skin on the frog's back; I could not, of course, cast the inducement with the trout rod, so I lifted him over and he made for the scow as if he understood that it was the nearest way to land. I lifted him up and turned him around and dropped him on the water again. This time he struck off in the right direction, and on the clear, perfectly smooth surface it seemed that he must induce one of the marvels to come out of his lurking place. When the unusual lure gave token of weariness I lifted him up on the head of the scow, when he gathered his legs under him and sat winking and, I thought, no doubt wondering at the extraordinary gymnastics he was being forced to. I christened him John Henry, and told him that to all appearances he was absolutely irresistible and deserved to be immortalized as a dead sure thing on trout. Then I shoved him overboard, when he floated without any effort. Evidently he was a courtier duly registered in the batrachian blue book and impervious to flattery. I shook him up and admonished him in Western vernacular that he was destined to the performance of a certain duty and must not consider any personal sacrifice. He seemed then to awake to the notion that he had a mission that should not lapse for lack of energy, and after he had gone clear around the scow I mildly suggested to Hetzer my doubts of any trout in his lake.

While I was expressing myself there came a sudden swirl in the vicinity of the frog and he disappeared. I raised the rod, felt a tug on the line, and that was my mistake—the frog came to the surface and remained on his back, and Hetzer was vindicated. I brought John Henry in for a rest, and after he had recovered his wind I experimented again and for an hour, and consoled myself and tried to explain to Hetzer that, being so accustomed to fly-fishing, I had acquired a habit of striking quick. I told this to Hetzer a dozen times at least, and I think he believed me.

But we did not give up experimenting. It was asserted by Hetzer that in the evening, just before dark, the trout would come to the surface for a few minutes to feed. Brother Byers thought he would take advantage of the information, and I concluded to remain in camp. Jimmie went off to fraternize with George and Charlie, the sun went down in a bank of clouds that drifted my way, and as the twilight stole into the gulch I began to feel lonesome. It occurred to me that the neighborhood was a good one for game, and that game was not confined to deer and elk, and that I had only a small pocket knife. From the upper hills and the lake the wind came sighing mournfully and the gusts became more frequent. Then I thought I would find Jimmie for company, but while I debated the matter a stronger breath than any of its fore-runners came sweeping down the gulch, and with it came the sound of falling trees—there were no trees within a half dozen rods of me except the old aspen, and I concluded to remain where I was, notwithstanding the possible appearance of game. Jimmie came back and began to prepare supper, at which we should have elk steak, a taste of bacon and plenty of bread and butter and tea. When we had the meal about ready I heard the fishermen talking as they came down the trail, and Brother Byers displayed a 2lb. trout—a little one Hetzer decided it to be—which had suffered itself to be deceived by a grasshopper. It was the only victim secured during ten hours' work, all told, by two men on Hetzer's Lake. I concluded that the extremes of trout fishing as exemplified by our experience on the two lakes were not fully to my taste. Each had its attractions, of course, and was enjoyable, but the middle ground is the one with the fun in it, as well as the worth in all circumstances in life.

The next morning we broke camp and returned down the Muddy, and took a lunch just before crossing. We proposed to reach the Troublesome before night, by way of Antelope Creek, through the "Gun Light" (a big notch in a big mountain). Jimmie had been that way ten years ago on foot, he could not tell how the road was or whether there was any road. We met a man, resident on Antelope Creek, and he told us there was a good road, from his place to the Troublesome—they "done a heap of work on it." We found it: a furrow plowed around the mountain sides that presented an angle of say thirty degrees. We let the off or the near wheels take the furrow, as occasion demanded, and the opposite wheels took the chances with us. But we reached Troublesome and an excellent early camp in time to have trout for supper.

The banks of Troublesome are bushy, the only satisfactory way to fish it is to take to the bed, and that is always delightful. Before leaving home I was admonished not to go into the water, there was to be no more groaning and limping about my domicile because, as it was alleged, of this very indiscretion. To make assurance of my good faith sure, I called attention to the fact that my waders were in the cellar and not in my grip. But on opening my bedding which Jimmie had brought from Hot Sulphur Springs, I found a reserved pair. I had forgotten all about them; I could not resist a feeling of satisfaction at the discovery, although I considered that I should have no use for the temptation, as our sport was to be confined to the lakes. On the Troublesome, however, I concluded to experiment with the rheumatism and pulled on the boots. Within a minute after reaching the water I made up my mind that one boot leaked, then I experienced a recollection of former knowledge of the fact. Then the other boot leaked, but one foot was now wet and I had three trout already. A shower came up and I continued to gather in the trout regardless of consequences. I had a faint notion of repeating to myself, "What would she say if she could see me?" Well, I hadn't made any promise—that is, directly it was an invasion innocently expressed; besides a breach of promise with uncomfortable results was altogether out of the question with us. This is the first confession of my experiment and I have experienced no discomfort for indulging in a pardonable proclivity—the remembrance of the delightful hour is without price.

The next day, down on my favorite stream, the Grand, I caught 9lbs. of beautiful trout without wetting my toes and I told of that. In the evening Brother Byers and I had a bath in the hot sulphur pool at the Springs, and that was a fitting climax to a ten days' outing.

L. B. FRANCE.

DENVER, Colo., August, 1891.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

FISHERMEN have an established reputation, so far as dealing in fiction is concerned, but I have doubts in regard to their being always entitled to the head of the procession. For instance, while outing in the northern part of this State last month I made the acquaintance of an honest, gray-haired, horny-handed worker of the soil, who gravely and very seriously informed me that years ago he was an excellent shot with the rifle and handled one a great deal, but never allowed one to remain loaded in the house over night. "On returning home with my rifle loaded," said he, "I always stepped to the door and unloaded it at random into an old oak tree, which stood about eight or ten rods from the house. Being out of lead one time I thought I would go to the tree and see if I could pick up a few old bullets. Well, sir, I got out of that tree, into which I had fired off-handed, a chunk of pure solid lead as big as a brick!"

Of course I did not by word or sign dispute my venerable friend, but in behalf of the few men that I know who go fishing I mentally voted the old farmer the medal.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

A. W.

Natural History.

REARING GAME BIRDS.

I AM much interested in the rearing and keeping in confinement of wild game birds. So far I have had very little experience, and I have been able to gain very little from anything I could get to read on the subject; but I think perhaps some of your readers would be kind enough to give their experience in rearing pheasants, ring neck (English) and golden pheasants, and by doing so would greatly add to the literature on this subject, which is very sparse. To make a beginning I will tell what I did:

I placed ten golden pheasant eggs under a game bantam about June 11 of this year, and on July 3 six hatched out, and one died in the shell, the other three eggs were clear. For two days I could get the small things to eat nothing. I tried them with hard-boiled egg and bread crumbs, but very little of it they would take. At the advice of a chicken friend I got them some meal worms, these they picked at a little. I then got some maggots which I had fed well on shorts for two days, and these seemed to be what was wanted. Two of the little ones died in less than a week, I think from exhaustion, but the other four never gave me the least anxiety since I got the maggots, which I continued to feed them on for about four weeks, with the addition of a little oatmeal, milk curds and small wheat. They had the run of an inclosed lawn with plenty of shade. Now, if I had known that properly prepared maggots were the correct thing, I think I could have raised the whole six birds.

I did not know how to get this very necessary feed till I was told how, and as I have never seen it in print, I will give you the details, which may be useful to others. Get a beef head, and expose it to the blow fly for a day or so; then hang it in a flour barrel and cover it over and keep in a warm place. Have a large-sized hole cut in the lower part of the barrel and have plenty of wheaten shorts on the bottom of the barrel. The maggots as they mature drop on the shorts and feed on it, and after about 24 hours in this they are nice, dry, firm worms; and are fit to feed to the young birds. I give each one five or six of them at a time, three or four times each day; and it was delightful to see how anxious they were to get them. In about a week they would play all over me when they expected a maggot.

By cultivating the maggots in the above manner there is nothing in the least disagreeable about it, as the head is placed or hung at the top of the barrel and covered over and the maggots are taken out of the dry meal at the bottom. Like many others, I thought it would be a horrid affair, but I was most agreeably surprised with the result.

If this is of any benefit, I will be much pleased; and if some others of your readers will give their experience in this line I will be more so.

M. B.

LONDON, Ontario.

A correspondent, "N. E. J.," writes: "Can you give me any information as to what has been or can be done toward introducing the Mongolian pheasant in the eastern United States? I am interested in a ducking shore on Chesapeake Bay at mouth of Middle River (near Baltimore), where we own nearly 400 acres of land, much of it low and wet and in timber. How do you think they would thrive in such a place, and can you refer me to the experience of any sportsman in this part of the country?"

In response to an inquiry from this office Mr. Hugh D. Auchincloss, of New York, says: "Replying to your favor of the 21st inst., inquiring what success I have had in introducing the Mongolian pheasant into the Eastern States, I beg to advise that as yet I have not had the birds a sufficient time to make a report of any interest or value. I did not obtain the old birds from Oregon until late in June, and have at present eleven birds (four cocks and seven hens), all of which are in capital condition. Two of the hens after arrival laid about three dozen eggs and from these I have so far raised about a dozen young birds. The transportation of the old birds so late in the spring stopped their laying, so this breeding season is virtually lost. I also obtained several dozen eggs from Oregon, none of which hatched out, the long railway journey having added them. I find that the old birds are very wild when kept in confinement, but are very hardy and easy to care for, and thrive very well on small grains, wheat, barley, etc., with plenty of green stuff. They are fine powerful birds, great fighters and of more beautiful plumage than the English pheasant, and so far I can see no reason why they should not be easily bred in the Eastern States. As soon as I can gather any facts that may be of value to intending breeders I will take pleasure in again writing you on this subject.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had for some time the intention of writing you from this unlikeliest of places for sport, and the sight of your issue of July 23 just to hand, has had the effect of settling me to carry out my intention. The first matter that I would note is "Jay Beebe's" failure to rear the young grouse he hatched under a hen. In this same issue you have reviewed my "Birds of Manitoba," and I am indeed gratified to find it so favorably held by the leading journal of sport in the Western Hemisphere. Among the notes which have unfortunately been crowded out of this work of mine was a chapter on the rearing of the sharp-tailed grouse in confinement, and how I accomplished it with perfect success. I am sorry not to be able to refer "Jay Beebe" to this, it is so exactly what he wants. In brief, however, the eggs were hatched by a Brahma hen; she managed some thirty young grouse. This was a mistake; another time I would take two or three bantam or game hens, for the Brahma by her clumsiness trampled several to death. I at once put the little ones into a tight pen on the open prairie, their natural habitat, and fed them with ants, ant's eggs, flies, worms, finely chopped meat, oatmeal and strawberries, the only available fruit. I found them extremely fond of drinking, and perfectly enraptured whenever I gave them a painful

of ashes to dust themselves in. I moved the frame or pen whenever the grass inclosed got stale. In this way I reared half of those hatched: the deaths were chiefly caused by the clumsiness of the hen, as stated. It is necessary to cover the pen with a netting, as the young of all grouse fly at the end of a week.

Too much stress cannot be laid on frequent changes of locality of the pen; with a change every two or three days, a pen 20ft. square will do very well for 15 to 20 young grouse and their foster mother.

I have had some experience with English pheasants (*Colchicus phasianus*), and all points to the same conclusion—viz., young game birds must have animal food, natural surroundings and protection from the wet.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

PARIS, Aug. 4.

For several months we have followed with lively interest the enterprise of Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, Ill., in his endeavor to secure from India a stock of black partridges to introduce into the United States. For a long time it appeared that his efforts would be futile, and when at length the birds were shipped their number dwindled until but three were left alive on their arrival in New York. On our recommendation the reception of the birds at this port was entrusted to Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, a Custom House broker, who is deserving of creditable mention for his part in so promptly forwarding the feathered immigrants. The safe arrival of the three survivors is told in the subjoined account. Dr. Blaisdell's project was commented on in the *Asian*, which is the *FOREST AND STREAM* of India, and the notice there given it brought out the following letter from a British officer, from which it appears that if the newly imported game shall thrive, it will supply a valuable addition to our game fauna:

DEHARA DOON, N. W. Provinces, India, Feb. 16, 1891.—Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, Macomb, Ill.: DEAR SIR—I see by the *Asian* that you are going to try and introduce the Indian black partridge into Illinois. The good wishes of all Indian sportsmen will be with you, and I heartily wish you may succeed. I am afraid five pairs are rather a small number to try conclusions with, but if you fail I hope you will try again. His limit in India is a small one, and this is what makes me think he may be a hard bird to acclimatize in the States. Northward he ascends the Himalayahs to about 5,000ft., and southward he extends to about half way down the continent to a line about east and west of Indore, where he is replaced by the red partridge—a closely allied type. In both sexes are plumaged almost exactly like the hen of the black partridge. His range eastward is also limited, as he apparently dislikes the warm, moist climate toward the Bay of Bengal; but westward he extends far into Afghanistan and Persia, where not more than five inches of rain falls throughout the year. Don't turn him out in the forest. What he likes is low, thick scrub or high grass thicket near wheat fields and water. By high grass, I mean grass from 3 to 10ft. high; your ordinary prairie grass would not be high enough for him. He never mounts a tree, and dislikes their shade, but occasionally perches on a low stump to crow in the morning. His food is essentially seed—wheat, maize, and above all, mustard and oil seed. He breeds out here in dense high pass jungle or tamarisk thickets, not far from water. He likes a bright sun in summer, and in winter does not mind a fair dose of frost, but he won't stand snow.

If you should find Illinois too hot for him you might try the painted partridge which is common in southern India. If too cold, the "Chickoo." This is a magnificent bird twice the size of the black partridge, and excellent shooting and eating. His range is very wide—from Scinde (the hottest part of India, and in climate and appearance very much like Arizona), up to 10,000ft. in the Himalayahs, and he extends away to the slopes of bluffs overlooking rivers and the steep sides of canyons and ravines near fields. He eats all kinds of seeds, especially maize, and in the Himalayahs lives on the outskirts of the village fields. On the hot, dry plains of Scinde he is equally abundant, but always near hills or broken ground.

Pardon my writing you this long letter when I am a perfect stranger to you. I am, first, that I am a sportsman, and in your undertaking, and secondly, when I was traveling in the United States some years ago, I received many kindnesses from Americans which I will not readily forget.

W. C. RAMSDEN, Lieut.-Colonel, India.

The Macomb *Journal* gives this report of their reception there:

"We are the three sole survivors of a family of nine little birds that sailed from Calcutta, India, on June 18. Expressmen and others who have charge, feed and water us well until we reach Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, Macomb, Illinois, United States of America." [Dated London, England, Aug. 3, 1891.]

Such was the label on the box containing three black India partridges (two males and one female) that arrived by express in this city Saturday night last, and have been viewed by hundreds and hundreds of curious and investigating eyes since. They were the birds that Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of this city, has been negotiating for for over a year. Having brought to our country a number of Chinese pheasants from Oregon, he set about the plan of bringing here some of these wonderful game birds from the other side of the globe—the black India partridge. He opened correspondence with the American Consul at Calcutta. The Consul, Mr. S. G. Merrill, of Indianapolis, placed the letter in the hands of a bird dealing firm, Messrs. Rutledge & Co., who replied that the bird was difficult to capture alive, but they would procure them at so much per brace. Heading a subscription list with a liberal sum himself, the Doctor went among some of our business men who subscribed the funds, and soon a draft was on its way to Minister Merrill, at Calcutta, with directions to purchase the birds. For months after Messrs. Rutledge & Co., the dealers, have been endeavoring to secure the birds, and a number of letters passed between them and Mr. Merrill and Dr. Blaisdell. Failing to get the birds otherwise, the merchants sent a man on special trip into the mountains, and after, as he writes, spending more than the birds brought him, they were secured. Finally the little fellows were cooped and set sail on their long voyage. A letter from Consul Merrill stated that he went to the ship and saw the birds aboard, one was dead, another sick; he feared none would arrive alive. Counting the sick one there were nine that started. Down the Bay of Bengal by the Island of Ceylon, around the point of India and into the Indian Ocean; out of this water across the Arabian Sea to Aden, at mouth of the Red Sea; through this body of water and the Suez Canal, into and across the Mediterranean; out through the Straits of Gibraltar, up the Atlantic along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, across the Bay of Biscay into the English Channel to London. Thence back down that water across the broad Atlantic to New York, and by rail to Macomb. They journeyed over 16,000 miles—two-thirds the distance around the globe. Without doubt, they are the first of

their species ever in America. Taken as game, the persons who would eat them would be consuming meat that cost \$25 per pound. As before stated, but three arrived alive, but taking into consideration the distance traveled and the different hands they went through, it is a marvel almost that they got through.

The bird is not very large, but beautiful. He is likewise an important personage, as the three are probably the sole representatives of their breed on the western continent. The birds will be on exhibition at our county fair next week, and on account of the extreme rarity of the species are certainly worth seeing. If they fail to propagate and fill our woods, you will want to say at least you saw the only three India partridges ever in the United States; while if they multiply to millions it will be a feather in your cap to remark, "I saw the original three of this bird that now abounds as thickly as sparrows." So do not fail to see them at the fair next week.

In a late issue of the *Philadelphia Ledger* we find this account of successful quail breeding in that city:

The rearing of quail is Mr. Harry Rudolph's pet amusement. He is a thorough sportsman, and, to use his own words, "would rather gun than eat." Quail and pheasant shooting is his delight, and he confesses he always had a fancy for the game little Bob White. About three years ago he was given a brace of live quail while gunning at Newkirk station, in New Jersey. These were the nucleus of his present stock. He brought them to his home, at 1800 Bouvier street, and fitted up a cage for them in his little back lot. He gradually acquired a few other birds, which paired off and began to lay and hatch eggs during the summer. The small ones were successfully hatched out, but died very shortly after. Mr. Rudolph determined to discover the cause of their early demise, and, knowing it must be lack of proper food, determined to watch the habits of the older birds and experiment upon them with varieties of grain and insect food. In spite of the amusement of his friends, who considered his attempt impossible, Mr. Rudolph set to work in earnest to raise quail, and, after numerous failures, was able in his second year to successfully hatch and raise a brood of quail. He had hit upon the right method of feeding them, and the young birds were as strong and healthy as if born under natural conditions. Since then he reckons that 65 per cent. of his young birds have been successfully brought to maturity. As statistics show that hardly 50 per cent. of wild game birds attain their full size, owing to the number of their natural foes, such as hawks and vermin, this is an extremely good record.

In a small yard, scarcely 20ft. square, Mr. Rudolph keeps his pets. The inclosure is shut in on three sides by a wooden fence, and on the fourth by the rear wall of the house. Around the borders are beds of geranium and small shrubs. In the center is a patch of grass, with a tall plant in the middle. On one side of the lot are the cages, in which three brace are paired off in separate coops. In the fourth cage is a lonely and disconsolate hen, while running loose about the yard are two cocks and a hen, with three chicks. The latter are a remarkable brood. They were hatched, with five others, on the 8th of July, which is nearly one month ahead of the breeding season. The defunct ones were killed by the inclement weather or some other cause common to infant quail, but the survivors remain perfectly healthy and are already able to care for themselves.

In addition to rushing the breeding season, the hen one week ago commenced to lay a fresh lot of fifteen eggs in a new nest, upon which she will no doubt shortly sit. Moreover, in another corner of the yard the cocks have prepared another nest, as if the hen contemplated rearing a third family this season.

The other pairs in the coops have each a nestful of eggs, which Mr. Rudolph expects will shortly be hatched. When the next brood are born the chicks loose in the yard, together with the parent birds, will be shut up to make room for the newcomers. Owing to the extreme pugnacity of the cocks, it is impossible to let more than one pair loose at a time, or the lives of the birds would be endangered. The pairing off of two cocks with one hen, although rare, is occasionally found. The two male birds who champion the little mother hen live in peace and harmony, and both work together at making the nests and take their turns in sitting on the eggs.

The principal food which Mr. Rudolph gives to his pets is grain; grasshoppers also form part of their dietary. But the secret by which he manages to raise the young Mr. Rudolph refuses to reveal. He states that it is something natural to the birds in wild life, but beyond that he will not commit himself. The quail are very fond of hempseed, but they get so fat on it that its value as wholesome food is very small. It would soon kill them off. It is useful, however, in feeding hens which have been setting in order to bring them back to their proper condition.

Mr. Rudolph states that he spends hours each day in merely watching. "By that means," he says, "I can thoroughly learn their habits, so that I get to know the meaning and object of their every movement."

In preparing the nest, he has noticed that the quail does not pick up the straw or piece of hay in the beak, as other birds do, but, by a graceful motion of the neck, it throws it over the back, until it has collected a heap of bits behind its feet. The straw glides down the smooth back of the bird and falls to the ground. At first it would seem that this action of the quail is only a futile endeavor to poise it, but, as the bird does so every time until a pile is collected, it evidently has an object in so doing. This is possibly to clean the particles, for when a sufficient pile has been prepared, the dainty little bird throws the bits on its back, this time letting none fall, and bears them off in triumph to the nest. The latter is of loose construction, and, alike in the woods or in captivity, is laid in a small hollow. The egg is pure white, and resembles that of a pigeon. The usual quota is from 17 to 21, and the time of hatching about 23 days. The young birds are helped out of the eggs by the parents, who, with their sharp beaks, cut off the butt or wide end. The chick then hops out, and at once begins to run about and pick up food. The infant bird is covered with a soft, striped coat of brown down, and resembles a mouse in the way it runs about and crouches in the grass. They are soon independent of the parent birds, and but for the danger from their many foes would need no protection. The watchful eye of the mother looks out for the danger, and on the slightest alarm is ready with a protecting wing.

All the time the hen bird is sitting the cock stands near and utters a low, soft and coaxing cry, as of a nurse "crooning" to a baby. The cock also continues this note all the time that it is sitting on the nest.

Every morning the birds awake at sunrise and make the neighborhood ring with their shrill cry of *Bob White* or *buckcheat*, as some aver it is. The morning, moreover, is the only time that the birds utter this call, for the remainder of the day keeping up an almost incessant *chee-weep*. The cry of cock or hen can only be distinguished by the coarseness of the male bird's note. Mr. Rudolph feeds his birds at an early hour, and finds that their appetites are very strong. After they have "gorged without restraint," the quail retire into the bushes to sleep off the effects of their meal. They get very lethargic toward the middle of the day and another nap is necessary. The caged birds, although thoroughly "acclimatized," are extremely restless, and run up and down the front of their cage all the time that they are not nesting, after the manner of captive lions.

After the evening meal—for two feeds a day is their allowance—the birds retire to roost. The uncaged birds, Mr. Rudolph has observed, do not like to rest under cover, but prefer to sleep on the open ground, cruching down so low that they cannot be observed. They are hearty sleepers and cannot be easily disturbed. They never holla at night, although if frightened in full daylight their cries are very loud. Mr. Wood states that when wild the quail sleep in a circle with their heads turned outward and their tails touching.

In the winter Mr. Rudolph keeps his birds out in the yard, as during the warmer months, for they are exceedingly hardy. When in their wild state starvation, not cold, kills them, and in consequence they can be readily entrapped, for hunger makes them forget their cunning.

Mr. Rudolph is confident now that he can keep any species of quail and breed them. In the near future he intends to try the experiment of placing quails' eggs under a bantam hen, and believes that he can hatch and rear the little ones in spite of their wildness and the strange habits of the foster mother. From a commercial point of view, his secret should be of much value to game fanciers and also to purveyors. Mr. Rudolph, however, never eats them, and, unless necessary, seldom kills any of his birds. Those he has had for three years show as good signs of living as any freshly caught birds.

The young ones which he has hatched out have, in their turn, raised new broods, and no deformity is noticed in those born in captivity. Every new brood maintains the peculiarities, and, as far as can be observed, the habits, of wild birds. Their motions and manner of eating in nowise resemble chickens. A visitor sitting in Mr. Rudolph's inclosure could shut his eyes and imagine himself miles away, among the cornfields, far from the dust and din of town, as he hears the cheeping of the little ones and the soft, coaxing note of the father bird.

Mr. Rudolph has found it impossible to tame his birds so far as to let themselves be handled. Though the quail undoubtedly know him, they are just as shy with him as they would be in the open fields. The utmost he has been able to do is to get a hen to take a fly from his fingers. The young ones are equally shy, but prove themselves very teachable, for already they will answer to his whistle.

Nearly all of his birds are bald on the top of their heads. This is owing to their wildness when in cages, flying up against the bars or roof of their houses. At first, indeed, so wild were they, many of them were killed, committing accidental suicide in that manner. Since then, however, the survivors have learned by experience and no cases of *felo de se* have been reported for some time past. The caged birds are otherwise as wild as if captured yesterday.

"At first I used to be," said Mr. Rudolph, "much bothered about the cats, for they would do their level best to get a tender young quail for their meals. Only one cat ever got a meal off my birds." With a significant look he shook his head and continued: "But I got even with them and they don't trouble me any more. I haven't seen a cat around here for a month."

The much-abused sparrow is another sworn foe to Mr. Rudolph's birds, for many a young quail has succumbed to a knock on the head from those ubiquitous Englishmen. The mother quail are continually on the lookout and are ever ready to fly to the rescue.

A local taxidermist has cleverly stuffed a number of the little birds who have succumbed from these and various causes. They represent a very interesting group. It is Mr. Rudolph's intention to procure a fine cock and hen and have them also stuffed with the brood. Such a group is a great rarity, as, though it is very easy to procure the eggs, a newly-born covey of quail is extremely hard to procure.

Mr. Rudolph's birds are all of the species known as *Ortyx virginianus*, or Virginia quail. It is of the same family as and differs very little from the partridge of Great Britain, except in size. It is of a reddish brown color on the upper part of the breast, and the male bird is marked over the eyes and under the chin with white bands. In the hen these bands are of a yellowish-brown hue. The sides of the neck are brown, sprinkled with black and white, the wings are grayish brown, and the tertials are edged with stripes of a yellow-white color. In the case of his birds, Mr. Rudolph notices that many of them vary in color, some being much lighter than others. Moreover, he has observed a growth of pure white feathers in the wings, which are regularly out once in every three weeks. It is curious that these white feathers, which usually are seen only in the severest winters, should appear in the hot months.

When Austin Whitcomb was in Kentucky last fall he secured some young quail. On his return he gave a pair to George A. Galloupe. The hen quail in due time commenced laying and died after depositing her fifteenth egg. With commendable loyalty and devotion the male quail went on to the nest and sat there, after the most approved fashion, for four weeks, at the end of which period the substitute came off with a full count of lively young quail.—*Beverly (Mass.) Citizen*.

The Newark, N. J., *Sunday Call* records that Mr. David B. Dickinson, of Lower Chatham Bridge, has again been successful in getting woodducks' eggs and raising a brood under a hen. He has been doing this for many years, and generally the ducks fly away at the end of the season if he does not kill them for specimens.

SOME HYDRAULIC ENGINEERS.

LAST week, while making some repairs, I found the nest of an English sparrow built directly in the gutter on the eave of my house. The gutter is a tin swinging gutter, and at that point the shingle ends projected well down into it. I found at the bottom the nest constructed of coarse material, splinters of wood, weeds, etc., through which the water could readily run. A large mass was used, and the nest proper was far back under the shingles and up above the water flow, and was made of fine closely compacted and cemented material.

The pond on my land has been frequently drained of water, which passed into a hole near the bottom and ran thence through a tunnel to the creek more than 200 yds. away. This tunnel was made by muskrats, and it passed under a hill the surface of which at one point must be at least 15 ft. above the tunnel. Now the questions are, how could the muskrat engineer and make such a tunnel, and what prompted the sparrow to so construct the nest as to avoid the flow of water in the gutter—reason or instinct?

J. S. M.

KENTUCKY.

HEN AND KITTEN.—Editor Wm. Seavy, of the *Pulaski, Va., News*, sends us this item, for the truthfulness of which the *News* vouches: The little eight-year-old son of Harry Alexander has a hen at his home in Newbern that is taking care of a young kitten in place of a brood of chickens, and is apparently as fond and proud of it as though it were a young chick. The boy found biddy sitting on her nest in the barn, and putting his hand beneath her to see what she was covering was surprised to find the kitten. The foster mother was very indignant and vexed when her little charge was temporarily removed, and pecked viciously at the boy's hand when he removed it. It was returned to the nest. It is supposed some cat had taken her young offspring to the nest for safety and the hen insisted on taking it in charge. There is no accounting for the strange freak taken now and then by some animals in adopting and caring for the young of some other species.

A BLACK WOODCHUCK.—Williamsport, Pa., Aug. 26.—Tuesday, Aug. 25, I was shown a jet black woodchuck or ground hog, which had been killed that same morning in Bradford county, Pa., and which fine animal I purchased to be mounted for my collection of mammals. The animal is not large for a woodchuck, but appears to be several years old, judging by the toughness of the muscles, etc. It makes the impression at first sight of a cub bear. The beautiful gloss of its hair, however, attracts attention at once. On each side of the animal's head is a large spot of dark chestnut brown, front part of muzzle or mouth is whitish, forming a circle of about one inch diameter. All the rest of the body is as black as black can be, and its back vies with the sheen of mink or otter.—AUGUST KOCH.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

TWO WEEKS OUT OF PURGATORY.

THURSDAY, Oct. 30.—After wakefully sleeping all night on the cars, we had a couple of hours in Boston for breakfast at Young's before taking the 9 A. M. train to Portland. Lunched at the Union Depot, where two ebony sharks unsuccessfully attempted to magnify a 70 cent *à la carte* into a \$1 *table d'hôte*. Leaving Portland and its ungente blackies at 1:15 P. M., reached Leeds Junction at 3 P. M., and Farmington at 5 o'clock, where we took a narrow-gauge car for Strong. It is said to be impossible in northern Maine to maintain a track wider than 2 ft., owing to the severity of the winters, which will contract a 4 ft. 8 in. road into narrow gauge after a single season. From Strong another little wood-burning locomotive kept showering stars into the night till it landed us at Kingfield at 7 P. M. Supper ended at the country hotel, we negotiated with the stage owner for a special rig to Smith's Farm next day. From Portland, and even from Boston, the country had taken on the Down-East look, and all things discovered Yankeeedom, from the train men with their broad A's and eternal guessing to the omnipresent mince pie; but this stage owner was the first native with whom we had to wrestle in a bargain. Having agreed to carry us to Stratton, it took him half an hour more to fix, or rather tell us the price. Repeated requests for the information were answered evasively, and twice the direct question about price arrested him just as he was slinking through the door. Finally after a supreme effort he named a reasonable figure, and we parted with him for the night.

Friday, Oct. 31.—By 7:30 A. M. we were in a two-horse conveyance bound for Stratton. A hearty young Blue Nose occupied the fourth seat, while the place of the driver was filled by a most independent and remarkable youngster of a baker's dozen years of age, who took the responsibility of bringing us over twenty-eight miles of rough road. The Nova Scotian with his coporeal laugh was an interesting and amusing traveling companion, who as much deserves a full-length portrait as did Thoreau's Canadian; his indelicate handling but thorough appreciation of a cigarette were alone a rich study in contrast.

On the right hand side of the road from Kingfield and above the neighboring hills rose the snow-covered crest of Mt. Bigelow, a glorious and impressive sight. Especially was it to be remembered as we had been riding through a desolate stretch of burnt land, bare of everything but charred stubs standing in their blackness.

Saturday, Nov. 1.—The baggage with driver on a buckboard, one of the party horseback and the other and two guides afoot, we reached Tim Pond, seven miles distant, by noon. The camp consists of twelve log cabins clustered on a low knoll a couple of hundred feet from the east end of the pond, and around the cabins is a cleared space of two or three acres, edged with the original forest. The main body of the pond lying in front of the camp is roughly rectangular in shape and about half a mile long by three-eighths of a mile wide. Toward the southeast four miles away is Kennebag Mountain, and between it and the pond is a double range of hills called

the South and Southwest Ridge a mile or more distant. Across the pond is Black Mountain, looking like a reclining elephant, and at the west is Maple Hill. The strip of flat ground around the pond a mile or so wide is swampy in places, and as we found later most abominable traveling. Around the shore, in stretches hundreds of yards long, is an embankment looking for all the world like an artificial levee.

After lunch we went out for a few hours, bringing home mental photographs of deer tracks, one partridge and four appetites. The day ended in the log cabin, basking and blinking in the yellow fire light.

The cabin of logs is about 15×20 ft. in size, with split cedar shingles laid nearest the sky. A piazza roof keeps the rain off the wash-room, which is open on three sides and floored with a bit of the earth's crust. Within the hut is sheathed with boards, and at the east end are two beds separated by a narrow passageway, a second floor five feet up, laid half across the cabin, forming a sort of attic for baggage. At the southwest end of the room is an open fireplace 5 ft. broad and 3 deep, arched at the top. The gray stones roughly set in coarse mortar are built into an irregular square chimney, which rises a couple of feet above the ridge pole. The hearth bottom is of large flat rocks, making a space 6×8 ft. for the embers to roll out upon. The surface of the chimney stones is unevenly darkened by the smoke escaping through holes in the flue. The flames rise through a sooty hemisphere black as the dome of night, and now and then a vagrant spark striking the tindery surface wakes up a host of bright little devils, who, unafraid by the rusty old fire dogs, scamper about in their golden night shirts till the mother imp puts them to bed again. The blazing logs light up the cabin, and an occasional damp chunk sizzling in imitation of the quiet kettle's voice pleasantly relieves the stillness. Comfort and content now cover us as thickly as will the heavy bed quilts a little later on, and but for the sword of departure that must fall next week we could dream away the evening hours with no intrusive thought of shop or any outer world activity. The woodpile blocks up the end of the room on both sides of the chimney, a couple of cords of potential warmth that will minister to rest and indolence. A reclining canvas chair of primitive construction, which proves the science of comfort to be an universal and intuitive knowledge, brings to the occupant mixed visions of the remote past and to-morrow's possible luck.

Sunday, Nov. 2.—Mac started for Beaver Bog and did not get there, but was home by nightfall in a condition approximating to physical collapse. This is a record of a pleasure trip, so no account will be given of his first Beaver Bog adventure, which for him shall live only in bitter memory. I went to the west end of Black Mountain, cruised around a while in a snow flurry and then crossed the 7-Ponds road to a deserted cabin, where "Obiter Dicta" and a *Police Gazette* were found moldering away together in a single grave and exhibiting no more antagonism than Messrs. Birrell and Fox would exhibit under like post-mortem circumstances. Crossing Alder Stream we ascended a hill, and on the way bagged almost half a dozen partridges, of which G. shot five. While we were sitting on the hill the afternoon passed with unconscionable slowness, for every minute of the two hours' watch brought new unhappiness to a body that would have shivered to pieces had it not been stiffened and solidified by cold. At half-past three, when the guide was timed to reappear, heard a slight noise in the woods, which was followed a moment later by a sound, the like of which I had never before listened to. The first thought was that the guide was dangerously amusing himself at my expense, so I didn't raise my rifle. Then I perceived a pair of tall gray ears through the trees, and concluded that a wild jackass had come within range, but as we were not after that sort of venison I still kept the gun lowered, taking the precaution, however, to raise the hammer in case the visitor should become belligerent. Finally a short tail switched a few feet behind the ears and proved the owner of the whistling bray to be a small deer standing head on. Quickly overestimating the distance about 500 per cent. I fired three shots at a spot a foot or more higher than where the head of this strange creature was indistinctly seen. A mountain ash shattered 8 ft. above the deer tracks showed that the powder was good and the aim (for the ash) was true. When we got to camp it was mildly suggested that a good hunter would not confound a jackass, a guide and a whistling deer, but then first impressions sometimes fool us, as Balaam found out long ago.

Monday, Nov. 3.—Leaving Mac loafing about the camp I started on the Beaver Bog trail, went around Maple Hill, and then up toward Black Mountain, where I watched for an hour or two. Sitting on the hillside this cold, still afternoon, it required a constant effort of will to keep eye and ear attentive to the signs of deer, for the quiet woodland prospect, enlivened only by the quick antics of the squirrels and the modest ways of the little mice, induced rather to reverie and nearby observation. The forest here is rough and wild, the evergreens mostly scrawny black spruces, with some balsams, a few hemlocks, and occasionally a white cedar, the hard woods being beech, maple and birch. In the open country nearer the farm lands are found second growth white and yellow (?) pines; and it is there the two varieties of spruces intermingle their green and glaucous leaves most effectively. These and the pines are lightened up by groves of tamarack, whose salmon yellow fall foliage replacing their soft green summer covering will soon disappear and leave them in their bare ugliness. But all these sights were left at Stratton. On this cold hillside the colors are fit only for a winter landscape. The ashen sky tones with the gray lace work of impending branches and their coverlids of snow, while nearer the earth, boles of spruce, rock maple and yellow birch deepen the general coloring. The deciduous trees have shed their leaves and the silhouettes of the branches plainly mark the different species. Now a few leaves only remain on little 2 ft. maple saplings, which cling to their possessions as if doubtful of the coming of another spring. It may be, however, that these infant maples are only copying the fault of a neighboring beech without knowing that they must ultimately give way to the law of their inherited nature. The mice and squirrels are about, and occasionally lesser animations come in view; a belated moth looking for a yellow leaf to match its wings, that it may die in a harmony of color, and close behind comes a shrunk mosquito blue with cold. But the guide returns for his detour around the hill,

and his too evident breaking of twigs, not to mention a very human but very artificial cough permits only a momentary belief that he is edible and worth shooting at.

Tuesday, Nov. 4.—As our bodies this morning showed signs of rebelling against this unaccustomed way of life, we decided to give them a day of rest, and sent the guides off to get meat for camp. G. returned by noon, having shot two buck caribou within a mile of the pond, so, of course, all indisposition vanished and we started for the place at once. The caribou lay where they fell, and were the center of a perfect hunting scene. While they were being resolved into a transportable state I foraged for fuel over the picturesque neighborhood, and soon had a fire blazing at the foot of a big birch. Mac in the meantime sat on a fallen tree with pipe in mouth and, for aught I know, was in communion with the familiar spirit of the place. His easy attitude and benignant face expressed a placid interest in all about him, while the incense of the nocturnal weed wafted gently upward toward Diana's nose. The records of the hunt, the mossy forest floor and the big trees near at hand called "As You Like It" to his mind, though he did not say who figured as Rosalind in his imagination. In this new forest of Eden we spent the middle part of the day, and with lunch swallowed large drafts of Sooshong tea and sylvan beauty. W. traveled all day without seeing anything, getting home at 8 P. M. with his much dilapidated trousers, and would have had to lie out all night but for birch-bark torches, blazed trees and signal shots fired at camp.

Wednesday, Nov. 5.—Spent the morning lugging in the caribou over three-quarters of a mile of rough and swampy trail, and after lunch all started up Seven-Ponds buckboard road. G. and I followed north on partridge track and got one, then crossed to south of road and watched for deer a while. Mac went further along and waited, while W. circled to the north. They saw a bear track made within a day or two. Reached camp at 5:30 P. M.

Thursday, Nov. 6.—Got away at 7:15 A. M. and went about a mile from the pond up the South Ridge, where we watched a little distance apart for four hours, but saw nothing bigger than a squirrel. G., however, got a young buck deer, about half a mile west of us. The dropping of water, ice and lumps of snow from the trees was continuous, and each new sound suggested venison: but none came within sight or ken. The snow gobs and icicles falling on the wet snow made every conceivable intaglio, resembling the footprints of all sorts of uncreated and impossible beasts, from monopedes to multipeds, not to mention a variety of winged and amphibious things. G. and I brought in the deer over some two miles of no path at all, swamps and thickets alternating in very displeasing variety. Found Mac hunting an elusive musquash, which he got after scaring it to death with several pounds of ammunition. A saddle of caribou (much like deer, but coarser) for dinner restored wasted tissue.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 25.—Mr. W. R. Boyle, otherwise "Billy" Boyle, otherwise the proprietor of the English chop house where they formerly served illegal prairie chickens—note the past tense—now wears a heavy pall of gloom on his noble brow. Mr. Boyle will not speak to a shooter. Mr. Boyle is angry, fairly boiling over, so to speak. He doesn't think sportsmen ought to eat prairie chickens and ducks at his place and then "give it away." "That ain't right," says Mr. Boyle. It is a little tough for Mr. Boyle.

Mr. Boyle wanted to fight his case, and as it was about the clearest case in the lot of those discovered in the late raids, the opposition gladly accommodated him. Then he wanted his case continued, and again he was accommodated. Yesterday morning was the final day set for trial. Mr. Low, the sportsmen's attorney, was ready, and so were Mr. Donald, Mr. Harryman and myself, the witnesses in this case. Mr. Boyle's attorney wanted another continuance, because his wife was still sick and because Mr. Boyle was probably in Indiana. To this Mr. Low objected, and claimed a forfeiture of the \$200 cost bond filed with the first continuance. Justice White declared the bond forfeited. This \$200 now stands a debt against Mr. Boyle's property. If he chooses to step up and pay his fine and costs, he can avoid the remainder of the \$200. If the justice consents to set aside the forfeiture and hear evidence, he could, prosecution being willing, get his case into court again. He can also go to a higher court with it, in which case he will only lose more money. Mr. Boyle would better pay his fine. Also, he would better not sell any more illegal game.

We have now five straight cases against Rector's restaurant besides the case in which I would be only a solitary witness and which would not be so strong legally as those in which two or three witnesses were on hand. Mr. Rector will get his foot in about \$180 worth this time, in all probability.

A friend of mine tried Kern's restaurant yesterday for prairie chicken. The waiter sized him up carefully and asked him, "Do you see it on the bill of fare?"

"No, I don't see it there," said my friend and emissary.

"Then we don't got it," said the waiter with a grievous, pained sort of look.

Mr. Kern has not yet told the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association where he, or his steward more properly, bought those six prairie chickens that he had. He has said that "he might do that," but he hasn't done it. Now, Mr. Kern is, or has been supposed to be, and has posed to be, a prominent sportsman and devoted to true sportsmanship. If he is loyal to his professions, why has he not vindicated himself? Why has he not washed his hands? Why has he not told where these birds were purchased? This action of his has hurt him with some of the old standbys of the Association. I know what I am talking about when I say that the talk against him is growing stronger. Two cases against Mr. Kern remain untold. I think I state absolute facts when I say that these cases will be pushed unless Mr. Kern divulges where those birds were purchased. Mr. Kern will think this a "bluff." He will be mistaken. He has gotten out of this too easily, so people think since his silence about the game market. We want South Water street worse than we want Mr. Kern.

There was talk in this town here lately about a motion

made in the Illinois State Sportsmen's convention three or four years ago, a motion said to have been seconded, or at least supported by Mr. Chas. Kern. The motion was passed. It forever disbarred from the Association contests any man convicted of an offense against the game laws. This was the popular statement of it, and the talk became general that Mr. Chas. Kern, ex-president of the State Association, president of the Audubon Club, etc., etc., etc., would therefore be barred from the privileges of the Association tournaments.

Mr. Kern is so barred to-day.

Of course in a matter of this kind the only thing to do was to go to the records. I went to Mr. Shepard, secretary of the Association, and put the question to him. "There never was any such motion made," said he. Then I asked him to find the records for 1888 and 1889. Meantime I asked Mr. W. N. Low about this same motion.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Low very positively, "there was such a motion made, and I know it, because I made it. I don't remember who seconded it, but it was passed. That was the year when Roll Organ was president. The records ought to show this."

Mr. Shepard showed me the records for 1888, and they held no account of this motion. They did mention that the president's address was omitted, and that in a stirring speech Mr. Low denounced the game law violators. The records may or may not be correct. I dare not say they are not, for if that insinuation should reach Mr. Shepard he would simply fall dead of horror.

Mr. Shepard did not have the transcript for the convention of 1889, but he did have the original notes, and in them he showed me the following:

"Moved by Mr. Sheahan and seconded, that any member having been found guilty of violating the game laws be barred from all privileges of this Association. Carried."

This was June 4, 1889, the year Mr. Low was president. This is exactly how the record stands. It is official, whether explicit or not. Compare this record with that of Justice White's police court, and it is needless to say that right now, without further action, Mr. Chas. Kern, ex-president of the State Association, etc., etc., can not compete in a tournament sweepstakes here next June. He can not vote in the convention. He can not make any ringing speeches there. He isn't in it. Of course, Mr. Kern has plenty of friends in the Association. They will smooth this all up. They will accept his alibi. They will get him back in. They will rescind the above obnoxious motion. And thereby they will satisfy the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and will put it on record to the exact contrary of the above motion. That will be very nice.

It is not of record that Mr. Kern made a speech.

I like my old friend, Col. Bond, the king of the Chicago game dealers, because I can always go down and have a pleasant time with him and learn a lot about where illegal game is not sold, and a lot about the virtues of those good men, the game dealers. Besides, the Colonel is pretty clever and pleasant anyhow. Last winter I published several letters from him, until he began to mark them "Not for publication." This morning I got another letter from him, which reads as follows:

If you have leisure I would like to have you call on me as I want to talk with you. I inclose a letter for your perusal. I have many of such tenor.

The letter which the Colonel mentions has the signature carefully torn off, but I give it unchanged elsewhere, as it may give a pointer to some sportsman who wants some good chicken shooting. It reads:

JOHNSTOWN, Neb., Aug. 19.—Messrs. Bond & Whitcomb, Chicago, Ill.: Dear Sirs.—It will be lawful to handle all kinds of game in this State after the 1st of September. Can you handle grouse and chickens there? The prospects are favorable for a good trade here; but if we can't sell in Chicago will have to ship further East. Please give me prices on venison dried. Yours respectfully,

I don't know what the Colonel wants to see me about. Maybe he wants to explain again that if Chicago doesn't handle illegal game, New York and Boston will. This, of course, makes it all right for Chicago to do so. I will go down and see my pleasant friend pretty soon and find out what is troubling his mind. It can't be the new game warden, or perhaps these new restaurant cases.

Evaston Gun Club performed a novel act of justice lately. It found a citizen who had killed nine prairie chickens illegally. The club told him it proposed to enter suit. The citizen was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, and he just compromised the suit by paying \$45 into the hands of the club treasury! This is certainly a trifle unique.

They caught another fellow killing prairie chickens out that way not long ago, and took him before a justice, who asked him what defense he had to make.

"I never killed no chickens, judge," said the prisoner, "I only killed two meadow larks that these fellers t'ought was chickens."

"Ten dollars and costs!" roared the justice; and till to-day the culprit in the case, who didn't know that larks are protected, thinks he was a victim of misplaced confidence.

To-day I learn that State Warden Buck sent two lady detectives to Wm. Werner's restaurant for illegal prairie chickens. That was last week. They reported themselves unable to buy any, which many of Billy Werner's friends will be glad to hear.

A typical letter of the sort I am getting about now is the following from Mr. Ray Tompkins, of Elmira, N. Y., which reads:

Last year I asked you for some advice, followed it out and had the best of sport. I visited many lakes north of Trout Lake, Wis., and found all the fishing I wanted. For one who is willing to take his pack on his back and throw back what fish are not necessary for his existence, this region will furnish all the sport he may wish.

Now I am after more advice. I hope to make a trip west to Devil's Lake, Dakota, after ducks and geese in October, and I want to know if I can get some chicken shooting without going far from my way. I note by yesterday's *FOREST AND STREAM* you speak of the region about Devil's Lake as being good. Are you assured if this is so? From Devil's Lake, after a week or ten days' shooting, I want to go from Hallock or Crookston into Minnesota after big game. Do you know of any people in either of those places who could guide me or advise me after I got there? Anything you will write me will be greatly appreciated. Would it pay me to take my dogs so far for chickens?

I never was at Devil's Lake. Last fall I heard of many shooters going further west than that for geese, but should think that one who had never had better shooting would believe the goose and duck shooting still possible there the best on earth. The Turtle Mountain

region, north of there, was reported good last year for sharp-tailed grouse. Personally I can not speak for it. If Mr. Tompkins, and everybody else, will write to Mr. C. D. Gammon, 139 N. Des Plaines street, Chicago, and to Mr. Geo. T. Farmer, Rookery Building, Chicago, they will strike mighty clever men who have shot all through that country and know it well. I take the liberty of giving their addresses publicly, because I want to make them a whole lot of trouble which after all they will probably enjoy. They are pretty near decent men, both of them. I bear in mind that they reported last fall that the Devil's Lake country was unpleasant from the fact that hotel men, teamsters and farmers were all rank robbers—\$10 a day for a team, and that sort of thing. This is worth investigating.

I should think it safest and wisest to take one's dogs in with him. Then he is all ready, provided the dogs are any good. By October, however, even in this lower latitude, the grouse are all packed, and do not lie close to the dog. When a dog is to be used at all, it is best to take one along if possible. What is the fun in hunting over another fellow's dog?

At Hallock or Crookston I know no one to whom I could direct a sportsman. Mr. Chas. Hallock, that eminent sportsman after whom this town was named, has within the past three years said that the great Roseau Swamp, east of that place, contained abundance of deer and some elk and moose. Will some reader from that section respond?

Mr. Merrill, of Milwaukee, has gone to Andover, S. D., for his chicken shooting. This is on the Hastings & Dakota division of the St. Paul Railway. Mr. Merrill says the shooting is good all the way from Ortonville, Minn., to Fargo, Dakota. Earlier in the season, while having some dogs trained, Mr. Merrill found birds very abundant at Stuart, Minn. He found 25 coveys in one day.

Mr. C. S. Burton to-day told me he had just talked with a man from Neche station on the Great Northern Railway, N. D., and the latter said that he had never seen so many birds as there were this year around that place. Mr. Burton is a shooter and this should be reliable, as his friends would not misinform him.

Mr. W. L. Shepard starts next week for chicken shooting near Volga, S. D. This point I have mentioned earlier.

Mr. Burton and party will make their annual trip to northwestern Minnesota within a week or so. They will go to Detroit Lake possibly.

Mr. Alex. T. Loyd and R. R. Donnelly, accompanied this year by Mr. F. R. Bissell and one or two others perhaps, will this fall make their regular chicken trip, starting this week, probably for Stuart City and Detroit. They talked of Tracy, much further south, but fear dryness there.

Shooters should be careful where they go in northwestern Minnesota this fall, for there has been considerable drought in some sections. A letter received to-day from F. A. Pheatt, an old trapper of Dalton, Minn., gives the following blue report:

"I thought I would let you know how the local ducks are and what the prospects are for shooting. There are no ducks, no game of any kind so far, and if we don't have rain before long, and lots of it, I don't look for any shooting this fall to amount to anything. Everything is dried up, what wasn't last year is this, and is so hard that there are no plovers in the country. I never knew game so scarce as this fall so far."

I do not learn that this is general, and have heard that in Dakota the season has been favorable. The crop reports indicate good game weather. E. HOUGH.

THE SAFETY OF HAMMERLESS GUNS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your last number I notice "Hints in Handling Guns," which are good. One sentence struck me as peculiar: "Hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating." I have hunted ducks and shot at them a good many times from a boat, and have used and been in company with persons who used hammerless guns for years and never had an accident, nor did any of the numerous friends using these guns while in my company have one. On the other hand, with people using hammer guns the case has been entirely different, and memory recalls many hair-breadth escapes and some serious accidents, and also some deaths occurring from the use of hammer guns, which could not have occurred had a hammerless been used. A hammerless gun is far more safe than any make of gun with hammers, and if properly constructed with a good "block safety" there is no possible danger of shooting your friends or yourself; and if no "block safety" is used, there is not near the danger of accidents in using a hammerless that there is in one with "dog ears." When two people are in the boat and you are going to the shooting ground allow only one gun to be loaded after the parties have taken their places, one of them facing the bow, the other to use oars or paddle. When the place designed to shoot over is reached, remove the shells, set out four decoys, assume your places, and if shooting from a boat face each other, and never swing your gun over your companion's head, nor around in front of him, but let each do his shooting from the right side as you face each other, and my word for it no one will be harmed. The writer has been in this position and seen his companion kill thirty ducks when not three fell to his gun. But how was it when the setting sun was sinking in the western horizon and the ducks were returning to the "marsh"? Then my companion could sit and watch me kill or miss them the same as I did him during the morning flights. HAMMERLESS.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

THE WEEDSPORT ROD AND GUN CLUB has been organized at Weedsport, N. Y., with these officers: President, Dr. Haskell; Vice-President, B. J. Hoyt; Secretary and Treasurer, E. L. Benedict; Directors—H. A. Stevens, Geo. Stickle, J. I. Weed, C. F. Brooks, A. Stickle. The club proposes to see that the game laws are enforced. They will occasionally hold social meetings and target shoots.

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!—If you want fine sport and plenty of feathered game, go to northern Iowa. The shooting is excellent and you cannot fail to enjoy the trip. Or if you desire to go a little further, the prairie and lake region of Minnesota is equally good for both fish and game, and the distance not much greater. Both are reached by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, the leading line for sportsmen and tourists between Chicago and the Northwest, as well as the West and Southwest, and a favorite route with all who have traveled over it. Tourist tickets now on sale. For any further information call on or address F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phoenix Building, Chicago, Ill.—Advs.

THE open season on partridge, or ruffed grouse, began on Tuesday, Sept. 1, in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The open season on woodcock also began on the same day in Maine and New Hampshire, but in Vermont the open season on that bird began on Aug. 15.

Mr. J. O. Frost, of the flour trade, and very well known all over New England, lives on a fine farm in southern Vermont. He dearly loves to shoot, and likes better still to have his friends enjoy a good shoot. He lives in a good partridge section, and usually there are some birds to be had; but this year he tells me that he has not seen a single flock. He remarks that there ought to be some partridges in the woods about his place. By special statute, enacted in 1890, dogs are prohibited for hunting grouse in the State of Vermont. See *Book of the Game Laws* (Forest and Stream Publishing Co.).

W. H. Coggin, salesman with Dwinell, Hayward & Co., well known in the New England coffee trade, has just returned from his vacation trip. He has been absent two weeks. With his brother-in-law, W. H. Doan, he hired a cottage at Northport, Me. just out of Belfast Bay.

sight. This was the closest I remember ever to have been to this wild bird in his native state, when seen. I have been closer to one, but then I did not know it until he flew.

This bird had heard me walking, and his curiosity had prompted him to come to the edge and look down to discover the cause of the noise. Perceiving that my back was toward him he knew I could not see him, and so had remained; perhaps he had not seen enough of me to satisfy him, and when I turned round he knew I could not reach him from the lay of the ground. He probably had never been shot at, and knew nothing of the killing power of the gun which I held in my hand or of man's ability to harm at a distance. There is a possibility also that this bird had never even seen a man, although this is hardly probable.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

WILD RICE.

CHICAGO.—Mr. F. A. Howe, a prominent member of the Tolleston Club, one of Chicago's most esteemed sportsmen, one of the thoughtful and investigating sort,

INDIANA.—Fremont, Ind., Aug. 18.—I would like to offer a suggestion, that more of the readers of your paper would keep a memorandum of each day's shooting, giving an account of each shot and description of the ground covered each day, etc., etc., and send a copy of the same to your paper at least once each month. We have prairie chicken in this county and the county west and north of us. Partridges and quail are more more plenty than they have been for many years. A great many of the farmers object to hunting on their premises. I noticed the frequent mention in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Arctic owls being killed during the last winter. I send you by present mail photos of a pair which I secured last December. Two others were killed in this county in the same month.—Mc.

MISSOURI PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Alexandria, Mo.—The open season for grouse shooting here in Missouri begins Aug. 1, and on that date and for a week or so following there is a general slaughter of these splendid game birds. City hunters come out and camp, and invade stubble fields and pastures and shoot most every grouse that they



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—I.

"JUST AS THEY WERE WHEN I TOOK THEM."

Mrs. Coggin and her sister, Miss Ella F. Doan, were in the party to make it complete. They went fishing every day, when the weather would permit, and it was generally fine. They were there for fishing. It was mackerel this year that they caught, instead of pickerel and bass in the Hampden Pond, as last year. One morning they made a catch of 42 mackerel, the ladies greatly enjoying the sport. They had always enough for the table. The fishermen in that section had a good deal to say about "trow bait." They had it. It was clams chopped up, and when kept for several days in warm weather, it was fit to be called any sort of bait, except sweet-smelling. This "trow bait" would insure the fishermen a plenty of mackerel almost any morning. One morning the Coggin party decided to try it. They hired the owner of the "trow bait" to scatter it plentifully over the surface of the sea, as was his wont. Then they all fell to fishing, but without a blessed mackerel, after a two hours' trial. They sent the owner of "trow bait" home, and did not ask for his services again.

A peculiar attraction to be shown at the Eastern Maine Fair, in Bangor, in a few days, is a pair of tame moose, found and captured by one Burgoin, near the Hunt farm, in the vicinity of Mattawamkeag.

Camp Leatherstocking is completed, on the knoll known as Cherrytree Point, just below Camp Stewart, at the upper end of Richardson Lake, Me. This camp is the property of Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., of the firm of Bellows & Manson, of the Boston iron trade. O. W. Cutting, the well-known guide and camp cook, has been master builder. It is said that the camp is a beauty. Dr. Haven of Boston is to build a fine camp on the green island that divides the West Arm from the upper end of Richardson Lake. He will build this winter. Such is the march of improvement. A few years more, and like the Adirondacks, the Rangeleys will be lined with beautiful cottages and camps, costing up into the thousands of dollars.

SPECIAL.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

ONE day while out shooting among the Glenville Hills, I was walking in a path a short distance from the top of one of the sides of a deep gorge that ran among them. After going some distance I had stopped at a point where the path wound abruptly round the hill, and I stood looking down into the gulf below. From this point I had a magnificent view of the varied foliage, and caught glimpses of the pebbly stream that flowed through its whole length. Behind me the tall pines and hemlocks threw a sombre shade over the scene. Their tops swaying and roaring with the wind brought to my mind the words of Bulwer Lytton:

"The dim forests awful with the roar of pines."

Finally I turned to resume my walk, and as I did so I cast my eyes upward and there upon a plateau covered with moss, that projected nearly over me, stood a ruffed grouse looking intently down upon me. He was 12 ft. from me, as I afterward measured it. He was partly turned sideways, with his neck arched and head bent down, and made a beautiful picture with a background of evergreen.

He remained motionless, as I did also for above a half minute, when he slowly turned and was quickly lost to

told me something which will be of interest to a great many owning duck preserves.

"I can tell you something about wild rice," said Mr. Howe, "something just the contrary of what you would expect. You would naturally think, wouldn't you, that, as the rice gets ripe and naturally falls off into the water during the fall, the fall would be the natural season for planting wild rice if you wanted it to grow to the best advantage? Well, it isn't. I know it has always been thought to be, but our experience at Tolleston Club this year doesn't show that to be true.

"We got twenty-five bushels of wild rice last fall and sowed twenty bushels of it the best we knew how. It did poorly; indeed the experiment was practically a failure. This spring we took our remaining five bushels and sowed it, and the result is simply amazing. I believe we have 200 acres of wild rice now, and I never saw a heavier growth. The stalks are 8 ft. high and as wide as your two fingers in some instances. We blundered into it, but we now have wild rice in abundance on Tolleston marsh, and it was this spring's sowing that did it. When the marsh was dry the cattle killed off the original marsh growth. We now have a dam which holds the water at proper stage, and I think we have solved the question of wild rice feed for our ducks."

E. HOUGH.

AN APPEAL TO COLORADO SPORTSMEN.—Denver, Aug. 21.—To Members of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association and All True Sportsmen: As you are aware, our Association secured through the Eighth General Assembly the appointment of a game and fish commissioner, three district game wardens and six deputy wardens. Our State Auditor now informs us that there are no funds for the payment of salaries or expenses of the fish and game wardens, in prosecuting violators of the game laws. It is thought that by the last of October there will be an abundance of money to cover these expenses; but now is the critical period; giant powder is being freely used; hundreds upon hundreds of deer and elk are being wantonly slaughtered for their hides, and these violations are only suffered to go unpunished by reason of the temporary scarcity of State funds. In this exigency I believe it incumbent upon us as sportsmen, to fill in the gap. Between \$200 and \$300 are necessary at once. The money will be turned over to Commissioner Land, accompanied by the name of each subscriber. The assessment which I now make is fifty cents per capita, for each member of the Association; this is a very trifling amount compared with the immense good which I promise you will be done with the money. Respond promptly and generously. Remit to me post office order, or postal note, to 1227 17th street, Denver. Yours truly, C. M. HAMPSON, President R. M. S. A.

KENTUCKY.—Shelbyville, Aug. 18.—Although the season has been rather wet, quail appear to be plentiful in the stubble and similar cover, and had I the time I could have rare sport. It would be somewhat marred, though, by having to lug around the 9 lbs. of my 12-gauge. Who will trade me a feather-weight small-bore for it? Quail is about the only game to be found here. Rabbits are plentiful, but no bird hunter will shoot rabbits, because too heavy to carry and not of much value to the table; but they are eagerly hunted by the negroes, who often depend on them as their only meat supply.—J. S. M.

find. Some savage sportsmen even shoot grouse several days before the law is out, thus getting in their cowardly work ahead of sportsmen who observe the law. I think the law is very imperfect as to date. On Aug. 15 in this latitude these birds are about two-thirds grown, and fall easy victims to wholesale shooters. Let the open season begin with December and end about Feb 15. This will give those birds a chance to regain their numbers and to continue with us.—JASPER BLINES.

THE STORM OF LAST WEEK brought the shore birds out in force along the Long Island and New Jersey coast shooting grounds.

Sea and River Fishing.

"ON THE NORTH SHORE."

COMMENTING on Mr. Starbuck's series of North Shore trout experiences, "Podgers" writes: I want to express my thanks to your valuable correspondent Mr. Alex. Starbuck for setting at rest a long-cherished idea that I could some day indulge in an outing on the shores of Lake Superior. I have read very attentively that gentleman's interesting articles on his experiences in that region, and have come to the conclusion that I shall not undertake any similar expedition in that direction. I confess to a great disappointment in its resources, to say nothing of its climatic features, and especially as regards its fishing inducements. I am no tenderfoot, and can endure much that is disagreeable if there is a reasonable compensation in the way of sport for rod and reel. From Mr. Starbuck's relation he appears to have enjoyed a maximum of storms, bad weather and discomforts with a minimum of good fishing, and after the facilities and grand sport the waters of Canada afford, a trip to the shores of the western lakes seems to be going much further and faring a great deal worse. In fact there is seldom any worse at all in Canada fishing. Mr. Starbuck has dispelled the cherished illusions I have had of the field for fishermen in the Far West. I know of fishing grounds to be reached in a palace car within twenty-five hours of New York, where more trout and larger ones can be landed in one, or say two days' fishing than Mr. Starbuck claims in his whole trip, to say nothing of his discomforts and the expense.

There is ever a great charm in roughing it and encountering a certain amount of hardship in such an expedition, and also a charm in wild scenery, all of which I fully appreciate; but I want something else; I want fish, and plenty of them, without which adjunct it is like a dish without seasoning. Beautiful lakes, waterfalls, rushing rivers, fill the sentimental part, but I want to fill the creel as well. Sentiment and love of nature plays its part, but however beautiful the sparkling waters of a lake, the clear rushing torrent of a river, if there are no fish I want to move on. In Canada the lakes are beautiful, the rivers rush and foam, the scenery is fine and so is the fishing. We get cart loads of sentiment and a basketful of big fish at the same time. Sentiment and fish harmonize when the fish are in it. I am not in it when the fish are omitted.

It is quite likely that Mr. Starbuck won't thank me for my sympathy, and no doubt he enjoyed his trip and is well satisfied with it; but to my mind there was too much discomfort, too much rain, too much rough water, and too much "ingin" in it, and too few fish for real right down enjoyment. Such an accomplished sportsman deserves better luck. I hope Mr. Starbuck will come east some day and try Canada, where he will find a great field for exploration, where the foot of white man has never trod, lakes and streams galore that have never known a fly upon their bosoms. He can, too, indulge in his penchant for Indians, but they are all good Indians, sufficiently civilized to recognize a fair quantity of fire water, but not given to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," as those he has had his experience with; and in canoe and camp they are valuable men, of course the less civilization the better the man.

PODGERS.

ANGLING NOTES.

ONE of the members of the Cascapedia Salmon Club who recently returned from that river confirms the report of poor salmon fishing this season. So that a scarcity of salmon it not confined to the Restigouche. But as an off-set Mr. Patterson says that he never had such trout fishing in his life, both for sea trout and the true speckled trout. He made one trip far up the river with his Indians, beyond where white men usually go, and captured some magnificent specimens of brook trout, one of which weighed 9lbs. and several over 5lbs. each. He found that for 20 miles up from the mouth of the Cascapedia, the sea trout were the only kind to be found, then beyond that point the brook trout and thesea trout were both found, but in the upper waters he caught no sea trout at all. Whether these fish gradually lose their brilliant silvery color and become the ordinary speckled trout or not I cannot tell.

Doctor Hawes's son had the great good luck to kill a big speckled trout in Preston Pond, Adirondack Club. It lacked just 1oz. of being a 6lb. fish. This is probably the largest speckled trout ever killed in that section of the woods, if not in the whole Adirondack region. A few years ago Mr. Cromwell caught a 4½lb. speckled trout on a back cast. His fly touched the water behind him and he exclaimed, "I am fast! must have caught a log or stump," but the guide told him there was 60ft. of water there and it could not be a stump. Just then the trout started and Mr. Cromwell soon found out it was no stump, but a big fish.

Large bluefish are being caught outside of Fire Island in fair numbers. The best place is on the outer bank, some 5 miles from shore. It is only safe to go out when the wind is "off shore." Mr. C. E. W. Chambers and two sons caught 53 bluefish running from 2 to 4lbs. in half a day's fishing off Rockaway Inlet last Thursday, and every boat in sight seemed to be taking their share. A few big weakfish were also taken on the equid.

The New York, Maine and New Brunswick S. S. Co. offer to give a two weeks' excursion to St. John, N. B., Campobello Island, etc., for \$30; this includes everything. Not a bad idea to introduce that magnificent country to the people, and I have no doubt that one could have quite a little fishing on such a trip, as they allow about a week on shore. And they visit an excellent section for both sweet and salt-water fishing.

Striped bass fishing is improving rapidly. A number have been caught in Hell Gate waters by trolling and they are now running in the salt-water creeks on the south side of Long Island. Not long ago an angler took a fine speckled trout while fishing for striped bass. Delicate tackle is necessary for this style of bass fishing.

On July 13 Silas Newell, John Swim, Frank Dunderberger, and George Goldsmith exploded dynamite cartridges in the Hudson River near Iona Island. A few days ago they settled by paying fifty dollars fine and promising never to do so again. State Fish and Game Protector Kidd, of Newburgh, accomplished this result.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE BLUE PIKE.

A SMALL relative of the pike-perch, or wall-eyed pike, is rather widely known in the Great Lakes and the Ohio River as blue pike and blue pickerel. In Lake Erie this is one of the most abundant fishes, ranking next to lake herring, as may be realized from the catch of 1885, which amounted to 8,000,000lbs. In Lake Ontario the species is not so common; but recent advices from the Oswego River tell of an unusual run during August. It has been recorded that Oswego fishermen sometimes apply the name gray pike to the blue variety; but this term is generally used for the sauger, which is a very distinct fish. The blue pike is shorter and deeper than the pike-perch; has a larger eye; is bluish or greenish on the upper parts and with little trace of the brassy lustre characteristic of the pike-perch; the spinous dorsal has a dark band and on the posterior part is the usual black blotch. In size the blue pike is usually much smaller than the pike-perch, about 1 to 2lbs. in weight, according to locality, and 15in. in length; but specimens weighing 15lbs. have been recorded.

In Ohio the fish is said to occur only in bayous and inlets, while the pike-perch is found in deep parts of lakes and in large rivers. The pike-perch spawn in the spring, April and May being the months of the greatest activity in this operation. The eggs are now artificially hatched yearly by hundreds of millions and the fish has become one of the general favorites wherever it has been introduced, and especially in the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. In the Susquehanna the pike-perch lives in eddies and deep pools in the vicinity of rapids and has a fondness for the shelter of rocks and sunken logs, where it lies in wait for the minnows on which it feeds. The eye of the living pike-perch is one of the most beautiful things in nature, combining the blue of the sky and the green of the sea. The movements of the fish when seizing its prey are extremely pike-like.

Blue pike is the fish principally taken by the Buffalo fishermen who follow ice-fishing from December until March; but the most approved modes of capture are by trolling and fly-fishing. Anglers will be glad to hear of the following good report from the Oswego River, New

York, especially as the fish appear to be increasing in numbers:

During July and August there has been a greater abundance of blue pike in the Oswego River, at Oswego, than for many years. For a period of about four weeks the run of this species was phenomenally large, and the number of fish taken may be counted by the thousands. Some days in July as many as 500 people were fishing from the wharves and docks and from rowboats. At the present time comparatively few fish are caught, although perhaps a hundred anglers visit the river for a few hours' sport. The current in the stream is quite rapid, and the most usual method is to allow the line to drift, while the fisherman, pole in hand, walks along the shore. There is also some trolling. Spoon hooks, baited or naked, are most generally employed, although not a few fish have been taken with plain angle-worms. The fish have weighed from a few ounces to more than four pounds, individuals of the latter size not being at all uncommon. The daily catches have ranged from 10 to over 100 fish, and a reliable fisherman places the number landed since the beginning of the season at over 150,000, which appears to be a low estimate.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED ANGLER.

THE fisherman who takes California trout from Onondaga creek has good reason to be grateful to Mr. Henry Loftie. This not necessarily because the fisherman may happen to use tackle made by Mr. Loftie, but because it is altogether due to that gentleman's public-spirited enterprise that the fish are now to be found in the stream. Indeed many waters in the vicinity owe their



HENRY LOFTIE.

fish supply to the same activity. Fish planting and fish protection are two themes on which Mr. Loftie is ever ready to talk, and what is better, he is equally as ready to give time and work and money to advance the cause. For the past ten years he has been actively engaged in stocking and protecting the waters of central New York. He is one of the most active members of the Onondaga Anglers' Association. Mr. Loftie is an angler through and through, and it was long ago accepted as a foregone conclusion that he would eventually find his way into the manufacture of angling goods. As the head of the Syracuse Bamboo Furniture Co. he is widely known to the fishing tackle trade and to fishermen, who will welcome the very faithful portrait here given.

FISHING RIGHTS.

FROM Mr. F. M. Ward, of Newton, N. J., Fish Commissioner, we have received the following exposition of fishing rights:

A short time since a discussion arose among some gentlemen of this township, relative to the rights of land owners along the Wallkill, and what rights these land owners have in relation to fishing in the Wallkill, either legally or illegally.

It was contended by many of them that parties owning land along its shores could fish with nets or set lines or any other contrivance as long as it was done on their own premises, and that no law of the State could interfere for so doing. They also contended that they could authorize whomsoever they saw proper to fish in the same manner.

In order to settle the matter definitely and to have a final understanding in regard to the question at issue, a representative of the Newton Independent interviewed several of the county lawyers, State Fish Commissioner Ward, Judge Martin, and Mr. John Linn, of Hamburg, President of the Game and Fish Protective Association. At the request of Fish Commissioner Ward, Lawyer Henry Huston, of Newton, wrote the following opinion which was substantially as follows:

"The Wallkill, within this State, is subject to the laws of New Jersey regulating fishing. The State has the right and authority to regulate and protect fish in private waters in rivers where the tide does not ebb or flow, in streams not navigable, and in lakes and ponds, and to impose fines, forfeitures and penalties for violation of laws enacted for such purpose. Weller v. Snover, 13 Vroom, 341. Dougherty v. Conover, 13 Vroom, 198. VanAulin v. Decker, 1 Penn. 108. Champion v. Pierce, 6 Halst. 186. Shoemaker v.

State, Spencer, 153, and numerous cases in other States and in the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Where a stream of water flows through a farm, the owner of such farm has no right to take fish from such stream except according to the laws of the State. And if such owner catch fish from such stream out of season, or with nets, fikes or seines, or in any other way prohibited by the laws of the State, he violates the law and is liable to conviction and subject to the penalties provided by law. He has no more right to catch fish from such stream out of season, or contrary to law, than any other person. If such owner use nets he may be fined and the nets may be confiscated.

"Any person may catch trout between April 1 and July 15, and then only with hook and line; he may catch pickerel at any time except March and April, but only with hook and line; he may catch bass between May 30 and December 1, and then only with hook and line. The trout caught and kept must be at least six inches long, and black bass seven inches long. He may not fish on Sunday. The hauling of nets in fresh water or ponds is a violation of law, whether any fish are caught or not.

"No one has a right to trespass on the lands of another for the purpose of catching fish without permission of the owner, and if the owner, or occupant, shall post a notice adjacent to any stream or pond, the person so trespassing shall be deemed guilty of trespass, and in addition to damages recoverable by law, shall be liable to the owner, lessee or occupant, in a penalty of \$100 for every such offense. See act approved March 27, 1874, section 18.

"Generally, for any violation of the laws relating to the protection of fish, the offender may be arrested, brought before a justice of the peace, tried summarily and without a jury, and upon conviction must pay the penalty prescribed by the statutes, with costs of suit, or be sent to the county jail for not less than ten nor more than thirty days." Very truly yours, HENRY HUSTON.

BIG CATCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here's more of it. In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM a correspondent, writing from Minnesota, says that he and a friend went to a lake and in just "five hours caught 115 fish, nearly all black bass," and that it was "nothing out of the common to take twenty or more bass, weighing from 2½ to 5lbs. apiece, any morning or evening." Well, I should say that it was considerably "out of the common." It seems to me it was uncommonly gluttonous.

In the same paper another man writes of going to Reed's Bay, New York, and with a friend "catching in two days 188 as fine small-mouth bass as one would wish to see." What for? Great Caesar's ghost, what for?

And further on he says, "What we call our record day was," etc., etc. So it was a fish for record, eh? Of course, so that he could boast of it. And he says the weather was so bad they could fish but four or five hours each day. It must have been a heart-breaking regret that they couldn't fish ten hours a day at the rate of thirty-five fine black bass per hour. That would have been a much bigger string to swell over. Shame!

Again, in the same paper, "Scores of 42, 50 and 70 in a day have been reported"—black bass at Greenwood Lake. Praise-worthy and eminently gratifying it must have been.

In a Philadelphia paper I read, a day or two ago, that "between Tacony and Bridesburg (in the Delaware) two men caught 31 dozen and 3 perch, and two reverend gentlemen and a layman caught—murdered in cold blood—24 dozen and—" That's all; 660 fish in four hours. Isn't that nice! Wasn't that fine work! Isn't that a job to be proud of! One hundred and ten fish apiece in four hours! Ye gods and little fishes! What kind of humanity is this? What did they do with them all? There is no record in any of these stories that a single fish was thrown back. If there were there would not be so much shame, by some shame for each fish returned. And fishermen complain that fishing is not as good as it used to be in many waters. What will it be in the near future in the waters named if such things be? These men did not go for food alone, they went for sport. What is their idea of sport? To kill just as much as possible in a given time? I'm sorry for them. When will the custom obtain for sportsmen to catch only what they need, and if they must catch more, return to the water promptly the surplus? I know it is the custom with many to catch what they individually need, and then all their friends and neighbors need or can get away with, and so excuse their greed; but I think the needs of all hands might be greatly curtailed with a little thoughtful self-denial, with largely resultant benefit to themselves and other fishermen. Why not let this idea soak in, and act upon it you, and you, and you? O. O. S.

TROUT FISHING AT THE "SOO."

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Beard and myself have been about here fishing and outing since the middle of June, and have had various luck in the streams, lakes and rapids in this vicinity, and very enjoyable this summer, especially on account of the almost entire absence of flies and mosquitoes. About two weeks ago we struck some reef fishing, within two and three miles of the "Soo," that has surpassed any of the fishing that has been reported from the North Shore.

One day we brought in 19 trout, caught in say two hours' morning fishing and three hours in the afternoon. They weighed 25lbs.; and a few days after we caught 12 trout that weighed 20lbs. in almost the same length of time fishing; and other days not so many, but always some weighing from 1 to 5lbs.; and this all within easy rowing distance of the hotels. These strings of fish were all weighed at Mr. Plummer's store and in the presence of a number of people.

The fishing in the streams back of here and all about is very good; and it is no trouble at all to bring in a basket of from 50 upward; but these are all small brook trout, and of course do not compare in sport with the larger ones. I write this letter in the hope that the attention of your angling readers may be attracted to this place and vicinity, for I am fully of the opinion that better fishing for speckled trout can be had here than at most of the more noted places, and at far less expense.

And though an American in every sense, born and raised in the States and now living in Memphis, Tenn., let me suggest as far preferably, to stop on the Canadian side at either of two most excellent hotels.

C. T. BROOKS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—As stated earlier, Mr. W. P. Mussey has been down at Mak-saw-ba Club fishing this week. At his invitation I joined him to try some of that interesting Kankakee River fishing, of which I have lately said so much. We had a simply terrible day. It rained almost continuously, and we were drenched, cold and shivering long before evening, but we got 10 fish, weighing 24lbs., all bass but one, a wall-eye, and all the bass small-mouths but two. I never saw fish strike more viciously or fight harder, and must pronounce this river fishing the most exciting of any I had so close to the city. The stream is swift, but very deep in the bends, with occasional snags, where Mr. Mussey's 40z. brass ring, which he calls his "hook eraser," comes very handy in getting tangled tackle loose. The quality of rod and other gear must be of the best, for the stream is so narrow that often a bass will go directly under the boat in spite of everything. I found in using the long 12ft. push-paddle that the bottom of all this river along there is solid gravel or gravel or sand. This accounts for the small-mouths. Yet the stream flows through a regular marsh, and its low banks are black and mucky to a degree. There is a substratum of sand and gravel, and into this the stream has cut. In the deep bends I could not find bottom with the paddle. The Kankakee is a remarkable stream, a superb angling stream, even as it is now. With proper protection and with the dams all open what magnificent fishing it would offer. The club men along that river certainly ought to join heartily and aid financially the Kankakee Association. They do not know their privileges. The stream is simply grand for fishing purposes. The duck shooting is gone there and everywhere in this section, but the fishing is not gone, and can be kept.

E. HOUGH.

PICKEREL AND GOLD WATCH.—A North Lyme, Conn., special reports that "Joshua Halford went fishing in Hog Pond and caught a pickerel weighing over 6lbs. When he cut the fish open in its stomach he found a gold watch and chain. Upon the inside of the back case of the watch was engraved the name 'Charles Whaley.' The discovery of the watch clears up a mystery which has puzzled the people in this vicinity for two years. On the morning of July 2, 1889, Whaley informed the foreman of his farm that he was going to Hartford on a business trip and might not return for two days. Since that morning no trace of the man has been found until to-day, when the watch was discovered in the belly of the fish." Is it something new for a pickerel to become a ground-feeding fish in order to possess itself of the above mentioned watch and chain? or did the fish go ashore and rob the man and carry the evidence of its crime in its own bosom for two solid years to be caught with the full evidence of his guilt at last? The story is very "Whaley." Where's the golden fishhook?—FRED.

ANGLING WITH A RIFLE.—Alexandria, Mo.—The companionship of a good gun affords much true pleasure. One day in spring, when the air was pure and the sunshine clear, a friend and I took my Winchester rifle and visited the shores of one of our Mississippi River inland ponds. Several kinds of fish were sporting about in the clear waters. There were sunfish, bass, catfish, and occasionally the waters would indicate the presence of a pike, which seemed to possess a socially repellant atmosphere, for all the other fish would hurry away on very urgent business in other localities. A 2lb. bass received attention from the Winchester, and a very pretty shot was made, the ball having passed through the lower part of the fish's gills. A shot at a pike 2ft. in length sent it wildly tearing through the water at a sweepstake rate. The bass was about 6in. below the surface. Shooting fish with a rifle requires skill, and a person can have hours of pleasure in this line of sport.—JASPER BLINES.

CAPE COD NOTES.—Bluefish are very scarce at present in Cape Cod Bay. Dogfish have driven these and nearly all other kinds off the coast. Lobsters are so scarce that they seldom are to be found in the market. At Woods Holl about 100 bluefish were caught with hook and line during last week, and a few striped bass, usually of small or moderate size, were taken in the same waters. Tautog, sea bass, squeteague and scup are scarce. A remora in the Fish Commission aquarium has become so tame that it will take food from the hand; the rudderfish and orange fish will feed in the same way, and the appetites of all these fishes is astonishing. A male pipefish has its marsupium filled with young fish, of which it takes diligent care. Young lobsters, hatched three months ago, are still living and doing well, but their number is very small.—B. (Woods Holl, Aug. 24).

ALEXANDRIA BAY FISHING.—New York, Aug. 25.—I have just returned from a three weeks' stay at Alexandria Bay, and my own experience coincides with nearly every one else there that the fishing this year has been a very great improvement over any other during the last ten years. I had no difficulty in getting all the pike, black bass and perch I wanted without going out of sight or call of my island. My island is directly opposite Alexandria Bay and is passed by a great many steamers daily, but there have been a large number of pike (pickerel) taken all about it, which makes me think that a little disturbance of passing steamers doesn't disturb them.—C.

WOUNDED BY A SKATE.—Port Monmouth, N. J. Aug. 28.—Wm. Oberman, a fisherman, while draining a pond into Raritan Bay this morning, hauled up an immense skate or stingaree, a fish whose tail is like a saw. As he threw the fish in the boat it made a leap and struck him on the leg, near the knee, nearly severing it. As the teeth or points on the fish are poisonous, Dr. John H. Van Mater was summoned. Oberman is in a dangerous condition, having become unconscious from loss of blood.

THE BERKSHIRE TROUT CLUB, of Berkshire, Mass., expects to increase the capacity of its hatchery at Great Barrington by adding a new spawning race. The hatchery produced 120,000 trout last spring, and is expected to furnish 200,000 next season.

ST. MARQUERITE SALMON CLUB.—A share in the St. Marguerite has been purchased by Mr. E. R. Wharton, of Boston, for \$2,650.

STATE GAME PROTECTOR NORTHRUP and a party of Alexandria Bay men captured fish nets near Cape Vincent last week, in one of which they found nearly 500lbs. of game fish. The owner of the nets could not be found. The nets were burned at Alexandria Bay amid great rejoicing.

THE MUSCALONGE RECORD for ladies on the St. Lawrence this season is held by Mrs. Gardiner M. Skinner, who is "high hook" with a 40-pounder, measuring 4ft. 11in. in length. We have received in evidence a photograph of the fish and its captor.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Are you planning for an outing this summer? Have you ever looked up the famous resorts of the Northwest? It is not an exaggeration to say that the best hunting and fishing grounds in North America are found in the territory tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lake park region in Minnesota affords pickerel, pike, bass and muscalonge; rock bass are found in numerous streams, and deer, elk and bear abound in the forest regions; antelope are found in North Dakota. The Snowy, Bitter Root, Garry, Rocky and Cascade Mountains are the home of moose, elk, caribou, cougars, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and other large game, while all of the Northwestern States abound in feathered game. Rocky Mountain trout and grayling are caught in the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Clark's Fork and Green rivers, affording unrivaled sport. An interesting pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," can be obtained free on application to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A. of the Northern Pacific R. R. at St. Paul, Minn. Descriptive publications concerning Yellowstone Park, Pacific coast and Alaska will also be mailed on receipt of application, referring to FOREST AND STREAM.—Adv.

Fishculture.

AMERICAN FISH IN ENGLAND.

"ICHTHYOLOGIST" writes from London, England, as follows: Previous to the existence of establishments devoted to the breeding of salmon, trout and other freshwater species, little was known as to their rate of growth, but now we are able to ascertain definitely what it is. Commencing with the egg itself, the pisciculturist watches from day to day, from month to month and from year to year their development and the wonderful transformations which they undergo during every period of their existence. Therefore the longer the establishment has been formed the more interesting are the sights it reveals, and the more instructive are its lessons, for as it grows in years the stock fish necessarily develop till they reach maturity, yielding each season vast quantities of offspring after their kind. I was particularly struck with this the other day upon visiting the large piscicultural establishment founded by Mr. William Burgess at Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, and known as the Midland Counties Fish Culture Establishment. Here every kind of British fresh-water fish is propagated, together with certain foreign forms. The ponds are now replete with salmonide and coarse fish in all stages of development, and it is this which adds such a charm to the piscatorial spectacle. In one series of ponds may be observed millions of fry batched out last winter; in another section, yearlings appear; in another three-year-old fish, and so on. Some of them are as much as 5lbs. in weight, while many are as small as 1oz. It is not given to us to gaze upon the lusty trout at will, and when we do catch a glimpse of it in a wild state it is only for a second, for they come and go like flashes of lightning. But at Mr. Burgess's establishment one may at all times observe them moving about in the ponds, especially at the feeding hour, when a handful of food will bring them together from all parts of their habitat, causing them to display themselves to the best advantage.

Not only are British trout fully represented in the throng, but those of American origin as well, having similar proportions and almost similar habits. The rainbow trout, the brook trout and the lake trout are among the latter, scaling 4lbs. and upward. All of these were hatched from ova kindly sent by the United States Fish Commissioner. There is another transatlantic fish which the Commissioner has enabled Mr. Burgess to cultivate, viz., the whitefish. For some years past this fish has been subjected to experiments, with a view to its acclimatization, and although Mr. Burgess was successful in rearing them from babyhood to the age of nine months, he found great difficulty in doing so during the winter. This year he has been more successful, as was shown presently, when he drew off the water in the habitat in which he placed the fry last autumn. To his joy and astonishment he beheld a considerable number of the fish quite 10in. long, which is a considerable growth considering that they are only eighteen months old. During last summer and autumn he kept them in shallow ponds, and on the approach of winter turned them into large ponds having a depth of 10ft. Here they evidently prospered remarkably well, notwithstanding unusual severity of the winter and spring. The fact of their surviving clearly shows that our winter climate is not prejudicial to them, and the extraordinary variety of weather which they have experienced during the past year and borne satisfactorily is a proof of their capacity to endure the variability of our climatic conditions. There is ample room in some of our lakes for this valuable food fish, and Mr. Burgess intends to do his utmost to establish them, being of opinion that they would be a valuable addition to the commercial fishes of our inland waters. Of coarse fish, such as perch, roach, chub, etc., there are a large number in the ponds, especially perch, a fish that is in great need of cultivation. Every angler should do his utmost to promote the welfare of this fish, which is a great favorite among all classes, and one, moreover, that affords excellent sport and food. It is falling off in numbers, and has been doing so for some years past; but with the aid of fishculture much can be done to reëstate it. Mr. Burgess says it is a fish easily dealt with under the piscicultural system, and it is to be hoped that it will, ere long, take its place in the hatchery with the trout, and be subjected to the same care and attention which is bestowed upon the latter.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Ont. H. C. Corbett, Secretary.
Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 23 to 26.—Inaugural Show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Rogers Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 24 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.
Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanter, Rockland county, N. Y. H. W. Chapman, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 13.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
—, Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

NOTED IRISH SETTERS CHANGE OWNERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. F. C. Fowler, the owner of the Oak Grove Kennels, and who is better known as the owner of one of the largest and finest breeding farms and stables of trotting horses in New England, has purchased my Irish setter challenge winner Kildare, a litter brother of Beau Brummell and a son of the peerless Elcho, Jr., and who has the further distinction of being the youngest Irish setter that has ever entered the challenge class in America.

Kildare is the winner of forty first and special prizes, and is but a few months over three years of age. He has had the misfortune of never having been shown in proper condition, but has nevertheless done considerable winning, as is shown by his record, and he has improved wonderfully since he has last been exhibited, having deepened in chest and added more substance, and I consider him to-day one of the best Irish setters that has been seen in this country. Mr. Fowler informs me that he will show him the coming season, and I predict that he will make it hot for the balance of the dogs in his class.

Mr. Fowler also purchased from me the prize-winning bitch Norah Blyth, who is a daughter of champion Tim and a niece of champion Ruby Glenmore, whom she resembles in formation very closely. She also gives promise to make a crack fielder, and I trust Mr. Fowler will have her prepared to run in the trials this fall. Another of Mr. Fowler's purchases from my kennels is a very promising bitch, Kildare Joan, sired by the prize winning Darby II. ex Bess P., a prize-winning daughter of Sarsfield.

During the past year this gentleman has bought seven of my finest young Irish setters, among which is a dog sired by champion Elcho, Jr. out of champion Ruby Glenmore, which gives promise of making a crack of the highest order; and I look for the Oak Grove Kennels to cut an important part in the Irish setter affairs of America in the very near future.

I have seen it mentioned in the sporting papers that it was reported that \$575 was the price paid by Mr. Fowler for Kildare. I wish to correct this statement, as the price paid was \$500 for Kildare only.

I am now about out of Irish setters with the exception of a few youngsters that I am having raised, and which, should they mature according to promise, will give me a nucleus for another kennel. My only regret is that I shall not be able to take a part in the trials this fall.

W. L. WASHINGTON.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 29.

THE IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish Setter Club has been called for Sept. 9, at 14 South Broad street, Philadelphia. At this meeting the amount of the Derby Stakes will probably be decided on and announced. I have received word from Dr. Jarvis that he will offer a silver cup, to be known as "The Elcho Cup," to become the absolute property of the winner of the All-Aged Stakes; he says, "I will give one worth winning."

We have also received a most liberal donation from Mr. E. B. Bishop, the proprietor of the Glenmore Kennels. He forwarded me first \$10 and then his check for \$100 additional. One-half of this latter is to go to the winner of the Derby and one-half to the handler. This is not the only \$100 contribution that has been received. I have succeeded in getting the \$200 I promised from our city and may, perhaps, get some more; \$25 of it came from the gun editor of the Philadelphia Item.

I am still on the hunt (or on the still-hunt?). We have not, as yet, heard from the rank and file in a proper manner. I would like to have more \$5 and \$10 subscriptions coming in, so as to show that we have the sympathy and support of the smaller breeders and owners of single dogs. It is the duty of every one to do something, and as has been said before, if they cannot run a dog they can at least send \$5.

Another thing that I particularly wish to call attention to is the fact that the Derby entries will not be so numerous as the All-Aged and therefore the chances of winning will be greater. The prizes, judging from our probable income, will be nearly or quite as large as those offered by the other trials, and this should encourage owners to make their Derby nominations promptly. The entries for the Derby close Sept. 15. If any have not received entry blanks, etc., let them write to 1,335 Walnut street and I will forward them.

G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y-Treas.

BULL-TERRIER STREATHAM MONARCH.—Pittsburgh, Aug. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: I had thought to make a surprise but find the dog papers too quick for me. I bought Streatham Monarch last month and thought to keep it quiet until he arrived, anyhow, but, as I said before, was not able to do so. I think I have the best bull-terrier in the country, the only one coming near him being Attraction, a bitch I am very fond of and one I came near buying last spring. Attraction, by the way (formerly called Miss Glendyne), is the dam of Trentham Baroness, who in turn is the dam of my Streatham Monarch. The sire of Streatham Monarch is Streatham Flyer, by Gully the Great out of Daisy.—JOHN MOORHEAD, JR.

DOG CHAT.

THE kennel interests of this country are increasing all the time. Agricultural shows are devoting space and premiums to the different breeds of dogs where a few years since they would never have dreamed of such a thing. New papers are coming out which are thought not to be complete without some sort of a kennel department, and this all serves to keep alive an interest in dogs among the general public. Mr. Eugene Glass, of Battle Creek, Mich., has the latest venture in view. This is to be *The Dog Fancier*, a monthly journal devoted to dogs alone, and will be issued in the course of the next month.

We are indebted to Mr. Eberhart for a very lifelike picture of Mr. Hawkes' young collie Sir Walter Scott II, which he imported recently. This dog is a grandson of champion Metchley Wonder, and will be shown along with Mr. Eberhart's team at Hamilton and Toronto.

We have received a very acceptable addition to our gallery of canine celebrities from the Glenmore Kennels, in four excellent photographs of the Irish setters champion Mollie Bawn, champion Winnie II., champion Ruby Glenmore, and the challenge prize winner Beau Brummel.

All the arrangements are completed for the Industrial Exhibition Association's dog show, to be held at Toronto from Sept. 14 to 18. There will be four judging rings, two down and two up-stairs. The dogs will be fed with Spratts' biscuits. From present indications the show will be the largest ever held in Canada, and the largest fall show ever held in America. In fact, with a couple of exceptions, the Toronto show of 1891 will be as large, in regard to the number of entries, as any of the shows in the spring circuit. The following specials have been donated: \$5 for the best progeny of Eberhart's Cashier; \$5 for the pug with the best tail.

Indications, we are told, seem very promising for an excellent show at Montreal Sept. 22 to 25. It has been decided to offer the following specials in addition to those published in the premium list: For the best bulldog a prize value \$10, and the same for the best bitch; for the best kennel of four or more bull-terriers a prize value \$10; for the best kennel of three or more Russian wolfhounds a prize value \$15 will be given. For the special encouragement of Canadian breeding of high-class dogs the following special prizes are offered: For the best St. Bernard dog owned in Canada a prize value \$10; for the best pointer or setter dog owned in Canada a prize value \$10, and the same for the best bitch; for the best kennel of four or more collies owned in Canada a prize value \$10; for the best Irish setter dog owned in Canada a prize value \$20, and for the best bitch a prize value \$15. Entries close Sept. 8. Exhibitors are requested to be careful to state on entry blank where tags, etc., are to be sent.

All admirers of the Irish setter, among whom we wish to be counted, will be gratified to read Mr. Davies' letter in another column, as to the satisfactory state of the prize fund for the coming trials owing to the liberal donations of several enthusiasts. There is therefore no reason that the rank and file of Irish setter breeders should not enter one or more dogs in the several stakes, as well as donate their mites toward the general fund. There will be money amply sufficient to clear expenses for the winners. Of course they cannot all win, still the man who enters and runs his dog will feel happy in that he has at least contributed something toward the future improvement of the Irish setter in the field, so that next year owners may become so interested in field trials that separate trials will not be necessary and the red setter will take its proper place among the other breeds, asking no favors of any one, man or beast. Attention is especially drawn to the fact that the Derby entries close Sept. 15.

We regret to hear that Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey, secretary of the Spaniel Club, has sustained a severe loss in the death of his field spaniel Saybrook Lass. She was by Beverly Comet out of Gypsy Maiden, and was imported by Mr. Keasbey last winter. She won at several shows last spring, and her owner thought she had a bright future before her as a show and brood bitch. It is supposed she was poisoned, as she was perfectly well the day before she died.

We know that our beagle-owning friends have been nibbling at some new blood from the other side, but as it was to be kept secret, we dared not let it be known. From *Canine World* we gather that they have been in communication with Mr. Johnson, of Whitechurch, about a hound or two, but nothing has come of it yet. Bids were made on Monarch and Marvel, but without result, though Matchless, a litter sister to Monarch, was offered but not accepted. Speaking of beagles reminds us that Friend Chapman, the energetic secretary of the N. B. C., is now up in Vermont picking out some youngsters that he has had up there to be broken in for the trials; the best will be brought home to underdo the finishing touches in their education. The Glenrose Kennel evidently intends to make a strong bid for trial honors at Nanuet.

"Uncle Dick," despite all his troubles—and, by the way, we echo our Philadelphia contemporary's kind remark about that litter of cocker spaniels, for if any one needs a cocker spaniel with all-round work bred in the bone, he will find it in Mr. Fellows's kennels—well, as we were saying, "Uncle Dick" is still after Mr. Farrow's scalp, and will not be pooh-poohed out of his desire to know how it is the Obo stock continually throws a buff or red spaniel. He says Mr. Farrow has never answered the many inquiries made to him as to their original breeding. Concluding his letter, "Uncle Dick" writes, "I do not know that I blame Mr. Farrow, because if he dug at the graves of the pillars of the kennel he would be sure to find something he would not like, probably the bones of a Basset, or the bones or skin of a red dachshund, just as they found a collie's bones when digging for Gordon setter pedigrees. Mr. Laverack explained how Pride of the Border got his lion color, but Mr. Farrow cannot, or will not, explain the red color."

We see by the English papers that Mr. Panmure Gordon, the president of the Scottish Kennel Club, intends visiting this country in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Gordon's many acts of kindness and generosity in furthering the interests of dogdom in the Land of O'akes will, we are sure, entitle him to such a hearty welcome from the fanciers that he will return with nothing but pleasant memories of his visit.

We have received several handbills from Professor Parker, whose troupe of performing dogs is the salvation of many of our shows over here, and who is personally a favorite with the boys. These bills show that he has been performing at the "Trocadero, Crystal Palace and the Canterbury, and from what "Cheerful Horn" says he is doing good business and especially compliments his high-jumping greyhounds. Prof. Parker will go to Paris shortly.

Friend Mercer does really seem to be one of the unluckiest of mortals, for now we hear that he fell, the other day, a distance of 20ft., and striking on his head was terribly bruised, lying unconscious for seven hours. He is confined to his bed, but expects to be round again in time for the big show at Toronto. Our sympathy is extended to "Clumber."

The Blue Grass Kennel Club have secured the services of

Major J. M. Taylor for sporting and Mr. Frank C. Wheeler, of Canada, for non-sporting classes. They have added the following classes and specials since issuing their premium lists: Separate classes for dog and bitch puppies in the following breeds: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, greyhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, foxhounds and pugs. There are also separate classes for English foxhounds and \$25 in cash for best pack of ten foxhounds. For best kennel of four owned by one exhibitor in the following breeds: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, greyhounds, Great Danes, pointers, English and Irish setters and pugs, \$10 is promised. To the handler having the largest number of entries, \$10. D. D. Bell, Lexington, offers \$5 for the best dog or bitch irrespective of breed. A. F. German, of Louisville, Ky., offers \$5 for best dog or bitch the get of Eberhart's Cashier. Mrs. Herbert Hammonds of Cincinnati, offers \$5 for pug with the best curled tail. Mr. Geo. Heinbuck, of Cincinnati, offers \$5 for the best pug bitch puppy. Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, offers a silver cup for the best collie under 18mos. old. J. E. Pepper & Co. offer a case of their oldest whisky, value \$25, for the best pointer in the show; also the same for the best setter. The secretary is Mr. Roger Williams, to whom all communications should be addressed.

The following list of the entries in the different breeds at the coming Hamilton, Ont., show has been forwarded to us, and demonstrates a very satisfactory state of things: Mastiffs 11, St. Bernards 17, great Danes 7, Newfoundlanders 1, Irish wolfhounds 1, greyhounds 12, foxhounds 2, beagles 13, pointers 8, English setters 24, Irish setters 10, Gordon setters 9, water spaniels 1, Clumber spaniels 5, cocker spaniels 33, collies 23, bulldogs 2, fox-terriers (smooth) 25, fox-terriers (wire) 11, Irish terriers 2, black and tan terriers 8, Scotch, Skye and Dandie Dinmont terriers 10, Bedlington terriers 3, Yorkshire terriers 7, pug 23, toys and pets 3, dachshunde 5, miscellaneous 14; total 309.

It is becoming monotonous to read all the bosh written about these big prices for St. Bernards. One would think American breeders had no other aim in life but to send barrels of dollars over to the other side in exchange for Albion's best dogs. "Cheerful Horn" says that it was rumored in Fleet street that Prince Regent and Scottish Prince cost "close on to four thousand pounds," or \$20,000. His informant offered to back what he said with money. It would have been a safe bet for "Cheerful Horn," as we know



positively the dogs did not cost half that sum, \$8,000 was the figure, and we do not believe, from what we can gather, that any such sums will be paid again for dogs. There is no need of it, we have now the dogs that can beat anything on the other side, rough or smooth, and what is the use of paying such prices to play second fiddle and run the risk of their dying before becoming properly acclimated.

Owing, we presume, to the fast-increasing duties of the office which takes up too much of his time, Mr. S. F. Glass, secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, will resign at the coming annual meeting and the office of secretary may be made a salaried one, as the kennel interests of Canada have increased so rapidly lately that it will soon require a man to devote his entire time to it.

Our contemporaries have got things mixed up a bit about the crack bull-terrier ch. Streatham Monarch. He will not go to Mr. Dole's kennel, as asserted, though as we stated last week, Cherub has been purchased by that gentleman. To Mr. Boggs, of Pittsburgh, belongs the credit of importing this grand terrier, and as we stated last week, he was purchased through Mr. Toon, of Sheffield, and will come over with Geo. Thomas, along with the rest of his team. Mr. Boggs has now sold Streatham Monarch to Mr. John Moorhead, Jr., a prominent member of the Duquesne Kennel Club and an enthusiastic bull-terrier fancier, owning Queen Bendigo and others. At Cleveland show Mr. Moorhead informed us it was his intention to secure something that would place him well in the front, and he has kept his word. Mr. Boggs writes us that dog matters are booming in that neck of the woods—Pittsburgh. He will show quite a team at the Canadian shows, among them some of his new purchases in England.

Among the contemplated additions and alterations in the English Kennel Club rules are several important ones. One relating to names says that when a dog's name has once appeared in the K.C.S.B. it shall not be permissible to change it. Another rule says a dog which has in any way been improperly tampered with shall be incapable of winning a prize. Rule 10 provides that "a duly-qualified veterinary surgeon shall be appointed as veterinary inspector at all shows held under Kennel Club rules. In another new rule the Kennel Club constitutes itself a court of final appeal or umpire in all disputes or questions arising from the competing of any dog at any shows or field trials held under Kennel Club rules.

Last week we printed Mr. Sewell's affidavit as to the perfect health of a dog that bit a Mr. Russell, who is said to have died of hydrophobia afterward. His widow is suing Mrs. Bourignon, the owner of the dog, for \$2,500 as compensation for her loss. The owner sees no reason why her dog, to which she is much attached, should be destroyed and is being almost harassed to death herself by different authorities, one of which forbids her to let the dog out of the house under a penalty of \$100. The lately-formed National Canine Defense League has the matter in hand and is looking after the fair owner's interests. Mr. Russell was bitten by the dog in endeavoring to take a stick away from it which it had just retrieved out of a pond. This case seems about on a par with that of Mr. Bartow, who some time since died with every symptom of hydrophobia, through studying the complaint in books after being nipped by a cat.

The Ohio Humane Society of Cincinnati, which had laws passed lately turning over to them the dog-catching business, which now will be conducted in a proper manner, will give a grand fair in this city in October, at Chester Park. The proceeds will go toward putting up a fine building on their property, lately purchased. The fair will consist of a horse and pet animal show, bicycle tournament and bench show of dogs. The dog show has been entrusted to Mr. Herbert, of pug dog fame, to manage. Exact dates will soon be published and premium lists issued. Mr. Frank C. Wheeler (late of Canada, and well known as a fancier and popular judge) will judge all classes. The show will be fed with

Austin's dog bread, furnished by the Eberhart Pug Kennels. Mr. Eberhart writes: "I hope my fellow breeders and doggy friends will send in their dogs, as the cause is a most worthy one, and also help to stimulate the dog interests in Cincinnati, so that we can give a show each year under A. K. C. rules."

We referred recently to a spaniel sale whereby a Mr. Wooland, of London, England, became the owner of Bridford Perfection, giving an unprecedented price for her. He now says over his own signature that he paid \$1,900 for her. Mr. Cowell, the judge at Darlington show, says in his *Kennel Gazette* report, that "in Bridford Perfection I found a bitch which I can safely say is the best in the world to-day. Since the days of Zulu and Squaw we have not seen such a spaniel." He admits he could not find a fault. Eureka! Here's a field spaniel standard ready made.

One of the leading Boston papers gravely tells us that Pop, Mrs. Miner's St. Bernard dog that was killed after running amuck at Red Bank, N. J., the other day, stood 39in. high and weighed 350lbs. Such a dog as that needs no "stuffing."

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, feeling that a change of air would do him good, took a trip a couple of weeks since to Boston, "did" the kennels there and then journeyed on to Salmon Falls to drop in on the noted cocker spaniel breeder, Mr. J. P. Willey. Mr. Wilmerding tells us that he never saw so many cockers in a one day's drive as the father of spaniel-dom in this country can show. He must have over 100 puppies out at walk at different farm houses. Mr. Wilmerding saw 48 of them during the day. A little attraction that they found on their return in Mr. Willey's front yard has given rise to many false rumors and no end of a smell. A crowd of villagers was seen round the front gate looking admiringly at a skunk, which, in acknowledgment of the rocks that were being thrown at him, very unkindly resented such treatment in his usual effective manner. We are sorry to hear the aroma of the incident has gone forth among all "ye spaniellie men," and they fancy they have now accounted for Mr. Willey's very "strong" kennel.

Mr. D. F. Loveland has resigned his position as kennel manager of the Dutchess Kennels, Poughkeepsie, and will return to Melrose, Mass.

The N. Y. *Herald* of Saturday last has the following about the Westchester Fair dog show: "The bench show of dogs will be entrusted to Messrs. Tom Terry and A. D. Lewis, proprietors of the famous Hempstead Farm Kennels; Messrs. Frank Hitchcock and Winthrop Rutherford. The principal money will be given for St. Bernards, fox-terriers, collies, pointers and setters, and the judge will probably be Mr. James Mortimer, the well known superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club."

Visitors and handlers at the field trials last fall were much interested in the "Surprise" whistle which the popular handler "Billy" Tallman carried with him. Its far-reaching tones were calculated to strike terror into the most heedless long-distance ranger, and at the same time, under friend Tallman's skillful manipulation, the dulcet call of the quail was accurately imitated. It was rumored at the trials that some handlers carried several different sized whistles so as to imitate the tone of an opponent's whistle. No one need do this now, for on the "Surprise" whistle one can run the whole gamut of ear-piercing sounds. On turning to our business columns the sportsman can learn all about it.

Mr. J. M. Avent, one of our best known field sportsmen and one who has done so much to bring the English setter to the very front rank in field trials, is suing the Illinois Central Railroad for what seems an unpardonable piece of cruelty on the part of one of the engineers in running at a prohibited rate of speed in the city limits and without any warning running down one of Mr. Avent's dogs which happened to be on the track. The dog was crushed to pieces, and Mr. Avent intends to make the company pay for it. He asks his fellow sportsmen to help him with any information that may be of service to him in his case. His address is Hickory Valley, Tennessee.

Dr. Perry writes us he is traveling a different route during his trip to Europe this time, and this accounts for no mention of his visit to London in the kennel papers. He hurried over to Paris and from there is taking in the principal cities of Italy. He will then proceed through Switzerland and up the Rhine, and will come home in September.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale has contributed \$25 toward a special to be competed for at the International Field Trials, to be held at Chatham, Ont. We remind sportsmen who intend to enter their dogs that entries for the Derby close Oct. 1, and for the All-Aged Stake Oct. 15. Birds are reported as plentiful, and there is every prospect of keen competition, incited by the recent importations which Mr. Davey has made.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club takes place this year at the Rossin House, Sept. 16, at 7:30 P. M. Under the amended constitution, members who are unable to attend the annual meeting are entitled to vote by proxy. As some very important matters are to be introduced for discussion, it is very desirable that the representation of members should be as large as possible. Among other notices of motion given are the following: 1. That in future no puppy classes shall be given at any show held under the rules of the C.K.C. 2. That no show held under the rules of the C.K.C. shall last more than four days, inclusive of the opening and closing days of the show. 3. That the offices of secretary and treasurer of the C.K.C. shall be separate and distinct and not held by one and the same person. 4. That at no show held under the C.K.C. rules shall dogs and bitches be shown against each other in the same classes. 5. That dogs and bitches shall not be shown against each other in challenge classes. 6. That at shows held under the rules of the C.K.C., entries shall close positively not less than fourteen days before the opening day of the show. 7. That in future no addition or alteration shall be made to any prize list issued by any bench show committee after it is once printed and distributed.

From Philadelphia we learn that nearly all the foxhounds of the packs of former years of the Radnor Hunt Club have been disposed of, and been replaced by forty-three young and nineteen old hounds of imported stock. These latter were secured from the kennels of the Duke of Rutland, Bglvoir Castle, Leicestershire, England. In their journey to this country the hounds were accompanied by the huntsman, Frank Gillard, and his two assistants. These men will reside on the grounds, a house being about to be erected for the accommodation of the former. Workmen are now engaged in the work of erecting a two-story building to answer all the requirements of the increased family—human and animal. One of the new features is a 12-foot bath for the use of the dogs. When all the intended improvements are completed the Radnor Hunt will have quarters second to none in that section.

A letter from Mr. H. C. Corbett, secretary of the Kingston show, tell us that they are delighted with their entry this year. They have secured 220 as against 130 in the inaugural show last year. Judging does not commence till Wednes-

day morning, so it is doubtful if we can get any of the awards in this week's issue. Still, our readers may depend upon it that we shall do our best to supply them with the latest particulars.

We have received very neat stud cards issued by the Chestnut Hill Kennels, detailing the merits of their noted dogs Christopher, Wellesbourne Charlie, and the Irish terrier Breda Bill. Mr. Jarrett will not attend the Canadian shows this year in pursuance of their decision not to show till the fall of 1892.

There will be a banquet at the Rossin House, Tuesday evening, Sept. 15, given jointly by the Canadian and Toronto Kennel Clubs. Mr. J. Lorne Campbell, president of the C. K. C., has appointed the following representative committee to cooperate with the T. K. C. in arranging the details. As the annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club is to be held the following evening at the same place, it is thought that by this means a very representative lot of dog men can be brought together in social intercourse, for, from what we hear, nearly every one who can find time to get away will attend this big show.

Owing to the Helvetia, on which Mr. Hacke's Barzois came from London, not being able to be docked before last Sunday, the proposed trip to Spratts Kennels, at Northvale, N. J., which we spoke of last week, had to be postponed till to-day. We are very sorry not to be able to avail ourselves of the opportunity to see them at that time, as Kingston show will have to be attended to.

The Irish setter Balfour, imported by Mr. James W. Whitney, and by him recently presented to Mr. H. F. Atwood, of this city, met his death on the R. W. & O. R. R. tracks near this city last week. Through the kindness of Mr. Whitney Mr. O. Stewart Bamber has come into possession of a dog pup of Balfour's get, out of Mr. Fred T. Mowood's bitch Kate II., she by Count out of Kate, combining the bloods of champion Chief, Elcho, Jr., Rory O'Moore, Noreen, etc.

KINGSTON SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

KINGSTON, Ont., Sept. 2.—The Kingston show opened Tuesday. Attendance not very large; but the building admirably adapted for show purposes and nicely arranged. Messrs. Lewis, Naylor, Prescott, Discorn and others are here with good strings. Dr. Mills began judging at 10 o'clock to-day with English setters, awarding first, open class, dogs, to Brown's Edgemark; 2d, Northwood Benzine; 3d, Kingston Kennels' Kent's Rex; reserve, Hair's Sir Edward. Bitches: 1st, Kingston Kennels' Liberty; 2d, Kent's Ruby K.; 3d, Switzer's Mado. Novice class: 1st, Kingston Kennels' Kent's Rex.

Irish Setters, open dogs, first, Seminole; second, Flynn's Glen Jarvis. Bitches, first, Kingston Kennels' Josie D.; second, Seminole Kennels' Aurora. Gordons, challenge, first and second, Dixon's Band and Ivanhoe. Bitches, first, Dixon's Duchess of Waverly. Open dogs, second, Platt's Victoria. Bitches, first, Dixon's Lady Waverly; second, Platt's Bloom, and this was all up to recess for dinner.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

It is not commonly known how dangerous it is to go swimming with a powerful dog in the company. The dog will constantly endeavor to climb up on the head and shoulders of the human swimmer, just as he will attempt to climb on every floating log or piece of wood. If the dog is small a few powerful blows will discourage it, but these are not so easy to give effectually if the dog is a large one, and at all events, a swimmer under such circumstances is in danger of receiving some severe scratches as the least penalty for the company he has.

An English correspondent of one of our papers makes the very sensible remark that many dog handlers are better judges of dogs than the recognized corps of judges. This is not only correct, but obvious. It is the constant province of the handlers to judge the judges, a more comprehensive task than judging the dogs. It is part of their business to note every defect or merit of their dog's, and hide or bring them forward under the judge, and to carefully scan their dangerous competitors. I cannot think of any process better calculated to educate a man as judge than the work of a careful handler. I often take lessons of the handlers at shows, and, as a rule, find their opinions much more critical than those of the judges, who, unfortunately, are too often more ornamental than useful.

There is a great deal to be said on the side of dog catching, but I think, as a rule, very little extenuation for the dog catchers. That effective measures are absolutely demanded for the suppression of the hordes of worthless curs that infest our cities would seem unquestioned, and that discrimination should be used that only vagrant curs, running entirely at large, are to be exterminated, is equally obvious. The source of the evils of dog catching as commonly practiced is that the catcher is paid per head, and as brutes of very low caste are most likely to take to the work, the pecuniary inducement overshadows all other things with him. The remedy is easy; pay the catcher by the day, as we do the agents for every other nuisance suppression. It is as much the duty of the municipality to protect us from the nuisance of vagrant dogs as to protect us from foul streets, and why should not the municipality pay for this work as well as any other? I notice that in cities where the per head catcher prevails we have the stories of brutality of forcibly wrenching dogs from ladies' arms, etc., while in those where regular salaried men catch dogs by the day, as they would clean the streets, the complaints come only from the maudlinly sentimental class who seem incapable of reason on any subject, making emotion their rule of action.

It is quite common to see, in references to terriers, a use of the name of the breed and the derivation thereof, which is all well enough in itself, but it is quite possible to attach too much weight to this derivation and to make its application altogether too sweeping. It is true that a "terrier" means a dog to go to earth, and it is also true that for the work of the breed this is sometimes a necessary qualification, but this necessity by no means involves that the vermin dog is to approach a burrowing animal. In isolated cases it may be important that the dog really shall be a burrower, but for general uses, as a vermin-killing animal, this is no prime requisite, intense activity, tremendous power of jaw and strength to overturn stones and drag away obstacles are more essential to the vermin-killer than ability to follow the game under ground. Our most destructive vermin, rats, weasels, skunks, etc., cannot be classed as burrowers, and piles of stones, logs, etc., are more their natural retreats, and in such places burrowing is of course quite out of the question. After all the great point in a vermin dog is his devotion to the work of hunting vermin, his killing of them is rather a secondary consideration, for if vermin are constantly harassed, barked at, scratched for, and their lives generally made miserable, they desert the scene of their disturbances and emigrate to quieter quarters.

There is a great deal of mistake about the common app-

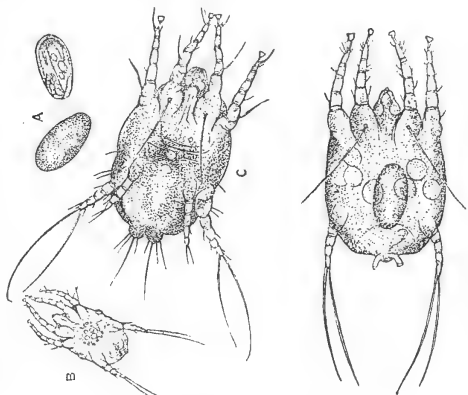
position that dogs are poisoned. Unquestionably poisoning does occur sometimes, and the contempt visited on the head of so base an animal as a dog poisoner is most just, but the trouble is this: A dog is in perfect health in the evening and dead the next morning, and the conclusion is jumped at that death resulted from poisoning; while every old hand at dogs can recall instances of dogs dying thus suddenly from many natural causes, inflammation of the bowels being one of the commonest. If an owner attaches any value to a dog that dies under suspicious circumstances, he would do well to have a post mortem held for his own satisfaction, and surely to know that a canine friend died from natural causes and not from the cowardly devilishness of a poisoner, must give satisfaction.

THE ON-LOOKER.

CANKER OF THE EAR.

All those who have had much experience with dogs must have frequently noticed that they occasionally show signs of great irritation in the ear by constantly shaking the head, holding it on one side, and rubbing the side of the face along the ground, and now and then scratching the back of the ear with the hind foot; and yet, in some cases, on casually examining the ear, there is nothing much to be seen to account for these symptoms. A little dried brown excretion may be noticed, in fact, the ears look just slightly dirty. The conclusion often comes to is that if the parts were cleaned the irritation would cease, but such is frequently not the case, as I daresay many of your readers have observed, for, in spite of ever so much washing, the dog continues to shake his head, showing that he is still uncomfortable. If, instead of giving a hurried look into the ear in these cases, the parts are well examined and the canal leading into the ear is carefully watched, tiny white specks, oval in shape, and about the size of the eye of an ordinary small sewing needle, will be observed. These are parasites, and are, in my opinion, the cause of that disease called canker of the ear.

I do not mean to imply that all diseases affecting the ear, and which are generally all called canker, are due to this parasite; on the contrary, there are many cases due to an eczematous diathesis when there is a free discharge, and the bare part of the internal surface of the flap of the ear is also affected. Then there is another form of the so-called canker characterized by a free, offensive, purulent discharge coming from the lower part of the canal, and which is often due to ulceration of the skin lining the external meatus. Sometimes the ulceration extends to the cartilage, and it may, and does, occasionally extend to the bones under the cartilage, and then the discharge is particularly offensive, and there is great pain. It is quite easy and proper to divide canker of the ear into three distinct and separate diseases, each requiring different treatment. Then there are those disorders affecting the flap of the ear generally due to injury or eczema, and called external canker.



PSOROPTES AURICULARIS CANIS.

Magnified about 70 times.

A—Larval forms. B—Young Acarus. C—Male. D—Female.

However, it is not my intention here to go into details with regard to the several forms of disease affecting the ear, but to confine myself to that particular kind first mentioned and due to a parasite.

These parasites, which I have called the Psoroptes Auricularis Canis, are extremely active in their movements, and, if the ear be carefully watched for a few moments, they may be seen running about the skin and along the hairs in the ear at a fairly rapid rate, considering their minute size; and the irritation which they cause is due in a measure, I believe, to the tickling sensation caused by their movement, and partly the result of their biting.

I have had these parasites under observation for the last twelve months, but it is only just recently that I have been able to get some specimens to examine under the microscope, and these I have had drawn by an artist, and I must say in passing that he has done justice to his work, for the acari, when seen with the microscope, looks exactly like the illustrations given herewith.

In one specimen of the larval form it will be noticed that the shell or covering has become partly removed, and the legs of the parasite are seen still lying curled round the body. This is exactly how it appeared in the specimen I examined. B—is a young acarus not yet fully grown, and from the number of its legs it is probably a female.

C—a specimen of the male. There are several distinctive differences between the male and female. In the first place the former has eight legs, it is smaller and they are far less numerous, there only being about one male to every 20 females. The female (D) is thicker set, and has only six legs, and in the center of the trunk is a small oval body which I take to be an egg. In both cases the front legs are provided with suckers, which are somewhat triangular in shape and situated at the point of the toes. In walking the fore legs are only used, the hind ones not moving, but are dragged along with the body.

The Psoroptes Auricularis Canis does not burrow under the skin (epidermis) like the mange parasites, but lives on the surface to which it attaches itself by its suckers.

To prove this I kept a number placed under a watch-glass upon my arm for a day and though they caused slight irritation, and raised small points by biting they did not attempt to burrow. I also placed a number under a watch-glass upon the body of a hairless dog, and they did not attempt to burrow here, but they were very restless, for they could be seen with a strong magnifying glass to be constantly traveling about, which looked, I thought, as if they did feel at home in their new situation. They did not seem to have bitten the dog's skin, as after they were removed there were no signs of small blisters or papules; besides, the dog did not seem to take the least notice of them, which would not have been the case if they had punctured the skin, as they did on my arm. Of course, the skin lining the passage into the ear is much thinner and softer, and here, I believe, the mites do bite, and as there is an exudation which, I consider, accounts for that brown and somewhat dry discharge so often seen in some ordinary cases of canker.

I have never been able to find the acarus anywhere else about the dog but in the ear, in fact, they do not seem to

wander outside the canal and crevices formed by the cartilage, nor even upon the flap of the ear, either inside or out. They vary in numbers—sometimes one can only find a few, about twenty; in other cases they are present in hundreds, lying in clusters like a heap of fine white powder. I have also frequently found these same parasites in cats' ears, and in some cases they induce rather extraordinary symptoms, the cat being almost unable to walk; in fact, when it attempts to do so, the animal rolls about as if intoxicated, frequently falling over on its side. I have never seen the acarus cause the same symptoms in the dog.

The treatment and cure of canker of the ear when caused by the Psoroptes Auricularis Canis is a very simple matter, for, by applying some agent which will destroy these acari, the irritation at once ceases. I have found the following lotion to answer the purpose admirably in all cases, both in dogs and cats:

THE LOTION.	
℞ Ung. Hydrarg. Nit	3 i
Ol. Amygd.	3 i
	Well mix.

It should be applied all over the internal surface of the ear daily with a camel's hair brush, or a few drops may be poured into the ear. After a week the ear should be syringed out with tepid water and methylated spirits, about one in ten.

I have heard it more than once stated by men who have had large experience with dogs, that they believed canker of the ear contagious, and no doubt it is, considering that it is due to a parasite which can be easily transferred from one dog's ear to another.

There is a somewhat similar acarus called the symbiotes spathiferus, which causes a certain form of mange in the horse, but I cannot find that this parasite described in the present article has ever been noticed in the dog's ear or mentioned before.—A. J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S., in *English Kennel Gazette*.

"IMPORTATION OF A NOTED FIELD DOG."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Old Sarsfield has been retired from the stud and presented to a friend, who is not a sportsman and will keep him as a pet.

As an evidence of good faith in regard to my intention of breeding field dogs as expressed in my catalogue, I will mention my recent purchase of Coleraine from the Rev. Robt. O'Callaghan, Borstal House, Rochester, England, the most experienced, successful and careful breeder of the Irish dog in the world.

This purchase was entirely unexpected by me, as I thought if he would part with her at all, it would be at a prohibitory price. I quote the substance of his letter: "Coleraine is the best field trial Irish bitch in England or Ireland to-day of any breed; has the best nose, and is the best game finder I ever saw; also very good looking and is sure to win on the bench."

It is doubtful if either Coleraine or Finglas (my recent purchase from Mr. Boggs) will start in the coming Irish setter trials, as neither are acclimated, and must be rebroken on our birds. By the time this reaches you my trainer, Mr. W. T. Irwin, will be in southern Kansas. Stud dogs, brood bitches, and puppies will receive daily work on quail and prairie chickens during the hunting season.

It has been stated in the sporting press that my kennels would be located in southern Kansas, and a few reasons for this change will not appear out of place.

I must consider my dogs as well as patrons. Southern Kansas is in the central part of the United States, equidistant to all points of the compass, and has an abundance of game birds, with as many varieties as can be found in any State in the Union. Shipping facilities are as good as in any of the large Eastern cities. Couple with this the easy access to 30 or 40 bench shows, and many field trials, and the advantages are very apparent.

Mr. Rimanoczy, the celebrated artist of this city, has sent me from his studio magnificent crayons of challenge Beau Brummel, champion Ruby Glenmore and Winnie II. They are so full of artistic merit I cannot refrain from mentioning them.

E. B. BISHOP.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

THE BEAGLE CHAMPION LONELY.—Editor Forest and Stream: Permit me to correct a statement which appears in your last week's issue in connection with the bench career of the English beagle bitch Lonely. You erroneously affirm that "she has only been defeated once in competition, and that by her kennel companion Primrose (not Princess) Countess." On Lonely's first appearance, at the Southampton show in 1888, she was awarded second to the Blue Belle II., and though she (Lonely) was subsequently disqualified, this does not alter the fact that she was beaten by my little hound in competition. Furthermore, unless my memory betrays me, my husband's mother was awarded the special for the best brace, under Mr. Geo. Lowe, over Lonely and a kennel companion, and unless I am greatly mistaken, she also defeated her with Bungle for a special under Mr. Geo. Raper. Lonely's head is by no means snipy; in fact, it is extremely square and well chiseled, and Primrose Countess excels in head, character and expression. The pictures in no way do them justice.—MRS. R. F. MAYHEW.

AT THE DOG DOCTOR'S.—The dog doctor is a metropolitan institution. You will see the swiftest carriage at his office door in winter. You will meet the nattiest of French maids and the surliest of English grooms on his stairs. There will be all sorts of common riffraff on foot at all hours of the day in summer. With these callers are his patients, the dogs. A ten cent mongrel will be preceded by a big St. Bernard worth a hundred, and perhaps succeeded by a fleecy little French poodle, estimated by its aristocratic mistress as above price. One day an express wagon drove up, and from the rear of this improved ambulance a couple of servants lifted out a grand old Newfoundland. Poor, dizzy fellow! His pathetic look of illness was almost human. And the way some of these intelligent four-legged patients walk up the dog doctor's stairs shows conclusively that they can read the glaring signs in front. The uneasy, reluctant, whimpering, wry-faced look is the same as that which connects the knowing child with the castor oil bottle.—New York Herald.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Sir Jack, Count Bob, Hawlet, Lord Clifton, Blue Jeans and Duke Orlando. B. Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug dogs, whelped Aug. 20, 1891, by their Bradford Ruby II. out of Lady Thelma.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Skip H.—Sport K. Ringwood Beagle Kennels (Brockton, Mass.) beagle bitch Skip H. (Flute M.—Haida) to their Sport K. (Sport H.—Beauty H.), Aug. 30.

Zenette—Kingston Regent. New York St. Bernard Kennels' (New York city) St. Bernard bitch Zenette to their Kingston Regent (Prince Regent—Lady St. Gothard), Aug. 28.

Rustic Katie—Lord Balto. G. W. Wambach's (Baltimore, Md.) pug bitch Rustic Katie (Rustic King—Tra-la-la) to his Lord Balto (champion Kash—Nun Nicor), June 2.

ARMY SHOTS.—Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 29.—The annual shoot-

ARMY SHOT.—Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 29.—The annual shooting competition of the Division of the Atlantic, United States Army, comprising teams from all the posts east of the Mississippi River, has just closed at Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the famous old river. The shooting has been exceptionally good and has continued incessantly for the last two weeks, with the excep-

tion of two days when the wind and rain storm interfered. The distinguished marksmen who go to the army shoot at Chicago, with their final scores, are: Private Thomas Feeny, Co. D, Fifth Infantry, 568; Sergt. William A. Boyle, Co. C, Battalion of Engineers, 509; Sergt. William F. Shipp, Co. E, Fifth Infantry, 495; Private Albert W. James, Co. D, Fifth Infantry, 488; Private John

Kelly, Co. A, Battalion of Engineers, 482. Of the best scores among the other marksmen the following have led the list, and will represent the division also at the shoot: Sergt. Charles Woodcock, Co. C, Eleventh Infantry, 565; Sergt. Charles Hobler, Co. E, Eleventh Infantry, 534; Private William Decker, Co. E, Battalion of Engineers, 518; Corp. John Desmond, Co. H, Fifth Infantry,

501; Corp. James Caver, Co. H, Sixth Infantry, 487; Sergt. Frederick E. Ginder, Co. D, Eleventh Infantry, 485.

AMERICAN RIFLES WIN AT BISLEY.—In the Martini-Smith competition for single-barrel rifles the scores below were made:

Single rifles, 7 shots:

1st prize.....Mr W R Joynt.....Ballard.....	6767777—47	(5 cartons.)
2d prize.....Capt Dutton Hunt, Rigby.....	45	
3d prize.....Mr Meysick.....	44	

Three-barrel, 24-grain, 2 in. diameter, .44, counts 72. A bullseye

of 3in. diameter is used (counting 6), that being the smallest object that can be conveniently aimed at at 100yds. It is only the last few years the English shooters have found out the accuracy of the American rifles; in former years hardly anyone except Mr. Meyrick used American rifles. Mr. Joynst shot from a sitting posture.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day, with a large attendance of riflemen. The shooting conditions were good, and

several good scores were made. Francis, Myerle, fellows and Brackett, heading the list. With 71 points, Francis, E. Hos-
 65. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-
 60. S. Week 72, J. Borden 70, M. T. Day 67, O. Moore 66, J. R. Hobbs
 55. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-
 50. S. Week 72, J. Borden 70, M. T. Day 67, O. Moore 66, J. R. Hobbs
 45. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-
 40. S. Week 72, J. Borden 70, M. T. Day 67, O. Moore 66, J. R. Hobbs
 35. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-
 30. S. Week 72, J. Borden 70, M. T. Day 67, O. Moore 66, J. R. Hobbs
 25. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-
 20. S. Week 72, J. Borden 70, M. T. Day 67, O. Moore 66, J. R. Hobbs
 15. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-
 10. S. Week 72, J. Borden 70, M. T. Day 67, O. Moore 66, J. R. Hobbs
 5. S. P. Waters 65, D. B. Bayley 63, W. White 61. All-comers' re-

SCHÜTZENFEST OF 1892.—A meeting of the Central Committee of the Universal Schützenfest of 1892, which is to be held somewhere about the middle of July, was held Saturday evening at 12 St. Mark's place, New York. A. Ludwig, president, Bernhard Schütz, secretary, and second secretary, K. W. Schütz, and K. W. Schütz, secretary, to fill vacancies. The sub-committee on the Schützenfest suggested three localities: Ridgewood Park, in Brooklyn, Wendel's Park, at Fort George, and Union Hill, N. J. Each locality had its adherents, and debate over their relative merits was animated and prolonged. Union Hill was finally selected and the choice was made unanimous. Entries to the festival are assured from every center of German population in the United States and

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 23.—The second shoot of the rifle contest between local clubs for the championship of the State took place to-day at the range of the Lawson Club, under the auspices of which the tournament is being conducted. The standing of the clubs is as follows. The first column represents the result of to-day's shoot and the second the total scores made in the two

6. Defaults.....	5,227	10,471	7. Algiers.....	4,508	8,956
2. Expectations.....	5,205	10,380	8. Volunteers.....	4,420	8,849
3. Olympics.....	5,059	10,131	9. Pelicans.....	4,195	8,114
4. Southrons.....	5,062	10,141	10. Perseverance.....	4,143	9,092
5. Endeavors.....	4,882	9,866	11. Orleans.....	2,025	5,474
6. Eagles.....	4,825	9,600			

CREEDMOOR, Sept. 1—With the range in capital order, a windless ideal day for shooting, and with a too sparse attend-

ance, the nineteenth annual fall meeting opened here to-day. There was plenty of work done, however, and good scoring mainly in the continuous matches. The Wimbledon cup match, which calls for 30 shots at 1,000 yds., was completed and again taken by Major C. H. Gaus, of Albany, on a score of 132 in a possible 150. The full record of the meeting will appear in next week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

RIFLEMEN ON CYCLES.—The Connecticut National Guard has made an experiment in military bicycling. The men rode safety machines and carried Colt's lightning magazine .44cal. carbines and Colt's regulation army revolver. When mounted each man carries his carbine slung across his back by means of a

strap. The carbine has a capacity of 12 shots and the revolver of 6 shots, giving to the 9 wheelmen a total of 102 shots to be fired without pausing to reload. The weight of the carbine is 5lbs.

Tucker second, A. L. Gilman, Dean and M. D. Gilman third, Forehand and Kenney fourth.
Eight standards, 22 entries: Root and Dickey first, Perry second, A. L. Gilman third, Bowditch and M. D. Gilman fourth.
Seven standards, 12 entries: Stierly first, Dean second, Crompton third, Kenney fourth.
Seven classes: Stierly and Willey first, Dickey and Root second, Crompton, Cady and Forehand third, Sprague and Howe fourth.

DEATH AT THE TRAP.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 26.—The regular monthly meeting of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club at the grounds just outside the Brighton Beach race track this afternoon ended tragically. Joseph O'Brien was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun.

The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club is composed mostly of the officials and business men of Gravesend. It meets on the last Wednesday of every month. Twenty members assembled at the grounds to-day. Among those who participated were Justice of the Peace Kenneth F. Sutherland, ex-Assemblyman Charles J. Kurth, Richard Dwyer, and Under Sheriff Hugh McLaughlin.

The men passed nearly all the afternoon at the regular club match for the Encomium badge and Blonidin medal. The sport was good, and everybody enjoyed it. Mr. O'Brien was especially cheerful.

After the club match a sweetstake was arranged. There were terrible men entered, Mr. O'Brien among them.

Jim W. Croysey, S. Stryker Williamson, William Weber, Joseph O'Brien and Dr. Hill fell back some distance at the conclusion of the medal match.

O'Brien and Williamson sat down. Weber stood behind their chairs. Under-Sheriff McLaughlin was practicing, preparatory to entering for the sweetstakes. He fired at two birds, both of which he wound, and O'Brien fell forward with the roan dead. The front and the right side of his face was torn away.

Croysey walked up and stood in front of O'Brien and Williamson with his gun under his arm and holding two cartridges in his hand. He joined in the conversation. Noticing the cartridges, Williamson said:

"Those cartridges away, Jim; you don't need them for anything."

"Oh, yes, I do; it is my turn to shoot next," answered Croysey. Williamson leaned back and turned his head to look at the pigeons on the club house roof. The movement saved his life, for at that moment Croysey's gun was discharged. The charge whizzed by Williamson and lodged in O'Brien's face. It made a terrible wound, and O'Brien fell forward with the roan dead. The front and the right side of his face was torn away.

Croysey, in his statement after the mishap, said that he had slipped two cartridges into the barrels of his gun, but they did not fit. He finally got them in and closed the gun. It was then that one barrel was discharged. The cartridge must have caught and exploded, as Croysey felt sure he had not touched the trigger.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The deplorable accident which occurred at the shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club a few days ago, whereby a most estimable young man lost his life, furnishes, if the newspaper account of it be correct, an excellent reason for pigeon shooters to avoid that club. In well-regulated shooting clubs three rules are rigidly enforced during shoots. First, no authorizer shall not load his gun until he takes his place at the score—that is, not until he stands with his back to the spectators and with the muzzle of the gun pointing in the direction of the traps at which he is to shoot. Second, the shooter before he leaves the score must unload his gun—that is, still standing with his back to the spectators, and without turning around and with the muzzle of the gun still in the direction of the traps, he must "break" his gun and remove the shells. Third, no scouting shall be allowed. These rules, if enforced, leave scarcely any chance of accident in pigeon-shooting. It does no harm on this occasion to repeat them in your columns.

I have no doubt such rules written or unwritten are supposed to govern the pigeon matches of the Atlantic Gun Club and that some one duly authorized to enforce them is always present. If in any matches should not be shot, and the person so authorized is in duty bound to note the behavior of each shooter; to correct him if he errs in the handling of his gun and to quote and insist upon compliance with the rules. I will venture to say that at this Atlantic Gun Club shoot watchful eyes saw every kill and detected every no bird snap shot on the ground by mistake; but where was he whose duty it was to protect the spectators? Where was the man who should be shot, and the person so authorized as a thoughtless man due at the score? The unfortunate person who held the fatal gun is to be pitied, perhaps excused; but what can excuse the gross—the almost criminal—carelessness of those who, by neglecting the duties with which they were charged, made possible the killing of O'Brien!

Such an event as this involves more than the reputation of the Atlantic Gun Club. It reflects unpleasantly upon the entire shooting-club world. It will add to the public's estimation of pigeon-shooting, for the public, slow to analyze causes, is wonderfully quick in grasping results. And it seems to me that so excellent a sport as pigeon-shooting ought not to be brought into trouble or disrepute by such badly-governed associations as the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club. These organizations should practice no sport more dangerous than bean-bag pitching. CROTON.

TRAP SHOOTING IN THE FATHERLAND.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

BERLIN, Aug. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: The first great prize shooting tournament at clay pigeons in this country took place near this city last week. The rules laid down for the shoot were those of the Deutsche Schiessverein (German Shooting Association), and are closely related to the standard English rules. Seventy-six valuable prizes were offered by this association and shot for.

The first prize, which gives its owner the right to the title of champion wing shot of Germany, was won by a young man, Mr. Preuss, with a 12-bore Winchester repeating gun. Preuss scored 92 birds out of 100.

Mr. George Ligowsky, of Cincinnati, who acted as referee, pronounced Mr. Preuss's shooting as fine as he had ever witnessed in the United States. Fully nine-tenths of all the prizes offered were carried off by shooters using the Walsrode smokeless powder.

In connection with the clay pigeon shoot a shooting match with hunting rifles was arranged at a moving wild boar. Here, too, the Walsrode smokeless powder sustained its reputation. The first prize was won by Dr. Goettinger, a native-born American, who uses smokeless powder exclusively.

The tournament has stirred up German gunners. Wing-shooting clubs are being organized all over the country, and clay pigeon shooting will soon be a popular sport in the Fatherland. Clay pigeons are offered here to the individual shooter at about a cent apiece. Heretofore, and as long as they had to be imported from America, they retailed at 8 cents apiece, a price far beyond the reach of the great mass of shooters. ARMIN TENNER.

AUBURN GUN CLUB.—Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 26.—To-day our club held a very interesting meet at the club grounds. The day was very hot and the afternoon, though the weather was smaller than common, was full of enthusiasm. The race was 5 kingbirds, 15 singles, Keystone rules, and 10 singles, 5 traps, unknown angles, expert rules, the most difficult known trap-shooting. Aside from the regular contest, which score is given below, we had a number of sweepstakes and other shoots:

A Class.	
Carr	11111111111111111111—24
Brinkerhoff	11111111111111111111—24
Tuttle	11111111111111111111—23
Ties, 10 singles, Keystone rules, 5 singles, expert rules:	
First Tie.	
Carr	11111111111111111111—13
Brinkerhoff	11111111111111111111—13
B Class.	
Wheaton	11111111111111111111—23
Doane	11111111111111111111—19
C Class.	
Stuclair	11111111111111111111—22
Kerr	11111111111111111111—21
Tripp	11111111111111111111—21
White	11111111111111111111—18
Briser	11111111111111111111—16
D Class.	
Garrett	11111111111111111111—24
C. W. B.	

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.—Rutherford, Aug. 29.—Sweepstake shooting all day. Main event 50 bluebirds, three money, entrance \$5: Post 46, Hollister 44, E. William 43, Collins 42, Outwater 42, Heritage 40, Lane 39, Hathaway 36, Paul 34.

CONEY ISLAND. O.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 25.—On Thursday, Aug. 20, at Coney Island, a popular resort up the Ohio River, 14 miles from the public landing in this city, was a trap-shooting match that was notable not only for the number of entries in the shoots, but for the rapidity with which the several events were disposed of in one afternoon. The Penrose system of rapid firing was employed, and the American Association rules were followed. Birds were cheap and entrance fees were low. Moreover the money was divided into numerous prizes, so as to preclude wolfish pooling and encourage shooting for the acquirement of skill and for amusement. The result was very satisfactory, and the plan will probably take a firm hold here and revive the interest in shooting which has been languishing for the past two or three years.

No. 1, 108 entries; 10 single bluebirds, entrance 50 cents:

Early	6	Fey	8	C F.	3
E Williams	5	Pierson	9	Nichols	5
T Williams	5	H Stevens	9	Supel	10
Bauer	4	Hessler	7	Clark	8
Fluber	6	Albert	9	Doughman	9
L F	5	Bohemian	7	Gillman	8
Ross	9	Wellman	5	Vincent	6
Clark	7	E Taylor	8	Hoffman	5
Scott	7	Miller	7	Higgins	5
Reik	7	Randle	9	Bee	8
Tonny	10	Waters	7	Taylor, Sr.	8
J Demar	8	Stuart	6	Shorty	10
An	5	West	7	William	1
McGraw	5	Gubsey	6	Goodman	5
E Trimble	5	Klett	3	Weller	10
Tollett	9	Merrick	4	Taylor, Jr.	5
Shreck	7	Sautern	4	Steinkorb	10
Girton	8	T Belding	9	Gentry	5
Holliday	10	Cook	7	Jackman	5
Bing	8	Waterman	4	Goble	5
Felix	7	D Belding	8	Stickels	6
Mustin	7	Klett	3	Jersey	7
F Demar	7	Bailey	8	Tug	7
Marshall	7	W Bailey	4	Hall	4
Rowan	7	Riley	5	Wick	4
Nose	9	Haywood	4	Newmeyer	2
Bridges	5	Weeks	9	James	9
Stevens	8	McDonald	9	Glassford	4
McGraw	5	Byers	7	Robert	5
Frank	8	Willie	7	Richard	6
Brown	6	Randal	6	Arnold	5
Srofe	7	Sullivan	4	Stone	4
Proslman	7	See	10	Kessler	2
		G W	6	Briggs	7

Shorty first, Murphy second, Felix third, Dr. Waters fourth, Stuart fifth, Hoffman sixth, Glassford seventh.

No. 2, 10 bluebirds, entrance 50 cents, 114 entries:

Stone	3	Shatzman	6	Waters	10
West	6	Pootzman	8	Vincent	7
G W	6	Stearns	6	Fey	9
Greasey	4	Demar	5	T F	7
Gentry	8	Henson	9	J K	9
G Klett	3	Goughman	7	Jackson	8
McGraw	5	Gillman	8	Or	7
Klett	5	Mustin	10	Gaines	5
Stuart	8	Higgins	5	Randal	8
Belding	7	E Bailey	5	Minor	1
Cook	7	Murphy	10	Stone	8
Swing	7	Boutel	5	D Belding	4
Nichols	6	Goodman	8	Van	7
Fatherman	6	Steinkorb	8	Jersey	7
Wells	6	Nose	8	A Stevens	8
Bee	9	Byers	8	Richard	5
Taylor, Jr.	7	Stickels	5	George	5
J Demar	7	Hetzler	7	O Skamp	6
Hoffman	9	Marshall	9	Miller	9
Woodard	5	Phares	7	Weeks	9
Shorty	10	King	6	Briggs	7
Cook	7	James	5	C F	5
Merrick	4	Tollett	7	Glassford	9
Trofe	9	Taylor, Sr	7	Albert	6
Brown	7	Lantern	6	Holliday	7
Thurman	6	Bridges	4	Briggs	8
McDonald	8	Miller	9	Riley	6
Scott	9	Wells	6	Bailey	6
Randle	9	Willie	7	Rowan	10
Wells	6	Teisel	8	Helm	5
Young	9	Shreck	7	Williams	6
Frank	9	Tuv	8	Hessler	7
See	10	R Trimble	4	Arnold	7
Ross	8	E Trimble	7	Robert	5
Bohemian	8	Shatzman	6	Pat	4
Stuart	8	Haywood	9	Becker	4
Pierson	8	Goble	8	Huber	5
Hess	3	Gibson	8		

Shorty first, Rike and Glassford second, Teipel and Ross third, Vincent fourth, W. Bailey fifth, Gaines sixth, Bridges seventh, Bohemian eighth.

No. 3, main event, 20 bluebirds, 75 cents entrance, 105 entries:

Miller	15	Frank	12
Waters	17	G W	14
Vincent	19	G F	9
Gentry	17	Bailey	11
See	16	Steinkorb	15
Stuart	18	Reisinger	14
Holliday	16	Hezler	13
Wick	13	Tuffs	13
Bohemian	13	Randal	17
Jackson	17	Stickels	5
Doughman	16	Riley	11
Haywood	11	Girton	18
Teipel	19	Gobel	8
Tuv	17	Briggs	10
Wells	13	Robert	13
Wick	13	Stevens	10
T Trimble	13	Swing	16
Hall	13	Belding	13
Van	15	Goodman	16
Shreck	11	Nose	15
Marshall	16	Rowan	15
Bridges	15	Byers	18
McGraw	12	Merrick	16
Scott	14	Jessup	15
Bandle	16	Wick	17
Rike	19	Young	18
Shatzman	12	Willie	17
Wick	13	Gibson	18
Stone	15	C Stevens	8
Demar	13	Becker	12
Bee	17	Bauer	12

Ties on 19 first, 18 second, 17 third, 16 fourth, 15 fifth, 14 sixth, 13 seventh, 12 eighth, divided the \$100 in gold; Cook ninth, Gubsey tenth, C. F. eleventh, Sullivan twelfth, Boutet thirteenth, Sticks fourteenth, Reisinger fifteenth.

No. 4, bluebirds, entrance 50cts., 36 entries:

See	8	E Taylor	9	Clark	7
Randal	9	Weeks	8	Young	4
Stickels	5	Goodman	8	Gas'right	9
Bandle	9	Ross	9	Frank	10
Miller	8	Srofe	10	Mustin	8
Vincent	9	Filman	9	Henson	9
Ross	9	Gillman	9	Girton	9
Early	6	Bauer	9	Teepie	9
T Belding	7	Swing	4	Rickard	9
D Belding	9	Bridges	4	Tuv	8
Cook	8	Nichols	6	Felix	8
Henson	9	Doughman	10	Demar	5
Wick	10	Gibson	10		

First second, Taylor third, Belding fourth, Gillman fifth, Stickels sixth, Swing seventh.

No. 5, 10 bluebirds, entrance 50 cents, 38 entries:

E Taylor	4	Tuv	9	Gillman	6
Belding	4	Teipel	7	Johnston	1
Cook	8	Bridges	3	Mustin	1
D Belding	5	Early	5	Henson	7
Wick	5	Filman	9	Robert	8
Doughman	5	Goodman	5	Nichols	5
Bauer	2	Ross	9	Stickels	4
Wells	4	Lee	6	Pierson	7
West	3	Vincent	6	Wick	7
Weeks	5	Bandle	8	Felix	7
Frank	7	Sofoe	7	Gastright	8
Wick	7	Randal	7	Richard	7
Young	7				

Ross first, Gastright second, Teipel third, See fourth, Weeks fifth, Nichols sixth, West seventh, Bauer eighth.

Six other events were shot, entries ranging from 20 to 30, with \$1.00 entrance, four money.

HONEOYE FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 29.—I send you scores of our sixth monthly shoot. The weather was fine and our shoot went off in good shape. We had some shooters from Avon and Lima. Mr. Maxwell, of Lima, with his gun held below the hip until he called pull, shot a roan race and is a jolly fellow. Mr. Gregg made a good score of 15 straight birds with his new Levever gun. The Boss Wood Pecker of the Lima Gun Club shot a good race with Mr. Wilkinson and pecked very well till he struck Mr. Benham on the ties, and then his gentle voice was silent. Mr. Martin won the solid gun medal for the first shoot with 15 straight birds, shooting in fine form.

Monthly medal shoot, 15 kingbirds, 5 traps, American Association rules, 3 medal prizes:

A D Martin	11111111111111111111—13	Benham	11111111111111111111—12
Nesbitt	11111111111111111111—15	Gregg	11111111111111111111—15
Maxwell	11111111111111111111—12	Goodrich	11111111111111111111—14
Wilkinson	11111111111111111111—14	Hyde	11111111111111111111—14
Weller	11111111111111111111—12	Rounds	11111111111111111111—11
Starr	11111111111111111111—11		

First contest for solid 14 karat gold medal, 15 kingbirds, 18yds. rise; won by A. D. Martin with 15.

Second contest, merchants' prize; first prize, California hunting coat; second prize, 5lbs. powder; third prize, 25lbs. shot; fourth prize, 50 loaded shells; 7 kingbirds, 5 kingbird traps, 18yds. rise: Wilkinson 111111—7 Gates 111111—3 Weller 111111—4 Hyde 111111—5 Nesbitt 111111—6 Benham 111111—6 Starr 111111—5 Rounds 111111—4 Goodrich 111111—6 Gregg 111111—7 Maxwell 111111—6

Shoot-off: Gregg first, Martin and Benham div. second, Starr third, Nesbitt fourth.

Third contest, \$1 entrance, 7 kingbirds, 5 traps, 18yds. rise:

A D Martin	111111—3	Weller	111111—4
Vincent	111111—5	Rounds	111111—4
Nesbitt	111111—4	Hyde	111111—5
Benham	111111—5	Starr	111111—6
Gregg	111111—6	Maxwell	111111—3

On shoot-off: Wilkinson first, Benham second, Weller third, Maxwell fourth.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Aug. 26.—The regular fortnightly shotgun meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at this range to-day. The attendance was not large, but any lack there may have been in numbers was amply made up by the quality and good nature of those present, all having been put in the best of humor by the very agreeable weather conditions which prevailed all day. The main interest of the day centered in the struggle for first place in the gold coin match, which was secured by Mr. Bush with a straight score of 20, closely followed by Mr. Bowker with 19, and Mr. Rocky with 18. The excellent score of 21 by Bush entitles him to hold the championship badge of the Association until the next shoot. Gold coin match, 20 standard Keystone targets, squad firing, high competition: Bush 20, Bowker 19, Rocky 18, Barrett 16, Parham 15, Stone 14, Hosmer 14, Snow 13, Nichols 13.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—The first annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsman Association will be held at Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 29 to Oct. 2, under the management of the Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club. The management desire to say that special railroad and hotel rates will be furnished all sportsmen and their friends, and everything done to make the event pleasant to all who may come. Two sets of traps will be in constant operation for sweepstake shooting, which will be conducted under the expert handicap rules. The prospects are that the shoot will eclipse any heretofore held. Come and bring your gun, and help swell the squads. Programmes can be had by addressing N. A. Hughes, 343 Pine street. Ammunition of all kinds and plenty of it can be had on the grounds at reasonable prices or on hire. We will shoot rain or shine. The grounds will be open for sweeps Monday, Sept. 28. Last day, live birds.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Aug. 29.—Geo. E. Reading's first fall trap-shooting tournament will take place at Flemington, N. J., on Oct. 21, 22 and 23. Shooting will be at standard keystone targets from five traps, rapid firing; the two first days open to all, experts to shoot at unknown angles, amateurs known angles; the last day open only to amateurs; American Shooting Association rules except 12-gauge guns allowed 14oz. shot, and any one in a tie can draw his share. All moneys will be paid the winner at the close of each event.—L.V.

KYLE'S SCORING DIAGRAMS.—E. T. Allen, of San Francisco, dealer in sportsmen's goods, issues a book of diagrams of C. W. Kyle's graphic method of noting the results of each shot at trap work on live birds. The field is represented by several circles and the course of the bird noted in a rough tracing on the diagram, and by a simple system of marks the result of each shot and the whifor of each miss is noted for future reference.

NORTH CLARENDON, Pa.—In May the Mead Gun Club, of North Clarendon, and the Tionu Gun Club consolidated, and on the fourth of July held their initial shoot. They are shooting weekly for a badge presented by the Standard Keystone Target Co., whose traps and targets they use.

THE SPRING HILL GUN CLUB, of Blauveltville, N. Y., will hold a holiday shoot Sept. 7, shooting all day, 200 live birds, targets, lunch.—C. A. KITTLE, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

KNOTTY QUESTIONS.—The racing rules of the leading yacht clubs of the world are so nearly uniform and have stood for so long in practically their present form, that it may safely be assumed that they are about as nearly perfect as one could expect. At the same time questions are constantly arising which are not covered by them, and which must be decided solely according to the judgment of the committees to whom they are submitted. A curious case will be found in another column, in which a yacht, having no competitor in her own class, goes up into the next class for a single race, and wins a challenge cup given for and previously held exclusively by the larger class. A protest against the award of the cup to her has been disallowed by the regatta committee, who hold that she entered the class under a rule of the club and so becomes entitled to all the privileges of the other yachts in the class. Without attempting to discuss the merits of this particular case, the details of which are better known to the committee than to us, it seems that as a matter of equity a prize given for a series of races in one particular class should be open only to yachts permanently enrolled in that class; and that a yacht cannot at the same time be enrolled in two classes. The necessity for allowing a yacht having no competitor to enter for the time

the two yachts in question for the last place over the line; each accepting a handicap on the first day in the effort to be last.

The question whether a yacht, having once crossed and her time being taken, can cross again, was practically decided in the affirmative by the committee in recording officially the time of the second crossing; but this principle we believe to be wrong, as, if fully carried out, it must lead to serious complications. To consider an extreme case: An interval of five, and sometimes ten, minutes in which the yachts may cross the line is quite the custom in American racing, though we are glad to say that the interval is being gradually shortened, and of late is frequently dispensed with in favor of the one-gun start. In certain weather it is considered good judgment to start last, and yachts are not infrequently handicapped in the effort to put another boat over the line ahead of them. Supposing now that a yacht has crossed the line with a little wind about gun-fire and finds after several minutes have gone that she is becalmed near the line, the time being counted against her, while a more favored rival who has not yet crossed is preparing to shoot out her spinnaker and go over with a rush before a coming breeze. It would certainly be unfair to let the first yacht, after throwing away her chance and losing, have another trial by working back and crossing the line a second time astern of her rival. Such an extreme case is seldom likely to occur, though we have seen conditions under which it might be possible; but if it is an understood thing that a yacht shall be timed finally the first time that she crosses the line after the starting signal, there will be no chance for such maneuvers.

A yacht is always at liberty to start as long after the others as she chooses, and under most conditions she can injure no one but herself in so doing, but a peculiar case in which this privilege was abused has lately occurred in a canoe race. The course was six rounds of a triangle with half-mile sides, making nine miles in all. A canoe which was duly entered was temporarily disabled at the start, and after making repairs waited until the leaders had completed the first round and began the second, when she started with them to begin her first round. Though without the faintest show of winning from the field of 13 fast boats, she was no doubt legally entitled to start when she pleased, and she availed herself of the privilege, making a race with one of the leaders, claiming right of way in tacking, and sailing in all respects as though she had started with the rest. Although this action practically amounted to the interference of an outside boat in the race, there is no rule of a yacht or canoe club which prohibits it; at the same time a regatta committee would be justified in exercising the discretion accorded to it by most rules and ordering the offending boat off the course.

A RACE WASTED.—Though prizes and races have been plenty this year it seems rather a perversion of the end for which prizes are given to offer several for the result of one race. The Cherry Diamond Y. C., after sailing two races for its 46ft. cup, has just thrown a third race away entirely by giving a leg for the cup to the winner of a race held by another club, for which two prizes were already offered. The object of prize giving is not merely to endow yachtsmen with silverware but to promote yacht racing.

THE NEW YORK Y. R. A.—The annual regatta of the New York Y. R. A. on Labor Day promises to be a great success, a large number of entries having been received.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE, 1891.

THE annual cruise of the Eastern Y. C. took place considerably later than usual this year, but it did not suffer any on that account, and, as club cruises go, must be counted a very successful one. Fog and light winds were found in plenty, and the racing amounted to very little save for the amusement of those immediately interested; but all who took part report the trip as a most enjoyable one. The program of the cruise was a novel one; a series of racing runs for good prizes were arranged, while the Doane, was chartered to accompany the fleet, taking times, start and finish and doing such other service as was required, besides carrying the representatives of several papers, to which is due the fact that the details of the cruise were not entirely lost to the outside world.

The racing division was in two classes, schooners and singlestickers, with three prizes for each, the score being made up as follows: Each yacht is placed according to her position at the finish, the first receiving one point, the second two points, etc. Yachts which start but do not finish will be given one point more than the greatest number of finishing yachts; while those who do not start in any run will be given one point more than the greatest number of starters in that run. The smallest number of points wins the first prize, the next the second, and so on for the third prize. The singlestickers were to start 15 minutes ahead of the schooners, the preparatory interval being 15 minutes for each, with 5 minutes to cross. The fleet included the following yachts, those entering for the races being marked with a *:

Schooners.—Sea Fox, Com. Alanson Tucker; *Fortuna, Ex-Com. Henry S. Hovey; *Volunteer, Gen. Chas. J. Paine; *Mayflower, W. Amory Gardner; Foam, Vice-Com. F. Gordon Dexter; *Eneone, Col. Hugh Cochran; *Peerless, J. V. Lewis; Yesta, A. L. Lawrence; Wanderer, Capt. Blair; Dantless, C. H. Colt; Miranda, G. H. B. Hill; Priscilla, Edgar Harding; Alice, Capt. Andrews. Cutters and Sloops.—Wayward, David Sears; Mystery, H. W. Lamb; *Sayonara, Bayard Thayer; Alga, C. W. Longfellow; Bayadere, T. Watson; Merrill, Chicquita, Rear Com. Augustus Hemmingsway; *Thelma, McQuesten; *Bar, V. R. Richards; *Cinderella, W. B. Hopkins; *Gossoon, Adams Bros.

First Run, Marblehead to Eastern Point, Aug. 22.—The start was set for Saturday, the destination being the Isle of Shoals, but the weather was so bad, with fog and light winds, that the signal was set for Eastern Point, Gloucester, from the flagship Sea Fox when the start was finally made at 1:30. The race was very unsatisfactory, the course being run in the evening; the weather bad, while the leading schooners, Peerless and Fortuna, were known to have finished was to be timed as a race, went inside of Half Way Rock and Gossoon parted a turnbuckle and put back. The official times were:

	SLOOPS.		
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sayonara.....	2 03 00	3 01 32	0 58 32
Cinderella.....	2 05 00	3 03 27	0 58 27
Thelma.....	2 03 56	3 03 40	0 59 05

	SCHOONERS.		
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Volunteer.....	2 20 00	3 17 26	0 57 26
Mayflower.....	2 20 00	3 19 54	0 59 54
Sea Fox.....	2 20 00	3 23 17	1 03 17

Owing to lack of official measurements, no corrected times were made up. At a meeting of the committee the evening it was decided to run to Boothbay next day, a distance of 80 miles.

Second Run, Eastern Point to Isle of Shoals, Aug. 23.—Early in the morning the signals were set for a run to Portland and at 9:30 the fleet started with a light northerly wind. This soon fell, the breeze coming for a time from the east, and a fog finally hiding everything. Signals were set for the Isle of Shoals, most of the fleet finally abandoning the port, the only chance of a race was abandoned early in the morning. Thelma did not start the signal and kept on alone for Portland. Volunteer struck a rocky ledge off White Island, but came off alone without injury. Monday was but little better than Sunday, the fleet lying at anchor all day.

Third Run, Isle of Shoals to Boothbay, Aug. 25.—Tuesday was a fair, bright day, with a fresh southerly wind, and an early start was made for Boothbay, 60 miles distant. The schooner in port had a fine race, over such a course with wind and sea suiting; Volunteer winning easily. Hera lost her topmast and put in to Rockland, joining the fleet at Camden. The full times were:

	Start.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.		
Volunteer.....	9 09 49	3 06 21	5 56 32	5 56 20	
Eneone.....	9 10 46	3 27 19	6 18 33	5 53 16	
Mayflower.....	9 10 46	3 27 19	6 18 33	5 53 16	
Peerless.....	9 03 22	3 59 48	6 51 34	6 08 28	
Sea Fox.....	9 08 23	3 26 53	6 18 35	6 14 18	
Fortuna.....	9 06 42	3 23 38	6 10 56	6 16 59	
Cinderella.....	9 01 25	4 03 21	7 02 06	7 02 06	
Sayonara.....	9 02 28	4 19 28	7 17 00	7 17 00	
Gossoon.....	9 01 45				Not timed.

Fourth Run, Boothbay to Camden, Aug. 26.—Wednesday's race was a short one, the light breeze blowing from the north, the wind was light, first N.E. and later S.E. The times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer.....	9 54 01	2 59 04	5 05 03	5 05 03
Mayflower.....	9 55 00	3 16 09	5 21 09	5 19 04
Eneone.....	9 53 02	3 22 50	5 29 48	5 22 46
Sea Fox.....	9 55 00	3 31 39	5 36 39	5 35 31
Peerless.....	9 55 00	3 31 39	5 36 39	5 35 31
Gossoon.....	9 49 27	3 21 54	5 35 27	5 36 27
Cinderella.....	9 50 00	3 25 10	5 35 10	
Sayonara.....	9 49 23	3 28 00	5 38 37	

Sayonara went on the wrong side of Old Man Ledge, being obliged to return and pass it on the proper side, thus losing a good lead. The wind fell so light after the race that the fleet only made Owl's Head, anchoring there at night. The 10 miles to Camden were run on Thursday morning in a light breeze, the weather being unpleasant.

Fifth Run, Camden to Bar Harbor, Aug. 29.—The last run of 60 miles, from Camden to Bar Harbor, was made under racing conditions, with a strong N.W. wind, but none of the schooners raced, by mutual agreement. The race was proper, from Camden to Bass Harbor, 35 miles, had but three starters, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cinderella.....	8 32 15	12 53 36	4 21 21	4 21 21
Sayonara.....	8 31 19	12 58 13	4 26 54	4 24 41
Gossoon.....	8 32 21	1 11 12	4 38 51	5 25 49

Volunteer was first prize, \$250; Mayflower second, \$150; and Gossoon third, \$50, while of the singlestickers Cinderella won \$150, Sayonara second and Gossoon third, the amounts being \$250, \$150 and \$50.

THE CORINTHIAN MIDSUMMER SERIES—1891.

ALTHOUGH this year for the first time a Goelet cup has been won by a yacht under the 70ft. class, such an event is altogether exceptional, and the victory was won by the Corinthian Y. C. Goelet cups, being by right only to yachts of the larger class. With the increase of racing in the classes under 53ft. two other annual events have come in to provide races for them; both of which, like the Goelet cup contests, are generally rated as far ahead of the usual matches and club regattas. The annual sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, sailed each year off Newport at the termination of the New York Y. C. cruise, has in the three years since it was established become one of the leading racing events of the year; while the similar races of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, following a week or two later, rank beside it in importance. Coming as they do at the end of the season, when the entire fleet is at its best and the rivalry is most keen; sailed over good courses and offering a permanent record from year to year, they are the most popular of the summer events, and are to a great extent looked to for a final summing up of the season.

While the Corinthian Y. C. of New York holds but one race, the Marblehead club has adopted a series of three as being even more interesting to the contestants, and giving a more conclusive result. This year the principal prize was a \$200 cup, but in addition a \$100 cup was offered to the individual winner in each race. The dates finally set were Aug. 27, 28 and 29, the course being the 24-mile triangle off Marblehead, with Marblehead Rock, the Graves Whistling Buoy and the Eastern Y. C. seamark for its angles, each leg being 8 miles; the course to be sailed one way or the other according to the wind; yachts in no case passing to the westward of Tom Moore's Rocks, Hinker's Island or the buoy on the Outer Breaker off Pie Rock, and the race to be sailed under the management of the regatta committee of the Corinthian Y. C. Messrs. Geo. C. Adams, Geo. A. Stewart, W. P. Fowle, Geo. W. Mansfield and W. Keith, with Messrs. Daniel Appleton, W. N. Merriam, Geo. W. Mansfield and L. Whitcomb as judges.

For two years the races have been open to the 40ft. class, but this year as a matter of course the 46ft. was chosen, all yachts of the class being eligible. Every effort was made by the committee to secure a full entry of the whole class, and in particular to get Gloria in, but without success. Mr. Morgan positively declined, as he has determined to race the yacht no more this season. Nautilus, Jessica and Uvira did not go round the Cape, Sayonara sailed off with the Eastern Y. C. fleet on its cruise, and but five yachts started. These were Oweene, with some repairs and alterations after racing at Newport; Beatrix with a larger mainsail, Barbara, Mineola and Alborak. The latter boat had recently had a new sternpost put in, the keel being lengthened 8ft. on the after end, thus decreasing the rake of post, while the rudder had been altered and her lead has been changed, the result on the whole being a decided improvement.

First Race, Aug. 27.

Thursday morning was cold, rainy and foggy, with no wind, but by 9 A. M. a light breeze sprang up, and shortly after the steam yacht Melita, loaned by Mr. C. S. Eaton to the regatta committee, summoned the yachts and ran out to Marblehead Rock. It was decided to sail the off-shore leg first, thus making a reach to the sea mark, a second reach to the Graves and a beat home. Three minutes were allowed for crossing the line, the preparatory intervals being 15m. The first whistle sounded at 10:45, the actual preparatory at 11:05 and the start at 11:15. All the yachts carried clubtopsails and had balloonjibtopsails in stops. Alborak, however, having her No. 1 jibtop sail. She was sailed by Com. Fowles, while Mr. Foster steered Barbara, Capt. Barr, Oweene, Capt. Harry Haff, Mineola and Capt. Crocker, Beatrix. Alborak broke out her jibtop sail with the gun and went over in the lead on port tack, Mineola following close and at once starting a luffing match. Barbara was a minute later, while Oweene and Beatrix, each trying to start last, were handicapped, the one 9 and the other 55s.

The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alborak.....	11 00 14	1 00 35	1 00 21	1 03 00
Mineola.....	11 00 14	1 00 35	1 00 21	1 03 00
Barbara.....	11 01 12			

There was wind enough to drive the boats at a fair pace against the tide, and Barbara at once laid her course straight for the mark, leaving the other two couples to bother each other. Her jib was set in stops, as on Mineola and Oweene, but Beatrix and Alborak had jibs drawing. The fog soon thickened, but Barbara still held a straight course, Mineola, Alborak and Beatrix all overstanding. The first mark was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barbara.....	12 00 28			
Alborak.....	12 00 47			
Mineola.....	12 01 23			
Oweene.....	12 02 09			
Beatrix.....	12 03 27			

Barbara made a blunder at the turn in lowering her ballometer and setting her No. 1 after jib, losing time in shifting to the big sail again when she realized the error. Alborak shifted her No. 1 for a ballometer, while the other three merely jibed their ballometers for the second leg. When Barbara was finally in shape, Alborak was on her weather, but she began to work away from the big boat. Just astern were Mineola and Oweene, the latter being to leeward. As she worked out from under Mineola to cross, Capt. Haff began to luff, and for a time the two had it hot and heavy. This gave Beatrix a chance to catch them, and she, too, was busy with Oweene trying to pass her; Mineola in the meanwhile leaving the pair. Barbara was steered as well on the second leg as on the first, hitting the mark to a nicety and rounding with a lead of over 2m. on Alborak, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barbara.....	1 09 13	1 08 45		
Alborak.....	1 11 30	1 10 43		
Oweene.....	1 12 47	1 10 38		
Mineola.....	1 13 04	1 11 41		
Beatrix.....	1 17 03	1 13 36		

The windward leg was sailed with rather more wind, especially inshore, where Barbara, Oweene and Alborak looked for it. On this leg Oweene pulled up on Barbara, but was unable to catch her; the finish being timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barbara.....	3 11 14	3 12 01	2 02 01	
Oweene.....	3 13 53	3 12 06	2 02 06	
Alborak.....	3 19 31	3 12 09	2 02 49	
Beatrix.....	3 19 52	3 12 08	2 02 01	
Mineola.....	3 22 26	3 12 09	2 09 22	

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barbara.....	11 01 12	3 11 14	4 10 02	4 06 30
Oweene.....	11 03 00	3 13 53	4 10 53	4 08 24
Beatrix.....	11 03 00	3 19 52	4 16 52	4 12 21
Alborak.....	11 01 14	3 19 31	4 18 17	4 15 19
Mineola.....	11 00 35	3 22 26	4 21 51	4 18 22

Although the conditions were unsatisfactory, the race was a fair one, Barbara winning on her own merits, but for a course of the lot, while she moved very fast. The wind and smooth water favored Alborak, but she made a very poor showing beside the leaders. Mineola did very poorly, besides losing time in the frequent luffing matches.

Barbara wins \$100 and one leg for the cup.

Second Race, Aug. 28.

On Friday morning the wind was shifting about from the south, and the inshore leg, to the Graves, was finally selected as the first one. The yachts carried clubtopsails, the wind being moderate. The start was given at 11:15, Alborak was just at the weather end of the line, crossing within 5 seconds on port tack, but tacking offshore at once. Mineola was on the lee end of the line in company with Beatrix and Oweene, Beatrix on port and Oweene on starboard tack. Mineola crossed at 11:25:25, and Beatrix came close astern, nipping to get by the mark, when Oweene's bowsprit struck the boom of Beatrix, the latter boat crossing the line, wearing and making a circle around the mark; recrossing the line. Oweene, with a protest flag flying, continued her course. Barbara was minding her own business, crossing the line alone. The start was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alborak.....	11 15 05	11 16 44		
Mineola.....	11 15 26	11 17 36		
Oweene.....	11 15 41			

Alborak held well off shore, the rest working close to Marblehead Neck and along by Swampscott. Barbara parted her bowsprit when off Lynn Harbor, and a few minutes later Mineola met with the same mishap. Barbara lost some time in repairing damages, but finally proceeded, Mineola giving up. Alborak had done well thus far, leading the inshore boats when they came together, but Beatrix gradually passed her, taking the lead, while Oweene marked the second place before the mark was reached. The times at the Graves were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrix.....	12 37 19	1 19 43	12 48 33	1 31 49
Oweene.....	12 38 02	1 22 21	12 50 19	Withdraw.
Alborak.....	12 39 40	1 24 35		

Running out to windward and making a wide turn, Beatrix started sheets for a reach to the second mark, setting a No. 2 jibtop sail. Oweene doing the same, while Alborak carried only the clubtopsail and lower sails. With more wind in the middle of the leg, jibtopsails came in, Oweene setting hers again as the wind fell near the second mark, while Beatrix set a baby. The times at the E. Y. C. buoy were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrix.....	1 33 11	2 55 32	1 32 26	0 56 46
Oweene.....	1 34 05	2 58 03	1 49 43	0 55 32

After jibing, spinnakers were set to port and the last leg was nearly covered under a moderate breeze, when a very severe rain-squall struck the fleet. The wind was less severe than it promised to be, the yachts carrying topsails through the squall and another still harder one, after which came a calm with fluky airs now and again. The finish was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrix.....	2 58 40			
Oweene.....	2 58 50			
Alborak.....	3 02 17			
Barbara.....	3 02 17			

Barbara had held on well for two legs but finally went to leeward of the finish line and was not timed. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrix.....	11 17 36	2 58 40	11 54 31	3 39 31
Oweene.....	11 15 41	2 58 50	11 49 09	3 41 35
Alborak.....	11 15 05	3 02 17	11 47 12	3 47 12
Barbara.....	11 16 44			
Mineola.....	11 15 26			

The Cherry Diamond Y. C. gives one leg for its cup to the winner of this race, Beatrix, she also taking the \$100 prize for first boat, with a leg for the Corinthian cup.

Third Race, Aug. 29.

Saturday was the finest day of the three, being clear with a strong and puffy N.W. wind. All carried clubtopsails as they came for the line at 11 A. M., the course being the same as on the preceding day, to the Graves first. Alborak made another fine start, while Mr. John B. Paine, the starter, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alborak.....	11 00 16	1 00 40	11 01 36	1 01 36
Mineola.....	11 00 40	1 01 00	11 01 50	1 01 50
Barbara.....	11 01 21			

The wind was abate the beam on the first leg, with all on starboard tack, all but Alborak carrying balloon foresails, she having working foresail set. Jibtopsails were carried, Oweene and Mineola setting intermediate sails, while the other two carried the smaller ones. Beatrix passed Barbara and Mineola on the reach, and turned almost even with Alborak at the Graves, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alborak.....	11 54 17	1 54 01		
Beatrix.....	11 54 31	1 54 01		
Mineola.....	11 54 46	1 54 06		
Oweene.....	11 55 17	1 53 27		
Barbara.....	11 56 00	1 54 43		

Although spinnakers were set to port after the jibe this did not prevent a hard luffing match between Alborak and Beatrix, the latter easing in her spinnaker and luffing out to the north of her course. Alborak, Mineola and Oweene were together for a time after this, but Alborak finally dropped the two, and took the northerly course after Beatrix, where both found more wind, the other three getting it very light for a time. When the E. Y. C. buoy was reached the leaders had pulled off a long piece on the other three, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrix.....	1 10 00	1 15 29		
Alborak.....	1 10 31	1 16 14		
Mineola.....	1 15 50	1 20 13		
Oweene.....	1 16 09	1 20 52		
Barbara.....	1 16 17	1 21 04		

The last eight miles were to windward in a light breeze. Beatrix started away from the fleet and soon left them minutes astern. Alborak had trouble with her jibtop sail, which suddenly grew too long for her in the N.W. wind, and finally she let it out in, finishing under lower sails only, the wind being quite fresh inshore. The last leg was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrix.....	2 34 39	1 24 39	2 49 37	1 33 20
Alborak.....	2 44 50	1 34 39	2 49 35	1 33 45
Oweene.....	2 47 45	1 31 39		

The full times were:

SIPPICAN Y. C.—Fifteenth open regatta, at Marion, Aug. 26. Courses—First and second classes, from judges' yacht, leaving S. E. ledge and Nye's ledge buoy on starboard, to judges' yacht

CLASS CHALLENGE CUPS.

The regatta committee of the New Haven Y. C. has lately decided a very interesting case arising from a protest made in the annual regatta of July 8. The following letters give all the details of the question:

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 7, 1891.

To the Regatta Committee of the New Haven Y. C.:

GENTLEMEN—I hereby protest the decision awarding the Warner cup to the yacht Stranger.

First, As the yacht was placed in the class only for the day and race, and therefore cannot win a prize that the yacht winning it must hold subject to challenge from yachts in her class for a year.

Second, The Wanda cannot challenge for the cup as by your decision it is held by the Stranger, a yacht in a lower class and under the rules of the New Haven Y. C. a yacht cannot go down in a lower class.

Respectfully yours, CHARLES R. WATERHOUSE.

The decision is as follows:

At the annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C., sailed July 8, 1891, in division C, class 4, the Warner challenge cup was awarded by the judges to the yacht Stranger. From the decision of the judges, Charles R. Waterhouse, owner of the yacht Wanda, appealed to the regatta committee, alleging as his reason for the same that as the Stranger was placed in class 3 only for the day and race, therefore the yacht could not win a prize that she must hold, subject to challenge, from yachts in her class for one year; and claiming that the Wanda cannot challenge for the cup because, by the decision of the judges, the Wanda cannot go down in a lower class for that purpose.

On the morning of the regatta, no yacht having appeared in division C, class 4, to compete with the Stranger, her owner, Mr. J. W. Macauley, gave due notice to the regatta committee and judges that he would enter his yacht in class 3 of that division, under the provisions of the regatta and sailing regulations, and in the first page of the book of 1890, under the heading of "Challenge," he entered a race of a larger class by assuming the time allowance and minimum measurement of the larger class. In accordance with this notice the Stranger sailed in class 3, her time was taken, her allowance figured, and she was declared by the judges winner in that class, and entitled to the first prize in that class, from which decision no appeal has been entered.

The judges in accordance with the rules and regulations governing challenge cups, class 1, page 18, of the book of 1890, provided that the yacht making the best standard time in her class at the annual regatta shall be the winner in the class, further awarded to the Stranger the Warner challenge cup. From this decision Mr. Waterhouse appealed for the reasons above stated.

The regatta committee, after due consideration, affirm the decision of the judges. The Stranger entered class 3 in accordance with the regatta and sailing regulations of this club, and fairly and regularly won the first prize in that class. No one questions this fact. The rules and regulations governing challenge cups, rule 7, provide that the regatta and sailing regulations of this club shall apply in challenge regattas, cup regattas, matches and races, except as otherwise provided in those special rules and regulations. This rule, we believe, clearly provides that the Stranger, having regularly entered class 3 for one purpose, regularly entered for all purposes, and that having won the first prize in the class she entered, she is also entitled to the challenge cup awarded to that class.

The Stranger having regularly entered class 3, and having won the challenge cup awarded in that class, she now holds the cup and must defend it against all challenges of yachts in class 3 in accordance with the provisions of the rules and regulations governing challenge cups.

The Wanda and other yachts of class 3 will not be obliged, as Mr. Waterhouse alleges, to go down into a lower class to compete with the Stranger for the cup, but the Stranger upon challenge will be obliged to accept the minimum time allowance of class 3, just as she did at the annual regatta.

The regatta committee have caused this decision to be entered upon its records, and have forwarded a copy to Charles R. Waterhouse.

Dated at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 10, 1891.

WM. A. FOSKETT, JR., } Regatta Committee.
L. A. ELLIOTT, }
FRANK P. TYLER, }

YACHTS AS DUTIABLE MERCHANDISE.

WHEN the cutter Madge, brought from Scotland to New York on the deck of a steamer in 1881, was finally sold to American owners, she was appraised as a manufacture of wood, and duty was paid on her, we believe 35 per cent on her nominal value, she being an old boat. In the case of other small yachts imported by steamer afterward, Uldia, Delynn, Circe and Siona, the same course was followed, and in default of any specific tariff, total exclusion by the Treasury Department with cargoes. Until the past year there has been no thought of interference with the larger yachts which have sailed over on their own bottoms, and no duties of any kind have been imposed upon them.

The first intimation of a change of policy on the part of the Government was given in the report of the Commissioner of Navigation for last year, in which a correspondence was had with the collector of all yachts of foreign build, as well as for the imposition of onerous charges and restrictions on yachts of American build and ownership, was outlined and warmly recommended. Though the proposed bills presented in this report were not passed last year, a very strong opposition being met from yachtmen, the same influence has been at work, compelling the documenting of American yachts hitherto exempt and striving in every way to prevent the use of foreign built craft. The effort to collect light dues, which if successful would have loaded the yachts with prohibitive charges at every port, proved a failure, the tax being declared illegal in the recent decision of Judge Benedict. Undeterred by this failure, Commissioner Bates and Assistant Secretary Nettleton have started on a new tack, the nature of which is shown by the following letter:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.
COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SIR—The question as to whether the yacht Conqueror which was purchased in England by Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt and brought into the port of New York, shall be regarded as a dutiable importation having been referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury, that officer, under date of 14th inst., advises this department that said yacht is, in his opinion, liable to duty under the fair intendment of the Tariff act.

You will accordingly take the necessary steps for the appraisement of said vessel for duty and the assessment and collection of duty thereupon according to law.

The question as to the liability of said yacht for tonnage tax should be referred by you to the Commissioner of Navigation, under synopsis 6,466.

Respectfully yours, A. B. NETTLETON, Assistant Secretary.

As yachts are not included in the tariff schedule of the new McKinley bill, the Conqueror has been classed as a "manufacture composed wholly or in part of iron and steel," the duty on this class being 45 per cent. Her cost in England was \$77,750, which would make the duty \$35,387.50.

Mr. Vanderbilt learned of the above letter through the daily papers last week, and on Aug. 26 sailed from Newport to New York in order to bring the matter to a settlement. On Thursday morning he visited the offices of his lawyers, Messrs. Root & Clarke and in company with Mr. S. B. Clarke called upon Collector Fassett at the Custom House. The Collector requested Mr. Vanderbilt to make a voluntary declaration of the entry of the yacht as dutiable merchandise, which he declined to do, on which he was informed that if such entry was not made by 2 P. M. the yacht would be seized by the Custom officers. No entry being received by that hour, two inspectors were despatched to Stapleton, Staten Island, where they boarded the yacht and took possession without opposition.

Mr. Vanderbilt on Sept. 1 filed a libel against Collector Fassett, and began suit to recover the yacht, with damages for her seizure and detention.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C.

THOUGH but four years old, the Lake Champlain Y. C., of Burlington, Vermont, will rank in point of numbers with many of the older clubs, its roll including no less than 237 active members. The club house, situated on the harbor at the foot of one of the principal streets, is a very large and well-arranged building, with meeting room, toilet room and a large boat room on the first floor, where the members and guests are for dancing, ladies' rooms, kitchen, and outside a wide balcony on the fourth floor, from which a beautiful view of the lake may be had. The fleet numbers 52 yachts, 33 being steamers, from Com. W. Seward Webb's fine steel yacht Elfrida, of 112 ft., down to the smaller sizes of launches. The annual regatta was held on Aug. 21, and in spite of bad weather was a most complete success, so far as the entertainment of the large number of members and guests was concerned. The day was rainy, with half a gale blowing, so that some of the competitors were unable to reach Burlington, decreasing the starters. A great feature of the occasion was the canoe racing, the club very generously inviting the entire camp of the American Canoe Association, at Willsborough Point, opposite Burlington. A special steambot was sent over in the morning at the club's expense, bringing the canoeists to the club house and returning them late at night. During the day the house was thronged with ladies, a lunch being served at noon; and in the evening a grand ball was given.

The two sailing races came off in the afternoon for classes 1 and 3. In the former but two yachts started, Nautilus, a handsome Burgess 40-footer, built on the Lake, and Burlington, a 37 ft. sharpie. Nautilus, owned by Mr. Horton Hickok, won by over 40 m., the course being 10 miles. The third class race, over a 6-mile course, resulted as follows:

	Elapsed.
Alpha, J. C. Witherbee	34 20
Eleanor, J. G. Whiteside	30 04
Beetle, W. Seward Webb	38 50
Madge, W. S. Phelps	39 02

The third race was for steam yachts, with 4 starters, as follows:

Missisquoi, Dr. W. S. Webb, Shelburne	1 04 21
May, Capt. Longstreet, New Jersey	1 04 54
Growler, F. H. Wells, Burlington	1 04 54
Startled Fawn, Ed. Hatch, New York	1 04 54

The prizes were all very elegant, but the ladies' challenge cup, won by Nautilus this year for the third time, is a specially handsome trophy, a large silver punch bowl, costing \$500, presented by the ladies of the club.

After the yacht and canoe races several rowing races were held. The officers of the club for 1891 are: Com., W. Seward Webb; Vice-Com., W. A. Crombie; Pres., J. Gregory Smith; Fleet Captain, D. W. Robinson.

THE BANGOR CORINTHIAN Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that you have published the lines of Iota, built by Fife for Mr. A. S. Matier, of the Bangor Corinthian Club. I was over there during the summer of 1889, and right pretty racing there was. Fife built four boats, and for sail, stiff cut, side by side, and every Saturday through the season they were manned by Corinthians, and it was nip and tuck all the time and the crews were smart. According to my recollection the boats were rigged as sloops and not cutters. I know they had no topmasts, I believe only one head sail. They were very narrow, and to one who was used to the broad boats of American waters, the only thing when aboard was just to sit still and hold on tight. I see that some measurements, but I do not think you are right; my recollection is that Iota was 30 ft. over all, and though by the plans she has 6 ft. of beam, I never would have thought it. They were three pretty boats, finished to perfection and well sailed.

The Bangor Corinthian Y. C. has made some good sailors. Everybody who comes in, be it he or she, is rated as "boy" until hot this camp makes a long splice, as they say, and they know the rules of the road at sea and various elementary bits of seamanship. Then, having passed a formal examination by duly appointed officers of the club, he or she, as the case may be, is ranked as "ordinary seaman," and on further qualification in a boat under way, got a red "star" imprinted on his or her certificate.

Water came the degree of "able seaman," and then that of "mate." Only able seamen could vote and mates were alone eligible to office.

You say that Fife built four boats for the club this year, and that they are sailed with "simple lug mainsails and jibs." You may be correct, but I think that they are rigged with a jib, a balance lug, trimmed down flat with a downhaul to the keelson, and a favorite with the member of this club. The fishermen in that part of the world are very fond of a dipping lug, with a loose foot on a mast raking away forward—but the Corinthians never took to it.

By the way, I am glad to see how the yawl rig is growing in favor. In 1882 I spent the summer at Sheephead Bay, and I there sailed about the first yawl in these waters, with a good big main, and a favorite with the member of this club. This morning when I went down for my usual vetting, there were two fair-sized yawls, and also a cat yawl. I've always had an idea that the latter is about right—that is with a heavy gooseneck that can be set up forward to carry a spinaker boom, which could be used as a bowsprit as well.

PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y.

[Our measurements and descriptions were correct in both cases. The new boats have but two sails, jib and ordinary lug mainsail.]

THE MOSHER LAUNCH NORWOOD.

BUT little has been heard of the new launch Norwood, designed by C. D. Mosher for Norman L. Munro and built by W. K. Pryor, of Boston, in 1889, since she came to New York last summer and was docked at Wintringham's to prepare for a trial trip. This trial, as it happened, was by no means satisfactory, and the yacht has since been overhauled and somewhat altered, the engine, by Rixey & Cowley, of Brooklyn, and the hull, by W. A. Seaman, of Branchport, N. Y., the concrete run having been filled in. On Aug. 19 the Norwood made another trial trip, meeting the twin screw steamer Monmouth, of the Sandy Hook Line, off Bay Ridge, and beating her easily to the dock at the Horsehoe, on the Hook. The Monmouth is probably the fastest steamer on the Bay, being good for over 20 knots, and she was quickly left astern by the little launch, but no accurate times of the latter were taken, though it is claimed that she made over 27 knots.

The Norwood was designed to make thirty miles an hour, and to that end her construction was made as light as possible, while she was provided with very powerful engines. Though built in Boston the work was carried on with the utmost secrecy, the shop being hermetically sealed, with every crack and knot hole caulked tight, the only keys being in the possession of the designer and the builder. The hull is 63 ft. long, 7 ft. 3 in. beam, 1 ft. 6 in. draft, and displaces nearly 8 tons. The keel is made of steel girder, the frames are of steamed oak, 1 1/4 in. square and spaced 8 in.; the planking is of mahogany, the inner skin of 3/16 in. and the outer one of 1/8 in., with a layer of canvas between. The plank fastenings are phosphor bronze screws. The engine is a triple compound, cylinders 9, 14 1/2 and 22 by 9 in., designed by Mr. Mosher. The shaft and also the connecting rods are hollow, the bore of the latter containing sticks of lubricant. The boiler is a modification of the Thornycroft type, with two steam drums in place of one. It is 7 ft. 3 in. long, 6 ft. wide and 3 ft. 6 in. high. The grate surface is 29 sq. ft.; the weight is 2 1/2 tons, while the engines weigh 1 ton. A Sturtevant blower is used for the draft, operated by a small independent engine. Mr. Mosher is now at work in connection with Mr. M. R. Gardner on the designs for a larger and faster steam yacht.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—The regatta of the Savin Hill Y. C. on Aug. 23, for cash prizes, was sailed in a fresh and variable N. W. wind, on Dorchester Bay, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fanny, E. P. Sharp	22.02	1 23 06	0 57 38
Ustane, S. N. Small	not meas.	1 20 28	...
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegeland	not meas.	2 24 08	...

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peri, Frank Driscoll	18.11	1 21 30	0 53 27
Caprice, R. W. Bird	19.11	1 24 57	0 57 06
F. P. W. F. Scott	19.11	1 25 10	0 58 12
Siko, F. A. McInnis	19.08	1 28 28	1 01 14
Avis, I. H. Odell	Withdraw.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marchioness, C. H. Hodges	16.01	1 23 26	0 51 52
Flourie, W. H. Besarick	16.06	1 25 03	0 54 04

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marigold, E. D. Gay	14.09	1 26 33	1 00 14
Tantrum, S. N. Small	Withdraw.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ripple	14.00	0 41 40	0 27 15
Triton, A. Horton	13.00	0 41 36	0 28 35
Rambler, Jr., G. Thayer	13.00	0 53 40	0 45 39
Kyle, E. R. Robinson	12.00	0 59 40	0 45 58
Hoodoo, P. F. Christie	12.06	0 53 43	0 40 12
Cadet, Jr., F. Longstreet	12.00	0 52 30	0 38 48
Spook, S. M. Pierce	12.00	...	Withdraw.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fancy, James Gray	8.00	0 53 30	0 35 17
Little Marchioness, W. Hodges	8.00	0 54 30	0 38 19
Bobby, F. R. Robinson	8.02	0 54 55	0 36 40
Scamp, Jr., A. Nute	10.11	...	Capsize.
Siko, Jr., A. R. Macurdy	Withdraw.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C. CRUISE.—The Massachusetts Y. C. fleet will rendezvous off Thompson's Island Buoy Sept. 5 for a three days' cruise. First and second prizes will be given for sloops and schooners for each day's run. The runs will be: First day, Thompson's Island to Marblehead Rock; second day, Marblehead, out and around Half-way Rock, to Gloucester; third day, Gloucester to Boston. A meeting of the club will be held at Rowe's Wharf on Friday at 8 P. M.

PROVINCETOWN Y. C.—On Aug. 29 an open race was sailed off Provincetown in a fresh N. W. breeze, the winners being Ariel in first class and Alice in second.

OUT OF COMMISSION.—The schooners Palmer and Cavalier have already laid up.

FALL RIVER Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.—The annual open regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 15 in a strong N. E. breeze, the times being as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shark, A. E. Austin, Providence	2 38 43	2 38 10
Fancy, C. F. Lyman, Newport	2 41 06	2 41 06

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jesse, John Dixon, Fall River	3 15 31	3 12 55
Hattie, G. B. Pearce, Fall River	3 03 30	3 03 30

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emilie, J. P. Holmes, Providence	2 57 32	2 53 40
Surprise, J. M. Cotton, Providence	2 57 54	2 53 32
Hector, E. C. Stetson, Providence	Disab.	...
Harvest, Edward Hathaway, Fall River	3 17 15	3 13 35
Four Brothers, J. Richardson, Newport	3 14 08	3 10 52
Nellie, G. H. Ebbert, Fall River	3 15 20	3 15 20
Addie, Geo. Hendle, Fall River	3 13 18	3 08 10

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gladya, J. A. Foster, Shawmouth	2 04 36	2 01 10
Khedive, Ben Davis, Providence	1 56 31	1 56 31
Alice, S. Sharp, Jr., Nyatt	1 57 51	1 54 45
Olive, Fahy Bros., Fall River	1 58 14	1 56 04
Boneta, J. B. Parker, Quisset	1 55 35	1 54 57
Victor, E. V. Bowen, Providence	2 00 02	1 59 19

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scud, H. B. Emerson, Jamestown, N. I.	3 05 03	2 04 19
Unkown, Elmer Young, Swanzee	2 02 15	1 58 36
Ashante, Dr. Geo. Pillsbury, Mattapoisett	2 01 57	2 01 57
Zanita, F. P. Johnson, Fall River	2 11 12	2 11 05
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Mattapoisett	1 57 14	1 56 37

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dido, M. Considine, Fall River	2 31 13	2 25 39
Feodora, Frank Autaya, Fall River	2 09 51	2 09 51
Mattie, J. M. Dean, Fall River	2 13 51	2 11 11
Molecul, T. E. Wood, Fall River	2 45 20	2 30 34
Marie Louise, George Simons, Fall River	2 12 32	2 12 32
Elsa, W. S. Wood, Fall River	2 23 06	2 21 30

Hector was leading in her class when she was disabled and withdrew.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET, FIFTH REGATTA, AUG. 22.—The fifth regatta of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was sailed on Aug. 22 off Larchmont, the courses being: For classes 1, 2 and 4, from buoy anchored opposite Larchmont Club house, around spar buoy on west end of Execution Light, around Matinecock Buoy, leaving all buoys on port hand, to finish, 13 miles. The course for all other classes was from the same starting line, around Execution Reef and black spar buoy on Constable Reef, leaving buoys on port hand, thence to finish, 7 miles. The chief feature of the day was the race in the first class for the club's subscription trophy between the two 25-footers, Needle and the Wetmore boat, and the Clapham boat Chippewa. The wind was moderate from the S. W., the first leg being to windward, Chippewa gaining 39 sec. on the Wetmore boat. From this out the two sailed very evenly, but Chippewa was finally disqualified for going inside the Hen and Chickens Buoy, giving the Wetmore boat the second leg for the cup, which must be won three times. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chippewa	1 40 00	4 45 12	Disqualified.	...
Needle	1 40 00	4 49 01	3 09 01	3 09 01
Nameless	1 40 00	4 45 21	3 05 21	3 05 21

SECOND CLASS.				
Brenda.....	1 40 00	5 09 39	3 29 39	3 29 39
Nora.....	1 40 00	5 18 25	3 38 25	3 38 25
Thora.....	1 40 00	5 07 15	3 27 15	Not meas.

Inora.....	1 40 00	5 07 15	3 27 15	Not meas.
FIRST CLASS CATBOATS.				
Dot.....	1 40 00	4 58 14	3 36 14	3 36 14
Cupid.....	1 40 00	5 25 46	3 45 46	3 45 46

Cupid.....	1 40 00	3 25 40	3 45 40	3 45 40
SECOND CLASS CATBOATS.				
Skralling.....	1 40 00	3 44 45	2 04 45	2 04 45

QUINCY Y. C. CLUB RACE, AUG. 22-23.—The club race of the Quincy Y. C. on Aug. 22 was also made a race for the championship in the third class, in place of a previous race in which all the yachts sailed the wrong course. The wind was strong from S. W. The times were as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	2 00 36	1 32 16
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.11	2 03 32	1 39 28
Adolph, Henry Moebis	22.07	2 15 25	1 47 30

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vision, George Crane	19.06	1 52 45	1 25 20
Helen, R. W. Sawtell	19.11	1 56 41	1 29 43

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Freak, G. F. Marbury	15.07	1 56 02	1 23 47
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning	16.10	1 56 35	1 26 03
Bess, W. C. Cherrington	17.03	1 56 12	1 26 11
Mab, John Shaw	16.00	1 59 34	1 27 54

Freack wins the cash prize and the leg for championship, subject to protest. Mr. W. H. Shaw acted as judge. Flora Lee parted her peak ballards when she was in the lead and fell to second place. In Aug. 25 the sail off for first and second classes took place, the result being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	25.00	1 44 09	1 18 30
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 55 00	1 26 40
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.11	1 53 47	1 29 43

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idler, F. L. Dunn	20.06	1 38 32	1 12 10
Madge, Thayer & Poor	19.11	1 39 37	1 12 39
Erin had a good lead when she broke a peak ballard block, the delay making her last boat. The judges were W. H. Shaw and George Paffman.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. 53D REGATTA, AUG. 22.—The 53d regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed in a light S. E. wind on Aug. 22, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mildred	36.09	2 13 30	2 13 20
Saladin	37.00	2 20 25	2 20 25

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie	23.06	3 21 10	...
Ione	...	3 41 19	...
Moodyne	...	3 44 33	...
Alyone	...	3 45 00	...

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Triad	...	3 43 18	3 16 18
Countess	...	3 43 58	3 24 58
Lorita	...	3 48 45	3 28 25
Gretchen	...	3 44 00	3 29 00
White Wings	...	3 38 43	3 38 43

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hornet	25.05	1 38 30	1 38 36
Kraken	25.06	1 43 10	1 44 10

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge	22.02	1 41 50	1 38 54
Memento	23.01	1 45 25	1 45 25
Warrior	22.09	1 58 30	1 57 02
Tomcat	...	4 48 25	...
Nerena	...	2 09 00	...
Delphine	...	2 25 00	2 22 45

Mildred, Susie, Hornet and Madge take first prizes and legs in the championship; Triad wins first prize in special class, Countess second and Lorita third; Memento wins second prize in fourth class.

YORKVILLE Y. C., Aug. 23.—The club regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was sailed in a moderate S. E. breeze, the times being:

	Length.
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NEWARK Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, AUG. 24.—The Newark Y. C. is one of several suburban clubs which have taken rapid growth within a very short time and have attained an enviable degree of prosperity. The club has now a large and handsome house on Newark Bay at Bayonne, with wharf, floats and a good anchorage for its large and growing fleet. The club course is on Newark Bay, while a sail of a few miles brings the yachts to New York Bay or by Staten Island Sound to Raritan Bay and Sandy Hook. The ninth annual sweepstakes regatta of the club was sailed on Aug. 24 in a strong but variable wind with heavy squalls, bringing disaster to a number of the yachts. The course was from off the club house, around the red spar buoy off Passaic Light, then around a stakeout off the Central Railroad draw-bridge, and home; two rounds making 10 miles. The start was made at 12:30, with 18 starters, but the violent squalls caused a number to withdraw. Galawater and Essex capsized, Our Own lost her mast, and Lizzie B. damaged her centerboard. The times were:

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS, 27FT. AND UNDER 32FT.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seybolt.....	31.03	12 35 40	2 22 30	1 46 34
Alex Forsyth.....	29.09	12 35 50	2 27 30	1 51 40
Emmy C.....	31.06	12 35 40	Withdrew.	

CLASS 4—JUNIOR MAJESTIC BOATS, 25FT. AND OVER.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Leader.....	22.04	12 45 00	2 41 55	2 56 55
I Thought So.....	21.11 1/2	12 45 00	2 47 40	2 00 40
Our Own.....	24.00	12 45 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS 6—CABIN CATS.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ripple.....	22.06	12 37 30	3 07 45	2 30 15
Elk.....	22.10	12 39 00	Did not finish.	

CLASS 7—OPEN CATS, 20FT. AND OVER.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pauline B.....	22.07	12 45 00	2 46 15	2 30 15
Lizzie B.....	21.11 1/2	12 50 00	Did not finish.	
Torment.....	20.01 1/2	12 50 00	3 12 30	2 20 30

CLASS 8—OPEN CATS—17FT. AND UNDER 20FT.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ges So.....	18.05	12 50 00	3 17 51	2 27 51
Shore House.....	19.08	12 49 37	3 20 45	2 31 08
Triton.....	18.15	12 50 00	Did not finish.	

CLASS 9—OPEN CATS, UNDER 17FT.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dove.....	14.08	12 50 00	3 41 09	2 51 09
Galawater.....	16.02	12 46 30	Capsized.	
Maggie P.....	16.02	12 50 00	Withdrew.	
Essex.....	16.09	12 49 36	Capsized.	

The regatta committee included A. F. Adams and W. Penn Freeland. The judges and timers were Chas. T. Munn and Phillip Lumbreyer. The Seybolt won the special prize for the best time over the course.

HULL Y. C. RACING RUN, AUG. 29.—The Hull Y. C. had a fine run of Saturday from Hull to Marblehead in a fresh N. W. wind, the times being:				
SPECIAL CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Helen, J. J. Mulcahy.....	39.11	2 09 27	1 45 11	
Böhemian, H. P. Smith.....	48.00	2 07 00	1 47 46	

FIRST CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Hypathia, E. F. Linton.....	34.02	2 25 00	1 56 47	
Albatross, J. J. Henry.....	34.02	2 26 50	1 58 14	

SECOND CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper.....	27.11	2 10 29	1 35 36	
White Fawn, A. E. Jones.....	25.01	2 15 20	1 36 58	
Mariposa, A. D. Crowell.....	20.00	2 15 37	1 38 25	
Camilla, F. C. Welch.....	30.04	2 15 23	1 43 10	
Vashti, J. C. Stetson.....	30.40	2 17 00	1 44 19	

THIRD CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Swordfish, H. L. Johnston.....	24.07	2 14 30	1 35 28	
Moodyne, W. H. Shaw.....	24.08	2 17 45	1 38 50	
Elite, E. B. Rogers.....	24.11	2 17 46	1 39 11	
Posy, R. G. Hunt.....	22.08	2 21 50	1 40 03	
Montezuma, E. G. Curry.....	22.01	2 25 48	1 43 10	
Echo, Burwell & Isham.....	24.05	2 23 43	1 44 33	
Clyde, J. T. Green.....	20.01	2 32 05	1 49 09	
Vandal, H. W. & E. K. Friend.....	22.01	2 30 04	1 47 26	

FOURTH CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Madge, W. H. Thayer.....	19.11	2 25 26	1 39 12	
Maggie, H. G. Orlis.....	19.00	2 29 25	1 41 30	
Egeria, Francis Ware.....	19.11	Withdrew.		

Albatross lost her topmast. Swordfish won the special cup in her class. The visitors were very hospitably entertained by the Corinthian Y. C., sailing next day for Hull.

STATEN ISLAND Y. C., AUG. 22.—The regatta of the Staten Island Y. C., sailed off Stapleton on Aug. 22, was quite a success for the new club. The courses were from a line between the club house and a stakeout anchored to the eastward in the Bay, then to and around Swash Channel bell buoy, thence to Buoy 14, off Bay Ridge, and finishing over the starting line; 15 miles. For sloops between 20 and 25ft. and the catboats of the same length, to and around Quickstep bell buoy, thence to Buoy No. 14, and then to finish; 12 miles. The wind was moderate, and from the south. Mamie G. fouled the Quickstep buoy and was nearly capsized. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS 25FT. AND UNDER 32FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Gael.....	1 59 00	5 16 17	3 16 04	3 16 04
Nan.....	2 35 00	5 16 17	3 15 42	3 13 09
Sterling.....	2 01 00	5 16 28	3 15 28	3 11 04

CLASS B—CATBOATS 25FT. AND OVER.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Hector.....	1 58 45	5 11 04	3 12 19	3 12 19

CLASS D—SLOOPS 20FT. AND UNDER 25FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Henrietta.....	2 07 24	4 53 44	2 46 20	2 46 20

CLASS E—CATBOATS 20FT. AND UNDER 25FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Tarpon.....	2 06 50	Did not finish.		
Mamie S.....	2 06 50	5 06 42	2 38 55	2 36 27
B. Q.....	2 07 10	5 06 42		
Mamie G.....	2 07 28	4 59 16	2 51 48	2 50 21
Any.....	2 07 23	4 48 30	2 41 02	2 37 23
Dannebrog.....	2 07 37	4 50 03	2 42 26	2 36 34

The regatta committee included Com. Matt Taylor, Jr., C. Y. Van Duser and A. Gordon.

WINTHROP Y. C. 2D CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 22.—The second championship of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed over the regular course in a light S.W. wind on Aug. 22, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.				
Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Auk, A. A. Martin.....	18.05	2 41 00	1 34 45	1 04 05

THIRD CLASS.				
Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Maggie, H. W. Hyde.....	19.00	2 41 00	1 32 51	1 02 54
Marion, Chesterton & Dever.....	19.03	2 41 00	1 51 04	1 22 15
Harriet, L. H. Harrington.....	20.03	Withdrew.		
Mattie G., W. A. Garrett.....	18.05	2 41 00	1 51 33	1 20 53

FOURTH CLASS.				
Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Modoc, D. W. Belcher.....	15.08	2 46 00	1 07 58	0 45 01
Scud, L. S. Weston.....	17.02	2 46 00	1 00 40	0 45 09
Mischief, E. S. Belcher.....	16.08	2 46 00	Withdrew.	
Gracie, C. B. Belcher.....	16.04	2 46 00	1 11 15	0 49 35

The judges were Messrs. A. E. Cook, Chas. Waggott and Willard M. Bacon.

DORCHESTER Y. C. 2D CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 22.—The second championship race of the Dorchester Y. C. was sailed on Aug. in a light and variable east wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Montezuma, G. E. Curry.....	22.11	2 36 21	2 01 52	
Mudjekerwis, W. P. Whitmarsh.....	25.05	2 37 04	2 05 27	
Ustane, J. F. Small.....	22.00	Withdrew.		

SECOND CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Memento, J. F. Small.....	20.10	1 49 54	1 23 51	
Scamp, H. F. Nute.....	18.05	Withdrew.		

THIRD CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Cadet, J. F. Longstreet.....	16.08	1 47 22	1 18 36	
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning.....	16.11	1 52 03	1 21 37	

Scamp sprung her mast and Ustane missed a buoy in the course, afterwards giving up when she discovered her error. Judges—Herbert A. Burr, Alfred W. Day, Fred Sughrue.

HEMPSTEAD BAY Y. C., AUG. 29.—The first annual regatta of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was sailed on Saturday over a 12-mile course, the wind being light S.W. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS OVER 24FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Brooklyn.....	2 52 32	5 15 27	2 22 55	2 22 55
Windward.....	2 55 57	5 31 33	2 35 36	2 34 46
Beatrice.....	2 52 01	5 40 49	2 48 48	2 45 42

SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS OVER 19 AND UNDER 24FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Eloise.....	2 54 01	Withdrew.		
Lillie S.....	2 56 56	5 35 23	2 38 27	2 37 24
Dream.....	2 52 34	5 42 18	2 49 44	2 48 18
Adele.....	2 52 58	5 38 12	2 45 14	2 42 56

THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS UNDER 19FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Sweetheart.....	2 54 59	5 44 38	2 49 39	2 49 39
Boneta.....	2 53 02	5 40 50	2 48 48	2 48 19
Elise.....	2 50 12	5 45 04	2 48 52	2 48 19
Gus B.....	2 52 56	5 44 42	2 51 46	2 49 02
Salvator.....	2 55 22	Withdrew.		

The regatta committee included Messrs. I. R. De Nye, W. Glover and W. E. Clowes.

PISCATAQUA Y. C., AUG. 29.—The sixth regatta of the Piscataqua Y. C. was sailed on Saturday off Kittery Point, Me., the courses being 14 and 7 1/2 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Frolie, Stephen Decatur.....	25.02	51 25		
Clyde, Jacob Wendell, Jr.....	24.10	1 53 31		
Mabel, George Witham.....	26.07	1 57 25		
Triphosa, Charles S. Drown.....	26.10	2 06 46		
Dolphin, George Wadley.....	22.02	Not taken.		

SECOND CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Marion, Charles Bailey.....	15.06	1 09 48		
Winifred, Fred Bradbury.....	17.00	1 05 29		
Aurora, P. T. De Normandie.....	17.04	1 05 51		
Sagamore, T. O. Marvin.....	21.00	1 07 16		
Nellie, W. T. Turner.....	19.04	1 08 27		

Frolie has four legs, taking the cup in first class. Sagamore, with two legs, takes the cup in second class.

CORINTHIAN NAVY, AUG. 29.—The postponed regatta of the New York Bay Squadron was sailed on Saturday off Fort Hamilton, the times being:

CLASS A—OPEN CATBOATS, 22FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Nankit.....	2 25 17	4 58 15	2 32 58	2 30 36
Ges-so.....	2 28 30	5 06 59	2 38 29	2 33 56
Sea Gull.....	2 26 05	Did not finish.		

CLASS B—OPEN CATBOATS, 18FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Dove.....	2 25 06	5 39 34	1 11 34	1 05 04
Jeannetta.....	2 29 56	4 00 26	1 30 42	1 28 04

CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS, 16FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.	
Irex.....	2 28 20	3 47 06	1 18 46	1 18 46
Bessie.....	2 25 36	3 51 48	1 26 12	1 24 52

The regatta committee included P. C. Sus, C. F. Hicks and A. H. Gardner.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C., 138TH REGATTA, AUG. 27.—The 138th regatta of the Massachusetts Y. C., for Classes 5, 6 and 7, was sailed on Tuesday, there being no starters in Class 5. The wind was light S.E., and the times were:

SIXTH CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Maggie, H. G. Orlis.....	2 28 57	Not meas.		
Perit, Frank Driscoll.....	2 29 18	Not meas.		

SEVENTH CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Scamp, C. H. Nute.....	2 18 00	Not meas.		
Mirage, L. M. Clark.....	19 04	2 23 10	2 04 03	
Psyche, F. Gray.....	19 11 1/2	2 24 49	2 05 49	

The judges were James L. Robinson, H. L. Whall and H. Davenport.

PLEON Y. C. CLUB RACE, AUG. 26.—The postponed race of Aug. 5 was sailed on Wednesday last, but three boats starting. Composite was on hand, but had no competitor so did not start. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.		
Crusader, A. M. Brown.....	2 50 00	4 56 00	2 06 00	
Banjo, J. T. Taylor.....	2 50 00	4 11 45	1 21 45	
Midge, H. Jackson.....	2 50 00	4 13 35	1 23 35	

LAUNCH OF THE HALF MOON.—On Aug. 22 the new auxiliary yacht built by the Gas Engine and Power Co. from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. James A. Roosevelt, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., was launched from the company's yard at Morris Dock, on the Harlem River. The Half Moon is a comfortable

LACHINE BOATING AND CANOE CLUB.

THE annual regatta of the Lachine Boating and Canoe Club, formed this spring from the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club and the Lachine Boating Club, was held on Aug. 22, at Lachine, near Montreal, the entries being numerous and the races very well contested. The paddling was done with single blades entirely. A number of the Canadian canoe men went down from the A. C. A. meet to witness or take part in the races. Mr. Archibald won the open canoe sailing race, while Mr. Muntz came in second in the single blade paddling. Mr. Ross paddled this race standing on the gunwales of his canoe. Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood again won the championship tandem cup, in a canoe designed by the former. The summary of the races is as follows:

Open canoe sailing race, championship cup, three miles:	
C. E. Archibald.....	1
H. Routh.....	2
C. Robin.....	0
C. Routh.....	0
Boys' single scull, 17 years and under, half mile with turn:	
Elliott.....	1
Baby.....	0
Tandem canoe race, green, one mile with turn:	
Coopers' crew.....	1
Sewells' crew.....	2
Davidson's crew.....	0
Holland's crew.....	0
Amos's crew.....	0
Barlow's crew.....	0
Morris's crew.....	0
Single scull race, one-half mile with turn:	
J. Higginson, Pointe Claire.....	1
T. Stewart, Lachine.....	2
Tandem canoe race, championship cups, to be won three times by the same crew, one mile with turn:	
G. H. Duggan and F. Shearwood, Lachine.....	1
C. Routh and H. Routh, Lachine.....	2
A. Morris and A. Irving, St. Lambert.....	0
J. G. Ross and G. S. Lowe, Valois.....	0
Boys' double scull, 15 years and under, half-mile and turn:	
Baby and Rawlings, Lachine.....	1
Saunderson and Kirby, Beaconsfield.....	2
Double race, one mile with turn:	
Paradis and Elliott, Longueuil.....	1
Higginson and Claxton, Pointe Claire.....	2
Fisher and Thompson, St. Lambert.....	0
Irving brothers, St. Lambert.....	0
Canoe race, single paddle, championship cup, to be won twice, half-mile with turn:	
Percy Taylor, Lachine.....	1
W. Muntz, Toronto.....	2
W. G. Ross, Valois.....	0
Punt race, boys 13 and under, 200 yds. with turn:	
C. Davidson.....	1
F. Shackell.....	2
P. Rawlings.....	0
C. Lemesurier.....	0

Canoe race, four paddles, half-mile with turn:	
H. Routh, C. Routh, F. Fairbanks and Davidson.....	1
P. Taylor, H. Baby and Mussen brothers.....	2
G. S. Lowe, A. Ross, J. G. Ross and Paten.....	0
Boys' tandem canoe race, 17 years and under, half-mile with turn:	
S. Davidson and Munson.....	1
C. Stewart and A. Small.....	2
W. Levin and H. Baird.....	0
R. Baby and H. Baby.....	0

War canoe race, 15 paddles, half mile, with turn:	
Lachine crew, black—G. H. Duggan, F. Shearwood, A. Shearwood, J. Routh, C. Routh, H. Routh, T. Stewart, F. Stewart, T. Howard, P. Taylor, F. Fairbanks, W. Shackell, P. Davidson, C. E. Howard.....	1
Irving crew, red—Geo. Auldjo, Mussen Brothers, Morris Brothers, Irving Brothers, McCallum, S. White, P. Rawlings, Shaw and Donnelly.....	2
Single canoe, standing on gunwale, 200 yds. with turn:	

FIRST HEAT.	
W. G. Ross.....	1
P. Taylor.....	2
L. Davidson.....	0
A. F. Ross.....	0
Mussen.....	0

SECOND HEAT.	
S. Davidson.....	1
L. Levin.....	2
P. Rawlings.....	0
A. Routh.....	0
W. Levin.....	0
Amos.....	0

FINAL HEAT.	
W. G. Ross.....	1
L. Levin.....	0
P. Taylor.....	0
S. Davidson.....	0

Four-oared race, club, Dixie vs. Lachine, half mile straight-away:	
Dixie crew—J. W. Routh, A. W. Sherrwood, —Nash, L. B. De Vebe (stroke).....	1
Lachine crew—F. Fairbanks, T. Howard, A. Dawes, T. Stewart (stroke).....	2
The officers of the day were: Judges—Judge Davidson, A. J. Dawes, J. W. Grier, A. W. Morris, J. G. Monks and R. F. Meredith. Starter—S. P. Howard. Timekeepers—R. J. Ross and C. H. Gwill. Clerks of the Course—S. Jackson, T. Stewart and J. H. Stewart.	

ONE FOR THE CANOE.—"The mystery of the missing yacht, which capsized in the lake opposite Bronte, as reported in the Star, on Sunday evening, in sight of several persons, has been explained by the crew, who are Torontonians and had reached land in a canoe."—Toronto Star, Aug. 22.

THE PASSAIC RIVER RACES.

THE three leading canoe clubs of the Passaic River, the Orange, Arlington and Ianthé, whose houses are close together at Woodside and Arlington, have arranged a series of three regattas to be held on Saturday and Monday next. The first will be that of the Orange C. C. at West Arlington, on Saturday at 2 P. M., the programme being as follows: Paddling, any canoe; sailing, senior; sailing, juniors; club four; sailing and paddling combined; sailing, maneuvering and upset; paddling, senior; paddling, juniors; paddling tandem, canoes 20m. beam or over; hurry-scurry and upset; Passaic River trophy cup. The regatta committee includes Messrs. G. Manley, A. Crawford and J. M. Lowden.

The regatta of the Arlington C. C. will be held on Monday at 9 A. M., the programme being: Paddling; paddling tandem, decked; paddling tandem, open; paddling, club; paddling and sailing combined; hurry-scurry and upset; sailing upset; sailing, Tournament. Swimming.

In the afternoon, starting at 2 P. M., the regatta of the Ianthé C. C. will be held with the following programme: Sailing, record event. Sailing, juniors, record event. Sailing, man overboard. Sailing, upset. Paddling, open canoes, single blades. Paddling, juniors, decked sailing canoes. Paddling, decked sailing canoes. Paddling tandem, open canoes, single blades. Paddling tandem, decked sailing canoes. Club fours, open canoes, single blades. Club fours, decked sailing canoes. Paddling, any canoe. Hurry, scurry. Paddling, upset. Tournament. Swimming.

The regatta committee includes Messrs. H. S. Farmer, G. P. Douglas and P. W. Hart. All of the races will be under the A. C. A. rules, and open to members of other canoe clubs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. W., Victoria, B. C.—An argument has arisen between two gun clubs as to the proper reading of the following rule: "Position at the score.—After the shooter has taken his stand at the score, he shall not level his gun or raise the butt above his elbow until he calls 'pull.' Should he infringe on this rule the bird or birds shall be scored as lost, whether killed or not." Now the question is this, must the whole butt of the gun be below the elbow? Ans. Yes, the entire butt must be below.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Naniti," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

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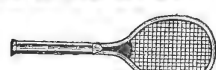
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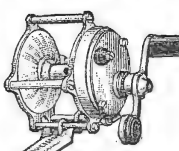


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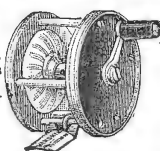
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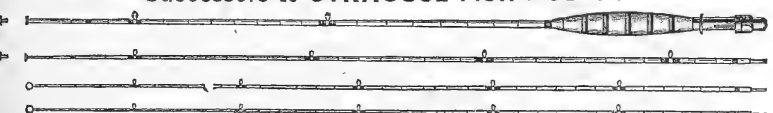
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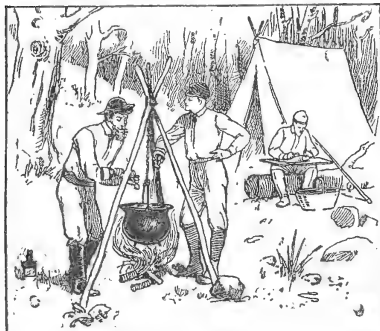


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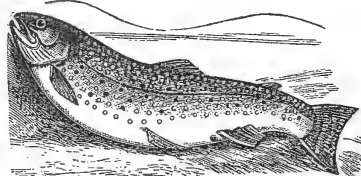
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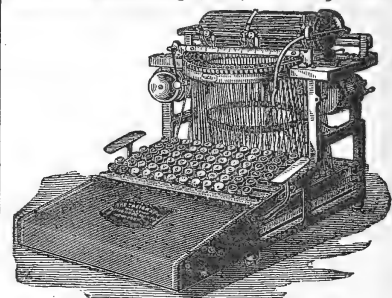
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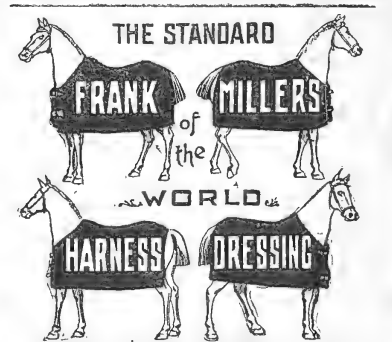
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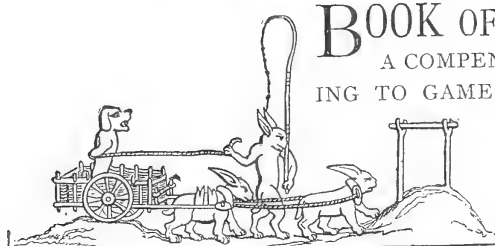


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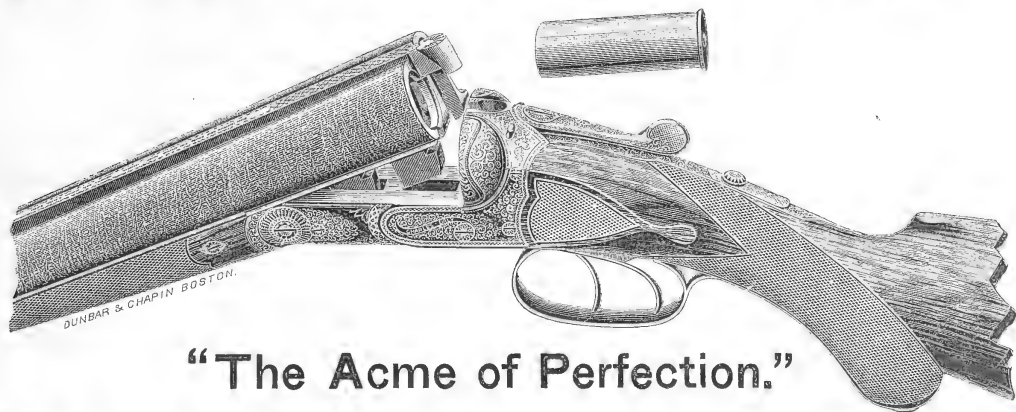
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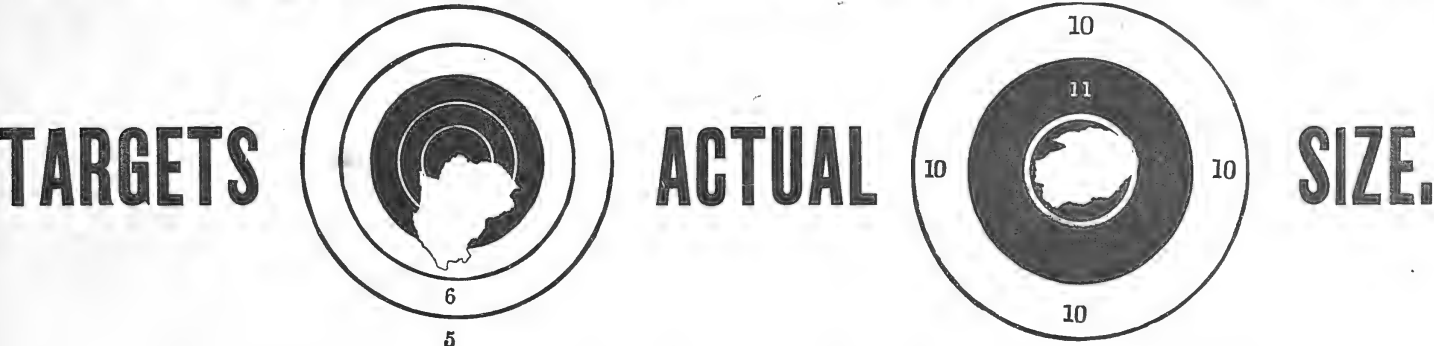
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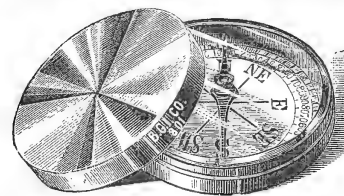
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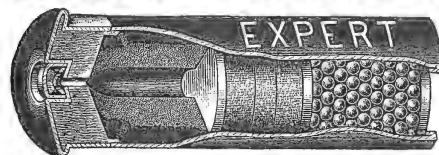
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1891.

{ VOL. XXXVII.—No. 8.
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price for single copy \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. Rates for clubs of annual subscribers:

Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.

Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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ALEWIVES IN LAKE ONTARIO.

PROF. CHAS. S. DOLLEY, of the University of Pennsylvania, who is at the head of the Marine Biological Laboratory, Sea Isle City, N. J., to which we referred in our issue of Aug. 20, has expressed the opinion that the excessive mortality among alewives in Lake Ontario, is probably due to their habit of abstaining from food during the spawning season, combined with the long journey from the sea against the current of the St. Lawrence. This involves the assumption that the alewives migrate annually through the whole course of the St. Lawrence river—an assumption which lacks satisfactory proof. Through correspondence with Mr. J. F. Whiteaves of Montreal, and the late Prof. J. W. Dawson, who wrote from Little Metis, Quebec, we learned that the alewife is rarely found in the lower river, and Prof. Whiteaves stated that he had never seen living or recently caught specimens from the Province of Quebec. Even at Metis the fish appeared only as stragglers and very rarely. Prof. Dawson also had never heard of the occurrence of the alewife at Montreal. This correspondence was received long after the first appearance of the alewife in Lake Ontario. The alewives disappear from their usual haunts in Lake Ontario in the fall, it is true, but it is believed by many persons that they go into the deeper water of the lake. The small size of these alewives would strengthen the theory that they are permanently landlocked, few of the individuals reported and examined by us exceeding 8 or 9 inches in length. In Cayuga and Seneca lakes, New York, the alewife has made its way naturally, and is now landlocked and dwarfed in size. Great mortality occurs among them in both of these lakes. We do not state positively that the alewife does not ascend the St. Lawrence from the sea, but merely say that the evidence so far received is opposed to such a theory. It seems to us more likely

that the rapid and alarming decrease of lake trout, pike, muscalonge and other predaceous fishes, which feed upon the alewife and similar helpless species, will better explain the comparatively sudden and enormous increase in the number of alewives.

CREEDMOOR, 1891.

THE annual meeting of the National Rifle Association just closed was not one of the popular gatherings which in past years made the fall meetings on the Long Island range such notable occasions. There was a good list of matches with most meagre prize list, yet fully as much as the Association officers feel warranted in offering. There were enough enthusiastic riflemen present to make it no easy task to get into the winning line, and the scores run high enough to show that those who shot were riflemen of no mean caliber. None of the matches went begging entirely, though all along the column it would have been more encouraging had large fields of contestants appeared.

Not a single protest was entered at any stage of the meeting, and this most telling indorsement of good management deserves to count in favor of the directors who had the meeting in charge.

There was only one incident of the meeting which one might wish erased from the record. This misfortune was the seeming inability of the Washington team to take defeat gracefully. That the visitors from the National Capital were beaten clearly and distinctly upon their merits, and that the New Yorkers won the Hilton and Inter-State matches by sheer ability as shots admits of no possible doubt.

The matches were conducted entirely according to the programme, and every possible chance was accorded the men from the South to carry back the honors of victory with them. They did not do so simply because they were "not in it" as shooters with the New Yorkers. They came to the range in anything but good form. The campaign of the preceding few days at the New Jersey range of Sea Girt had used them up in a shooting sense to such an extent that close observers as early as Tuesday were positive in their opinion that the New Yorkers would win the important team matches. The visitors shot vigorously during the several matches, but did not display any great winning powers.

On the range they made loud complaint that the New York State team were using special arms. There was no secret about this. For years these barrels have been in the hands of the better shots of the New York State Guard. In fact the Iliion armory makes no other at present. They have a quick twist and consequently require a harder bullet, enabling a higher initial velocity, with a larger charge of powder. The arm has been authorized by the State authorities and so comes within the regulation; and as for ammunition, there was no requirement of factory-loaded ammunition to be used in the match shoot. All these facts were within reach of the Washington men, also the fact that there is a special Springfield arm of the 6-groove variety which they might have used if they did not. On this point we are not informed, but will be surprised to learn that they did not use the officers' Springfield arm. As for the ammunition, if the team used the Frankford Arsenal output, they had very good stock, much better than the usual grade of factory-filled loads. If now they lay the blame on the ammunition, it only goes to show that there was neglect to have special loads ready for so important a match. The New York State loading was done in the regimental armories, the bullets seated as usual, and the ammunition shipped to Creedmoor and knocked about the range. If not crimped up to the machine-loaded cartridges from the official U. S. arsenal, they were crimped entirely within the requirement as to seating of bullet and transportability. Finally the growl of irritation over defeat comes down to abuse of the poor markers in the pits, who like drowned rats in a hole were not having a very pleasant time of it. They did, however, raise the colored disks enough for the score to be properly kept, and they did mark the shot holes. With glasses noting each shot, the team men did not depend upon the pit marker, so whether he was quick or slow in his movements did not affect the matter at all. If there was an error in the scores the time for correction was at once, before another shot was fired. If no such protest was made and proved, it comes with bad grace to criticise the scores now.

When a team or any contestant goes into a test of ability or strength with a proper spirit, a victory should be greeted with modesty and defeat accepted without complaint. Without this spirit it is better to remain out of competition. Particularly in a military match should this spirit of fair play prevail, and it is specially unfortunate that the Washington men do not show it at this time. They were out of trim somewhat themselves, and below their usual form as excellent marksmen. They met a team particularly strong with such a large contingent of the now victorious Twenty-third shooters in its make-up. To sulk now and talk about refusing future competition is nonsense. The National Rifle Association is still the leading organization of the country, and it should be the proud aim of every local organization to keep it so.

We have no doubt the officers of the N. R. A. would prefer to see visiting teams go away as victors, however much they might strive as New York Guardsmen to keep the honors here. The very fact that New York State can and does put such strong teams in the field ought to make other marksmen anxious to come here and try conclusions, and when a team talks of cutting Creedmoor from its visiting list it simply crawls into a very small burrow and pulls the hole in after it.

GAME PROTECTOR POND.

WHEN the New York Fish Commissioners last October removed Chief Game and Fish Protector Drew, and put into his place Maj. J. Warren Pond, there was a great hue and cry by many well intentioned people who affected to believe—and they may have been honest enough about it—that the cause of fish and game protection in this State had been thrown to the dogs. Inquiry into the reasons for the change convinced us that the Commissioners' action was a wise one, and we expressed the belief that time would demonstrate the wisdom of the step.

Our prediction has already been amply fulfilled. During the first year of service, which will close with the current month, Major Pond has made an excellent record. The year is shown by the records to have been the best in the history of the service with respect to enforcement of the laws, arrests of offenders, successful prosecution of suits, and the amount of fines collected. The work of the entire year is reflected in the record of the last three months—June, July and August—during which period there have been 115 arrests, 51 convictions, \$1,685 collected as fines, and 137 illegal nets destroyed.

The Commissioners report that Maj. Pond has shown himself to be an intelligent, conscientious, vigilant and hard-working official; and under his direction the efficiency of the entire force has been greatly improved.

In one respect it is true Maj. Pond has failed to make a record; that is as a blusterer. He has refrained from beating the bass-drum and blowing the sax-horn. There are good folks who gauge a public officer as they do a calliope, by the concussion produced on the tympanums of their ears. By such people, doubtless, had the protector done less work and made more noise, he would have been esteemed more highly; but the interests of fish and game protection in this State would not have been in the promising condition of to-day.

SNAP SHOTS.

The netters of the St. Lawrence River are having a thorny time. Reports of seizure and destruction of nets set illegally are coming to be almost weekly items of news. The State Game and Fish Protector of the district is ably seconded by the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, a society well deserving the support of summer visitors to that region.

Capt. Anderson, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, has sent in to the Secretary of the Interior his annual report, stating that very few fires have been started in the reservation during the past year, and these were extinguished before serious damage had been done. Game and fish are reported manifestly to be on the increase.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

THE early bird catches the worm; but the man who shoots prairie chickens before the law is up sometimes comes to grief.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AT DAWN.

I STAND alone ere yet the sun has risen,
Within the circle of fair Bedford's park;
The many buildings, sombre as a prison,
Loom through the shadows silent still, and dark.
A single star above the western mountain,
A glittering jewel from the crown of night,
Gleams through the foliage, upon the fountain,
Whose waters sparkle to its silver light.
A soft haze fills the valley, like a veil
To shroud the lustre of the coming morn;
And faint and mellowed, from the southward trail,
A distant clarion, sounds the house-wife's horn.

The robin, earliest of the caroling throng,
Rings out, from swaying maple's lofty crest,
To list'ning mate, his flute-like matin song;
The orchard oriole twitters in its nest;
From yonder deep ravine where hickories grow,
Is heard the gray squirrels' chattering bark;
And the deep murmur of the streamlet's flow
Breathes lulling music, faintly, through the dark.
The small brown hackey from his snug retreat
Beneath the old oak's roots, peers softly out,
And soon are heard his swiftly pattering feet,
And the quick splash of leaping, frightened trout.

From the rich meadows now the risen kine
Begin to low: the frogs sing loud and clear;
The watchman's dog comes close with cringe and whine,
And cheerily crows the distant chanticleer.
A rosy flush lights up the eastern sky;
The bright star fades within the arching dome;
The shadows of the night dissolve and fly:
On noiseless wing the night-hawk seeks his home.
And soon beyond the eastern mountain's side,
Where still the shadows faintly strive to linger,
Up the dark pine the bright sun seems to glide,
Like jewel drawn slowly from an Ethiop's finger.

And as I meditate alone, and far
From those around whose lives my heart-strings twine,
It seems that darkness, shadows, sun and star,
The fast dissolving night, the morn, serene, divine,
Are emblems of that fateful, mighty day
When earthly shadows, doubts, despair,
Shall like this morning's mist be swept away
By the sweet zephyrs of the heavenly air;
When clothed in radiant white, his trump in hand,
Whose golden tones shall sound o'er land and sea,
The Messenger of God by the great Throne shall stand;
Earth's night forever lost in Heaven's eternity.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 17.

P.

NO-MAN'S LAND AND BEYOND.

A MAN who has business to do in a live Western town cannot go on a long hunt often; but one November, not long ago, when the nights were getting cold and the geese were flying south, I could withstand the migratory instinct no longer, and made preparations for a trip, into the Neutral Strip for sure, and further if we should not find good hunting.

To go on a long excursion into a region where you can get no food nor horse feed for a month at a time requires some preparation, if you wish to go in comfort. I first fired old man Price (an old buffalo hunter) with enthusiasm and got him to go with me with his wagon and mule team, on condition that I should buy all the supplies and give him \$10 in addition. He promised to go where I wanted to and stay as long as I pleased. I invited two young men, Hanny and Noah, to go, each to bear a third of the expenses for food and horse feed. So we loaded up and pulled for the south from Cimarron, Kan., where I usually live. Hanny and I were in my heavy buggy with my two hunting horses, Price and Noah in the baggage wagon, loaded up to the bows. I had loaded grain and food into both wagons until the boys declared that I intended to stay away a year; and then put in some more on my own account. Tent and camp stove, lantern, blankets and guns completed the outfit. Nov. 15 we rolled away to the south, with Nigger, my black greyhound, curled up at my feet. He was three years old, half stag, half greyhound, and as fast and good a dog as I ever owned. I had my rifle and also my 10-bore shotgun. The other boys didn't want to kill anything smaller than an antelope, and so took only their rifles. I had also a bad cough which I expected to freeze out on the road.

Starting at noon, we reached a small town named Montezuma by dark, twenty-three miles south. The next day a drive of thirty-five miles landed us at West Plains. The next night we struck Fargo Springs, a town on the Cimarron River, and then we cut loose from towns and started southwest for Dudley's ranch on the Beaver. We drove all day through a desolate country that was at that time still infested by the claim holder, whose dugout appeared at intervals. Toward dark we took possession of a vacant claim house that had a good well and a big stable. There was a stove in the house and we soon had supper. There was no table, and just as we sat down to eat, with the plates on a wagon sheet spread on the floor, in walked a man with a scowl and a big six-shooter buckled on.

"What are you doing here?"

"Eating supper, won't you have some?"

"No, I ain't hungry. What are you doing in this house?"

"Is it yours?"

"No, but I am living about a mile from here and looking out for it."

We finally mollified him and he ate more than any two of us. After he had filled up I asked him if he liked apples.

"Do you mean canned apples, or real honest-to-God apples?"

"I mean green apples."

"You bet!"

I produced the apples, and after remarking that he had not seen any for two years he ate a few, and I made him fill his pockets for his children. He told us to stop when we came back, and said that he was paid for watching the place, but that he knew no one could do any damage

unless they stole the well, but that he had to make a talk for his money.

At daybreak we started, and I decided to strike the Beaver at a three-house town named Optima, as a man named Carter lived there whom I knew well, and I hoped to get information from him in regard to game. About noon we came to two frame houses and a store. This town was in Kansas, on the Neutral Strip line, and the store keeper informed us that we were in the city of Lafayette. He then tried to sell me a corner lot in town, and offered me a block cheap. He had a beautiful map of Lafayette as it would be, with lots reserved for churches, opera house and town hall. He offered me three lots between his store and the opera house for \$325, one-third cash, the balance in six and twelve months. The store was erected and was 12x16. The land was there ready to put the opera house on. It must require a vivid imagination, great faith and some gall to live in such a town and try to sell lots. We got some water at Lafayette and promised to call if we came back that way.

We drove to Pony Creek by dark and camped; had the tent up and everything in good shape inside of fifteen minutes and sat down to a good supper. At daybreak we saw a band of about twenty antelope, and decided to camp a day and try them. The antelope were about two miles away on level prairie feeding. They seemed to be uneasy and watchful and would move around. I tried crawling up to them on two sides, and could not get within a half-mile of them, and finally went back to camp to get something to eat and try another plan. I left Harry in a buffalo wallow as near them as I could get him, with strict injunctions not to move or shoot unless they came within 125 yds. After a cup of coffee I took my gentlest pony, and put on a bridle without the reins, which I put in my pocket. I tied my wooden cleaning-rod to the bit at one end, and took the other end in my hand. I could thus make him walk along with his head up, and I walked in a stooping position on his off side, so as to keep him between me and the antelope. When I found a buffalo wallow I could lie down out of sight of the game and rest a little, for it was very tiring to walk in a stooping position and keep the pony in just the right place. I would tack up a little closer by going diagonally the other way. The wind was from the south. Harry told me afterward that the pony and I looked precisely like a six-legged horse.

I had got within 300 yds., when spang! came a bullet whistling past me; and my horse twitched the rod from my hand and ran to camp. I dropped down, so as to take less chances of getting hit by Harry, and shot three or four times at an old buck that led the gang as they ran toward the south. At the last shot he crumpled up and went down in a heap; and the rest ran over a knoll and disappeared. Harry had one with his hip broken, and in five minutes here came Price and Noah in my buggy, the mules at a dead run, with Price whipping and Noah holding the dog to prevent him jumping out too quick. They drove within 300 yds. of the wounded antelope: Nig jumped up and landed on his head, rolled over and went to work. After a run of half a mile Nig caught him and had him killed before the mules and men got there. I had hit my buck right behind the eye; I meant to hit him in the body, but shooting at a running mark at 300 or 400 yds. one does well to hit it anywhere. Well, we had fried liver and bacon for supper. Every one seemed satisfied, and Noah and Harry made a calculation that if we killed two antelope a day for twenty days, we should have to pull over to the railroad in Texas and ship a ton or so of venison to Kansas City. Mr. Price grunted like an Indian and smoked vigorously, but made no remarks; and we went to bed at 10 o'clock, after several games of seven-up, and slept the sleep of the just. My cough showed no signs of weakening, and Noah made a rude remark to me when I got up in the night to take some medicine, just because I stepped on his foot; but we forgave each other in the morning. Nig was prospecting around in the night away from camp and something ran him into camp just before we went to bed. He seemed scared and stayed in the tent the rest of the night. It was a wolf probably. Big wolves are rather savage and don't fear one dog much. Coyotes are cowards and will run from a dog night or day.

We noticed a big prairie fire north of us in the afternoon, but it was twenty miles away and the wind came from the south, so we did not pay much attention to it when we went to bed; but the wind changed to the north in the night, and when we got up we could smell the smoke and the fire was coming toward us. There was no danger, for we were camped in short grass and could have set another fire and then gone on the burnt ground long before the fire could possibly reach us; but it was easier to hitch up and pull out on the road. We crossed Pony Creek and had not gone far when we saw a band of about 20 mustangs feeding a mile away from the road. They soon saw us and ran to the top of a knoll, with heads up and manes and tails floating in the breeze. They looked as if they were worth \$200 apiece. Mustangs are deceiving things. Get those same ponies in a corral and almost every one is poorly built and scrubby, all the stallions scared up by fighting and the mares cat-hammed, with their manes and tails full of burs. The band finally ran off west and the last we saw of them they were still going.

We came across nothing of interest from there to Optima, except a jack rabbit chase in which Nig carried off the honors and the rabbit too. It was on a level plain and the rabbit ran in a half circle around the wagons. Nig "wrenched" three times and then picked the game up, and never let go till he killed him and fetched him up to the wagon. Harry cut off the ears and put them on his hat, and I think I threw them and his pipe away twenty times during the next month. I found them in the bread box, in our bed, in my cartridge sack. He always seemed to select a place for those cursed ears where hair would get into the grub. And I can almost smell that old briarwood pipe yet.

We landed at the city of Optima, on the Beaver, during the afternoon. It is, or was, in the Beaver Valley, seventy miles west of Beaver City, for which see a good map of Indian Territory. It consisted of two sod stores and two sod houses. The stores did not keep much of anything. Since then they have been run as saloons and I have heard of some interesting fights that the Neutral Strippers and others have had there.

John Carter kept one store, and we camped near and visited with him that night. He did not know much about the game south or west of Optima, but gave me a

good deal of indefinite direction, and I decided to go west about 80 miles to Company M water holes for buffalo. We heard of two hunters that had come down Beaver two days before loaded with buffalo meat and three hides. We reasoned that we stood a chance to find buffalo if they had, and started next morning late.

We saw two heavy teams and four men pass about two hours before we started, and I learned at the store in Optima a few minutes before starting that they were hunters from Springfield, Kansas, and that they said they were going to Company M. So we hitched up and pulled fast to overtake them. We made about 25 miles that day and got to the other hunters' camp that evening and camped with them. We soon became acquainted and passed a pleasant evening. They were well armed with both rifles and shotguns, had several greyhounds, and seemed to be good fellows. They seemed to be disinclined to tell where they were going, and I suppose that they thought the same of us; but to tell the truth, we didn't know and didn't care much. We camped side by side and all ate supper together. One of their number made night hideouts with an old battered French horn. I thought he was an awful fool and was "no good" for a hunter; but he afterward proved to be a nice fellow and a first-class hunter.

We all pulled out at daybreak and drove past Dudley's ranch and had a splendid jack rabbit chase a few miles further on. My dog beat theirs out and out and caught both rabbits.

We got to Lee Harlan's ranch about 3 P. M., and I drove up to the house to ask permission to camp inside his fence so we might turn our horses loose. There was no one at the house and no dogs around. Nig, who went with me, ate a piece of poisoned meat and died in fifteen minutes in spite of all I could do. I almost cried.

The Mexican ranch keeper just then returned, and gave us permission to camp inside the fence. Lee Harlan and his partner came in that night with an outfit of four fine horses, a wagon and three water barrels, camp kit, saddles, field glass and guns. They had been out seven days and had not seen a buffalo.

They had a ranch full of meat, hides and heads, however, that they had killed in the last month. Harlan knew who I was and gave me all the information he could. The men that came down the creek with meat had bought it off him at 9 cents per pound; hides \$6 each, raw hides of course. Buffalo were scarce and wild. There was but little water in the county and he made a practice of filling his barrels and going into a big waterless scope of country south of the Beaver and southwest from his ranch, making a camp, saddling his fast, strong horses and riding the country for miles around. When they found buffalo they ran up to them and killed what they could before their horses ran down; and then one watched the carcasses, while the other moved camp up to the carcasses; and they cut them up next day. They saved meat, hides and heads. A good cow or bull netted them about \$40.

Price and I held a council and decided that, as we had only my horses that were fit to ride, but one saddle (mine), and no water barrels, we had better not try for buffalo. We concluded to pull south for Palo Duro Creek in Texas, hunting on the way, and then decide where to go from there.

It was snowing when we woke up next morning, and we did not move that day. We all hunted on foot in the afternoon, all but Price, who lay and grumbled when he was strong enough. I saw some antelope and managed to kill a small doe after a long crawl that wore the skin pretty thin on my knees; and then went to camp, took the buggy and brought the meat in by dark. W. J. D.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A RECEPTION TO MR. HALLOCK.

IT was a notable tribute which was given by the sportsmen and city officials of Northampton, Mass., on Sept. 5, to the life-work of Mr. Charles Hallock, the founder of FOREST AND STREAM, and the author of at least a dozen sporting books and kindred publications, in which we feel to share, as it were, by a sort of reflected light. Plates were laid for thirty at Barr's popular café, and sea food in great variety was served. An immense salmon stretched its full length across the head of the table, at which Dr. Fay presided, and all along the vista which extended to the lower end, legends were displayed in guide-board fashion among the oysters and soft-shell crabs and bouquets of celery, setting forth some incident of the author's work. "Fishing Tourist" and "Salmon Fisher" were conspicuous. Satin souvenirs, embellished with an appropriate vignette of fish, game and sporting equipments, and inscribed with a list of titles of the author's books, were laid before each guest. The Mayor and chief city officials, and the representative professional and chief business men of Northampton were present, all of them interested or identified with various lines of *al fresco* sport. Mr. Hallock gave them a cursory review of sport and sporting literature during the past twenty years, showing how a taste for these things had developed until the climax had now apparently been reached; deprecating the absorption of extensive areas by a few favored persons of wealth to the exclusion of the old habitués of the streams and woods; and alluding very pointedly to the rivalry which fifteen years ago had divided sentiment on the subject of game protection and conservation of species until the result was a heterogeneous and unintelligible code of laws with little game to hunt or preserve; so that as a matter of feral economy we were not now a whit in advance of 1876, with a good deal of irreparable mischief done in the interval. An informal chat and pipes followed this address, and the party broke up at 11 o'clock after three hours of solid enjoyment. The whole menu and entertainment was happily conceived and put in motion by Mr. Coll H. Gere, editor of the Hampshire Gazette, assisted by Mr. Harris, chief of the Gazette Publishing Company. The Gazette is a journal which has been running considerably more than a century without once getting out of gear, having been transmitted through three generations of that name.

The Pine Tree Club of Northampton is one of the oldest in New England, having a life-history of more than a quarter of a century. Chief of Police Maynard is its president. It is the nucleus of sport in Hampshire county. It has a trout preserve of the most suitable water and environment, and is likely to attain a high degree of success in trout culture under the best approved methods which it employs.

THE BIG BUCK WE DIDN'T SHOOT.

In June, 1886, it was my privilege to recount to your readers the story of the big buck that we killed in Carberry Swamp. In my journal for April, 1890, I find an additional chapter with the above heading. I must request that the drawing herewith be received as an historical document compiled from the latest and best authorities and therefore quite the most reliable extant representation of the creature.—ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

WE all know him well; his existence is established now as surely as that of the sea serpent or the big fish that got off the hook. Even better, for many of us have seen him in broad daylight and had a fair open view of his noble form. And what a creature he is, what a paragon of size and development. One observer that had an exceptionally good look at him, counted twenty-seven times on each antler, and such antlers! sculptured bronze with gleaming ivory points, absolutely symmetrical and perfect, in every way befitting his immense stature and noble beauty. I am sure it cannot be that he shed them above once in twenty years, if at all. Another equally reliable historian asserts that this Woodland Kraken has three antlers, the third a spike in the center. So far all is abundantly attested, but I must say that I place but little faith in that story of a chaplet of pearls about his brow; it was simply the knotted bead-like antler-burrs, white and polished, and glistening perhaps with the morning dew; while the crucifix in the middle, that has been reported, is nothing more than the spikehorn above referred to.

I expect to learn some day that he casts no shadow, for this I certainly know, that oftentimes he leaves no track behind him in the snow. His speed, too, is marvelous, it is as the wind; he seems—nay, he actually is ubiquitous. Why! I first met him in the woods of Ontario, then shortly afterward I encountered his scornful gaze amid the sandhills of Manitoba. I have heard for certain of his having been seen in the canebrakes of Kentucky and amid the valleys of California. Even in England he was well known till quite lately and bore the name of "The White Hart Royal," and in Scotland he is still famous as "The Muckle Hart of Benmore." Nay, more than all this, Saint Hubert himself was blessed with a sight of the tri-cerate head in the forests of Germany, and he in fact is responsible for that story of the central crucifix. The great Münchhausen, too, has much to say about this noblest of deer, and what need have we of further witness?

But it matters little where he dwells, no human hand has ever touched his glossy coat; he seems endowed with a charmed life, no bullet cast of lead can ever reach him. Or course a ball of silver might; I have never tried that, and I do not remember that any Croesus ever went about riddling innumerable bushes with costly projectiles in hopes of securing the Great Stag. I doubt, too, that he would have succeeded, indeed I feel sure that no hunter armed with such infallible missiles will ever meet with St. Hubert's Hart. He is too sagacious to allow it, or, if he did, he would not long remain in sight, he would simply show himself and snort and stamp—I know it, for I have watched him—then fade away, like the Cat in Wonderland, the scornful gaze being the last thing to vanish into thin air. He leaves a good track for a little while, but this, too, fades away completely. Once I followed it for miles, but it disappeared at last in a thickly-grown bottomland, and no doubt the phantom buck himself had vanished at the self same place. An Indian who was hunting with me thought otherwise, and persisted in circling off in another direction, so that we parted, but he was a fool, and when after two or three hours he came again to camp, bringing with him an ordinary buck, I could not but smile to see how completely he had been baffled.

It has never been decided even of what species he is, some testimony points one way and some in another, for my own part I do not believe that he is a species at all, but a genus—genus *Cervus*, nothing more. One recent writer, however, claims that he was an elk, and was known for long in Pennsylvania as "The Lone Elk of the Sinnemahoning," in which valley he was killed in 1867. But that, of course, is all nonsense. No, no! I know too much about him to believe any such tale, you cannot wreck the Flying Dutchman, he still will sail under great billowy clouds of canvas, till the last trump blows and the Kraken lashes all the sea to foam, and belly upward floats to show the end he's come.

No, no! Still he roams and bounds from hill to hill as I have seen and yet may see again. Yea, even now do see in fancy's eye along my glistening rifle barrel—again I see that glorious head against the sky, as often I did—more often in early days than now, for he appears most often to the tyro in the woods—see him give one great bound when cracks the ready rifle, and know from the miraculous way in which the unerring ball was turned

aside that this was indeed the Mighty Stag again, the Spirit of the Race, and that no bullet cast of lead can ever graze his hide—and again he fades away.

Long may he roam and spurn the hilltops with his flying feet and dash the dew drops from the highest pine tops as he clears the valley at a bound; long may he live and tempt a perfect hail of harmless lead. But the rattle of repeaters is heard in every valley now; the wise are more and more often propounding that unfathomable riddle, "Where have all the deer gone?" And when at last the sole remainder of the common race is slain, I know too well that this the immortal, too, will die; that though he never can be touched by death he yet will perish, perish like the last surviving Cambrian bard, not by the hand of man, but by a strange engulfment so complete that not a trace of him will e'er be found again, and but a fading memory of his ever having been. E. E. T.

HER FIRST BEAR HUNT.

IN consequence of the partial failure of the berry crop in our mountains, the bears have lately grown bold



"THE BIG BUCK."

and aggressive, coming down out of the mountains into the settlements in search of food, and considerable trouble has already been given the settlers, while several of the black poachers have lost their jackets.

My daughter, Mrs. Geo. E. Wright, who lives in a somewhat isolated place separated from the Colville Valley by an intervening mountain, and whose nearest neighbor lives one and a half miles distant, was on the evening of Aug. 26 startled by the direful squeals of one of her husband's hogs in the pasture about half a mile from the house.

She was alone with her two little children (one an infant in arms), save for the presence of her little brother of twelve years, and the sun had already set, while the moonlight was darkening rapidly. Taking her absent husband's .40cal. Marlin repeater, and accompanied by her little brother, she hurried down into the pasture, leaving her two babies at the house.

Arrived at the edge of a thicket, she could still hear the dying cries of the unfortunate porker, together with the trampling of the bear in the dense bushes; but the darkness had already grown so deep that in the gloom of the thicket nothing could be distinguished.

Discharging the rifle into the thicket, she endeavored to tempt the robber into the open, but without success; and she finally, and very wisely, concluded to return to the house, leaving bruin alone with his prey.

With the first light of morning she returned alone and surprised the villain at his breakfast. Jumping up, he ran rapidly into the open about 40yds. distant from her, when he stopped, and turning round sat up facing her to get a fairer view of the brave little huntress. The mark was fair, her nerves were steady, and aiming at the butt of his ear (his head was turned slightly sideways) she took a fair off-hand shot and fired. He tumbled at the crack of the rifle, a lifeless heap.

For fear that he might be "possuming," she continued to "pump" bullets into him until five holes were punctured in his black overcoat.

He proved to be a beautiful specimen of about 300lbs. weight, with a splendid coat of jet black hair, except that on the top of his nose, which was yellowish brown in color,

Is not the little lady a true chip of the old block? And may not the proud old block record it? ORIN BELKNAP.

AN ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC.

NOWHERE in the United States can there be found a section of the country better adapted to all kinds of outdoor sport than in southern California, and not the least enjoyable, and destined to be one of the most popular of all recreations, is yachting in the southern waters, Santa Barbara to San Diego. In the land of almost perpetual sunshine outdoor life seems a necessity. Constant and steady winds, and no fear of squalls, together with the many accessible points of interest along shore and the many islands off shore, tempt the amateur sailor to make midsummer cruises in smaller boats with more canvas than would be safe to use on the Atlantic coast.

Last month four professional men of San Diego, all fond of this fascinating pastime, set sail for Santa Catalina Island, 27 miles off the coast of Los Angeles county. The boat, to be our home for a fortnight, was a 24ft. sloop-rigged centerboard yacht, large enough abeam to have a cabin for sleeping accommodations. The Daphne was built for safety and comfort as well as speed. Leaving San Diego Bay, passing the bold promontory of Point Loma that guards the harbor, a course was laid for Santa Catalina Island, 71 miles northwest. After two days' beating against a westerly wind, Santa Catalina loomed up about 30 miles dead ahead, looking like a faint white cloud high above the horizon; on our beam appeared another cloud, which gradually outlined itself into San Clement's Island, where the now famous Itata is supposed to have taken arms and munitions of war from an American schooner, for the use of the Chilean insurgents. These islands rise from the sea as if peaks of immense submerged mountains. The highest of the many peaks of Santa Catalina is over 2,000ft. above sea level.

Next morning our anchor was dropped in the little bay of Avalon, a small settlement of tents and cottages which dot the sides of the steep hills encircling the tiny harbor of the island. Boom! sounded the Daphne's salute, fired from a heavily-charged shotgun, that awoke the echoes among the surrounding cliffs like the report of a ten-pounder. Our yacht looked small, indeed, alongside the larger yachts that enlivened the scene. And when our two-hundred-pound captain crawled out on the bowsprit to furl the jibs the motion of the boat caused thereby compelled the Judge in the cockpit to overrule the motion instanter. The crew went ashore attired in the only clothes aboard—old ones, protected by pugarees, improvised from handkerchiefs sewed to our hats, and armed with the omnipresent picture-box.

The island is about 22 miles long, about 4 miles in width and extremely rocky, although one may anchor within 20yds. from shore.

The fishing season had opened and the king of the Pacific, the jewfish, was biting freely; sea bass were caught from the wharf. The difference between these fish appears to be one of size only. A photograph of the largest jewfish taken shows it to be 6ft. 4in. in length and tipping the beam at 350lbs.

Many years ago, when Santa Catalina Island was a part of Mexican territory, the Government stocked it with goats for the use of mariners. These animals have increased in number and have lost every trace of domesticity. Hunting wild goats here is rare sport if the hunter be a fair shot and willing to endure the fatigue of a day's tramp over the sugar-loaf peaks of the island. Nothing smaller than a .45 60 rifle is used and one seldom has a shot closer than 200yds.

The ground is almost entirely destitute of vegetation, except in the cañons, where cacti of every variety and thick undergrowth offer shelter for innumerable quail. Here and there a rattler gave us friendly warning of his presence. The few pleasant days were spent cruising around the island, watching the noisy seals and the timid flying fish pursued by its natural enemy the shark, or putting in at the many inviting coves to sleep ashore beneath the stars in this wonderfully dry climate, and the time seemed only too short. Can you imagine a more delectable existence than such life on an island in the blue Pacific? The slight traces of civilization compared with the handiwork of nature here seem like scratches on the side of a mountain, and when the *dolce far niente* life aboard a tight little craft with congenial companions to relieve the monotony of solitude, cares seem light as sea-foam, to be wafted away by the slightest breeze.

The run back to San Diego was made with a free sheet in less than thirty hours. Returning, the troll lines were thrown out and the sport of catching the gamy albuquo, the Spanish mackerel and the toothsome barracuda, sea bass and yellow tails was enjoyed until dark. The

smallest albuquo taken weighed 25lbs., and altogether we hooked and landed 240lbs. of fish. The kelp off the lower coast of San Diego county seemed alive with members of the finny tribe.

Thus ended a most delightful outing of four busy men. Santa Catalina is one of the largest of the group of six islands standing above the level of the Pacific Ocean like patron saints of the southern California coast line. Their names recall the days of the Mexican occupancy of this State, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, Santa Catalina, San Nicholas, San Miguel and San Clemente. J. Z. T.
SAN DIEGO, Cal., August.

Natural History.

ENGLISH PHEASANTS IN AMERICA.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Having reared English pheasants during this summer on a sufficiently extensive scale to be able to form a fair opinion, I unhesitatingly assert that there are no more difficulties to be encountered in their management here than in Europe. I have now over 1,000 as fine young birds from 2 to 3 months old running about in my pens as one could wish to see, which have been reared with no more than the ordinary trouble and expense. I know that the winters here are not too severe for them, as I imported 300 birds last November which had no further protection than an open barn, in which only half the birds used to seek shelter. After all, it is but natural, as their original habitat is just under the snow line on the bleak mountain slopes that stretch across Asia. In fact, I believe they suffer far more from great heat than great cold.

My management of them in no wise differed from the way it is conducted in England, and the birds have prospered well in every respect. Pheasant poulters are certainly delicate for the first two months, but afterward are far more hardy than any fowl. The rearing was carried out under my supervision by men who had never seen a pheasant before, which proves my belief, that with a little general practical instruction, intelligence is far more necessary than experience. I have been most agreeably surprised to see how extremely well the late hatchings have come on, that is to say of eggs put down late in June.

I hope that this most splendid of all game birds will soon be common in our coverts, which a little time and patience will easily effect, for everything is suitable here for their installation. I have heard of efforts in that direction having been made formerly with a lavish expenditure of money and a minute outlay of common sense. Result, general dissatisfaction and despair. I was assured this time last year that the establishment of pheasants in America was a mere chimera. That when imported they would not be able to withstand the rigor of our winters; that when spring returned they would not lay; if they did lay, the eggs would not be fertile; and, finally, if these hatched the broods would quickly die off. I have effectually and conclusively proved the contrary in every particular.

Another remark I have frequently heard made is, that shooting at hand-raised pheasants is pretty much as exciting as potting at fowls in a farmyard. This is a great mistake, for it is impossible, even after generations of confinement, to eradicate the wild nature of the pheasant. With every week their innate desire for liberty grows stronger, till at two and a half months old they are fully as quick on the wing and as chary of intrusion as their wild-reared companions. I feel sure that it only requires the fact to be well known that pheasants can be as easily reared for shooting here as in the old country, to make every lover of sport eager to add them to the list of the natural game birds of his State. I shall be always happy to give all the information in my power to any inquirer.

VERNER DE GUISE.

MAHWAH, N. J.

CHEN ROSSII IN MONTANA.—In October, 1890, Mr. John Sinclair, of Great Falls, Montana, killed a specimen of this rare goose, which he preserved and still has. Mr. Sinclair was out shooting with some friends near Benton Lake, about 10 miles north of Great Falls, and saw seven of these little geese resting on the beach of the lake. He attempted to approach them but they rose before he had come near enough to shoot with any prospect of doing much execution. However, he fired at them with heavy shot and succeeded in knocking down one of the birds, which he secured.—GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL (Great Falls, Montana, Aug. 29).

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Are you planning for an outing this summer? Have you ever looked up the famous resorts of the Northwest? It is not an exaggeration to say that the best hunting and fishing grounds in North America are found in the territory tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lake park region in Minnesota affords pickerel, pike, bass and muscalonge; rock bass are found in numerous streams, and deer, elk and bear abound in the forest regions; antelope are found in North Dakota. The Snowy, Bitter Root, Grazy, Rocky and Cascade Mountains are the home of moose, elk, caribou, cougars, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and other large game, while all of the Northwestern States abound in feathered game. Rocky Mountain trout and grayling are caught in the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Clark's Fork and Green rivers, affording unrivaled sport. An interesting pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," can be obtained free on application to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A. of the Northern Pacific R. R., at St. Paul, Minn. Descriptive publications concerning Yellowstone Park, Pacific coast and Alaska will also be mailed on receipt of application, referring to FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!—If you want fine sport and plenty of feathered game, go to northern Iowa. The shooting is excellent and you cannot fail to enjoy the trip. Or if you desire to go a little further, the prairie and lake region of Minnesota is equally good for both fish and game, and the distance not much greater. Both are reached by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, the leading line for sportsmen and tourists between Chicago and the Northwest, as well as the West and Southwest, and a favorite route with all who have traveled over it. Tourist tickets now on sale. For any further information call on or address F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

TWO WEEKS OUT OF PURGATORY.—II.

FRIDAY, Nov. 7.—Ice water and a creosoted towel preceded a 6:30 o'clock breakfast. Having set a trap at the caribou relics, we went over west of ridge, then along on south side through an open grove of spruce planted in mossy ground and filled with wild sweet air. Rounding east end of the ridge, we came back on the north side to the boat. Walked only 10 miles, but were going pretty steadily from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Saw but one fresh track, which was on the north side of the hill. Shot a partridge, but the bullet carried with it everything but the feathers. Mac went to Beaver Bog, and on the way over, just beyond Maple Hill, they heard a deer, hidden by some fallen tops, slowly walk away from them. Later, while watching at the bog, a deer came out across the pond from Will, who, having no rifle, fired two shots with a revolver and snapped it seven times before the animal decided to move on.

Saturday, Nov. 8.—By the time we were dressed rain began falling and it was decided to keep camp for the day. The rain, however, stopped by 11 o'clock and the guides went off to spot the caribou trail, returning in time for lunch. In the afternoon Mac went up the hill from the south side of Mud Pond, while I traveled over the southwest spur of Black Mountain. Both parties had the same luck and returned by half past four empty handed and empty stomachs. Had a chance to observe more closely the peculiar vices of the moose wood, which surpasses in pure cussedness every growth of the forest. The striped moose wood, a straight growing tree, has bark a little lighter in color than the mountain ash, with white streakings in it. But the moose wood shrub of commendable memory, has gray bark, resembling the moose maple. The wood is tough and flexible and the branches spread after the manner of a candelabra in a Jewish synagogue. Owing to its peculiar habit of growth a single shrub will cover more than its fair space of the footstool, and when they cluster thickly, as is usually the case on the top and upper slopes of hills, they administer a continual flogging to the face, hands and legs of the passer through. At this season of the year the full leaf buds of a reddish buckskin color point every twig and serve as snappers. In the economy of nature they seem to fulfill no better purpose than the mosquito and black fly, though perhaps the evil spirits of these little pests winter in the moose wood twig and so keep their cruel instincts alive all the year around. Still-hunting without a soft and quiet footway of snow is a constant tax on every energy and faculty, and in its practice several additional senses could be made use of, not to mention of direction, which a stranger in the Maine woods had better get the loan of if he attempts it without a guide. Beyond the physical labor of carrying a gun over miles of the roughest sort of side hill and swamp there is the added exertion of doing it all without noise. The walking must be on the toes, so far as possible, and every dry stick on the ground must be avoided by the feet, every snapping twig by the legs, and every dead branch by the head and body. Furthermore, the eyes must be always ranging the circle of the woods, and the ears kept alert for any unusual sound, and no time can be wasted in listening to the cracklings due to the wind or to the groanings and squeakings of interlocked trees. An odd sight at noon time when the wind was strongest was the heaving of the forest floor. The spruces and balsams appear to have shallow, wide-spreading roots, and when the trees rock the mossy earth about them rises and falls like low rolling waves.

Sunday, Nov. 9.—Just after daylight the eastern half of the clouded sky showed broad bands of deep rose color, and the top of the hill at the north shone in red-dish illumination, a mixture of golden sunlight and rosy cloud reflection laid thick upon the cedar green of the spruces. At 7 o'clock the sky was still overcast and the west wind brought with it a snowy feeling. The temperature must have been about 28° Fabr., but a mendacious toy thermometer registered over 30°. At 8:30 I started for Black Mountain, while Mac took the buckboard road toward Seven Pond. When we got in the woods the rain and sleet began falling, the wind had stopped, and the flat, frozen leaves made such noisy traveling that we returned to camp. That enemy of every moving thing, the moose wood, was peculiarly discomfiting, and the twigs, snapping against cold ears and fingers, stung as sharp and deep, but luckily not so lastingly, as a guilty conscience. Bundled up with jackets and rubber coats we went out on the pond. The rain froze on the rubber coats, and every motion scurfed off little scales of white ice, giving us the appearance of leprous Hottentots. While exercising it was delicious to breathe the tonic air, but later sitting still in the boat, a minim of alcohol would have been more welcome than the whole valley full of tonic air. By 11 o'clock we were back in camp and guessing how much longer the rest of the party would forego obtainable warmth and comfort. While on the pond it was pleasant to hear the small waves breaking up the edging ice with a metallic swish, and the miniature hailstones which, falling in the water, copied the quiet gurgle of a summer brook.

Now, at noon the wind is blowing gusty and hard, driving the sleet at a thin angle with the earth and rapidly weight to mail-covered hut roofs, trees and everything exposed. Later the sleet changed more into fine hail which, impelled by the still rising wind, cut the face like little splinters of broken glass. By 2 o'clock the weather moderated, and the downfall changed back to sleet and then to driving rain. An hour later Mack returned, having gone south from the one-mile tree and crossed back of Maple Hill. They followed what was called by courtesy an old buckboard road, but a hard experience proved it to be lengthened hagus, long drawn out. The barricaded streets of Paris, during the Commune, were still the streets of Paris, so was this a buckboard road. From the Seven Pond road to the swamp is said to be 14 marine miles, this unit of distance is defined by the natives as being what a well-fed hound will cover before starving to death. From the swamp they came over Maple Hill, stopping for lunch in a grove of mammoth cedars and then followed the Beaver Bog trail to Tim Pond. The boat having blown down the shore Mac

shivered on the bank for half an hour till Will fetched it to him, and then they both rowed, or rather drifted, to camp through a dangerously high sea. After a final drenching as the skiff beached broadside they got to the drying cabin fire. As Mac appeared in the doorway, with slushy leather coat, wet leggings and ice-covered gun, he was the picture of water-soaked happiness. His red face was wreathed in smiles and around the smiles was a brown halo of knitted worsted, the back of the halo being drawn down over the tops of baby-pink ears.

Monday, Nov. 10.—By 8 o'clock I had started on the spotted line for Beaver Bog. The day was clear and cool and the leaves, wet with yesterday's rain, were frozen into a thin, icy flooring that put still-hunting out of the question. As we neared the bog the hard wood disappeared, and in place of leaves the ground was carpeted with soft moss, overlaid in spots with the delicate evergreen vine of the snow berry (so G. called it), and the rabbit paths, holding frozen slush, showed white lines running in every direction. The forests consisted of small black spruces, with an occasional white one, draped with the hanging moss on which the caribou feed. In the open places the sunlight silvered this thready moss, and among the surrounding greens and grays were seen spots of rich red, the fruit of the mountain ash. The trail ends at a winding stream of dead water, a narrow pond three-quarters of a mile long, near the shore of which we found fresh caribou tracks that looked like horseshoe prints. In the neighborhood of Maple Hill we had also noticed a number of deer tracks made in the early morning. Just after reaching this lagoon and while watching on the shore a deer, hidden by the thick growth, appeared within a few rods, but, the wind blowing toward him, the only satisfaction I had was listening to three short whistles of alarm before he took his back track on the full run. Though the ice was too thin and rotten to tempt the caribou we decided to watch a little while, and went south a little distance along the bank and sat down on a hummock till we were saturated with the warm November sun. So comfortable was the couch among the brown-leaved brush and so quiet was the prospect that I soon knew slumber was sitting near waiting the chance to share my hummock. Perhaps the sun frightened him away.

After lunch we started back, waited and watched at Maple Hill without seeing anything, and reached camp before dark. Mac, who had got in at the same time, had spent the day on Black Mountain. All that he brought with him was one partridge and the memory of a mossy watch ground, squirrels and falling mountain brook. One squirrel in particular hugely pleased his fancy. The small bit of curiosity on the further end of the log bench, and sitting on his haunches with one tiny paw across his breast, made Mac an obeisance of welcome. Realizing that the hunter was after large game, and scenting the odor of benevolence that emanated from his neighbor, the squirrel proceeded with his study of human nature. Having filed his little brain with all the knowledge mere observation could compass, he turned to the lighter task of eating cone seed. But soon the distant call of the matured squirrel warned him that he had other and less congenial work to do; and so, with an unuttered sigh and an "All right, old lady; I'll be there in a minute," he grabbed some twigs for the winter house building and trotted off.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.—To-day was a rubricated one and Mac is now sitting before the fire almost hidden in a cloud of glory and well-fed content. The pond being but thinly frozen, the quartette started for the bog, via the buckboard road; and after a hard and rapid tramp reached Beaver Pond a little after ten o'clock. I turned to the right and having just sat down on an inviting hummock, was watching G. at a little distance extemporizing a bridge when both were agreeably startled by two rifle shots from the other end of the pond; a little interval and then three or more shots in close succession, followed soon by two more shots. Of course we decided to investigate, and hurrying toward Mac and Will found them standing beside a magnificent four pronged buck that lay convulsed and kicking on the margin of a narrow stream. A final shot in the neck stopped his pitiful struggles, which would have ended sooner had not the creature been of such uncommon size and strength. The eyes, as the life left them, shone with a pale-green light more delicate and pure than any color I have ever seen. After the body had been hauled up upon dry ground there followed the customary process of dividing into hide, meat, etc., and this disagreeable work gave opportunity to visit the shore of the stream and wonder at all the still beauty round about. The forest was roofed with gray clouds, the spruces were of a dull green, quite different from the day before, and the dead trees, with their hanging moss, were devoid of all silver lustre, only the ground moss and brown bushes being unaffected by the lack of light. A multitude of pitcher plants were also noticed, their magenta chalice all filled with ice.

After the deer was dressed we had luncheon about a fire and discussed the shooting, the shooter and the shot. Mac had already reached the watch ground when he saw the deer walking slowly across the outlet, thirty or forty rods away. In the hope of a better shot he quit a beating heart and watched the deer pass into the woods to reappear a few moments (though Mac says hours) later, within easy shooting distance, on the opposite side of a stream. At the first shot the deer humped his back as if wounded, and started to run up along the stream, a second shot made him stand and gave opportunity for a third shot that brought him down, the remaining shots were fired as he lay on the ground, and would not have been needed had the creature possessed less vitality. The estimated weight of the deer was over 200 lbs., and dressed was all two men cared to carry home. The antlers, spreading 18 in., were thick and evenly bent and looked almost artificial in their symmetry. We went to the bog for caribou, and the getting of the buck, and such a buck, was a piece of most extraordinary luck. We started back about 2 o'clock, and before the end of the journey each man believed he had the hardest load to carry. The guides were heavily weighted with the meat. Mac carried the head and hide and sometimes the gun, while I had only three rifles to take care of. I was just as certain that Mac had the easiest load as he was that I had it, but it is worthy of note that neither of us comforted the other by saying so. At one resting place a little weasel, pure white in color, came up to sniff at the packs of meat. The three mile walk was tiring in the extreme, and having loosed a good deal on the first part of the journey, besides stopping to corral a big owl

for stuffing, the rapid lowering of the sun made it necessary to travel the latter half of the way at the limit of speed. As it was we left the packs at the further end of the pond and got to the cabin just at dark. On the second day we were here half the distance to Beaver Bog completely stumped one of the party, who to-day easily made the round trip and carried on the return a heavy and unwieldy burden. It is a conclusion reached by reason and experience, that a one-mile walk across country carrying the usual hunting equipment is the equivalent to two and one-half on a level country road.

Wednesday, Nov. 12.—The day passed without important event, but was many marine miles from being an unenjoyable one. We began with the luxury of a late breakfast, and while Mac stayed at home to sketch the caribou head and exult over the four hides artistically hung up to dry, the rest of us skirted the shore of the road on the thin ice to fetch the venison left the night before at the further end. Will lugged one pack to camp, and I took the caribou trail to a trap which we found unsprung and frozen fast to the ground. On the return raised a flock of partridges and brought home two of them. In the afternoon Mac visited a lumber camp that was building a mile or two down the buck board road, where he saw them twitching in logs, chinking the cabin, and performing many other peculiar feats between interludes of extraordinary profanity. G. and I in the meantime attempted ice boating with

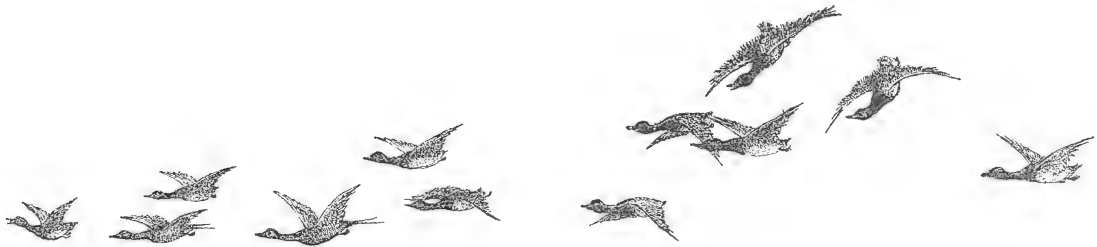
afloat, but though we walked and watched for several hours nothing came in sight. Once or twice, however, a breaking of twigs in the woods gave evidence that large game was moving thereabouts. The bog, in spite of its name, is a fascinating spot, and whether illuminated by bright sunshine or dully lighted by a cloudy sky one cannot but feel the charm of its fair tranquillity. To-day the clouds hung low and as a result the scene displayed quite a different set of colors. The spruces were rusty looking, the tree-moss had lost its luster and the dry leaves of the bushes by the shore of the pond were of a chocolate brown, unmixed with any warming red. Perhaps this was due to the shrinking and twisting of the leaves by cold, which made them expose their dull under surfaces more generally. The caribou we were after, but did not get, is an incomprehensible creature and one that enjoys the distinction of being the stupidest beast that ranges the woods. He has a strange fondness for ice and when the cold weather comes on will lurk about the ponds as a small boy does waiting for the ice to hold him, and, like his little brother in folly, not infrequently starts the weather with a frigid bath. When the ice is strong enough the caribou, number from one to a herd, begin their insane freaks. If snow has fallen they will often travel the entire length of a pond and then turning slowly around return as they went, studying and sniffing their own footsteps, or else they may follow the hobnail tracks of a hunter till their curiosity leads them to the muzzle

himself in a field, and while the fox's back is turned, or head bent to the ground, moves slowly toward him, stopping instantly and remaining in however uncomfortable a position whenever the fox raises his eyes. Intermittent progress is made in this manner until the animal comes within range, and if the first shot misses sometimes a second and even a third shot is obtainable before the fox takes final leave. The practice does not seem credible, when the wary fox nature is considered, nevertheless it is a fact that many are bagged in the way described, and it is said the expert enjoys the sport as much as hunting larger game.

Hec olim meminisse juvabit.

STILL-HUNTING DEER WITH BIRD DOGS

NOTHING that has recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM has so much pleased and interested me as the article of "H. L." on this subject. It is a new use for our favorite dogs. It ought to serve as consolation to the hounders. It to me is a new way of circumventing the timid deer, and one which has everything to recommend it. There are sections where still-hunting as commonly practiced has many difficulties but where hounding is well-nigh impossible. I think hounding is generally prejudicial to the hunting in any place—often destructive of it. Still-hunting is by all odds the best and most decent way to kill deer, but the truth is that very few of us are such adepts at it that we need not welcome



W. TOWNSEND
1891.

AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—II.

JUST ARRIVED—BROADBILLS AND SPRIGTAILS.

a flat-bottomed skiff, in the hope of bringing in the remaining pack of venison with minimum exertion. Grant's maxim of life taught him by his father is: "There's more in calculation than there is in hard labor," but in this instance the figures he used in this calculation must have got mixed, for after a laborious hour or more we were many hundred yards from the pack, and finally returned to camp with but a lively sense of our own foolishness. The voyage, however, was unique. The pushing was done with spikes, sticks, and the paddling with a pitchfork, which drove the boat over, through, and any way but under the ice. This piece of folly was expiated by a shove, the first and last of the trip.

The penitential work ended, Mac called me to the pond to see the sunset. The autumn beauty of the day was ending in a glorious burst of color; for the sun, unwilling to leave the pond at once to the faint lighting of stars, tempered his going with a broad auroral band of pale, luminous yellow. Above the color changed imperceptibly to pink, and higher up in the heavens it merged into the clear blue of space. A single star near the western horizon shone white as a diamond, while over toward the north the pink and yellow were crossed by two white lines of azure. A few moments later a tinge of green was noticeable in the yellow, then it changed to orange, and finally died away in a red haze. Against this glowing field the trees on Maple Hill and in the swamp at the left stood out in clear black lines, while a narrow ribbon of light laid along the softer outlines of one of the boundary mountains, showed that the sun was only then leaving its distant crest. The smooth ice of the pond between us and the west served as a mirror to the colored sky and saved the light from wasting, as it did in the surrounding woods.

Thursday, Nov. 13.—This morning we all went to Beaver Bog and as the new black ice on Tim Pond was strong around the shore the first part of the journey was comparatively easy. The three miles through the woods took one hour, ten minutes. The Bog Pond was frozen solid, so we could travel up and down its entire length

of a rifle. They exhibit several other odd tricks on the ice, and also have several peculiar ways of their own in the woods, but though an inordinate curiosity may be at the bottom of much of their behavior, there must be some other spring of action in their dull brains which we know nothing of.

At Tim Pond tried unsuccessfully to time the flight of a bullet by firing vertically. The bullets either fell in the woods or else we could not hear them strike the ice. The evening was spent in bawling the flight of time and making far future plans by way of relief to present sorrow. The packing, hatefully suggestive of a more artificial life, is ended, but one blissful night's rest is waiting to wipe out all unhappiness till to-morrow.

Friday, Nov. 14.—The day of our leaving opened as I had hoped it would, dark, cheerless and moist, with no streak of sunshine or breath of stimulating air. The buckboard and baggage had left early, and two sad individuals sat down to an ill-cooked breakfast which was followed by the usual morning smoke in an unusually bare cabin. The fire, too, was going out, but a few sticks of well-seasoned birch brought back at once the lively flames which rose as merrily up the chimney as on the day of our coming, and for the moment quite banishing the thought of approaching care and work. This transitory pleasure ended, we drenched the glowing coals that nothing joyous might remain and turned our backs upon the blackened hearth, the empty hut, the icy pond with dark surrounding hills and lowering western sky, and in utter desolation of spirit we left the deserted place and its dreary scenery. A quick walk to Smith's farm (one and three-quarter hours) brought us there in time for an early midday dinner, and soon after we were on our way to Stratton, where we took a rig and got to Kingfield a little before six P. M.

On the drive out saw a fox running across a field near a farmhouse. These animals are very plentiful about Stratton, and the hunting of them is done in a way that to the uninitiated would seem altogether impracticable. When the foxes come out in the morning or evening in search of mice and other small game, the hunter stations

a little help from our four-footed friend. Somebody said not very long ago that still-hunting was the most destructive way of killing large game. I can understand how it is rather destructive in sections where the game has not become shy. But it is simply absurd to talk about the evils of still-hunting in a section where the deer bury themselves in dense thickets during the day and only come out to feed in the friendly darkness of night.

But what I started out to do was to ask your correspondent to give us a little more of the benefit of his experience. Perhaps he will kindly answer some questions. I will not deny that I think his idea a specially valuable one here in Mexico, but although there is a good deal of self-interest in my drawing him out I am sure other readers will be both interested and profited.

Will "H. L." kindly give us a brief account of his method of training dogs for this kind of hunting? I should like to know, too, whether he finds the pointer or setter best, whether this kind of work unfits a dog for bird hunting, whether a bird dog will catch and hold a wounded deer—in short, all he is willing to tell us, and should be glad if he would throw in some more of his interesting experiences.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

AZTEC.

ANOTHER FOREST PRESERVE.—Sherwood, Bullard & Co. have sold 1,000 acres of Adirondack land, known as Long Pond tract, embracing Long Pond, Round Pond, Rock Pond, west branch of the Oswegatchie River, a part of Fish Creek and other streams, to a company to be known as the Long Pond Fish and Game Association. The purchase, it is understood, was made by gentlemen residing at New Bremen and Croghan for Syracuse parties. The capital stock of the company is placed at \$10,000, divided into shares of \$2 each. It is said that as soon as the organization is perfected, work will be commenced upon a large hotel of modern style, and on several camps at desirable points. The purchase includes some of the best hunting and fishing territory in the Adirondacks.—*Boonville Herald.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The wild rice on the Kankakee this year is phenomenal. It fairly fills the river bed in places. We saw a great many ducks, bred on the marsh, mostly woodducks, and in a short trip in the morning started seven woodcock, of which we did not accumulate any, as our dog was of a bashful and retiring disposition, and moreover too polite to walk in front of us, so we had to find our own birds, which always happened in cover too thick to see your hand before your face. The prospects for a pleasant season of sport at Mak-saw-ba this fall are very good indeed.

Aug. 28.—"I suppose you wanted to offer me the key of your freezer, didn't you, Colonel?" I asked of the senior partner of Bond & Whitcomb, commission merchants, when I called in response to his invitation.

"Our freezer is open to inspection," said the Colonel. "Come with me." He led the way to the back part of the store and opened a No. 1 store box filled with "excelsior." "You see, we have no ice in our freezer, and no game, either," said he.

I have a strong suspicion that this is not Bond & Whitcomb's everyday freezer, but one kept only for holiday purposes; but this was the only one I could get into.

"You fellows aren't doing any good with your restaurant cases," said the worthy Colonel. "All you are doing is keeping people from eating chicken in Chicago during September. The game goes to Boston. I have sent a lot of it there, which came consigned to me. I am advising my country customers to freeze their game and hold it till October, when we can receive it. We do not invite shipments of illegal game, though I get plenty of letters like the one I sent you, asking whether we can receive it."

Col. Bond showed me his regular trade circulars, in which is the usual clause, a sort of holiday clause for everyday purposes, which all South Water street uses—"There is no demand for illegal game." This circular does not state what the illegal game is. It is merely a formality in effect, for though it would not do to go into the U. S. mails with an open invitation to commit a crime, it is still known to be a fact that illegal game is received by firms using practically this same clause in their circular quotations. I do not say that Bond & Whitcomb receive any such game, though the letters offering to send it show the lack of efficiency of that forbidding clause which is so triumphantly shown to newspaper men and other innocent gentry.

Col. Bond and I had a long talk, in which much of our old ground was covered again. He thought the sportsmen would never be able to get a case against a South Water street firm, and said that all this attempted protection was worthless, so long as it was not undertaken under uniform game laws. He said that the sportsmen could pass no laws in Illinois except as the game dealers allowed them to do so, as the game dealers controlled all legislation on that head.

"That means that you have bought the Legislature, which is a pretty assertion to make, isn't it?" I said to him.

"No, no, not in the least," said the Colonel; "but I had friends in that Legislature who would do anything I asked. We were going to repeal the present game warden law, but sickness laid that over until too late. I let your ice bill go through because there is no money in ice-fishing for us."

I have heard it said several times now by the dealers that they controlled the last Legislature. Now I wonder how they did it, or thought they did, or thought they could. I reason that they must have "owned" one or two men only, and that these must have been high in power. Adding this to a faint breath of a rumor which I have heard elsewhere, and one has the suggestion for a few quiet inquiries which I hope will result in enough developments to induce the game dealers not to talk so loud about "controlling" things. The "controlled" parties may object. I believe they will object.

The talk with the urbane Colonel covered a wide field, and was interesting to me, for that gentleman is exceedingly well posted on all matters pertaining to the game supply. Of course the Kern case was touched upon.

"Charlie Kern will never tell where he got his prairie chickens," said Col. Bond. "You'll never find that out." "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," said Mr. Whitcomb, sententiously. I can readily see the difficulty which would involve any restaurant man who would inform on the game dealer of whom he bought. The dealer might retaliate! Suppose Mr. Kern's steward has bought other birds of which Mr. Kern knows nothing. Mr. Kern as a sportsman informs. The dealer rakes all these other birds up out of the archives, and Mr. Kern's restaurant, and Mr. Kern, and the dealer, and Mr. Kern's steward all get mixed up together. I merely suppose this case, because Mr. Kern's condition would then be that of any other restaurant whose steward had served illegal game without orders to do so from the owner. I have no right to suppose that Mr. Kern's steward ever served any illegal game but these prairie chickens, though I do know that he tried to buy illegal woodcock at Bond & Whitcomb's, for Col. Bond, in the presence of two witnesses, told me so, and said he was the only buyer who had so approached him.

"Did he get the woodcock, Colonel?" I asked.

"I don't remember," said the Colonel, thoughtfully.

My old friend Col. Bond, albeit smooth and educated in the ways of South Water street, is perfectly courteous and kindly, and can tell a good many of us a lot of things we don't know about game. I wish I could say more of the pleasant talk we had. The Colonel concluded by inviting me out to dinner at his house some evening. I don't see how I could go, for then I couldn't tell what the Colonel said.

Go to South Water street if you want to know where the game is most abundant. Those who are in search of shooting grounds for chickens may very well keep the following list of towns. I got the names from Bond & Whitcomb's letter files. From every one of these towns there is game to ship, and so I suppose the shooting there must be fair at least. I saw letters of this kind from Randolph, Neb., and was told the shooting was good all the way from Fairmount to Long Pine, Neb., also at Niobrara, Neb.; Ravenna, Neb.; Mullin, Neb.; Taylor, Neb.; Whitney, Neb.; Osakis, Minn., and Lake Mills, Ia. Albion, Boone county, Neb., was mentioned as being good up to this season, though it is not heard from this season. All the other points have game ready to ship right now, and presumably plenty of it.

At Bond & Whitcomb's I met a man who is a character,

Bill Griggs, of Browning, Ill., perhaps the most widely traveled and successful market-hunter there is in the country to-day. Though apparently a young man still, Griggs told me that the coming month of September would complete his twentieth year of hunting for the market. He contemplates going either to India or South America this winter to shoot plumage birds for the market. He was for years the outlooker for the millionaire sportsman, Wirt Dexter, traveling the country over for new shooting territory. Griggs is an old shooting partner of the redoubtable Abe Kleinman. I wish I had time to tell more of what all he told me.

"Three years ago I was shooting at Preston, South Dakota," said he, "and I killed and shipped into Bond & Whitcomb, here, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 11, not shooting on Sundays, 8,200 ducks; mostly teal. For 27 days straight, I never got less than 100 ducks a day."

"At Alma, Boone county, Neb., I killed 2,600 prairie chickens in 34 days. That is a bad locality. The local shooters begin to shoot when the birds are big as quails, and they never do stop."

"Five years ago Mr. Dexter, and Gen. Strong and I, went to Cedar Rapids, Neb., to shoot chicken. We found that we could not shoot. The natives kicked. They told us that the week before we got there, some fellows from the East had gone in there and shot all they could, just piling the birds up and leaving them to rot. They piled up 900 chickens in one pile on the prairie."

"Twelve years ago I was in the New Madrid marsh of Arkansas, shooting for the market. There was an Englishman there, Lord George Gordon, with 12 men and a lot of tents. That was in the muzzle loading days. This Englishman had 4 men to load and pass his guns up to him. He stood on a piece of corduroy road that ran near his camp, and shot from morning till night, day after day. He killed thousands and thousands of birds, often over 300 in a day, and never picked them up. I saw I could make money by picking up his birds, and I asked for the privilege. 'No,' he growled, 'there wouldn't be sport in that, ye know.' I never was much hotter at any man in my life. To-day, in that country, you can't get ducks enough to eat, unless you strike it just right, but in those days they flew in endless streams. It was as bad as you ever saw wild pigeons."

"Twelve years ago men shot chickens all over Minnesota, and piled them up and left them. To-day they're hustling to get places to do a little shooting where they can bring their birds home and brag about it."

"Where do I think is a good place for chickens this fall? Well, I don't hardly know. I should think Preston, South Dakota, would be good. I know when I shot there two or three years ago, I could have killed forty to sixty chickens a day there, but I was making more killing ducks. I killed ninety-seven robin snipe at one shot once on a sandbar in Preston Lake."

"I don't like Nebraska shooting so well, for that is a hard country to hunt. The chickens are mostly in the sandhills, and you can't mark the coveys down so well."

"I don't think it at all necessary to go west of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, to get good duck and goose shooting, though I wouldn't think anything but sharp tailed grouse would be that far north. Col. Bond tells me there is good shooting at sharp-tailed grouse in the Turtle Mountains country."

So much for a chance visit on South Water street. I saw further at Bond & Whitcomb's a barrel level full of black bass, from Minocqua, Wis., said to be the heaviest in average of any lot ever received. There were numbers that weighed over 4lbs., some over 5lbs., and less than 3lbs. was the exception. They were all big-mouths. Market-fishing in these magnificent lakes about Minocqua, it seems. So it goes.

During this brief visit also I saw a request from a Boston (Mass.) firm, to Bond & Whitcomb, to furnish them by Jan. 1 100,000 grouse, 250,000 quail and 150,000 partridge. The firm added that they had a market for this game in Europe, and that it was to be shipped across the Atlantic. "We stand ready, in view of the importance of this order," the firm stated, "to advance £1,000 (nearly \$5,000) at once."

"I cannot give you the name of this firm," said Col. Bond, "for much of the game they want would be illegal."

"You don't need to," said I, "for I've got it already."

I had seen it over his shoulder as he read the letter, for he had folded down the letter head so that I could not see it, and left the signature exposed. The Colonel was startled.

"Oh, you ought not to publish that; I must ask you not to do that. This is my private business correspondence."

Under the circumstances it would not be journalistic honor to give the name and address of the Boston firm who want 500,000 head of our Western game.

A year ago this summer, when the famous solid train took several hundred general passenger agents and other distinguished railway men on the excursion to Old Mexico, it bore away from Chicago 250 dozen quail as one item. Every one of those quail was illegal, and every one of them was purchased of one game dealer of Chicago whose name is perfectly well known. I dare not give it, for I cannot prove that he sold 250 dozen quail, but one of the party who went on the train told me this was so, and he knew.

Such are some of the rather stupendous facts picked up on South Water street in a few minutes. Now tell us, where does the game go? Who kills it, the sportsman or the market-hunter? Why is it killed? How long will it last? When will our law come forbidding its sale? Where will the end be?

"If I had the last pair of game birds on earth, I'd ring their necks," said Col. Bond. "I foresee too much trouble and litigation about this game business that is so much mixed up with our other business."

He would wring their necks.

I believe South Water street, in spite of its professed scorn of sportsmen and their efforts, is a little bit uneasy on account of the recent outlook. We can make them more trouble. A very good thing to remember in this business, and one which may spur some lagging brother, is the utterance, half in jest, but still significant, of the man who is easily king of the Chicago game dealers. The last pair of game birds, what would he do with them? He would wring their necks.

E. HOUGH.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

MAINE BEARS IN THE FORTIES.

THE Cranberry Bog Basin, two miles south from Molly-chunkamunk Lake, in 1840 to 1850, was a great rendezvous for bears. They wintered in the mountains near by (Ariscobos and Observatory), and in early spring made their way down the brooks, which led into the bog pond, feeding upon frogs and fish as they came forth from their winter quarters. Thus after their long fast through the cold Northern winter, they gradually adapted themselves to their normal summer condition and a full stomach. There were very few hunters in that region in those days, and the bears had the woods, and in fact the entire country, to themselves. Matalluk—the lone Indian of the Magalloway—had retired, or been laid up by blindness and old age; Old Philip had frozen his feet, so they had to be amputated, leaving his traps in the woods to be searched for by the hunters that came after; Annanee, the educated Indian, had joined the tribes in Canada; and there only remained George Soule and Old Kimball, who were professional hunters in the Rangeleys, and one or two hunters who came across from Colebrook, N. H., occasionally to kill moose and trap families of bears in the autumn. None of these hunters disturbed the bears, unless by accident they routed one from his den in winter, or caught one swimming the lake in summer, on which occasion there was generally a scrimmage and then they had roast bear steaks for several days after. Thus when I found this lonely, mountain-encircled basin in the wilderness, it was full of bears. They tore the bark from the trees in early summer, made hard-beaten paths along the brooks and beside the ponds, tore rotten logs in pieces to secure the ants and worms in them, and were prime owners and free rangers through all this secluded valley in the mountains.

For three years I trapped ten bears every year within a radius of one mile, besides shooting one on the tramp and from the traps occasionally. I had several narrow escapes from injury or perhaps death, while hunting these thirty black monsters in those three years.

On one of my hunting trips to this bear eldorado I came near being hunted myself, and only for a small rope which I carried in my coat pocket to tie together and on to my shoulders any game I might chance to secure, I should not be here writing up the adventure. On this occasion, as I approached the valley of the bog I noticed unusually fresh signs of bears. Large tracks in the mud, new diggings among the old logs, and tearings on the bark of trees all tended to excite my nerves and cause me to proceed with the utmost caution. I could not keep back the thought that I was probably fifty miles from human beings and alone, and in the center of a valley full of savage wild beasts, and in case of an attack, strategy and pluck would both be needed. As my mind was digesting these realities, there suddenly rose up before me one of the largest bears I had ever seen. With an ominous growl and clamping of teeth together with a squealing noise, she jumped toward me on her hind feet. As luck would have it I had shot away my last bullet in securing two bears in my traps on the shore of the lake. My first thought was to fire a charge of shot which was in my gun into the creature's face, but I knew it would only enrage her. Just then looking ahead I saw a leaning hackmatack tree for which I ran, climbing into it with my gun in my hands, followed closely by the bear. Up I climbed from limb to limb high up into the foliage, when just above my head, almost within my reach, were three large cubs. I stopped, and glancing downward beheld the bear nearly up to me. Involuntarily I swung my gun around and fired full into her face, then dropped my gun. She dropped to the ground—gun and bear reaching there together; but the bear recovering, at once commenced ascending the tree with loud screeches and raging mad. The cubs at the same time began to descend into my face. Quick as lightning the thought struck me to hitch my rope around a limb in front of me and lower myself down past the bear who was fast approaching me. It was but the work of an instant and I was swinging in the air out of reach of the old mother bear, who still kept climbing to see if her babies were all right, and by the time she reached them in the very top of the tree, I had reached the ground, grabbed my gun and got well started toward the lake. That small rope and the leaning of the tree saved me. The next week I got that bear in my trap and shot all three of the cubs.

BETHEL, Maine.

J. G. R.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 1.—The first flight of coots came along Aug. 29 and 30. They probably will not stop more than 3 or 4 days. It is time for plover, but only a few scattering ones have arrived. The next easterly storm will doubtless bring them along. I have seen a few gulls during the past few days, chiefly the gray ones, although I noticed one minister and one mackerel gull. A large blue heron was reported shot on a marsh in Squam River.—E. F. L.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

VI.
Underneath the harvest moon
Man a-huntin' for a coon:
Dog a-barkin' up a tree,
Man a-squintin' for to see;
Keeps a-lookin'; putty soon
Sartain sees a monst'ous coon.
Arter wastin' all his shot,
Coon still sittin' where he sot.
'I never see a tougher one,
'Less the's suthin' ails the gun;
Sho! 'Taint nothin' but a fly
Roostin' jist above my eye!
Man an' dog with nary coon
Pinten hum beneath the moon.
'Coons ain't ripe in harvest time,
November frosts 'll make 'em prime."

AWAHOOSE.

VII.
In Canada over the line
They say sporting is very fine,
But they tax rod and gun,
Maybe in fun,
'Ba gosh! Ah! 's so."

ANTOINE.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gordon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A CONTRIBUTOR writes of one of the characters encountered on the way:

But the driver baffles description. He was Yankee, stage driver, Young America, and professor of modern profanity, compressed into 5ft. of sturdy independence. Finally, with a view to his moral culture, we offered him fifty cents to omit further profanity till we reached the end of the route. He accepted the offer with accompanying weight of self-control and went bravely along a few miles in unaccustomed silence, broken only by a few hesitating remarks about the weather and such subjects as could be touched upon without the aid of superlative English. The story of a hound running so fast that he split and passed through a sapling with only the loss of his tail, was, however, too much for the boy's credulity, and under the excitement of intense scepticism he said: "The hound must have been d—thin." This *lapsus lingue* cost him fifty cents, and made him so careful that we owed him thirty-five cents at our destination, where we arrived late in the afternoon. On the ride this irrepressible took great delight in a borrowed pipe, and frankly asked that it be given to him; a tobacco pouch much valued for its age he also courted, and when told that the owner had it twelve years, said, "You must be tired of it now."

Ever see a grizzly? I guess I did.

In the spring of '55 I left Coloma after nightfall, bound for Frisco. I had a couple of pounds or so of yellow stuff in a slim buckskin bag fastened round my waist next the skin. My plan was to walk as far as Folsom that night and take the morning stage. I started at that unseemly hour because I wanted to get away unnoticed.

It was a clear starlit night. Starlight in California usually does not mean much. But I was familiar with the way. As usual a stiff breeze was blowing coastward from the snow-capped Sierras behind me. The country—I kept some distance back from the river—is decidedly rolling, not to say hilly, covered for the most part with tall grass, and thickly decked with yellow flowers. Clumps of chaparral abounded, and here and there a live oak or pecan tree studded the landscape. It was early in the season, but already the grass was dry enough to rustle under foot.

I had completed fully three-fourths of the journey. In passing out from under a live oak, where the trail led through a sort of grove, I found my path disputed by a huge animal, that, with a horrible roar, rose on its forelegs a few paces in front. The sight and sound fairly paralyzed me, but as soon as I could move I wheeled and made for the tree. Catching sight of a limb outlined against the sky, I threw away my gun and sprang for it. To my after astonishment I reached my mark, and lost no time in getting among the branches.

No Jack put in an appearance, so I concluded the animal was badly wounded. I tried to locate my gun, but failed. There was nothing for it but to wait till morning, when I hoped to be able to fish up my gun and settle with the mountaineer. I found a tolerably comfortable position and—woke up on the ground. Day had broken. I was considerably dazed. Nevertheless, I distinguished an unforgettable sound in my ears. I scrambled to my feet, and, hastily entertaining the notion that I wanted to get up a tree, I dashed for a young pecan close at hand. In the act of climbing I glanced over my shoulder, and about 50yds. off I discovered the familiar form of an old wind-broken mule that had been turned out to die. The joke was immense. I grimly sought my gun and leveled it at the brute's head. His innocent gaze disconcerted me. After a moment's reflection, I threw the gun on my shoulder and went my way.

Yes, I once saw a grizzly. Two hunters killed him up in the mountains near Lake Tahoe. I saw his body on a wagon at Coloma. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE BLUEFISH.

FROM Nova Scotia to New Jersey the well established name of a popular and abundant fish is the one given as the title of this paper. Bluefish is now the accepted designation of the same species in the Gulf of Mexico, by transfer from New England. An old American name for the fish is skipjack, which has found its way into European books on fishes, and is paraphrased in scientific literature under the guise of the Latin *saltator* or *saltatrix*, a leaper. Rhode Island folk of the olden times called the bluefish a horse mackerel, doubtless on account of a superficial resemblance to certain members of the mackerel family. In some other portions of New England it is the snapping mackerel or snapper, a term adopted also in New Jersey, and often abbreviated into snap mackerel and even mackerel. At New Bedford, Mass., the fish is sometimes called blue snapper. An old New York name is skip mackerel, and on the Hudson the misnomer whitefish is sometimes heard. Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina use the name greenfish. A correspondent last fall wrote me that "the name greenfish is universally applied to the bluefish in the fishing centers on Herring Bay, below Annapolis, Ind." Another term applied to the species in Chesapeake Bay and generally known in the markets of Baltimore and Washington, is tailor, or salt-water tailor, the latter to distinguish it from the fresh-water tailor, which is the hickory shad (*Clupea mediodors*). The old name skipjack is now best rooted in the region south of Cape Hatteras, but the overpowering influence of an aggressive fishery is rapidly establishing the term bluefish from Nova Scotia to Florida.

Relationships.—The bluefish is not one of the mackerels, but is the sole representative of a family which is now placed near to that containing the pilot fishes, crevalles, pompanos, amber fishes, etc. The butterfish, or harvestfish, and the rudderfish are relatives of the blue-

fish, although much smaller. *Pomatomus saltatrix* is the only species recognized at present over the wide range of this piratical voyager; but a casual examination of a specimen of the South African form gives the impression that it is shorter and stouter than the average American fish. We must, however, expect considerable variation in a species of such extensive range.

Distribution.—On the North American coast the bluefish ranges from Nova Scotia, where it is not a regular visitor, to central Brazil. In the Mediterranean the fish is well known, especially on the shores of Morocco. A series of interesting articles on the Morocco bluefish, written by "Sorelle," was published in 1888 and 1889 by the London Field. In South Africa the species is abundant and thrifty, as well as in the seas of India and Australia. A singular fact in its distribution, noted by Dr. Goode, is its absence from the Bermudas and the Western Islands: it is unknown on the Atlantic coast of Europe also. Temperature is one of the chief factors in the distribution of the bluefish. The scarcity of the species in Buzzard's Bay about the middle of July caused anglers great uneasiness, and it made the fishing season so far a very short one. The reason of this was to be found in the condition of the water, which was too cold to suit the fastidious taste of the bluefish, although one of their favorite food species—the sea herring—was abundant. Last year the water was favorable and bluefish swarmed along the coast from Long Island Sound to Monhegan in Maine. Buzzard's Bay was full of them. In Cape Cod Bay, at the close of July, 1890, the fish were more abundant than for many years before. A summer temperature of 60° to 75° is grateful to the bluefish, and it is believed that 40° is about the limit of cold which it will endure.

Size.—It is recorded that in the last century this fish sometimes reached a weight of 40 or 50lbs. in Vineyard Sound; perhaps this is true, but our ancestors were good fishermen and left none of the big ones for their children. The largest specimen of recent times was mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM, June, 1874: it weighed 25lbs., and was captured with rod and reel by L. Hathaway, Esq., from the bridge at Cohasset Narrows, Mass. A friend of the writer is authority for the statement that 25-pounders were not uncommon on the North Carolina coast in 1888. This, however, is far above the average size of the fall run of fish. In the fall of 1889 a considerable number of bluefish weighing 15lbs. were noted on the New Jersey coast, but it was the first run of the size for many years. Last year the number of large fish from the Capes of Virginia to Rhode Island was remarkable. In the Lower Chesapeake big bluefish were extremely and unusually abundant during June. During the present summer my observations have been confined mainly to Vineyard Sound and the waters southward to the Chesapeake: in this area I have not heard of a bluefish above 10lbs. in weight, and the usual run includes chiefly fish of 4 to 6lbs.; later in the season we will again learn of larger individuals, fattened upon the herring and silversides which swarm in all our shallow bays.

Abundance.—The early history of the bluefish on our coast is somewhat obscure. Josselyn (1672) mentioned a "blew fish" or "horse" among the food fishes of New England; but he catalogued two kinds of bluefish, one of which was speckled. This may as well have been one of the seafishes of Maine (*Anarrhichas minor*) as any other species, and to this the name hound would be more appropriate than to the bluefish. The "blew houndfish" of Maine waters might have been *Anarrhichas lupus*, which is now present and is by some persons "esteemed the best sort of fish next to rock cod." From 1659 to 1763 the fish were recorded as plentiful about Nantucket during the summer, but in 1764 they disappeared suddenly. About 1791 the species was abundant in Florida and apparently absent from New York. DeKay states that it was unknown on that coast until about 1810, when a few appeared. In 1815, according to Dr. Mitchell, the young were taken plentifully from New York wharves in August; the largest one mentioned by that author was 12in. long and weighed about 14oz. In 1825 the abundance of bluefish in the region was noteworthy and in 1841 Vineyard Sound became the center of a great fishery. In 1837 the fish advanced northward to Cape Cod and ten years later to Cape Ann. From that time until recent years the species has fluctuated greatly in numbers and varied in the time of its arrival in a given locality. Off the northern coast of North Carolina for many years prior to 1877 there was a great fall and winter fishery for bluefish averaging over 10lbs. in weight. Gradually the fish came later and later until in 1876 they appeared at Christmas and in 1877 they failed to come and were not seen again until March of 1888, when they reappeared in vast numbers. For the last five years there has been no lack of bluefish, but the centers of abundance have varied. In 1886 the fish were more abundant at Sableight, N. J., than anywhere to the southward. In 1887 a very active fishery was located off Block Island. In 1888 Chesapeake Bay contained such an abundance of the fish that hauls of 17,000 and 25,000 were reported. Last year was a year of plenty and the distribution extended from the Chesapeake to Maine. Buzzard's Bay was another favorite locality for bluefish in 1890 and the number around Cape Cod was greater than for many years; schools estimated to contain 1,000 barrels of fish were noted off the coast.

Habits.—The bluefish is a pelagic species and migratory in its habits. It comes along the coast apparently from the southward, arriving off New Jersey usually about the middle of May, but sometimes a month later, and reaches Cape Cod sometimes in July. Its time of leaving the coast depends upon the temperature of the water and the supply of food. The date on the New Jersey coast in 1885 was Sept. 15, and in 1886 a month later. Further south the time of arrival is, of course, much earlier. Last year the species appeared opposite Roanoke Island in vast numbers in March.

This is one of the most destructive of all fish. It follows schools of alewives, weakfish, mullet, mackerel, scup, butterfish, and other valuable food fishes along the coast in summer, and in our shallow bays and sounds the young feed upon silversides, young herring, anchovies and other small fishes. The menhaden, alewife and shad have been driven far up the rivers to escape from the ferocity of this ocean pirate, and in many cases the helpless victims have been stranded on the beach in their efforts to avoid capture. The young bluefish ascend the rivers into fresh water; they may be seen under schools of small fishes, which they have driven

into some place favorable for the attack, and frequently darting up from below to seize their luckless prey.

Reproduction.—About the spawning habits of this fish nothing is known. Even the date of depositing the eggs is uncertain, although it probably takes place late in the winter and very early in the spring on our Southern coast. The very young fish have never been seen so far as we can learn. The smallest individuals known were found floating at the surface off the Virginia coast by vessels of the U. S. Fish Commission. The writer has secured examples about an inch long in Great Egg Harbor Bay on the last of August. Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt has recorded his discovery of fry of less than an inch in length in the Inlet of Far Rockaway, New York, on July 10, and the late Mr. Silas Stearns published his belief that the species spawns in the Gulf of Mexico in the spring. At Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, it is supposed that the bluefish spawns about the end of July, on sandy bottom, east of the Vineyard, toward Muskeget.

Growth.—It is generally believed that the average length of the bluefish by the middle of August is about 5in.; by the end of September the length is 7 to 8in. A fish measuring 12 to 14in. is considered to be one year old. It is believed that the species grows very rapidly after it has reached the weight of 4 or 5lbs., sometimes almost doubling its weight during the summer. Dr. Goode gives the following relations of weight to length: A 1lb. fish measures about 14in.; 2lbs., 17in.; 3lbs., 21in.; 4lbs., 24in.; 5lbs., 25in.; 6lbs., 26 to 27in.; and 8lbs., 29in.

Capture.—One of the best known and most exhilarating methods of taking the bluefish is by trolling from a sailboat with a piece of wood, bone of metal, usually accompanied by a quid of white rag or eel skin by way of additional decoy. At Woods Hole a strong cotton line about 100yds. long, to which are attached on wire two large-sized sea bass hooks baited with a live eel, was the favorite rig until recently, when the caprice of the fish seemed to call for menhaden or some other bait. In fastening the eel one hook was passed through the lips and the other pierced the tail. The same outfit was used from a boat at anchor near rapid currents which floated the line at or near the surface, and also for heaving out into the surf and pulling in the line rapidly. A very popular style of fishing, now extensively followed, is known as chumming. For this purpose many anglers use an 18-thread Cuttyhunk line 200yds. long on a large reel and provided with a strong hook attached to about 1ft. of piano wire.

Two things are to be especially guarded against in handling a big fish—his mad rushes when first hooked and his propensity to run up faster than the reel will take in the slack line. A powerful fish with the tide in his favor will make a stubborn fight and a doubtful issue unless great skill is exercised by the angler. In chumming a favorite bait is a piece from the back of a menhaden containing the dorsal fin, the rest of the fish being ground or chopped up and thrown overboard to attract the fish. An artificial minnow is often used from a stationary boat instead of the squid or other surface lure, and the young are caught in shallow water near the shores with shrimp or pieces of fish. One of the most successful all around anglers of my acquaintance, Mr. Willard Nye, Jr., who is known to many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, gives the following timely hint from his own experience in trolling: "The value of knowing that bluefish are feeding on the smaller fish does not seem to be fully understood by the fishermen, for with few exceptions they stick to the eel skin drail or squid, whereas if they would use an imitation fish, not over 5in. long, made of block tin, at least three fish would be hooked to one with the eel skin drail. To meet with the greatest success the tin squid should have indentations cut or pressed to represent the head, scales and eyes; it should be rubbed bright with the back of a knife, and have a piece of eel skin 1½ or 2in. long hooked through the middle to make a suitable tail for the minnow. When trolling let the boat sail very slowly, so that the drail may sink into the school of bait, as most fish prefer to take their food under water rather than come to the surface to strike it and get their mouths full of air."

T. H. BEAN.

THE BIG FISH EAT THE LITTLE ONES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Henry Wright, the commissioner of the Duke of Sutherland, dated at Trentham Hall, July 10. As you probably know, Mr. Wright is an enthusiastic sportsman. Believing that an extract would interest your readers, I send it herewith:

"I am glad to hear from your son that the deer are continuing all right, and hope they will breed the next season. You know the lake here is full of fish. I have been amusing myself by putting out a hand net—just a rabbit net used ordinarily in catching rabbits, about 50ft. long and 2ft. 6in. deep, with corks along the top. We put it out in the lake, tying one end to the weeds, and the fish swim against it, entangling themselves by floundering about. I go and examine it night and morning, and generally get three or four fish each time—pike and tench."

"To-day we emptied one of the ponds in the park. There were thousands of fish—pike, perch and roach, one pike weighing 10½lbs. It pleases one's curiosity to see what there is, and is useful in transferring some from one pond to another, but it is murderous work; so many get smothered in the mud. If ponds were properly constructed, so that the water could be run off quickly and not too much mud allowed, I am sure one might breed and sell tons of fish for the market, treating the business as a food farm. You must have weeds, as they form a harbor for the small fry to escape from the big ones, or else they would soon all be gobbled up, and besides I see that on the weeds are innumerable snails, which serve as food for the whitefish (roach), and they in their turn form the food for the pike and perch. It is wonderful how nature works—all in turn preying upon one another, up to man, who selects the biggest and best creatures to feed his body and brain, and so on up to higher nature, but I am rambling now, so I write to say good-night and kind remembrance to all."

The deer referred to by Mr. Wright are three fallow deer received from the Duke last spring and placed in my park at Stanley, N. J. Since then one of the does has given birth to a beautiful male fawn, which is doing remarkably well. GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

POTOMAC RIVER FISHING.

LAST week the Potomac was in good condition and some fair catches of black bass were made. Messrs. Coburn and Otterbach spent several days at the club house near the Great Falls and took thirty bass. Most of these were fine ones. The boss bass of this excursion was captured by Master Harry Coburn. It weighed 3½ lbs., and hooked itself while the party were in Difficult Run collecting bait, the rods having been left in the boat with lines in the water. Harry worked hard for his biggest fish and landed him without assistance from the other members of the party. The boy had taken off his breeches while wading in catching bait, and when the Kentuckian on the rod clicked out a merry warning that something had started off with the hook Harry grabbed his trousers and ran to the scene of action. He seemed to think that it was necessary for him to have his knickerbocks on while landing a fish, and after picking up the rod he succeeded in getting one leg out of the way when wh-r-r went the reel, and our young friend had to give his whole attention to Mr. Bass. The fish was landed after a good fight, during the progress of which Harry is said to have presented a very striking picture.

Washington anglers are finding very good fishing in the lower Potomac, near its mouth, where croakers and silver perch (not white perch) are being taken in large numbers. "Trout" (weakfish) are biting well at Point Lookout. A friend caught six on the first tide he fished, aggregating 12 lbs. That was two weeks ago, and fishing has been good since.

Several anglers from here are just about breaking a very successful camp on the Susquehanna near Havre de Grace, Md.

We all look forward with great expectations to September and October. Next month is rockfish month here, and October, if the weather be favorable, is one of the best black bass months.

Mr. John Hyer relates some pleasant recollections of excursions to the Little Falls of the Potomac with Uncle Thad Norris in quest of rockfish and striped bass. A short time before Mr. Norris's death he came on to Washington and in company with Mr. Hyer spent a very successful day at the Little Falls. So delighted was Mr. Norris with the fine fish taken and his surroundings that, after having partaken of a luncheon and settled back for a rest, he exclaimed, "Now I am ready to die." At this point Daniel Webster, and many other noted anglers, have been successful in fishing for "rock," and even in these later years the fishing is occasionally good.

BONART.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 29.

JUNEBUG AND RAINBOW TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I write this in a spirit of vengeance—my object being to get even with some of your unmannerly correspondents who so love to tantalize hard-working citizens with accounts of phenomenal sport in regions to which they alone seem privileged to penetrate. I am ungenerous enough to hope that these unprincipled fellows of the backwoods will turn green with envy when they read of the unsurpassed fishing, and when I say unsurpassed I mean nothing else, that may be enjoyed at no great distance from San Francisco.

Even as the fishing was a revelation to me, I hope its description may be a source of envy to them. To those who have the good sense never to indulge in extravagant accounts of marvelous catches, I feel that I ought to apologize, and perhaps the best apology will be to state that this narrative is not intended for them, and that they read it at their own risk.

But before I begin I should like to interpolate a word of advice. There may be some who, reading this account of a remarkably successful outing, will erroneously fancy that California is the long-sought Angler's El Dorado. Such a belief would be a mistake. Undoubtedly the fishing in some parts of our State is superb, and so, on many occasions, I have found it to be; but on the other hand, there are streams enough in California which, owing to persistent and reckless fishing, contain about as many trout as the Charles River, flowing through Boston. The reader of any angling or sporting paper should ever bear in mind this fact, that the experiences are almost invariably exceptional, depending either on unusual luck or marked skill. In the present instance our success on the Klamath River was mainly the result of luck, depending (as will be seen) absolutely on the co-operation of the Junebug. Therefore let not the eager angler, who seeks the Klamath in August, when the Junebugs have all folded their tents and silently stolen away, denounce me as an unfeeling impostor. With an apology for this perhaps unnecessary preface, I begin my truthful narrative.

Last week my father asked me to join him on a fishing trip to the Klamath River. My father has an odd habit of asking me to go fishing with him; and I, strange to say, have an equally odd habit of accepting every time he asks. So we decided to leave San Francisco for the north that very evening. In the meantime I consulted a map of our State, and discovered that the Klamath is a stream of considerable size which, rising in southern Oregon, flows southward into the heart of the North California Sierras and thence westerly into the Pacific.

When I joined my father on the train, I found him supplied with a storeful of angling requisites, (half for me, half for himself) embracing everything from tiny boxes full of shot to monstrous wading stockings and awkward landing nets. Everything seemed on such a vast scale, and so thoroughly out of harmony with my ideas of trout fishing—gained somewhat inadequately from stray casts over Massachusetts waters—that I could not refrain from asking my paternal whether he had not inadvertently procured the equipment of a whaling fleet; whereupon he informed me that, unless his friends had deceived him, we should need our strongest tackle, as the trout of the Klamath were fierce, gamy fellows of the "rainbow" variety, averaging no less than 2½ lbs. While the train struggled up the Sacramento Valley, we discussed the probability of the correctness of this information. Neither of us was disposed to rely upon it, inasmuch as just such reliance in the reputed excellence of a stream had more than once caused us bitter disappointment. Agreeing for safety's sake, to lower the average provisionally to 1 lb. per fish, we retired for the night.

By three in the afternoon of the following day we reached the station called Ager, a tiny speck in the wilderness of the Sierras. Here we and the paraphernalia left the train

and were put upon the stage-coach which runs daily between Ager and Klamath Hot Springs, our destination. The jolting drive over the hills was conventional enough, until a sudden bend in the road disclosed the beautiful valley of the Klamath and the river itself, fully 30 yds. broad, tumbled and seethed through it in a most stirring way, at least from the angler's standpoint. Elated by the sight before us, my father and I shook hands, and I dare say each of us thought the prospect warranted raising the average to a pound and a half. Before suggesting such a risky move, however, I determined to consult our driver, and accordingly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Daniel," I inquired, "is that the Klamath?"
"Yes, that's the river," answered Dan kindly.
"How's the fishing?"

"Oh," said Daniel, "I reckon you will soon get tired of fishing that stream." My father and I exchanged a painful glance, and then I asked: "Is the fishing so very poor, then?"

"Oh, bless you, no," Dan answered quickly, "the trouble lies the other way. There's too many rainbows in that stream; why the river is loaded to the banks. Only the other day a man from town"—and here Daniel told us a trout tale, that I could scarcely restrain the impulse to stop the stage and rig up then and there. Only my father's better judgment served to keep us in our seats; and as Dan ended his story, my father recommenced the pumping process where I had left off.

"Are the fish large, Dan?" he asked.

"Not so very, this season," returned the driver, "I haven't seen any so far over six pounds, but then on the other hand I don't remember any that went under two."

At this point I again threatened to stampede, but the pater's grip was upon me, and with a little coaxing I consented to stay with the stage. The scenery failed to interest us after that, we were too expectant even to appreciate a good supper after a trip of twenty-four hours, but almost as soon as we were lodged in a cosy cottage at the springs, we retired in order to be up with the dawn.

To tell the truth the dawn was up and about a little before us; but, considering that we had to adjust our cumbersome tackle and apparel, we made a very fair second. Together we trudged to the side of the river whose rushing had played a part in our dreams during the night. We had been advised to waste no time with artificial flies, and now we were convinced of the soundness of that advice. The river was far too deep and swift and turbulent for the gayest professor or grizzly-king. So my father decorated his line with shrimps, I festooned my own with worms, and the fishing began. I had taken my position upon a wooden platform which had been thrown out (evidently for the accommodation of ladies whose casting powers are not equal to the demands of the Klamath) across the stream. It terminated abruptly some thirty feet out. Here, at the end, I stood casting my line up stream, watching it as it floated past, and withdrawing it as the swift current carried it to the surface some distance below. After five or six casts of this nature, I began to wonder why one of the innumerable monsters failed to connect. My father too, wore an anxious expression, and as he drew in his line for the fifth time, I saw the shrimps upon it dangling intact. Just then a guest from the hotel, a stalwart young fellow, emerged from the brush and, rod in hand, joined me on the platform. With a cheery "Good morning" to both of us, he cast his line into the stream. He was fast to something in an instant; something that seemed to be the embodiment of life, for in spite of a protesting shriek of the reel, the captive shot like a flash into midstream and then jumped, for all the world like a big black bass, 4 ft. into the air. While I trembled with excitement, and my father yelled like an Indian, that young man handled his frantic fish with about as much interest as if he were fast to a fingerling. Evidently the fishing had lost the charm of novelty for him. Five minutes passed, and then I had the pleasure of netting a magnificent prize. The trout, utterly exhausted, (for while a "rainbow" has sufficient strength to move a fin, he defies capture) was unhooked, killed, and tossed to the bank, where my father picked him up and hung him to his pocket scales. "Three pounds full," he said to the indifferent young man, who was preparing for another cast. But I checked the latter with a question.

"Will you tell me," I asked "what bait you use? We seem to have no luck with shrimp or worm."

"Neither is worth anything," he answered. "Even salmon-roe is useless at present while the trout-fly hangs on every bush."

When I told him that I had never seen a trout-fly, except an artificial one, he offered to show me millions, and led the way to the bank. Directly in front of us was a small oak shrub and, sure enough, it was alive with the brownish, crawling insects which I instantly made out to be June bugs. Not only that bush, but every bush along either bank of the Klamath, was laden with these so called "trout flies." So plentiful were they, that often eight or ten of them clung to one tiny branch. I emptied my bait box of the shrimps, and prepared to take in a supply of bugs, which made not the least effort to avoid capture; but the young man advised me not to go to any useless trouble, as it was much easier to pick up a handful anywhere whenever needed. Nature, in fact, had put a gigantic bait box (in the shape of her woods) entirely at our disposal.

We immediately took the young man's hint, and after clearing our tackle of shrimps and worms, we substituted "trout flies" and returned to our respective stations.

Apparently the Junebug was irresistible. Within a minute my father, the young man and I were busy with strained rods and hissing lines. The young man was the first to yield, his fish having by a sudden rush snapped his lancewood tip. With a few emphatic remarks the young man returned to the house, seemingly without the least desire to see what became of us and our fish.

Playing a fish in the Klamath is the hardest kind of work, owing to the remarkable swiftness of the current. With a fairly light rod, the angler has decidedly the worst of the contest during the first five minutes, as a heavy rainbow trout, merely by setting his fins against the stream, effectually resists any attempt to draw him up stream or to guide him in shore. All that can be done at first is to keep a steady strain on the fish; to attempt any more would mean either a break in the rod or the loss of a valuable casting line. But gradually, as the fish begins to tire, the current sweeps him to the surface, when he is sure to leap into the air. On falling, he either repeats the leap or rushes wildly to and fro, exhausting

himself in a desperate attempt to carry the sagging line against the current. The careful angler will at this point retrieve his line sharply, and force his captive to turn toward the bank, where the water is comparatively dead. Once coaxed into this situation, the capture of the fish is but a question of time. It took me six or seven minutes to induce my first rainbow to leave the middle of the stream, and only three more after that to land him. When I triumphantly held my fish up for my father's inspection, the latter was already fast to his second, having landed his first of 2½ lbs. in 5 minutes. My own weighed exactly a pound more.

I have never before seen fish take bait as the Klamath rainbows took those "trout flies." Although the surface of the stream was covered with bunches of the struggling insects, attesting the superabundance of food in the water, the fish were either so plentiful or so voracious that bites were never at a premium. All that was required to insure five minutes entertainment was to pick a "trout fly" from a bush, put it on a hook and drop the latter into the Klamath.

Fortunately such fishing is very tiresome; and as, moreover, the fish are so large and strong that fully half of those hooked get away, there is little danger of an unsport-manlike slaughter. At the close of my first day's fishing I carefully examined my catch. I had twenty-one fish weighing in the aggregate 51 lbs. Ten of these, including my largest trout weighing 4½ lbs., I had left alive in a large net provided by the proprietor of the Springs for this purpose. These I turned in the stream as I did not care to ship more than 25 lbs. to the city.

On the following day my father and I made an agreement which, to the average sportsmen of the East, may appear ridiculous. We decided to return to the water every fish that failed to weigh 2½ lbs.; and yet, when the day was over, we claimed almost a sackful. Fortunately we were again able to return a number of these to the stream.

In this way we fished on, until the fierce pull of a three-pounder became as familiar to us as the nibble of the darting fontinalis. Then, as was natural, we tired of the sport, and took to the neighboring brooks in search of smaller fish. We returned to San Francisco in a fairly exhausted state, but not too weary to regale every angler of our acquaintance with accounts of the denizens of the Klamath.

We shall remember that rushing stream until the day we fish no more, not because of its wild, romantic beauty, not because of its splendid fish, but rather because Dame Nature, ever generous toward her chief admirer, the angler, has caused to thrive there a curious living bait which the rainbow trout (as if in deference to her foresight) have pledged themselves to swallow on sight.

SUMMIT L. HECHT.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAINBOW TROUT IN VERMONT.

THE following letter is so clear an exhibit of the results of artificial introduction of a choice trout, even though the undertaking was experimental and the conditions apparently unfavorable, that we have obtained permission from Commissioner McDonald to make it public. On the question of the six inch trout law we hope to have the views of the Commissioner ere long:

RUTLAND, VT., Aug. 18.—Col. Marshall McDonald, Woods Hole, Mass.: I am happy to be able to reply to your inquiry how the rainbow trout of California introduced into the waters of this vicinity some years ago have bred and what measure of success has attended that venture.

In the late autumn of 1883 a package containing 5,000 eggs from that variety of trout was received at the express office at this place consigned to some person who could not, or would not, pay the charges on them. The express agent offered them to the late Judge Martin Y. Everts, who took them, paid the charges and placed them in the ponds of Dr. C. H. Barber, who was then in charge of a small hatchery near Rutland. The eggs hatched very successfully, the loss being not over 3 per cent. At the proper time the fry were taken from the hatching trough and placed in a series of tanks, three in number, fed by a spring of pure cold water discharging probably 200 gallons per minute. The tanks were each about 8 ft. by 4 ft., and in them the water stood at a depth of about 4 ft. The sides were of wood and the bottom the natural earth found at the bottom of the excavation. There was very little natural food in the water for the trout, and they were not regularly or judiciously fed. In these tanks they remained until about August, 1885, when they were placed in a stream which had formerly been a noted trout stream, but which had been nearly ruined by sawdust and over fishing. In the meantime a very large number had died from lack of proper food and other causes, and it is not believed that over 2,500 ever got into the free water. The next year a few were taken in that stream, and one at least in another stream 10 miles distant, but with a free water way connecting the two. Those taken that year were of the average length of 5 in. In each succeeding year since then the catches of this variety have been more numerous, until, at this time, it is estimated that one-third of all the trout taken in what we may call the parent stream are of the new variety, and almost all the very large ones are rainbows. This year many have been killed from 1½ lbs. to 3½ lbs. in weight. That not all the fish taken are of the original stock is well proven by the fact that fingerlings are taken also, showing that they have bred and that they increase rapidly in waters in which our native trout no longer thrives. The result of this venture has been such as to convince me that this is the trout to breed for restocking streams that have been run out by such causes as sawdust, over fishing, decreased water supply by reason of the destruction of forests, drainage of swamps, etc.

They have certainly increased here very rapidly under what are disadvantageous circumstances for the native trout; they grow more rapidly than the natives, and to a larger size: they are bold risers to the fly, take ground bait freely, and are vigorous fighters. On the other hand they are not so handsome as the native trout, nor are they quite so delicate in flavor. I have seen reports from various places unfavorable to this variety of trout, the effort to plant them not having been successful. There are at least three varieties of trout on the Pacific Slope all of which are classed as "California trout" by those who are not close observers. It may be that this particular trout has not been tried elsewhere; here they have certainly been a success, and I can see no reason why they should not give equally good results in other waters equally favorable. It should be borne in mind that these are not the black-spotted trout of the Rocky Mountains, nor are they the so-called Dolly Varden trout, but they are the true rainbow trout. I very much regret that it is not now possible to learn from what section of the Pacific Coast these eggs came.

I wish you would give me your opinion as to the value of trout just 6 in. in length as breeders. Many States, including Vermont, have the so called 6 in. law. I am unable to see any logical reason for the enactment of any law limiting the size of a trout which may be basketed except this: every

trout should have at least one opportunity to reproduce its species; if the trout of 6 in. in length which is thrown back on the last day of the season is incapable of breeding during the succeeding autumn, he might as well be killed at that time as the next summer, when he will be of legal length, but still has had no opportunity to breed. If the limit were fixed at 8, or better, 9 in., the fish of that size put back in the last week of the season would breed that fall and could be taken during the succeeding summer properly, having had one season in which to do their share toward keeping up the supply. Am I right or wrong in my theory? If you will reply to this theory through FOREST AND STREAM I am sure your opinion will be eagerly read by many people who wish to see sound laws on this subject enacted and enforced.

W. M. Y. W. RIPLEY.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER FISHING.

FISH Commissioner Henry C. Ford wrote from Egypt Mills, Pa., on Aug. 27 as follows:

"I have been here since June 10 and have found the bass fishing poor, although the river has been in good condition owing to the dryness of the summer. I have taken only two large fish this summer—one 4½ and the other 4½ lbs. Last summer my catch of large fish here was 16, running from 4 lbs. to 5½ lbs. There is the largest number of young bass in the river that I have ever seen. You cannot run your boat ashore without seeing from five to ten young bass of this season's spawning in the shallow water. The conditions this year have been excellent for spawning fish—there has been no high water to wash away the helpless fry.

"The number of young shad returning to sea is marvelous; I have seen more this season than for fifteen years. Toward nightfall the river has been full of them, leaping after the small flies that seem to constitute their food supply. The annual restocking of the headwaters of the Delaware River with shad fry, the destruction of all fish weirs and the abolition of net-fishing after the close of the shad season have made this the best shad river in the United States."

SET LINES IN HEMLOCK LAKE.—The water supply of Rochester, N. Y., is being polluted by dead fish caught on set lines, which are illegally used, and people are naturally indignant over the double outrage. Mr. George D. Reed, of Rochester, has spent the month of August at the lake and in the course of his trolling has taken up five miles of lines at the risk of bodily harm from their owners. Mr. Reed will give the two Willeys who threatened him an opportunity to appear before the grand jury of Ontario county. When hook and line fishermen discover set lines they usually cut them and they sink to the bottom baited; fish take the bait and rot on the hooks. Such lines have frequently been hauled up to the surface, but were not removed on account of the offensive smell of the decayed fish. The good people of Rochester will rally to the aid of Mr. Schwartz in his efforts to prosecute these destroyers of fish and of the public health. The boldness of the law-breakers, who add seining to other illegal fishing, requires swift and ample punishment.

NORTH CAROLINA TROUT STREAMS.—Florence, S. C.—I have just returned from a two months angling expedition through the mountains of Western North Carolina. The trip was in all points a success, as I got 30 days fishing in spite of heavy, washing rains, interfering occasionally with fly-fishing. I killed 1,007 trout, all of better size than in former years. Many individual fish weighed from ½ to 1 lb. and several of the rainbow species weighed from 2 to 3½ lbs. With a delightful climate, tempered by an altitude of from 3,500 to 4,000 ft., this is one of the finest places in the South for the lover of fly fishing. In the streams near the town of Highlands much poaching has been done by the native mountaineers, for the purpose of selling trout of any size to the hotels, the result of which is a large falling off of the catches by fly-fishers in these streams. Such conduct on the part of the hotel-keepers is reprehensible and will ultimately result in their own damage, as sportsmen will shun that particular point.—B.

WOODS HOLL, Mass., Aug. 26.—Bonitos have just made their appearance in the harbor to-day, they are feeding on silversides and young herring. A number of them were caught in Vineyard Sound at Menemsha Bight. The beautiful fish leap out of water almost as freely as bluefish, and are nearly equal to that species in food and game qualities. They can be readily taken by trolling with squid or minnow. About dark last evening the little harbor was said to be full of large squeteague. Bluefish are decreasing and striped bass increasing.—T. H. B.

HENDERSON HARBOR, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Arriving here I find devotees of the rod and reel having the grandest kind of fun catching black bass and pickerel, some of which weigh among the teens. I believe Mr. Burtis, of New York carries home the banner record of last week, having reached the top weight of a 14 lb. pickerel and 4 lb. bass.—SID BROMLEY.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 1.—Bluefish struck into Ipswich Bay and Essex River about a fortnight ago; but I have not heard that any were taken. The harbor is full of small mackerel 6 or 7 in. long. I have seen the boys catching smelts from the wharves recently.—E. F. L.

Fishculture.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—At the monthly meeting last Tuesday the Commissioners appointed John Huink's protector in the Sixth District. The annual appropriation was distributed among the hatcheries as follows: Caledonia \$12,000, Cold Spring \$5,500, Adirondack \$4,500, Sacandaga \$3,000, Fulton Chain \$2,500; contingent expenses \$1,500, and for last year's deficit and a car house for the new fish car \$1,000; total of \$30,000 allowed. Commissioner Bowman will be absent six months on a trip around the world. During his absence Mr. Burden will have charge of Caledonia.

RESULT OF PLANTING COD.—On June 20, 1891, Chas. Perry was on a wharf at Gloucester, Mass., and saw a very large school of small fish which, he thought, resembled cod, but the number was so great that he could not believe it possible that they were cod. He dipped into the school with a bucket and caught three of the fish, and they proved to be cod from an inch to 1½ in. long. These are doubtless the result of planting fry in the harbor by the Fish Commission.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 23 to 26.—Inaugural Show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Rogers Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.
Dec. 4 to 8.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

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Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnes, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. E. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Feb. 3 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

"IS IT NOT WORTH CONSIDERING?"

UNDER this query we had something to say, in our issue of Aug. 27, respecting the American Kennel Club and the libel suits instituted against its officers and some of the associate members. We pointed out that this litigation was working decided injury to kennel interests, and suggested that it might be worth the while of those competent to do so to devise some means of averting the consequences which threaten. What we had to say appears to have excited much interest, if we may judge from the numerous printed comments. Among these comments we note only one of a dissenting tenor, and the mode of dissent therein chosen is to hint that in making our suggestion of Aug. 27 we were not acting primarily of our own accord, but that some one else had pressed the button and we were doing the rest. The identity of this hypothetical personage was not disclosed, but it was supposed to have been a forger (possibly a servant girl), who had signed Mr. J. Otto Donner's name (*Clarum et venerabile nomen*) to a fraudulent night telegram. To this we have only to say (and in saying it we are robbing no one, male or female, of any credit due them), that the article in question was written wholly and exclusively of our own accord, at our own instance, and without any previous hint, suggestion or request of anybody. It embodied our own deliberate, sincere convictions. We believe that it reflected the earnest feeling of many thoughtful men solicitous for American kennel interests. And whatever of truthful presentation of facts and whatever of sensible suggestion of expediency were embodied in that article are not likely to be weakened by ascribing it to a grotesque origin.

KINGSTON DOG SHOW.

ONE of the best arranged shows I ever attended was held at Kingston, Ont., Canada, from Sept. 1 to 4. Their first venture was held last year in connection with the fair, and so much local interest was created in dogs thereby that it was deemed advisable to increase it, if possible, by repeating the experiment this year, although the fair would not be held. Under the able and energetic management of Mr. H. C. Corbett, the idea became something tangible, and last week's show was the result. Held in the skating rink, than which no better building could be built for the purpose, the show was well ventilated, light and clean. The benches were arranged down each side, the end and the middle with very wide alleys between. A very good plan was pursued in having the smaller dogs benched on a stand in the middle of the rink, allowing about a yard's breadth of boarding between the spectators and the cages, so that no one could touch or tease the dogs. The stalls were very roomy, and altogether the show was well arranged. At no time was there any smell, Sanitas sawdust being used, though hardly needed. The floor being of earth, was admirably adapted to show the dogs off naturally. Mr. H. C. Corbett proved himself an efficient manager, and we heard no complaints. A room was set aside for exhibitors, and this is something that will be appreciated at every show. Mr. Oldrewe, Mr. Bates and Mr. Higgs all worked hard to make the show a success. Judging did not commence till Wednesday night, to the time stated in the premium lists. Dr. Wesley Mills judged pointers, setters and all spaniels excepting Clumbers, which were taken by Mr. Alfred Geddes, of Ottawa, and Mr. H. W. Lacy took the remainder of the classes; judging being completed by Wednesday night, with the exception of two or three specials.

Some good dogs were shown, notably in the pointer, setter, fox-terrier, St. Bernard, mastiff and pug classes. The attendance, owing no doubt to the distance from the center

of the town, was not as it should have been, although the club will hardly lose very much, as expenses were not very heavy. Dr. Mills and Mr. Geddes commenced the judging, but I will give the breeds by the catalogue.

MASTIFFS.

The entry of mastiffs numbered nine, three only of which had much pretension to form. The challenge class did not fill. In open dogs it did not take the judge long to decide on the winner as Mode, shown in tip top shape, was points in front of Munting Minor in skull, muzzle, ear, eye, bone and body; at the same time the latter has his noticeable points and shows his good breeding. Eufrid, third, loses to both the others in head, a bit dishd face and body. The others in this class were too racy built to command notice. The open bitch class was poor, Bess, out of shape, met a superior one in Zilda, who is deeper and squarer in muzzle, has more girth of skull, better body and coat, and carries her ears much better. Neither are good ones and first was withheld. The other in the class was even worse still and was sent out. Mastiffs are not improving in Canada as they should do; the custom laws may have something to do with the lack of improvement in some breeds, and when the present restrictions are removed no doubt there will be a greater demand for well bred stock from American kennels.

ST. BERNARDS.

The same applies in part to St. Bernards, the New York St. Bernard Kennels having things all their own way. In the challenge class our old friend Hector, looking as young and vigorous as ever, was alone. In the open dog class Mr. Reick's new dog Kingston Regent made his first appearance under his new ownership. This dog will stand a good deal of critical examination, and requires it to gain a proper appreciation of his good points. His lack of blaze and dark coloring on head, of course, detract from his appearance to the casual observer, but there is no gainsaying his depth and squareness of muzzle, massive skull, good ear, straight, heavily boned leg, depth of chest and rich color: he might be a bit longer in body, better in pasterns and feet, and could easily carry twenty pounds more flesh. He is a good mover. This son of the late Prince Regent had no competition. In bitches the turnout, though limited to three, was of good quality. Mr. Reick's Republican Belle and Zenith had a close fight, the former winning in head, depth of chest and bone; the third prize winner, Nun Nicer, shows a good deal of quality, but was smaller than the others and out of coat.

GREYHOUNDS.

Several well-known dogs showed up in these classes. The challenge division brought champion Harmony into the ring, she carries her six years very well, is well muscled and as spry as a two-year-old. In open dogs there was a very close competition between Hazlehurst and Ranger, and it was Hazlehurst's superior front and hind legs from thigh down, being much better in feet and more let down in stifles, that gained him the ribbon, as Ranger's nice ribs, excellent loin and well-developed quarters made it difficult to pass him over. He afterward divided the condition prize with the pointer King Bow's Bow. The third prize fell to Elcho, who this time could not be made to raise his ears at all, having evidently, like every well-informed dog, read the FOREST AND STREAM; he was in nice shape, and is a well-formed little one from the head back; it was a close thing for him, however, with Chester, reserve, who, though only five months old, was as big as any greyhound in the class, with immense straight bone, good head and body; if he does not grow too coarse, which appears very likely, he will be heard from again. Open bitches was a poor show. The winner, Clio, is just a fair blue-colored greyhound, she is a bit long-cast, and while one cannot say she has really any bad points, still she hardly shows herself as a bitch of much quality; lack of rib-development is her worst feature. Second and third prizes were withheld, and two letters given to Bess, more as a sop to Cerberus than anything else, for I could find little merit in her when I saw her again after judging.

BEAGLES.

These merry little hounds showed up in goodly numbers and competition was keen. In challenge dogs Royal Krueger and Racer, Jr., fought their battle over again, with the result that Royal Krueger showed superior in head and body; Racer carries his brush better, "Roy" turns one foot out a bit now. Una, looking well, had the ladies' division to herself. In open dogs the competition was very close and took some time to decide, for when one dog beat the other in one point he himself was deficient in some that his competitors possessed. Tricotrin's excellent front and good body eventually pulled him through a winner over Ranger, who loses in head, coat and body, but beats Tricotrin in carriage of stern, and also is better in body and front than Roy K., who did not look so well as when shown at Baltimore. The bitch class was another good one, with lots of work for the judge. Elf, hardly herself, beats Fanny K. in front, body and coat. Baby W., third, is well known. Music, reserve, has a nice skull, but muzzle is not square enough, is deficient in bone, has a fair feel of coat. Emeline, vhc., is a bit too long in body and coat, not quite up to the mark, muzzle not short or square enough. A class was made for under 12 in., and in this Ava W. had little difficulty in adding another to her score, for though Dot has a nice cobby body she is beaten in head, front and carriage of brush by the other.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(DR. MILLS).

The gathering in this breed was nothing very startling. The challenge class did not fill. Edgemark was well ahead of anything else in the open class. He is well known; is a nicely formed dog and won easily. Benzine, second, was at Cleveland in the spring; he could be improved in stop; his legs and feet are his best points. Kent's Rex, third, owned by the secretary, is a trifle out in front, is a bit cloddy in body but has a nice-shaped head. Sir Edward, vhc., might be better in pasterns and loin, and is out of coat. Grouse, vhc., is only a fair one, and was described in our Ottawa report. Glen II. is coarse in head, leggy and not very good in feet. In bitches, a Kingston bitch, Liberty, won nicely over Ruby K. in head, the latter being pinched in muzzle and not so good in front, showing also signs of her recent maternal duties. Mado, third, has a firm over one eye, is open in feet and snipy muzzled. Albert's Nellie, a noted winner, was marked absent. The novice class was filled with Kingston dogs, and Kent's Rex, already described, had no difficulty in pulling to the front, though the seven-months-old pup Sir Harold is quite promising, having good bone and front. Young London, third, is coarse in head and has wretched feet. Glen II., vhc., I did not see in his stall. Altogether the exhibit of these setters was better than one often meets with at shows of this size.

IRISH SETTERS.

With the Seminole and Glendyne Kennels represented the show of Irish setters, though limited, was entitled to some respect as to quality. No challenge dogs were entered, and in the open the struggle for honors was easily between Seminole and Glen Jarvis, and the judge following out his theory gave them plenty of exercise for that day at any rate. Seminole eventually gained the verdict, beating Glen Jarvis in head and color; Jack, third, is more on the English type of head, especially in skull, is nice and straight in front as far as his feet, which however turn out a bit; in color he is hardly rich enough. In bitches Josie D. won easily, being better in muzzle, body, color and having good serviceable legs and feet; she shows white on chest and muzzle. Aureore, second, is a poor one, slack in back, snipy muzzle and light in color. The other entry was of no account, but had a nice St. Bernard blaze.

GORDON SETTERS.

In challenge dogs the Doctor rather put the cart before the horse, as Ivanhoe is a better Gordon all around than his kennel mate, Leo B., in head and coloring. A class was made for Duchess of Waverly; she is well known. In the open dogs first was withheld and second given to a black and tan dog with little pretensions to type. In bitches, a young daughter of champion Little Boy, Lady Waverly, was given the only prize and that first. She is throaty, has a poor muzzle and will hardly come up to the mark generally. Com. was given to Bloom, why one can hardly tell, as she had a front as wide and of the shape of a barrel, with no redeeming point. This gathering of Gordons is not by any means as good as we shall very likely see later on.

POINTERS.

Several well-known animals were seen on the benches in this breed, and until the judge divided the dogs into their respective classes, according to weight, it was hard to separate them. In heavy challenge class the well known Belle Randolph had things to herself; she was looking in nice condition. In light weights Pommeroy Sec took the dog prize, and his new kennel companion that for bitches. As only diploma cards were given in the challenge class this liberal division did not affect the club financially. A similar division was made in the open dogs, where the struggle in heavy-weight dogs proved to be between Tempest and King Bow's Bow, and the judge, being unable to decide, placed them equal, whereas Tempest can, barring head, give away a few points and win. Ossining and Dash fought it out in the light weight dogs, and the well-known Ossining's defeat of the others was never in doubt, as Dash, given second, is lathy, poor in pasterns and feet. The sweet-headed Lady Graphic won easily in bitches over Floss, the former has many prizes to her credit; Floss should not have had a card, as her miserable hindlegs, like clothes props, should have put her out, not to mention her poor feet. With the exception, therefore, of several well-known American dogs, and Mr. Corbett's dogs, the pointer classes were a failure.

GREAT DANES.

There was only one shown, and it created considerable local interest, as the Kingstons are not accustomed to the breed. Minerva's Fawn is nicely made in body and legs but her head has not strength or character enough, and is snipy in muzzle, but she is a pretty animal withal, and is a daughter of Don Caesar, the cream-colored dog that won so many prizes some few years since.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—(A. GEDDES.)

There were seven Clumbers entered, and Mr. Geddes had not much trouble in placing them. In challenge class Boss III. was alone. In open dogs a nice typical dog, Darby, won somewhat easily from Johnny, Jr., that will be remembered as winning so often in the spring circuit, he is beaten in head, front and body by the winner. La Grippe was absent. In bitches Lucy II. was properly placed at the head of affairs; is better in head and body than Vic, second, who might have given way to Lady Joan, as she is long in head, weak in pastern, and body should be deeper.

FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.—(DR. MILLS.)

Saybrook Dolly, the only entry, was absent. In open dogs first was withheld and second given to a bad fronted dog called Jack, faulty in muzzle and eyes, but possessing a fair body; the others were just ordinary long-legged specimens. The field spaniels in Canada are not by any means on a par with the cockers in regard to merit. In cocker spaniel challenge class, Ch. Rabbi was placed over King of Obos. Both are well known and the decision was right. In open dogs Oban should have given way to Obadiah, as he is very bad in front, and loses to the other in loin and quarters. Rex Obo, third, is too long in body, knuckles over, turns her feet out, and is too long in muzzle, nice coat. Tim Obo, vhc., has a too domy skull, a dachshund front, and is undershot, body, quarters and coat good. Major is too big; will be a field spaniel very shortly, is wavy coated and muzzle is not square enough. In the bitch class, I Say, though out of coat and light in body, shows a great deal of cocker type. She is a trifle long in head, good straight front; just recovering from a bad attack of distemper. She is hardly fit to show yet. Dot Smile, second, turns her feet out a bit, has a nice head, although a trifle long; is faulty in loin and quarters. Vic, third, is a bit on the leg, narrow fronted, and too large sized. Corinne, reserve, has light eyes, is flat sided, but fairly good otherwise. Busy, vhc., ought to have run. Dot Smile close for second money, as she is more of a cocker, her skull is a bit domy, but she has a nice front and body. Floss Obo, he., is a bit sharp muzzled, nice body, legs and feet; might have been placed higher up. In other than black dogs, Rufus, the red one, had an easy win over Jacco, who was given vhc., a miserable specimen, undershot at eighth of an inch, with little type about it. In bitches, Lady of Learning was transferred to challenge class, and we are told, not being counted good enough, was given only second. This bitch is a typical little cocker, and beats the others all to pieces. Tottie, first in the regular class, has a poor head, but is well off on the leg, and is a good specimen of the rough and ready working type. Lou R. is young yet, 6 months, long in head, needs time in body. In the novice class, I Say took another ribbon, Tottie coming next. Major, third, has a bit undershot, has not depth of body enough, and has a film on one eye. The cocker spaniels made a good showing considering the distance from the headquarters of the breed in Canada.

COLLIES.

One cannot feel complimented on the class of collies shown, and but for the Seminole Kennels, which had a sort of third string here, there would have been little quality. In challenge dogs Roslyn Dandy, looking in good coat, was alone, and Rowdy, from the same kennels, despite his lack of coat and indifferent body and relying on his long clean head, was nicely ahead of the local dog, Bob, who is a bit coarse in head, lacks undercoat, but is fair otherwise: Ross has a better head than the second prize winner but ears are carried flat to skull, à la fox-terrier, he also lacks undercoat, and coat is very open. In bitches Cora II. had an easy win, though she herself is not a good one; second was withheld and one or two very bad ones turned out; Sadie took third, she is a blue merl, carries her ears well, though they are too big, head is a little coarse, but she has a nice coat and looks a worker all over; Fan and Rita, two puppies, too short-faced but boasting nice limbs and coat, were given two cards.

BULLDOGS.

Mr. Woodward's Bo'swain was the only entry, and of course tripped out with the blue ribbon; he was shown in excellent condition.

BULL-TERRIERS.

There were seven entries in the bull-terrier class and considerable weeding was required, some of them might have been mentioned in the bulldog class. Eventually the prize fell to Watchful Wagtail, of the three left in, his nice head and well-turned body is marred somewhat by his indifferent front; a puppy, Duke of Wellington, ran the winner close, and is by Bendigo out of a bitch that Mr. Dole lost in Toronto last year, so we hear, anyhow he is a good puppy, excellent bone and head, and only needs time; Baron II. turns his feet out, is cheeky and could be improved in body.

FOX-TERRIERS.

These were the best filled classes in the show, and though there were no flyers present, they gave one considerable work

to weigh all points. A class of moderate dogs is notoriously a difficult one to judge unless one withholds all the prizes and sends them all out. In open dogs the struggle was between Blemton Trump and the new dog Painter. Neither is very good in head; Trump carried his ears truer and I like his front better; he also gains a trifle in coat and body; Painter's brindle markings are objectionable. Nobody's Child, third, had the best head in the class, but loses in front; loin and quarters seem a bit weak; needs a little kitchen physic when he will show up much better. I take this opportunity to refer to a letter I received before the Kingston show, calling my attention to this dog, that it had been under treatment and to look out for a weakness in loin, etc., which perhaps might not be noticeable in the ring. The letter was signed C. J. R., and postmarked Toronto. These are the petty acts of narrow-minded individuals, who are the very people who bring dogs and dog dealing into dispute. Whether the dog had been bought for \$1 or \$1,000 mattered nothing to me when in the ring. Tupper, he., has a fairish head to recommend it, too light and lathy in body though. Punch, c., has grown far too big and coarse; Zig Zag, Jr., carries his ears poorly, legs and feet fair, and John Peel, with a commended card over it when I took my notes, gave me quite a cold shiver, evidently had not its company manners on, for it showed him a bad one. Our advice to the Arden Kennels is to clear out their stock and get something with more bone, substance and terrier character. Winning specials with such stock is a parody on dog shows. The bitch class was a better one, the struggle lying between Fussie and Dudley Slave. The former is a well-made bitch, nice long head, well carried ears, good neck and straight front, feet might be a little more compact though they are not open, nicely turned body and jaunty action, coat could be improved, is soft at present; she is, I believe, a granddaughter of old Fennel's. Dudley Slave was heavy in whelp, which made her look slack in back; her front is not good, and ears are not carried close enough to head; she beats in coat and terrier character. Fly came next. She is coarsish in head and carries her ears too high. Judy, vhc., ears wrong, front not a terrier's front, nice body, fair head. Dot, vhc., is bad in front, ears poorly carried. Lady Zig Zag, he., is light and weedy. Most of the commended cards should have been withheld. In novice class Fussie beat Nobody's Child, and Jacko, third, is a rare terrier from the head back, but head and neck entirely too coarse and thick.

DANDIE DINMONTS, ETC.

In the challenge class the Skye terrier Sir Stafford, in nice condition, added another prize to his string. We are rather uncertain about the Dandy open class, the winner beats the other in head, coat and body, the yellow one being too woolly-coated and cloddy. In Bedlington, first was withheld and second given to Nettle, out of shape and faulty in head and front.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

First went to Grace, a nice little-bodied bitch, cleaner in head and markings than Rochelle Scot, second, who is a bit coarse.

TOY SPANIELS.

The noted winner Calumet Alice, in the absence of her kennel mate, Cromwell, in the challenge class, was alone. She has been described before. In open class, Calumet's Ben d'Or, the only entry, was absent.

PUGS.

In challenge class Bob Ivy had little trouble in beating old Treasure, who shows too many signs of age to hold his own as in days of yore. Pretty little Bessie, in tiptop shape, was alone in her class. In open dogs, Curtis, the novice winner at New York this spring, though very dark in head, beat Kash, Jr., in head and coat. Fritz Emmett, big in ears and a bit coarse all over, came close up next. Bradford Rowdy, reserve, loses in head and curl. Nigger showed too much white on chest, but is a well-formed pug. In bitches, Lady Victoria and Cribbage were placed in the order named; they have been described before. Pearl de Jardin, third, is a puppy that needs time to let down in body, nicish head and ears. Peggie is too fat and skull flat, nice body.

FOXHOUNDS, ETC.

A good show of these hounds, the well-known Dan taking first over Bell, who loses in head and front. Toner, third, is too bloodhoundy but is a strongly-made hound. Bell, vhc., is well whelp but is a nice-headed hound, with good coat. Grailer, vhc., is good in body, legs and coat, but head is faulty. Valdemir, the Russian wolfhound, looking well, was the only entry in his breed. Newfoundlanders had two entries: one had the foundations of a Newfoundland, fair head, coat straight on back but gone curly at sides, though it is just the right texture; he took first and the other curly, woolly-coated specimen had to be content with very barren honors.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.

This class should have been divided in weights. Not being able to do so I gave Jack Shepard, the bloodhound, first, Gill, the well-known dachshund, second, and Frank Dole's poodle Friday third, a shaved Esquimaux dog vhc. and the toy terrier Kathleen he.; a very good dachshund with a bushy tail got some letters too. This brought the judging to a close. H. W. L.

PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Hugh Falconer's Mode; 2d, John Massey's Misting Minor; 3d, Clumber Kennels' Eufroid. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, Henry Folger's Zilda; 3d, Hugh Falconer's Bess.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—1st, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Hector. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Kingston Regent. Bitches: 1st and 2d, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Republican Belle and Zenith; 3d, F. E. Lamb's Nun Nicer.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Harmon. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazelhurst; 2d, Seaton Kennels' Ranger; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Elcho. Reserve, E. H. Pense's Chester. Bitches: 1st, C. L. Curtis's Ohio; 2d and 3d, withheld. High com., A. G. H. Lutton's Bess.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Equal 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger and champion Uua; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's champion Racer, Jr.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Tricotrin; 2d, C. L. Curtis's Ranger; 3d, H. L. Kreuder's Roy K. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Elf; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's Fanny K.; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Baby W. Reserve, C. L. Curtis's Music. Very high com., H. L. Kreuder's Emeline.—UNDER 12½.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.; 2d, F. P. Robson's Dot.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark; 2d, H. Northwood's Benzine; 3d, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Kent's Rex. Very high com., Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Grouse, and Dr. E. Hair's Sir Edward. High com., G. H. Allen's Glen II. Bitches: 1st, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Liberty II.; 2d, R. E. Kent's Ruby K.; 3d, M. Switzer's Mado.—NOVICE—1st, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Kent's Rex; 2d, E. Sears's Sir Harold; 3d, John Theobald's Young London. Very high com., G. H. Allen's Glen II.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Seminole; 2d, M. Flynn, Jr.'s Glen Jarvis; 3d, J. B. Walkem's Jock. Bitches: 1st, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Josie D.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Aureole.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, S. G. Dixon's Leo B. and Ivanhoe. Bitches: 1st, S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.

—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Geo. Fleet's Victor. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. G. Dixon's Lady Waverly. Com., Geo. Fleet's Bloom.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—UNDER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Pommeroy Sec. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Fan N.—OVER 55LBS.—1st, Robert Leslie's champion Belle Randolph.—OPEN—55LBS. AND OVER—Dogs: Equal 1st, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' King Bow's Boy and W. Ledyard's Tempest.—UNDER 55LBS.—1st, W. H. Hyland's Ossining; 2d, Thos. Brigg's Dash. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic; 2d, Tim Rigby's Floss.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn. CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Clumber Kennels'

champion Boss III.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. B. Smart's Darby; 2d, Clumber Kennels' Lucy II. and Vic; 3d, Clumber Kennels' Lady Joan.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Absent.—OPEN—1st, withheld; 2d, Col. John Campbell's Jack.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's champion Rabbi; 2d, Geo. Bell's King of Obos. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Oban; 2d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Obadiah; 3d, T. McK. Robertson's Rex. Very high com., Cortown Cocker Kennels' Tim Obo. High com., F. H. Cunningham's M for Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say; 2d, Cortown Cocker Kennels' Dot Smile; 3d, W. G. McCulloch's Vic. Reserve, T. H. Cunningham's Corinne. Very high com., Alfred Gaddes's Obo G. and S. D. G. Shaw's Busy. High com., T. McK. Robertson's Moss Obo.—OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st, F. J. Leigh's Rufus. Very high com., D. S. Robertson's Jacco. Bitches: 1st, John Orm's Tottie; 2d, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Low R.—NOVICE—ANY COLOR—1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' I Say; 2d, John Orm's Tottie; 3d, Wm. Gibb's Major. Reserve, F. H. Cunningham's Corinne. Very high com., T. McK. Robertson's Rex Obo. High com., S. S. Robertson's Jacco, Cortown Cocker Kennels' Wanda, and F. H. Cunningham's Major.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Rowdy; 2d, Carl Y. Ford's Bob; 3d, A. G. H. Lutton's Ross. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Cora II.; 2d, withheld; 3d, G. M. Oldrieve's Sadie. High com., William Nickle's Bonnie Jean and A. G. H. Lutton's Rosa.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Edwin A. Woodward's Bo'swain.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, W. C. Sneden's Watchful Wagtail; 2d, R. Wright's Duke of Wellington; 3d, A. Ingle's Baron II.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. K. Macdonald's Plumpton Trump; 2d, Henry Northwood's Painter; 3d, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Nobody's Child. High com., John J. Bennett's Tupper. Com., Geo. Hansen's John Peel and Arden Kennels' Punch and Zig Zag. Bitches: 1st, V. G. Hooper's Fussie; 2d, G. S. Oldrieve's Dudley Slave; 3d, A. W. Garrett's Fly. Very high com., Arden Kennels' Judy and Dot. High com., Arden Kennels' Lady Zig Zag. Com., Arden Kennels' Arden Belle. W. G. McCulloch's Sadie, and Wm. Leigh's Vic.—NOVICE—1st, V. G. Hooper's Fussie; 2d, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Nobody's Child; 3d, Wm. Hopkins' Jacko. Reserve, John J. Biggs' Jennie Grey. Very high com., Arden Kennels' Dot. High com., Arden Kennels' Arden Belle and John J. Bennett's Pepper. Com., A. M. Oldrieve's Burlington Buz, and Arden Kennels' Zig Zag, Jr. and Lady Zig Zag.

SKYE, DANDIE DINMONTS, ETC.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Shiner's champion Sir Stafford. —OPEN—1st and 2d, C. J. Daniel's Valentine and Faw (Dandie Dinmonts).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Allan Treblecock's Nettle.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, A. E. Elmer's Grace; 2d, Miss Lizzie Wright's Rochelle Scot.

KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice.—OPEN—Absent.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Crver's Bob Ivy. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Treasure. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Crver's Bessie.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Miss M. Ballentine's Curtis; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.; 3d, W. H. Crver's Fritz. Reserve, J. Brownell's Bradford Rowdy. Very high com., A. G. H. Lutton's Nigger. Bitches: 1st and 2d, W. H. Crver's Lady Victoria and Cribbage; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Pearl de Jardin. Com., J. T. Catlin's Peggie.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Dan I; 2d, N. Switzer's Bell; 3d, A. H. Milne's Toner. Reserve, R. Milne's Bell. Very high com., M. Switzer's Grailer.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Valdemir.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. A. Minnes's Czar.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, R. G. Huntingdon's Jack Shepherd; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Gill; 3d, F. D. F. Dole's Friday. Very high com., G. E. Rose's Dweller (Esquimaux). High com., A. R. Milne's Kathleen (Yorkshire Toy).

SPECIALS.

Best mastiff in open class, Mode; best St. Bernard in open class, Kingston Regent; best foxhound, Dan; best greyhound, champion Harmon; best English setter in open class, Edgemark; best in novice class, King's Rex; best Irish setter dog in open class, Seminole; best Gordon in challenge class, Leo B.; best pointer in open class, King Bow's Bow (2); best Clumber dog in open class, Darby; best bitch, Lucy II.; best field spaniel in open class, Jack; best cocker in challenge class, champion Rabbi; best cocker in open class, Oban; best bitch, I Say (2); best collie bitch in open class, Cora II. (2); best dog in open class, Roslyn Rowdy; best fox-terrier in open class, Blemton Tricket; best fox-terrier in novice class, Fussie; best Irish, Bedlington or Airedale terrier, Nellie; best black and tan terrier in show, Grace; best toy spaniel, Calumet Alice; best pug in open class, Lady Victoria; best great Dane in the show, Minerva's Fawn; best in miscellaneous class, Jack Shepard (bloodhound); best kind of fox-terrier, Arden Kennels' largest entry of open class, Arden Kennels; best pair of English setters, King's Rex and Liberty II.; best conditioned dog, divided between greyhound Ranger and pointer King's Rex.

THE HAMILTON SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept. 8.—The Hamilton show opened this morning with as fine a class of dogs present as one could wish. There are very few poor ones. The building is excellently adapted for show, and Spratts new benching is very effective. The arrangements and the management of the show excel anything I ever saw. Everything goes like clockwork, to the minute dial. There is a very representative lot of old fanciers present, among them Messrs. Wells, Laidlaw, Nelles, Bell, Boggs, the two Lewises, Pritchard, Mann, Naylor, Thomas, Ludwell, McDonald, Kirk, Mercer, Haldeman, Waters and many others.

Judging commenced at 2 P. M. in two rings. A nice crowd attended all day, and to-night the building is crammed. Mr. Stewart and his lieutenants deserve great praise for their intelligent hard work. The awards made to-day follow:

Mastiffs.—Challenge, first, second and third, Whitney's Ilford Chancellor, Caution's Own Daughter and Lady Coleus. Open class, first, Whitney's Miss Caution; second, Falconer's Mode; third, Massey's Misting Minor. Vhc., Forbes's Grimsby.

St. Bernards.—Challenge, Reick's Hector. Open dogs, first, Reick's Kingston Regent; second, Guillot's Othello; third, Peninsular Kennels' Caspar. Reserve, Petersburg Don Phyllis. Bitches, first and second, Reick's Republican Belle and Zenith; third, Petersburg Glenisla. Reserve, Lamb's Nun Nicer. Vhc., Thompson's Lady Amber.

Great Danes.—Challenge, Wolverine Kennels' Favor. Open class, first, Wolverine's Brutus; second, Mills's Minodora's Fawn; third, Wolverine's Pascha. Vhc., Sanford's Gele.

Newfoundlands.—Second, Clobbery's Jumbo.

Wolfhounds.—Hendrie's Squachan.

Greyhounds.—Challenge, Purbeck's Gem of the Season, Page Maud Torrington. Open dogs, Purbeck's Ornatus and Pion's Pembroke, Seaton Kennels' Ranger. Bitches, Purbeck's Lilly of Gainsboro and Bestwood Daisy. Others on account.

Foxhounds.—Proper's Ranger and Stormer; first withheld. Beagles.—Challenge, Rockland Kennels' Racer. Open dogs, Rockland's Roy K., Campion's True Boy and Banjo. Bitches, Brey's June, Rockland's Emmeline, Maybee's Dainty. Reserve, Fanny K.

Pointers.—Challenge, Hyland's Pommeroy Sec and Fan N., Leslie's Belle Randolph. Open dogs, Hyland's Ossining, Ledyard's Tempest. Bitches, Hyland's Lady Graphic, Shaw's Phantom.

English Setters.—Challenge, Wells' Cambrano. Open dogs, Brown's Edgemark, Wells' Romney, Boggs's Viscount. Reserve, Boggs's Tony Gladstone. Vhc., Wells' Matane, Northwood's Benzine. Bitches, Boggs's Victress Lewellin, Hartman's Albert's Nellie, Lewis's Nia. Vhc., Wells' Dinah C. Hc., Wells' Daphne.

Irish Setters.—Open dogs, first, Seminole Kennels' Seminole; second, Glendyane Kennels' Glen Jarvis; third, Seminole Kennels' Eleo. Bitches, first, Buttersby Kennels' Goldsmith Maid; second, Campion's Bell. Vhc., Seminole Kennels' Rose Palmerston.

Gordon Setters.—Challenge, Dixon's Ivanhoe, Leo B. and Duchess of Waverley. Open, dogs, Plett's Victor, Evans's Gordon; first withheld. Bitches, Dixon's Lady Waverley; others withheld.

Irish Water Spaniels.—Second, Knox's Jack.

Clumbers—Challenge, Mercer's Lady Brownie and Boss III. Open, dogs, Mercer's Johnny, Jr. Bitches, Mercer's Lady Joan.

Field Spaniels.—Challenge, Laidlaw's Bridford Gladys. Open, dogs, first, Laidlaw's Sampson; second, Nelles's Brantford Mohawk; third, Toby.

Cockers.—Challenge dogs, Luckwell's Black Duke, Nelles's Brantford Red Jacket, Bell's King of Obos. Vhc., Laidlaw's Rabbi. Bitches, Laidlaw's Miss Obo II. and Bessie, D. Luckwell's Pharaoh's Sister. Open, black dogs, Luckwell's Black Dufferin, Laidlaw's Obo, Bell's Obadiab. Vhc., O'Neill's Sport. Hc., Laidlaw's Brock. Bitches, Bell's I Say, Nelles's Flirt, Luckwell's Jealousy. Reserve, Nelles's Topsy. Vhc., Laidlaw's Clio, Searle's Topsy, Luckwell's Woodland Susie. Other color dogs, Laidlaw's Bambino, Nelles's Brantford Red Man. Bitches, Nelles's Red Ridinghood, MacDonald's Gypsy Queen, Laidlaw's Lady of Learning. Vhc., Brantford Dolly Varden.

Pugs.—Challenge, Crier's Bob Ivy and Bessie, Seminole's Cassino. Open dogs, Eberhart's Cashier, Ballentine's Curtis, Lee's Fritz. Reserve, Luxton's Barney. Vhc., Seminole's Kasli, Jr. Bitches, Howard Bros.' Satan, Eberhart's Mable E. and Fanny K. Reserve, Eberhart's Peggy Pride. Vhc., Crier's Cribbage and Lady Victoria. Awards are in order named.

DOG CHAT.

SINCE the prize list was issued the committee of the Ottawa bench show have received a number of special prizes ranging from \$5 to \$10 for the best in the principal breeds. The Association offers a cup, value \$20, for the best collection of sporting dogs. Several valuable pictures are also offered. A class has also been made for harriers, and more specials are expected. Entries close Sept. 22. We have not space to enumerate all the particulars of the specials, but they will be found in the catalogues at the proper time.

A letter from Mr. Ross A. Smith informs us that Mr. H. W. Lacy has been chosen to judge all classes at Charleston, S. C., in January next. Mr. Geo. O. Brown will judge the poultry for the seventh year in succession. We might as well take this opportunity to state that this will be Mr. Lacy's last appearance in a judicial capacity for the present at any American shows, as he finds that judging interferes more or less with his position as kennel editor of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, handicapping him in his reports to an extent that for the best interests of the paper is not deemed advisable. The position of judge is not one that has any charms for us, though we thank all exhibitors for the uniform kindness and courtesy we have received even though we did make mistakes now and then.

Mr. Geo. Thomas arrived in Boston at last, on the Bostonian, Sept. 1, after a rough passage of ten days, but under this experienced dogman's care his team of dogs landed in fairly good shape, although they have been rattled around too many of the English shows this summer. We have kept our readers posted as to the names of Mr. Purbeck's and Mr. Symonds's new purchases, their winnings, and those of the dogs Mr. Thomas took over with him, so it is useless to recapitulate. The bull-terrier Streatham Monarch was among the new arrivals.

One of our best collie bitches, Roslyn Dolly, owned by the Chestnut Hill Kennels, and which did so well at New York show, has returned from her visit to England and Gladdie.

Mr. Krehl's report in the English *Stock-Keeper* of the Belgium show, is admirable as a piece of descriptive writing, and must prove very interesting to English readers. The way the German judge Herr Brandt went about his duties would please even our exacting friend Dr. Mills. Herr Brandt had a table in the ring on which he deposited his writing materials, etc. He judged sitting, and by his side sat his ring steward, whom he for the occasion transformed into a secretary or reporter. Each dog in his class had to enter singly, and to walk up and down in front of the judge, who spoke his mind aloud (à la Wise), which the ring steward had to write down. To an Englishman's quick methods, L. P. C. Astley for instance, this must have seemed very amusing.

Stock-Keeper says: "We thought we had learned most of the 'fakements' of the show ring, but we learned a new wrinkle at Jersey. The rules declared for plain collars. A big dog, with an engraved plate on his collar, appeared in the ring with the plate entirely covered with a strip of postage stamp margin. Live and learn."

Napoleon Jack, one of the most noted "business" dogs in this country, and a dog with an international reputation, died in San Francisco, Aug. 27. He was whelped in 1878. His having won numerous prizes at bench shows is our excuse for mentioning the death of a dog which gained his honors outside the pale of the law. He won at the big show at New Orleans in 1883, at Pittsburgh in 1887, and five specials at San Francisco in 1891. He is to be stuffed, and \$500 has been paid by a New York museum for his "set up."

Dr. Gray, of Rochester, N. Y., who has virtually retired from exhibiting collies, says he has a collie called Hake which is entirely white, with the exception of the tip of one ear. He will show it at the next New York show.

Dr. Quinn, of Utica, N. Y., who has owned one or two good winning collies, is doing good work in the interest of the pure bred collies among the farmers about Utica by distributing pups, giving away five to ten every year. This is a good idea and is bound to improve the farmer's dog.

It was the first time little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed along she ran into the house breathless with her discovery. "Oh, mamma, come quick!" she cried. "Here's a tail out here wagging without any dog."—*Baltimore American*.

From all accounts the Hamilton show will be a busy one, as many well known dogmen will be there, and its close proximity to Toronto will interest the fanciers of the Queen City as well. The classes have filled splendidly considering the comparatively limited amount of prize money offered, for the latter tells in a dog show, say what one will about judges, and brings the good dogs in the care of those who are intent on the nimble dollar. Mr. Stewart has worked hard in the interest of the club and show and deserves success.

Mr. Frank Dole's "South African poodle," according to Canadian papers, was an object of interest to the Kingstonians. All the same, it struck us as being remarkably like the usual sort of black poodle.

If, in picking out a dog, you select one that barks, under the impression that "Barking dogs do not bite," you are liable to be deceived. Of course, a barking dog does not bite, because he cannot bite while he barks; but he may bite after or before he barks. Remember this in picking out a dog.

It is a peculiar coincidence that the two breeders of Irish setters who have the last year or so been most active in extolling the merits of their dogs, and have been, as it were, at daggers drawn in consequence, should fall out of the Irish setter ranks about the same time. The news comes to us that Mr. Covert, who had succeeded in getting together a good kennel of this breed, notably in his purchases of Elcho, Jr., Blue Rock, Tearaway, etc., has made an assignment. Mr. Naylor, our informant, should have taken the Killarney Kennel dogs to Kingston, and all arrangements were made, and he, understanding they were entered, made his arrangements with others accordingly, but found to his cost that the dogs were securely tied up by the law when he wanted them for Kingston. This left Mr. Naylor with rather a weak string. It is to be hoped that Mr. Covert's embarrassment is only temporary, but it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the dispersal of this kennel will afford fanciers an opportunity to secure some good breeding and field stock.

The editor of our Philadelphia contemporary should read the rules in the premium list of the Kingston show before calling us over the coals for arriving on Wednesday at the show. It says distinctly "Judging will commence promptly Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock." There was no need for friend Haldeman to take that anxious journey across the troubled waters in such a hurry.

The dog show at Toronto bids fair to excel every effort so far made by the Queen City in this direction. Through the energy and ability of Mr. Stone as an organizer, aided by the liberal prizes offered, a splendid entry has been secured. The entries closed on the 29th with 571, an increase of 100 over that of last year. The number in each class is as follows: Mastiffs 18, rough-coated St. Bernards 54, smooth-coated St. Bernards 8, bloodhounds 2, Newfoundlanders 2, great Danes 17, Russian wolfhounds (or Barzois) 3, deerhounds 4, greyhounds 32, English foxhounds 4, American foxhounds 7, harriers 5, pointers 23, English setters 39, Irish setters 29, black and tan or Gordon setters 30, collies 41, bulldogs 3, bull-terriers 21, poodles 2, Clumbers 6, field spaniels 13, cockers 70, dachshunds 7, beagles 15, fox-terriers 47, Irish terriers 5, Dandie Dinmonts 7, Bedlingtons 7, Skye terriers 1, black and tan terriers 16, Yorkshires 6, toy terriers 2, pugs 20, King Charles spaniels 6, Blenheim and Prince Charles 2, toy spaniels 5, miscellaneous class 4.

Secretary F. R. Carswell writes of the Wilmington Fair Dog Show: Our entries closed with a list of 127, a very large number considering the small amount of the premiums, the small number of classes and the fact that our premium lists were out only eight days before closing the entries. Mr. E. Barde Elliott will judge all classes. I think our entries are equal to, if not above, the average in quality.

After a brief rest another circuit of bench shows is upon us. Only he who is compelled to follow up each one knows how wearisome they become towards the end. Canada, however, affords in the fall a pleasant change, for there we meet a different class of dogs and another set of men, the latter on the whole more doggily inbred, if we may use such a term, than their American cousins. Nearly every young business man has a dog and this is generally allowed to follow wherever he may go, into his place of business be it bank or office, and the dog seems as joyful as his master when lunch or closing hour comes.

The journey to Kingston show, which was the first on the roll of Canadian shows, was a most enjoyable one. A night's run from New York to Cape Vincent, with plenty of time for breakfast, found us landed at the station wharf where we bid adieu to American soil and taking the steamer Maud, a delightful sail from Lake Ontario across the mouth of the great St. Lawrence afforded ample opportunities to get a few snap shots with the "Hawkeye." Skirting along past Wolfe Island and the "lone fisherman" intent on making a record with the giant mascalonge that seldom hooks himself, the Bay of Quinte is reached, on the further side of which the beautifully situated city of Kingston is seen flashing in the morning sun. At first sight it seems like some foreign city with its old-fashioned homes, red roofs, domes and towers. Old Fort Henry, long outlived its usefulness, is an object of interest as we move slowly up to the dock, and the waiting cabbies with their "Washingonian" looking old carriages somehow give an old world flavor to the morning air. We have not time to moralize, however, and are soon shaking hands with Mr. Corbett, the secretary of the Kingston show, and the rest of the boys, among whom we find several well-known fans, Messrs. Wixom, Naylor, Haldeman, Lewis, Connor, Mann, etc., of the Americans; Prescott, Oldrieve, Bell, Geddes, Dr. Mills, of the Canadians. This means that there will be some dogs known to fame at any rate. Judging had commenced in the setter and pointer classes as we wired in last week's issue. At 2 P. M. Mr. Lacy took hold of his classes and finished that evening, excepting a few specials which were left till next morning. The number of dogs benched was 192, but as there were several novice classes with numbers carried on, the total was 220. We are very sorry the show was not better attended by the townspeople, but those we did see represented some of the best people in the town, and had the building been nearer the city the show would no doubt have been better patronized, as the admission was only a quarter.

Dr. Mills had his first turn at judging, and if he did not always get the best dog first it was from no lack of conscientious and painstaking endeavor, as the way he made the dogs move and the length of time he kept it up was a revelation to some of the old rounders who think a toddle once up and down the ring quite enough to show whether the dog can move or not. This delays the judging considerably, and does not serve any practical purpose that we can perceive, still every man is entitled to his own way of arriving at his conclusions. There is little more to say about the show excepting that the *FOREST AND STREAM* made many pleasant acquaintances and we must thank Messrs. Corbett, Kent and friend Shaw for their kind courtesies during our visit.

The special prize given by Dr. Mills for the dog "showing the best muscular development and in the best condition" is not one that is calculated to become popular among judges. It is a troublesome thing to judge, for there is muscle and muscle, and what may be condition in one dog may not be sufficient in another, and to define the status makes the difficulty. A terrier all nerves and excitement may show a degree of hardness and condition that to the inexperienced will surpass that of a greyhound in comparison, a dog naturally, unless aroused, of a placid and, if we may use the term, a relaxed condition. This we took into consideration in judging between the Skye Sir Stafford and the greyhound Ranger, whose muscular development was admirable.

Mr. A. E. Elmer, of Kingston, purchased the black and tan terrier Rochelle Scot, by Dick out of Meersbrook Maiden, that took second prize at the Kingston show, from his owner, Miss Wright, of Toronto.

Toronto papers say that the Toronto Kennel Club has abandoned the idea of giving a banquet at the coming show.

If it were not a serious matter for Mr. Mercer, his continued ill luck almost makes one smile. Now we hear that just as he was getting better of his bad fall, it was thought a drive would do him good. He started with a friend, when

some of the harness came loose and startled the horse. It ran away. First the fore wheels, then the hind ones left the body of the wagon; still they held on and eventually came to a standstill. Naturally the excitement and the walk the accident entailed, has laid "Clumber" up again, but Toronto show looms up in the distance as an incentive to a hasty recovery.

Lord Bute, the Menthon Kennels' new St. Bernard, arrived in this port last Tuesday. With him came Geraldine.

Mr. Reick has sold the St. Bernard champion Hector to Mr. Peters, of Shelby, Ohio.

To Mr. Hubert G. Nichols we are indebted for a picture of his noted Great Dane Melac, one of the best Great Danes yet seen in America. The picture, however, hardly does this grand dog justice, giving no intimation of his grand size and excellent symmetry.

We draw the attention of those interested in the field trials to the advertisement of the Eastern Field Trials Club in this issue. Good money is offered and we trust the entry list will fill accordingly. All signs point to very successful field trials this year, judging from what we hear and the increased interest taken by sportsmen in the different events.

"Discipulus" writes interestingly on collies in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. In speaking of the uncertainty of some collies' tempers, he says, "Perhaps the blood of the Highland freebooter mingles with that of the Highland collie, and springs out at intervals in sudden gusts of wild paroxysms." On Scottish drovers, who are said to be so devoted to their sheepdogs, he says: "If these men will not part for untold sums with their favorite sheepdogs (which I misdo not in these days of perpetual trafficking), they nevertheless are exceeding hard on any animal that comes to harm. I have in my mind a splendid dog, and one which survived for years afterward, found in a quarry where it had been thrown by its relentless master. It had met with an accident and broken its leg, being at that time far from home; so its owner threw it down the pit, hoping to kill it in its fall. But the collie was not killed, and was found and rescued by its discoverers, and survived, lame, but still beautiful, for many a year." In another part, "As a comrade human in sympathy, marvelous in beauty and mental intelligence, commend me, in the recesses of a wild country home, to the companionship of the collie."

A touching story is related in *Fanciers' Gazette* of a boatman living at Gateshead who was brought into the Newcastle Infirmary suffering from injuries caused by being run over by a wagon. The unfortunate man died an hour and a half after admission to the institution. He was followed to the infirmary by a St. Bernard dog, presumably his own. The animal followed the man into the room where patients are received, and looked on anxiously while the doctors were attending to the poor fellow's injuries. On the removal of the man to one of the wards the animal persisted in following. He waited by his master till his death, and then followed the body as it was being removed to the deadhouse, where the men had some difficulty in keeping the animal out till the door was closed.

MR. HACKE'S BARZOIS.—It is the custom to speak of "the good ship" Helvetia, but I can hardly do it, since after a long voyage she lay out in the harbor for over a week unable to get to the wharf, thereby causing Mr. Hacke's dogs to be delivered to Messrs. Spratts in a most undesirable condition. Three of them died en route from St. Petersburg, and one or two more look as if they would soon leave for the land where little hunting is done as a rule. It would be hardly worth while to go into a detailed description of them now, as they will soon be before the public, I hope, and then the papers will have full reports of them. In this kennel, which was bought from the titled chap called by those who not long since were serfs "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke George Michaelovitch of Michalofka," I saw one or two specimens that struck me as being very fair, and when they get well conditioned they should do some winning on the bench. I greatly regretted to see quite a prevalence of "out at the elbow" sort, but hope they will straighten their "pins" as they grow stronger, and so improve their "standing." Mr. Hacke has some fourteen other Barzois soon coming over, and I cannot but admire the man who has the pluck to send 6,000 miles for his dogs, which fact has earned for him the widespread name of the greatest enthusiast of the breed in America. I was more than pleased at the cleanliness that was everywhere to be noticed at the kennels and the health of the 70 dogs now being boarded there; and being fed on Spratts biscuits speaks volumes for the value of Mr. John Brett's services and the biscuits as feed. "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string," which fully convinces me that a better place to send one's dogs does not exist than down at Messrs. Spratts' at Northvale, N. J., and in the care of John Brett.—H.

MR. KEASBEY'S SPANIELS.—New York, Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Only a week ago I wrote you of the death of Saybrook Lass. I now have word of the death of two more of my field spaniel bitches, champion Lady (winner of silver cup in Boston, '91) and Saybrook Dolly (seven firsts last spring). These were my best, in fact about all I had, as I did not succeed in getting any puppies. I now have Beverly Nigus. I only hope he will not be attacked in the same way. I have no idea what the trouble was, as the dogs had the best of care and were only sick a short time. It is needless to say that Beverly will be taken away from my place at New London at once.—ROWLAND P. KEASBEY.

CINCINNATI SHOW.—The dates selected for the dog show given by the Ohio Humane Society, of Cincinnati, are Oct. 14 to 17. It will be a success as prospects are flattering. Entries close Oct. 3. Entry fee is \$1 for first and 50 cents for each additional dog. Our list of special prizes is very large, and many of them valuable prizes. For premium lists, etc., address, AL. G. EBERHART, superintendent, 3 East 4th street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Berkeley Trap. By M. A. Viti, Philadelphia, Pa., for white, black ear, fox-terrier dog, whelped July 14, 1891, by Tack out of Lady Berkeley.

Tackler and Victoria. By M. A. Viti, Philadelphia, Pa., for white, black and tan head, small black spot on stern and tail, fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped July 14, 1891, by Tack out of Lady Berkeley.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Baldina II—Viscount. J. B. Duff's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Baldina II. (Dan Bangor—Baldina) to Mt. Washington Kennels' Viscount, Aug. 15.

Lilly B.—Viscount. Jas. McNight's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Lilly B. (Gladstone's Goy—Plane) to Mt. Washington Kennels' Viscount, Aug. 20.

Elsie H.—Inchiquin. J. J. Scanlan's Irish setter bitch Elsie H. (Elcho, Jr.—Maggie H.) to his Inchiquin, Aug. 24.

J S Shepherd, 23d	444-44-20	545455-32	4555443-25	86
John Macaulay, 12th.....	448445-28	3455455-31	9254534-26	85
	335	502	328	1005

Washington Team.			
J. E. Bell.....	445444-27	455455-32	445455-31-90
C. W. D. Key.....	445444-28	455455-33	445455-32-80
J. M. Pollard.....	445444-28	455455-33	445455-32-80
W. L. Cash.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
Walter S. Cash.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
A. B. Hutterly.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
C. L. Hinebaugh.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
C. H. Laird.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
J. M. Stewart.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
G. H. Harries.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86
F. L. Graham.....	445444-29	455455-32	445455-31-86

No. 9. Inter-State military match, open to one team of 12 from each State or Territory in the United States, including the District of Columbia, 200 and 500 yds., at 200 yds. standing, at 500 yds. prone, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government:

New York Team.			
W. P. Pickett, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
G. F. Hamlin, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
C. J. Shepherd, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
J. W. Halstead, 7th.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
H. M. Field, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
S. C. Forre, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
E. De Forest, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
P. A. Wells, 23d.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
H. D. Ogden, 20th Sep Co.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
J. Ma. aulay, 12th.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
A. B. Van Heusen, 12th.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42
W. H. Underwood, 7th.....	445444-44	455455-48	445444-42

Washington Team.			
M. Stewart.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
B. B. May.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
G. H. Harries.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
J. E. Bell.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
F. L. Graham.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
J. M. Pollard.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
C. L. Hinebaugh.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
W. L. Cash.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
W. L. Cash.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42
W. L. Cash.....	445444-42	455455-48	445444-42

No. 10. New York State National Guard Match—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of the Infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York, 200 and 500 yds., standing at 200, prone at 500 yds. The Remington rifle, State model, 50 caliber, or such other rifles as may be issued or authorized by the State:

Twenty-third Regiment.			
Capt. Shepherd.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Pvt. P. Rie.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Serge. Findley.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Saunders.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Serge. Hamilton.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Capt. Stokes.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Lieut. Wells.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Lieut. Hall.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Corp. Field.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Serge. Musson.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20
Lieut. Pickett.....	445444-20	455455-24	445444-20

7th Regt.			
J. W. Halstead.....	21	22	43
Alex. Stein.....	21	22	43
H. W. Janssen.....	21	22	43
R. Darling.....	21	22	43
T. S. Blaisdell.....	21	22	43
F. W. Perkins.....	21	22	43
R. M. Dunn.....	21	22	43
J. D. Hunt.....	21	22	43
J. W. Cochran.....	21	22	43
R. McLean.....	21	22	43
W. J. Underwood.....	21	22	43
R. M. Kellock.....	21	22	43

12th Regt.			
Dolan.....	21	22	43
Henry.....	21	22	43
L. Bailey.....	21	22	43
Schuman.....	21	22	43
Kingsland.....	21	22	43
Douvan.....	21	22	43
Stewart.....	21	22	43
Seiter.....	21	22	43
Donnell.....	21	22	43
J. D. Hunt.....	21	22	43
Van Heusen.....	21	22	43
Noziglia.....	21	22	43

No. 11. First Brigade National Guard Match. Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, etc., in the First Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y.; the Remington rifle, State model, or such other rifle as may be issued or authorized by the State, 200 and 500 yds., standing at 200 yds., at 500 yds. prone.

7th Regiment Score.			
Pvt. Halstead.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Pvt. Stein.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Corp. Janssen.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Corp. Darling.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Pvt. Blackall.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Pvt. Perkins.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Serge. Dunn.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Serge. Dwight.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Lieut. Cochran.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Lieut. McLean.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Lieut. Underwood.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Pvt. Kellock.....	4444-20	5544-21	44

12th Regt. Team.			
Serge. D. Jan.....	23	19	42
Maj. Henry.....	23	19	42
Capt. Lindley.....	23	19	42
Lieut. Schuman.....	23	19	42
Serge. Kugland.....	23	19	42
Serge. Donovan.....	23	19	42
Serge. Stuart.....	23	19	42
Capt. S. Rie.....	23	19	42
Pvt. O'Donnell.....	23	19	42
Serge. McDermitt.....	23	19	42
Serge. Van Huseen.....	23	19	42
Serge. Noziglia.....	23	19	42

No. 12. Second Brigade National Guard Match.—Similar to No. 11, but open to Second Brigade (Brooklyn) teams:

Twenty-third Regiment Team.			
Capt. Shepherd.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Pvt. Rie.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Serge. Findley.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Saunders.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Serge. Hamilton.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Capt. Stokes.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Lieut. Wells.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Serge. Musson.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Capt. DeForest.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Lieut. Oliver.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Capt. Field.....	4444-20	5544-21	44
Lieut. Pickett.....	4444-20	5544-21	44

Thirteenth Regiment Team.			
Serge. McNevin.....	20	21	41
Serge. Constable.....	20	21	41
Corp. Donaghy.....	20	21	41
Serge. Werner.....	20	21	41
Capt. Luscomb.....	20	21	41
Serge. Harney.....	20	21	41
Corp. Fishblade.....	20	21	41

No. 13. Revolver Match.—Distance 50 yds., five shots on the American standard target. Position standing, off hand use of one arm only allowed. Revolver not to exceed 45 lbs. in weight:

maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7 1/4 in. Minimum trigger pull three pounds. Plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes. Ammunition, any. Cleaning allowed between scores only. Army revolvers, with three pounds trigger pull and using service ammunition, will be allowed to compete on three scores. Aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Entries 50¢, or 3 for \$1, when taken at one time. Revolvers must not be loaded until the competitor has taken his position at the firing point; the muzzle must always be kept in a vertical position or pointed towards the target. \$50 divided into eight prizes, viz: \$20, \$10, and six of \$5 each.

C. E. Tattor, 44.....	10	8	10	4-4
A. Stein, 44.....	10	7	8	10-4
W. S. Atty, 44.....	9	8	9	10-4
C. H. Gaus, 32.....	8	7	8	10-4

W. R. Pryor, 38.....	10	9	10	4-4
B. Walther, 44.....	8	8	4	10-10
H. Oehl, 44.....	10	7	10	9-4
Rosenbaum, 44.....	8	7	9	10-4

No. 14. Steward Match—Open to all, 200 yds.; Creedmoor count. Sitting, kneeling or standing. Rifle—the Remington 50 cal. State model or the United States Springfield. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores.	135	135	135
J. M. Pollard.....	5545-24	5554-24	5555-25-73
H. D. Ogden.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71
D. H. Corrie.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71
M. Doonan.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71
G. Graham.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71
C. L. Hinebaugh.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71
F. Stuart.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71
G. O. Doyle.....	4455-23	4555-24	5554-24-71

No. 15. The Barney Walther Team Match.—Open to teams of five from any rifle club, association or military organization. 200 yds., five shots on the American Standard target. Standing, as rifle, any trigger pull, without palm or other rest. Staircase ten dollars, re-entries five dollars for each team, but limited to two, and only the highest score to count. Prizes \$5, 25 and 15 per cent. of 75 per cent. of entrance. A medal to each member of the winning team, presented by Mr. Bernard Walther, President of the Zettler Club, of New York City.

No. 15. The Barney Walthier Team Match.—Open to teams of five from any rifle club, association or military organization. 200 yds., five shots on the American Standard target. Standing, and one shot from each elbow, or either rest. Entrance fee, ten dollars, re-entries five dollars for each team, but limited to two, and only the highest score to count. Prizes 35, 25 and 15 per cent. of 75 per cent. of entrance. A medal to each member of the winning team, presented by Mr. Bernard Walthier, President of the Zettler Club, of New York City.

Zettler Team No. 1.					Re-entry.
F C Ross.....	10	7	10	7 10-43	33
J A Boyken.....	8	8	6 10	8-40	24
R Bu-se.....	8	6	10	9 7-40	35
H Holges.....	10	0	5	9 10-34	37
B Zettler.....	8	6	f 8	4-33	78

						190	162
Zettler Team No. 1.							
B Walther.	9	8	9	8	8—	42	41
G Zimmerman..	7	8	5	8	10—	38	35
M Dorrier.....	9	10	7	4	7—	38	41

New York Rifle Club Team No. 1.						
T. J. Dolan.....	8	8	7	38	35	
J. T. Case.....	9	10	7	36	37	
M. Herrington.....	6	7	10	9-36		
C. E. Gensch.....	7	6	8	7-34		
C. E. Tattor.....	7	6	7	8-36		
					187	186
Zettler Team No. 3.						Re-entries.
Alex Stein.....	6	10	9	9-41	37	35

Ge. Schmet.....	6	7	7	8-38	32	31
P Schmidt.....	6	8	8	9 7-38	36	19
M B Engel.....	6	9	9	6 7-37	29	35
E Fischer.....	7	7	5	10 4-30	30	27
					<hr/>	<hr/>
				184	174	160

T J Dolan.....	6	9	8	8	7-38	31	42
J T Case.....	9	10	8	7	5-39	38	33
M Herrington.....	6	7	10	7	9-36	36	33
C E Gensch.....	7	6	8	6	7-34	38	38
C E Tayntor.....	7	6	7	8	8-36	38	35

										183	181	181
	New York Rifle Club Team No. 2.											
J Macaulay ..	3	7	10	6	10	—	36				25	
E R Chadborne.....	5	5	5	6	8	—	29				37	
J A Duane	6	7	7	8	9	—	37				28	

New York Rifle Club Team No. 5.				
T. J. Dolan.....	8	8	7	38
J. T. Case.....	9	10	7	38
M. Herrington.....	6	7	10	9-36
C. E. Gensch.....	7	6	8	7-34
C. E. Tattor.....	7	6	7	8-36
G. H. Sharkley.....	8	9	5	8-35
				35
				167
				157

THE CANADIAN RIFLE MEETING

OTTAWA, Aug. 31.—At 25 minutes past 8 o'clock this morning a shot from the signal cannon on Rideau ranges, which marks the beginning of each day's shooting, was fired, and the annual matches of the Dominion Rifle Association began. A few minutes afterward rifles were cracking merrily all along the lines, and

little puffs of smoke floated away before the east wind that was blowing in gusts that were rather puzzling to the marksmen. The sky was overcast, but the light, however, for the first hour or two was good, being dull but steady. A slight shower fell just before noon, but did not interfere materially with the shooting.

The result of the good weather conditions was that in the open-

ing match, the Bakers' Nursery, the leading young snors showed up well and Pvt. Laug, of the 21st, made a possible. The lower scores were not so good, as ten 16s got in against the same number of 18s counted out last year. In the MacDougal Challenge Cup match Tom Mitchel, of the 10th, made 47, and was followed by five 46s. Last year 45 won and 36s were counted out, while twenty-wo

199s were counted out of the list this year. This shows the style of the shooting. Lieut. Elliot, of the 12th was the victor in the Manufacturers' with a possible, and the Queen's Own and Montreal contingents more than held up their end in the prize list. A score of 34 by Staff-Sergt. Crowe, 1st B.F.A., won this last year, and 29s were counted out of the race.

The layout of the camp is slightly different from that of last year. The row, of eight oblong marquees facing Theodore street, and pitched to the north of it, comprise the quarters of Col. Bacon, Secretary; Col. John Macpherson, Treasurer; the statistical branch, Armorer Sergt. Smallwood, the telephone, telegraph and press, and the general competitors. Back of this row

is the stores marquee, with flag flying opposite, and flanked by the president's tent. Over to the left is the general dining marquee, the executive and the officers dining daily in the council tent. Caterer James Dunlop and his large staff occupy quarters in the rear of the big marquee, and the kitchen, is court guard. There are besides over one hundred bell tents for sleeping pur-

Royal Schools of Cavalry, gunnery, mounted infantry and infantry and cadets of the Royal Military College, Kingston. To the sections making the highest aggregate scores in the following order: 200 yds. from a 200 yds. to 100 yds. 5 rounds (advancing and retiring), any military position; 5 yds. firing, 5 rounds at 300 yds. (kneeling); independent firing 5 rounds at 15 yds. (standing), at targets exposed to view for limited periods: 300 and 500 Gov-Gen F.G. 523 24 QOR 470 34 Vn Rifles..... 430 12 h 445 434 Bn 436 5th Royal Scots..... 453 The British Challenge Rifle Club..... 453 The British forces of Great Britain to the active militia of Canada; with 100 added by the D. R. A. open to teams of 4 efficient men; any corps may enter two teams; skirmishing; distance varying from about 100 yds. to 450 yds.; position, standing, kneeling or prone, at the discretion of the firer; number of rounds, 20 per man, fired advancing and retiring under the order of the officer appointed to the command of all the sections: Staff and 430 Gov-Gen 634 Bn 75 300 F.G. 77 440 34 Vn Rifles..... 65 203 13th Batt, 1st team..... 73 307

T is the fourth time the Gov-Gen's Foot Guards have won the British Challenge Shield, which has been held for the last two years by the Royal Grenadiers of T. Ontario. The competitors meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association was held last night in the drill hall, C. White in the chair. Considerable discussion took place in regard to the arrangements for the scoring in the Gzowski and the British Challenge Shield matches.

Major McSpadden, of the 12th Battalion York Rangers, said that there should be a declaration made by the members on the question of the desirability of the purchase of Martini rifles by the Government. Col. White showed that the record of the Rifle League showed a good average with the Martini rifle. He announced that he had received a donation of \$50 from a gentleman in Ottawa as a contribution toward a prize for the nursery aggregate, and a donation of \$100 from a gentleman in Montreal as prizes for the highest scorers in the Bisley team, provided they averaged 90 each.

Bore the meeting adjourned Major McSpadden advised that the executive should compel Senators and members of the House of Commons in their match next Thursday afternoon to use the Snider rifles of one of the country battalions. The result, he was confident, would be that the militia would be furnished immediately with Martini.

OTTAWA, Sept. 3.—That Rideau ranges offer at times a remarkable puzzling combination of perplexities to rifle men was well illustrated by the shooting in to-day's matches. The constant expression among the competitors was that they are the most difficult ranges in the Dominion. Even the crack shots of the local corps, the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and 434 Battalion, O-tawa and Carleton Rifles, who know every inch of the Rideau ranges by heart, were perplexed today. The light was not so bad, though at times during the day it was trying. It was the wind which made havoc of the nice calculations of the rifle men. Between the butts and the long row of targets lies a valley some 500 yds wide, into which, at the east end of the targets, the Rideau River furiously makes its way, and continues eastward to the Rideau Falls. Along this valley to-day the winds veered and shifted most capriciously. At times the breeze, set at it by the force of a hundred yards between the butts and the targets to show the direction of the wind, were fluttering no two in the same direction. Under these conditions the high scoring made is immensely to the credit of to-day's competitors.

The event of the day was the Dominion of Canada match, which was begun at half-past eight o'clock, and was not ended until four o'clock. Following are the results: Prizes, Dominion of Canada Match, for teams, \$200; individuals, \$713; total value, \$913; open to all efficient members of the active militia, members of the staff, and officers of the active force who have retired retaining rank, and to all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of Her Majesty's regular army and navy stationed in Canada, who are also members of the Association. Ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yds., 7 rounds at each range. Snider rifles, position, standing or kneeling at 500 yds., any, with head to target at 600 yds. any. First team prize, badge to each member and \$50 second prize, third \$40, fourth \$30, fifth \$20. First individual prize \$40 second \$35, third \$30, fourth \$25. Ten of \$15 each, eight of \$10 each, six of \$8 each, thirty of \$6 each, twenty-five of \$5 each.

Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, 409 Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto 380 13th Batt, Hamilton, 397 6th Fusiliers, Montreal, 380 G F G, Ottawa, 396 7th Batt, 379 12th Batt, York Rangers, 397 8th Batt, O and C R. fies, 379 Halifax Garrison Artillery, 387 33d Batt, 379 45th Batt, Lindsay, 386 31st Batt, 379 British Columbia Gar Art., 381

Individual Prizes, 92 Pvt Smith, 88 Staff-Sergt Rolston, 91 Staff-Sergt Ogg, 88 Lieut Margetts, 40 Capt Elliot, 88 Serge Horsey, 89 Corp McVittie, 87

The winners in the Snider aggregate, for which the first prize is a graphoscope, presented by J. H. Stewart, optician, London, Eng., with additional prizes to the extent of \$250 given by the Dominion Rifle Association, were as follows, the prizes being awarded to competitors who made the highest aggregate scores in the Macdougall, Manufacturers', Minister of Militia's, Dominion and stranding matches:

Staff-Sergt Rolston, 233 Staff-Sergt C N Mitchell, 233 Staff-Sergt D Mitchell, 240 Lieut Elliot, 233 Lieut Wilson, 233 Staff-Sergt Dent, 232 Corp McVittie, 232 Staff-Sergt Armstrong, 232 Corp Russell, 237 Priv D Smith, 231 Capt M. McKicking, 236 Priv Scott, 231 Sergt Morris, 235 Priv Andrews, 231 Lieut Revel, 235 Sergt Blair, 231 Staff-Sergt Rolston, 234 Priv Windatt, 231 Capt O'Grady, 234 Staff-Sergt McVittie, 230 Major Sherwood, 233

The last match of the day was the Rideau match, open to all members of the association, the range being 500 yds. Martini-Henry rifles were used, 7 rounds being fired, and any position allowed with head to target. The prize winners were as follows: Staff-Sergt Logie, 33 Pvt Peverill, 33 Lieut Dover, 33 Corp McCrean, 34 Lieut Elliot, 33 B. H. Hammond, 33 Sergt Swain, 33 Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 33 C. P. Rogers, 33 Sergt Armstrong, 33 Sergt Morris, 33 Staff-Sergt Simpson, 33 Lieut McFarland, 34 Sergt Moffatt, 33 Lieut Pat'n, 33 Mr Brown, 34 Pvt Taylor, 33 Lieut Davidson, 33 Corp Carroll, 34 Capt Robson, 33 Pvt Norton, 33 Staff-Sergt Ogg, 34

In the President's marquee, this afternoon, Mrs. Kirkpatrick held a home for half-past six o'clock until 6 P. M. There was a large and fashionable throng of visitors at the ranges during the afternoon. The band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards played.

OTTAWA, Sept. 3.—The rifle men to-day had as fine weather as could be desired for the last day's shooting, except that the wind was rather puzzling. It was the busiest day in camp, and the matches were most important and interesting, inasmuch as to-day determined the fortunate hundred whose names come first in the grand aggregate, and who thereby won the right to compete for the Governor-General's prize, as also the chance of being selected for the next Bisley team.

The first of to-day's matches was the Outmet match at 600 yds, range, with Martini-Henry rifles, ten rounds; seventy-four prizes, amounting in all to \$515. Following were the principal winners: Pvt C T Shurman, 46 Capt W. A. Jamieson, 43 Pvt J. H. Ellis, 46 Capt W. A. Milligan, 43 Col-Sergt G. A. Mulheu, 45 Mr H. McKicking, 43 Staff-Sergt J. H. Simpson, 43 Sergt R. Graham, 44 Pvt T. Hollins, 43 Trump C Crowe, 44

The next match was the Lansdowne aggregate, open to teams made up of five members of and affiliated rifle association for the challenge cup presented by Lord Lansdowne, with \$150 added by the association:

15th Batt, Hamilton, 878 Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, 854 Gov-Gen's F. G., Ottawa, 865 Victoria County Rifle Ass'n, 847 St John Rifle Association, 860

The next match was the Grand Aggregate. This match is set down in the official record as the Bankers' prize match. Seventy-six prizes of the value of \$600 in all are awarded to the competitors who made the highest aggregate scores in the Macdougall, Manufacturers', Minister of Militia's, Dominion, Standing, Rideau and Outmet matches. Principal winners:

In the afternoon the Lords and Commons' match, between teams representing the Senate and House of Commons, was an innovation which attracted while it lasted all the curiosity and interest of the spectators at the ranges. Senator McKay was captain of the Senators' team and Dr. Sproule of the Commons'. The match was shot at 200 and 200 yds, ranges, 5 rounds at each range, possible score at each range being 25:

Senators' Team.				House of Commons' Team.			
	200	500	Tot		200	500	Tot
Lieut-Col Boulton,	19	20	39	Robt Watson,	15	18	33
Sen McKay,	18	13	31	Geo Casey,	19	13	32
Sergeant,	18	13	31	Dr Barville of the Commons',	14	14	28
Sen Power,	22	8	30	John McLean,	19	11	30
Sen Poirier,	21	13	34	John Marshall,	18	14	32
Sen McInnes,	18	16	34	Dr Sproule,	18	17	35
	117	86	203		103	92	195

House of Commons' extra team, 167. A half-past three o'clock this afternoon was begun the crowning event of the whole series of matches, namely, the competition for the Governor-General's prize, which is offered yearly to be competed for by the hundred highest score in the grand aggregate match. First prize, a special badge and \$250; second prize, a badge and \$150; third prize, a badge and \$100. Each of the seven next highest competitors to receive badge. Ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yds; 7 rounds at each range; position, standing or kneeling at 500 yds; any, with head to target, and at 600 yds. any. The firing in this match was continued until dark.

Following are the figures prepared this evening by the statistical officers. They show the winners and half a dozen of the leading scores:

Lieut Smith, 94 Sergt Short, 90 Staff-Sergt Rolston, 93 Capt McRobbie, 89 Lieut Dover, 89 Capt Hart, 89 (tie), Lieut McAdams, 91 Lieut Revel, 89 Staff-Sergt M. V. V. 89 Sergt Douglas, 89

The match for the London Merchants' Cup, with \$180 in prizes offered by the association, was shot next. This match is open to teams of 8 members of any affiliated rifle association, and is shot with Martini-Henry rifles at 200, 500 and 600 yds, ranges, 7 rounds at each range.

First prize, London cup and \$180; Ontario team, 673. Second prize, Quebec team, 611. Manitoba team, 637 Nova Scotia team, 618 New Brunswick team, 632 British Columbia team, 582

Following are the results of the extra matches: Canon Sharpshooters' trophy, presented by Sir George Cayley, Minister of Militia, open to those belonging to a battalion or association who have had a team or teams entered in the league of 1891, and to be won by the highest individual score in the Snider aggregate: Staff-Sergt D Mitchell, 214 Capt Russell, 212 Corp W McVittie, 212 Capt O'Grady, 211 Staff-Sergt Dent, 212 Lieut B. Hol, 210

The president of the league, open to teams of 10 men from any battalion having teams entered in the league of 1891; to be won by the aggregate score of the highest ten men from any battalion or association in the Snider aggregate, was won by the 431 battalion by a score of 2011.

OTTAWA, Sept. 4.—The Bisley team were announced to-day and shot that Sergt. Rolston led by 31 points the great Capt. McKicking, and with the score of 54 out of a possible 500, a wonderful score, being 42 points over an average of former winners and by far the best shooting ever done on the range. Last year Private Hutchison, 43d, led with 480. The team is composed of the 30 men who are members of the active militia having made the highest scores in the grand aggregate match and Governor-General's match. Should any of these refuse to go their places will fill up from the list of 70 in the grand aggregate and Governor-General's matches, 100 being eligible. The following are the names of the first 33:

Staff-Sergt Rolston, 514 Capt McRobbie, 465 Capt. McKicking, 493 Staff-Sergt Rolston, 465 Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 480 Lieut. Wilson, 463 Staff-Sergt Ogg, 476 Lieut. Williamson, 462 Sergt. M. Rogers, 474 Lieut. Macnam, 460 Sergt. Short, 474 Lieut. Smith, 450 Pete Ellis, 472 Capt. Milligan, 459 Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 469 Sergt. Horsey, 459 Capt. Jamieson, 469 Lieut. Pope, 459 Staff-Sergt Armstrong, 469 Col-Sergt. Fowler, 458 Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 469 Capt. Russell, 458 Staff-Sergt McVittie, 468 Capt. Macnam, 457 Pete Windatt, 468 Staff-Sergt. Wiman, 457 Staff-Sergt Simpson, 468 Sergt. Fairbairn, 457 Lieut Revel, 467 Lieut. Davidson, 456 Lieut. Andrews, 466 Sergt. Graham, 456 Pete Gamble, 469

ZETTLER VS. CALIFORNIA.—During the latter part of 1890 the California Schk z Club, of San Francisco, issued an open challenge for a team match by telegraph. The Zettler Rifle Club, of this city, promptly accepted the challenge, and all the preliminaries having been settled, the contest took place Saturday, Sept. 5. The conditions called for: Teams of 15 men each, 50 consecutive shots on the German ring target, 35 min. time, which a rifle club, or a single shooter, in 61 minutes, position, off-hand, but the usual palm rest permitted, any rifle, telescopic sights being barred, distance 200 yds, stakes \$100 a side. The California Shooting Club appointed W. Hayes, of Newark, to be their judge. Hayes accepted the appointment, but also shot on the Zettler team. Phil Jacoby was to have been the Zettler Club's judge but declined, as he acts as captain and coacher for the San Francisco team. The California team consisted of the Second Brigade, C. N. G., was then asked to look after the interests of the Zettler Rifle Club. The judges received the stakes before the contest. They were charged to collect and forward the 15 targets uged by the contestants, together with a certificate, signed by the judge and the president respectively of each club, verifying the validity of the targets, and at the same time a tabulated detail of each man's score. The California team includes such well known marksmen as Jacoby, Utchiz, S. Elker, who made the remarkable score of 500 points on the point target in 300 shots during the recent shooting festival at San Francisco. Helm, Kolbweiler and F. O. Young. The team shot on their new range near San Francisco. The Zettler team used the 200 yds. range in Wisconsin's Park at Cypress Hill. The Zettlers were handicapped by the weather, as competition started at 10 A. M., and the wind was a rather strong easterly wind blowing across the range. Still all hands shot steadily, Hayes only missing the black twice. The shooting of Dorrier was first-class, he making a score of 1115, the best of the day. H. Holz was second with 1085. J. A. Boyken and the veteran Barney Walther tied with a score of 1078. M. B. Eagle shot in a poor light and made the inferior score of 1071. The long and arduous day was closed by J. A. Boyken, 1081, John Cooper, 1050, George Joiner 1027, B. Zettler 881, F. Ross 1055, F. C. Watts 1042, A. B. Neale 947, G. Zimmerman 1052, M. Dorrier 1115, F. Artzbrus 1019, George Plaisted 1005, C. G. Zettler 1028, H. Holges 1085, B. Walther 1038. Total, 15,503. California, 15,491.

CREEDMOOR, L. I., Sept. 7.—Labor Day was utilized by the National Rifle Association for the contesting of the fifth of the marksmen's matches arranged for the qualification of members of the National Guard to receive the State decoration awarded to all those showing themselves competent to score 80 points or better with the regular military rifle at 200 and 300 yds., 5 shots at each distance. The facilities of the range at Creedmoor were taxed to the fullest extent, more than 250 men, in uniform, being in attendance. With the exception of an uncertain wind the conditions were favorable to fair shooting; and, as a consequence, 146 of the competitors pulled out at the end with qualifying scores. The Seventh Regiment had 65 marksmen, the Eighth 3, the Ninth 1, the Twelfth 11, the Thirteenth 7, the Twenty-second 9, the Twenty-third 33, the Thirty-second 2, the Forty-seventh 1, the Sixty-ninth 5, the Seventy-first 3, the First Brigade Staff 1, and Troop A (cavalry) 5. The shooting was done under the supervision of Brig. Gen. Charles F. Robbins, general inspector of rifle practice, State of New York.

BOSTON, Sept. 5.—The weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day with a large number of rifle men present. Following are the scores, distance 300 yds., Standard American target, re-entry mat' used: All-comer's off-hand match: J. B. Fellows 81, Dr. Bishop 66, W. P. Stevens 60. All-comer's rest match: J. Francis 115, F. Dant 114, S. Wilder 111, W. P. Thompson 111, A. H. Ballard 103, F. W. Chester 107, D. Martin 105, R. E. Twine 99, M. T. Day 97, Dr. B. Bishop 98, W. B. Morton 83, B. Hastings 89. Military match: W. F. Buek 42, W. L. Swan 41, G. Pierce 41, C. G. Paul 40, H. W. Sweet 39, H. D. Sears 38, A. S. Hunt 37, E. W. Chester 36, J. V. Huntley 35.

NEWARK.—At the annual King shoot of the Newark Shooting Society on Monday Oct. 6, W. Hayes won first prize, and George Joiner and F. C. Ross tied for second and third prizes on the open ring target.

MT. GRETN, Pa., Sept. 5.—The regular annual State competition in rifle shooting opened on the State range Sept. 1. The day was rather cloudy in the forenoon and a severe thunder storm in afternoon. There was a general complaint from all the old shooters about the ammunition; it is the regulation U. S. make and is not as good as it might be in several respects. It is easy to distinguish the difference in the reports of the rifles when fired off; one will give a dull thud and another like a fire-cracker. None of it seems to have the ring like the U. M. C. Co. manufacture. Hence the unaccountably low scores uncertain shots and misses are attributed to the defective ammunition. If the authorities of the State of Pennsylvania wish good scores in the annual competition they must supply good ammunition. The shooting was mostly at 200, 500 and 600 yds., and the first two days were taken up with practice scores. The important matches ran: State Regimental Match shot Sept. 3.—C conditions, four enlisted men, 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600 yds., was won again by the Thirteenth regiment, with the S cond regiment a close second with a score of 333, followed by the sixteenth regiment with a score of 332. Private W. W. Youngs, of the Thirteenth regiment, again putting up a brilliant score in the match of 96. Below is the scores of the three first teams: 15th Regt., 334; 2d Regt., 333; 16th Regt., 333. 9th Regt. 330, 12th Regt. 328; 1st Regt. 325, 5th Regt. 324, 10th Regt. 312, 14th Regt. 311, 8th Regt. 307, 18th Regt. 301. Cavalry 298, 15th R. G. 295, 6th R. Gt. 284, 4th Regt. 277, State Fencibles 275, 2d Regt. 274, 3rd Regt. 232.

Colman Regimental Prizes were won by the rifle teams from the following regiments, and Hons as follows: Five men, 7 shots each at 200, 500 and 600 yds., 4 entries allowed, highest score to count: 16 h Regt., first prize, 437, 9th Regt. 429, 13th Regt. 423, 5th Regt. 408, 1st Regt. 408, 15 h Regt. 407, 8th Regt. 406, 10th Regt. 400, 12th Regt. 399, 6th Regt. 399, 14th R. Gt. 397, 2d Regt. 388. The competition on the 5th day of the Thirteenth regiment with a score of 333, followed by the sixteenth regiment with a score of 332, followed by the Thirteenth regiment with a score of 332. Private W. W. Youngs, of the Thirteenth regiment, again putting up a brilliant score in the match of 96. Below is the scores of the three first teams: 15th Regt., 334; 2d Regt., 333; 16th Regt., 333. 9th Regt. 330, 12th Regt. 328; 1st Regt. 325, 5th Regt. 324, 10th Regt. 312, 14th Regt. 311, 8th Regt. 307, 18th Regt. 301. Cavalry 298, 15th R. G. 295, 6th R. Gt. 284, 4th Regt. 277, State Fencibles 275, 2d Regt. 274, 3rd Regt. 232.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 3.—The Syracuse Rifle Club will hold a supper shoot at the new range at Maple Bay to-day. The new bulls are giving perfect satisfaction and the little club house is a model in its way. Following are the scores made on Wednesday: Koehler 67, Smith 55, Robotham 47, Ward (rest) 105, Acker 49, Gray (rest) 58, Knapp 73, Dallow 73, Knison 68, Dlay 85, Eggen 74, McConick (rest) 75, Smith (rest) 50, Robotham (rest) 83, Stillman (rest) 87, Perkins 27, Barnum (rest) 95, Lighton (rest) 95, Robotham (rest) 81.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—The Minnesota State Rifle Association at their meeting last week elected Dr. E. H. Whitcomb, of St. Paul, president; Lieut. Lee, of Stillwater, vice-president; Lieut. Loye, of Minneapolis, secretary-treasurer. During the practice work on the Lake City Range last week Whitcomb, Darrow and Falk made the possible 20 hits on the lying-down figure in a skirmish run of 50 shots, thus tying the score of Capt. Atkins, at Springfield, Ill., a few days ago, about which so much was said at the time.

CREEDMOOR MATCHES.—For the remainder of the present shooting season the following military matches are on the Creedmoor programme: Qualification and marksmen's badge, Sept. 26, Oct. 10 and 24, and Nov. 8. The sharpshooters' match, Sept. 19, Oct. 17 and 31.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Bullard Repeating Arms works at this place has been rented to the Elektrik Mfg. Co. The company makes electrical supplies. Leon J. E. Riley, into department superintendent of the Smith & Wesson works, goes into the new plant as general mechanical superintendent.

RENSSELAERWYCK.—Albany, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The fall meeting of the Rensselaer Rifle Association, held at the Rensselaer Hotel, between Albany and T. y. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1 and 2. The programme, which is the most attractive ever offered by the Association, will be issued Thursday, Sept. 10.—BUEL C. ANDREWS, Sec.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 8-11.—Grand International Tournament at Detroit. Live birds at 4 standard keys one target. Sept. 11-12.—Harvard Rifle Association, new club house, two days opening shoot, targets and live birds; also six-men team shoots for central Pennsylvania, Harrisburg Shooting Association trophy, valued at \$100. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y. Sept. 15-17.—Knoxville, Tenn., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Sept. 15-17.—Dayton, O., Second Annual Tournament. Open to the world. First two days, manna targets, third day sparrows. Address W. Scott McDonald, Fifth and Ludlow streets, Dayton, O. Sept. 23-Oct. 2.—First Annual Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, Williamsport, Pa. Targets and live birds. N. A. Hughes, Sec'y. Oct. 13-15.—S-aunton (Va.) Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Oct. 21-23.—Reading's Tournament, Flemington, N. J. Key-stones. Open to all. Oct. 27-29.—Savannah, Ga., Chatham Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

BOILING SPRINGS.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Sept. 7.—Boiling Springs Gun Club tournament, duerocks, Keaton's rule—No. 1, 10 singles: Hollister.....011110110-8 Klee.....011110110-8 Outwater.....111011010-7 No. 2, 12 singles, 600 yds: Hollister.....011101100-7 Klee.....010101000-6 Outwater.....1011110010-8 Paul.....01010100011-5 No. 3, 15 single: Hollister.....11011111011-10 Paul.....100111010101-9 Outwater.....11111010111-13 B-am.....11111011011-13 Klee.....11110101111-12 Lane.....11101101111-11 No. 4, 25 single: Hollister.....11110100111111111111-21 Klee.....101010111111111111110-20 Campbell.....111111011011111111110-20 Outwater.....111111111111111111111-25 Abbott.....10110101010101010101-15 Peck.....011011010101000100100-14 Lane.....111010101010101010101-15 M-eyer.....111111111111111111111-23 P-ul.....111101111110101011011-20 No. 5, 15 single: Klee.....1111101101111-14 Hollister.....1111111110111-14 Outwater.....11111111111-15 Paul.....1011101010100-9 B-am.....11111111111-15 No. 6, 10 single: Outwater.....011101111-8 Klee.....111101001-6 Hollister.....111011111-9 Paul.....111101111-8 B-am.....111101001-8 Lane.....101011110-7 No. 7, 20 single: Outwater.....1111111011110111-17 Klee.....010101010111111-17 Hollister.....10011011011011011-13 B-am.....10101101010101011-13 No. 8, 10 single: B-am.....111111101-9 Outwater.....111111111-10 Hollister.....110111111-9 Paul.....111101101-8 Lane.....11111011-9 No. 9, 25 single: B-am.....0101011101111010101-19 Outwater.....1101010101111101101-20 Klee.....111111110111111111111-24 Paul.....01011001101101101010-15 Abbott.....11110101110001010111-18 Meyer.....111101111111011101101-21 Matzen.....101010111010101010101-16 No. 10, 10 single: Lane.....111010101-6 Campbell.....101010101-7 Outwater.....101011010-8 Peck.....101011010-5 Tazen.....101010101-7 Abbott.....101011010-5 Klee.....111101101-9 Paul.....101011010-7 B-am.....111101101-8 L-wrenson.....001010100-8

[illegible]

of the doctrines of protection offer no grounds for the present attitude of the Government toward citizens who are spending money liberally, and with no hope of return, in the development of the science of naval design.

CAPTAIN NORTON AND HIS SYSTEM.—At the time when we investigated and condemned the system of air tanks and water ballast patented by Capt. Francis L. Norton, we confined our comments solely to the technical features of the case, examining closely the models, plans, specifications and the completed vessels with a view to determining the practical value of Capt. Norton's claims. As we announced at the time, the result of our investigations was to prove that the peculiar advantages claimed were purely mythical, the principles on which they were based being directly at variance with the simpler and most firmly established laws of physics. Such good points as the Norton boats possessed were shared in common by similar craft, lifeboats in particular, of ordinary construction, with none of the patented pipes, valves and openings that complicated the Norton patent.

It is often the case that the inventor of a worthless article is perfectly honest in his belief in its merits, and in publicly condemning his claims and machinery we gave Capt. Norton the benefit of the doubt. At the same time we found much in the statements of himself and his coadjutors which was totally false, together with many statements which were entirely unsupported by evidence. The statement that the invention had been endorsed by the Navy Department was emphatically denied in a letter to us by Secretary Whitney. The statement was made to us, in the office of the company, that Mr. G. L. Watson had written to secure the right to apply the system to yachts designed by him (the letter was unfortunately mislaid at the time and could not be found for our inspection). Mr. Watson denied any knowledge of the matter to us a little later, and a similar statement, concerning Mr. Burgess, with an alleged endorsement of the system by him, was flatly repudiated by that gentleman in conversation with us.

The model which was on exhibition for a long time to "promoters" and inquiring capitalists, was nothing but a trick and sham devised to fool the ignorant and unwary, who were permitted to press down on one side of the machine and feel for themselves the actual pressure before subscribing to the stock. This model was a simple arrangement of valves, pipes and a pressure gauge in a tank of water, and in no possible way represented the conditions of a floating vessel, a fact which Capt. Norton could not have been ignorant of.

The recent history of the company and its head is well known; the company has secured a large amount of money during the past four years, and has built several craft which have been conspicuous only as failures, the last venture being the departure of one of them, a small steamer, which had on board Capt. Norton, his wife and niece, with a crew of seven men, bound for Toulon, France. The F. L. Norton, as she was named, sailed from New York in the middle of last November, since which time nothing has been heard from her, and she has been given up for lost.

The usual legal routine has been carried out in regard to Capt. Norton's estate, and the published reports state that this has resulted in the discovery that there was nothing left save a deficit of about \$150,000, partly borrowed in various ways and partly contributed by the credulous dupes who had been permitted to feel the pressure in the trick model. No less than \$10,000 was borrowed from the Washington National Bank which lately went to pieces. Within the past two weeks a rumor has been current that the voyage of the F. L. Norton was undertaken for financial and not scientific ends, and that Capt. Norton left New York at a very convenient time, and is now safe ashore and out of reach of his creditors. The boat was so flimsy and so utterly unfitted for a winter voyage on the Atlantic that it would be a miracle if she reached port; but it may be that, together with his known skill as a seaman and navigator, Capt. Norton's luck, which has certainly followed him for a long time, has stuck to him and landed him in some out-of-the-way nook, leaving the stockholders, officers and lenders to mourn his loss. It is rather amusing to read that the company still retains the patents for this worthless invention, and has reorganized under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

AN AMUSING DILEMMA.—It is no unusual thing for an aspiring amateur to be carried away by the details of designing and building that he gives no thought to the launching until it is too late. We have known several authentic cases, besides the rather mythical one of McFluffy's canoe, in which various small craft have been constructed in garrets and cellars from which it has been impossible to move them, but if report be true the same blunder has lately been carried out on a far more magnificent scale than ever before attempted. The new steam launch, the Vamose, built by the Herreshoffs for Mr. Wm. R. Hearst, of San Francisco, is now completed, and has made her trial trip and is ready for delivery. Unfortunately she was built at Bristol, R. I., and her owner wishes to use her about San Francisco, Cal., and the question has arisen as to how he is to get her there. Certainly a highly built high speed launch, 122 ft. over all, is not the sort of craft for steaming around the Horn, nor could she be towed that distance. It is impossible to carry so long and delicate a craft on any steamer or sailing vessel, while the overland journey by rail is of course out of the question. It is stated that an attempt will be made to steam around, failing which but three courses are open; to leave her on the Atlantic coast, to wait for the completion of the Nicaragua or Panama Canal, or to steam to the Isthmus and take her across it in a specially constructed carriage on the Panama R. R. The yacht has already cost \$65,000 with \$4,000 bonus for each mile over 25, and she is likely to cost much more before she steams in through the Golden Gate.

CANOE-YAWLS AND CANOE-YACHTS.—The two types of "canoe-yawls" which we have lately commented on, the shoal centerboard type and the miniature cutter which we proposed to name "canoe-yacht," have recently raced together in English waters, the result being summed as follows in the *Field*: "Some weeks back we ventured to predict, having seen the Solent Y. Raters in the building yards, that a good canoe-yawl of 1/2-rate would, in average weather, have a rosy time among the new junior fleet. Shortly afterward a new canoe-yawl of Snake model, and, we believe, built by Smith of Oxford—the Spruce—turned up at Southampton, and competed with the finny tribe of 1/2-raters. Spruce, even though not always sailed in faultless manner either as to pilotage or handling, went fast enough to win easily. Torpedo, another Thames canoe-yawl, followed, and also took the lead of the 1/2-raters and of the Spruce. This being so time after time, there can be no doubt that the canoe type has already planted an ugly sting on the *quasi* model yacht class of fin-keel boats, and therefore, in the ordinary course of nature, either one type must go to the wall or the other must be sent there. Possibly an unreasoning local majority may succeed in ousting the canoe type of craft from racing on account of local toes trodden on; but the question should be tried on its merits, and general utility of craft should obtain public favor."

THEY WERE NOT THERE.—"The annual meet of the American Canoe Association commenced on Aug. 6, on the Lake Champlain, and will end on the 27th. A considerable number of the new 'C' class, i. e., wider canoes, appear to be expected at the meet, and they undoubtedly are growing in favor generally in America. Once a man has satisfied himself that he can win fairly and speed paddle a canoe of 33in. or 36in. beam, he only wonders how it is he has so long quietly in a 30in. groove; possibly the deck seat is responsible for this."—*Field*. The "Class C" is still as much in the air as ever so far as racing and the A. C. A. meet are concerned. This is the fifth meet since a larger class of canoes was first recognized by the Association, but the result was the same as in former years. There were three canoes present that were over the limits, Kwonoshe, Neola and another; none of them expressing a desire to race. The canoe-yawl, Class C canoe, and small craft outside of the regular canoe limits, are constantly growing in favor in America, but they do not turn up in sufficient numbers at any regattas save the Western C. A. meet, to make a good racing class.

RACE PROGRAMMES.—For some unexplained reason the blunder of last season, by which the race programmes were overlooked, and only printed at the last minute, was repeated this year, the programmes being received in camp after the races were over. The racing programme should be printed not only in the A. C. A. book, but in the usual camp circular, with camp rules, railroad routes, etc., unless the entire matter can be prepared in time to appear in the book. In either case a special list of races should be struck off for the use of those in camp, and it would be well if it could include the racing numbers of the men, as no list was available this year. If the racing men could be induced to send their entries to the regatta committee two weeks or so before camp opens, a fairly complete list might be printed, blank spaces being left for additional entries. This list would be most useful in making up the blanks which should be provided for the clerk of the course, a gentleman who has in any case a great deal to attend to, and whose labors might be lessened by providing him with proper blanks for recording the various races.

NEW YORK YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION. ANNUAL REGATTA, SEPT. 7.

THE third annual regatta of the N. Y. Y. R. A., sailed on Labor Day, was a great success, no less than 75 yachts competing. The wind was strong nor'west, with the tide a quarter ebb, when the start was made. The courses were:

Course 1.—Classes A, B, C, D, E and F. From starting line around Red Nun Buoy No. 14 (Perch and Ball), on port hand, and return; 24 nautical miles.

Course 2.—Classes G, 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7. From starting line around Swash Channel Bell Buoy, on port hand, and return; 19 nautical miles.

Course 3.—Classes 3, 5, 8 and 9. From starting line around Black Buoy No. 9, on port hand, and return; 14 nautical miles.

Course 4.—Class 10. From starting line around Black Buoy No. 11, on port hand, and return; 11 nautical miles.

The regatta was very well managed by the regatta committee, Messrs. George E. Gartland, Charles E. Simms, Jr., and William Cagger.

Considering the number of starters and the weather, the mishaps were very few. The times were:

CLASS D—SLOOPS 45 FT. AND OVER 38 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Notus.....	12 30 00	4 44 02	4 14 02	2 37 40
Avallon.....	12 30 00	5 59 45	5 29 45	4 40 45
Gertrude.....	12 30 00	4 50 29	4 20 29	3 29 45

CLASS E—SLOOPS 35 FT. AND OVER 28 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Orestes.....	12 21 40	5 26 36	5 04 36	4 25 59
Carthage.....	12 23 06	5 38 09	5 15 03	4 17 15
Agnes S.....	12 25 41	6 02 50	5 36 59	4 39 11
Lottie.....	12 23 37	6 01 10	5 37 33	4 38 52
Emma and Alice.....	12 30 00	Did not finish.		
Katie Louise.....	12 31 00	5 52 25	5 31 05	4 30 21

CLASS F—SLOOPS 32 FT. AND OVER 27 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Progress.....	12 20 46	5 37 28	5 16 42	4 14 34
Mascott.....	12 21 30	6 12 02	5 50 32	4 48 08
Seybold.....	12 20 54	5 29 58	5 09 04	4 05 58

CLASS G—SLOOPS 27 FT. AND UNDER.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Soutter Johnnie.....	12 30 00	5 48 30	5 18 30	4 19 47
Bertha.....	12 30 00	5 34 30	5 05 37	4 05 42
Christine.....	12 28 52	Did not finish.		
Deer.....	12 30 00	Did not finish.		
Christina.....	12 30 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 2—OPEN SLOOPS 27 FT. AND OVER 23 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
J. T. Cameron.....	12 36 36	5 35 10	4 58 34	4 00 18
Viola.....	12 37 17	Did not finish.		
Carrie B.....	12 33 20	5 30 16	4 56 55	3 45 17

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS 23 FT. AND UNDER.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Leader.....	12 33 54	5 32 10	5 35 35	3 06 17
Oceola.....	12 43 29	5 53 05	5 09 36	4 13 41

CLASS 4—CABIN CATS OVER 23 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Ella F.....	12 57 45	5 07 48	4 30 03	3 34 01
Storm Child.....	12 32 22	Did not finish.		
Henry Gray.....	12 32 50	5 03 59	4 31 09	3 32 34

CLASS 5—CABIN CATS 23 FT. AND UNDER.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Charm (2).....	12 37 09	Did not finish.		
Water Lily.....	12 32 23	5 12 49	4 42 42	3 47 48
Veepa.....	12 39 16	5 22 25	4 43 09	3 42 13
Vivid.....	12 32 15	6 10 32	5 38 17	4 37 08
Gule.....	12 30 46	Did not finish.		
Falcon.....	12 37 11	5 29 50	4 52 39	3 50 29

CLASS 6—OPEN CATS 32 FT. AND OVER 27 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Annie J.....	12 40 00	5 37 55	4 57 55	3 39 49
Mary Anna.....	12 40 00	4 45 14	4 05 14	3 16 49
Empire.....	12 51 40	Did not finish.		
Brutette.....	12 40 00	5 50 40	5 10 40	4 21 00
Restless.....	12 40 00	4 55 10	4 15 10	3 24 57
Mohican.....	12 33 32	Did not finish.		
Ada.....	12 40 00	5 10 15	4 30 15	3 32 02

CLASS 7—OPEN CATS 27 FT. AND UNDER.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Norah L.....	12 46 24	6 03 08	5 18 16	4 23 09
Square.....	12 46 24	Did not finish.		
Only Daughter.....	12 44 50	4 47 00	4 02 10	3 01 14
May F.....	12 41 07	Disabled.		
Harry Daurer.....	12 41 03	5 07 17	4 26 14	3 24 14
Irene.....	12 44 00	Did not finish.		
Bona Fide.....	12 42 51	5 24 01	4 44 10	3 41 05

CLASS 8—OPEN CATS, 32 FT. AND OVER 27 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Shamrock.....	12 40 49	Did not finish.		
Pauline B.....	12 43 42	4 03 41	3 19 59	2 31 11
May S.....	12 41 47	4 39 03	3 57 16	3 07 21
Lizzie B.....	12 44 48	4 09 15	3 24 27	2 34 28
Eureka.....	12 43 30	4 14 00	3 30 30	2 40 17
Homing.....	12 41 42	4 17 32	3 36 30	2 45 59

CLASS 9—OPEN CATS, 27 FT. AND OVER 23 FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Torment.....	12 43 18	4 29 00	3 45 42	2 51 55
Golden Rod.....	12 40 45	Did not finish.		
Rival.....	12 40 00	Did not finish.		
Karina.....	12 45 45	4 59 20	4 13 35	3 19 28
Eveline B.....	12 41 45	4 46 52	4 05 07	3 11 00
Ges So.....	12 40 53	4 27 25	3 40 32	2 43 17
My Partner.....	12 41 07	Did not finish.		
Bon Ton.....	12 42 13	Did not finish.		

CLASS 10—OPEN CATS, 25 FT. AND UNDER.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Gracie.....	12 42 04	4 01 35	3 19 31	2 30 49.4
Essex.....	12 43 55	Did not finish.		
Ileen.....	12 42 18	4 01 25	4 19 07	3 29 59
Gala Water.....	12 42 04	Did not finish.		
Jessie A.....	12 45 35	Did not finish.		
Harry C.....	12 40 00	4 19 45	3 39 45	2 47 42.1

CONSTELLATION, scho'r., has been sold by Vice-Com. Morgan to Mr. Bayard Thayer, owner of Sayonara. The price is reported as \$40,000.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.

ON Aug. 29 a special unclassified race was sailed over a special course under the auspices of the St. Lawrence Y. C. The start was as follows:

Start.	Length.	Start.
Thora, W. J. Wallace.....	19.04	4 17 30
Mollie Bawn, W. Kavanaugh.....	25.09	4 17 37
Valda, G. H. Duggan.....	24.01	4 17 45
Frolie, E. K. Greene.....	28.47	4 17 50
Viking, L. J. Smith.....	35.00	4 18 00
Chaparron, E. S. Clouston.....	29.08	4 18 20
Black Eagle, C. H. Levin.....	37.07	4 19 15

There was a fine lower-sail breeze from the westward at the start, the relic of a strong gale that was blowing itself out, and during the race the wind and sea steadily diminished until at the finish it was quite light. It was a reach to the first mark, and Viking ran through the fleet and secured a lead which she kept during the windward mark, although Valda was close upon her when the turning buoy was reached. On the run home Valda secured a good lead, Viking carried away her goose-neck and had to give up, but not before she had been collared by Chaparron, and Thora took third place. The boats finished in this order, but Valda and Chaparron had not lead enough to save their time from Thora. The time summary was as follows:

Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thora.....	4 17 20	2 07 35
Valda.....	4 17 45	2 02 45
Chaparron.....	4 18 20	2 05 43
Frolie.....	4 19 50	2 14 28
Black Eagle.....	4 19 15	2 09 55

This is the second time this season that the Thora has beaten the St. L. Y. C. fleet. She is simply a Lawrence River skiff, with 380 ft. of cotton in the two battened bowsails, and she does not carry a pound of ballast beyond her crew of four men who "sit her up" by hiking to windward canoe fashion.

After the race, the finish of which was off the club's house, a club dinner was held, at which the trophies won during the season were presented, and which was a great success.

YACHTS IN TWO CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in the last issue of the *FOREST AND STREAM* your article under the head of "Knotty Questions," and as you seem to criticize the decision of the committee in the matter of owner of the sloop, Valda's appeal from the judges' decision, allow me to say that the writer of the article in question undoubtedly forgot that this committee had to govern their decision by matter of fact rules and not by sentiment. Sentiment is all very well, but is not always in accordance with common law. In the opinion of this committee the rules and regulations adopted by this club govern or at least should govern all races, and no matter what the sentimental feeling may be individually, all decisions should be arrived at after a careful consideration of the club laws relating to the same.

A MEMBER OF THE REGATTA COMMITTEE, N. H. Y. C.
[In commenting on the decision in question we simply pointed out the practical, not sentimental, fact that it places a yacht in two classes at the same time, apparently giving her the option of racing in either at will; something that is contrary to common usage at least.]

BEVERLY Y. C., AUG. 29.—The 177th race, second Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed at Monument Beach, Aug. 30, in a moderate breeze, shifting to W. S. W. with occasional puffs, which rendered race somewhat fluky. Mattie has been sold out of club and no entries appeared in first class, but the other classes filled well. Summary as follows:

SECOND CLASS.				
Start.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Surprise, J. M. Codman.....	27.04	2 11 53	2 01 26	
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.....	26.03	2 13 17	2 02 07	
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney.....	27.01	2 13 21	2 02 38	
Grampus, W. E. C. Eustis.....	27.09	2 20 19	2 10 19	
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr.....	26.10	2 20 54	2 09 54	

THIRD CLASS.				
Start.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, Jr.....	22.09	1 51 59	1 41 05	
Caruso, F. W. Sargent.....	22.09	1 53 13	1 42 19	
Buzzard, A. B. Shepley.....	22.08	1 53 31	1 43 27	
Euna, J. Parkinson.....	22.10	1 53 34	1 42 46	

FOURTH CLASS.				
Start.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Edith, L. Van Kessellaer.....	19.04	2 01 37	1 47 11	
Cat, Bruce Clark.....	19.03	2 07 20	1 52 54	
Squall, J. G. Bailey.....	19.11	2 17 34	2 05 48	
Charmion, J. Crane, Jr.....	19.05	Withdraw.		
Kitten, H. S. Ockton.....	20.00	Withdraw.		
Duckling, R. S. Hardy.....	17.09	Withdraw.		

Courses, 11 miles for second class and 7½ for the others. Judge, A. H. Hardy.

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, SEPT. 7.—The annual fall regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on Labor Day in a very strong northwest wind, the courses being on the Lower Bay. The times were:

CLASS 1—MAINSAIL BOATS, 21 TO 25 FT.				
Start.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Seminole, B. Brown, Jr.....	23.10	3 28 10	3 28 10	
Iroquois, E. H. Chandler.....	23.10	Did not finish.		

CLASS A—MAINSAIL BOATS, 16 TO 18 FT.				
Start.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Dell, Salt & Fitzgerald.....	23.46	2 13 46	2 18 41	

CLASS 3—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS, 30 TO 36 FT.				
Start.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Mull, B. F. Fulton.....	33.16	3 38 16	3 39 33	
Fair Wind, F. R. Rogers.....	34.20	3 40 20	3 40 20	
Rosie, Dr. Latham.....	34.20	Did not finish.		

Mull lost her topmast but won in her class.

LARCHMONT Y. C. FALL REGATTA.—The weather of Saturday sadly interfered with the regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. for which every preparation had been made by the committee. Storm and mist caused a postponement, which virtually amounted to an abandonment, though the match race was sailed on Monday between Valda and Clara. Under the latter circumstances the cabin cat class also sailed on Monday, the times being:

ELAPSED. CORRECTED.				
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A NEW ERA IN CANOEING.—If we may judge from the latest event in canoe racing, the introduction of cutter principles into canoeing was hinted at last year is likely to come in a very different way from the one then under discussion. Instead of an alteration of model, giving a craft with great draft, the latest development is in the method of sailing. In place of the careful handling of sheets which is commonly essential in all shoal and unballasted craft, the crew of the Toltec belays both main and mizen sheets, as in a cutter, and then climbs far out on his 5ft., "piazza," all his attention being given to balancing there. At times on Monday he laid out on the seat, both feet braced against the outside of the canoe, both hands grasping the seat as he rapidly slid in and out in the puffs, with one foot on the tiller when needed. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Barrington's strength, skill and daring, with his 5ft. seat, are likely to inaugurate a new era in canoe sailing, the departure being as important as the introduction of the deck position and old deck tiller by Mr. Vaux in 1879, and of the sliding seat and thwartship tiller by Mr. Butler in 1880. What the effect will be on canoe designing is too long a question to discuss now, but it will be a very important one.

proved her for racing, and she turned out a stiff and powerful craft, with easy lines, but with a long floor, and very stiff with some ballast in her. Aztec, designed this year by Mr. Stephens, also for Commodore William Willard Howard, was based to a certain extent on Bat and Toltec, but being designed solely for racing, the displacement was reduced and the deadwood in the ends was carefully shaped to give easy lines. The design was very carefully faired to full size, and we believe the moulds were not altered after they left the designer's hands. So far as model goes, Aztec is superior in every way to Toltec; but that model has little to do with canoe racing is shown by the fact that Mr. Barrington has taken Aztec and beaten Toltec, the long seat and skill being the great factors. As for Bat, she was designed for another purpose than match sailing, and it is hardly fair to condemn her as a failure from a racing standpoint only.

THE PASSAIC RIVER REGATTAS.—The late date and lack of space this week interfere with a fitting report of the very successful regattas of the Passaic clubs, the Orange, Arlington and Lanthe, on Saturday and Monday, but we shall give a full account next week.

NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

THE fourth series of races for the international challenge cup established by the New York C. C. in 1888 was sailed on Sept. 7, both races being won by the representative of the New York C. C., Mr. T. E. H. Barrington, a new member of the club. The trial races were sailed on Sept. 5, but owing to the uncertainty as to the date and to several other causes the competition was limited almost entirely to the New York C. C. The morning was very stormy, a N.E. gale sweeping over the Bay, and it was not until 2:45 that the first race was started over the regular club triangle off Stapleton and Clifton, two rounds, making 6 miles, the wind being then quite strong, with the tide on the last quarter of the ebb. The starters were:

After the first race Mr. H. C. Ward of the Brooklyn C. C. sailed over in the handsome Ruggies canoe Torment, owned by Mr. Smythe. Torment had only two small sails, but she was fitted out at the club house with a mainsail and mizen, each of 40ft., and started in the second race at 4:39 with the other four. Toltec had shipped her 140ft. rig, though there was more wind than before. In starting to windward, the tide now having turned flood inshore, Aztec stood far up on standard back and catch. Toltec, while the others worked straight out in shorter tacks. When the leaders came together, Aztec had headed Toltec as they rounded the first mark, Torment being a close third, while Kismet withdrew. Toltec soon ran ahead in the reaching, leading on the first round. The second windward leg was sailed in the same way, Toltec making the buoy just ahead of Aztec, with Torment close to them. Though under-canvased, Torment sailed very fast, but could not catch Toltec, she finishing first, Torment second, Aztec third and Bonnie fourth. As a matter of course, Mr. Barrington was chosen as the club's representative on the various merits of his work.

The weather on Sunday was no better than Saturday, rainy with a strong N.E. wind, and Monday morning promised but little better, being dark and cloudy; but to the gratification of hundreds of yachtsmen and canoeists the wind went round to N.W., and a sharp, bracing breeze, free from all fog or damp, sent the whitecaps racing over the Upper and Lower Bay. All previous races for the cup in 1888, '89 and '90 have been sailed over the club course off Stapleton and Clifton, a course which by reason of its strong tides and currents, heavy winds and serious obstructions in the form of anchored and passing vessels and floating debris, is most trying to strangers who are used only to clear waters. The fact that it was the club course, and so convenient to the clubhouse, has caused the club to retain it, but the position is not to the liking of the younger set, who have so strong, both in the trial and cup races, that they have favored and more neutral course was imperative. In the trial races this was not so easily done, as there was no place available where a number of canoes could be housed, but for the cup races the difficulty was settled by the very generous offer of the Bensonhurst Club, on Gravesend Bay. This young but flourishing club is a social rather than athletic organization, but it occupies the clubhouse and pier at Bensonhurst, originally built by the Brooklyn Y. C. at the place once known as Locust Grove. The house, pier and boats practically belonged to the canoeists for the day and evening, the members of the home club devoted all their time to the entertainment of their guests. A fine lunch was served between the races, while a dance and clam bake followed in the evening. The clubhouse balcony and long pier afforded to all a very fine view of the course, the triangle having one mark off the pier, another half a mile off shore and a third in front of the first, while the third was located directly up shore, in front of the Marine and Field clubhouse. As the wind was all day, the first leg, directly off shore, was a reach, with booms to port, the second was dead to windward, and the third was a tree reach with booms to starboard, the wind being so far off that in the second race a slight shift sent the boats under wing and down. The course was sailed three times, making a distance of 8 miles (estimated), the wind all day was very strong, and being N.W. was puffy and squally, while there was sea enough in the Narrows to trouble a 40ft. steam launch, making heavy water over the course for canoe racing.

Mr. Ford Jones, of the Brooklyn Boating Association, the challenger, sailed his canoe Canuck, whose lines appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Sept. 18, Oct. 1, and Dec. 2, 1890, a smooth outboard canoe, built by Sawyer, of Brooklyn, and she was sailed for three successive years won the A. C. A. Sailing Trophy, besides other important prizes. She used a 30in. slide to the deck seat, and carried in both races the same sail, Nos. 3 and 5, of 50ft. mainsail and 35ft. mizen, 5ft. in all, the smallest rig he has. Both were standing sails and could not be reefed.

Mr. Barrington, the defender of the cup, is a new member of the New York C. C., formerly a member of the Washington C. C. He is a young man and a comparative novice at canoe racing, but he is fast, well out and muscular, a gymnast, an old shell oarman, and has had a great deal of experience as a canoe cruiser. On joining the club this spring he at once bought the Toltec from Commodore William Willard Howard, and after a trial had her entirely re-built and strengthened. He not only put aboard 100lbs. of lead, against the advice of Commodore Howard, but had two new sliding seats built one 4ft. and one 5ft. long. He also had standing water with two revolving ballast. As now sailed the canoe is watertight throughout, with a small bucket well, and everything is very strong, at the expense of extreme light weight, thus avoiding the many breakdowns

of last year. Her mizen traveler is of 1/4in. round brass rod. The sails carried in both races were a mainsail of 30ft. and a mizen of 40ft., the largest sail being at, while the total area was 15ft. 1/2 ss than on Canuck.

Early in the morning a launch came over from the New York C. C. house with a number of canoeists and ladies, while Mr. R. W. Gibson brought a party in his new boat, a 35ft. cabin naphtha launch, the Steamer, and guests arrived by land, until a large number, including many ladies, had assembled.

The chief feature of the day, the exhibit of commodores, must be set down as a great success, commodores of all degrees and variety being present, the only disappointment being the absence of Com. K. J. Wilkin, who combines in one person more kinds of commodores than any other living canoeist. He had the very poor taste to venture out in Jersey among the mosquitoes, leaving vacant his place in the "Galaxy." Mr. Walker U. Lawson, commodore of the A. C., was present, but *in cog.*, so to speak, not having been invited by the club to serve as judge. Later in the day, he and Vice-Com. Winné left to attend the Lanthe C. C. regatta.

In canoeing the unwritten but universally recognized rules of yacht etiquette in the matter of titles is strictly observed; every man who holds the office of commodore, vice-commodore, rear-commodore or even acting rear-commodore, on going out of office drops everything but the main part of the title, he simply commodore for the rest of his life. This simple plan is chiefly esteemed by those who have never risen higher than the rank of vice or rear, as they always rate as full commodores. Its weak point, and one that should be remedied, is that it does grave injustice to the man who has been several times commodore. This whole subject was very fully discussed by Com. Alden, the "Father of American Canoeists," and himself a former commodore, a few years since. The danger he then foresaw, of the A. C. A. being in time composed entirely of commodores, is even more imminent at the present time.

There was a good deal of delay in getting the boats over and the course buoyed, and it was noon before all the arrangements for a start were completed. The timers were on hand, Com. Quick having a pistol and watch, while commodores Vaux, Blake and Stephens were ready to take down the flags. At this juncture a fat boy appeared with a small yacht cannon, which he was most anxious should be put for starting. Some delay ensued while the question was being argued by the fat boy and the starters, but the matter was finally decided by Com. William Willard Howard, adversely to the cause of the fat boy and the gun. The boy withdrew with tears in his eyes and the cannon grasped tenderly in his arms; but he had his vengeance. He slipped behind a pile at the end of the pier and waited until everyone was eagerly looking on each pace when he shot simply and soundly, "Commodore," bringing up at least a hundred heads in answer to the familiar sound.

When the shot was fired, both of the canoes lay to windward of the pier and line, but at the 4th signal Canuck ran down, crossing 15s. too soon, she luffed around the flag for a second start, Toltec meanwhile coming with a rush and fairly flying as her sheets were trimmed for the start, she was timed 31s. after the gun, and Canuck 10s. later; but later, after luffing round the flag and re-crossing, she caught a puff on the line which luffed her up, causing her to lose headway. Mr. Jones held the boom over and paid her off, but she had lost at least 40s., finally gathering way slowly. On this leg each time it was sailed, Toltec steered the straighter course, Canuck luffing considerably. The story of the race is mainly told by the following table, Toltec showing a gain at each mark on the first round. Off the wind on the second round she was again ahead, but was overtaken by Canuck.

She jibed and started on the second round with a safe lead, which was made still safer by a mishap to Canuck. Mr. Jones has been peculiarly fortunate in having few or no mishaps, his canoe being very strongly built and fitted. One weak point there was, however, which had never been suspected; the heavy, steel shod sliding seat was held in place as it slid to and fro by a lanyard attached to two rings on the sides of the seat. As the seat was thrown round in jibing, its impetus snapped off the rings, so that the slide went into the water. Mr. Jones at once sat on the deck, but was unable to hold his boat up, as she had been over-canvased before. By the instructions of Com. William Willard Howard, Junior Staples took the seat and rowed out to Mr. Jones, overtaking him on the windward leg, but he declined to take it. By this time Canuck was full of water, her open cockpit and long well being unfitted for such use, while the water was so high that she was unable to hold her own. Mr. Jones held on bravely through the whole second round, lying flat on the water at times in the effort to hold up his boat. He sailed one leg and a part of the second on the final round, only giving up when he saw Toltec at the finish. Both contestants were loudly cheered as they came in and were helped from their boats, while willing hands at once set to work to make repairs on Canuck's seat and coming. The times of the first race were:

First Race—ROUND 1.				
	Start.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.
Toltec.....	12 15 30	12 18 50	12 32 15	12 38 00
Canuck.....	12 15 40	12 18 50	12 35 25	12 40 30
ROUND 2.				
Toltec.....	12 40 30	12 45 54	1 01 30	
Canuck.....	12 44 30	1 07 02	1 13 03	
ROUND 3.				
Toltec.....	1 05 15	1 19 58	1 25 30	1 30 30
Canuck.....		Withdraw.		

While all hands were at dinner the wind apparently fell a little, and Mr. Barrington went out with a larger rig, but soon returned for his former sails. Canuck was in good shape again when the second race was called, the conditions being the same as in the morning. This time Canuck was beautifully well sailed, going over within 14s. of Toltec being but 6s. astern. Hardly was she over the line when Mr. Barrington luffed out, and after a short brush passed to windward and across Canuck's bows. Mr. Jones had hard work to hold up the 85ft. of sail, Canuck being over pressed; while on Toltec Mr. Barrington had delayed both sheets, and was far out on his 5ft. slide, holding and constantly sliding in and out as the waves struck him. Against such work as this, a use of the deck seat that has thus far been deemed impracticable, Canuck had no chance, and Toltec showed a gain, varying a little from time to time, but increasing on each round. Down wind both had too much sail, Toltec's mainsail jibing a couple of times and rolling her badly as she ran wing and wing. When Canuck passed the pier it was seen that she had shipped a great deal of water, and she sailed a great part of the race with the water up to her centerboard trunk. Toltec took some knockdowns, but with the small bucket well and the long seat to right her by, she came out with little water aboard. At times she dragged one end of the seat to leeward.

It was just 4:59:09 when Commodore William Willard Howard sprang on a pile and waved his cap aloft to lead the cheering for Mr. Barrington, who heaved the line, the successful defender of the New York C. C. International Challenge Cup. The times of the second race were:

Second Race—ROUND 1.				
	Start.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.
Toltec.....	3 57 20	4 01 00	4 10 50	4 17 32
Canuck.....	3 57 14	4 01 05	4 11 50	4 18 17
ROUND 2.				
Toltec.....	4 21 30	4 29 50	4 36 21	
Canuck.....	4 23 31	4 33 00	4 38 39	
ROUND 3.				
Toltec.....	4 40 30	4 49 53	4 56 00	Elapsed
Canuck.....	4 43 13	4 54 15	5 01 10	1 04 10

Toltec wins by 5m. 1s.

When Mr. Jones came in the cheering was still more hearty and enthusiastic, as in the course of his long racing at the meets and his visit last year to New York, he has won the esteem and friendship of all who have come in contact with him.

His defeat was in a great measure due to too large sails for such water, and a comparatively large open well, the other canoe being plainly superior to Canuck in every particular, which cannot be denied. It is safe to say that in Mr. Barrington he has met a far more dangerous rival in such weather than any yet encountered at the meets, possibly excepting Mr. Butler and one or two more. Before returning to Canada Mr. Jones was entertained by a number of New York canoeists, all of whom are anxious to see him here again to challenge for the cup, which he promises to do next year in a new canoe.

TRANSPORTATION TO CAMP.

THOUGH the transportation problem this year was just as wide, the chief characteristics of the service being, as usual, delay and uncertainty, there are indications that sufficient experience has been gained to lead to a solution of the troublesome problem. While there are a number of things to be considered in transporting the men and their canoes from home to the camp, a great deal of the work, that of rail and transportation to the vicinity of the meet, must follow a regular routine, which cannot be altered by the transportation committee. Still another part of the work is also local and must be done by the various clubs, or by the division officers; such details as the arrangements for special carloads of canoes, as was done this year, mainly by Vice-Com. Dorland, for the canoeists of New York and Newark. The principal work of the A. C. A. transportation committee, outside of the mere formal routine of the Trunk Line committee, is to transport the

men and boats over a distance of 5 to 8 miles, from the railroad terminus, to the camp.

The main cause of last year's failure was plainly evident when it was too late for remedy; the attempt was made to bring men to camp in three ways: from New York by steamer direct, from the terminus of the Long Island R.R. at Greenport, and also from other points in the harbor. Each of these methods was a separate and distinct failure; men arrived at one place or the other only to wait for hours and perhaps in the end were obliged to charter private boats or conveyances. This year a similar attempt was made to bring men by water from two points, Port Kent and Burlington, while there was a third route by land from Willsborough. A suitable steamer is often difficult to obtain, and expensive as well, and the best that could be had without too great expense this year was entirely unfitted for the service. The boat was too small to carry the required load, being licensed for but 20 persons, she was unfitted for the route in any but fair weather, and her captain was old and timid, his eyesight being very defective. Under these conditions it is no wonder that the two trips to Port Kent were not made on time in all weather, or that there was no certainty about getting to or from the camp at any given time.

Worst of all, in order to connect with the steamer of the Lake Champlain Transportation Co., which met the train from the north at Port Kent, there was a dreary wait of nearly five hours for all who came from New York, Albany or the west, both by the morning and afternoon trains. The service to Burlington was little if any better, the Lake Champlain Transportation Co. in order to save time, which was a great relief to the passengers, were of course able to carry all canoes and duffle, but the launch was hardly able to carry the personal luggage of the Port Kent arrivals, the canoes and trunks being lighted down in a flat scow, either sailed or towed by the launch.

The essential features of the transportation problem, so far as the committee are concerned, are three: Certain and quick transportation of the camp and principal express trains; convenient transportation of canoes and duffle, and a camp and railroad terminus; reasonable facilities for visiting the nearest city and returning the same day. The first point is by far the most important, in fact it is absolutely essential to a full attendance at camp. It is safe to say that a large number have been kept away from recent meets by such annoyance, delay and expense as was necessary to get to Bow Arrow point from Plattsburgh to St. Lawrence County, Clifton, and then to Sag Harbor. If the committee can guarantee, early in the season when men are planning their vacations, that a suitable steamer will meet the two principal trains each day, and run direct to a dock at the camp, and that canoes and duffle will be carried on her or promptly sent in some other way, the greatest obstacle to a large attendance will be removed.

Other things are necessary to charter a good boat, and to concentrate the service on one point, to the exclusion of all others. If the meet is to be held at Willsborough next year, then the depot should be Burlington, canoeists being instructed by the committee to come there from all quarters, and not to Willsborough or Port Kent. This would be perfectly practicable both from Albany and Montreal. If the meet is held at Grindstone, the service must be arranged at Clayton, five miles distant on the New York side, and Gananoque, seven miles on the Canadian side. We believe that there has been no trouble in the past in arranging with the regular boats between Gananoque and Grindstone, several small steamers plying among the islands. Between Clayton and the camp a special launch or steamer would be needed, to meet the morning train at about 6 o'clock, bringing men to camp in the forenoon, and an exclusive contract of a launch or steamer to come to the camp with the train for New York at about 7 P. M., lying over night at Clayton. If another meet should be held at Jupp's Neck, which is by no means improbable, there will be a daily steamer between New York and the camp, instead of on alternate days, and with a stronger wharf a cheap and satisfactory means of reaching camp could be had. In addition, however, it would be necessary to run a good launch to connect the rail with the camp, and to charter a steamer from New London, leaving Sag Harbor entirely out of the question. There might be some reason for choosing Sag Harbor in place of Greenport, but in any event the camp launch should attempt to run to one place only.

Unless specially favorable arrangements can be made with the local steamers, which is seldom the case, the committee should charter a launch or steamer to connect the rail with the camp, and a captain who is both sober and competent. An ordinary launch of 60ft. length, with a cabin or good awning, should be able to make the regular trips on the St. Lawrence or Lake Champlain in any weather, and to carry as many as would be required, as well as most of the trunks and duffle. With such a boat ready within 30yds. of the incoming train, as would be possible at Burlington or Clayton, the camp would be more than well served, instead of hard work and worry.

The financial aspect of such a venture is a most important one, and the Association cannot afford to run a boat at a loss; but from the experience of past years there is every reason to believe that with ordinary good management the work could be done at a very low rate of fares. If the travel can be concentrated on the camp boat, the average attendance will afford some basis for figures. Even this year, with a very small launch, and with the names on the register—it is safe to say that there were 250 people who made the round trip to camp and back from Port Kent, Burlington or Willsborough, not including the many who made extra trips for pleasure or business. Could all of these have been carried on one good boat at a fare of 50 cents each, there would have been an absolute certainty of sufficient receipts to pay for two weeks of the service, about 1000 dollars. With a regular and reliable service, at least as many more persons might have been carried to and from camp during the three weeks, while a charge of 10 cents or so on trunks would have still further swelled the receipts.

It is probable that with good management the boat might be run at a profit on 25-cent fares, but in one way the rate of fare is a small detail, the average attendance of this year, the delay and risk of loss of baggage, were no worse than last year; but we would gladly have paid \$5 for the round trip from Port Kent to camp and back could it have been made in a fairly prompt and satisfactory manner. A dollar a day would be paid without complaint by all, if it were necessary, for satisfactory service. To secure the best returns from the daily travel between the camp and the city, lower rates of fare would be desirable, and there is every reason to believe, from past experience, that the facilities many passengers to and from the camp would be carried. Many in camp wish to visit the city for shopping or pleasure, while there are always friends of the campers who wish to visit camp for a part of the day if permitted.

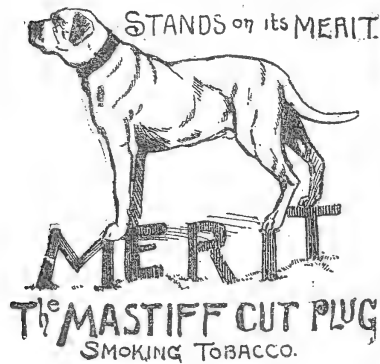
There is certain work that in most cases a steamer or launch could do, the carrying of a large number of canoes to and from the camp, the delivery of mail, the carrying of provisions, and the cars, but if men and small baggage are to be carried, this other service may be slower. The big car loads may be taken over in the first and last days of camp, when the passenger travel is smallest; a scow may be towed over at times by the launch; and in most cases there is a large steamer once a day which will serve for all heavy or bulky freight.

As a general scheme for the transportation we would recommend the selection of one point to which all members and visitors are instructed to come; the chartering of a steamer that can carry fifty persons and is sufficiently seaworthy, to connect closely with two trains per day from the first day of the meet until the camp breaks up; and the advertisement early in the season that this steamer will positively run as per schedule at a stated fare, in suitable boats could be had for certainly \$300 for two weeks, or better yet, for one week, and then canoes and duffle could be paid for at 25-cent fares, but for the first experiment the fare might be made 50 cents. It might be a good plan for the executive committee this fall to set aside the sum of say \$300 for a steamboat fund, the profit, if any, being reserved to defray any possible losses in a future year. It is probable that with good management a fair return would be realized, thus enabling the Association to meet the following year, and two reasonably successful seasons would turn in a surplus which would secure the Association from danger of loss in the future so long as the necessary standard of the service was maintained.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H.—For description of Asiatic pheasants, with illustration of the ring-necked pheasant, see our issue of July 31, 1890.

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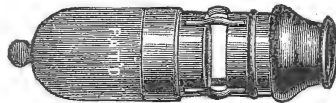
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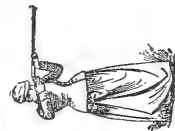
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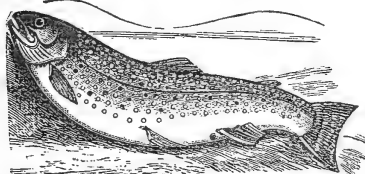
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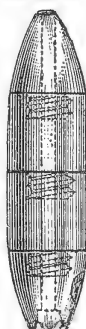
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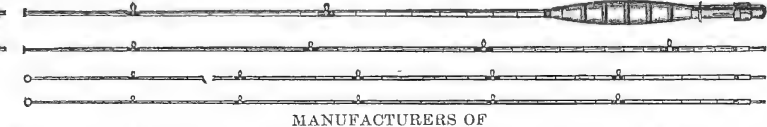
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VOL. XXXVII.—No. 9.
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SEPTEMBER DAYS.

SEPTEMBER days have the warmth of summer in their briefer hours, but in their lengthening evenings a prophetic breath of autumn.

The cricket chirps in the noontide, making the most of what remains of his brief life; the bumblebee is busy among the clover blossoms of the aftermath; and their shrill cry and dreamy hum hold the outdoor world above the voices of the song birds, now silent or departed.

What a little while ago they were our familiars—not in more than occasional song, but noted all about us in their accustomed haunts—sparrow, robin and oriole, each trying now and then, as if to keep it in memory, a strain of his springtime love song; and the cuckoo fluted a fare-well prophecy of rain. The bobolinks, in sober sameness of traveling gear, still held the meadowside thickets of weeds; and the swallows sat in sedate conclave on the barn ridge. Then, looking and listening for them, we suddenly become aware they are gone; the adobe city of the eave-dwellers silent and deserted; the whilom choristers of the sunny summer meadows departed to a less inhospitable welcome in more genial climes. How unobtrusive was their exodus. We awake and miss them, or we think of them and see them not, and then we realize that with them, too, summer has gone.

This also the waited thistledown and the blooming asters tell us, and though the woods are dark with their latest greenness, in the lowlands the gaudy standard of autumn is already displayed. In its shadow the muskrat is thatching his winter home, and on his new-shorn watery lawn the full-fledged wild duck broods disport in fullness of feather and strength of pinion. Evil days are these of September that now befall them. Alack, for the callow days of peaceful summer, when no honest gunner was abroad and the law held the murderous gun in abeyance, and only the keel of the unarmed angler rippled the still channel. Continual unrest and abiding fear are

now their lot, and henceforth till spring brings the truce of close time to their persecuted race.

More silently than the fisher's craft the skiff of the sportsman now invades the rush-paled thoroughfares. Noiseless as ghosts paddler and shooter glide along the even path, till alarmed by some keener sense than is given us, up rise wood duck, dusky duck and teal from their reedy cover. Then the ready gun belches its thunder, and suddenly consternation pervades the marshes. All the world has burst forth in a burning of powder. From end to end, from border to border, the fenny expanse roars with discharge and echo, and nowhere within it is there peace or rest for the sole of a webbed foot. Even the poor bittern and herons, harmless and worthless, flap to and fro from one to another now unsafe retreat, in constant danger of death from every booby gunner who can cover their slow flight.

The upland woods, too, are awakened from the slumber of their late summer days. How silent they had grown when their songsters had departed, rarely stirred but by the woodpecker's busy hammer, the chatter and bark of squirrels and the crows making vociferous proclamation against some winged or furred enemy. The grouse have waxed fat among the border patches of berry bushes, rarely disturbed in the seclusion of the thickets but by the soft foot-fall of the fox, the fleeting shadow of a cruising hawk and the halloo of the cowboy driving home his herd from the hillside pasture. But now come enemies more relentless than beast or bird of prey, a sound more alarming than the cowboys distant call—man and his companion the dog, the terrible thunder of the gun. A new terror is revealed to the young birds, a half-forgotten one brought afresh to the old. The crows have found fresh cause for clamor, and the squirrels lapse into a silence of fear.

Peace and the quietness of peace have departed from the realm of the woods, and henceforth while the green leaves grow bright as blossoms with the touch of frost, then brown and sere, and till long after they lie under the white shroud of winter, its wild denizens shall abide in constant fear and unrest.

So fare with the wood-folk, these days of September, wherein the sportsman rejoiceth with exceeding gladness.

FOOLISH HOTEL MEN.

TO observe that proprietors of sportsmen's resorts are extremely foolish, who encourage or permit their guides and other employees to kill fish and game for market, would be perhaps only stating an axiomatic platitude. And yet it is a curious fact that scores of these proprietors have not found out their folly until too late to repair it. We can name more than one water and more than one game district where the landlord's patronage has fallen away for no other reason in the world than that his boatmen have caught for market more bass than his guests have caught for fun, and his guides have killed deer for themselves and for greenhorns, until decent sportsmen have left in disgust.

It might be thought that when a hotel keeper builds a house on the shore of a lake noted for its black bass, and derives a generous revenue from the fishermen who register with him, drawn thither solely by the fishing, he would observe carefully every precaution to keep up the supply of fish, to curb the silly greed of the count-fisher, and to forbid entirely the shipping of fish caught by his boatmen to market. And yet, in spite of the certainty that with the ruin of good fishing must come empty hotel rooms and lessened receipts, we often see that landlord bathing his hands in imaginary water and smiling blandly over the competitive fishing of his guests, and fatuously sharing the paltry profits of the fish his servants catch and send to market. By and by the report goes abroad that the famous bass fishing at his house has "played out," and his former patrons study up other routes, and their money finds its way into other tills.

The governments of the world have been actively competing in the invention and development of smokeless powders; and now a report comes from Washington that the naval officers of the torpedo station at Newport, who have been conducting a series of experiments upon various formulas, have found an ideal powder for small-arms. The new composition is declared to be safe, convenient and cheap, and it has given a rifle ball a velocity of 2,180ft. per second, with a low pressure in the powder chamber. Gun-cotton is said to be the base.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT is reported, but we hope without authority, that the Codification Commission appointed to revise the New York game law will submit to the next Legislature precisely the same bill that was rejected last winter. To do this would be to court for it a similar fate. The game and fish interests of this State are far too important to be made a vehicle of personal interest by those charged with the duty of law amendment. The obnoxious provisions should be stricken from the bill.

In these days returning tourists bring out of the North Woods heads and antlers of deer and regale their friends with long stories of skill and luck in the chase. The average deer slayer is not averse to dilating on the sport; but now and then a man who kills a deer not only makes no show of trophies, but maintains a gloomy silence about the entire proceeding. Blank was out on an Adirondack lake and the "guide" was rowing him with stout strokes in pursuit of a deer which had been driven into the water by the hounds. "Now you're near enough; shoot!" exhorted the guide. Blank was near-sighted; he had never seen a live deer outside of a menagerie, and to him the object appeared very dim and very small. But the guide insisted that it was a tremendous buck with phenomenal horns, and Blank blazed away, the first shot of his life. The guide pulled the game out of the water, a tiny fawn, as yet unweaned; and then Blank and the guide went ashore and buried the carcass in the woods, and went back to the hotel and Blank added any another "hunter's yarn" to the thousands that have been told, but his story was not an exaggeration like the rest, for he protested that he had killed no deer at all.

The Bangor News prints a letter from Edgar E. Harlow, of Greenville, Moosehead Lake, and the News appears to think the statements in the letter worthy of credence. It recounts the following list of game animals recently discovered by Kineo guides, and says that not a single offender has yet been brought to justice: "One dead cow moose at Thoroughfare Brook, Eagle Lake; one dead moose on Russell Stream; one dead caribou on Russell Stream; one dead deer on Russell Stream; one dead moose at Duck Pond; one dead moose at Eagle Lake camp ground; one dead moose at Caucomgomoc Lake; one dead caribou at Black Pond; one dead deer at Horse Race, Caucomgomoc Stream; one dead moose at Spencer Pond; three dead deer at Spencer Pond; two dead moose at Soper Brook, Eagle Lake."

We would beglad to learn that this report is an exaggeration, for if the facts are actually as given they indicate in the Moosehead region a demoralization worse than that already described in the FOREST AND STREAM as existing in other sections. It must be remembered that the open season for moose, deer and caribou will not begin before the first of next month.

Here is an incident of bird life that may afford an interesting theme of speculation. Mr. E. R. Wilbur brings us from Sayville, L. I., a robin's nest containing two eggs, which was abandoned so late as Sept. 1. Did the belated mother bird's robin wisdom tell her that it was too late in the season to bring her fledglings into the world, or did the spirit of wildness, which takes possession of the robin tribe, triumph over the maternal instinct and compel her abandoning the nest in the grape arbor to join her squawking mates in the woods?

The conventional Indian orator declaims with many a fervid figure of speech against the white man who has usurped his ancient hunting grounds; but here comes the Sioux with figures of another style altogether. Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses and 792 others have sent to Washington a claim against the Government of \$10,000,000 for the destruction of the large game that abounded in the West and furnished their subsistence.

Colorado's bounty on bears and mountain lions is said to be working most disastrously to her supply of elk and deer, large numbers of which have been killed for use as bait in the bear traps.

Dr. J. A. Henshall is now in this city in the interest of the Angling Exhibit at the World's Fair, which he reports to be in capital condition.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NO-MAN'S LAND AND BEYOND.—II.

WE were all invited to supper at Harlan's camp, and had an excellent meal of buffalo steak. It was very good, and Lee told me to take what meat I wanted. I took a 10lb. chunk, and would have taken more but we had plenty of antelope meat, and I hate to rob a man of meat worth 9 cents a pound.

The next morning it was very cold, but we started south and left the Springfield men still camped. We made a dry camp on San Francisco Creek, 35 miles south, that night; and only had some water for coffee and half a bucket each for the horses. We had plenty of wood and some coal in the wagon, and were reasonably comfortable, though I can't feel good when the horses are suffering for water.

With an early start, we reached Cold Water Creek, Texas, at noon. Found good water, good grass, and enough cone chips for a dozen camps. Saw wild horses and antelope just before we made camp, and I shot some mallard ducks in the afternoon, while the rest hunted antelope. The ducks were big and fat and I potted them sitting. There were nice little springy ponds with high banks and open water. We had stewed duck for supper; and parboiled and roasted a dozen. I wanted to stay there and hunt a few days, but Price, who was somewhat of an old granny, was afraid we would get caught in a storm away from wood; and so we pulled for Palo Duro Creek in the morning. I left my cough about here—wore it out or froze it out.

Reached Palo Duro Creek at noon. A Texas cowman's ranch every five miles; plenty of wood, good water, lots of cattle and no game. Price concluded that the Canadian was too far, and wanted to edge toward home, so he said he wanted to go down Palo Duro and in east of Beaver City on the Beaver. The other boys didn't care, so we went down Palo Duro 20 miles, and overtook three hunters with two wagons loaded down with deer and turkey, straight from Moore Creek on the Canadian River. We camped with them, and the next morning went back up Palo Duro, heading for Moore Creek. Camped at a post office called Zulu, at Cater's ranch, where I could not make Cater believe but what I was a land hunter seeking a ranch. He could not understand why a man with good teams should be strolling around the country if he was not a market-hunter or hunting a ranch. Hanny said, "Curse the ranches. I would not take the whole Panhandle of Texas if you would give it to me." To tell the truth, I felt the same way, for I had a wife, four young ones and a home 200 miles north, and I sometimes wished that I was home a little, when the bed felt hard at night and I could not sleep.

We went twenty miles south next day, and struck broken ground; ten miles down a slope and we landed on Moose Creek. It was a beauty—a valley a mile wide and about six miles long, with beautiful groves of big timber on both sides of the creek at intervals, with fine clear water and good grass. Oh, what a camp we made under a big cottonwood on a lawn as level as a billiard table, with a spring close behind the tent in a little hollow; deadwood lying around wanting to be broke up for the fire; and the north wind that had followed us for many a day blowing harmlessly over our heads through the tops of the giant trees that sung all night like Æolian harps, while the Texas owls—big fellows that looked as large as turkeys—sat around after dark and said *who, who, who*.

There were deer tracks all over the bottom, and turkey tracks on the bank of the creek behind camp. I went down the creek a mile and found our Springfield hunters who didn't seem much pleased to see me, but didn't say much. They had a fine camp; had arrived there two days before us and had a deer hung up, three turkeys and ducks till you couldn't rest. Trout told me that the deer were all scared away, and that they were going to move next day. I told him that I had plenty of meat and should stay a week anyhow, deer or no deer.

Hanny got up first next morning, and began getting breakfast. When he came back from the spring with the waterpail he told me that there were a flock of quail in front of the door. I jumped up and had pants and boots on in a minute, grabbed the 10-bore and stepped out bareheaded. The quail were just starting into some brush about 40yds. from the tent. I let go the right at them on the ground, and got one more as they rose; picked up an even dozen (there were about forty in the flock); and was back in the tent getting warm in about five minutes.

After breakfast, when I went to drive up the horses to feed them, I heard a rifle crack twice about a mile up the creek, and shortly Trout came past and said he had killed a deer. I saw he must have gone past our camp before day, and now I began to see why they wanted us to leave. We were camped between them and the best hunting ground.

The boys all struck out after breakfast, Hanny with my shotgun, which he tried to appropriate from that time. I took it away from him occasionally, but he grumbled awful when I did. He said that I could shoot a rifle and he couldn't; that I had better kill big game and let him kill the little birds. When the little birds are 16lb. turkeys, big fat mallard and spoonbill ducks, great flocks of quail and a few prairie chickens for a change, I kick. It is more fun to loaf along Moose Creek with a shotgun than to walk over slippery sandhills hunting deer for hours with a rifle.

Price went east about four miles on foot to another creek called Carson Creek. Noah went off no one knows where, and I saddled a pony and tried to get the lay of the country up and down the creek and around. I rode about forty miles that day and saw a few turkeys and two flocks of quail, but lots of deer tracks. I found a place two miles up the creek where deer bedded every night, and I could see Trout's tracks where he had jumped them before he got near them every morning. That was what I was after, and I went to camp early. Hanny had a quail supper about ready.

Price came in packing a big fawn on his back. He had found a bunch of deer; a few had jumped up at 50yds. and he had killed it. The shell stuck in his Sharps, and while he hammered and dug at it, a big buck got up and looked at him a while. Then several does got up from the tall grass, and all of them scooted, leaving Price fooling away with the empty shell. Then pretty soon it came

out easily. Before Price had done talking about that buck one would have thought it must have been the biggest deer in Texas.

When we sat down to supper we had a treat. Hanny had skinned the quail, cleaned them out and boiled them as you would potatoes. Poor little fellows; they looked lonesome and shriveled. They tasted just the same as some boiled chips. I guess it was because I had acted so mean to them when I shot them on the ground.

Noah came in while we were eating and looked sour. He did not kill a deer or antelope the whole trip, and he set out intending to make money hunting. He hunted faithfully every day. He could make as much noise going up a creek through the brush as a four-year-old steer, and I often came in at the head of the timber when I knew he was going to hunt up a creek, and would catch a deer sneaking out occasionally before Noah got within half a mile of it. Price asked Noah if he had seen anything. "Yes, I have seen lots of fresh tracks. What did you get, Hanny?" "I got a string of ducks, and got them all out of two little spring ponds down below Trout's camp."

After eating a lot of meat cooked by myself, and trying some of Hanny's experiments he and I washed the dishes, and then the youngsters, Noah, Hanny and I, went down to Trout's camp visiting, leaving Dad Price seated by the fire reading an old newspaper. The Trout party consisted of four—Trout, a man of about twenty-five, 6ft. tall and very slim; a Scotchman who was as tough as a mule, and who hunted all the time but didn't kill much; a man named James who said he was Jesse James's cousin, and who occasionally told us how desperate he was himself (he was, in fact, a mild-mannered, little old bald-headed, pop-eyed man of about forty-five); and a real nice young fellow of twenty-five whose name I forgot. They hunted so steady that they couldn't help getting game, and Trout was a dandy in spite of the French horn and his long tongue. We played seven-up a while and then went home. Price was abed and grumbled when we came in, "You boys stayed out late." I am forty, rather an old boy. We set the alarm for 4 o'clock and it seemed as if I hadn't slept five minutes when the thing went off, and I crawled out and got breakfast, ate it and struck out up the creek well out on the hills. I was above Trout's deer bed before a person could see through his sights, and lay down on the bank where I could see all over the bottom. Just after it got light I caught glimpses of a man slipping through the groves away down the creek, and in a few minutes here came five whitetail deer, slipping along a long way ahead of him and looking back as cunning as a man.

Nearer and nearer they came to me until they stood in full view about 100yds. away. They had got to decamp soon, for Trout was coming, and so I shot at the buck, aiming behind the shoulder, and broke his backbone. He was below me and my gun is sighted for 125yds. anyhow. Two or three shots at the others did not hit anything, and I went down and was dressing my deer (a pretty fair buck) when Trout came up. He grinned and said he hated to play dog, but he guessed he had. We went on up the creek together.

We saw nothing more and went back. Reached my camp by nine, ate another big breakfast and went to shooting at mark. Trout beat me out of \$3 at a dollar a shot, and then gave me back the money and advised me to buy cartridges with it and practice before I shot against a man! He put all three shots into a 3in. ring at 100yds. off-hand.

By some real nice talk I got Noah and Hanny to go up and get my deer, and I sneaked off down the creek with my shotgun and went to sleep in the sun near a nice spring pond. I woke up at last very chilly and saw as beautiful a sight as it often falls to the lot of man to look at. A doe and two big fawns had drank at the further edge of the pond, and the fawns were playing around on a flat not over 150yds. distant like two little kids as they were. The old doe seemed to be watching their gambols proudly. A flock of mallards were quacking and eating at the spring not over 50yds. from me. The sun was going down. I lay still and watched the deer, hardly daring to breathe, the air was so still, until finally I heard some one coming down the creek; the deer ran away into the sandhills as silently as shadows; I got up and threw a stick at the ducks, and they flew with whistling wings in a circle and then went straight as arrows down Moore Creek for the Canadian. Price came up with his rifle and I met him in the dim trail that runs down the creek. I told him about the deer and how I let the ducks go (for we had plenty of them in camp), and he said, "I suppose I could get one of those deer if I followed them up, but I really left camp only for a walk, let us go back." So we went home to camp in a very contented frame of mind.

Noah and Hanny were cooking supper when we got there; and after we had eaten Hanny and I played seven-up to see who should wash the dishes; he lost, but I compromised and wiped them.

After supper Trout's gang dropped in, and said that they were going to start for home in the morning. They said that the game was too scarce and wild. They asked when we were going; and we looked at each other and laughed. "I dunno," said Price, "it's as Dick says." I said, "If I only had my wife and young ones here, I don't believe I'd ever go back." Hanny remarked cheerfully, "We are doing pretty well here;" and Trout sighed and said that he had a great mind to stay another week. So we played some seven-up and had some more supper at about 10 o'clock. The Trout gang went off to their camp by moonlight; and the owls said *who!* all around us as we went to sleep 200 miles from nowhere.

When the Trouts passed our camp at daybreak next morning I sent a letter to my wife, to be put in the first post office they struck. I inclosed the tip of a turkey's neck feather in it, also a lock of deer hair, and promised to be home some time. I was a little homesick when I saw them disappear; but there was only one twinge and it was gone.

Trout had said that there was a ranch near the mouth of the creek; and Hanny and I decided to go down and see if any one was there. So when breakfast was done we took the buggy and drove down. Found a good house and three men. It was the D. B. L. ranch. I asked the foreman what D. B. L. meant. He said that formerly it meant *Damn Big Luck*, but that for the last three years he had concluded it stood for *Damn Bad Luck*. They seemed a little stiff at first; but finally thawed out and proved nice fellows. They occasionally have trouble

with hunters who kill cattle or set fire to timber or prairie carelessly. They said that they had heard us shoot, and knew we were camped up the creek. I promised to be careful about fire; and we drove on down to the Canadian River, and forded it with the buggy to try it. It was shallow, but with a very soft bottom of quicksand. So we forded back and went to camp.

Price came in with a deer on his mule at sunset, and we decided to cross the river the next day and go on to Bear Creek, which the D. B. L. foreman had told us about. He said there were lots of turkeys over there. We started early the next morning and forded the river, after storing some of our supplies and most of our meat at the D. B. L. ranch.

The ford was better than when I crossed the day before, and we soon pulled up the bed of Bear Creek—sand six inches deep and no water for seven miles; and then I found a spring in a side cañon, made camp and Hanny and I hunted for a turkey roost for several miles up the creek by moonlight. Didn't find anything. Next day hunted all day. I saw three deer tracks and a little turkey sign. When I came in I saw where a panther had followed Hanny and me around the night before. He must have been quite close to us. His tracks were 4in. in diameter. Noah said that night that we had better go back across the river, for the water might get up and then we couldn't get back. Hanny meowed like a cat, and Price grinned a little; but we went back.

We got our meat and corn and went on to Carson Creek, where Price had had the fight with his shell in the gun and had killed the fawn. He had talked every day about that big buck and I wanted a crack at it badly. We camped near the creek on a little sandy bank of grass, sheltered by a big sand hill. The grass was full of sand burrs and we sat on them some for the next two days. Hanny found a flock of quail before we got the tent up, and was off after them with my shotgun. He came back to supper with about twenty quail and twelve prairie chickens, mostly killed sitting; but they were fat and tasted as good as if they had been killed over a dog on the wing. I remarked just for fun that I thought that I should use the shotgun next day and Hanny fairly begged, "Now, Dick, you know I can't shoot a rifle and I want to try to kill a deer with buckshot." I made him promise to get up and build fire in the morning every time it was my turn and then told him that I was only joking about the gun. I asked Price the lay of the creek and he said that he thought that the best hunting was up the bottom through the timber; so we all went out at daylight after a good breakfast. The creek had about a mile of scattering scrubby timber on one side of it in the bottom, interspersed with a little brush. We went up the creek abreast with Noah where he would make the least noise, but I know I could have heard him half a mile if I had been listening. There were several deer ahead of us, but they got out before we got a shot; I saw one running like a ghost and tried to get a sight for a running shot, but he was gone too quick. There was some more timber up the creek, but Price decided to go over where he killed his fawn the time before; and Noah followed him, to my relief, and Hanny and I went up the creek. We soon came to good deer ground—more brush, low trees, little corners, where there were hollows setting back forty yards or so from the creek, full of brush. I was standing on a little ridge that ran down to the edge of the creek (which was 100yds. wide here and with no water but just a sand bed), where Hanny, who was hunting on the head of the hollow behind me, shot off both barrels of the shotgun, and a fine buck ran out of the brush a little above me. I sighted about five inches ahead of his breast as he trotted across the sand, and at the crack of the rifle he came down, just as he gained the grass on the other side. "Did you hit him?" yelled Hanny, who could see me but not the deer. "Yes." "I don't believe it. I killed mine though," said he. "Go quick and bleed it and then come to me," I said; and I stood with my gun cocked so that if my deer got up I could knock him down again, till Hanny came up with his hands bloody, and then we walked cautiously up to mine. He was a good five-prong buck, and stone dead, shot through the heart at 125 paces. As I looked at him I felt good. "That's better than hitting a four-inch ring at 100yds.," said Hanny; and I, well, I just loved myself. We hung him in a tree and then went to Hanny's doe. He had hit her all over with buckshot, but he had her, and Hanny smiled unutterable contentment after we had her hung up. We went to camp, got the buggy, and returned for the deer. Coming back with the deer, we saw a big flock of mallards on a spring pond, and Hanny shot three at two shots. They were in the middle of the pond and I encouraged Hanny until he stripped off everything but his little short undershirt and waded in after them. It was awfully cold water with some ice in it. There was a tree lying with its butt on the bank and the trunk under water. He walked out on that till the water came above his knees, then his feet slipped off the log and he went in up to his waist. Oh, how he yelled, but I howled, "Go on! go on! they are only ten feet further;" and he went for them reluctantly, but got them. When he came out I rubbed him down till he was as red as a lobster all over, and then he put on his clothes and ran to camp on foot behind the buggy. I produced the whisky: he took a big drink and the wetting didn't hurt him a bit.

We hung the deer in front of the tent on a tree before Price and Noah got in, and got a late dinner or an early supper of fried liver and bacon, fried potatoes and fried onions. The coffee was strong, and when the other boys got in we had a second instalment ready for them. They had seen two bunches of deer, but had not killed a thing; and old man Price actually almost cried when he told how his rifle snapped twice when he had a dead aim. It was tough. Noah's feelings were almost too deep for utterance, and I will not repeat his remarks.

Hanny went down the creek after dinner, and came back at sundown with several ducks and a sora rail. He said that there was a swamp full of rail a mile down the creek. After dark we had a little supper, and soon after, while we were smoking, and it was pitch dark (for the moon had not risen), we heard a coarse *meaw, meaw*, down near the trees in the bottom, not over 100yds. from camp. The horses and mules were picketed between us and the trees. I grabbed the shotgun, loaded with buckshot, the rest their rifles, and stepped out of the tent. The thing kept yowling, and I told Hanny to get the lantern and come down and get the horses and mules up to camp, for any minute I expected it would jump on one of them and kill it. I said, "I will carry the shotgun,

you the lantern, and I won't shoot unless he is going to jump." I was sure it was a panther or mountain lion. Just as Harry came out again with the lantern, the thing said *meaw, meaw, chukaroo, chukaroo, chukaroo*. It was a little screech owl about as large as a pigeon, that had been attracted by the smell of the meat. We went into the tent relieved, but a little ashamed to have been so fooled.

That same night the big wolves killed a steer about a mile from camp, on the other side of the creek. They howled and snapped and yelled while they were doing it, and every once in a while we could hear the deep, hoarse, despairing bellow of the steer ending in a smothered groan. The lobo or buffalo wolf has a voice the most savage and despairing of anything I ever heard. At last all was still and we slept.

In the morning Price wanted to go home, and though I wanted to stay longer we started.

We reached the D. B. L. ranch that night and camped. The foreman said he was going to send a man to Zulu for his mail, and I wrote a letter to send home, so that if we stopped on the road my wife would feel easy. Hanny went down to the ranch and Price and Noah went to bed. I went down at about 8 o'clock to see the boys and leave my letter. When I got near the house I heard a sound of reveling by night, and when I opened the door of the big log cabin I saw the foreman, the three cowboys, two strangers and Hanny seated around a big table drinking "whisky stews," as the Texans call them, and singing. One long-haired Texan was finishing the "Cowboy's Lament" as I came in. It is a mournful song when howled by a Texan. I can remember one stanza:

"Bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyotes will howl o'er my dead bodd-e-e."

After the song had been duly complimented, Hanny arose. He has seen a somewhat checkered career since he left the paternal roof and came to Kansas. At one time he ran what is called a drug store, more properly a "joint." He braced himself, and I knew something new was coming, for Hanny is at times afflicted with poetical mania. He threw back his head, and in a loud, clear voice sung "The Kansas Refugee," the first two verses running:

"I came from sunny Kansas,
Where the howling blizzards blow,
And where the temperance sisters
They persecute one so.

"Three times I have been cycloned,
And been arrested some,
So now I've come down here
Where 'tis legal to sell rum."

"That's pretty good," said the long-haired Texan. "I was up in Blank City, Kan., once, and Bat Smitherson, who is the president of the Temperance Union, got me drunk, and then Bob Gill Smitherson, his father, arrested me and had me fined \$20."

We sat and talked on various matters till late, and then went to camp. At daybreak next morning commenced the homeward march. In seven days we landed at Cimarron, with a little venison and as hearty as bears.

W. J. DIXON.

Natural History.

THE BEAVER'S WOODPILE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A doubt superimposed upon a doubt sometimes leads to a certainty, and in the hope that the certainty will be attained—by some one else—I wish to contribute my bit of knowledge regarding one of the most curious tricks of the beaver, to wit, his ability to coax a stick into parting with its specific gravity.

Long years ago, nearly half a lifetime, I was taken to Lake Superior to cheat the undertaker, and succeeded so well that he has never dared to even serve a summons on me since. My father was the lordly magnate of over a hundred thousand acres of forest, and after I had changed a stiff arm into a limber and mighty useful one, he turned me over to the care of an old trapper and explorer to live an out-of-door life. It was the softest snap that old trapper ever had, as, beyond a strong desire to cheat my old enemy by drowning, I was easily controlled, and his salary must have tripled his income from trapping. Equipped with canoes, tents, traps and all the impedimenta of a hunter's life, not a lake or stream for miles escaped our ravages. Not a trout from the Montreal to Tobacco River was safe in his eddy. Not a mink slipped out of the water into a cedar swamp but what his mother told him we had a No. 1 Newhouse there. Not a fisher stole along the banks of lake or stream without being warned against us. Not a muskrat family in six lakes but had lost a member in our traps, and at least half of the survivors were toothless and legless. Decimated beaver tribes moved out of our county by night. Solitary otters fled westward, leaving the handsome pelts of their mates drying on our stretch-boards. An assorted lot of Canada lynxes came to see us, and we took them in and skinned them. No marten was safe if he came down out of a tree. A couple of bears spent a whole summer studying our deadfalls, and then reluctantly admitted that we were too many for them—and we were.

However, this devastation couldn't continue forever; and so one day my old friend and guide was put in a more domestic rôle, that of assistant helper and outside man to my mother's kitchen, while his son and myself were turned loose to rove in turn. It had been a royal progress in venery, and had left me no novice in the arts of the gentle savage. Ah, me! what a treat my grandchildren will have in the twentieth century, if I should live so long.

My youthful companion and myself fished much, hunted a great deal, studied in nature's own university some, and trapped in a desultory way. Young Jack was a rather rough savage, but of an inquiring turn of mind. His chief fault, in my eyes then, was his infernal hunger for company. He wanted to hunt with a brass band and trap with a picnic party. As a fisherman, his laziness made him nearly perfect. In talkativeness he was in marked contrast to his father, who had seldom spoken, except when he swore.

But to return to our muttons. About a mile from my father's house on Lac la Belle, the Gratiot River, one of

the most beautiful of streams, flowed out into the lake, as we fondly called it, bringing down the dark waters of Gratiot and Deer lakes, and incidentally containing more 3lb. brook trout than I have read of since. Its outlet was a curiosity, in that it was a projecting delta, discharging through three mouths, two navigable by canoes, one by large sailboats. For a quarter mile up stream there were no rapids or logs, and at the end of navigation was a red bluff about 20ft. high. Just opposite this, and nestling down in a clump of swamp ash, was an old beaver house, the largest I ever saw, reported to have been there in '55. Some seasons it would be deserted. The next year some wandering beavers would hunt it up, probably having heard of it through tribal tradition. They would cut a few fresh sticks, pile them on the outside, just as people hurry to hang shades in rented houses, to let the neighbors know that the premises are occupied, and would then go into the wood-cutting business. All up and down the stream we soon saw the marks of their axes, and at once proceeded to get our traps. Once or twice I caught a half-grown fellow, perhaps their most promising scion, and the rest of the family would promptly leave. This went on for years, until unnumbered ghosts with gleaming eyes and huge red teeth gave the place a bad reputation, and the non-resident landlord, whoever he was, could not rent it. Popular belief had hoodooed it as a "haunted house." Still, I fancy, at this distant date, belated travelers joyfully welcome it, and congratulate themselves upon its shelter and protection, only to hurry away the following morning haunted by visions of spooks and bogies, their ears still ringing with the noise of clanking chains.

Usually the fresh sticks placed on the house were denuded of their bark, but not always so. My companion and I used to throw them into the water occasionally, and I remember that some of them would sink and others float. At the time I do not think we attached any significance to this, and I am totally unable to explain it now. But sometimes, while prodding the bed of the stream, either in wanton idleness or to select a place for our traps, we would disturb Mr. Beaver's woodpile, and some of it would come floating to the surface, *but not all*. I forget what theory my old guide had taught me in explanation of this phenomenon, but that he had one I am sure, though while in the woods with him I did not take the time to test it that I did afterward around the particular house of which I am writing.

Again, we would fish up pieces of wood, and some of them would slowly sink back when released from the hand. Thus my testimony throws doubt on all the theories advanced in your columns. Hence the first sentence in this article. Hence, also, my uselessness as an observer. Looking back upon what was a familiar sight to me, I find my mind absolutely without conclusion as to the cause, and if my evidence has accomplished anything, it is to leave a mysterious matter still more enshrouded in mystery. I fear I neglected my studies more than I did my fishing. *Hinc ille lacrimæ.*

Having written this screed without a sequence I might as well add that one night last February, the thermometer 20° below zero, two Indians and myself alternately froze and slept before an open fire in the semi-polar region north of the Great Lakes. Before daylight in the morning we had our tea and frozen bread, made up our packs and smoked the pipe of impatience for the day that was to bring us to the Canadian Pacific Railroad. At last the first few gray streaks in the east made it light enough to start, and putting on our snowshoes we began the last march for the "home camp." In dark ravines we stumbled and fell, over brightening billtops we scrambled in awkward haste; our breaths formed clouds of vapor in the frosty air, and we hurried on, buoyed up with the happy thoughts of the "homeward bound."

Just as the sun showed its red rim over the horizon we were crossing a half open valley, and one of my men stopped and pointed, uttering the customary Indian "ugh!" Following the direction of his hand I saw a dome-like structure six or seven feet high standing near us in the mist, partially surrounded by a low wall of three or four feet. Going nearer I found it was a large beaver house, with the dam cut by some marauding hand. Was it the spirit of the old house on the Gratiot come back to haunt me? It looked unearthly enough, not to say ghastly, in the early light. Had the Matche Monito of the Odjibways done this in revenge? I looked at my red men. Their gaze was stolid and wandering. Evidently they hungered after the flesh pots of Egypt. Silently I gave the signal for moving, and rapidly we left the ghostly reminder of my boyhood days behind us. There also must I leave the habits of my race, once given, now only understood, by Wassemigoyan, our Universal Father.

Sadly and degenerately I sign myself
BUFFALO, N. Y. AHMEEK.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

IN the fall during the shooting season young grouse occasionally leave their home and wander away, and are found in strange and out of the way places, such as vacant buildings, covered bridges, villages, and even in cities. There seems to be a wayward and yet natural tendency in this bird at times to roam, to leave the woods, the hills, the gullies, and to seek the plains, the islands and the shores of small streams and rivers. This tendency is encouraged somewhat by a desire on the part of the bird to find such food as it loves, as well as being chased and fired at to too great an extent on its native ground.

I remember once while walking along the street of seeing a grouse dusting in the roadway. I supposed at first it was a hen, but as I approached it it rose and flew straight down the street and in at the opening of the large covered bridge that spanned the Mohawk. The bird lit on a beam near the roof. Getting up to the beam I took the bird off. He remained perfectly motionless, as is their habit when approached by man. This grouse when he rose in the roadway made comparatively little noise, their habit being to make the greatest noise when unseen in the densest cover. This bird knew it would be useless to attempt to frighten me when I saw him. On two occasions grouse have been found in vacant buildings on the farm, both having flown in at the door. Once, also a grouse flew into my residence in the city, the circumstances of which I have related.

I know also of several cases where grouse have flown through windows, and against doors and sides of houses; sometimes with fatal effect, but not always. I recollect an incident that occurred in our city not long ago where

a grouse flew into a small barn and perched on a beam. The owner of the premises having invited a gentleman into the barn on some business, the guest said to the owner, "I see you keep poultry." "No," said the owner, "I keep no poultry, but my neighbors do, and I wish they would come and take that pullet away, she has been here now three or four days, and I am tired of feeding her. I guess I'll have to notify him." The gentleman looking a little more sharply said, "Why, that's not pullet, that's a partridge." And so it was, to the great surprise of the other, who had a fine dinner the next day, and invited his friend to it.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—4 mandrills (*Cynocephalus mormon*), 2 thetus monkeys (*Macacus erythreus*), 2 ruffed lemurs (*Lemur varius*), 4 squirrel-like phalangers (*Belides sciurus*), 1 red lory (*Eos rudra*), 2 West African love birds (*Agapornis pullaria*), 1 blue-throated warbler (*Erdiachus cyanellus*), 10 tuberculated iguanas (*Iguana tuberculata*), 1 carpet snake (*Morone variegata*), 1 diamond rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), 3 ground rattlesnakes (*Crotaphophis miliarius*), 3 common black snakes (*Bascanium constrictor*), 5 common hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), 1 black hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus niger*), 1 king snake (*Ophibolus getulus*), one chicken snake (*Coluber quadrivittatus*), 2 pine snakes (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), 4 coach-whip snakes (*Bascanium flagelliforme*), 2 glass snakes (*Ophisaurus ventralis*), 1 green snake (*Cyclophis vernatus*), 1 indigo snake (*Splotes erubescens*), 1 corn snake (*Coluber guttatus*), 1 scarlet snake (*Cemophora coccinea*), 1 spotted monitor (*Varanus varius*), and 1 White's cyclopus (*Tilapia scincoides*). Presented—1 Eskimo dog from Alaska, 1 gray squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*), 2 twilight bats (*Atalapha crepuscularis*), 3 raccoons (*Procyon lotor*), 8 opossums (*Didelphis virginiana*), 1 sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*), 2 night hawks (*Chordeiles virginianus*), 1 great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), 2 canaries (*Serinus canarius*), 2 St. Thomas conures (*Conurus zanthochelone*), 2 aligators (*Adiga tor mississippiensis*), 2 garter snakes (*Eutania macrotis*), 9 garter snakes (*Eutania sirtalis*), 2 banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), 1 DeKay's snake (*Storeria deKayi*), 3 common water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*) and 1 pine snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*). Bora—4 pumas (*Felis concolor*), 15 earter snakes (*Eutania sirtalis*), 2 Marey's garter snakes (*Eutania maculata*) and 4 banded water snakes (*Tropidonotus fasciatus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE HUNTER'S BADGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is an old custom in Scotland, according to which any one who has killed a stag, a salmon, a seal and an eagle, has a right to wear (if he pays for it) the hunter's badge, which consists of a small gold watch charm in the form of a shield with the heads of the above embossed in the four corners.

This is all very well as far as the stag and salmon are concerned and perhaps also the seal, although it seems rather a shame the seals, which are growing rare in Scotland. But inasmuch as the badge calls for the destruction of eagles it is a great mistake, as eagles are almost extinct in Scotland, owing to the senseless practice of killing them down on all possible occasions; and why it should be an honor to shoot with a shotgun a big slow-flying bird does not seem very clear, the usual way being to watch the eagle's nest and shoot it as it comes to feed its young.

The eagle ought to be omitted, and a list of all the game birds in Scotland substituted, so as to make the holder of the badge an all-round hunter.

There is a more recent badge called the "stalker's badge," which is for any one who has "stalked" (still-hunted) a stag over a certain size of horns, entirely by himself. This requires some doing. The usual Scotch and English deer shooters have a man to guide them, which, of course, is not allowed when qualifying for the badge.

If there was a "hunter's badge" started for America, given to any one who has killed certain of the big game of America in a sportsmanlike way it might educate men up to taking care of the game, spare females, etc., as any one who shoots big game in a sportsmanlike manner would be able to wear the badge (which need not be expensive, as it could be of bronze), and if he met any member of a shooting club who had not got a badge on he would know what class of shooter he was and might shame the unsportsmanlike shooter into mending his ways.

W.

NOVA SCOTIA LICENSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the time is approaching when your people come here to hunt, I send a list of the names and residences of the persons authorized to sell licenses. If published in your paper it may help to save a recurrence of the unpleasantness of last year. If the government should appoint any others I shall send their names also. There are no important amendments to our laws. At last session, with a view of protecting red deer, which we contemplate importing from the West, a close season was made for them of ten years, during which none shall be shot.

Below is a list of officers authorized to sell licenses in the several counties of Nova Scotia:

Annapolis—J. M. Owen, Annapolis Royal. O. T. Daniels, Bridgetown.
Antigonishe—D. McDonald, Antigonishe.
Cape Breton—John McDougall, Sydney.
Colchester—Hugh McKenzie, Truro.
Cumberland—D. J. McLeod, Amherst. Robt. Gibson, Parrsboro.
Digby—W. B. Stewart, Digby. A. M. Comeau, Comeauville, Clare.
Guysborough—A. H. McGillivray, Guysborough. Thos. Campbell, Sherbrooke.
Halifax—W. H. Wiswell, Halifax. Provincial secretary's office, Halifax.
Hants—Jas. O'Brien, Windsor. Nelson Wier, Nine Mile River.
Inverness—J. H. Jamieson, Port Hood.
Kings—L. De V. Chipman, Kentville.
Lunenburg—Ed. H. Solomon, Lunenburg. Chas. Lordly, Chester.
Pictou—Jas. McG. Stewart, Pictou.
Queens—Wm. Ford, Milton.
Richmond—Thos. J. Jean, Arichat.
Shelburne—William S. Taylor, Shelburne. Rufus H. Crowell, Barrington.
Victoria—John McDonald, Baddeck.
Yarmouth—Hiram Goudey, Yarmouth. Enos Gardner, Argyle. C. S. HARRINGTON, HALIFAX.

THE SAGINAW CROWD.

WE have been somewhere every year; while not always the same old crowd, still a good many of the old hands have been along. Last year we left for our old stamping ground in Dakota, Oct. 13, taking the good car City of Saginaw, over the C. S. & N., Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific. The party was small. Bob Schultz and I were the only ones of the old crowd, and two tenderfeet in the shape of A. H. Morley, of this city, and A. P. Bigelow, of New York, with George, the porter, and old John to look after the kitchen, constituted the party.

We arrived on Thursday, the 16th, and were met by our guide and the livery stable man with the cheering news that the birds had not come down yet, that the shooting was poor and the sloughs all dry. However, we were comforted by the remark that on a barley field about ten miles north a number of birds had been seen the last few days and possibly we could get a shot there. It proved to be a very good day. We started at once and arrived on the ground about 10 o'clock.

As soon as we came in sight of the stubble we saw that we were going to have some fun. It was situated on the side of a hill, about half a mile distant was a little lake and there was a continual stream of geese and mallards coming from the water to the barley field and back into the lake. The day was dark, and by the time we had our decoys out and pits dug it began to snow, and seemed as if the air suddenly became filled with geese and mallards. We did not wait for lunch. The shooting was good for about two hours; 37 ducks, mostly greenheads, 35 geese and two great white whooping cranes that Bob had the good fortune to get, was the tally as we put them in the wagon. The cannonading at last drove the birds away

out our list of supplies, and getting the old car in order, and, in fact, beginning to have as much fun out of it as we will have after we get there. Lots of wheat this year and plenty of water ought to make the shooting good, but whether it is or not we will have a grand time and possibly may write you about it later. W. B. M.

TEXAS GAME GALORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just been glancing over the different excellent articles in your issue of Aug. 27, and among them the article "Hints on Handling Guns" especially attracted my attention. I agree with the writer on all his points but one, and that is that "hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating." I fail to see how the hammerless gun is more dangerous under any circumstances than the hammer gun and would be glad to have "Reynolds" explain his position.

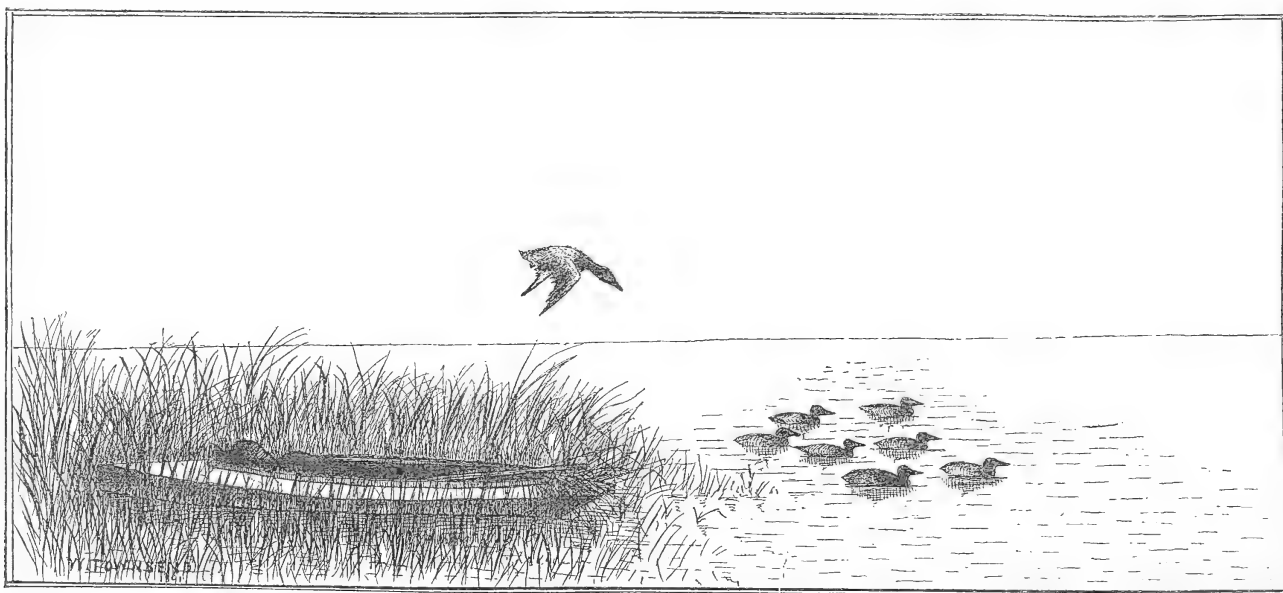
For the information of our Northern brethren, and to gratify a little self-pride, I will state that on Saturday evening last in company with a couple of friends and their families we drove out at 5:30 o'clock P.M. six miles in the country and took supper, after which we three gentlemen took a little round with our jack lamps and I killed a fine old doe about 9 o'clock. I rode up on them bedded in the tall sedge grass, probably for the night or until moon-up. A long row of eyes flashed across my course on the side hill to my left. Quickly dismounting I singled out a pair of eyes to my extreme left, which had arisen, and pulled the trigger, which brought her to earth, shot in the head, shoulder and body. Now some of the critics will cry out murder! But down here where

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 9.—All about Mr. William R. Boyle, the bloody-minded fighter from Wartower, commonly known as Billy Boyle, who runs an eating joint on a Dearborn street alley, and serves, or rather used to serve, illegal game. It will be borne in mind that Mr. Boyle was the only one of all the guilty restaurant men whose voice was still for war. "I will fight to the knife, likewise to the last ditch," said Mr. Boyle. "These d—d sportsmen shan't make me quit. I'll carry this case into all the upper courts, into the supreme court and higher yet if need be, no matter what it costs. I'm not going to plead guilty for the satisfaction of a lot of fellows who would only be too glad to sneak out and shoot game out of season the first chance they got. I'll fight, I will!"

Well, we all hoped he would fight. In an earlier issue I told how he couldn't get any more continuances, and so forfeited his \$200 appearance bond. It was hoped that Mr. Boyle, the grim warrior of the alley, would find some way of getting into the upper courts, because the sportsmen wanted some to make a test case on, and this was an easy one. But Mr. Boyle's valor cooled. Yesterday he meekly walked into Justice Randall White's court and anted up his little \$25 and costs, like the rest of them. Mr. Boyle is a great fighter, but he went out in the first round. In the language common about his resort he was a "mark."

Only one thing remains to be said for Mr. Boyle, and that is that no self-respecting sportsman will patronize him again, for his absurd bitterness at not being allowed to violate the law led him into general abuse of men who had formerly been good patrons of his, and this abuse carried to an extent more than ridiculous. Let the grim-



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—III.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

and although we waited for their return flight in the evening, they did not come and we drove back to town, exceedingly well satisfied with the day's sport.

We did not get as many birds any day after that, though the bag was fair, getting a few plover and quite a number of sharp-tailed grouse. I also killed a prairie wolf with my rifle at, I should judge, fully 300 yds., most likely a lucky shot. We were driving over the prairie and went through a very rough patch all grown up to weeds, and right in front of the horses out sprang this wolf and a badger. The badger went into a hole, but the wolf, after running about 300 yds., stopped to look back. In the meantime I had shoved a cartridge into my .38 Marlin, and taking careful aim, fired, and as good fortune would have it, struck him right back of the ear. When we counted up that night we did have a pretty good bag; 68 geese, one white crane, the wolf and two sharp-tailed grouse.

We were preparing to take a trip about 35 miles northwest after deer. In a strip of rough country cut up by hills and gullies, a good many blacktails had been seen the week before. We were making all preparations and were to start on Thursday the 23d. Wednesday, Bigelow, the guide and myself went to the north of the car about twelve miles and located a big flight of geese, and were expecting grand sport for that night. About two o'clock in the afternoon I was taken with a severe chill and burning fever, and a congestion or knotting sensation in the left lung finally drew me all out shape, and it resulted in a severe attack of pneumonia. Temperature was up to 105½ when the doctor came in to see me the next day. To say that the long ride home that night was miserable but feebly describes it. Had to be lifted into bed and at the advice of the doctor we started for home the next day. The Chicago and Grand Trunk people put us on their fastest east bound train out of Chicago and we reached home late Saturday night. This ended my shooting for last year. It was a great disappointment to the rest of the crowd.

The birds came home in nice condition and were given to our friends. One beauty of shooting out there is that the nights are so cold that the game gets thoroughly chilled, and with even ordinary care you can save it two weeks.

We are now planning for another trip. Our party will consist of ten or twelve, the old crowd, and we are getting together now every evening and talking over loads, how many shells to take, getting decoys painted up, making

this wily game stays in the brush most all day we consider it great sport to kill them by fire-light. We returned about 12 o'clock to our respective houses and feasted on venison all day Sunday.

Deer, turkey, plover and other game are plentiful this season. More turkey than for several seasons and the shooting promises to be fine when the season opens. It is a wonder that more of the Northern sportsmen do not find their way to Texas. On our coast there is as fine fishing to be found as anywhere, and there will be no scarcity of game for a long time to come, if we can keep the pot-hunter out. It is amusing to us to read some of the articles in your valued paper from contributors, some of them covering a big space, about so small a thing as the catching of an 8lb. fish. Some write about killing of a dozen or so of quail, while others write about travels of hundreds of miles to get the glimpse of even a deer's track. In most of them good descriptive ability is displayed as well as talent in writing, and they are really interesting and are desirable matter for a sportsman's paper, but a lover of nature, the rod and the gun, if you could spend a week or two in southwest Texas on a tramp with the writer, you could write books on the subject when you go back home, and feel better for your trip.

BEEVILLE, Texas, Sept. 1.

T. J. S.

FLOATING FOR DEER.—So great a handicap is laid on the deer by those who seek to take them in the water, removed for the time from their natural element, that I fail to see where the glory or even common credit for slaying a deer under such circumstances comes in. I believe the time is not so far distant when this matter will be measured strictly by what is accepted as the standard of action in the other branches of sport. For example—for a fellow who would pot-shot a covey of quail, we feel nothing but scorn, unless it be pity; there is the element of sport only when we give the birds a fair chance against which we pit our skill. This seems to be the principle of true sportsmanship.—ONYJUTTA.

MESSRS. VON Lengerke & Antoine, of Chicago, ask us to say that pressure of business has as yet prevented their issue of a general catalogue, which, however, is in preparation.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—ADU.

visaged warrior of the alley alone until it comes time to nail him again. Meantime, if he will continue his study of FOREST AND STREAM, he will further learn how to save himself some money, as he did in this case.

The Boyle case was the last of the first crop of restaurant cases. We will soon start in on the second crop, and this time it will be more serious. We will prosecute Mr. Chas. Rector within a few days for 5 and perhaps 6 additional cases, and I hope we will be able to catch some others a second time, especially one notorious offender who is known to be at it again.

Yesterday Charlie Gammon and H. D. Nicholls got illegal prairie chicken, 2 birds, at Meyer's "Rathskeller," corner of Dearborn and Madison, Louis Hansen's old place. To-morrow Messrs. A. Price and W. H. Haskell will undertake to nail that outfit for two more birds, and \$25 and costs will presently drop coldly into Justice White's fine box. The second-crop cases will cost the offenders the limit, which is \$25 a bird. The fine of \$25 as a total does not amount to anything.

Mr. Chas. E. Kern, ex-president, etc., of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has not yet told where he got those chickens. Come, Mr. Kern!

Will other sporting papers please copy? E. HOUGH.

VERMONT GROUSE AND DOGS.—Several correspondents have called attention to a statement by "Special" in our issue of Sept. 3, that "by special statute, enacted in 1890, dogs are prohibited for hunting grouse in Vermont. See Book of the Game Laws." A reference to the Book of the Game Laws, page 231, will show that "Special" is in error; the act of 1890, there quoted, was to repeal a previous prohibition of the use of dogs, and as the Book of the Game Laws points out, even that was unnecessary, for the prohibition had already been repealed by Chap. 117, Laws 1882.

WOODCHUCK IN TREE.—Minnehaha Falls, Minn. Aug. 31.—I saw the note of "H. D." in your issue of Aug. 27, in which he states he shot a woodchuck from a tree. I killed a woodchuck last spring in a large hollow basswood about fifteen feet from the ground. I noticed a hole in the basswood and thought there might be a coon in it, so I investigated, and drove out a medium-sized woodchuck. He ascended the tree about ten feet above the hole and stopped on a large limb to rest, and he rested—with a .38cal. W. C. F. through his brain.—F. A. M.

GAME WARDEN DARLING.

THE Bangor News asserts that "Maine has few more energetic or more honest game wardens than 'Jock' Darling," and prints this letter from him:

To the Editor of The News:

I have recently received letters from hunters and guides asking for an explanation as to why I have accepted an office of a game warden; and one sends me a clipping from a Bangor paper which reads: "Maine's notorious game warden. Set a thief to catch a thief, etc.," and says that Uncle Jock has long set the game laws and wardens at defiance, and openly advocated the dogging of deer in various publications over his own signature, etc.

I will give a partial explanation. I advocated dogging deer during the open season, as my long experience told me, with few exceptions, they could not be had any other way, and that my belief was the most of the deer doggers would help enforce the law in close time. I fought the law or rather the wardens when I believed that they were the law breakers, and I went to our Legislatures and did all I could to amend the game law by repealing a portion of it, and I did it alone. Not a hunter, guide or sportsman helped me to a cent or lifted a hand to help me. On the other hand, many of the guides that I had given employment that put many a dollar into their pockets, did not appreciate the favor, and worked against me in many ways.

And now they can take their turn, if they want to fight the law, they have the field, and if they want the law amended or repealed they have a chance to see what they can do.

Our judges will tell the jurors in their charge to them that the law may be wrong or obnoxious, but as long as it stands on our statutes it must be regarded as law, and that they must decide according to law and evidence.

Years ago I killed hundreds of moose and used to get every pound of meat out of the carcass, until I found that the other hunters, mostly Canada Indians, were bound to kill them all just for their hides, and to get my share I took a hand in it, at the same time believing it to be wrong.

I have given some of my reasons for accepting the office of game warden, and, as I have accepted it, I shall try to protect and preserve the game when it should be.

And I will say to the hunters, guides or poachers, that I don't want to catch them breaking the fish and game laws. I shall not try to induce any one to break the law for the purpose of catching you to get your money. I don't want you to kill game when you are not allowed to do so by law; but I do say if you keep on or do kill, as some of you have in years past, I shall catch a few or more of you.

I shall make it a point to see the hunters, guides, etc., and talk the matter over with them and try to persuade them not to kill the fish and game in close time, and if I am successful in this I shall think I have done a better work than I should if I had arrested them and put them to trouble and costs.

J. DARLING.

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 7, 1891.

"GUIDO" reports in the Memphis, Tenn., *Public Ledger* on the game outlook as follows: "Sportsmen who have toiled through the summer, with the hope of reward, among the south-bound wildfowl are about being amply rewarded, as the growth of small acorn mast, duckweed and other feed is unprecedented. Already a few blue-winged teal, mallard, spoonbills and geese have fallen to the gunner's deadly double, while bags of 20 to 40 wood or summer ducks are frequent at Beaver Dam, Waponecka and St. Francis clubs. Yonkapins, wild rice and celery that were sown three years ago, and almost despaired of (owing to overflows), are freely growing with moss and smartweed, and pepper grass and periwinkles, of which wildfowl are greedily fond; also colts foot, nut grass, wire moss and willow acorns are abundant, and to aquatic fowl irresistible. Owing to large growths of food and cover the duck shooting especially at Beaver Dam and Waponecka has wonderfully improved within the last year, and dozens are now bagged where couples formerly were, and each club has an artist in culinary skill and new and complete outfits in boats. Homes are only more delightful than these clubs in the kind of a duck at each. Fishermen who want the gamiest trout and striped bass, and salmon and pike need go no further than Oak Donick and Blackfish, Ark., as the quantity, quality and appointment of the sport of angling are first class. For February and March shooting on deep water ducks, for extent of yonkapins and grass nut feeding grounds, and for superb fishing Oak Donick wears the diamond champion belt, 'out of sight.' Initiation fee in Waponecka is \$350 with \$20 annual dues added."

SCATTERED SHOT.—Ottawa, Kansas.—Last week another careless accident occurred at this place, though fortunately no one was severely injured. A farmer was just leaving one of the stores on Main street with a load of wheat in his wagon. He had placed his loaded shotgun on top of the wheat and as the wagon started the gun rolled off and was exploded. The load scattered about 25ft. over the buildings across the street, but only one man was hit. The shot went through his clothes but did not hurt him very badly. A horse was also plentifully sprinkled, though not seriously injured. This was not all, however, as most of the load struck the front of Elder's hardware store and filled the plate glass window full of holes; it also broke some glass for the Ottawa Printing Company. The man who caused this havoc will probably be more careful after he has gone down into his pocket for the amount of the damages.—F. B.

ENGLISH PHEASANTS IN VERMONT.—At Shelburne Farm, Shelburne, Vt., nearly 1,000 English pheasants have been hatched and turned out into the woods on the farm.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Are you planning for an outing this summer? Have you ever looked up the numerous resorts of the Northwest? It is not an exaggeration to say that the best hunting and fishing grounds in North America are found in the territory tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lake park region in Minnesota affords pickerel, pike, bass and muscalonge; rock bass are found in numerous streams, and deer, elk and bear abound in the forest regions; antelope are found in North Dakota. The Snowy, Bitter Root, Grazy, Rocky and Cascade Mountains are the home of moose, elk, caribou, cougars, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and other large game, while all of the Northwestern States abound in feathered game. Rocky Mountain trout and grayling are caught in the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Clark's Fork and Green rivers, affording unrivaled sport. An interesting pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," can be obtained free on application to GRASS, S. F. B., G. P. & T. A. of the Northern Pacific R. R. at St. Paul, Minn. Descriptive publications concerning Yellowstone Park, Pacific coast and Alaska will also be mailed on receipt of application, referring to FOREST AND STREAM.—Adv.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE Doctor, Willis and I were spending our vacation at Sugar Loaf Hotel, on the South Fork of the American River. One day while seeking a suitable bathing place we came upon the camp of B., of Sacramento, a friend of the Doctor. In making our retreat, as we did not wish to visit the camp just then, we espied B. on the stream below vainly endeavoring to secure a rise to his most enticing flies. We decided to help him. Willis and the Doctor cast small pebbles so deftly as to imitate the splash of a fish jumping for the gnats that fairly covered the surface. As poor B. would notice each successive splash in a different place he was kept busy casting his line, but without success. Finally giving up in despair, he left the place; so did we—in a different direction. We learned afterward through a mutual friend who visited Brunner's camp the wonderful stories of how the stream was fairly living with fish (big ones, too) and of their perversity in refusing to take his most tempting offers. When B. learned of the deceit practiced upon him, he was ready to go gunning if it were not for the law, grouse, elk, deer and men being protected.

OAKLAND, Cal.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

CRUISE OF THE PLAYFUL.

AUGUST, 1891.

CRYSTALLIZATION requires a good nucleus and the right material. The material existed in twelve busy men. The nucleus, well, Estelle was the right kind of one. He had but to place himself in contact with eleven of his ilk, tell about "a ten days' cruise along the Jersey coast, a schooner yacht, the open ocean, Barnegat Bay, good company, a trusty skipper, skillful cook," and all that sort of things, and if he had dropped a Montreal fly on some creamy swirl of mountain water above a hungry brook trout his lure could not have met a quicker response.

Go? Of course! Let business, churches, stores and offices go to Estelle, we're with you!

A hurry-scurry quick package and expressage of great stores of groceries, fruits, varied delicacies, fishing tackle and everything even to Gospel hymn books; and on Wednesday, at 7 A. M., Aug. 5, twelve disciples of Isaack Walton and three boys for spice were at Market street station, Newark, loaded with luggage to take the train for New York, thence to Rockaway, whence the cruise was to begin. Rockaway was reached in two hours after numerous separations of passengers and baggage, Estelle concluding his company was about as cohesive as a bag of fleas.

Yacht, captain, crew, cook, and almost everything ready. But crabs and clams for bait must be had, and barrels and salt. No parsimony was shown in getting any of these indispensables, least of all in regard to salt. Then that score of watermelons hadn't come. Hence another delay, yet every day out as we sucked the ruby treasures we blessed ourselves for waiting till they came.

All aboard by 11:30 A. M., and just at noon the shore loungers and the guests of the hotels gathered on the pier; sails were set, hawsers cast off, the crowd cheered, and before a good breeze we glided out through Rockaway Inlet into the bounding sea. We were as follows: J. A. Estelle, merchant (and Isaac Saul, manufacturer,

his son Alfie). G. W. Beeson, merchant. Lewis B. Cleveland, retired. G. H. Bailey, insurance broker. Geo. Roubaud, merchant. F. M. Hummel, superintendent. H. S. Faulkner, merchant (and son Harry). Rev. C. H. Jones, clergyman. Isaiah Peckham, insurance broker. Rev. H. F. Barnes, clergyman (and son Robert). Wm. Kilpatrick, merchant.

Our yacht was the Playful, of New York, 54ft. long, 16ft. beam, schooner-rigged, with ample cabin accommodations, and a staunch and seaworthy craft, good in any sea and all weathers, and carrying two small rowboats. Either the Volunteer or the Gloriana could beat her for speed it is but fair to say. Captain, John Sedelmeyer; crew, Billy and Ben; cook, John Africanus. So we mustered nineteen souls on board at the start, though later we claimed to have three females also, to wit, the wind-llass, the rud-her and the penn-ant.

Wednesday, Aug. 5.—Passing out of Rockaway Inlet before 1 o'clock P. M., we laid our course for Sandy Hook, at once heaving over the trolling lines for bluefish. And that was the least we have over after reaching the great rollers off Rockaway. Little Alfie Estelle placed first offering on the shrine of Neptune. The Chaplain, as became his office, next rendered a very hearty tribute to the ruler of the sea. A strange pallor quickly spread over the others, and one after another they kept back nothing as they worshipped at Neptune's altars and sank back exhausted on the deck, so proxiomally had been their devotion. The Chaplain declared he had seldom seen a congregation so deeply moved. A slack wind, and the long and glassy ground swells would have kept the entire company on their backs on deck, had it not been for Peckham, Jones and Hummel, whose tireless brains and witty tongues made "animated busts" of the sickest cruisers. At 5 P. M. rounded Sandy Hook and dropped anchor in the Horseshoe for the night. At once Cleveland and the boys were beginning to pull in dogfish, skate and hammer-headed sharks, which seem to be the chief piscatorial treasures of the Horseshoe.

Supper over, that placid bay, the fleet of yachts and fishing craft at anchorage close by, the low emerald shores of the Hook, the sunset with its lane of golden sheen westward across the waters, the flash of the Highland lights, the bold headlands to the south, the night lanterns hung out one after another on the vessels at anchor, all wove a magic spell of restfulness and joy over every voyager on the Playful, and spontaneously the

whole company broke out into song which rang out within hearing of the neighboring fleet, securing appreciative applause.

Thursday, Aug. 6.—Sailed from the Horseshoe at 5 A. M. with contrary wind and tide. Four hours rounding the hook. The light wind and the long rollers outside the hook began to create again the nausea of the previous day. Every effort was made to counteract it. Stories, jokes and puns were hurled so fast around the cockpit that it seemed as if wind would triumph over matter, but Neptune captured two victims. Of course, all the stories were strictly true, for as yet no fish had been caught, and the world knows it is not until they have been caught that a man begins to clothe himself with lies as with a garment. The Playful passed Asbury Park at noon, and the chaplain was just beginning to sigh for a hallelujah camp meeting time on shore when there was a sharp jerk on his trolley, quick retrieving of 200ft. of line, and the first bluefish of the cruise was whirled over the taffrail into the cockpit. At once all were convalescent and the sea had no further terrors, though it yielded no similar returns that day. Passed Barnegat Light at 5 P. M., wind S.E. Came to anchor opposite Wearetown at 6 P. M., the skipper deserving great credit for pilotage through the roaring breakers of Barnegat Inlet, and then along the labyrinthine channels of Barnegat Bay at ebb tide without hanging up the Playful but once on bar or flat. Before dark enough weakfish were caught for supper and breakfast.

Friday, Aug. 7.—Weighed anchor for Wearetown at 5 A. M. Anchored near the shore. Capt. L. G. Mitchell, of Barnegat, whom we had hoped to secure as pilot to fishing grounds in the bay, came off to see us, but could not go with us owing to engagement with another party. Got hung up on a ledge of rocks, where we had anchored, and were compelled to drop anchors shoreward and pull ourselves off. At 9 A. M., were off, and followed boats to fishing grounds to the south in the bay.

After fishing two hours, tide compelled us to sail back for Wearetown, having caught only one weakfish from the yacht. Peckham, Scull and Beeson, who had rowed over to Harvey's Cedars in one of the small boats, were compelled to leave behind to overtake us at their leisure. They caught some large weakfish, sea bass, and a large sea turtle, not returning to the yacht until late in the afternoon, after rowing 10 miles.

Estelle and Kilpatrick, from the other small boat near the yacht, caught three weakfish.

Without a local skipper we did not allow Barnegat Bay to do herself justice on the weakfish, consoling ourselves that we saw few fish being caught from the other boats, and that bluefish tasted better.

At anchor off Wearetown at night again, Cleveland and the boys kept fishing up all sorts of strange marine curiosities.

Saturday, Aug. 8.—All were sorry this morning that Peckham, Jones, Scull and Bailey had to leave the party and return to Newark.

The only consolation of the company as they were put ashore, Bailey at Wearetown and the others at Barnegat City, was that we should probably need their storage and tonnage capacity to accommodate the great catch of bluefish expected that day. Nevertheless, their flashing wit and ceaseless stories and merry songs were greatly missed. The next cruise should have all under ironclad pledge to stick to the boat till she ties up to the home dock.

Under a light W.N.W. wind at 8 1/2 o'clock A. M. the Playful glided out of Barnegat Inlet; not, however, till Roubaud had taken a fine bluefish from the breakers. It was not a bluefish day outside. The breeze ran up and down the mast and spilled out of the sails until 2 o'clock, when enough came to let us catch two bluefish and to bring us to Tucker's Inlet, the entrance to Little Egg Harbor, at 5:30, where we came to anchor. After supper the party, except Cleveland, went ashore in two boats and had their Saturday evening bath with athletic sports *en déshabille*, impossible in a less secluded resort. The return to the Playful in the darkness and fog, and the mill-race tide, the separation of the boats, the search with the ship's lantern, the terrific strain at the oars, the fortunate finding of the slack shore current, the swift plunge of the small boat against the Playful's side, Faulkner's gigantic grasp of the outrigger, the whole two hours' fight to make the yacht, though but a few rods away will never be effaced from the memory of any participant. That was a sincere Te Deum sang by us all that night in the cabin of the Playful.

Nothing but excitement over unspeakable peril just escaped by a hair's breadth could have kept the party on deck till midnight recounting that evening's adventures, oblivious of the swarms of mosquitoes infesting the place.

If we cruise along the Jersey shore again a prime stipulation will be, "Any harbor at night but Little Egg and Tucker's Inlet!"

The school of porpoises which played around the yacht and the glorious bath were small compensation for that fight in the darkness and fog with the rapids and later with myriads of sharp-billed sleep-destroyers.

Sunday, Aug. 9.—Is it right to sail on Sunday? Well, all moral considerations go by the board if Sunday morning finds you in Tucker's Inlet. Get right out of that Stygian stream if you wish to honor the day of rest. It is Sabbath-breaking to stay there a moment. At 5 A. M. we were away, leaving only our anathemas. Our course was laid for Atlantic City. Two hours of calm, coming on when we were well off shore, were not unwelcome. Being headed for a popular watering place, and all having fish-bone beards of four days growth, the calm enabled us to use our razors without sundering our jugulars. At 2 P. M. we dropped anchor among the yachts off Atlantic City, in the Inlet. At once the party went ashore. After strolling along the great trestle board walk, partaking refreshments, looking up and down the broad avenues, getting and sending mails, we gladly took the electric car for our dock and went aboard ship after a couple of hours, pitying the hot and sweating crowds that were seeking a day's respite from care on the burning sands, all ignorant of the cool and free life we were having on the open sea. As to fishing on Sunday—well, only our unregenerate crew did that, and many a fat bluefish got served right for helping them break the Sabbath.

Monday, Aug. 10.—At 6 A. M. we sailed from Atlantic City, breeze and tide in our favor. For two hours we swung lazily on the long ground swells just outside the

bay, not a little concerned as to our record for bluefish. But at length the deep blue strip betokening a breeze on the sea far to the southwest, began to widen, then spread out toward us, the sails filled, trolling lines stiffened, and quickly we were all busy hauling in large bluefish. Didn't Cleveland look like a windmill in a gale as he stood at the rail working in that monster? Off Beach Haven, seven miles off shore, we caught forty-six bluefish, averaging about 10lbs. apiece, and several large bonitos. We could tell which we had on soon after they struck, for the bluefish made their fight on the surface, while the bonitos never broke water, but swam as deep as possible. We made Barnegat Inlet at 4:30 P. M., and came to anchor just inside the north hook, close to the steep shore. All the party went ashore, some to cast for bass in the Inlet, the boys in search of curiosities, and all to be photographed by Roubaud on an old wreck whose storm-battered ribs, projecting from the sand, offered a picturesque setting for the group of cruisers and their display of fresh-caught fish. Our artist immediately afterward took a picture of the Playful as she lay at anchor near the shore. On board again the party held a meeting on deck and formed themselves into the Newark Cruising Club, with Estelle as commodore, and with the plan of making a cruise eastward next year. At night we were regaled by a brilliant meteoric display, and many a bright ball with its long train of glimmering haze seemed headed for Barnegat Bay.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.—At daylight, with S. W. wind and outgoing tide, we worked our way slowly out of Barnegat Inlet, somewhat annoyed by being thrown up on the shore for half an hour. The temperance element in our company were particularly scandalized by the yacht's tendency to tarry at bars, but what more natural place for a "schooner" than at a bar! We have discovered that yachts have a positively immoral tendency, for while our skipper would be lying about her never stopping at bars, suddenly the yacht would lie to! Once outside the inlet, a strong breeze and a boiling sea furnished the requisites for bluefishing. From Barnegat to Sandy Hook the Playful bounded like a racer over the high blue waves. Our course was laid 7 miles off shore where the fish were plentiful and very large, and were being pulled in steadily, sometimes three at once. But this was bonito day. A dozen of these beautiful and gamy fish were caught on our way to the Hook. Among these large bluefish and bonitos the boys who had hitherto caught their share gave up fishing, as they could not pull in the big fellows on 200ft. of line, with the boat flying at such a pace through the tumbling surges.

Reaching Sandy Hook at night the Playful again dropped anchor in the Horseshoe, and the boys again began their sport with the dogfish, sharks and skates infesting these waters.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.—At daybreak the Playful sailed from the Horseshoe and her course was laid for the Fishing Banks, off Seabright, about ten miles S.W. of the Hook, that we might try the flukes, sea bass and also bluefish chumming. Half a dozen large flukes were the only reward of this trip. Chumming is fine sport, especially if you have no nose for macerated bunkers, no eyes to view the remains as ground out of the chumming mill, and don't have to lie at anchor at midday on a glassy ground swell. We had all these things, and came near losing our sea legs again on account of them; so got away soon and gladly from Seabright and headed for Rockaway.

Again a calm, tugs ran up one after another to offer us a tow, the empty barrels we threw overboard seemed to be gaining on us, and it looked as if our last leg was to be the most tedious of the voyage, when suddenly clouds gathered in the north, a strong breeze set in, the skipper was busy as a hornet in hay time taking in sail, batten-hatches and generally getting ready for a blow.

The gale struck us just as we were off Rockaway Inlet, forcing the Playful ahead at a merry pace; then came a heavy rain and a thunder storm that flashed and reverberated all around us, compelling us to heave anchor and lie-to, playing skipjack and souse bucket on deck for half an hour, for none could stay in the cabin. One bolt struck so near us that those who had their hands on the wet masts or spars felt a sharp shock. At length the western sky grew brighter, the wind quickly slackened, anchors were weighed, and on a light breeze we made Hummel's dock at Rockaway at 7 o'clock.

In eight days we had sailed, log measurement, between three and four hundred miles, mostly from five to eight miles off shore, been on land but two hours, caught over a quarter of a ton of bluefish, bonitos and weakfish, had favorable winds, tides and weather most of the time, and picked up vigor enough to brace us through another winter, eagerly expecting the day when we may duplicate the rugged pleasures of our first shore cruise.

From the start to the parting not a word or act had marred the good fellowship of our company. Good oarsmen, good swimmers, good anglers, with jokers, jolly fellows all. The expense was only \$15.50 per man and one-third the amount for each boy, and those boys must be praised as of rarely good stuff. They picked up material enough for a year's composition at school. In bluefishing we found that the red-cedar squids, fish-shaped, did the best execution, and a bit of scarlet flannel as big as a half-dollar on the hook added to their efficiency. The tarred, close-wound cotton lines we found the best for trolling.

NEWARK, N. J.

H. F. B.

A SHEEPSHEAD BONANZA.—On her last cruise to the southward the U. S. S. Yantic blew up the remains of a wreck that lay on the bottom in about eight fathoms of water, with spar attached and reaching above water. Just after the explosion of the dynamite used by Lieut. Richman, who had charge of the work, there were picked up dead floating on the surface of the water by the boat's crew, 109 sheephead that would average 6lbs. each, while the surface of the water was literally covered with sea bass. This took place near Five Fathom Bank, between the bank and Cape May.—*Ec.*

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!—If you want fine sport and plenty of feathered game, go to northern Iowa. The shooting is excellent and you cannot fail to enjoy the trip. Or if you desire to go a little further, the prairie and lake region of Minnesota is equally good for both fish and game, and the distance not much greater. Both are reached by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, the leading line for sportsmen and tourists between Chicago and the Northwest, as well as the West and Southwest, and a favorite route with all who have traveled over it. Tourist tickets now on sale. For any further information call on or address F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

ILLINOIS RIVER WORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considerable work has been done here in the interests of fishing, which now is becoming the only sport to be had. In former years the sloughs and bayous along the Illinois River, and they are very numerous, were, together with the river, the homes and nesting places for thousands of ducks, geese and other water fowl, and the sportsmen found but little enjoyment in spending a whole day in hunting, owing to the large number of birds they could kill and find no market for. Now this is all changed, and game of all kinds is very scarce, and especially the ducks and geese, and it is seldom that more than a few dozen of these birds can be brought down during the open season by the large number of hunters who go in search of them. As the country becomes more densely populated the less the amount of game of this kind—and in fact all kinds—there is, and the more people there are who hunt them. This is true in any country. Take for instance the Beaver Lake section in Indiana, through which the Kankakee River runs for many miles. Ten or twelve years ago wild game of all kinds could be killed by the thousands each fall and spring, but now a few hundred at such times are the result of weeks' hard hunting.

Now the sport which is more than ever thought of is that of fishing, and from the recent work done along this river to bring illegal netters to justice, or to repent their acts of indiscretion in breaking the law, there is a considerable amount of fishing done and the sport is daily becoming greater. The people have awakened to the fact that some means must be adopted to check the wholesale slaughter of fish, which has been going on for the past few years.

No one seemed willing to place themselves in the lead to form an association, and to accept the responsibility of incurring the displeasure of the fishermen, more especially the netters, who will stop at nothing when one meddles with them in fishing.

Mr. O. M. Harlan, one of those gentlemen who are always ready for the furtherance of anything that is for the best interests of the public, took the matter into his own hands and secured the names of thirty gentlemen of good standing and irreproachable character, in fact the foremost citizens of La Salle, Peru, Utica and Princeton, to become members of an association.

A meeting was called in this city Wednesday evening, Aug. 12, to form the Illinois Valley Game and Fish Protective Association. The following gentlemen were chosen as directors: Messrs. J. V. Coughlin, N. W. Duncan, T. Donoghue, N. S. Ridgen, W. E. Birkenbeuel, Bedford Fisher, H. L. Watlington, O. M. Harlan, H. Linnig, Sr., J. D. Cahill, J. W. Henshaw, W. G. Reeve and Geo. S. Skinner. A committee, consisting of Messrs. H. L. Corwin, O. M. Harlan and M. D. Green, was appointed to secure the appointment of a deputy State game warden in this city. The needs of a deputy is greatly felt here, as the game is quite scarce and is being indiscriminately killed a month or two before the season. This game is smuggled into the Chicago and St. Louis markets, and there disposed of at a handsome profit. But the formation of this association will, in a great measure, stop much open killing of birds out of season.

There is little doubt that a strong association will be the result, and that the territory covered will reach from Morris to the Copperas Creek dam, a distance by the river of about 200 miles. Seining and netting have been allowed above this Copperas Creek dam with meshes of 2in. square; but the fishermen persist in using smaller meshes, and it is the intention of this association now to stop all fishing with nets or seines above that dam, regardless of the mesh. The parties who own the land adjoining the river are becoming disgusted with the fishermen, who tie their boats to the shore and claim their rights to be the same as the property owners. They are a floating population, owning nothing except probably a cabin boat and nets; therefore, they cannot be termed citizens in the true meaning of the word.

Another raid has been made on the illegal fishermen, this time at De Pue. The Henry George party of two were caught seining with a 14in. mesh on Sunday, Aug. 9. They were brought to Spring Valley, where they were given a hearing on Aug. 12, before Esquire Larmouth, who, not according to the evidence presented, but to the influence of the roughs and toughs who formed the crowd that represented the fishermen and others who swarmed into the court room, and to whom justice should be dealt out, gave his decision in favor of the defendants. Some of the justice's rulings were good, but he seemed to ignore the prosecuting evidence, and gave way to the thought of a reappointment to some petty office at a near future. This is the first snag I have met with, and the proof, clear to any man of justice, was for the State. Upon the conclusion of the trial the State took an appeal, and the men will be given another hearing in the circuit court at Princeton soon.

The association work now being done is that of securing membership, and Messrs. Reeve, Linnig, Duncan and Harlan, of the association, are a committee to accomplish it. The following officers were elected: President, W. G. Reeve, Peru; Vice-President, W. E. Birkenbeuel, La Salle; Secretary, H. L. Watlington, La Salle; Treasurer, H. Ream, Peru. The annual meeting will be held on the fourth Monday in August of each year.

The association will be governed by by-laws similar to those of the Fox and Kankakee River associations. It will work on the same lines and to the same ends. A membership certificate for one year will be issued upon payment of \$3. The membership is as yet small, but the secretary and myself are in receipt of letters from many of the gun and rod clubs along the river and from private individuals in the cities of adjoining counties who wish to have their names placed on the list. The committee are doing well, and in a short time the list will contain over a hundred names.

Information reaches me to the effect that several of the larger fishermen at De Pue are selling out their effects and will soon go out of the business. Several of these parties have recently been to see me in regard to the proposed stopping of netting and seining above the Copperas Creek Dam. I have informed them that such is the intention of the new association, and that it was my intention to carry out the wishes of that body. The fishermen are considerably worked up over the turn of affairs, and say if the law is to the effect that no seining or netting is allowed above that point they must either quit altogether or go below the dam. Such is just what is wanted. These fishermen are of no use to any com-

munity, and the sooner the river is rid of them the sooner their illegal acts will be over and good fishing with rod and line the result.

One of the letters received reads: "I want to thank you for your promptness in enforcing the fish laws of our State. The lawlessness in that direction has been a surprise to me for years. I have talked to the citizens of Henry about it often, but they seemed afraid to do anything for fear of depredations by these lawless fishermen. They had threatened to shoot the former warden, who lived at Lacon, if he came up, and he never came. Now, since you have prosecuted them they seem to respect you. I am very glad you intend stopping all seining and netting above Copperas Creek. There is a great deal of work to be done in the way of prosecutions for violations of the game laws. Chickens are now being shot in many places, hunters claiming that the season commences Aug. 15—some jack-leg lawyer has told them so—when the law explicitly says Sept. 15. I understand the better class of citizens of La Salle are arranging an organization to enforce the law. I do hope they will extent their territory over this way. I am with them."

This is the spirit in which all write, and shows that the better class of citizens, even in the towns remote from the rivers, are taking a deep interest in the enforcement of the so long neglected fish and game laws.

One of the main purposes of the association is to protect song birds. The source of trouble lies in the small boys, who, armed with rifles, invade fields and woods, killing the birds and endangering the lives of man and beast. One of the most prosperous farmers of this vicinity recently called upon me to ascertain what could be done to keep these youthful sportsmen (?) from his premises. They have already shot two of his cows, so badly wounding them as to render them unfit for use, and the owner was obliged to kill them to put them out of their misery and end their suffering. Thinking his last resource was to prohibit trespassing by posting notices to that effect, he did so, with the usual result. The true hunter is compelled to suffer the consequences for the indiscretion of the boys by being kept out, while they are in no way at fault for the shooting of animals.

Report having reached the ears of Fish Warden Schaulin, of Morris, Ill., that certain parties were illegally hunting near Mazon, that gentleman started for that place on Thursday, Aug. 27, and succeeded in arresting Frank Hewitt, of Mazon, who has been entertaining a hunting party of four persons from Chicago. They had been out all day and succeeded in bagging one lone prairie chicken, when Warden Schaulin pounced upon them. Hewitt was brought before Justice Dewey, of Morris, and pleaded guilty, whereupon he was fined \$5 and costs, amounting in all to \$7.60. This was rather an expensive chicken, but not quite so expensive as the duck that was shot a few days before near Morris, when the same gentleman had the offender arrested and fined \$15.50. A few like arrests will have a tendency toward stopping illegal shooting in that vicinity.

Hewitt was at one time a member of the Momence Gun and Rod Club, and is now a member of the Shabbona Gun and Rod Club, of Seneca, Ill.

M. D. GREEN, Fish Warden.

LA SALLE, ILL., Aug. 31.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—State Warden Buck has made his trip through the Fox Lake country, warning the natives against ice fishing next winter and posting all the prominent localities about the lakes. He reports small opposition, except from the man Geo. E. Clark, who was visited last winter by the little party of four who started the protest which ended in the law being passed prohibiting this ice fishing. Clark says he will fish "all he d—n pleases." I sincerely hope he will. A good example is needed, and he is just the man who ought to furnish it. Let him fish. We will have him fined as surely as he cuts a hole in the ice. The ice law is a beauty. You can enforce it.

At La Salle, on the Illinois River, a most active and flattering interest is manifesting itself in protective matters. We had the Fox River Association, and then the Kankakee, and now, thanks be to the spirit of the times, we have another, whose field is still larger, and though more difficult, all the better for a few decisive battles. All three of these associations can work together, as well as independently, and will be of the utmost service to each other. Mr. Watlington, secretary, writes to Mr. Mussey, secretary of the Kankakee Association, under date of Aug. 26, as follows:

"It is with much pleasure I inform you that our organization, the Illinois Valley Fish and Game Protective Association, was fully organized on last Monday evening. We intend and trust that we shall form a link in the organizations formed for the preservation of game and fish, prosecution of offenders and amendment of the laws so as to enable fish and game wardens to enforce the laws without doubt of danger or suit for damages. We expect to have that section of the law enforced relative to illegal seining or netting above corporate and private dams. This would entirely shut out seining or netting above Copperas Creek Dam and in this vicinity. On behalf of our association, I ask the cooperation of your association as well as of those kindred in the State.—H. L. WATLINGTON."

That "corporate dam" clause in the law is the one on which the market seiners hang their hopes. The law intended to cut off all seining above Copperas Creek Dam on the Illinois River, and in all the bayous and streams above that dam, thus giving the market fishers a right to all of the Illinois River below the dam, certainly all they ought to claim. They take advantage of the looseness of Section 6 of the law, which permits seining with 2-inch mesh "in navigable rivers wholly in the State," and "not above or beyond any private or corporate dams on said rivers and streams, and also in the navigable bays or lakes connected with such navigable streams, wholly within the State and not extending beyond the overflowed bottoms of such rivers and streams." Such language conceals thought, and is a specimen of legislative English. The construction all hangs on that word "also." The fishermen try to force the construction that, while they cannot seine the Illinois River above a dam, they can seine all the bayous above and below the dam. This is an absurd construction. It permits them to cut off in the bayous the whole run of the spawning fish. The law never intended that, no matter how puny or asinine the man who framed the seining compromise for it.

It will be remembered that M. D. Green, the La Salle warden, raided the Woods boys' outfit on Lake Seneca.

wine for using illegal seines. These notorious market men went to their attorney, a Mr. Porter, of Henry, for an opinion. He advised them they could seine all they liked with a 2in. mesh in Lake Senachwine, one of the most noted Illinois Valley bottom lakes. Porter so advised Mr. Watlington, of the Illinois Valley Association, and the latter referred the matter to State Commissioner, who in turn has sent a statement of the case in to Attorney-General Hunt for an opinion. Soon we shall have this opinion, and soon probably, too, a case carried to the Supreme Court for a decision. Then we shall see whether common sense ever does enter at all, a little bit, in the smallest way, into matters of the law.

Now, we will drop down this Illinois River a little bit further. Supposing the Fox and Kankakee rivers pretty well able to take care of themselves now, the Illinois River is next in line and more important because it feeds both these streams. Away below La Salle and below Senachwine is Beardstown, a hotbed of market fishers. Some time ago I duly reported the organization there of the protective society, with Mr. A. A. Greene as president. A great deal of good has been done there, so much so that the market men have organized a counter-association, which they call the "Illinois River Fishermen's Protective Association." This body was organized simply to fight the sportsmen. In order to enlist popular sympathy this sweet-scented outfit lately gave a free "fish fry" at Beardstown, in which about 1,500lbs. of fish were used. The head of this gang is a fellow by name of Smith. A letter to Mr. Cole from Mr. A. A. Greene may throw some light on this:

BEARDSTOWN, Ill., Sept. 3.—Yours duly at hand. Many thanks for your kind cooperation. I have not as yet been summoned as a witness, but Sheriff Beattie has the papers, and I understand Smith has brought suit against Mr. Bartlett in Schuyler county, and myself and the two other men employed are summoned as his witnesses. Case to be called, I think, first Monday in October, at Rushville. Just what Smith expects to prove by us is a puzzle, but we have or will demand witness fees before moving a step, as it is out of the county. I mailed you a Beardstown paper with notice of a fish fry here last week. It was engineered by the Illinois River Fishermen's Protective Association, organized to fight us, and is composed of market fishermen, and Smith is the grand mogul of it, although other members of this association tell me they are not backing Smith in his suit against Mr. Bartlett. Be that as it may, this fish fry was given in our city park, and for the purpose of getting the sympathy of the people, being free of charge. Everything is quiet so far here, and about six to twelve barrels of fish being shipped every night to St. Louis and Chicago, mostly buffalo, but a mixture of all kinds. I wish we could wipe out the law entirely, allowing seining or catching of fish in any way except with hook and line for all time, or at least five years. I am afraid that is the only thing that will help us. As long as there is a market the slaughter will continue night and day until all are gone. I hope the sportsmen all over the State will wake up soon and make a move. An association for protecting fish and game has been organized at Astoria. I sent them our by-laws and other information. I would like to assist others to organize. Will keep you posted soon again of any news. Fraternally yours, A. A. GREENE. E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE trout fishing in New York State is now at an end. It has been a very good season, and never before have so many large trout been taken. While there is yet much to be done in the way of educating people not to waste the supply of fish, there is a noticeable improvement in the general feeling on that subject, and big scores of small fish do not bring out a round of applause, but rather an expression of contempt and a request from the listener to know what was done with them and perhaps even a little wholesome advice. To the eager beginner, of course, a trout is a trout, even if only a few inches long, but after he has had a good lively tussle with a "big one" he will come to appreciate the fact that there is more fun in killing two or three 12 or 15in. trout than a hundred poor little fingerlings.

Mr. Wm. H. Beemer, of Monticello, N. Y., has just returned from an extended angling trip in Nova Scotia. Though an old fisherman, he says he never dreamed of such trout fishing in his life as he enjoyed on this trip. He was fortunate enough to get hold of an excellent Indian guide, who piloted him to an out of the way salmon river, where he killed eight salmon. The only trouble with the trout fishing was that he had to return the fish to the water, as it was impossible to make any use of so many, the sea trout were also running, and fish of 2 and 3lbs. weight were very plentiful. The new line of steamers from Boston to Yarmouth, and the Red Cross steamers from New York to Halifax make it very easy now for sportsmen to reach excellent sporting grounds for trout, wildfowl, woodcock, and moose and caribou. For particulars apply to Mr. M. Stanley Tweedie, No. 18 Broadway, N. Y.

Ms. F. P. Nye writes from Arcata, California, that Capt. Brier, in charge of the U. S. Fish Hatchery, at Fort Gaston, is hatching out an abundance of salmon fry with which to stock the Klamath and Trinity Rivers next spring. He intends to send some spawn East this year to exchange for some Eastern brook trout. He states that the anglers in his section of the country are very anxious to introduce them into their waters, and look eagerly forward to the time when they can have fly fishing for the genuine speckled trout.

The striped-bass fishing is improving daily, and weakfish and bluefish are very plenty. Small weakfish fairly swarm in Barnegat Bay, and the big channel fish are fairly plenty. The fishing at the mouth of Shrewsbury is particularly good at present. SCARLET-IBIS.

SARANAC LAKE TROUT.—Tuesday, Sept. 1, was a red-letter day for Dr. J. R. Romeyn, of Keeseville, and his skilled oarsman, Mr. Fred Sheldon. Seven miles down stream from the lake, Cold Brook enters Saranac River, at a bit of rough water. Reaching that point in a rain-storm, the doctor, with a 6oz. fly-rod, cast across the rapids, and was soon engaged in a half-hour's struggle with a trout which weighed, when brought to the basket, very nearly 3lbs. Five others followed almost as large as the first. Two very large ones broke away, one taking fly and snell—then came three others weighing nearly 1lb. each, being the first trout that have been captured by guests of Saranac Lake House since July.

GALLATIN RIVER GRAYLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose you the dorsal fin of a grayling caught in the Gallatin River, near Central Park. The fish from which it was taken was about 13in. in length. Your recent contributor "H. L." states that I seem to doubt there being grayling in the Rocky Mountains. How he came to such a conclusion after I had stated that I have caught them in the Gallatin River, I cannot imagine. He certainly knew the Gallatin is in the Rocky Mountains.

It has been my pleasure to catch grayling in the Madison, from the Park down to the cañon, and all of them in shape of body resembled the whitelish very much. Many people mistake grayling for whitefish, but I never knew of one being mistaken for a trout. LIVINGSTON.

LIVINGSTON, Mont., Aug. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of your paper you state that "grayling are said to occur in the Gallatin River." In the autumn of 1889 I had some splendid sport with grayling while camped on the Gallatin near Hellroaring Creek—pretty name that. Out of one large pool I took grayling, black-spotted trout and whitefish in about equal numbers. The grayling did not come at the fly quite as sharp as the trout, but required careful handling when hooked and afforded fully as good sport. If I remember correctly I thought their flavor when cooked a trifle more delicate than that of the trout. H. N. MUNN.

New York City, Aug. 29.

[The statement about the Gallatin was made on the authority of Dr. Jordan, who recently visited the Yellowstone National Park in the interest of the U. S. Fish Commission, and has published a valuable illustrated report on the fishes in the Bulletin of the Commission. The whitefish is so often called grayling in the region that we thought it might be the fish in this case; but we are glad to have reliable information to the contrary. The dorsal fin and tail of a Gallatin River grayling, sent with the above communication from "Livingston," remove all suspicion of a possible confusion of names. It is a cause of rejoicing for anglers to learn that the beautiful grayling, which has been almost exterminated by milling operations in Michigan, still thrives and multiplies in its Rocky Mountain retreats, and is also being protected and distributed by the Government.]

FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE ECHO LODGE ISLANDS—FINE SPORT IN THE LAST LAKE.

THE fishing in the St. Lawrence River this summer has, on the average, been about as usual. Those who could content themselves with a good catch of rock bass and perchance an occasional pickerel, have found enjoyment enough among the islands within a couple of miles of Alexandria Bay. Three or four hours at Goose Bay, Chippewa Bay, Stave Island or the group of islands near Echo Lodge in the upper part of the Canada Narrows, generally resulted in a good catch of pickerel, the success depending almost entirely upon the skill of the oarsman.

Last Tuesday noon, Sept. 1, myself and H. W. Power, of Cleveland, O., set out for Echo Lodge, rowed by Newell Paige, a young oarsman who possesses an intuitive knowledge of the whereabouts and the habits of the fish. In two hours' fishing that night and two hours the next morning before breakfast we landed ten pickerel weighing from 3 to 6lbs. each. Most of them were caught in two small bays located in the center of four islands. From the woody shores the grass ran down and mingled with the tangled weeds. These grew out into the water, receding from the surface as it deepened, changing from the bright green hue above to a dark velvet, and falling in gradual terraces with a beauty of symmetry and grace that man might try in vain to imitate. These weed banks sloped down in that manner from the four islands some twenty feet, leaving in the middle a clear space for our lines. Here Paige rowed us around and around, our spoons just clearing the weeds and in convenient distance from a fish that might be ready for his morning meal. After a catch of ten pickerel in the evening and morning we went into new grounds out about La Rue's and Ash Island and the Fiddler's Elbow, having but two strikes during the remainder of the day.

That evening on returning to Echo Lodge the proprietor, Mr. Potter, informed us that we must be ready for a jaunt across the country to Lost Lake by 4 o'clock the next morning. At that hour we had breakfasted, our skiff was hoisted into a wagon, and seated in our boat chairs the horses pulled us over 12 miles of rough road to the lake. Here we fished until dark, only pausing in the fine sport to dine upon a rugged island in the shade of tall pines and hemlocks. The fish were plenty. Paige used all his skill to keep us near and not on the weed beds. We saw no one else fishing, and were informed by neighboring farmers that there were hardly two boats in the lake in a year. We landed 32 good pickerel inside of six hours. Some of them weighed 8lbs., most of them 4 and 5. They are much gamier than the pickerel of the St. Lawrence, why I know not, unless that they are in colder water, are never disturbed by the sound of a steam yacht and are less removed from the savagery of nature. Every one fought for his liberty long and hard, first diving into the weeds, whirling and wrapping the line around the head and fins, and often coming to the surface enveloped in heavy layers of sub-marine vegetation. They were all brought in with the landing net. Some, when drawn near the surface of the water, darted like an arrow 3 or 4ft. into the air. Of course some of these lively fish got away. Two strikes at a time were common, and one of the struggling captives often succeeded in breaking from the hook; one regained his birthright by a savage break after he was in the boat. We fished entirely with spoons; having the most success with a large copper spoon.

Lost Lake is situated about 12 miles northwest of Echo Lodge and 7 miles from the town of Landsdown, which is easily reached by the Grand Trunk Railroad. It is a highly picturesque place. The banks are rocky and precipitous, covered with pine, hemlock and birch. The water winds about into numerous bays and coves, only a few of which we had time to explore. With the exception of two or three cattle paths down to the water, we saw no traces of the presence of the innovating hand of man. Flocks of ducks now and then flew over our heads,

and squirrels, porcupines and snipe were seen in the woods. But the chief feature of the lake was, of course, the fish. I have told only a little about that, and I hold my reputation in too high regard to hazard it by even telling the whole truth of what we saw and did during nine hours in the Lost Lake. J. C. C.

SHADY COVERT, Sept. 6.

SOUTH JERSEY SEA FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been a surprising scarcity of weakfish or sea trout this season at Cape May. The catch entire would not average a dozen a day. It is barely possible that they may come in abundantly during this month, as two or three heavy catches have been made near the Cape May Lighthouse. Those that are caught run large. The red drum have arrived on their summer outing and came to the Cape in the middle of August. A dozen have been caught from the Iron Pier, where the ladies as well as the men fish all day and till "night sinks upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea." The water is 30ft. below the fishing point and it is fun alive to see a woman hook a 30lb. drum. She is generally more frightened than the big fish, which is sure to get away unless some gallant gentleman climbs down the ladder to the sea, gaffs the fish and bears in triumph the captive up-stairs to the delighted captor.

The fishing at Anglesea, that paradise of fishermen, has been simply extraordinary. Weakfish are scarce, flounders are not often found, but the supply of bass is simply inexhaustible.

Mr. R. Shimp, the railroad agent, gives me the following figures, which he vouches for, as the number of pounds of fish, chiefly sea bass, sent away during the last three months. Here are his figures, dated Sept. 2, 1891: Month of June, 487,000lbs.; July, 263,340lbs.; Aug., 281,380; total, 1,031,720lbs.

Fifty vessels can be seen at the Banks any fine morning when the wind don't blow, and till the cold of November the sea bass will still furnish fun for the market-fisher and for the amateur who does not specially desire to bag a game fish.

But anybody who desires heroic fishing can make his soul serene with ample fun after the red drum. The best man to get, if you can, is Kit Ludlam, whose praises I have herein sung before, and as brave a man as ever stood upon a quarter-deck. He will take you out in the Government boat, and if the sea is smooth as glass and the wind is south or west then look out for sport. Not yet have I wet a line in the September seas. But the drum are there and I hope to tell you next week that Captain Ludlam and J. M. S. have had one rare day's sport, for I think there is not any game fish (not even the lordly salmon in the Marguerite) which afford more fight and more delicate sport than the gamy channel bass, or red drum.

There are plenty of bullheads and calico-backs on the grassy flats and many are killed on Five-mile and Seven-mile Beach. J. M. S.

CAPE MAY, N. J.

FISHING ON THE BROAD RIPPLE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 26.—The palmy days of Broad Ripple as a fishing ground for the few sportsmen who existed in the past have now fled, and the patient angler, be he a fly-fisherman or a live-bait man, is seldom rewarded with a rise or a catch. I have known as many as twenty bass of 2lbs. weight—fine looking fellows they were—which were caught at that once favorite spot in less than one hour's time; but that was in "the long ago." The magnificent and rich scenery adjacent to the Ripple is not sufficiently appreciated, and by the frequent and delighted visitor never described. It is frequented by many from this city daily, and by many who cannot tell the difference between a miserable shiner or a "stone roller." The fly-fishermen and those who use the minnow are both frequent visitors at this far-famed spot. The former will be very active by moving about from place to place with his seat, for want of a more convenient spot, all festooned with flies of different colors and styles, casting every moment and looking anxiously for a rise. His efforts are not rewarded, and the piscator near him will be quietly watching his minnow the while, and taking his fish every now and then. His success is not doubted. I laughed once immoderately at a fly-fisherman who was whipping the stream, his creel upon his back, heavy rubber boots on, up to his hips in water, with an umbrella over his head, protecting him or his face from the sun, which was unmercifully hot. If you tire of fishing at the dam you can follow the river down to the road bridge, where you will find most excellent sport, and in addition a gurgling spring of the coolest and purest water that ever blessed the earth. Immediately below the bridge you begin to find a broad expanse of water, containing a great variety of fine fish, and among them some very large catfish. One was caught at this place recently that weighed over 50lbs. Directly you perceive the Monon Bridge, which spans the river near here, and just above a small stream called Williams's Creek, here the fishing is also good. The citizens of Broad Ripple have projected an electric line of road leading to the city, but this is yet to be built. My friend W. and I frequently take a boat and row up the river, our intent being chiefly to catch "blue gills," or striped perch. We catch goodly strings of the same, and the appetite is appeased quite as fully as though we had partaken freely of bass. Bass are often taken in these waters, but trot-lines, dynamite and seining have nearly destroyed this game fish. The scenery is grand and beautiful to behold. Great trees overhang the water, and are draped with the wild grape and other vines. The dogwood and black thorn exist unmolested, forming often an impenetrable shade and protection to the weary angler. The wild rose peeps out of the heavy undergrowth and shady nooks, and later in the season the golden rod blooms in all its beauty, forming a scene that is rarely beheld. B. F. R.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.—But one night Chicago to Denver. "The Burlington's Number One" daily vestibule express leaves Chicago at 1 P. M. and arrives at Denver at 6:15 P. M. the next day. Quicker time than by any other route. Direct connection with this train from Peoria. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Denver, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.—Adm.

OUR TRIP TO THE LITTLE JO MARY.

"BROWNVILLE! Brownville!" The train came to a standstill before the little railroad station Down East, in the State of Maine—the El Dorado of Eastern sportsmen. All was hurry and bustle, as passengers with bundles alighted from and entered the train, the hearty and cordial greeting of reunited friends on the one hand making strange contrast with the tearful, tender good-byes and sad farewells on the other. So it ever is, extremes meet, but the pilgrims from the old Bay State have no time to indulge sentiment as the morning is well advanced and they are many miles from their destination.

L. M. Gerrish, our head guide and *chef*, is on hand to receive us; and quickly changing our habiliments of civilization for those of the woods at the little country hotel, where all superfluities are left until our return, our party, consisting of Harry S. Seely, wife and little boy; Nat, the writer and his wife and three guides, together with generous supplies for the inner man and necessary camp duffle, are on their way with two teams to Schoodic Lake, some six miles distant.

There we board a rowboat and a canoe. Z. B. Knight, the stalwart veteran boatman, whose residence is near the lake shore, had been engaged to row the party to the upper end of the lake, and right well did he perform the task, rowing the eight miles in something less than two hours. When we pushed off from the shore we left civilization behind, but what a panorama opens out before us on every hand! Bold headlands jutting out into the lake covered with rainbow-tinted foliage, white birches like belated ghosts in broad contrast with the sombre pines, whose extended branches seemed like outstretched arms as if to give us welcome; hilltop and mountain vying with hilltop and mountain until in the dim distance their outlines look like steel engravings, suggesting such

"A pomp of scene,
The noblest sure that nature in her play
Of power e'er shaped."

An element of danger is the enormous rocky cliffs and boulders whose dangerous heads lie concealed beneath the surface of the water. We came very near to paying sad tribute to their presence by the bow of our heavily laden boat running upon one, which, but for the presence of mind and skill of our boatman, might have resulted in serious consequences. "Keep still! don't move an inch!" were his words of caution as he put forth his best effort to keep the boat from drifting around with the wind and capsizing. But the stiff breeze and heavy freight were too much for his strength; and the writer who was sitting in the bow cautiously stepped out upon the boulder, and lift and push, the craft was afloat again. A sharp look-out thereafter prevented a repetition of the thrilling experience. Landing was made soon after midday, a hearty lunch partaken of, and the procession moved onward on its march of a dozen miles along an old tote road, through an unbroken wilderness—a journey we were informed that no lady had ever undertaken before.

A staunch team had been provided over which Steve Thomas, a backwoods character if not a genius, held the reins. Words would make but a poor showing, were they used as they best might be, in an attempt to give an adequate description of the voyage, for certainly the vehicle in its ups and downs over stump and boulder, over hillock and slough and rickety corduroy, more nearly resembled a craft on a turbulent and tempest-tossed ocean than any organization on wheels on *terra firma*. But our jehu was a character; and in addition to his exceeding care in the management of his team, his keen wit, droll humor and skillful repartee kept the ladies in a roar of laughter, which, combined with the novelty of the experience, rendered this not among the least enjoyable features of the trip. On going through an unusually bad piece of road, if there was any that would justify such characterization, one of the horses cast a shoe, which was lost in the mire; but the backwoodsman let no such small things disturb his equanimity. The horse liberated from his fellow, the utility box is brought out, and before the lapse of many minutes another shoe has replaced the lost one.

The afternoon rapidly wears away, and the lengthened shadows warn us that we cannot reach our destination that night, and hurry along as best we may in the gloaming we do not reach "Ebene Lodge," a log camp by the wayside, until

"Night had let its curtain down
And pinned it with a star."

Here we camped for the night, and after the fatigue of the day we have no inclination to prolong the evening hour, but are soon lost in refreshing sleep. We had not the forethought to propitiate the weather clerk before retiring, and so awoke in the morning only to find ourselves in a dreary, dismal downpour of rain, that promised a bar to further progress that day. Our party was made up of those with whom, when on an outing in the woods, "everything goes;" and hence no grumbling or fault-finding was openly indulged in, whatever might have been the inner sentiments.

Toward midday the rain ceased falling, and loading the ladies and dunnage upon a jumper, as a wagon could go no further, we take our leave of the friendly roof that had furnished us such welcome shelter. The skill and care of the reinsman at all times, and the strength of two guides were many times, called in requisition to keep the craft from capsizing, as it rolled, pitched and tumbled about over knoll and crag; but everything went well until one runner became so firmly wedged in between three boulders that snap went the great cable to which the team was attached, and yet not a part of the jumper broke or gave way, so well was it constructed of green hornbeam, and there was not an iron bolt or brace in the structure. Hastily cutting a sapling for a lever and prying up the runner, the draw chain meanwhile being toggled, we are again on our way with but a few minutes delay. We reach camp in the early evening and find everything neat and tidy, dispose of a generous supper and are soon lost in pleasant dreams on our beds of fragrant spruce and hemlock, while a roaring camp-fire blazes high without.

The fatigues of the previous days contributed to a lengthy morning nap, and we were aroused from our slumbers by the presence of strangers in camp. Turning out and making a hasty toilet, we find the genial Dr. George F. Emerson, of Boston, and guide, in waiting to tender the compliments of their camp on the Middle Jo Mary, some six miles distant, where some half dozen professional and business men for many years have fol-

lowed Thoreau's example and made their camp on its romantic shores. With kindly forethought, knowing that we would be fatigued after the journey, they brought with them numbers of beautiful trout, that our feasting and enjoyment of life in the woods might begin with the first morning. Courtesies that were highly enjoyed by us were frequently exchanged between the camps, and the writer indulges the hope that he may again grasp the friendly hands and share the boundless hospitality of the jolly campers on the Little Jo Mary.

Going down to the water's edge, we find an oblong lake some four by five miles in extent, surrounded by dense forest growth, with tier upon tier of mountains in the distance, now looming up in the morning sunshine from the summit of Kathadin in the background some twenty miles away. As we look out upon the scene we realize that—

"High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture."

What a quiet, restful scene! How we expand our lungs and drink in the health-giving ozone! There in the cove yonder are a mother doe and her full-grown young sporting himself in the water, here within a few rods saunter about a black duck and her brood of ducklings as proud and unconcerned as if no enemy were near, there a break in the water as some monster trout completes his morning meal.

Our reverie is disturbed by the advent of a canoe and a cheery voice sings out: "Get aboard, and let us at them." We are soon enjoying the pleasures of the sport, and provide an ample supply for the larder, returning to the water all that could not be used, as it is our rule never to waste.

The declining sun found us at the water's edge in wonderment at the play of colors in cloud and on mountain top. Streamers of green and gold shot up to the zenith until it seemed as if the dome of heaven was decorated by angel hands, and the mountain tops were clothed in a living, brilliant purple that shaded into darkness with the setting sun. The day ended, we gather around the campfire, with trees hoary with age for companions all around us.

"Tis eve, 'tis night; a holy quiet broods
O'er the mute world; winds, waters are at peace;
The beasts lie couched amid unstirring woods,
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas,
No twit'ring bird sings farewell from the trees."

The evening wind sings a crescendo through the surrounding forest, and swings its censer of incense breathing balsam and pine; and we drop off in blissful, restful slumber until again

"The vapors round the mountains curled
Melt into morn and light awakes the world."

And so go days and weeks; and who shall say that we did not regret when the hour of parting came? But stern duty calls, and as if from a gentle reverie aroused we return to the treadmill of every day life, looking forward in fond anticipation to the time when we will again make our camp on the Little Jo Mary. GEO. McALEER.
WORCESTER, MASS.

BLACK BASS IN WHITE OAK.

WHITE OAK CREEK is a beautiful stream of water, clear and cold. It is fed by many fine springs; it is very rocky, and in places narrow and swift, thus opening out into deep, dark pools, the ideal hiding for the wary bass. White Oak rises in Dickson county, Tenn., runs through Houston county and flows into the Tennessee River.

It has long been noted for its fine game fish. I don't believe we have a better fishing stream in this State; fish ranging from 1 to 7½ lbs. are caught, and they are good fighters, too. White Oak is reached by the L. & N. R. R., Memphis Division. Stewart Station is the place to get off, then overland four or five miles puts you at White Oak. Teams at Stewart's can be had at reasonable rates.

White Oak, like a great many of our fine streams, will in a short time be depleted, if it is not protected. Only a few days ago I heard that some parties had been killing great quantities of fish, of all kinds and sizes, by liming the deep holes; they would throw a quantity of unslacked lime in the water, and it would soon kill every fish in the hole. They secured all they wanted, and hundreds of dead fish floated down the stream, causing a sickening, disgusting sight. I think the parties are known, and will be made an example of. I thought I had heard of all the illegal ways of killing fish, but the lime was a new one to us. Taking fish with hook and line is the only legal way in this State. What we need is the enforcement of the law.

With seines, nets, traps, gigs, poison and dynamite, in the hands of men who respect neither the laws of God nor man, it is a wonder that our streams have any fish at all. Give the fish a chance, and there will be plenty of sport for all sportsmen. B.

A MORNING ON THE CASCAPEDIA.

I MUST tell you about my luck this year on the Cascapedia. The same as the rest of the anglers, I found the salmon fishing very poor; only killed two fish in the 10 days fishing. But I celebrated the Fourth of July morning in great shape. Had my wife in the boat with me and she was as much excited as I was. I found a spot where I had taken a great many large trout, several weighing from 2 to 3 lbs., and had a rise, the fish not showing himself, and could not make out what I was fast to. After a long struggle I succeeded in landing two trout, one weighing 3½ and the other 4 lbs.—7½ lbs. at one cast. I never heard of this being equalled; that is, two fish as large as these at the same time. Went back and in a little while had a grand fellow; came clear out of water for the fly and after a fight of nearly half an hour I landed him, a trout that weighed 5½ lbs. plump. He made the greatest fight of any fish that I ever had hold of, not excepting a salmon. I had 50 yds. of line on my reel and he took it all out twice; would come at full speed and jump out of the water higher than your head and start off again in the instant he would strike the water. My guides thought I had a grise but I knew better. My arm ached when I got through and my little rod was sorely taxed, I can assure you. I got 36 trout that morning. This was the last fish I had, for afterward it rained very hard and the water became so discolored that the remaining few days of my stay there was no fishing.

W. B. MERSHON.

CAPE COD NOTES.—Scup and sea bass made their appearance at Woods Holl in large numbers Sept. 1. A party of four caught 50 scup and 22 sea bass in about two hours, using cut menhaden for bait. On the following day three lines took 125 fish, chiefly scup, with soft clam (*Mya arenaria*). On Sept. 2 Will Goffin caught a bluefish weighing 7½ lbs., and on the third the largest of the season, a beautiful 11-pound fish, was taken on a trailing line with menhaden bait. Several smaller ones were captured in the "hole" on the 4th. The first Spanish mackerel seen here by us during the summer came in from Buzzard's Bay Sept. 3; the largest weighed about 6½ lbs.—all of the half dozen were prime and beautiful fish. A young dolphin (*Coryphæna hippurus*) strayed into one of the pools at the Fish Commission laboratory, and was captured alive after a long chase. It swam at the surface, frequently darting under the shelter of a patch of floating sea weed, and eluded all efforts until a long seine was set around it. The fish is now living in one of the aquaria and has begun to take food. This is the famous dolphin whose changes of color in dying have excited the imagination and stimulated the word painting of the poets. A blue-striped trigger fish (*Balistes vetula*), like the one described and figured in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 29, 1891, was received from Buzzard's Bay on Sept. 3 as a present from Capt. I. Spindel. This is extremely rare in the locality and attracted a great deal of notice. It was found to contain the remains of spider crabs.—T. H. B. (Woods Holl, Mass., Sept. 7).

A BIG BRULE BROOK TROUT.—East Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 12.—A brook trout weighing 4½ lbs. was sent to me the other day, caught by a fellow townsman, C. W. Wells, fishing on the Brulé River near Duluth.—W. B. M.

BLUEFISHING off Fire Island Inlet is now in full swing with the fall run of big fish. Some large strings have been taken. Boats go out from Babylon and Islip. There is no fishing in Great South Bay.

Fishculture.

MYSTERIOUS STOCKING.—Editor Forest and Stream: Except the big catch of suckers noted in my last, I have heard of little fishing of any kind about here. I have a pond, fed by a spring, made three years ago and never stocked with any fish so far as we knew. We were therefore much surprised when some children recently made a large catch of small perch from this pond. "Where got the apple in?" [The fish may have been placed in the pond by some one unknown to the owner, or the eggs, which are adhesive, might have been carried on the legs of wading birds. Fish are often transported long distances by wind storms and conveyed by underground water courses. Birds sometimes drop living fish into bodies of water.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 11 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.
Sept. 23 to 26.—Inaugural Show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Rogers Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 25 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.
Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Sec'y.
April 10 to 16.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nauvoo, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Livingston, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1893.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgair, Sec'y.
—, Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

HAMILTON DOG SHOW.

THE inaugural show of this enterprising kennel club which, during the past year, has shown itself well in the lead as far as an endeavor to promote the interests of dog breeding in Hamilton is concerned, was brought to a successful close last Friday. The entries were of excellent quality and numbered 308, which, considering puppies were barred out, brings it on the level of a 400 dog exhibition. The first thing that struck one when entering the Thistle Rink, where the show was held, was the excellent arrangement of the benching and two rings. Everything seemed to have been provided for, even to stretching wires over

each row of benching and therefrom hanging large cards with the name of the breed under it and the numbers the class included. The arrangements for the judging were first-class, tables provided, messenger boys in each ring to take the awards to the committee room as soon as made, blackboards, and what was most appreciated by the spectators, each handler was compelled to wear conspicuously a neat card giving the number of the dog he was showing, and in no instance was this allowed to relapse throughout the judging. Committee rooms were provided and an excellent room was set apart for the exhibitors, to which only admission was had by badge, with which each exhibitor was provided. A side entrance was also set apart for their benefit. In fact there seemed to be no detail that escaped the watchful eye and executive ability of the president and superintendent, Mr. A. D. Stewart. There was no running away after the first day, as is often the case, all the officials staying to the end, and ever willing and anxious to do a courteous action. Naturally exhibitors and visitors were loud in praise, for it was certainly the best managed dog show I ever saw. Spratts' newly galvanized and painted benching was used, so all was sweet and clean, and with Messrs. Ehrmann and Murphy looking after things everything went well. The only alteration I could recommend would be in having one book for each judge with his classes written in in rotation, instead of a separate book for each class. While this plan caused no delay, still the book is handier, and not so liable to be lost. The exercising arrangements outside the building were also much appreciated, and it is safe to say, should the Hamilton Kennel Club hold another show, they will get a bumping entry, and they deserve it. Judging commenced at 2 P. M. on Tuesday, and it was well into the afternoon on Wednesday before it was finished, specials and local prizes taking up a good deal of time. With these few words I may as well pass on to a review of the awards.

MASTIFFS—(H. W. LACY).

The mastiffs present, although small in numbers, showed on the average superlative quality. In the challenge class for instance, one seldom sees such a trio as Ilford Chancellor, Caution's Own Daughter and Lady Coleus, and they were placed in the order named, for in spite of C.O.D.'s superb quality and beautiful head there is hardly enough of the latter, her skull not filling out as it might do. Lady Coleus still had that unsightly sore on her back, although otherwise in excellent condition. The open class was a mixed one and quality and truer type was responsible for the award, Miss Caution getting the verdict over the good headed Mode, who here showed his forelegs just about as bad as he well could, turning them in and out to great disadvantage. Miss Caution has made excellent improvement since the spring, and is quite a good mastiff. Minting Minor, described last week at Kingston, came next to Mode again and the former in turn beats Grimsby Caution, vhc., in head, chest and loin, Ilford Bess, taking hc., loses in muzzle, bone and body, and is very light in eye. Caesar, c., has a good body to recommend him. One or two local dogs were sent out for lack of type.

ST. BERNARDS—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

We fully expected to find larger classes in this breed, but somehow St. Bernards are not making the progress they should do in Canada and the principal kennels in the States, as usual, do not patronize the fall shows. In the challenge class for both types champion Hector had a bloodless victory; he is improving in condition all the time and is still a young old dog, and Mr. Peters must be congratulated on his purchase. It is a peculiar coincidence that he should again be owned by a kennel named the Hospice. In the open division for dogs of both types Kingstoun Regent, putting on flesh rapidly, smothered his competitors in type, head, bone etc., though Othello, barring head, is a good second; a nicely-formed dog with one of the best fronts I ever saw, and though his head is well marked there is not enough of it, he was also shown too fat. The long-headed Caspar made a fair third; this dog has not improved with age, although still a good-bodied, active, well-formed dog, though his long, plain head will always be against him in close company; he was removed from the show after the first day, forfeiting prize money, etc. Don Phyllis, reserve, is straight behind, has enormous bone and is well fronted, head long and no depth about it, but nicely marked. Benmore, Jr., and Bruno II. were hc. Bruno II. is a nice big dog, wrong in color, almost a cream, no shadings and loses in depth of muzzle, poor expression. Benmore, Jr., has a front too much like a fox terrier, not foot enough, his head is small and a bit long, and coat could also be improved. In bitches the order was the same as at Kingston, Republican Belle just beating Zenith, as stated last week. Glenisla does not come up to either in head, ears or forelegs. Nun Nicer, as stated, was out of coat and was rightly placed. Mary Jones, vhc., has a small, snipy head, feet turn out a bit, her body, however, is a redeeming feature.

GREAT DANES—(W. H. LACY).

Quite a fair lot of dogs, and should have been judged by Miss Whitney, but by mistake were brought into Mr. Lacy's ring and judged before the *compte-rendu* was discovered. Miss Whitney looked them over afterward in her own ring, and without knowing how they had been placed, put them in the same order. Fawn was brought into the challenge class and awarded first, but it was afterward found she was not entitled to challenge honors and was disqualified; she should have been transferred. She has faulty quarters and does not move freely. In open class Brutus had some difficulty in scoring; he beats the second winner in head, that is, muzzle, but Minerva Fawn's well turned body and excellent legs and feet cannot be overlooked, and under Ben Lewis's skillful manipulation she was quite a gallery favorite. Pascha II., third, has a nice head, but his feet turn out and he is straight behind. Goleit, vhc., is faulty in loin, too flat, and is not up to the mark in front. Ultima Plavia, c., is faulty in front and too throaty. We are glad to see the old Wolverine Kennel and Dr. Nicolai to the front again, this gentleman having imported several from the Fatherland.

Newfoundlands had one entry, a nice-coated dog, but too light in body, long headed but heavily boned; second was all he deserved and received.

GREYHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

A splendid showing. Gem of the Season and Maud Torington meeting again, Gem beating in ribs, loin and quarters. Maud not looking so well as when we saw her in the summer. The open dog class was a hot one, Mr. Purbeck's new dogs making their debut, and it is little more than a toss up between Ornatus, first, and Pious Pembroke, the former just beating in head, better in stop and muzzle, neck cleaner and better placed, a little better in loin and front feet especially. Pious in turn beating Ranger, who does not show so much quality in neck, legs and feet, back and action. Prince was outclassed and could not be commended in such company. In bitches there was also something nice, Bestwood Daisy beating her kennel companion, Lily of Gainsboro, in head, ribs, loin, quarters and let down of stifles; in front they are about equal. Grimsby Jess was complimented with c; too light throughout. An excellent showing, and Mr. Purbeck has a team he can well be proud of.

FOXHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

Two entries and neither up to form. First was withheld, and second and third given to Stormer and Ranger, the former being better in legs, feet and head, but loses to the other in coat and body.

BEAGLES—(H. W. LACY).

Another fineshowing, Racer, Jr., upholding the breed in

the challenge class. In open dogs, Roy K., improving a bit, beats True Boy in head, shoulders and body, True Boy being cloddy and snipy-headed. Banjo, third, is too coarse and big. The others in the class were too big and coarse to receive recognition. In bitches a nice new one turned up in June, a bitch of good type, cobbily built, and with a well-shaped head; hardly straight enough in front, but a nice mover and carries her brush to perfection; Emmeline, second, losing in head, bone and depth of body, and she in turn beats Dainty, third, in head and movement, though the latter is better in front. Fanny K., reserve, stood out in front this time, and is too long cast. A class was made for harriers, but none turned up.

POINTERS—(H. W. LACY).

The challenge class was nicely filled with Pommy Sec, Fan N. and Bell Randolph, which were placed in that order as I thought Pommy beats Fan N. in loin and quarters. It is a tight squeeze, however, and their movement in the ring decided the point, as Fan hardly did herself justice. I have frequently spoken well of her. Belle is too loaded in shoulders, fat and was in whelp. She is well known. In open dogs, seeing them together in the ring, I put Ossining over Tempest, Ossining winning in shoulders, forelegs and hind, and his action in the ring was better. In bitches Lady Graphic just managed to get the verdict over Phantom, beating her in style and body, head and front equal. Although the entries were few in this breed, they were all dogs of well-known merit.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(H. W. LACY).

A splendid showing, no less than twenty-four being benched. The writer may as well say a word about these classes. While having a general idea and a knowledge of what is accepted as a proper type, or what used to be, he did not feel altogether competent to judge a hot class, knowing the keen rivalry in these breeds, and therefore endeavored to have them assigned to some one else in whom the breeders might have more confidence, but as the management wrote him that the exhibitors had expressed themselves satisfied, and this the entry bears out, the writer was persuaded to accept the thankless task, and if any mistakes were made it was not from lack of conscientious endeavor to be consistent. With this little explanation I will return to the dogs.

Cambriana, well known, was alone in challenge class. The open dog class crowded up the ring and was a particularly difficult one to judge, for while there was nothing of superlative merit there were several very good serviceable-looking dogs, and condition played a prominent part in dividing the position of several, especially the new English dogs, so that when they have gained their true form no doubt they will be placed higher. Edgemark's superior condition, head and quality soon made it apparent he should win, his strong back and loin also being noticeable over the second, Romney, a new one bred by Mr. Wells, who is a bit better in front than the winner and equally as good in head; Viscount, third, is a well-made dog, faulty in quarters, head a bit too narrow and long, good bone and front, is out of shape but will do better. Tony Gladstone, reserve, was well up, is not so good in head and was also wanting in condition. Matane, vhc., loses in head, not stop enough, and was hardly good enough in front; Benzine was also vhc. All these dogs are pretty nearly one as good as the other, but a difference must be made and one little point was apt to turn the scale. Oscar, hc., loses in shoulder and neck; Jack is too coarse, but well formed. Sir Edward, c., was described at Kingston, and Mount Royal Birch got all he deserved with one letter. The bitch class was another keen competition, the new bitch Victress Lewellin, by her better size, roomy body, heavier bone and better head, was placed over Albert's Nellie, who, though well formed, was out of coat and is too small, and might have changed places with Nia, another new one, who loses in head and showed very narrow in front in the ring, and perhaps had her owner handled her she would have been higher up, she is a fairly good bitch and nothing more and needs conditioning. Norah III. is a bit short in neck and throaty, boasts a nice head. Dinah, c., is short and thick in neck, nice head and forelegs, but hardly has liberty enough in action. There were several others given hc. who well deserved their cards.

IRISH SETTERS—(H. W. LACY).

Here the competition was by no means so keen. In dogs Seminole's superior body, legs and color placed him nicely over Glen Jarvis, who is going off his head, is of good type, however, he is too leggy and carries a bad tail. Eleo is too much on the English setter type, nice color and well formed. Other dogs in this class were sent out for coarseness, lack of type, etc. In bitches a nicely made one turned up in Goldsmith Maid, winner of third at New York, she beats Belle, second, in head, front, ribs and color. Aureole we spoke of at Kingston; she is hardly up to form, though when we saw them better than Rose Palmerston, vhc. This was a poor class.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(H. W. LACY).

With Ivanhoe, Leo B., Duchess of Waverly to show up in the challenge class, competition was keen. Ivanhoe's superior head and tan getting him the verdict. Becky Sharp was absent. In open dogs first was withheld and second given to a weedy animal, light in tan, not square nor deep enough in muzzle. Victor was lucky to get c. The only one in the bitch class deserving recognition was Lady Waverly, who won, and the others were sent out. A poor showing for Canada.

SPANIELS—(J. F. KIRK).

As might be expected, spaniel men turned out in force, and the show was as good as can be brought together in the Dominion, and when we know what that means Mr. Kirk must be pleased with his reception. Some of the classes in the cocker division must have tried him pretty hard, and it is no secret judging spaniels here, there is so much keen rivalry between the different kennels, the owners of which are all personally well known to the judge. There was only one Irish water spaniel, and he not much good either, as he was only given second, first withheld, faulty in head, coat and front. "Clumber" had his kennel of that breed, but we must say he was ill-advised in showing Boss III. and Bromine in their present condition, these dogs attract so much attention from the public that they ought to be as usual in splendid shape. Mr. Mercer's illness no doubt is the cause of the slip. Lady Bromine beat Boss III. as usual, and Johnny, Jr., had the dog class to himself, and so had Lady Joan; these two were in nice shape, and they are all so well known it is needless to say more of them. Field spaniels did not fill well. In the absence of Stybrook Dolly champion Bridford Gladys had the challenge class to herself; she was in fair shape. In open dogs Samson was picked out for the winner, beating Brantford Mohawk in head; Toby, third, entered by the unknown exhibitor, is a good stamp of leggy, working spaniels. The challenge class in cocker dogs was a red hot one, and were correctly placed. Black Duke improves, though coat is wavy and he is a bit too full in eye; little fault can be found with Red Jacket, he is well known, and so is King of Onos, third, who loses in muzzle and front. Champion Rabbi had to be content with vhc., a novel experience. Old Miss Obo II., showing gray nowdays, and rough in coat, took her usual position at the head of affairs, though she was out of coat and looked tucked up in loin; Bessie W., second, is beaten in skull, muzzle and ears. Open black dogs had a good one in Black Dufferin, who won in open and novice at New York, a greatly improved dog, excellent head, front and body, he is well ahead of the well-known Obar, who was wrongly placed over Obadiab, we have described these both before. Sport, vhc., is out in front, wide in skull, but gains recognition for

his nicely made body. Brock, hc., is a bit large, weak in pasterns, and long-faced. King Raven, c., is a bit too much on the legs and of field spaniel type. In the ladies division there was no gainsaying I Say's quality, despite her lack of coat. Another nice one came second. Flirt, a new face, is only beaten in head, muzzle faulty. Third went to Jealousy, a bit large and not clean enough round the head; too much hair on skull. Topsy, reserve, is a bit blunt in muzzle and skull too round, is also a trifle out in front. Another Topsy, owned by Mr. Searies, won vhc., but is too wide in front and too high in skull. Chio II., also vhc., is not straight enough in front, faulty in muzzle and hardly ribbed up enough, otherwise all right. Lady Aberdeen, hc., is out at elbow. Cora is a bit high in skull, but her other good points entitled her to another letter. Woodland Susie, also in the same division, is faulty in quarters, muzzle and forelegs, nice body. This, as may be surmised, was an excellent class, and took some time for decision. In other than black dogs, Bambo, on the improve, won, and Brantford Red Man, a bit broad in skull and hardly true in front, scored second. Garry, c., is a bit on the leg. In bitches, Red Riding Hood, plain in muzzle and a little long cast, won with very little to spare over Gipsy Queen, which stands a little wide and is faulty in expression, otherwise a nice one. Lady of Learning, pushing up close, was third. Brantford Dolly Yarden, vhc., is a bit leggy, and muzzle could be improved. Little Red Riding Hood is a trifle bowed. Blushing Rose, bad in disposition, would perhaps have been better placed could any one get near her.

COLLIES—(H. W. LACY).

The collie classes had a fairly good entry, some good Canadian dogs being on hand. In challenge class Roslyn Dandy, in Metchley Surprise's faulty condition, won nicely, is better in front and bone; Roslyn Wilkes was reserved for specials. In the dogs, the second novice winner at New York, quite a nice one, beat Sir Walter Scott III. in head and coat; the latter is a promising youngster, though a trifle short-faced, and ears a bit big. Rowdy was a little behind in this class, though he was as good as any in head, he is not right in body. Moonstone, reserve, is too cloddy, though he had the best coat in the class, his head is coarse and he stands a little wider in front, evidently a collie gone off from his puppy form; the others call for no very particular mention, though Ballantine is a fair dog. In open bitches May Flower and Vanity, from the same kennel, won the money, the former beating Vanity in head, coat and front, and is a nice little bitch; Vanity beats Cora II. in head and body, the latter being too fat and cloddy, and coat needs straightening. Nancy, reserve, is beaten in head, front and ears. Parton Ella, vhc., is beaten in coat and front, is a little out at elbow.

BULLDOGS—(H. W. LACY).

Only one entry in each class, but those were two good ones, Bo'swain and Bloater Girl. The latter should not have been shown as she had scabs on her and her skin was bare in places.

BULL-TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

An excellent display, especially for such a show. Starlight, looking quite herself, was alone in the challenge class. The open dog class was a hot one, several new importations appearing. First prize went to Prince Bendigo, who beats the second, Common, in condition and body, the latter is a little long in coat, but has an excellent long head and good eye; he beats Watchful Wagtail in front, the latter bowing out. Mister Dick is too coarse and short-headed. Duke of Wellington and Baron II., vhc., both deserved their letter, as they show a good deal of quality, but are not true in forelegs. Top Sparkle perhaps deserved another letter, but he is faulty in head. King of Hearts is well known. This was a warm class, but was graded according to merit and condition. The bitch class was not so large nor so good. Queen of the Dale, another new one, is better in head, front and body than Edgewood Fancy, who in turn beats Grove Duchess, who is a bit cloddy and snipy muzzled. Belle of Edgewood is young, 6 mos. old, is bad in front and light in muzzle. Bull-terriers are evidently taking a new lease on popular favor.

FOX-TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Here was some of the hottest competition in the show, many new English dogs appearing, and these when filled out and in condition will do better. No challengers. In open dogs the Kingston winner, Blemton Trump, again came to the front, beating Painter, as before; and Endcliffe Spice, third, is beaten in body, head and front, and he in turn beats Diver III. in head, forelegs and feel of coat, though beaten himself in loin and ribs. Nobody's Child could do no better than vhc. in this company, though his head was the best. Bob, vhc., is out at elbow and light in muzzle. Jack is beaten in head, carriage of ears and front. Several other entries had no business with the terriers mentioned and were sent out early. The winner in bitches turned up in a Thayer-bred one, Hillside Baroness, nice front, head and carriage of ears, coat of good feel. Venus, another new one from the other side, is hardly up to the winner in head or the above named points, but beats Rowton Safety, a black-headed, taking little bitch, young yet and not let down, front pretty good, ears carried too high, skull round and full, muzzle bit pinched, good eye and, no doubt, will make up into something better than the average. Suffolk Riot is small, loses in head, coat, front and body, not filled out enough yet. Vic, vhc., beats Dot, hc., in head, carriage of ears and forelegs and feet. Wire-hairs were exceedingly well represented, for it is not often we find eight in the dog class. The small ring and the exceeding pugnacity of the competitors made this a bad class to judge, but I liked Adswood Jim II. for premium honors, thinking him better in head, not too wide in front and harder in coat. Stanley second. Eskdale Bloom I did not like so well in head, too thick and wide in front and coat not so wiry. Barton Sting is better in head but loses to Bloom in most of the points. Green Gale Patch, vhc., is a fairly good one, but loses in front and head. Jack is too wide in front, otherwise a fairly good terrier. Wentworth Wonder is well known, but did not like its head, nor is it so good in body. In bitches a nice-shaped one, Repero Rosanna, short of coat and a trifle long cast, has an excellent front and nice long head, with ears well carried. She is also an emigrant. Sally, second, is a pretty little terrier, better in head, body and front than the third one, Miss Taylor.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

The winners in these classes are well known. Champion Meersbrook Maiden had her class to herself. She is not in good coat and was not feeling in her usual active condition the first day or two of the show. Broomfield Sultan had an easy win in dogs over Rochelle Scot, who had, though coarse himself, an easy defeat of J. M. Gibson, who is too thick in head and cloddy in body, markings too light. Prince Regent did not compete, was out of condition, and Prince Raglan was absent. In bitches Matchless, well known, had the class to herself, Meersbrook Empress not turning up.

SCOTCH, SKYE AND DANDIE DINMONTS—(H. W. LACY).

Here was a troublesome class and not quite a fair one, three good dogs of different breeds standing out before the rest. Eventually the Skye, Sir Stafford's superior condition told over the typical Scotch terrier Kilston, who was out of shape; the Dandie, King of the Heather, is wide and out in front; Mena, a nice stamp of Dandie, hardly up to King in body and head, was reserve. Fan loses in texture of coat and front, too bowed; Valentine, hc., loses in head and front, no difference between the hair on head and body. This was a splendid show of Dandies for this country, and most of them are owned in Toronto and Milton, Ont.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—(H. W. LACY).

Sentinel II. won easily in this class of three, beating Nettle in head and coat, though beaten in arch of loin. Phoebe, too short-faced and not straight in front, was third.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—(H. W. LACY).

Champion Toon's Royal had an easy win over Venus from the same kennel in the challenge class. Toon's Royal George was given the only prize in the open dogs, and a silver, Tot, from the same kennels, took the prize in the ladies' division.

PUGS.—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

Miss Whitney was honored with quite a good string of entries in this breed, the challenge class mustering four. Bessie had to lower her colors to Bob Ivy, Cassina, the black-headed one, coming third. Eberhart's Cashier had a clever win in open dogs. This dog, though he might be shorter in muzzle, improves with age, and his curl is a byword. Curtis, showing too much black, was second, and described last week. Fritz, third, has a nice head and body. Barney is leggy and ears carried too high, but has a nice head. Kash, Jr., though his coat is too thick, might have done a bit better. Fritz Emmett, h.c., was here outclassed. Sateen won again in bitches, beating Mabel E. in head and body. Fanny K., third, is a bit tucked up and her ears are not well carried. Peggy Pride, reserve, we did not see, but will describe her at Toronto. Lady Victoria and Cribbage had to be content with vhc. each; this time they are well known. Fanny, also vhc., is a nice stamp and will improve in head.

TOYS AND PETS.—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

Minnie, with fawn-colored ears, a sort of Maltese terrier, won, with Daisy, a Mexican poodle, second. Beauty, a toy black and tan, should have won easily, for she was quite a fair toy as they go.

MISCELLANEOUS.—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

Miss Whitney very kindly relieved Mr. Lacy of the toys and this class after the dachshunde had had a separate class made for them. The bloodhound Jack Shepherd had a close win over the King Charles spaniel Calumet Alice, third going to Floss, a Barbet (?). Daisy, a supposed King Charles, should have been left out, for she is too long in head, like a snipy cocker. Worry, Mr. Rickett's clever-looking Airedale, short in head and body, stands on excellent legs and feet, and has a good feel of coat. Two sort of heavy harriers, misnamed Bassets, were judged separately; they were of no account as show dogs, but are no doubt excellent deer trailers, as the owner informed us.

DACHSHUNDE.—(H. W. LACY).

Windrush Rioter, faulty in hind action, but of excellent type, won over Lena L., well known, better in length, nearer to the ground, and better in crook and texture of coat. Felmark should have been second, though he is not so long in body, but is stronger in front. With the judging of the specials for Hamilton dogs and the kennel prizes, this brought the judging to a close.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, 2d and 3d, Flour City Kennels' Hford Chancellor, Lady Coleus, and Caution's Own Daughter. OPEN—1st, Flour City Kennels' Miss Caution; 2d, Hugh Falconer's Mabel; 3d, Flour City Kennels' Mina Minting. Very high com., and high com. W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution and Hford Bess. Com., M. C. Beasley's Caesar.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH OR SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—1st, Wm. C. Reick's champion Hector. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wm. C. Reick's Kingston Regent; 2d, J. C. Guillot's Othele; 3d, Peninsular Kennels' Caspar. Reserve, Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis. High com., V. L. Francis's Renmore, Jr., and Horan & Sweetman's Bruno H. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Wm. C. Reick's Republican Belle and Zenith; 3d, Pottersburg Kennels' Glenisla. Reserve, F. E. Lamb's Nun Nicer. Very high com., H. P. Brea's Mary Jones.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woolverine Kennels' Favor. OPEN—1st and 2d, Woolverine Kennels' Brutus and Pascha II.; 2d, Dr. Wesley Mills' Minerva's Fawn. Very high com., Senator Sanford's Gelett.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—2d, Chas. Cloheey's Jumbo.

BARZOIS AND IRISH WOLFHOOUNDS.—1st, Miss Hendrie's Leprihaun.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season; 2d, A. C. Page's Maud Torrington. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Ornatus and Pious Pembroke; 3d, Seaton Kennels' Ranger. Com., Ernest Farret's Jute. Bitches: 1st and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Lilly of Gainsboro and Bestwood Daisy. Com., W. F. Randall's Grimsby Jess.

FOXHOOUNDS.—1st, withheld; 2d and 3d, Wm. Proper's Stormer and Ranger.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rockland Kennels' Racer, Jr. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Roy K.; 2d and 3d, Chas. Campion's True Boy and Banjo. Bitches: 1st, H. P. Brea's Judo; 2d and 3d, Rockland Kennels' Emmeline and Fanny K.; 3d, Col. Maybee's Dainty. Com., Chas. Campion's Stella.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Wm. H. Hyland's Pomeroy Sec and Fan N.; 3d, Robert Leslie's Belle Randolph. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's Ossington; 2d, Wm. Ledyard's Tempest. Bitches: 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic; 2d, Fred W. Shaw's Phantom.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. B. Wells's Cambrana. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark; 2d and reserve, Mount Washington Kennels Viscount and Tony Gladstone. Very high com. and com., W. B. Wells's Matiae and Romney. High com., G. C. Thomas's Oscar. H. Hamilton's Jack H. Northwood's Benzie. Com., C. G. McIntyre's Mount Royal Birch, Jas. E. Hair's Sir Edward. Bitches: 1st, 3d and reserve, Mount Washington Kennels' Victress Llewellyn, Nia and Norah III.; 2d, A. J. Hartman's Albert's Nettle. Very high com. and high com., W. B. Wells's Dinah C. and Daphne. High com., John Smith's May. Geo. C. Hore's Blue Dora. Com., Geo. C. Hore's Queen Dawn.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Seminole and Eleo; 2d, Glen Doyle Kennels' Glen Javel. Bitches: 1st, Battersby Kennels' Goldsmith Maid; 2d, Chas. Campion's Belle; 3d and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Aureo and Rose Palmerston.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, 2d and 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe, Leo B. and Duchess of Waverly. OPEN—Dogs: 2d, R. Evan's Gordon. Com., G. Flett's Victor. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Waverly.

WATER SPANIELS.—2d, G. Knox's Jack.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Mercer & Middleton's champion Lady Bromine and champion Boss III. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Johnny, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Joan.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's champion Briford Gladys. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Samson; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Mobawk; 3d, unknown's Toby C. Bitches: No entries.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket; 3d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' King of Oboe. Very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's champion Rabbie. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's champion Miss Obo II. and Bessie W.; 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's King Pharah's Sister. OPEN—Black Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Lufferin; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Obo; 3d, Ancient and Modern Cocker Spaniel Kennels' Obaufan. Very high com., Marjory O'Neill's Sport; high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Brant Cocker Kennels' Bessie. Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Flirt; 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Jealousy. Very high com., Charles Seale's Topsy. Andrew Laidlaw's Obo II., and Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Susie; high com., Henry Tyson's Lady Aberdeen, and J. A. Spradlin's Cora and Topsy II. Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Topsy. Dogs other than Black: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Bambie; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Man. Com., Hon. Senator Sanford's Garry. Bitches other than Black: 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Riding Hood; 2d, Wm. McDonald's Gipsy Queen; 3d, Andrew Laidlaw's Lady of Learning. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Dolly Varlen; high com., Wm. McDonald's Queenie and Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Little Red Riding Hood; com., Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Blushing Rose.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy and Metchley Surprise. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Metchley Wonder II.; 2d, John Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott III.; Seminole Kennels' Rowdy. Reserve, A. Burland's Moonstone. Com., McEwen & Gibson's Ballentine, H. P. Harrison's Toronto Wonder. Bitches: 1st and 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Mayflower and Vanity; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Cora II. Reserve, H. P. Harrison's Nancy. Very high com., T. R. Billett's Parton Ella. Com., Geo. Webster's Lassie.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, E. A. Woodward's Bo'swain. Bitches: 1st, A. J. Hatch's Blotter Girl.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Fred Church's Prince Bendigo; 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Commor; 3d, Dr. W. C. Sneed's Watchful Wagtail. Reserve, John Moorhead, Jr.'s Mister Dick. Very high com., R. Wright's Duke of Wellington, Arch. Inglis's Baron II. High com., F. F. Dole's Topsparkle. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' King of Hearts. Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Queen of the Dale; 2d and very high com., F. F. Dole's Edgewood Fancy and Belle of Edgewood; 3d, A. T. Wilgress's Grove Duchess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, J. K. Macdonald's Blemton Trump; 2d, Harry Northwood's Painter; 3d, Anglo-American Kennels' Endcliffe Spice, Mount Washington Kennels' Rowton Safety. Reserve, Mount Washington Kennels' Diver I. Very high com., Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Noboddy's Child. J. A. Spradlin's Bob. High com., Adelaide Dewar's Jack. Com., Geo. W. Prescott's Punch. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. A. D. Stewart's Hillside Baroness; 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Venus I. Reserve, A. D. Stewart's Suffolk Riot. Very high com., J. A. Spradlin's Vic. High com., G. W. Prescott's Dot. Com., J. A. Spradlin's Tricksey, G. W. Prescott's Arden Belle. BRE-HAIRED.—Dogs: 1st, Battersby Kennels' Adswood Jiu Li; 2d, Robert Junior's Stanley; 3d, Hendrie & Muir's Eskdale Bloom. Reserve, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Barton Sting. Very high com., Hendrie & Muir's Wentworth Wonder, Battersby Kennels' Green Gale Patch, Miss May McGivern's Jack. Bitches: 1st, Battersby Kennels' Repero Rosanna; 2d, Miss May McGivern's Sally; 3d, P. J. Smyth's Miss Taylor.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Exlie; 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Jack Briggs.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennel's champion Meersbrook Maiden. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broadfield Sultan; 2d, Miss L. Wright's Rochelle Scot; 3d, James Crook's J. M. Gilson. Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Matchless.

SCOTCH SKYE AND DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Klinton; 3d, Ed. Brooks's King of the Heather. Reserve, J. Butterfield's Mena. Very high com., G. J. Daniels's Fan. High com., C. J. Daniels's Valentine and J. Butterfield's Gayoa.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, H. Bedlington's Sentinel; 2d, Allen Trebilcock's Nettle; 3d, H. B. dington's Phoebe.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' champion Toon's Royal and Venus. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Toon's Royal George. Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Tot.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 3d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy and Bessie; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Cassina. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier; 2d, Mrs. M. M. Ballentine's Curtis; 3d, C. H. A. Lee's Friz. Reserve, A. G. H. Luxton's Barney. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr. High com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Fritz Emmet. Bitches: 1st, Howard Bros. Sateen; 2d and 3d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mabel and Fanny K. Very high com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Lady Victoria and Cribbage. G. H. Luxton's Fanny. High com., Seminole Kennels' Pearl de Jadin. Wm. Elliott's Floss.

TOYS AND PETS.—1st, M. E. Bessey's Minnie; 2d, W. Halling's Daisy; 3d, T. H. Church's Beauty.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, E. A. Manice's Windrush Rioter.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepherd (bloodhound).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel Specials.—English setters, Mount Washington Kennels; collies, Seminole Kennels; mastiffs, Flour City Kennels; St. Bernards, Wm. R. Beach; Great Danes, Wolverine Kennels; Clumber spaniels, Mercer & Middleton; cocker spaniels, Luckwell & Douglas; pugs, Eberhart Kennels; fox-terriers, smooth, J. A. Spradlin; black and tan setters, Dr. S. G. Dixon; beagles, Rockland Kennels; Yorkshire terriers, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels; Irish setters, Seminole Kennels; special of \$5 for best of each breed, competition confined to Hamilton dogs only; wire-haired fox-terrier, Miss May McGivern; setter, George C. Thompson; beagle, H. P. Brea; Yorkshire terrier, Jack F. R. Close; cocker, dog, Martin O'Neil; pug, A. G. H. Luxton; St. Bernard, Horan & Sweetman; Great Dane, Hon. W. E. Sanford; Newfoundland, Chas. Cloheey; collie, T. R. Billett; toy, under 7lbs., M. E. Bessey; mastiff, M. C. Bessey; wolfhound, Miss Hendrie; greyhound, Ernest Jarrett; water spaniel, George Knox; Bedlington, H. Bedlington; Airedale, E. R. Ricketts; foxhound, Wm. Proper; black and tan terriers, James Crook; fox-terrier bitch, smooth, Mrs. A. D. Stewart; fox-terrier dog, smooth, Miss Adelaide Dewar; cocker bitch, Wm. McDonald. Largest entry made by a member of the Hamilton Kennel Club, A. G. H. Luxton.

DOG CHAT.

THE following railroads have agreed to sell round trip tickets to the Blue Grass Kennel Club's bench show at Lexington for one and one-third fare and pass all dogs free in baggage cars when accompanied by owners: Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific, Louisville and Nashville, Kentucky Central, Newport News & Miss. Valley, and Kentucky Union and Chesapeake & Ohio. Entries close Sept. 13.

Mr. W. T. Irwin has resigned his management of the Moorefield Kennels to accept a similar position with the Glenmoore Kennels. He reports all the dogs doing well upon chickens, the whole kennel of reds now in Kansas being worked upon game daily.

A word of praise must be given to Messrs. Tuckett, Mole, McDonald, Becay and several others whose names we did not catch, for their untiring labor, which contributed no little to the Hamilton show's success.

The black and tan Prince Regent was missing for some time during the show. Having broke loose from an attendant, he ran round the streets for some hours. He was eventually found and brought back to the building. The cocker Black Duke also gave the show people a scare by slipping his collar and hiding himself behind a collie in the latrine stall. Half the keepers were running round the streets and building after it, and it was given up as lost, when his black coat was just seen from under the collie's mane.

"No," said the young lady competently, "I don't like them coolies, and the bugle dogs is horrid; but them cookie spaniels is too sweet for anything."—*Hamilton (Ont.) Spectator*.

The largest emigrant in the way of dog flesh arrived in New York Sept. 10 on the White Star liner Normandie. This is Lord Bute, of whose purchase by the Menthon Kennels we spoke some time since. The price paid to Mr. Shillecock, we understand, was about \$3,750. That Lord Bute is a large dog there is little doubt, but we question whether he can overtop Lord Melrose, which we measured at 17mos. old as 35½ in. Lord Bute has an enviable record as a getter of good stock, and we trust that the enterprise of Menthon Kennels will receive its due reward and that before long some of the prototypes of the cracks on the other side of the water by this sire may be produced and raised from him.

Dr. Foote's black and tans were protested for late arrival at the Hamilton show. The dogs, however, were shown under protest and won. It was then found that the train they came on from New York was three hours late in arriving at Hamilton Tuesday morning, and the protest was overruled. Broomfield Sultan was catalogued at \$30, and

several made tracks to the secretary to lay claim to him. Ben Lewis getting it first paid ten dollars to bind it. Of course it was a mistake, as Dr. Foote had placed no price at all on his entry form. It is a noticeable feature of our shows that so few dogs are claimed through the secretary, for we scarcely ever hear of a case. The cause may be found in the fact that there are few good dogs running around loose, and again that owners of dogs they think fit to show have an inordinate idea of their dog's value, and fill in the price accordingly.

This reminds us that at Hamilton we dropped across a capital fox-terrier pup, by Mr. Mortimer's old dog Suffolk Coronet, that he sold to Mr. J. W. Morden, of Hamilton, out of Bacchante, by Bacchanal—Venatrix; Suffolk Coronet by champion Result—Diadem. This is excellent breeding, and if Suffolk Coronet is going to breed such pups as this one he will do a lot of good for Canadian fox-terrier breeders. A tempting offer of the coin of the realm persuaded Mr. Morden to part with the pup, and FOREST AND STREAM now has an office dog.

It is astonishing to see the number of H. K. C. members' badges in walking along the streets of Hamilton during the dog show. Nearly every other man seemed to be a member, and this is not astonishing when one finds that this club counts 298 names on its roll, making it, without doubt, the largest kennel club in the world. Some \$2,400 was placed in bank as a guarantee fund, and before the doors of the show were opened they were quite able to pay off every indebtedness that might be incurred. As an instance, the very first morning of the show Spratts' agent was paid their bill of over \$400. There was no lack of attendants, and they were made to do their work, too. The catalogues were printed and ready for sale on the Saturday before the show, nearly three days ahead, very few mistakes could be found in it, and those only of a typographical nature. The catalogue was well arranged with breed index and list of exhibitors' addresses. We mention these little things to show that all these items go to make a well-managed show and that others can take a wrinkle from the H. K. C.

On the evening of the closing day Mr. Stewart, the superintendent of the Hamilton dog show, was the recipient of a handsome testimonial from the exhibitors and handlers, in the shape of gold locket, as a token of their appreciation of his uniform courtesy and kindness to them. On the face was engraved his monogram "A. D. S.," and on the reverse, "Presented to A. D. Stewart by the exhibitors and handlers at the H. K. C. show, 1891." Mr. S. L. Boggs, president of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, made the presentation, and in the course of a neat speech said: "It is my pleasing duty to present you with this small token of our esteem and good will, and may you live long to wear it in remembrance of the happy and enjoyable time we have spent here in Hamilton. I have been appointed by the exhibitors and principal handlers to show that they appreciate the efforts that you have made in their behalf. Most of us had no idea that there was such a glorious place as Hamilton, and no such reception has ever been offered us as by the committee of the Hamilton bench show. I feel satisfied that we shall all return with twice the number of dogs next year. That is, I am sure, the sentiment that actuates all of the men." Mr. A. D. Stewart, in his happiest style, thanked the whole of the exhibitors for the very hearty manner in which they had contributed to the success of the first Hamilton bench show, and he felt great pleasure in accepting the very handsome locket, not for its intrinsic value, but as a memento of the first attempt to hold a dog show in the city. He would wear the locket on his watch chain and ever remember the surprise. He required no thanks. The satisfaction that he had in the work which is now over, was the greatest reward that he could receive. The locket he should treasure as a pleasing reminder from all of those present of their esteem and good will, and for that, and that alone, he would wear it for the rest of his life.

"Captain" Murphy, Spratts' well-known and energetic bench erector and biscuit caterer, will receive a gold medal from the Hamilton Club. As usual he gave entire satisfaction by the manner in which he attended to the feeding and disinfecting. The caretaker of the rink in which the show was held was not forgotten, the exhibitors and handlers presenting him with a handsome purse which had been subscribed for the purpose.

We learn that there are less than 800 entries at the Montreal show. It seems strange that the liberal prize list given there should not have induced a larger number of exhibitors to enter. We think the early date of closing must be in a great measure to blame.

These is likely to be an exciting and interesting meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club on Wednesday during Toronto show. The important office of secretary-treasurer will be contested by Messrs. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, and H. B. Donovan, of Toronto. Since witnessing the former gentleman's executive ability and energy we are inclined, without any prejudice to Mr. Donovan, to think no better man could be found for the position. As we intimated recently it is proposed to make the office a salaried one for the future, so that a clerk may be employed to do the heavy work. We also learn that Mr. F. H. Mercer proposes to offer to publish the stud book for the club annually free of charge, and to supply every member with a copy gratis. As a large number of dogs are already registered and there is no publication in which they appear, the benefit of this step to the Canadian canine interests will readily be perceived.

We understand, on no less authority than a letter from Mr. Mortimer that puppy classes will still be offered at New York. It is needless to express our regrets at this intelligence, as we fully expected that the abolition of this useless, not to say cruel, adjunct of dog shows would receive its death blow when discontinued by the powerful W. K. C. What club in the United States will have the pluck to follow the lead of our Northern friends?

It is more than probable that a magazine of the highest class will shortly be published in Canada, which is to be entirely devoted to dogs.

They say that judging dogs is not quite so easy in practice as it seems to be to the uninitiated.

At length it would seem that Airedale terriers are to receive some attention. Mr. Ricketts, an Englishman resident in Canada, has become infected with the fever, and intends visiting England shortly with a view to founding a kennel of the breed. We have often said that this breed deserves attention, as there is no terrier better suited to a rough country than the native dog of the Vale of the Aire. Since boyhood we have known these dogs intimately, and certainly no more game and harder dog exists than this rough and tumble type. No one can call them handsome animals, still many breeds even more destitute of beauty have their thick and thin supporters, and no breed better befits the saying, "handsome is as handsome does," than this giant of the terrier tribe.

There is a most remarkable dog in Hamilton, Canada. He is a rough-haired mongrel terrier and rejoices in the name of "Jack, the policeman's dog." Fifteen years ago his master, a night watchman, was shot while on duty.

The dog, who was with him, ran home and by whining at the door and scratching attracted the attention of the inmates, whom he at once guided to his dying master. For the three days that the man lingered between life and death the dog lay at the foot of his bed and never stirred until the body was removed to the cemetery, when he followed in the funeral procession to the grave. Thence he went to the police station, and every night since then he has attended the men while on duty. At six A. M., when the men are lined up for dismissal, the dog takes up his post at the head of the line. On the command, "Dismiss," being given he barks and immediately disappears down the street, running at his utmost speed. No one knows where he goes nor what he lives on. All but his "public" life is a mystery. In the miscellaneous class at the Hamilton show his entry reads: "805. Hamilton Police Force. Jack, the policeman's dog (rough terrier), 15 years old. Not for sale." Miss Whitney awarded him vhc., doubtless more in recognition of his unique reputation than anything else.

Next week we shall have a portrait of Mr. A. D. Stewart, the popular president of the Hamilton Kennel Club.

We have received from President August Belmont, too late for insertion this week, a communication in reference to our article in issue of Aug. 27, "Is It Not Worth Considering?" This will be printed next week.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Seventy-four Derby entries remain in at the close of our second forfeit. The list is as follows:

POINTERS.

J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Black Wonder (Ike—Bang Bang's Pride).
Frederick Joy's Abbess of Kent (King of Kent—Louise Bejan).
Oug & Shuttleworth's Dude N. (Ossian—Fancy).
R. A. Baker's Sarah (Black Joe, Jr.—Scudder's Queen).
W. B. Sheldon's Shot S. (Springbok—Flush).
Thos. W. McManus's McManus's Hero, McManus's Alone, McManus's Countess Wanda and McManus's Wishbone (Black Joe—Dianora) and McManus's Ace of Spades (Black Joe—Scudder's Queen).
Horace F. Wood's My Lady and Forest Lassie (Shot—Forest Queen).
Jas. M. Vaughn's Don (Crup—Peach).
Dr. J. G. F. Holston's Fannie Kirk (Kirk—Croxeth Nellie), and Doc Fauster (Count Fauster—Croxeth Nellie).
Scudder & Munson's Black Chloe (Black Joe—Scudder's Queen, and Manitou (Luck of the Goat—Clary).
Dr. John R. Daniels's Promotion (Lord Graphic—Belle).
St. Mark M. Mundy's Phantom (Krup—Zeka).
Ossian Pointer Kennels' Hops II. (King of Kent—Hops).
U. A. Fisher's Little Oue (Nicomemus—Fannie V. Croxteth).
Geo. J. Gleason's (Agent) Roxiana (Cornerstone—Guenn).
Geo. A. McLin's (Agent) Don of Ossian (Ossian—Cherry-stone).

IRISH SETTERS.

Gas Leisy's Kildare Carmen (Elcho, Jr.—Ruby Glenmore).
B. F. Kramer's Eric Elcho (Lee Grouse—Della).
Tom Taggart's Fannie (Dick Swiveler—Frankie).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Sandboru (Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter), Dad's Mark and Hoosier Girl (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
H. J. Smith's Firenze (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone), Ruby Gladstone (Gladstone's Boy—Diamond) and Prince Pongo (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
J. E. Robert's Race Noble, Jr. (Race Noble—Fannie S.).
Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper (Roi D'Or—Miss Nellie Y.).
Lady Eveline (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone), Reel (Rodrigo—Lufra), Dad's Girl (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl) and Lucy (Rodrigo—Lu Gladstone).
Paul H. Gatzion's Hildegard (Monk of Furness—Countess Amelia).
Poston & Burdell's Latonia II. (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).
A. Corrodi & C. S. Greer's King Irex (Coin Gladstone—Blanch Rodrigo).
G. A. Day's Druid's Lilly, Druid's Pride and Count Druid (Ruby's Druid—Cricket).
Allen Mehl's Miss Prim (Rodrigo—Queen Ella Noble).
J. R. Hays's Don (Dom Pedro—Fanny).
M. C. Wiles's Frank Doncaster (Gladstone—Ruby Doncaster).
T. J. Widrig's Tough and Boy (Ben W.—Nellie W.).
G. T. Kerr's Nellie Noble (Race Noble—Fannie S.).
B. Ridgway's Booth (King Noble—Queen Vasthi).
Bert Crane's Liger, Cazador and Piel (Rodrigo—Maud).
J. M. Aven's Sappho, Iza, Robespierre and Chas. Kean (Rodrigo—Ollie S.).
Chas. W. Travis's Doc Quinn (Monk of Furness—Merry Girl).

A. J. Gleason's (Agent) Maid of Alma, Belle of Alma, Queen of Alma and Gloria (Dan Foreman—Don's Nellie).
U. T. Harris's Flyaway (Gath's Hope—Dimple).
Thos. Johnson's Manitoba Pet (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle).
J. I. Case, Jr.'s Mounie and Lady Elgin (King Noble—Queen Vasthi).
W. J. Hutchinson's Pembroke's Blue Don (Pembroke's Don—Blue Cubas).
R. B. Morgan's Bruce M. (Richard IV.—Rural Neva) and May Girl (Rodrigo—May M.).
Mrs. S. A. Elliott's Mark T. (Ben W.—Cybella Lea).
D. E. Rose's (Agent) Hope's Mark (Gath's Hope—Lady May), and Wun Lung (Capt. Bethel—Enid).
A. M. Hildebrandt's Bessie L. (Noble Tat—Tennessee).
P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

IRISH SETTER CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club, held in Philadelphia, Sept. 9, there were present Messrs. Child, Thompson and Davis, and N. Rowe and F. L. Cheney by proxy.

Mr. E. P. Bishop, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Boyd D. Rothrock, of Williamsport, Pa., were elected members.

Mr. E. P. Bishop was elected a member of the executive committee, to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Mr. Moore.

The secretary announced that Dr. William Jarvis had promised a valuable cup to be known as the Elcho cup, to become the property of the winner of the All-Aged Stakes; also that the gun editor of the Philadelphia Item had promised a handsome cup or trophy for the winner of the Derby.

A contribution was received from Mr. E. P. Bishop of \$50 to the winner of the Derby, and \$50 to the handler of same.

It was decided that the stakes of the approaching trials will be as follows: For the Derby, to the winner of first \$150, donated by the club, \$100 donated by Mr. Bishop (one-half to go to the handler), and the Philadelphia Item cup; to the winner of second, \$100; to the winner of third, \$50. For the All-Aged Stake, \$200, and the Elcho cup, to the winner of first; \$125 to the winner of second, and \$75 to the winner of third. The cash prizes in the All-Aged Stake will probably be increased later.

The treasurer announced \$149 contributions to the field trial fund. We have Dr. Jarvis's and the Philadelphia Item cups, \$145 in the treasury from dues besides, and will have the entrance fees in addition. G. G. DAVIS, Sec.-Treas.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

TORONTO, Ont., Monday evening, Sept. 14.—The Toronto show opened at noon to-day with an excellent entry of dogs including most of the principal ones shown at Hamilton. The building is the same as last year and is well adapted for the purpose. A number of well-known dog men and visitors are here, among them Dr. Foote and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. N. Q. Pope, C. S. Wixom, E. Hagans, R. Gibson, L. L. Boggs, Andrew Laidlaw, C. M. Nelles, Luckwell and Douglas, F. W. Morden, T. G. Davey, John H. Naylor, F. H. F. Mercer, Alf Eberhart, Dr. Kimball, and others, besides the regular handlers with their usual strings. Judging commenced in three rings, two downstairs and one for Mr. Wilmerding up in the gallery. Miss Anna H. Whitney and Messrs. John Davidson, C. H. Mason and A. C. Wilmerding are the judges. The work has progressed fairly well and will be well finished to-morrow afternoon. The fair is in full blast and to-morrow some of the greyhound races will come off. Some of the classes are strong, notably spaniels, pugs, greyhounds, one of the best seen yet out of New York, setters and pointers, etc. The following is a list of awards made to this evening:

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Iford Chancellor. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Flour City Kennels' Lady Coleus and Caution's Own Daughter. *Open—Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Kimball's Elson; 2d, Hugh Falconer's Mode. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Flour City Kennels' Miss Caution and Minna Minting. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. E. L. Kimball's Elson.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Reick's Kingston Regent; 2d, F. Stettenborn's Hesper's Son; 3d and 4th, J. S. Williams's Monk and Madam. *Open—Dogs:* 1st, G. S. Williams's Don Phyllis. *Very high com., G. A. McGillivray's Sir Leonard.* *High com., S. F. Glass's Bruce, Geo. Wright's Oscar.* *Com., V. L. Francis's Benmore, Jr.* *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. C. Reick's Republic Belle and Zenith; 3d and reserve, Pottersburg Kennels' Glensia and Phyllis; 4th and high com., J. S. Williams's Beulah and Norah. *Very high com., Vanbladiem & Ferguson's Daisy May.* *Com., G. A. McGillivray's Nellie Maud.* *Puppies:* 1st, G. S. Williams's Sir John; 2d, F. Stettenborn's Hesper's Son; 3d and reserve, Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis and Lidoan. *Very high com., J. S. Williams's Elveto and Dictator.* *High com., V. L. Francis's Benmore, Jr.* *G. A. McGillivray's Kenmore.* *Com., A. J. Groves's The Premier, Jas. Miller's.* *Bitches:* 1st, Pottersburg Kennels' Glensia; 2d, C. Hanschild's Theben; 3d, J. S. Williams's Lady Maud. *SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, W. C. Reick's Hector.* *Open—Bitches:* 1st, R. W. Tucker's Swiss; 2d, Vanbladiem & Ferguson's Daisy; 3d, Hanschild's Gemma; 4th, F. E. Lamb's Nan Nicer. *Novice—Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Sir John; 2d, F. Stettenborn's Hesper's Son; 3d, Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis. *Reserve, J. S. Williams's Monarch.* *Very high com., Geo. Wright's Oscar.* *Bitches:* 1st, J. S. Williams's Beulah; 2d, Vanbladiem & Ferguson's Daisy.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's G-m of the Season. *Bitches:* 1st, N. Q. Pope's champion Cassandra; 2d, Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway. *Open—Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Olympia and Ruby. *Open—Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Q. Pope's Old Stone and Highland Donald. *Very high com., Seaton Kennels' Ranger.* *High com., P. Dixon's Dick.* *Com., Harry Habart's Blucher.* *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Daisy and Lady of Gainsboro.

FOXHOUNDS.—ENGLISH—Dogs: 1st, J. Gibbs's Genius; 2d, J. Johnston's Rouser; 3d, F. W. Gray's Preacher. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Gibbs's Vexation. *AMERICAN—Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dan O'Shea's Ranger and Ringwood; 3d, H. B. Nicol's Bingo. *Very high com., H. Hulse, Jr.'s Bruce.* *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dan O'Shea's Hasty and Countess.

HARRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. L. Mayben's Racer; 2d, D. O'Shea's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, D. O'Shea's Molly.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 60lbs. and over, 1st, Robert Leach's Cleopatra; 2d, Belle Randolph. *Open—Dogs: 1st, W. G. Davey's Westminister Drake. *Bitches:* 60lbs. and over, 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Revelation and Lighted Madge. *CHALLENGE—Dogs:* (under 55lbs.) 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's Pommeri Sec. *Bitches:* (under 50lbs.) 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's Fan N. *OPEN—Dogs:* (under 55lbs.) 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's Ossining; 2d, J. & Y. Mackie's Shot; 3d, T. G. Davey's Arlet King. *Very high com., V. L. Francis's Nellie Maud.* *High com., W. G. Cassell's Sally.* *Bitches:* (under 50lbs.) 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Sparker and Miss Rumer; 3d, F. W. Shaw's Phantom. *Reserve, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic.* *Very high com., S. Holmes's Dodo.* *NOVICE—1st, T. G. Davey's Lighted Madge; 2d, S. Holmes's Dodo.* *PUPPIES—Dogs:* 1st, S. Holmes's Sting. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Bessie Girl; 2d, S. Holmes's Pepper.*

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Brown's Edge Mark; 2d, T. G. Davey's Lighted Rhinias; 3d, Mount Washington Kennels' Viscount; 4th, H. Northwood's Benzine. *Reserve, Mount Washington Kennels' Tony Gladstone.* *Very high com., G. A. McGillivray's Kennels' Mount Royal Sire and J. E. Hair's Sir Edward.* *High com., A. E. Davis's Forest Tartan.* *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Mount Washington Kennels' Nia and Nora III; 2d, reserve and very high com., T. G. Davey's Forest Healer, Canadian Lillie and Monk's Fan; 3d, Dr. J. A. Hartman's Nellie; 4th, Mount Washington Kennels' Victress Llewellyn. *Very high com., Sam Holmes's Vic.* *High com., H. Northwood's Forest Gem and 2d, J. Walsh's Scottie Belle.* *Com., D. J. Keely's D-I and M. V. S. Daisy.* *PUPPIES—Dogs:* 1st, R. W. Boyle's Field Marshal; 2d, E. J. Walsh's The Sultan; 3d and very high com., Forest Gem and Forest Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, A. E. Davies's Queen of Fashion.

CUMBERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Boss III. *Bitches:* 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Bromine. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Johnny Junior; 2d, George Bogue Smart's Darby. *Bitches:* 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Jo.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE (over 28lbs.)—Dogs: 1st, Rosedale Kennels' champion Newton Abbott Laddie. *Bitches:* 1st, Rosedale Kennels' Bridford Ruby. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Samson; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Mohawk. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Rosedale Kennels' Rosedale Bess and Rosedale Belle. *LIVER—1st, Rosedale Kennels' Beau.* *ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Fancy; 2d, M. H. Douglas's Billy; 3d, T. J. Fitzsimons' Toby.* *Puppies:* 1st, P. J. Keating's Bob; 2d, Rosedale Kennels' Rosedale Scamp.

COCKERS.—NOT OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's champion Rabbi; 2d, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke. *Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Champion Brant.* *Bitches:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's champion Miss Obo II; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Bessie. *CHALLENGE—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket.* *Bitches:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's King Pharaoh's Sister. *OPEN—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Oboan; 3d, Mitchener & Farwell's Don; 4th, Mitchener & Farwell's Black Brant. *Reserve, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Obadiab.* *Very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Brock.* *High com., F. H. Cunningham's Major Woodstock Cora; 3d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say; 4th, Andrew Laidlaw's Cleo II.* *Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Flirt.* *Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Topsy.* *High com., Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Susie and Jealousy.* *OPEN—ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Redman; 2d, H. G. Charlesworth's Nugget; 3d, Andrew Laidlaw's Bessie; 4th, J. E. Leight's Ruby. *Bitches:* 1st, P. J. Fitzsimons' Mollie; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Lady of Learning; 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Ridinghood; 4th, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Dolly Varden. *Very high com., Edward Richard Marks's Northern Queen, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Blushing Rose.* *NOVICE—ANY COLOR—Dogs:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Redman; 2d, Mitchener & Farwell's Topsy. *High com., Dr. Henry B. Nicol's Mirza.* *PUPPIES—1st, Mitchener & Farwell's Black Brant; 3d, Geo. H. Alward's Black Robbie.* *Reserve, W. B. Palmer's Ontario.* *Very high com., Jeff Word's Wood Hood.* *High com., H. B. Cooper's Cheevey.* *Bitches:* 1st, Herbert P. Mullins's I Guess; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Woodstock Cora; 3d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say. *Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Ridinghood.* *Very high com., Mitchener & Farwell's Topsy.* *High com., Dr. Henry B. Nicol's Mirza.* *PUPPIES—1st, Mitchener & Farwell's Black Brant; 3d, Geo. H. Alward's Black Robbie.* *Reserve, W. B. Palmer's Ontario.* *Very high com., Jeff Word's Wood Hood.* *High com., H. B. Cooper's Cheevey.* *Bitches:* 1st, Herbert P. Mullins's I Guess; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Woodstock Cora; 3d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say; 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Ridinghood. *Reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Beatrice.* *Very high com., P. J. Keating's Jennie, Harry Nicol's Jill II.* *High com., Robt. Clark's Yoho.**

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. *Bitches:* 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bessie; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Cassia. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashie; 2d, M. M. M. Bantline's Curtis; 3d, J. Broomback's Rowdy. *Reserve, Dr. M.*

H. Cryer's Fritz Emmett. *Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.* *Bitches:* 1st, Howard Bros.' Satin; 2d and very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mabel F. and Fannie K.; 3d, M. H. Cryer's Cribbage. *High com., Seminole Kennels' Princess Nellie.* *PUPPIES—Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Peggy Pryde; 2d, Mrs. Webster's Topsy.

TORONTO, Sept. 15.—Judging went on again this morning and the following are the awards made to-day:

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Huntington's Jack Shepard; 2d, Mathew's Beauty.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, Imperial Kennels' Imperial; 2d, 3d, and 4th, Wolverine Kennels' Favor, Brutus and Pascha II. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn; 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Ultima. *Puppies:* 1st, Minerva's Fawn; 2d, Ultima. *Very high com. and com., White's Seigrelda and Pollux.*

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Seminole; 2d, Douglas's Parnell; 3d, Glenlyne Kennels' Glen Jarvis; 4th, Dunlignan's dog. *Very high com., Pearsall's Erin Lad and Douglas's Larry.* *High com., Seminole Kennels' Elcho and Farmer's Hlawatha.* *Bitches:* 1st, Douglas's Parnell; 2d, Dunlignan's Duchess of Arundale; 3d, Munroe's Goldsmith Maid; 4th, Seminole Kennels' Palmerston. *Reserve, Douglas's Nellie D.* *Very high com., Rex Farmer's Minnehaha.* *High com., Seminole Kennels' Aurora and Pearsall's Lady Alice.* *NOVICE—Dogs:* 1st, Conlon's Rufus; 2d, Pearsall's Erin Lad. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Rex Palmerston; 2d, Pearsall's Lady Alice. *PUPPIES:* 1st, Douglas's Parnell; 2d, Glenlyne Kennels' Glen Jarvis; 3d, Dunlignan's dog. *Reserve, Boulton's Rufus.* *Bitches:* 1st, Pearsall's Lady Alice; 2d, Campton's Belle; 3d, Quill's Rose Elcho.

BLACK AND TAN OR GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d, L. Campbell's Beauty. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe; 2d, J. L. Campbell's Penderis. *Bitches:* 1st, J. L. Campbell's Dorothea; 2d, C. A. Gibbs's Annie Gordon. *NOVICE—2d and 3d, J. L. Campbell's Penderis and Cherry Ripe.* *Puppies:* 1st, C. A. Gibbs's Annie Gordon; 2d, S. G. Dixon's Lady Waverly; 3d, J. L. Campbell's Penderis.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Metchley Surprise. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Downy; 2d, A. Burland's Moonstone; 3d, J. Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott III. *Reserve and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Conway and Rovedy.* *High com., H. P. Harrison's Toronto Wonder and M. Walker's Walt a Wee.* *Bitches:* 1st, H. P. Harrison's Nancy; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Dot; 3d, W. Rolph's Belle; 4th, A. G. H. Luxton's Reta. *Very high com., T. McNally's Maid of Dundee.* *NOVICE—Dogs:* 1st, John Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott III; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Eslington; 3d, H. P. Harrison's Toronto Wonder. *Very high com., T. Jackson's Napoleon.* *Com., A. G. H. Luxton's Ross.* *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Fury; 2d, W. Robertson's Heather Belle; 3d, A. G. H. Luxton's Reta. *Very high com., M. Walker's Beauty.* *PUPPIES—Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Scilla IV; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Eslington; 3d, H. P. Harrison's Toronto Wonder. *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Fury; 2d, W. Robertson's Heather Belle; 3d, A. G. H. Luxton's Reta.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. Bryson's Dufferin. *Bitches:* F. F. Dole's Starlight. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight; 2d, Henry Wright's Ben Battle. *Reserve, H. F. Church's Prince Bendigo.* *Very high com., Toon & Symonds' Common and King of Hearts.* *High com., Dan O'Shea's Royal, John Moorhead, Jr.'s Mister Dick and Arch, Inglis's Buxton Baron.* *Bitches:* 1st, A. T. Wilgess's Grove Duchess; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Fan; 3d, Toon & Symonds' Queen of the Dale. *High com., G. Jordan's Heb.* *Puppies:* 1st, R. Right's Duke; 2d, F. F. Dole's Belle of Edgewood.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, E. A. Mammie's Windrush Rioter; 2d, J. Lewis's Fidelity. *Very high com., T. F. Fitch's Beauty.* *What's That?* *High com., W. E. Mackay's Bismarck.* *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Gilt; 2d, J. Lewis's Lina L. *Very high com., J. H. Ames's Nellie.*

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Tricotrin; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's Roy K.; 3d, John Sam-llie's Rose; 4th, A. B. Cooper's Tallyho. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Eli; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Ruby; 3d, John Smellie's Periwinkles. *Puppies:* 1st, Henry B. Nichol's King Krueger; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Guy.

Best beagle under 12lb., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, D. Munro's Dobbin and Starden's Jack; 2d, J. K. Macdonald's Blemton Trump. *Reserve, Mt. Washington Kennels' Diver Third.* *Very high com., Toon & Symonds' End of the Spire.* *H. N. Wood's Painter.* *D. Munro's Woodland Riva.* *High com., Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Nobody's Child.* *Bitches:* 1st, D. Munro's Ebor Nellie; 2d, Mount Washington Kennels' Rowton Safety; 3d, Toon & Symonds' Venus. *Reserve and very high com., D. Munro's Woodale Radiant and Woodale Refusal.* *PUPPIES—Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Mt. Washington Kennels' Rowton Safety; 2d, D. Munro's Woodale Radiant. *Wren-Harmon—Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Barton Sine. *Very high com., R. Munro's Stanley.* *High com., P. J. Smyth's Sly Boots, Battersby Kennels' Adswold Jim II.* *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. *NOVICE (smooth and wire-haired)—Dogs:* 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Nobody's Child; 2d, J. Bryce's Live Boathan Spice; 3d, P. J. Smyth's Sly Boots. *Very high com., C. F. Wagner's Gen. Grant II.* *Bitches:* 1st, Mt. Washington Kennels' Rowton Safety; 2d, A. D. Stewart's Suffolk Riot. *Reserve, G. W. Prescott's Lady Zig-Zag.* *High com., P. J. Smyth's Lady Belle, G. W. Prescott's Dot.*

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; 2d, E. L. Lally's 3d, Scott's Boy or Girl. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Exile; 2d, E. Lever's Kathleen.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—Dogs: 1st, E. Brooks's King o' the Heather; 2d, C. J. Daniels's Valentine; 3d, J. Butterfield's Goyon. *Bitches:* 1st, C. J. Daniels's Fan.

BEDLINGTONS.—Dogs: 1st, Norman Baldwin's Plea; 2d, David Pockess's dog; 3d, Dan O'Shea's Sir George. *Bitches:* 1st, William Morris's Jerry; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Zulu; 3d, Allen Treblecock's Nettie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan; equal 3d, G. R. Howard's Buffalo Rex and Miss Lizzie Wright's Rochelle Scott. *Bitches:* 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Matchless; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Ench Lady; 3d, A. F. Elmer's Gino. *Very high com., Dan O'Shea's Merry.* *Puppies:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Carmichael; 2d, Geo. Jack's Rex.

YORKSHIRES.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Toon's Royal and Venus. *OPEN—Dogs:* 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Toon's Royal Gem. *Bitches:* 1st, A. G. White's Miss Halifax. *High com., Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Tot.*

SPECIALS.—Spaniel Club Cup, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin. Kennel of Clumbers, Clumber Kennels; cockers, Laidlaw; field, J. F. Kirk. Money awards follow in rotation.

GREENVILLESHOW ABANDONED.—Greenville, S.C., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please announce through your columns that the South Carolina Kennel Association will not hold a bench show in January as previously intended.—F. F. CAPERS, Sec'y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

A. J. M., Waterville, Me.—1. The address of the A. K. C. is 44 Broadway, New York. 2. For particulars about Chief address Mr. Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.

F. A., Brockton, Mass.—A, B and C engage pups of me in the order named. Am I obliged to give A his pick, or can I sell to B and C, who come first, as long as I reserve a pup for A? Ans. A is entitled to pick of litter, and if he does not choose it when ready to wean, you should pick out what you consider the best and notify him of the fact, then sell to the others in their order.

W. G. C., Reno, Nevada.—I have an English water spaniel dog, about 14 months old, subject to fits. About the first of May I let him go in swimming in the Truckee River before he had his breakfast. After swimming around for about ten minutes he came out and the day being very warm we walked slowly away. In about five minutes he was taken with a severe fit, and after recovering he seemed to be all right, although quite so minutes. To-day he had the second fit, although quite so severe and under exactly similar circumstances. Occasionally his breath smells horribly, but it don't seem to last but a few minutes at a time. He is fat, not corpulent, and is well taken care of. He also has very red eyelids and part of the eyes are in a similar condition. He is very active, affectionate and bright, and if you can suggest any remedy to fit his case would be greatly obliged. These fits do not seem to leave any apparent bad effects, his scenting powers do not seem to be affected in the least. Ans. Give an aperient (say two compound colic pills) once a week and the following mixture: Pot. bromid., 2 drachms; liq. arsenicalis, 48 minims; water, 3 ounces. One dessertspoonful three times a day. Keep the dog as quiet as possible, do not take him out for exercise and do not let him get excited in any way. Feed on sloppy foods as much as possible.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BROOKLYN VS. WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12.—The Twenty-third regiment rifle team accomplished two things to-day. They walked the brigade team of the District national guard and made the next highest score that was ever made on a rifle range. In 1885 the Massachusetts rifle team made the score of 1,091. To-day the Brooklyn boys made 1,089, beating the national capital pets by 104 points, the latter making 985. The contest took place on the United States arsenal grounds this afternoon and was witnessed by 5,000 people, many regular army and navy officials being present. Captain Lancaster of the Third United States artillery acted as range officer. Colonel Partridge was present and looked after the interests of the Brooklynites, while Brigadier General Albert Ordway was on hand to cheer the Washington soldiers. The Brooklyn team was composed of Captain John S. Shepherd, Private S. C. Pirie, Sergeant H. D. Hamilton, Sergeant R. Findlay, Lieut. F. A. Wells, Sergeant George T. Musson, Corporal George Ball, Lieut. Joseph T. Hull, Captain E. De Forest, Lieut. G. F. Hamilton, Corporal H. McField and Lieut. Wm. P. Pickett. Major Haywood O. Brown was team captain and Ordnance Sergeant Chas. E. Bryant was busy in assisting him.

The Washington team was made up of Major Pollard, Captain W. L. Cash, Captain James F. Bell, Lieut. Geo. H. Harries, Lieut. J. M. Stevens, Lieut. F. L. Graham, Commissary Sergeant Chas. H. Laide, Sergeant A. O. Hutterly, Private Himebaugh, Private Walter S. Cash, Sergeant R. B. Smythe, Private C. W. Dickey, Colonel Clay and Lieut. Vale were alternates. The following is the score:

Brooklyn Team.	200 yds.	300 yds.	600 yds.
Shepherd.....	544435-28	445555-33	451555-33
Pirie.....	445435-29	043545-20	545435-29
Musson.....	544555-30	544425-28	351555-31
Wells.....	553555-31	545545-32	455555-34
De Forest.....	444555-29	545545-32	555555-34
Hamilton.....	544544-30	555555-32	444455-31
Findlay.....	544544-31	555555-32	444455-31
Hull.....	544455-30	544545-32	444455-31
Field.....	444555-29	544544-31	354455-29
Pickett.....	444545-30	445445-29	544544-30
333.....	370.....	366-1089	

Washington Team.	200 yds.	300 yds.	600 yds.
Pollard.....	533345-28	445455-32	555442-28
Smythe.....	444430-23	455444-29	45033-5-23
Bell.....	455454-31	555555-35	455453-29
Laide.....	543054-23	244322-21	240034-17
Harries.....	444435-23	454445-31	443254-24
Capt Cash.....	544444-31	454445-30	333333-23
Graham.....	455544-32	455445-32	555443-27
W. S. Cash.....	455444-32	444444-30	443334-25
Dickey.....	544454-32	455445-32	500444-25
Hutterly.....	444444-31	455323-25	435533-28
Stewart.....	443345-29	443345-29	423345-28
Himebaugh.....	433344-27	433445-29	454033-25
335.....	334.....	296-985	

The Brooklyn team used the Remington rifle, and the Washington team the Springfield. In the evening the Brooklyn boys enjoyed a banquet at the Everett House. M. B. F.

RENSSELAERWYCK.

The annual meeting of the Third Brigade will be held at Rensselaerwyck, between Albany and Troy, Oct. 1 and 2. The programme will include:

Match No. 1. Short Range Continuous Military Match.—Open to all comers, except as to the first prize, which can only be won by a member of the Third Brigade, 200 yds., 5 shots, re-entries unlimited, the aggregate of the best two scores to count, standing and off-hand, any military rifle.

Match No. 2. Standard American Target Re-entry Match.—This match will be shot from the house and on the 11-inch blank center, open to all comers, 200 yds., 5 shots, standing and off-hand, any rifle.

Match No. 3. Mid-Range Continuous Military Match.—Open to all comers, 500 yds., at second class target, 5 shots, unlimited re-entries allowed, the aggregate of the best three scores to count for three places, best two scores for all below, any position, any military rifle.

Match No. 4. Carton Match.—Open to all comers, 500 yds., on second class target, 11-inch carton to count 6, 15 shots, unlimited re-entries, one score only to count, any position, any rifle.

Match No. 5. Colt's Target Revolver Match.—Open to all comers and to revolvers only. Distance—30 yds. on the standard American target reduced. Number of shots 5, unlimited re-entries allowed, aggregate of the best three scores to count, each score to be completed before counted. Position standing, off-hand, use of one arm only allowed, revolver not to exceed 8 lbs. in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 3 in., open sights. Ammunition, any. Cleaning allowed between scores only. Revolvers must not be loaded until the competitor has taken his position at the firing point; the muzzle must always be kept in a vertical position or pointed toward the target.

Second Day.—Match No. 6. Third Brigade Team Match.—Open to teams of 8 commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers from any battalion or separate company of infantry in the Third Brigade N. G. S. N. Y., 200 and 500 yds., 5 rounds at each distance, standing at 200 yds., any position with head to the target at 500 yds., Remington rifle, New York State model.

The fall meetings of the Third Brigade Rifle Association have for years been the most successful meeting of riflemen held in this State. The Rensselaerwyck range is very accessible and well equipped; it is intended that the fourteenth annual meeting will maintain the reputation of the range.

The rules of the National Rifle Association, so far as applicable, will govern.

Communications may be addressed to Buel C. Andrews, Secretary, Third Brigade Rifle Association, 14 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

NEWARK, Sept. 8.—An interesting team match took place to-day on the range of the Newark Shooting Society at Schützen Park, the team representing the Empire City defeating the Jersey team. Two years ago B. Walther and M. Dorrier, of New York, beat W. Hayes and E. C. Watts, of this city, with 85 points to spare. The conditions of yesterday's match were 50 shots each man, the New York team firing the Newark shooters an allowance of 85, position off-hand, distance 200 yds., German ring target. M. Dorrier, of the Zettler Rifle Club, shot in fine style, although he did not do as well as on Saturday in the California telegraph match. B. Walther also did well, while W. Hayes was only one point behind Dorrier's score. The result in strings of 10 shots was: Zettler Rifle Club, 219, 218, 219, 218, 219, 218, 219, 218, 219, 218; average 20.74. M. Dorrier, 219, 218, 219, 218, 219, 218, 219, 218, 219, 218; average 20.74. Grand total, 2,126. Newark Shooting Society, W. Hayes, 220, 226, 224, 217, 201; total, 1,088; allowance 21.76. F. C. Watts, 170, 180, 188, 175, 167; total, 880; average 17.60; allowance 35 points; grand total, including allowance, 2,053.

ZETTLER VS. SAN FRANCISCO.—New York, Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are the scores of the teams of 15 men each in the telegraphic match between the San Francisco Rifle Club and Zettler Rifle Club, of New York. Fifty shots each, on German ring target, distance 300 yds.:

Zettler Team.	1054	California Team.	950
F. C. Ross.....	1054	J. E. Klein.....	950
C. G. Zettler.....	1026	J. Dombier.....	985
F. C. Watts.....	1041	Dr. Rogers.....	989
W. Hayes.....	1069	Rohrli.....	1007
B. J. Coppersmith.....	1007	A. Strecker.....	1020
F. Ambrust.....	1001	J. Meyer.....	1033
R. Zettler.....	982	E. Hovey.....	1038
M. B. Engel.....	935	F. O. Young.....	1043
J. A. Boyken.....	1017	Kuhls.....	1044
G. Zimmerman.....	1046	J. Utschig.....	1049
R. Walther.....	1118	A. Johnson.....	1048
G. W. Plaisted.....	1063	George Helm.....	1051
H. Holges.....	1060	Kühne.....	1070
		H. E. Brown.....	1072
		W. McLoughlin.....	1082

The Zettler Club shot under the most miserable weather conditions, while the California team had a fine day. The former club's representative was Major A. F. Klose, of San Francisco. The Western team was represented by W. Hayes, of Newark.—F. HECKING, Cor. Sec'y, Zettler Rifle Club.

A NEW STEVENS RIFLE.—After much consideration the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. has decided to place on the market a new rifle, which has been produced to meet the demand for a very cheap but thoroughly accurate, well-made rifle in extremely light weight, intended chiefly for boys. Although this rifle has been styled a boy's rifle it is particularly adapted to the use of ladies desiring a very light weight arm, as well as for anglers, bicyclists, tourists and those who wish a rifle of the lightest weight, greatest compactness and portability, possessing accuracy equal to any rifle and at an astonishingly low price. The



rifle will be stamped and known as "Sure Shot." It weighs about 3½ lbs., has a 20 in. barrel, is 22 cal., and takes a 22 cal. rim-fire cartridge; either a long rifle, short, conical, or BB Flobert cartridge. The barrel can be easily detached and the rifle packed in a very small space. The stock is of black walnut. The action outside is nickel-plated, the hammer and barrel are blued. The shooting of the "Sure Shot" rifle will be found to be of the highest order; in fact one of the objects is to produce a rifle equal to the best in accuracy, but less elaborately finished than the finest rifles in order to bring the new rifle within the limited means of the boy.

BIG GUNS.—Uncle Sam's rifled cannon cost a pretty penny. The contract prices for guns are as follows: Twenty-five 8 in. guns of the above mentioned character at a cost of \$17,246.55 each; 50 10 in. guns of same character at a cost of \$35,747.58 each, 25 12 in. of same character at a cost of \$54,473.22 each. The first of the 8 in. guns is to be delivered in two years, the summer of 1893, the remaining 24 to be delivered at regular intervals, the last being delivered within seven years of the acceptance of the first sample gun. The first of the 10 in. guns is to be delivered in two years and two months, the remaining 49 to be delivered at regular intervals within nine years and six months of the acceptance of the first sample gun. The first of the 12 in. guns is to be delivered within three years and the remaining 24 to be delivered at regular intervals within nine years from the acceptance of the first sample gun. The whole contract therefor will not be completed till the expiration of 12 years, or about 1903.

THE PITCHER RIFLE.—Chicago, Sept. 11.—The officers and soldiers at the Fort Sheridan Range witnessed the testing of an automatic repeating rifle yesterday that bids fair to revolutionize both naval and land warfare. The gun is the invention of Dr. H. A. Pitcher, of Neillville, Wis. It becomes automatic by the utilization of the gas produced by the combustion of the first cartridge fired. The gas escapes into a chamber and acts on a piston that is set against a spiral spring, the recoil of which propels the piston back against a rod that sets the mechanism of the gun in motion, the empty cartridge being removed and replaced by a loaded one, also cocking the gun. The best record yesterday was eight shots in five seconds. It is intended to apply the principle to heavy guns for use in naval warfare in propelling torpedoes, and as a machine gun. The Army Board will investigate the merits of the gun at their meeting at New York next month.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 15-17.—Knoxville, Tenn., Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Sept. 15-17.—Dayton, O., Second Annual Tournament. Open to the world. First two days inanimate targets. Last day spar-shooting. Address W. Scott McDonald, Fifth and Ludlow streets, Dayton, O.

Sept. 23-24.—Baltimore Gun Club Tournament, at Acton's Park, Baltimore. For particulars address W. H. Linthicum, No. 15, St. Paul street.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2.—First Annual Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, Williamsport, Pa. Targets and live birds. N. A. Hughes, Sec'y.

Oct. 1.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club Open Tournament. There will be at least two guaranteed prizes, all surplus added; one or two merchandise shoots, and sweetestake shooting all day. Rapid firing system. Address H. D. McVean.

Oct. 5-6.—Washington (D. C.) Rod and Gun Club Tournament. A. McCormick, 1015 Pennsylvania avenue, N.W.

Oct. 13-15.—Staunton (Va.) Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Oct. 21-23.—Reading's Tournament, Flemington, N. J. Key-stones. Open to all.

Oct. 27-29.—Savannah, Ga., Chatham Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS.

FOLLOWING is the record of the meeting of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, at Jacksonville, Aug. 25-27. Matches shot at blue-locks, 16 and 18 yds. Weather good, and meeting in general a successful one. Ties div. unless noted.

First Day.—Match No. 1, 10 singles:	
Bower.....	011110101-7
Black.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	000110000-5
Powers.....	011011111-9
Taylor.....	011000101-7
Dickhut.....	011110111-9
Hines.....	000100010-4
Dick.....	011110101-7
O B Still.....	011010010-5
J F Brown.....	011001010-5
Spink.....	011000101-5

No. 2, 10 singles:	
Bower.....	011010101-8
Black.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	000110000-5
Powers.....	011011111-9
Sinclair.....	011010101-8
Taylor.....	011010101-7
Dickhut.....	011010101-7
Spink.....	011010101-7
Hines.....	000100010-4
Dick.....	011110101-7
O B Still.....	011000101-5
J F Brown.....	011001010-5

No. 3, 10 singles:	
Rex.....	011111111-10
O B Still.....	01100122-7
Solomon.....	00212120-7
Spencer.....	01112121-10
Hines.....	011111121-10
Morrison.....	011011111-9
Strawn.....	011210012-8
Watts.....	011211011-9

No. 4, at 15 blue-locks:	
Bower.....	011111111-10
Sinclair.....	011111111-10
Solomon.....	011111111-10
Sinclair.....	011111111-10
Brown.....	011111111-10
Black.....	011111111-10
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
Sawyer.....	011111111-10

No. 5, 20 blue-locks:	
Sinclair.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
Sam Taylor.....	011111111-10
Solomon.....	011111111-10
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
North.....	011111111-10

No. 6, 12 singles:	
Taylor.....	011111111-10
Solomon.....	011111111-10
R Duer.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
Brown.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	011111111-10
A Hines.....	011111111-10
Carter.....	011111111-10

No. 7, at live birds, 25 and 30 yds. boundary:	
Coe.....	011111111-10
Dinsmore.....	011111111-10
Tremblet.....	011111111-10
G Crosby.....	011111111-10
Spence.....	011111111-10
White.....	011111111-10
Strawn.....	011111111-10
O B Still.....	011111111-10

No. 8, 10 singles:	
Spencer.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
Rex.....	011111111-10
Smith.....	011111111-10
Strawn.....	011111111-10
N Smith.....	011111111-10
Dick.....	011111111-10
Sinclair.....	011111111-10

Aug. 26.—No. 9, 10 singles and 3 pairs:	
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
Taylor.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	011111111-10
J Duer.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
North.....	011111111-10
Fletcher.....	011111111-10
Black.....	011111111-10

No. 10, 12 singles:	
Mead.....	011111111-10
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
Strawn.....	011111111-10
Spencer.....	011111111-10
Hawk.....	011111111-10
Jack.....	011111111-10
J Duer.....	011111111-10
Carter.....	011111111-10
Candes.....	011111111-10
Dewey.....	011111111-10
Fletcher.....	011111111-10

No. 11, live birds, ground traps and 30 yds. boundary:	
Spencer.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
White.....	011111111-10
Tremblet.....	011111111-10
Coe.....	011111111-10
O B Still.....	011111111-10
Dewey.....	011111111-10
Dick.....	011111111-10
Bess.....	011111111-10
Rex.....	011111111-10

Ties div.	
Taylor.....	011111111-10
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
Black.....	011111111-10
Brown.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
Spencer.....	011111111-10
Hawk.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	011111111-10
McD.....	011111111-10
R Duer.....	011111111-10

No. 12, 9 singles and 3 pairs:	
Taylor.....	011111111-10
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
Black.....	011111111-10
Brown.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
Spencer.....	011111111-10
Hawk.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	011111111-10
McD.....	011111111-10
R Duer.....	011111111-10

No. 13, 15 singles:	
Taylor.....	011111111-10
Black.....	011111111-10
Spencer.....	011111111-10
Powers.....	011111111-10
Westfield.....	011111111-10
R Duer.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	011111111-10
Brown.....	011111111-10
North.....	011111111-10

No. 14, 10 singles:	
Black.....	011111111-10
Bess.....	011111111-10
Taylor.....	011111111-10
Landers.....	011111111-10
Bauer.....	011111111-10
Morrison.....	011111111-10
J Duer.....	011111111-10
Dickhut.....	011111111-10
Rex.....	011111111-10
Gilbert.....	011111111-10

No. 15, 10 singles:	
Solomon.....	011111111-10
Bess.....	011111111-10
Dewey.....	011111111-10
Jones.....	011111111-10
Fletcher.....	011

Dunn.....	01100111111111111111-18
Morrison.....	01111111111111111111-21
Powers.....	11111111111111111111-23
McBean.....	00111111111111111111-18
G Crosby.....	11111111111111111111-23
Hines.....	10001111111111111111-13

No. 20, team shoot:	
White.....	00111111111111111111-26
Powers.....	11111111111111111111-26
Spencer.....	11111111111111111111-26
Strawn.....	11111111111111111111-26
Rex.....	11111111111111111111-26
Black.....	11111111111111111111-26
Taylor.....	11111111111111111111-26

No. 21, 15 singles, \$3 entrance:	
Black.....	13 R Duer.....12
Morrison.....	9 North.....12
Strawn.....	12 Westfield.....12
Spencer.....	15 Taylor.....12
Powers.....	11 Bass.....10

No. 22, 10 singles:	
Rex.....	10 White.....10
Dun.....	6 Dickhut.....6
Black.....	10 Morrison.....6
Slice.....	9 Taylor.....6
Bauer.....	9 Scott.....6
Powers.....	9 Hines.....6
R Duer.....	9 McBean.....6
Strawn.....	9 Crosby.....6

No. 23, 15 singles:	
Slice.....	13 White.....15
Rex.....	14 Black.....15
Strawn.....	14 Hines.....15
Powers.....	14 Dunn.....15
Taylor.....	14 Westfield.....15
North.....	13 Scott.....11
Spencer.....	14 Dickhut.....12

No. 24, 10 singles:	
Black.....	9 White.....10
Rex.....	8 Spencer.....9
Scott.....	8 Slice.....9
Powers.....	8 R Duer.....10
Dunn.....	8 Dickhut.....7
Taylor.....	10 Hines.....9

No. 25, 12 singles, \$3 entrance:	
Taylor.....	11 Rex.....12
Spencer.....	12 Black.....12
Strawn.....	12 Lee.....10
White.....	12

Ties on 12 carried over to next shoot, 11 and 10 div.	
No. 26, 15 singles, \$2.50:	
Black.....	13 Lee.....12
Spencer.....	14 Grubbs.....13
Strawn.....	14 Hines.....13
Rex.....	13 Dick.....10
White.....	15 Smith.....6
Westfield.....	10 Bolton.....9

No. 28, 10 singles:	
Spencer.....	8 Jackson.....7
Strawn.....	10 McBean.....10
Black.....	9 Smith.....6
Black.....	9 McDonald.....6
White.....	10 Jameson.....2
Summer.....	8 Dawson.....8

Ties div.	
No. 29, 15 singles, \$3 entrance:	
Taylor.....	12 White.....11
Spencer.....	15 Black.....13
Strawn.....	15 Dick.....12
Rex.....	14 Westfield.....11

No. 30, 6 singles and 2 pairs:	
Black.....	9 White.....9
Rex.....	8 Jasper.....9
Strawn.....	9 Smith.....7
Spencer.....	8 Henderson.....6

Ties div.	
No. 32, 12 singles:	
Strawn.....	12 White.....9
Black.....	12 Henderson.....8
Spencer.....	11 Duckett.....8
Rex.....	11 Metcalf.....6

Match at 25 live birds, 28yds. rise, use of one barrel:	
Hines.....	11111111111111111111-20
White.....	11111111111111111111-20
The tie was not shot off; reason unknown.	
Match at 10 live birds and 10 targets each, \$20 aside:	
Hines.....	1211211012-9
Lee.....	1010101121-8
Team match for a pair of birds, at 10 live birds each:	
Strawn.....	12111211-10
Rex.....	12111211-10

DETROIT INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The tournament held near Detroit last week was far from being the success it deserved, the attendance being very slim. The fair was in complete hands, and the managers, Messrs. Penrose, Parker, Gillman and Barnes deserved better patronage. The island of Des-chu-shos-ka, on which the tournament was held, is a lovely spot in the river eight miles below Detroit. It comprises something like 2,500 acres, 1,900 of which is ducking marsh, the balance farm and orchards. The hotel upon the island is managed by Gilman and Barnes, both thorough sportsmen, and they treated the visiting sportsmen in a right royal manner.

The badge presented by them for the international contest was a handsome trophy and cost \$150. The attendance on the day of the badge contest numbered upward of 600, and a more enthusiastic audience never was seen at a pigeon contest. The winner, Louis T. Duryea, is one of the most popular sportsmen in the East, and his friends throughout the country will be heartily pleased to hear of his success. Messrs. Gilman and Barnes are not at all put out at the non-success of their first annual, and declare that next year they will offer such a programme that will draw the largest gathering of sportsmen ever known, and they deserve to.

No. 1, 10 single Keystones, entrance \$1: D. Smith 10, Waruf 9, Sanford 8, W. W. Essig 7, Parker 8, Penrose 8, Donaldson 8, D. Leitch 8, Walton 10, Davenport 7, Butler 10, Small 10, Hastings 8, Wendt 9.

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance \$1.50: Penrose 13, Butler 12, Walton 10, D. Leitch 13, Donaldson 13, Small 12, Sanford 13, D. Smith 15, Parker 14, Waruf 15, W. Essig, Davenport 8, Wendt 13, Hastings 11, Ford 9.

No. 3, 10 singles, entrance \$1: Parker 8, Butler 6, Walton 8, Small 8, D. Leitch 10, D. Smith 9, Davenport 9, Essig 9, Sanford 9, Penrose 8, Waruf 10.

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance \$3: Penrose 15, Davenport 15, Sanford 15, D. Smith 18, H. Waruf 16, Parker 19, W. Donaldson 14, Hastings 18, Walton 17, Small 17, Butler 10, Leitch 15, Small 13, D. Leitch 13, Donaldson 11.

No. 5, 15 singles, entrance \$2: Penrose 13, D. Smith 14, Sanford 10, Parker 15, Ford 9, Walton 12.

No. 6, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50: Walton 10, Small 8, Smith 9, Penrose 9, Sanford 10, D. Leitch 10, D. Smith 9, W. Essig 8.

No. 7, 25 singles, entrance \$5: Donaldson 19, Walton 21, W. Rayson 13, Dick Smith 24, Davenport 17, Parker 23, Sanford 23, Waruf 25, Penrose 22.

No. 8, 5 pairs doubles, entrance \$1: D. Leitch 5, Butler 4, Donaldson 7, Cole 8, Hastings 6, Penrose 8, D. Smith 9, Howard 5, Sanford 8, Parker 7, Avery 8.

No. 9, 20 singles, entrance \$2.40: Waruf 17, Leitch 19, Hastings 20, Lefever 17, Youngblood 20, Avery 15, Cole 14, Small 13, Davenport 11, Butler 14, Donaldson 16, D. Smith 20, Penrose 17, Walton 18, Parker 14, Sanford 18, Howard 17.

No. 10, 15 singles, entrance \$1.50: Penrose 12, Smith 14, Parker 15, Walton 15, Sanford 12, Howard 14, Payson 10, Cole 14, Small 11, Lefever 12, Avery 12. A few extra sweeps followed.

No. 11, 6 live birds, \$5.00 entrance, 300 yds.: Donaldson 5, Parker 6, Sanford 6, Penrose 6, Waruf 5, Butler 4, Avery 6, Davenport 6, Dayton 9. Ties of 6 shot off and divided by Parker, Sanford and Penrose.

Second Day, Sept. 2.

No. 1, 5 live birds, \$4 entrance:	
Penrose.....	11111-5
Leitch.....	11112-5
Cole.....	12111-5
Parker.....	10121-4
Davenport.....	02111-4
Ties on 4 for 50 yds:	
Davenport.....	121111121-14
Sanford.....	112221121132-14
Davenport and Sanford div.	

No. 2, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance:	
Penrose.....	112112121-10
Parker.....	122111120-9
Davenport.....	212121210-9
Ties div.	

No. 3, 10 live birds, \$10 entrance:	
Penrose.....	112112121-10
Parker.....	122111120-9
Davenport.....	212121210-9
Ties div.	

No. 4, 6 live birds, \$8 entrance:	
Penrose.....	112112121-10
Parker.....	122111120-9
Davenport.....	212121210-9
Ties div.	

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance \$1:	
Renick.....	5 Cole.....9
Osmond.....	2 Butterfield.....10
Youngblood.....	8 Sanford.....10
Longfield.....	1 Ward.....6
Howard.....	6 Lever.....4
Donaldson.....	7 D. Leitch.....7
Small.....	7 Smalley.....7
Parker.....	6

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance \$1.50:	
Renick.....	13 Howard.....15
Garrison.....	10 Lefever.....14
Parker.....	13 Leitch.....15
Osman.....	11 Sanford.....11
Ward.....	12 Donaldson.....10
Butler.....	12 Youngblood.....13
Cole.....	14 Cooper.....10
Small.....	13

No. 7, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50:	
Gillman.....	5 Parker.....7
Renick.....	10 Sanford.....10
Essig.....	8 Lefever.....7
Baker.....	10 Leitch.....8
Gillman.....	10 Sanford.....10
Keeney.....	9
Cole.....	8 Ford.....7
Ward.....	8

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance \$2:	
Osman.....	13 Ward.....13
Sanford.....	13 Small.....16
R. Ford.....	14 Butler.....9
Renick.....	15 Lefever.....15
Howard.....	14 Pursey.....10
Penrose.....	14 Donaldson.....17
Parker.....	9 D. Leitch.....15
Avery.....	14

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

No. 8, 5 pairs of doubles, entrance \$1:	
Avery.....	8 Sanford.....10
B. Ford.....	6 Parker.....6
Donaldson.....	7 Ward.....7
Pursey.....	5 Leitch.....7
Howard.....	9 Comodore.....5

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance \$5:	
Donaldson.....	17 D. Leitch.....23
Howard.....	22
Sanford.....	23
Avery.....	22
Parker.....	21
Stillman.....	18
Sanford.....	23
Renick.....	20

Hubert 14, J. Thummal 14, Sanders 11, Carnie 10, Lane 9, Perry 9,
Lysinger 7, Levering 4.

No. 5, 10 singles. \$1 entry: Experts—Weller 10, W. Wolstencroft
10, Hobart 9, Neaf Appar 8, Lindley 7, H. Thurman 7. Amateurs
—Miner 10, Brouse 9, R. C. Griscom 9, Landis 8, Cleaver 8, Kling

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING.—Those who are acquainted with the spirit and pluck of Mr. Bayard Thayer will readily believe the rumor that he intends to cross the Atlantic next season in his new purchase, Constellation, and challenge for the two American cups now held by British yachts. One of these the Brenton's Reef cup, is now held by Genesta, 81ft.-l.w.l., 15ft.

most certainly did, and a day of unequaled sport was enjoyed under the favorable conditions of wind and light. Gold coin match, 20 Keystone targets, squad system of firing, 5 traps, sixth competition: Bowker 19, Black 17, Adams 16, Hosmer 16, Rule 16, Warren 16, Bennett 15, Gore 15, Stone 15, Snow 14, Brown 13, Nichols 11, Perham 9.

THE RIGHT OF WAY AT A MARK.

THE following comments of the *Field* on the recent Volunteer-Gracie collision are so extraordinary, and betray such an ignorance of the Y. R. A. rules, that only one conclusion can be drawn: the editor was enjoying a vacation, and that his pen had fallen into less competent hands, which, in their haste to find fault with the New York Y. C. have made most inexcusable blunders. Mr. Dixon Kemp has long been recognized as an authority on all questions of the interpretation and construction of racing rules, and the long chapter on the subject in his *Yacht and Boat Sailing* is the best, in fact the only guide, outside the bare codes of racing rules of the various clubs. The *Field* says: "The American rule on this point is as follows: 'If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass the mark,' by luffing up (short of tacking)." The contention of the Volunteer is, we understand, that the Gracie could not have weathered the mark by luffing and shooting round it, as she was heading too far to leeward of it; the Gracie people, on the other hand, allege they could have done so. Some months ago we called attention to this rule, and pointed out the difficulty there would be in determining which yacht was in the right if it came to a close thing at a mark. It seems to us clear, however, that the rule would be strained if it is interpreted to mean that a yacht is in a position to pass a mark without tacking if she cannot do so without luffing nearly head to wind and shooting past it. When a vessel close under the lee quarter of another is heading down and downwind, and the latter puts the weather yacht in a very awkward position, as most likely, if the weather yacht luffs also, she will, instead of avoiding a collision, bring one about; and supposing the yachts are abeam, the situation even then is very awkward for the windward yacht, if the one to leeward finds, after all, that she is obliged to tack. The Y. R. A. rule allows a leeward yacht to hall the one to windward to go about to enable her to clear the mark, which is not a mark in the proper sense, although this plain and easily complied with rule may in some cases create an injustice, we infinitely prefer it to the amateurish, hair splitting rule of the New York Y. C.

The meaning of the final sentence is very hard to fathom, but in so far as it infers that there is any practical difference between the Y. R. A. rule and the "very amateurish and hair splitting" rule of the New York Y. C., the writer is entirely at sea. Although these two sets of rules are somewhat different in arrangement and in certain details, in the wording, they are so nearly identical in application that the case might as easily be judged under one as the other. The New York Y. C. rules, which are identical with the very careful revision made in 1887 by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the most thorough and complete work of the kind ever done by any club, are more explicit on certain points than the Y. R. A., and the divisions of the various rules are more clearly defined. The rule is the same. Two important points explicitly mentioned in them and not in the Y. R. A. rules are that a yacht is not entitled to the rights of a new tack until she has actually filled away on it; and that a mark of the course is never an obstruction to sea room such as is mentioned in the rules.

Section 14 of rule XVII., quoted above, appears in the Y. R. A. rules as rule 19, "When rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course, if two yachts are not clear of each other at the time the leading yacht is close to an actually rounding the mark, the outside yacht must give the other room to pass clear of it, whether it be lee or weather yacht which is in danger of fouling the mark." Read in connection with the definitions of an overlap which form part of both rules, section XVII. in the former; but this important point, that a yacht cannot compel another to tack in order to give room at a mark, is fully covered elsewhere in the Y. R. A. rules, as is clearly stated in *Yacht and Boat Sailing*, at the head of page 192 and again on page 200, while a decision of the council of the Y. R. A. to the same effect is quoted on page 214.

The actual position of the two yachts is shown in the diagram on page 191 save that the tacks are reversed and the pier in the figure would represent the Block Island markboat, A being Gracie and B Volunteer, and A being far enough to windward to leave at least a doubt as to whether she could squeeze by.

The question of the right of the inner and leeward vessel to get by the mark by means of a "pilot's luff" or an "Albany luff," is as likely to arise under one set of rules as the other; and unfortunately is as far from an official settlement as before the collision in question. While there may be grounds for an argument, we believe that the right exists in each case.

It is generally admitted that no vessel may compel another to give her room to tack by a mark of the course; but inferentially the right to extend up to the point of tacking. Under the New York rules, a yacht is not considered as having tacked until she has actually filled away on the new tack, and under no rules would a yacht be considered as having tacked when she could still fill away on her original course, as in a "pilot's luff."

In order to apply a rule, it is absolutely necessary that there shall be some fixed point; and in the present case the only tangible mark would be that between the two tacks. If the rule read that the weather yacht should luff as high as she could, it would be worthless in a case like the present one, as the limit of luffing is not capable of proof. It may be urged that the same difficulty exists as to tacking, but the case is by no means as bad. In the present instance, had Volunteer given ample room in answer to Gracie's hail, and had the latter gone by the mark without touching it on the one tack or tacking on the other, it would have been a plain case of foul play on the part of the latter, and to get it. Had Gracie, however, fouled the mark in the endeavor to squeeze by, she would have been disqualified; and further, had she tacked in order to avoid fouling the mark, she would or certainly should, have been disqualified for wrongly compelling another vessel to tack. The most difficult case which could arise would be as in the present one, where the windward yacht tacks, and the leeward yacht, however, the case is much the same as in the right of way of tacking, and other hard cases which may come up under various rules, in which it is often a most difficult matter to say who is right unless ample evidence from impartial spectators is available. The inner vessel in hailing for room assumes the same risk and responsibility which she does in hailing for room to tack, and an obstruction to sea room; or in extending on port or starboard across another's bow.

The objection urged by the *Field*, that awkward positions might result, carries no weight of itself, as it applies equally well to such established rules as that of port and starboard tack, in which a little crowding of the rule or an error in judgment may bring about serious results; and in fact a foul may result at a mark under any rule.

While the combination of circumstances is one that does not arise very often, still it has come up twice in twelve months, and once in connection with the most important prize of the year. As we pointed out last winter, the matter should be settled at once beyond any further question; and though yacht clubs and committees are not given to deciding imaginary or hypothetical cases, it would be much easier to reach a conclusion in such a case now than when it may come up in earnest with a valuable prize at stake and more or less feeling on each side.

All racing rules recognize the right of an overlapping yacht to room at a mark so long as she is off the wind, reaching, or even closehauling; and at the same time deny the right of a yacht to call for room to tack by a mark, though granting it in the case of an obstruction to sea room. The only point that is not clearly stated, or at least is not undisputed, is where this right ends; and this question should be settled beyond all doubt before another season opens.

The following letters, which have a very important bearing on the Volunteer-Gracie case, were not made public until after the decision which we published some weeks since was announced; we give them now in order to make our history of the case as complete as possible.

YACHT VOLUNTEER, Aug. 7, 1891.

To the Regatta Committee, N. Y. Y. C.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to make the following statement for my reason for protesting the Gracie in to-day's race. When the Volunteer was approaching the Block Island mark on the starboard tack, the Gracie was on our lee. The Gracie found she could not weather the mark and hailed us saying she must tack. I instantly replied she had no right to tack and force us around. The Gracie commenced to tack, I directed the sailing master to luff and he did not until the head sails of the Gracie were beginning to fill on the port tack. The boats were of necessity close together and were in contact. Yours respectfully,

CHARLES J. PAINE.

ON BOARD YACHT GRACIE.

NEWPORT HARBOR, Aug. 7, 1891.

To the Regatta Committee, New York Y. C. on board *Electra*.

SIR:—I beg to submit my protest against the action of the yacht Volunteer in fouling my yacht Gracie as she attempted to round the Block Island buoy on her port tack on this 7th day of August, during the race for the Golet cup. I base my protest on paragraphs 7, 14 and 16 of rule 17 of the racing rules of the New York Y. C., having already in compliance with rule 19 of said racing rules displayed flag B of the club signal code, known as the "protest flag," and having kept such flag flying till answered by the flag of the answering pennant. I will submit a statement of the facts constituting the protest and I would ask a statement of the facts constituting the protest not to interfere in any way with the Volunteer winning the cup for schooners in this race but merely to establish the right of my conduct and to protect my legal position. I am respectfully,

JOS. P. EARLE.

PHILADELPHIA MODEL Y. C.—The fall season of the Philadelphia Model Y. C. opened on Labor Day, with a second class match for the Bates cup, which must be won three times before it becomes private property. Five models were entered, but only four started: Viking, Dr. George A. Koenig; Acme, Wm. Porter; Phantom, Capt. T. E. Biddle; La Valgiene, Ed. W. Fowler. Each model was sailed by its owner. The course lay east and west, with the wind blowing from west by north, strong breeze. The length of course was one-eighth of a mile to windward and return. The P. M. Y. C. divide the races into rounds, with five minute intervals between each round, the round ending when the second boat crosses the line. Both first and second boats score, the first boat scoring two points and the second one point. The sailing is continued for two hours, and the boat having the largest score at the expiration of that time is declared the winner. The race was started at 3 P. M. Score as follows:

First Round.			
Viking.	Min.	Score.	La Valgiene.
.....	7	210
Second Round.			
Phantom10	2	La Valgiene.....11
.....	10	2	Viking.....11
Fourth Round.			
Viking12	2	La Valgiene.....12½
Fifth Round.			
Viking9	2	La Valgiene.....10
Sixth Round.			
La Valgiene13	2	Viking.....13½
Seventh Round.			
La Valgiene10	2	Viking.....10½
Eighth Round.			
La Valgiene13	2	Viking.....14½

La Valgiene scored three firsts and four seconds, making ten points; Viking scored three firsts and three seconds, making nine points; Phantom and Acme made two and three points respectively. Phantom sustained a severe fall on her way to the lake, starting her keel and opening one seam; she withdrew after the fifth round. The models were all 30in. in length over all, 27½ to 28in. on waterline. The race was very exciting from start to finish, and was enjoyed by a large number of people. There were but three fouls during the day. There will be a race each Saturday and Thanksgiving Day, each class racing in its proper turn, first Saturday, first class; second Saturday, second class, etc.

MOSQUITO FLEET Y. C. REGATTA, SEPT. 7.—The open regatta of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. of South Boston was sailed on Labor Day in a N.E. storm, with rain in plenty and a two-reef breeze, a number of the twenty-five starters coming to grief. Wapiti carried away her mast, Gracie also lost hers, Annie lost her rudder and was steered through the race with an oar. Tantom sprung her bowsprit, and several capsized. White Fawn was disqualified for fouling a mark. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—21 AND NOT OVER 25FT.			
Ustane, S. N. Small.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, A. E. Jones21.07	3 22 33	2 46 21
Strideaway, J. Gannon21.10	3 21 54	2 49 39
Moodyne, Shaw Bros.21.10	3 22 58	2 50 33
Wapiti, J. Bertrane21.10	3 26 30	2 45 04
Erminie, Fleming & Son21.10	dismasted.	withdrew.
SECOND CLASS—18 AND NOT OVER 21FT.			
True Blue, H. Hutchings18.00	3 26 04	2 44 29
Auk, A. A. Martin18.05	3 27 06	2 46 13
Caprice, R. W. Bird18.06	4 33 07	2 54 06
Triffle, J. F. Cashin18.05	3 36 44	2 55 51
Phenomenon, Whitmore18.00	3 35 41	2 56 01
Scamp, H. N. Nyle18.06	3 37 08	2 56 05
Funny Fish, W. Scott18.06	withdrew.	
Memento, J. F. Small20.10	withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS, 15 AND NOT OVER 18FT.			
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning16.10	3 40 13	2 56 35
Dandelion, A. Adams17.03	3 43 57	3 01 04
Flourish, W. H. Besarick16.04	3 48 32	3 03 57
Hiawatha, E. Freeman16.00	capized.	
FOURTH CLASS—12 TO 15FT.			
Ressie, W. L. Young12.11	3 07 25	3 05 20
Annie, E. A. Rich14.08	3 07 23	3 09 03
Eucree, A. Jackson14.11	3 09 47	3 09 42
Bantam, I. Perkins12.09	3 23 08	3 20 53
Tantrum, J. F. Small14.11	3 22 12	3 22 07
Nellie, J. O'Leary14.11	withdrew.	
Nadine, E. Palmer12.00	withdrew.	
C. Conant12.10	withdrew.	
Grace, D. Smith12.11	dismasted.	

The judges were Messrs. W. T. Fisher, T. A. Maguire, J. F. Barry, M. W. Ransom, W. O. Elliott.

SIPICAN Y. C.—The 16th open sweepstake regatta of the Sipican Y. C. was sailed at Marion, Sept. 5. The courses were: Second Class—From Judges' yacht, leaving Nye's Ledge and South East Ledge buoys on port, to Judges' yacht, 15 miles. Third and fourth classes—From Judges' yacht, leaving Bow Bells and South East Ledge buoys on port, to Judges' yacht, 3 miles. Fifth class—From Judges' yacht, leaving Seal Rock Buoy, stakeboat off Phantom Island, Judges' yacht, Seal Rock Buoy and stakeboat on port, to Judges' yacht, 7 miles. The weather was cloudy, but there was a fresh N.E. breeze. Anonyma sailed a wonderfully good race in the second class. In the third class Tycoon did well. Daisy, in the small class, was the fleet going to windward, but was overrun. Purple was disabled by carrying away her mast. In the fourth class Edith and Charmion ran best, but Charmion was not in it in the windward work, in which Cat and Squall did best. Worry sailed well in the fifth. The summary:

SECOND CLASS—CATS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr.27.10	2 26 59	2 06 14
Grampus, W. E. C. Eustis27.09	2 27 04	2 13 25
Bonita, J. M. D. Parker25.04	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.23.01	1 34 26	1 23 18
Rina, J. Parkinson22.10	1 36 18	1 24 46
Daisy, Howard Stockton21.01	1 39 01	1 25 39
Carole, W. H. Davis22.02	1 37 46	1 25 48
Hermione, R. L. Barstow22.11	1 39 21	1 27 53
Buzzard, A. B. Shepley23.07	1 41 35	1 30 46
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Cat, Bruce Clark19.03	1 43 36	1 28 05
Edith, G. Van Henselaer19.04	1 44 57	1 29 33
Squall, J. G. Palfrey19.11	1 45 49	1 31 07
Charmion, J. Crane, Jr.19.05½	1 51 19	1 36 04
FIFTH CLASS—CATS.			
Worry, H. W. & R. P. Bellows15.10	1 32 03	1 15 20
Trana, M. Crane14.04½	1 35 39	1 15 42
Judges' Dr. J. S. Whiting, J. H. Clark, Jr., W. A. Andrews.			

BEVERLY Y. C. 178TH REGATTA.—A Marblehead, Sept. 5.—Course No. 1, distance 10½ miles, weather thick, wind good S.E. at start, lighter at finish.

FIRST CLASS.

Fancy, C. F. Lyman, Jr.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hawk, Gordon Dexter38.00	2 15 50	2 14 37
.....	38.07	2 21 21	2 20 31

One hundred and seventy-ninth regatta, open race, Monument Beach, Sept. 7.—Courses: Second class, No. 2, 10½ miles; third class, No. 7, 8½ miles; weather very thick, blinding rain; wind N.E., very strong.

SECOND CLASS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Defiance, H. E. Perry, Mon. Beach23.04	2 03 45	1 53 07
Surprise, Thos. Codman, B. Y. C.27.04	2 06 31	1 55 47
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr., B. Y. C.26.10	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Parole, W. H. Davis, B. Y. C.22.08	2 04 17	1 52 13
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, Jr., B. Y. C.22.00	2 07 05	1 55 06
Daisy, H. S. Horton, B. Y. C.22.00	2 12 11	1 58 12
Elna, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.22.10	Withdrew.	

Boats from a distance were unable to get up owing to the calm of the morning, and the exceedingly nasty weather and blinding rain reduced the starters from twenty-five to eight. All the boats came home reefed, most of them with every reef tied in, but Parole gave a wonderful exhibition of lugging sail by getting over the course under a single reef. Anonyma had race well in hand, but lost it by over confidence at finish. Winners: First prize, class two, Defiance; class three, Parole; second prize, class two, Anonyma; class three, Puzzle. Judge: W. Lloyd Jeffries.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. PRINCE OF WALES CUP.—The annual race for the Prince of Wales cup, open to yachts of the Royal Canadian Y. C., was sailed on Sept. 8 over a 15-mile triangle, two rounds, off Toronto. Only two yachts started, the 70ft. schooner Oriole and the 46ft. cutter Vreda, the cutter receiving an allowance of 17m. 23in. in the 30 miles. The wind was moderate, freshening at times, but rather favoring the smaller boat. The times were:

Vreda	Elapsed.	Corrected.
.....	5 41 00	5 23 46
Oriole5 37 32	5 37 32

JEFFRIES Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 12.—The annual open regatta of the Jeffries Y. C. was sailed on Saturday off the club house, East Boston, in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Strideaway, J. W. Gannon	1 24 47	1 36 51
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson1 40 03	1 38 16	
Agnes1 46 11	1 40 11	
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Black Cloud, Putnam & Ingalls1 37 40	1 37 40	
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy1 41 16	1 40 10	
Posy, R. G. Hunt1 41 39	1 40 22	
Expert, Jones & Chase1 43 45	1 43 13	
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Judith, W. B. Pigeon1 41 44	1 41 17	
Irene, G. Armisted1 42 09	1 42 09	
THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning1 31 01	1 26 08	
Wanda1 28 59	1 28 59	
Pickaninie1 31 01	1 30 40	
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Astrea, R. M. Bonner1 24 02	1 24 02	
Zetta, R. D. Flye1 29 25	1 26 54	
SPECIAL CLASS.			
True Blue, H. Hutchings1 18 17	1 16 34	
Auk, A. A. Martin1 20 08	1 19 08	
Fox, R. F. Farmiloe1 26 53	1 25 20	
Fox1 27 41	1 27 41	

The judges were W. S. McLaughlin, C. A. Brainard and W. D. Lombard.

FALL RIVER Y. C. SEPT. 7.—The seventh annual regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was sailed on Labor Day in a N.E. storm, with rain and strong winds, the times being:

SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.			
Hattie, Fall River	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Tahena, Fall River2 18 37	2 18 37	
CATBOATS, 24FT. AND OVER.			
Winnand, Fall River2 30 35	2 20 35	
Four Brothers, Newport2 18 00	2 14 34	
CATBOATS, 21FT. AND UNDER 24FT.			
Ella, Fall River1 34 24	1 34 24	
Olivette, Fall River1 39 56	1 36 09	
CATBOATS, 18FT. AND UNDER 21FT.			
Unknown, Swansea1 43 12	1 39 47	
Erminie, Bristol, R. I.	Broke down.	
Nereid, Wickford, R. I.	1 44 37	
Yaura, Fall River	Withdrew.	
CATBOATS, 15FT. AND UNDER.			
Mattie, Somerset1 57 53	1 57 06	
Fedora, Fall River1 55 35	1 55 35	
Marie Louise, Fall River1 58 45	1 58 45	

NEW BEDFORD Y. C. FALL REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the New Bedford Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 2 in a light wind with rough water, the course being 10 miles. The times were:

Start.			
Medea	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jingo2 01 51	4 13 48	2 09 27
Julia2 02 56	4 26 28	2 23 32
Wanda2 00 32	4 33 30	2 32 58

WINTHROP Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP.—The postponed race for the first class of the Winthrop Y. C. second championship was sailed on Sept. 2 in a light S. E. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
Pilgrim, E. W. Dixon	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alda, E. E. Wilmarth38.10	1 36 39	1 36 39
Nimbus, J. S. Cushing34.03	1 23 45	1 02 25
THIRD CLASS.			
Harriet, L. A. Harrington	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marion, Chesteron & Devereaux30.11	1 28 16	1 00 26
Fancy, Gude & Higgin20.00	1 50 25	1 01 36
Mattie G., W. A. Garrett18.05	Withdrew.	
Susie, Frank McNeill19.10	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Modoc, Dallis Belcher15.08	0 53 36	0 35 29
Scud, Lyman Meston17.02	0 59 01	0 37 30
Gracie, Charles Belcher17.00	Withdrew.	

HULL Y. C.—The postponed race of Aug. 15 was sailed by the Hull Y. C. on Sept. 2 in a moderate breeze from the east, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	3 06 27	2 18 30
Mignon, H. Babson	3 03 44	2 24 22
Hamberger, J. R. Hooper	3 18 32	2 29 56
THIRD CLASS			
Swordfish, H. S. Johnson	2 01 02	1 31 45
Echo, Burwell & Isham	2 03 57	1 34 35
Iona, J. S. Poyen	2 03 38	1 35 48
THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Posy, R. G. Hunt	2 02 51	1 31 22
FIFTH CLASS—KEELS.			
Composite, J. McIntyre	1 52 00	1 25 24

PLYMOUTH Y. C., Sept. 7.—The Plymouth Y. C. sailed its final regatta on Labor Day, the times being as follows:

FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS WITH MAINSAIL AND JIB.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harold E., E. E. Nickerson.....	24.00	1 42 15	1 12 22
Duster, W. K. Nickerson.....	22.01	1 44 59	1 13 00
Ariel, H. H. Sears.....	21.06	1 48 55	1 16 14
Sunol, A. L. Bailey.....	22.00	2 14 19	1 12 14
Curlow, L. W. Lawton.....	22.09	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS WITH MAINSAIL ONLY.			
Dazzler, H. C. Radford.....	22.00	2 01 15	1 29 10
Mildred, A. Holmes.....	18.00	2 14 14	1 36 49
THIRD CLASS—SPRITSAIL, CENTERBOARDS.			
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett.....	16.10	2 12 11	1 32 55
Puritan, C. D. Craig.....	16.11	2 19 37	1 40 29
Jessie, J. Morton.....	15.07	2 29 30	1 45 02
Katie L., J. Bagnal.....	17.09	2 29 20	1 51 08
Watermelon, W. W. Burgess.....	15.04	2 35 35	1 53 39
Peerless.....	16.04	2 35 52	1 55 45
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett.....	16.27	Withdrew.	

OWEENE AND ALBORAK.—On Sept. 10 a private match was sailed off Marblehead between Owenee, Mr. A. B. Turner, and Alborak, Mr. J. B. Palmer, in order to test times in the new boats made in the latter boat. The course was from off Marblehead Rock, around Harding's bell buoy, 12½ miles to windward and return. The start was given at 11:45. Owenee sailed by Capt. Chas. Barr, going over at 11:46:26, while Alborak, steered by Capt. Hank Haft, crossed at 11:47:34. On the first tack off shore a slight shift of wind helped Owenee a little, but she was gaining steadily all the way, both in pointing and footing, the weather mark being Owenee 2:00:00, Alborak 2:08:30. Owenee had gained 7m. 2s., which lead she held in running home, the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Owenee.....	11 46 26	3 21 34	3 35 08	3 34 08
Alborak.....	11 47 34	3 30 00	3 42 26	3 42 26

Mr. Geo. A. Stewart acted as judge.

HULL CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The sail-off for the championship of the Hull Corinthian Y. C. took place on Sept. 10 in a S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, W. H. Thayer.....	19.11	1 41 39	1 18 82
Egeria, R. D. Ware.....	19.11	1 42 58	1 19 51

The judges were C. V. Souther and F. H. Smith.

VIATOR AND REBECCA.—On Sept. 12 a match race was sailed between the keel schooner Viator, W. G. Brokaw, and the centerboard schooner Rebecca, F. M. Hansling, over the Captains Island course of the Larchmont Y. C., with Messrs. Scott and Sarony as judges. The wind was light from S.W. The times at Captain's Island were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viator.....	3 36 37	6 13 16	3 36 39	3 33 39
Rebecca.....	3 35 37	6 13 36	3 37 59	3 37 59

"WHO WON?"—The 1891 edition of Capt. Summers's standard book differs from that of last season mainly in the added accuracy and more compact form of the immense amount of information which it contains. The reputation of the book has been so firmly established by the previous volumes that we need only say that the last is the best of all.

EDWARD BURGESS AND HIS WORK.—The September number of the *New England Magazine* contains a very able and interesting article under the above heading by Mr. A. G. McVey, yachting editor of the *Boston Herald*. The illustrations, including a portrait of Mr. Burgess, are very good.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to *FOREST AND STREAM* their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to *FOREST AND STREAM* their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

ADDRESS WANTED.—We have heard a number of pressing inquiries lately as to the identity of the writer of the following comments on the meet, which appeared in the *Tribune* a short time since: "Too many of the races were called to suit the pleasure of the ladies' camp and not to serve the convenience of the canoeists. The fact is that the ladies' camp has grown to be an altogether too important factor in the meets. Apparently it often dictates the policy of the camp; certain it takes the attention of many from their canoeing duties and requires more attention to the dress than should be required. Either the ladies' camp must be made of less importance or else the active canoeists will withdraw from the American Canoeists' (?) Association and form a new association, without any such appendage as 'Squaw Point.' Such a threat was heard frequently in the course of the meet, but

it is not likely to be carried out unless the situation as to the ladies' camp grows worse." We venture the opinion that without the influence of the ladies' camp the meet would lose the attendance of many of the older and staid members of the A. C. A., non-girling men at that, who are never seen at Squaw Point.

THE PASSAIC RIVER REGATTA.

THE canoeists of the Passaic River held a very successful meet on Sept. 5, 6 and 7 in the neighborhood of the Lanthe, Arlington and Orange Canoe Clubs. No tents were pitched, the canoeists preferring to sleep in the club houses. Members of the Bayonne, Hoboken and Crescent Canoe Clubs cruised up the river several days before the date of the meet, and canoeists from Rutherford, Passaic and other points arrived on Friday night.

Saturday afternoon at 2 P. M. the first event on the programme of the Orange C. C. was called. It was the junior sailing race, and was won by W. H. Smiley, of the Orange C. C., in canoe Scout, the other contestants being unable to finish the race on account of lack of wind. The paddling races were called next, and resulted as follows:

Senior Paddling Race—L. B. Palmer, Lanthe.

Junior Paddling Race—L. J. Stewart, Lanthe.

Paddling Tandem Race—Pockman, Crescent, and Simpson, Yonkers.

Paddling, any class—Geo. Metze, Lanthe.

Hurry Scurry Race—Metze.

Record Paddling for Passaic River Record Cup—L. B. Palmer first, G. P. Douglas second, F. B. Collins third, Pockman fourth.

Club Four Paddling—Douglas, Palmer, W. Stewart and Duguid, Lanthe.

The hurry scurry race was the most interesting of all. Edinger followed Palmer's canoe last year and ran up the river bank, and then swam with the tide to his canoe, which he reached long before Metze, the only other contestant, could cover the distance swimming against the tide. Edinger upset at the signal, and would have won by a long lead, but by upsetting again by request before crossing the finish line, he was passed by Metze before he could regain his canoe. During the evening the visitors were entertained by the Orange Club.

On Sunday many of the canoeists paddled up the river as far as Passaic, where dinner was served.

On Monday morning the canoeists were astir at an early hour and the first race of the Arlington regatta was started promptly at nine o'clock, and proved to be as good a race as has been sailed on the river. Seven of the canoes were upset by the strong N.W. breeze. Douglas finished first, Palmer second.

Louis Simpson, of Yonkers, won single paddling race, with Duguid second.

Paddling Tandem, Decker Canoes—Douglas and Duguid first, Pockman and Simpson second.

Paddling Tandem, Open Canoes—Palmer and Hart first, Stewart and Archibald second.

Paddling club four, won by Lanthe crew.

Paddling and Sailing Combined for the Passaic River Record—Palmer first, Douglas second.

Hurry Scurry and Upset—Edinger, Crescent C. C., first, Dudley, Knickerbocker C. C., second.

After the regatta lunch was served and handsome prizes presented.

The principal event, the regatta of the Lanthe C. C. on Monday afternoon, was very well managed, the full programme, a long one, being promptly run off before dark. The winners were:

First event—Sailing, seniors, record event; first, G. P. Douglas; second, L. B. Palmer.

Second event—Sailing juniors, record event; H. S. Des, Brisay.

Third event—Sailing, man overboard; first, G. P. Douglas; second, G. Baxter.

Fourth event—Sailing, upset, G. P. Douglas.

Fifth event—Paddling open canoe, single blades; first, W. J. Stewart; second, F. McClees.

Sixth event—Seniors, decked sailing canoes; first, L. B. Palmer; second, James Duguid.

Seventh event, paddling, juniors, decked sailing canoes; first, H. Kretzmer; second, Joseph Stewart.

Eighth event, paddling tandem, open canoes, single blades; first Duguid and Archibald; second, Farmer and Fredericks.

Ninth event, paddling tandem, decked canoes; first, Palmer and Douglas; second, Pockman and Simpson.

Tenth event, club fours, open canoes, single blades; first, Lanthe; second, Arlington.

Eleventh event, club fours, decked sailing canoes; first, Lanthe.

Twelfth event, paddling, any canoe; first, F. McClees.

Thirteenth event, hurry-scurry; first, Edward Edinger; second, Palmer.

Robert J. Wilkin acted as judge and starter. The 16 events on the programme were started promptly, and the last race called at 6:20 P. M.

This was the most successful regatta ever held by the Lanthe C. C., and the guests of the club were continually interested. During the evening there was a large number present at the supper of salad, coffee, sandwiches, etc.; Vice-Com. Winné, Sec'y-elect Wackerhagen, and other Mohicans; W. L. Dudley, J. K. Hand, of the Knickerbockers; R. J. Wilkin, H. H. Smythe, and others, spent the evening with the club.

The Passaic River Record trophy, a handsome silver mug, was won by Palmer, in canoe Cricket, who scored four points; Douglas was second with two points.

HOLYOKE C. C., SEPT. 7.—The second annual regatta of the Holyoke C. C. was held on Labor Day, the first race being the half-mile sailing for the Sans Souci prize cup. The starters were Emil Knappe, W. E. Parsons, F. H. Metcalf, Louis Lamb, C. F. Schuster, and Will Ladd. Knappe won, with Metcalf a close second; Schuster upset. The canoe, single blade paddling race, ¼ mile, was won by Knappe and Hodgen; standing paddling race, 100yds., by Ladd; single paddling race, ¼ mile, by Hodgen and Metcalf; sailing race, ¼ mile, declared off; hand paddling race, 100yds., was won by Galbraith; upset race, by Metcalf and Banks; the tandem paddling by Enson and Sardner; the hurry scurry by Metcalf, Schuster and Banks; the single paddling, ¼ mile, by L. E. Towne; the championship race, ¼ mile, by Metcalf, Solen and Brown; umbrella race, declared off. The special one mile sailing race was won by Knappe. The officers were: Regatta committee, Capt. F. B. Towne, First Lieut. F. H. Metcalf, Second Lieut. H. E. McEwain. Judges, William Reed, H. L. Russell, W. M. Reynolds. Starters, R. T. Wyckoff, E. S. Towne, B. L. Syms and T. J. Morrow.

VESPER BOAT CLUB REGATTA.—A regatta will be held by the Vesper Boat Club on Sept. 26, open to members of the club and to members of the American Canoe Association. The events will be: Single canoe—one mile, with turn. Tandem paddling—half mile, straightaway. Single scull—two miles, with turn. Four-oared working boats—two miles. Double working boats—two miles. Sailing canoes—four miles, unlimited. A. C. A. rules to govern canoe races. Rules of National Association of American Oarsmen to govern rowing races. Entries close on Sept. 23, to be made to Paul Butler, chairman of regatta committee. Address, Lowell, Mass. Our prizes, while creditable, will not be of great intrinsic value, but we will try and have some sport. No postponement on account of weather.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: Ebert C. Everest, Chas. Russell, Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Chas. H. Snedeker, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Eastern Division: Chas. O. Murray, Horatio Hickok, L. E. Woodhouse and W. M. Crombie, Burlington, Vt.; H. M. Mott-Smith and J. L. Dean, Boston, Mass.; John B. Richards, Fall River, Mass.; Albert E. Copeland, A. N. Knight and H. Frost, Worcester, Mass. Atlantic Division: William T. Demarest, New York City.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—The first "carnival of sports" of the Manhattan Athletic Club, on Sept. 19, at the grounds, 155th street and 8th avenue, New York, will include a series of canoe races, under the direction of Mr. W. S. Elliott, the director of canoeing of the M. A. C.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The fall regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. set for Sept. 12, was postponed to a future date. A notice of the postponement was sent but reached us after we had gone to press.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. K.—The gun has not been tested by us.

F. S. L., Mandan, N. D.—Can you give me any information as to fishing in southern California? Are there any fish? There are trout in the mountain streams, and in salt water are redfish, kelpfish, rock cod, barracuda, Spanish mackerel, flounders and others.

ONYJTUTA.—1. Should not fish be killed at once on taking, and what is the neatest and most humane way of dispatching? 2. Are both the large and small-mouth black bass found in the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers? Ans. 1. Yes; cut the throat. 2. Small-mouth only, as far as we know.

J. E. D., Brooklyn.—What is the direction of the trajectory of a ball? Is it a straight line from muzzle to object, or is it a curved line? If a curved line, is it above the center line or below it? Ans. If it is a curved line, it is above the center line, and must necessarily rise above the center line, if by that is meant a straight line from muzzle to target.

J. D. B.—Can any deer or large game be taken out of Maine? And will you give the Maine game law for this season? Ans. The law permits hunting for moose, deer and caribou between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1. It is forbidden to use dogs or to kill cow moose at any time. One person may kill only one moose, two caribou and three deer in a season. Transportation and exportation permitted (within foregoing limit) if game carcasses are plainly tagged with owner's name and accompanied by him.

H. E. A., Lancaster, Pa.—Please give the names of the trapshooters who have been placed in the expert class. At the shoot of the Haysburg Association there were shooters whom it was desired to handicap, but they claimed they were not liable under the rules, as their record of 90 per cent. was not made at an Association shoot. Ans. This list is given in the Association programme of the Knoxville shoot, which closes to-day: "The following list of experts will have to shoot at unknown angles: H. McMurphy, C. W. Budd, R. O. Helkes, J. R. Stice, W. Crosby, W. H. Wolstencroft, John Ruble, F. D. Kelsey, H. B. Whitney, E. S. B. H. H. Miller, W. S. McDonald, A. L. Bandle, M. F. Lindley, F. Parmelee, J. Winston, A. G. Courtney, W. E. O. R. Dickey, H. G. Wheeler, Mr. Stanton, J. A. Sherman, H. A. Penrose, W. C. Cady (Brooks), N. Apper, Ed. Collins, E. A. Andrews, C. E. Barrett, B. F. Schumeler (Hamline), Dr. "Bond," Chas. S. Sanborn, Fred Bennet (White), S. Bowker, S. A. Tucker, Geo. Osborne, J. A. R. Elliott and all others whom we know to be better than 90 per cent. as soon as an amateur proves to be shooting strong enough he will be advanced to the expert class and be compelled to shoot in the higher class."

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No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted	"	3 82
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz.	"	2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint.	"	3 75
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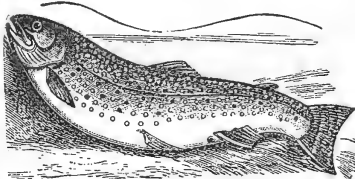
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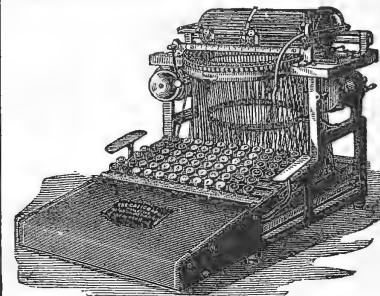
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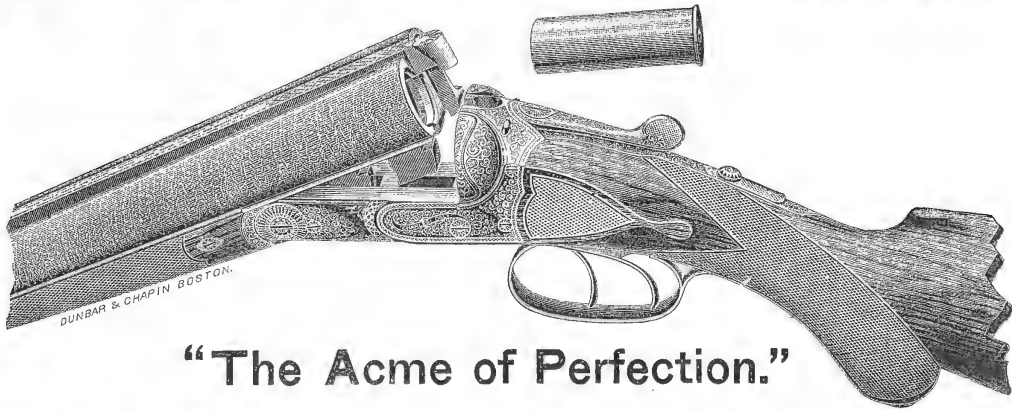
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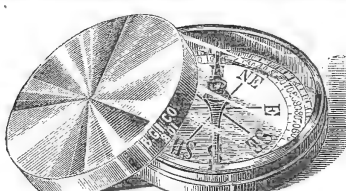
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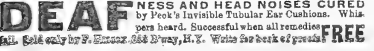


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This grand headed young dog is by the famous Ch. VALENTINE out of that well known bitch SAFFRON. He is the only son of Ch. Valentine at stud in America, and from his breeding, and low stud fee, should be much sought after by St. Bernard breeders. Stud fee.....\$25.00

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 10.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY.
NEW YORK CITY.

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CENTERBOARDS IN INTERNATIONAL RACING.

IN nearly all the international races between American and British yachts the centerboard has played a most important and clearly defined part. It has not only been the chief weapon of the contestants, on one side, such victories as they have gained being due largely to its aid; but it has been used solely by this side, being opposed with equal obstinacy by the keel in the hands of the other party. Up to the beginning of the present season the results were plain and unmistakable; in the larger class of yacht, where absolute draft of water was so impracticable as to make necessary a comparatively shoal hull, the centerboard has thus far proved the controlling factor. In all smaller classes, probably from 70ft. 1.w.l. downward, the superiority of the keel type has been made manifest in the gradual abandonment of the centerboard, the condition being changed from one in which the whole fleet was composed of centerboard craft, as in 1878, to that in 1890, in which the centerboards had practically abandoned the racing courses in all classes where good keel boats were found, such as the 30ft., 40ft. and 53ft.

Starting with all the odds in its favor, the centerboard had year by year lost ground, and even in the most modern racing craft, such as Shark, Hawk, Ventura and Gorilla, had failed to make a fair showing against the keels.

Taking the results of years of racing on both sides, there was little to justify the adoption of the centerboard in a racing yacht of 13ft. draft or less, equivalent to 70ft. 1.w.l., and the news that Mr. Watson had decided to place a centerboard in a racing boat, and, moreover, in one which was intended from the first to top the 10-rating class on the Clyde, came as a surprise on both sides of the Atlantic. Considering the keel boats in the class, Yvonne, Encore and the rest, and the responsibility of

maintaining the prestige won in the old Doris, the experiment was a daring one. At the same time two smaller centerboards were built for the 2½-rating class, to meet half a dozen crack keel craft. While all three were in a measure allied to the compromise type, so common of late in America, they differed in one marked respect, the centerboards being of metal, instead of wood, and very heavy.

Until quite late in the winter it seemed that Americans had done with the board so far as racing is concerned, all of the new 46-footers being keels, but at the last moment Mr. Burgess and that good friend of the centerboard, Dr. Bryant, took hold in earnest and turned out one representative, a wide compromise of the general type of the 30-footers Shark and Hawk.

The results of these two experiments are now known, the season being over. On the Clyde the performance of Dora against the keel tens has been a succession of victories, backed up by similar work on the part of the 2½-raters Elfin and Ownsay. At this distance, and with incomplete data, it is impossible to gauge exactly the extent of the victory or its probable results, but it is certain that the centerboard type has made a far better showing against the keels this year on the Clyde than it has ever done in America.

On this side the result is less conclusive, but there is no ground for doubt that Beatrix, the Burgess centerboard, is inferior to Gloriana, in fact the question of second and third place is open between Beatrix and her keel sister Oweene. Beatrix is certainly a very fast boat, probably the best centerboard that has raced in the classes below the 70ft., but at the same time her performances are overlooked beside those of Gloriana, and the keel is undoubtedly still ahead in America.

The prospects of a renewal of international racing are very poor, save in the direction of Constellation, the big schooner, but should a challenge pass from either side, the positions would present a curious contrast. On the part of America, the triumph of Gloriana against such a field as the new 46ft. class, the highest achievement of a decade of hard racing and rapid evolution, would naturally suggest the propriety of adhering to the same type in any class under 80 to 90ft.

On the other side, where the effect of Volunteer's centerboard as opposed to Thistle's keel has if anything been overrated, and with the newly acquired evidence offered by Dora as opposed to Yvonne and the other keels, there exists every inducement to try the experiment of a heavy centerboard in a larger craft. A keel cutter from Bristol, R. I., opposed to a centerboard cutter from the Clyde would make a race that would give to yachting the stimulus so much needed just now, and would shed new light on questions which are apparently still wide of a final settlement.

SONG BIRDS FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE people of California are engaged in an enterprise to introduce foreign song birds. The first to propose the scheme was Mr. Horace F. Cutter, who urged it in the San Francisco *Bulletin*; then Mr. F. R. Webster, president of the Country Club, took it up; and county movements have followed in Santa Cruz, Napa, Sonoma, San Mateo and Sacramento counties. The birds, which it is proposed to import, will come for the most part from Germany, and will comprise thrushes, bullfinches, goldfinches, nightingales and sky larks. To these will be added red-breasted robins, with mockingbirds from Louisiana. Santa Cruz county has raised funds for 100 pairs of the European species named, and the Country Club will bring out 200 pairs.

Naturally in a fruit-growing country there will be a certain degree of prejudice against the new comers because they will destroy some fruit; but intelligent study of their good work as insect destroyers will certainly overcome any possible feeling against them. It is reported that a fruit grower in southern California, who introduced a colony of titmice into his orchard, has determined that while the birds destroyed 10 per cent. of his fruit, they have proved so efficient in warfare on the insect hordes that the trees are decidedly healthier and the fruit crop one-third larger than it would have been without the birds.

This song bird colonization enterprise of the people on the Pacific Coast will be watched with decided interest; and the FOREST AND STREAM hopes in future years to chronicle its full success.

LABRADOR EXPLORATION.

THE Bowdoin College expedition to Labrador, announced in our columns April 30th, has returned with collections and information of very great value. The objects of the leader, Prof. Leslie A. Lee, were the collection of natural history specimens, the study of the native tribes between Hamilton Inlet and Cape Chudleigh, and the determination of the existence and character of the wonderful Grand Falls of southern Labrador. The zoological collections include numerous shells showing the close relationship of the present molluscan fauna to that of Maine and Nova Scotia, a large series of birds, many plants hitherto not recorded from the region, and twice as many species of fishes as were known from previous explorations. A small collection of valuable minerals was also secured. Remains of an Esquimaux village were found on Grand River containing sleeping-shelves on the sides of the wooden walls and with floors made of large flat stones. Various implements and utensils of bone, iron and stone were discovered here, among them knives, spears, sled-runners and lamps. Skin clothing and ivory ornaments were obtained. A race of Montagnais Indians, hitherto unknown to white men, was met and critically studied by Prof. Lee, who made full measurements of these interesting people and notes upon their characteristics.

The falls of Grand River have a vertical descent of 200ft. and are continued by rapids to the extent of 500ft., making one of the grandest gorges of North America. Another expedition to this wonderland was led by Mr. Bryant, of Philadelphia, and as the region is accessible and will undoubtedly be fully described we may be sure that its charms will soon be known to the tourist. The proximity to superb trout and salmon streams will add to the attractions of the country.

SNAP SHOTS.

CERTAIN American fishermen who have been trouting in Nova Scotia this year, have killed such moose as came in their way, and having no special use for the carcasses have left them to rot on the shore. This has so far promoted the good will of the residents of that Province toward sportsman visitors from the United States that they are doing what they can to lighten the lot of the Americans by relieving them of their superfluous cash. In addition to the non-resident license fee of \$10 for permission to kill feathered game and \$30 to kill moose and caribou, the sportsman is now compelled to hand over an impost tax of 20 per cent. on the value of his shotgun and rifle. The lawful numbers one person may kill are two moose and four caribou. Exportation of a carcass or any portion of a deer or caribou is forbidden. There are reported to be many moose in Nova Scotia this season. Last week we printed a list of the officers authorized to issue game licenses. If there are any Americans who hold that the Nova Scotia non-resident restrictions are too lax, some more slaughter of moose in the summer time will no doubt prompt a speedy remedy.

The introduction of English pheasants on Jekyl's Island has provided a supply of choice food for the chicken snakes which have thrived and multiplied apace. The pheasants have demonstrated their adaptability to the climate and cover, but how to keep down the swarming hosts of vermin is now the problem perplexing the managers.

We begin to-day the publication of a novel series of papers on cormorant fishing. They will be found exceedingly interesting, for one thing, as showing what it is possible to accomplish in taming and training these wild feathered creatures.

Beaver hats are to be the fashion. Beaver skins will be in demand. Beaver trapping will be stimulated. Beaver colonies will be destroyed. The whims of modistes in Europe influence animal life in the wilds of America.

Admirers of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's sketches of the Danvis folk will be glad to know that some of Uncle Lisha's friends are to appear in the forthcoming number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Commissioners sent out by the Government to investigate the seal fisheries have returned to Washington, but no report has yet been made public.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MUNSON'S FALLS.

MANCHESTER, VT.

SPLASHING, dashing, clear as crystal,
Flashing back the sun's bright rays,
Runs the brook o'er time-worn boulders,
Babbling forth its liquid lays.

Racing, leaping, restless waters,
Why not be content like me?
Rest awhile along the journey—
Fain am I to talk with thee.

On it rushes, laughing, gurgling,
Ever onward to the sea;
In each drop a rainbow glistens,
While each pool reflects for me

Pictures such as no man painteth;
Ever changing, ever true;
Set in frames of moss-grown granite,
Tree and shrub of wondrous hue.

Pretty streamlet, happy water,
Free from care, restraint or guile;
Fare thee well and may God speed thee
To thy journey's end, erewhile!

NEW YORK.

ALFRED H. TOMPKINS.

STORIES OF THE SANTA LUCIAS.

THE California Coast Range goes by many names; it is so broken into groups of mountains by long narrow valleys. These local names do not always appear on any except county maps, but they are worthy of perpetuation and often more distinctive than most mountain names, preserving old Indian and Spanish terms of great beauty. The Mayacamas, the Gavilans, the Gaviotas, the Santa Lucias, are illustrations of these local names.

But one must know how to pronounce such names or their musical possibilities are lost. The rolling hill country east of Paso Robles (the "Gateway of the Oaks") goes by the name of "Huer Huero." When this name was sent to the Postmaster-General, a new settlement desiring a post-office, the horrified officials wrote back that such a collection of consonants was not to be considered for a moment. All the settlers, however, pronounce Huer-Huero "war-warro" and so give it a decidedly Australian sound.

The Santa Lucias occupy a great portion of the ocean-bordering townships of Monterey and San Luis Obispo. Cattle ranges, a few farms, timber lands and mines of quicksilver and other metals are found there. Being but thinly settled there is more game than in any other part of the southern coast range, and no finer section for summer camps can be found in California. The old settlers will tell you that there is no game left, but there is a good deal. Hardly a day passes that deer are not seen crossing the mountain highways; bears and California lions still carry off calves and sheep; the trade in skins of wildcats is still quite an industry. Of course the days that I remember, in which old "Uncle Nate Morehouse," one of the first settlers at "The Summit," could "kill a deer every week in the year" on his own 300 acres, are long ago ended. But if the temporary rest that the new game law of California commands is strictly observed, there will be great times again for every sportsman who visits the Santa Lucias.

A long time ago—I do not like to say exactly how long—I made my first visit to what then had no particular name, but is now called the Adelaide district. Twenty miles square, it lies between Paso Robles, in the valley of the upper Salinas, and the dairy farms of the coast along the Cayucos. When I first saw it, the railroad had stopped away north, near Castroville, and one staged from the terminus clear through to Los Angeles, a wild, hard and always memorable journey. A hundred towns that have since sprung up along the route were then unfenced pastures; cities of to-day were but ancient, dreaming Spanish villages of the Eighteenth century, in whose midst a few Americans were fighting and working.

In the clear gold of sunrise, as the stage-coach hastened across the Salinas plains (then a desert, now a wheat-field), the driver halted and called my attention to what was even then a very rare sight, that of a band of antelope on the mesa. When I. Ross Browne, some time in the early fifties, had ridden alone across the Salinas Valley, deer, wild cattle, grizzlies, antelope and other large game were everywhere in the beautiful oak-studded levels and slopes. Long after the antelope had been driven out of the upper Salinas, they were in the Mohave and Colorado deserts, where they held their own until the advent of the railroad.

Deer, too, still dwelt along the Salinas. The stage drivers often saw them, and travelers on the highways had come into the stage stations with deer they had shot from horseback. But the home of game was west of the valley, in the mountains. There was not a fence except a few brush walls about the corn patches of the pioneers. Nothing had been surveyed; cattle trails ran on every hillside, and made so perplexing a maze that it was often difficult to keep the bridle paths. Practically speaking, one could ride anywhere that his horse could carry him. There were mountain paths of astounding steepness, where the greenhorn and his saddle would inevitably slip over the horse's tail long before he was half way up the grade; my friend Daniel, then a plump little school-master, now a wily politician, once spent a whole afternoon in recovering his luggage from the tops of the manzanita bushes 300 yds. below one of the grades of the San Josefa trail.

One morning I went out from Uncle Buck Wright's cabin and walked up the gulch. There was a rare flower there, one of the *labiates*, that had long puzzled my slender stock of botanical information, and I wanted to find out more about it. I climbed upon a shelf of limestone projecting over the gulch, and sat down under the shadow of the live oaks, looking at the hills' blue distance, at the sunrise, still rose-purple. I sat there for perhaps half an hour resting quietly. Then I heard a sharp tinkle below, as if two pebbles had been struck together, and in a little while I caught other sounds that aroused my curiosity. By standing up I was able to look over and down upon a lower shelf overgrown with trees and shrubs—a peculiarly lovely spot, fresh with the

sparkle of water from a spring, and yet arched over with clear blue sky, and sprinkled with sunlight and shadow.

Just here, in a space like a lady's parlor, a doe and two fawns of six months age were playing in the most homelike way. They had climbed up from the bottom of the ravine, and circumstances had so greatly favored me that I was actually within 25 ft. of the unconscious creatures. The heavy boughs of the live oak hid me, but a small opening enabled me to see clearly and the wind blew from the doe, so that, as I said, it was a rare opportunity. A naturalist might have had some theory to defend or demolish, but I was well content to enjoy the scene without thinking of it as "material." I remember that I was especially pleased by the refined way in which the doe nipped off a leaf here, a small twig there, in the intervals of her play with the fawns. It was breakfast time, but when I went down to the place after they had gone, the keenest scrutiny could not have seen that anything was marred or spoiled. Nature's wild garden was the wild garden still. They tripped away as easily and gracefully as Spanish dancing girls, and the memory of their haunt in the cañon by the mountain springs was one that kept me in hopes of another such experience.

Hiram Selby was one of the mountain-bred boys, a phenomenally good mustang breaker, a fine shot and a companion you could trust. I have told many stories about him in those Santa Lucia days. Poor fellow! An oak that he was felling killed him years ago, and the Selby cabin, where he lived with his feeble old mother, is fairly rotting into a place like a burial mound, so quickly the wild clematis and blackberry have seized upon it. I rode past it a few days ago, and some of Aunt Selby's marigolds were still blooming around it. The old oak still remains on which Hiram used to nail his "skins an' varmint an' hides." "Skins" meant deer or "bar;" "hides" meant calves or cattle—the tamed, domestic element one might say; "varmint" in Hiram's mind meant coons, foxes, wildcats, coyotes and badgers.

In these days Hiram would be ranked as a cowboy. But he was more of a wood ranger on horseback. He drove cattle for the wealthy ranchers, and earned a fair living; but he preferred to be his own master and to ride all day long over the Santa Lucias, with his favorite weapon, a large army revolver, "peggin'" at things. "Ground squirrels an' jack rabbits they give a man practice," he used to remark to me. "Varmint, them's better and wuth a little. I reely like to drop a wildcat with my six-shooter."

For large game he carried an old muzzleloading rifle, as most of the boys of the district did, until a few years later Henry rifles or old model Winchester came in. Sometimes for a year or two at a time he made his living by "huntin' an' tradin' hosses," as he once told me. Once a year he went to camp-meeting, and was always mightily stirred up before its close, leading the mourners and confessing all his sins of omission and commission. Then he came home rejoicing to Aunt Selby, and for a few weeks the work he did in the garden would have done credit to any professional horticulturist. After a little the charm of the unfenced mountain wilderness again overcame him, and the giant oaks about the log cabin began to be covered once more with his "skins, hides an' varmint."

The type is old, but it is vanishing; it is already hard to find on any part of the Pacific coast: forty-acre farms occupy the valleys, and men are planting orchards by the hundred in the sunny shelters of the Santa Lucias. There is still a certain sort of pioneering to be done there, but it is a tame and tiresome sort compared with the book of the days of the beginnings, when the first trails were made, the first grizzlies shot, the first squatter fights fought out between cattlemen and cabin builders on the Nacimiento.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN.

GOVERNOR RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, knows how to take a vacation. He was greatly pleased with his trip to Birch Lodge, at the head of Richardson Lake, Maine. In the first place, the camp is all that heart could wish in the shape of a hunting and fishing camp. It overlooks the whole length of the lake, with the wooded mountains beyond. Rustic, yet almost palatial in its fittings, the hunting and fishing home of a millionaire, Mr. Bayard Thayer, who, with his brother, Mr. John E. Thayer, of the Governor's staff, is entertaining the Governor and a few friends. The doings of a single day will picture other days of the Governor's stay in the wilderness. Clad in corduroy, with leggings and a slouch hat, Mr. Russell, with his guide, Steve Morse, a veteran in that section, embark in a skiff, morning and evening, to try the trout with a fly. The Governor is getting to be an expert with the fly-rod. Twenty-four handsome trout were the result of one morning's fishing, with half as many in the evening. But this is not all. After fishing and a rest at the lodge the Governor shoulders his gun, and half a dozen partridges are the result of a few hours' delightful tramp in an old lumber trail. All the birds are said to have been taken on the wing, for how else should a Governor hit a partridge?

Mr. R. B. Foster, of the firm of Foster & Weeks, of Boston, is not altogether unknown to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Foster is a sportsman from first to last, but more in love with rod and line than almost any man I know. This time, however, he has just returned from a most successful salt-water fishing excursion. Mr. Horace W. Jordan is a sportsman well known in Boston. Several years ago he met with one of those terrible gun-in-carriage accidents that deprived him of his right arm, and since that time he has had to be more contented with fishing than shooting. But he has been far more fortunate in money matters than most men with two arms, and having accumulated considerable of this world's goods, of late years he has been able to gratify his tastes. He has a fine camp on Jordan's Island, sixteen miles from Bar Harbor, and here he delights to entertain his friends.

Mr. Foster is a friend fast and true, and it is down there that Mr. Foster has been by pressing invitation. The little steamer and the help and the camp are at the service of the guests, with the genial company of Mr. Jordan into the bargain. They went one day down to Seavern's Ledges, a point some sixteen miles from camp. The captain ran the steamer on time; that is, he ran at a certain rate of speed, and measured his distance in searching for the fishing grounds by the distance he had run. About the last ten minutes of the run he commenced

sounding, and to the lead was attached a baited hook. When about seventeen fathoms of water had been reached he drew up a codfish. Then the anchor was hove and the steamer brought to a standstill. All hands went to fishing. Such fishing it is seldom in the luck of sportsmen to get. Soon a fellow drew up a big cod amid scores of smaller fish. It weighed only 50 lbs. The catcher was high line for some time. But soon another came. The captain estimated it would weigh 65 lbs., and on the scales three hours after it actually weighed 62 lbs.

For a time this gentleman was high line, and, in fact, so to this day, of that trip, though it looked for a time as though he was badly eclipsed. One of the sportsmen felt a pull at his line that was a pull, and the line was running through his hands in spite of every effort. He called for help and another man took hold. By snubbing the line over the rail of the boat they managed to hold the fish. The captain of the steamer recommended the embarking of the fishermen who had the line in hand, in a boat, in order that they might let the monster they had in charge run, and, if possible, tire him out. They did so, and after a hard fight of nearly an hour they had their fish to the surface. It was an enormous halibut, estimated to weigh between 800 and 900 lbs. They had nearly brought him to the gaff, when by a sudden turn he tore out the hook that was fast in his mouth, and the second hook, also hooked fast in his side, was straightened out like a piece of wire. The hooks were very heavy ones indeed, and considered safe for almost any fish that swims the ocean. But the great halibut was gone. When they got to camp they had 240 codfish, all taken in less than three hours' fishing.

Mr. John Ross, of Bangor, one of Maine's largest lumber operators, has been entertaining his friends at his splendid place at the head of Moosehead Lake. Among his guests have been Mr. and Mrs. Otto Greely and son, of Minneapolis; Miss Alice Gillis, of Somerville, Mass.; Mr. W. W. Case, of Rockland; Mr. Harry F. Ross, of Bangor; and Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Holman, of Boston. They are all out for a few days hunting and fishing at Moosehead.

The Lake Auburn, Me., Fish Protective Association held its annual meeting the other day. President Hanson was in the chair, with secretary Gifford at his post. The following directors were elected: Henry H. Hanson, J. W. Ricker, D. E. Parlin, George G. Gifford, J. B. Daniels, John N. Wood, Lem Baker, G. B. Bearce and Frank R. Conant. The directors immediately re-elected Henry H. Hanson, president, G. G. Gifford, secretary, and Geo. E. McCann, treasurer. An expert from the Government hatcheries at Orono told the members of the association that they had been remarkably successful in hatching trout and landlocked salmon at their works, they having succeeded in hatching over 80 per cent. of the eggs taken, while the Government hatcheries rarely do better than 85 to 90 per cent.

Mr. C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, fishing tackle dealers, started Sept. 19 for a 10-days' gunning outing in the vicinity of Northfield, N. H. He is accompanied by W. H. Thairwell, the owner of the celebrated fish preserves at Plymouth, and Dr. S. W. Langmaid, a celebrated physician and hospital surgeon. Dr. Langmaid is also a devoted salmon fisherman. These gentlemen are after grouse and the native woodcock on this trip, and it is expected that fine sport will fall to them. They will also go to the same section in October for the late flight of woodcock. Their dogs are on the ground already, and are in the best of training.

Mr. C. H. Johnson, of Mattapoisett, Mass., with Mrs. Johnson, will start for Richardson Lake, Maine, on the 21st, for a couple of weeks hunting and fishing. They will be quartered at Camp Stewart, in which Mr. Johnson is interested. They will be followed a couple of days later by Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody, of the same camp, and Mr. H. S. Kempton, sub-editor of the Boston Herald, as guest. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Freeman, of the same party, are prevented from sharing in the outing by the sickness of Mrs. Freeman. Mr. W. C. Grout, one of the assistant editors of the Boston Herald, will start for the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, about the 23d, accompanied by a party of friends. They will remain several days for hunting and fishing.

Mr. P. H. Kelley, the well known builder of Catholic churches, of Cambridge, is at the Upper Dam, on his fall fishing trip. There is no man in the world more thoroughly devoted to fly-fishing than Mr. Kelley. It is said that he can cast with a rod in each hand, and he has promised the writer of these lines to show him the feat this fall. It is suggested that he may land doubles on each rod at the same time, and if he does the FOREST AND STREAM shall have the benefit of the story. Mr. Kelley is accompanied by his friend, Mr. Bateman, the gentleman who caught the big landlocked salmon at the Upper Dam last spring, an account of which FOREST AND STREAM has already had.

SPECIAL.

Natural History.

PENNSYLVANIA BIRD NOTES.

PROF. AUGUST KOCH, the Lycoming county naturalist, in the early part of July last secured five specimens—adults and young—of Bewick's wren near his home in South Williamsport. This bird is quite a rare summer sojourner in the eastern, central and northern portions of our State, but from reports of different observers it appears to be tolerably frequent as a summer resident in some parts of southwestern Pennsylvania.

The tree, or white-bellied, swallow is a regular and rather plentiful summer resident at Renovo, Clinton county, on the Philadelphia & Erie R.R., where it breeds usually in bird-boxes in the yards and parks.

An albino rattlesnake captured July last in Clinton county is said to be on exhibition in the city of Williamsport.

Prof. Robert Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institution, recently examined a pair of ravens taken in the mountains of Center county, kindly sent to him for examination by Mr. Chas. Eldon, of Williamsport. Mr. Ridgway described the birds to be *Corvus corax principalis*, the only form, doubtless, occurring in our State as a resident.

The act of Assembly, approved May 14, 1889, providing for the protection of song and other birds in our State,

was amended at the last session of the State Legislature as follows:

"1st—That the birds commonly known as reed birds are not included in the list of insectivorous birds which can be taken legally in Pennsylvania only by persons who have permits for collecting birds, their nests and eggs for strictly scientific purposes. 2d—The various species of hawks, owls and crows are not included among the birds protected by this act. 3d—In all actions for recovery of penalties under the act one-half of the fine (\$10 to \$50 for illegally killing birds specified or destroying their nests or eggs) shall be paid to the informer. The act of 1889 made all the fine payable to the county treasurer of the county where the offense was committed."

Reed bird shooting is a popular pastime with large numbers of sportsmen who visit the shores and marshes of the Delaware River. The change in the act previously mentioned was made in deference especially to demands from residents of Philadelphia and Delaware counties. In northwestern Pennsylvania, particularly about Presque Isle Bay and Conneaut Lake, farmers and many sportsmen know the red-winged blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus*) in the fall as "reed bird." Doubtless the reed bird amendment will enable persons so disposed to shoot the red-wings without fear of legal hindrance.

Observing farmers and poultrymen very generally throughout Pennsylvania regard crows with disfavor because of the fondness they manifest for both the eggs and young of domestic fowls, and as naturalists concurred in condemning the thieving crow, and made his character as black as his sable garb, the change already indicated was deemed advisable by our lawmakers.

Until within a very few years past every member of the hawk and owl tribe was regarded with disfavor by the average farmer and poultryman, as well as by nearly all sportsmen, on account of the popular idea that all these raptorial birds—large and small—subsisted almost exclusively on poultry and game. The careful and systematic investigation conducted under the direction of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture proved the real value of these much-abused birds, and to-day hawks and owls, collectively considered, are protected by many farmers and others who but a few years ago were earnest in advocating their destruction.

Although a large majority of farmers and horticulturists favor the protection of most of our hawks and owls, it was not considered wise to have in force a law (as it was believed was the case with the act of 1889) which made it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court, to shoot or trap predatory birds, such as the goshawk, Cooper's, sharp-shinned and duck hawks, all of which are known to be destructive of poultry and game. W.

REARING GAME BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3, I see several articles on rearing game birds. My grandfather, Wappert de Mélis, an old officer of Napoleon I., was an ardent sportsman and took great delight in rearing in confinement English and Chinese pheasants, and partridges (the red partridge of the British Islands and the continent of western Europe). The pheasant eggs were obtained from other estates or from the zoological gardens. When mowing green food for the stock on the estate, the men sometimes discovered a nest of partridge eggs, and when too late to leave some grass around the nest and leave it undisturbed (as were his orders), the eggs were taken home. They were all hatched under common barn fowl. The coops were about 20x10ft., facing the south and with wire netting front and covered by a roof, the whole being called a *volière*. There was sandy, gravelly and dry bottom with a little plot of grass and a few small pines for shelter.

How well I remember, when a boy, I accompanied one of our old servants, who had been over thirty years in the family—Jantze the Stocker—to the pine forests, in search of ant eggs. We have in Flanders, in the sandy portion, a species of big black ant, which build large nests of dry pine needles, dead grass, little sticks, etc. After finding one of these nests, Jantze would shovel ants, eggs, nest and all into a large grain bag (and how he did get bitten by the infuriated ants, but he did not seem to mind it), and carried the whole thing home. There the bag was emptied into an old flour barrel, covered with a coarse woven bag well tied over the opening to keep the ants inside. The ants would then collect their eggs into the center of the barrel, where we could find them whenever needed. This was excellent food for the young pheasant and partridge chicks, but somewhat heating and must be intermixed with a diet of chopped hard boiled eggs and lettuce leaves, clover seed and seeds collected when winnowing rye or wheat. The ant eggs supplied the natural animal food of the birds, and the seeds what they would about find on the fields. After they became larger we would feed them table crumbs, grain and almost anything.

The young chicks are very sensitive to wet, and a piece of matting should be set against the inner wall for shelter. They liked to run in the little grass plot and to eat some of the leaves; and the little pine trees provided shade and comparative shelter.

Grandfather had quite a success in rearing both pheasants and partridges. The partridges would be wild in the beginning, but became gradually tame, and I remember two old birds who fed with the chickens in the yard and ran around, never attempting to escape. We fed the old birds also meal worms from the old windmill on the estate. This food they were very fond of, but it is very strong and heating diet and should be given in moderation. This we fed also to two nightingales we had in captivity.

I never found these big ant nests in the woods of central and western Pennsylvania or New York, but think they exist in the sandy portions of the New Jersey coast and the sand dunes along the Atlantic coast, or other sandy portions of the continent, where they must be easy to procure.

Young game birds in their wild state feed mostly on grubs, ants and ant's eggs, small insects, seeds, etc., and the nearer you come to their natural food and surroundings in confinement the better will be your success in rearing them. Care should be taken to keep the coop well supplied with clear drinking water, keep the grass plot green by sprinkling or put fresh grass flakes in from time to time, and keep everything clean and tidy, for

they will otherwise be bothered with lice. Rats, cats and weasels are their great enemies, and should be carefully kept out by close wire netting at least 3ft. from the ground above the larger netting.

This all reminds me of the halcyon days of my youth, and if this may be of any use to my brother sportsmen, it will be ample reward of old

JULIUS THE FOXHUNTER.

LATE BIRDS' NESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the 26th of August I found a quail nest with eleven eggs in it. It was located in the corner of a rail fence, and the old bird flew away when I jumped over. The eggs showed a decided reddish hue, and, therefore, I expect that the young ones came out a few days afterward. On the same day I also found the nest of a redbird with young ones not over four or five days old. All birds have been late this year, and I am not much surprised about the redbirds, as they always hatch two or three broods; but quail eggs I never found so late before. No doubt it was a second brood, and it shows that our law, which allows quail shooting only after the 10th of November, is not too late at all. The birds are pretty scarce in our neighborhood this year. D. W. D.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While out partridge hunting Sept. 8 I found a quail's nest with 11 eggs in it. The mother was on the nest, which was in a hollow between two roots of a stump. Some one had placed a screen in front of the nest so the quail could not get out. He had fed the quail but had given her no water. I did not break any of the eggs, but they were dark colored and looked as though they were about half incubated. I removed the screen and posted a notice informing him of the penalty for having quail in possession before Nov. 1. I suppose he intended to try and rear the young ones.

Going through a dry marsh on the 8d inst., I came upon a quail and young about three days old. Calling my spaniel to me, I showed him where they had been, and he trailed them up and brought me one uninjured, which I let go. A. G. B.

HOLLAND, Mich.

THE CAROLINA PAROQUET IN FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed some inquiry made in your columns as to the Florida paroquets. I have been collecting animals, reptiles and birds for a museum in St. Augustine for four spring seasons. I find each season that the paroquet is decreasing in number. Last spring I saw about half a dozen small flocks, six to eight in number, in a mulberry grove in the eastern part of Hernando county. Two seasons ago I found large numbers of them there. It is a habit of the paroquet to visit orange groves for the oranges in January and February; and more of them have been killed for this than for any other reason in Florida. I knew one man who killed over 200 two years ago in one week in his grove. When one is wing-broken and begins to cry, the drove will go to its rescue and easily be taken in. They nest in hollow trees similar to the woodpecker holes, and have two young. JOHN M. McCRARY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Aug. 6 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Frank M. Chapman made a request concerning our only representative of the family *Psittacidae*, the Carolina paroquet. In writing this I think perhaps it may be acceptable, to add my little mite for general information and possibly help to encourage correspondence of others.

In several successive years, when hunting about the cypress swamps of West Florida in April, I put up with an old resident planter who lived within a few miles of the bank of the Apalachicola River, and who appeared to be well informed about all bird life in the vicinity and through the river swamps. My inquiry about paroquets he answered, "Very soon the nasty things will destroy all the fruit of my mulberry tree, which fruit is just about getting ripe." How I wished the birds would soon start in on their work of destruction, but I was not destined to get the few desirable specimens I wanted, on the mulberry trees.

One day, however, when I was after a gobbler in the river swamps, in company of the planter's son, we were suddenly startled by a grating and metallic sound, at which the boy hurriedly said "Parrots!" Standing still for a time, we noticed several birds suspended by their feet, head downward, feeding on the red blossoms of a species of maple. After carefully changing my cartridges I shot one bird with each barrel; when about fifteen to twenty more birds darted from the opposite side of the maple tree with the motion and appearance of wild pigeons.

The next morning we visited the same place and again were so fortunate as to hear the note of the parrots. Standing in hiding beneath some foliage, we waited at least ten minutes to hear that note again, to make it possible better to locate the birds, but all in vain. By carefully examining the leaves of all the trees near by, I came to notice large yellow flowers with orange centers, which appeared to be distributed over one of the trees. Soon after I distinguished the green bodies of birds, which were attached to the seeming flowers, and once more the parrots lost a pair of their company. Several times on succeeding days their call was noticed, though now the birds mistrusted us and further approach was useless.

On the third and last occasion, April 6, 1889, when crossing a piece of pine woods near the plantation, I noticed a small flock of rapidly flying birds, alighting on one of the more distant pines, with the fluttering motion of our mourning dove. In another instant some of the birds were suspended from corresponding limbs and three parrots were secured while a fourth, shot on the wing, dropped in a near field, whence one of the boys at work there brought the bird for me, to be added to the other valued specimens. As Dr. Allen rightly says:

"Extirpation of this interesting and beautiful bird is not only due to wantonly shooting them for their meat and feathers and by sportsmen—not to mention the few specimens for natural history specimens, but by cruel and most destructive netting by calling them down through caged companions." Like our wild pigeons,

these poor birds have been netted until further supply gave out.

One individual in particular, visited the above mentioned locality, year after year, always in July, when the young birds were collected in flocks; and netted the paroquets as well for our Northern as for the European markets. Thus I was informed by residents.

We regret to say that this beautiful and interesting bird is certainly and rapidly disappearing from our fauna. There is very little hope of just a few of them to survive many years. The most remote swamps only protect them at times; they are bound to leave the woods, to feed in river bottoms on the much coveted cockle-spur, and as stated above, will also visit such fruit as mulberry and banana. The banana appears to melt away when the paroquets go to work with their heavy bills, and have taken it into their heads to visit a plantation regularly, to appease their very voracious appetites.

AUGUST KOCH.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

VERY discouraging chicken reports come in from all parts of Kansas. It seems that the birds are shot by farmer boys and market-hunters as soon as hatched. What Kansas needs is absolute protection to game birds for a period of years.

Last week it was the writer's pleasure to enjoy a hunt in the northwest corner of Iowa, near the Sioux River, as the guest of the Porter Bros., who have a large model grain and cattle ranch in that part of the State, just a few miles distant from the South Dakota and Minnesota lines.

We found the chickens scarce as compared with former years. The Porters have an elegant English setter, Buffer, who could scent a covey a mile off. As soon as flushed the birds would go to the cornfields, making the shooting quite difficult. We hunted mornings and evenings, and three of us generally succeeded in bagging a total of 20 or 30 birds each trip. The coveys were all small. This is explained by the fact that English hunters had been shooting a month before the law was up. Upon one occasion we found a remarkably tame pair of birds. We walked to within ten feet of them in stubble. The handsome birds seemed as tame as barnyard fowl, and were flushed with difficulty. It seemed a pity to slaughter such elegant and fearless birds; but the relentless 10-bored showed no mercy. A.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Sept. 12.

By observation and by what can be learned from land owners and local sportsmen in and around this section of southern New Jersey quail are more numerous now than at any time before during the past ten years. Owing to the dry weather during last spring and the early part of summer in the time of their nesting and the rank growth of vegetation later on affording an admirable cover for the birds, they have increased wonderfully. An observing gentleman residing near here, Mr. Nicholas Waln, tells me that he "never saw more and larger coveys of quail and of a better size at this season of the year than at the present time." And what has been said in regard to the number of quail will also apply to rabbits; the dry weather earlier and the rank vegetation during the greater part of the summer having been conditions suiting their increase and protection. Squirrels also seem to be numerous. Perhaps they show themselves more on account of nuts being so plenty this fall. In regard to partridges, from what I have seen and heard their number is about up to the average.

Taking it altogether, the quantity of game this season around here is far above the average, and the sportsmen are looking forward with high hopes to splendid shooting, especially in the line of quail, when the season comes in. A. L. L.

MONMOUTH COUNTY, N. J.

We have large numbers of quail here this fall and expect great sport. Ducks, mostly woodducks, were plentiful opening day, and a few good bags were made. A party of three bagged 23 woodducks a few miles south of here. A. G. B.

HOLLAND, Mich., Sept. 9.

Every one reports grouse very plenty this year in this section. Although I have not been after them yet I hope to go as soon as the weather gets a little cooler. I saw a number of them in the spring when trout fishing, which shows that they wintered well. E. W. R.

POST MILLS, Vermont.

Ducks are very scarce so far this fall. Hares are very plentiful, also foxes. Snipe are nearly all gone. Of plover there are few, and we expect some good flights of ducks next month. Good bags of game can be got some twenty miles east of us at any time. Deer have been seen around this past summer. HOT.

BEDFORD, Quebec.

WOODS HOLL, Mass, Sept. 14.—A bunch of white wing scoters has lived in Buzzard's Bay, near here, all summer; these are not cripples, it is said, for they fly readily when approached. The first flying scoters seen by me were eleven going to the eastward across Vineyard Sound Sept. 10. Five sheldrakes were seen in the Sound on the 11th. A wild pigeon has remained in this locality during the summer and has been seen occasionally by Mr. V. N. Edwards and others.—T. H. B.

THOSE WILDFOWL PICTURES.—A Pennsylvania reader writes: "I wish to express my personal obligation to you for illustrating your paper with woodcuts of wildfowl. They are very natural. Personally I would rather see a picture like the one in the last issue than read the most exciting gunning story."

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S BOOK CATALOGUE has been exhausted. A new edition will be ready about Oct. 1.

ON LITTLE PETE'S POINT.

IT was November and the time had come at last for starting upon our long anticipated trip. Many had been the evenings that Frank and I had talked and planned about this shoot; the discussions as to charges, sizes of shot and number of shells to take had been innumerable, for I know of no greater field for discussion than ammunition for wildfowl shooting. We had decided, however, to take some 500 shells apiece, with our heavy 10 and light 12-bores.

Eighteen hours by rail with the customary waits, nine more on the water, found us just at dark located at one of the numerous clubs on Currutuck Sound, N. C. We found the prospect for making a big bag was not very encouraging, as the weather had not been sharp enough in the north to send the fowl down in great numbers.

At 4 the next morning with our man Billy we are off in the dark, huddled up in the skiff, decoys and all, while Billy sends us along nicely. Three-quarters of an hour later finds us settled in the blind, and just discernible about 30yds. off, bobbing up and down on the water, are three swan, a dozen geese, and some sixty odd duck decoys of different kinds from canvasback to teal. It is a bit chilly sitting here in the blind, but we don't have much time to think of the cold. The dawn is just coming, and we are beginning to locate the constant swish and whistle of fowl which we have been hearing over our heads. Bang! right over my head. Splash! The fun has commenced, and Frank has scored first blood. Out goes Billy after the bird; but what is this? "Down, Billy!" Too late. Five geese, coming straight at us and seeing our man, sheer off in the dusk just too soon. It is no use to call now; they have seen too much. Our first game proves to be a sprigtail.

Frank is bemoaning our luck with the geese when Billy's quick ear has caught the sound of some honker and answers. Sure enough three geese are coming in and are not 50yds. away now. "Let them have it, Frank. Now for your first goose." His two barrels are followed a little later by mine. Never a feather touched, and with an affrighted honk the geese are off. Billy says nothing, but I can see that he is wondering whether we expect them to light on our guns. "Too big, weren't they, Frank? First ones, you know, but never—" My remark is cut short by Billy's "Mark left quick! black duck!" We each succeed in dropping one out of a flock, missing with our second, as they do not come in well and the shots are long ones.

It is getting quite light now and we can see many flocks of mallards, sprigs, black duck, teal, widgeon, and occasionally canvasback and redheads scurrying down the sound; and we hear the booming of the battery men's guns away out. Now comes a flock of sprig, well in this time, and three go down; give that wounded one another barrel: that's it; let them be; down. A couple of widgeon right and left fall to Frank and both are killed clean. We are getting quite a respectable pile now, and have all we can do for they are coming thick and fast. I just succeed in dropping a couple of teal, when a lone honker comes in and Frank redeems himself by filling him full, and right after comes a flock of a dozen with Billy just drawing them in with his goose music. Talk about your baritones, tenors and sweet-voiced sopranos. Give me Billy's goose yodel. Look at them come. That fellow leading does not suspect the reception awaiting him. Now softly, *gluck! gluck!* They are setting their wings. They look as big as houses. You take the head ones, Frank. Our first discharge is instantly followed by the second. Three are down. See that other fellow; he has separated from the flock. Is he going down? No. Yes, sir. There he goes all in a heap stone dead. How could he go so far? Four of them. This rather beats the shooting up our way with the thermometer at 10° or 15°, eh, Frank?

Numerous flocks of swan have from time to time been passing over, long gunshot off, and we have let go TT's at them backed by 5drs., with the result of having the shot bring up against them with a *thr-r-up*, and seeing them shake themselves and keep right on.

We stay till 4 o'clock with varying success, making many misses and some good shots. Counting up we find our bag for the day shows seven geese, six black ducks, ten sprigs, three shovellers, seven widgeon, four teal—a total of thirty-seven birds. Not such a big bag, you will say, but big enough, we think, and the best we have yet done in duck shooting. By dark we are at our landing again. After supper we adjourn to the room with an open fire, our pipes are lighted and we give ourselves to that comfortable sort of drowsiness which comes over one after a day's work of this kind, nodding in front of the fire with an occasional comment as to how we might

have shot this one, and why we did not get that one. Bedtime, which soon comes, and with it Billy, to find out the morrow's plans, or as he puts it, "What youse gemmens was wantin' to do to-morrer." We decide to try Little Pete's Point again in the morning, with the foremost idea of securing that beautiful and majestic bird the swan. In the afternoon we will try the Broad Creek, where we may expect some mallard and teal, and so it is arranged.

We take the sneak boat this morning, for there is a fair wind. The sail is up and we are off down the creek with its intricate turnings, grounding now and then, but making good time. Our decoys are soon out and the fun commences again. Sprigs, widgeons, shovellers, black duck and four geese, perhaps twenty birds have fallen to our guns, and we have shot some half-dozen shots at the swan with the same result as yesterday, when Billy says, "Mark south!" *Wuf-wooo-ooo-wuf-ooo* comes the plaintive call to our ears, and Billy answers with truly wonderful imitation (for he can call swan to deceive the wariest of the flock). They are coming this time, and now if they do not sheer off just out of range as they always have before we shall get a shot. Fifty yards high, straight as an arrow, they come for our decoys. Nearer

mallard, teal, widgeon and two geese. We made a mistake though in not taking our light guns, for those little greenwings would come in like bullets, take a shy at the decoys and dart off before we could swing our big guns on to them. What we did stop made it the more gratifying though, for with their erratic flight we would have to be pretty lively with our light guns.

We reached the house a little after dark, well satisfied with our second day's sport. I might go on and tell you how we spent the two remaining days after snipe and bay birds, but I have now made a long story. We shot during our stay the following varieties: Swan, geese, read-head, canvasback, mallard, teal, black duck, widgeon, sprigtail, shoveller, blue peter, shell drake, jacksnipe, beetle-head plover, yellow-leg, marsh quail, besides several varieties of shore birds, and I will venture to remark that one does not often get in four days' shooting in one place such a various collection as the above. The result of our trip was more than satisfactory, and fulfilled all our expectations.

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island.

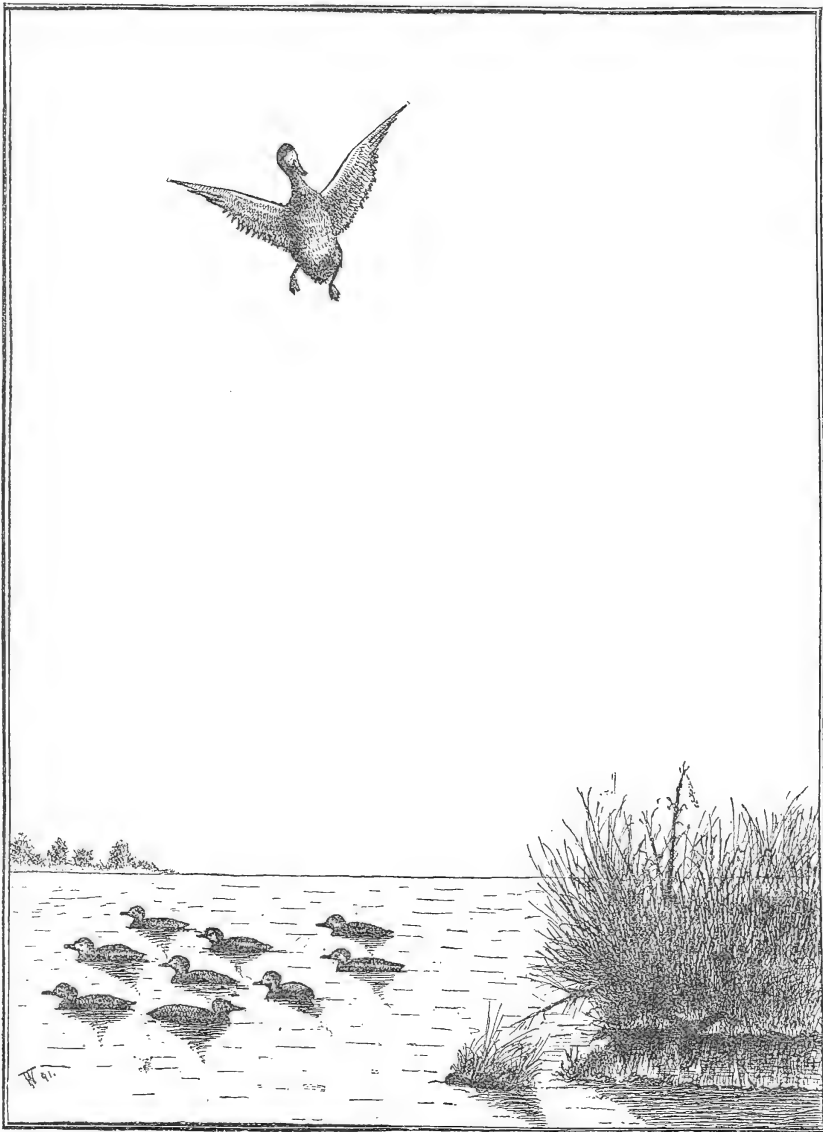
UTAH WAKES UP.—Last Monday Game Commissioner Barrett had J. H. Oliver and I. W. Little arrested for killing ducks out of season. The game law expired on Tuesday, but it seems that these sportsmen anticipated it by one day, with the result stated. They were taken before Commissioner Platt and pleaded guilty, and a fine of \$50 each and costs was imposed. The gentlemen thought this was pretty steep, and stood the judgment off for a few days, but finally settled up yesterday. Commissioner Barrett is no respecter of person, and says that the game law must be obeyed so long as he is commissioner. *Salt Lake Herald, Sept. 6.*

THE ADIRONDACKS LEAGUE CLUB, it is said, has commenced an action for trespass against Supervisor M. M. Mayhew, of Marcy. The club posted notices on its preserve of 150,000 acres in the wilderness some time ago warning the public against trespassing thereon, but this had only a temporary effect, and for the last two months people have been fishing or hunting on the club's lands without any apparent regard to the possible consequences. About Sept. 1, the date when the season for hunting deer began, Mr. Mayhew and party visited North Lake with a number of dogs, presumably with the intention of hunting. It is not known that they killed any deer, but the act of trespass under the existing law was evidently considered sufficient cause for action. It is understood that the club proposes to make this a test case. —*Boonville Herald.*

THIS RESCUED ROOSTER LIVED TO CROW.—A peculiar incident was described to me a few days ago by the actor Mr. Murr Brown, of Camptown, Pa. In his way I give it: "Coming home from Wyalusing with my gun, a few days ago, I came across the woods back of Elliott's. I saw a motion on the ground in a thicket, and made out that it was a hawk picking at something. I shot the hawk, and found he was picking at a large rooster. As I approached the fowl seemed to move its eye, and I found that it was warm. I concluded that it might be good to eat and took it along homeward. It soon began to revive, and by the time I got home it was right lively, and now it is out yonder with the rest of my fowls as well as any of them. It was a brown leghorn, just what I had been wanting to get." It seems to me that it would be well to call the progeny of that rooster Brown's Hawkeys. Only to bear in mind that this suggestion is counting chickens before they are hatched.—GEO. W. LUNG.

CANADA MOOSE.—On a recent trip to the Ottawa River we heard of one hunter who last spring killed forty-seven moose and used the carcasses as bear bait. There is still good moose hunting at almost any point on the Quebec side of the upper Ottawa. Steamers run from Mattawa to the head of Lake Temiscamingue, 125 miles further north. Half a day from the steamer will take the hunter into good territory for moose, and by three or four days' canoeing from the head of the lake good caribou hunting may be obtained. Ruffed grouse are plentiful everywhere. In addition to all this the scenery of the upper Ottawa, particularly of the Seven League Lake, traversed by the steamer, and of Lake Temiscamingue is very fine. Parties desiring as a trophy of skill and prowess a head of the moose will make no mistake in seeking the upper Ottawa.—S. R. CLARKE.

CONNECTICUT RAIL BIRD SHOOTING is reported to be poor this year.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—IV.

BLACK DUCK. SEE HIM JUMP! QUICK! HOLD ABOUT THREE FEET AHEAD AND HE IS YOURS.

they come, seven of them—80, 60, 50yds. from us, and our guns roar. The leader drops, whirls a few times and strikes the water with a tremendous splash, a confused mass of neck and wings. Our first swan. I say our, for we both singled him out in our anxiety to make a sure thing of it. It is a beautiful specimen, weighing 22lbs. He is carefully put away, for Frank is to have him mounted to grace his billiard room. We now feel satisfied with our morning's work, and conclude to pull up and get back to the house for some lunch in order to reach Broad Creek by 2:30.

We got to the blind on the creek by 3 o'clock, but on our way down I had an experience which made me anything but comfortable. Seeing some ducks drop into a slough on one of the islands we attempted to stalk them, but found the land very swampy and the reeds high. We located them at last, and saw some fifty or more mallards and black ducks bunched in a little pond-hole not 30yds. across. As I was getting into position to shoot I stepped into a soft place, and down I went full length into the mud and water. Frank was so rattled at my sudden disappearance that he succeeded in dropping only one as they rose. I did pull myself together in time to get one too, but to finish our luck we could not find either of the dead birds in the thick reeds. We were somewhat consoled, however, by our work on the creek, killing several

HINTS FOR WOODS LIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As hunters are too poor to carry a hotel with them I propose to give some of the ins and outs of woods life.

If it rains in summer peel a piece of spruce bark, say 2ft. square, cut a hole in the middle for your head, stick your head through and g'long. Likewise spruce bark your shelter at night.

If you are nervous about animals remember that fire is their terror. Even a woman can easily drive any animal from her path by a piece of birch bark lit with a match. I believe any one could hold at bay a hundred wolves; if he would place his birch bark in a split stick 4ft. long, back up against a rock or tree and dexterously handle his "terror."

But in winter we have another foe to fight—Jack Frost. This requires a knowledge of camping out. A very good way (if you have no tent) is to select a large standing tree (leaning somewhat to the leeward). Build your fire on the windward side, standing your wood endwise short at first, but finally about 4½ ft. long. The heat of your fire will be at the top of your wood. There will be a little smoke, but what there is will eddy around the tree and spiral upward nicely. Now get something to your back and you are all right.

Another way is to select a sleeping chance on the leeward side of a big log (the bigger the better). Build your fire 4ft. in front, high up as possible, and provide several logs, one above the other, for back-log and chimney-back. Now then, you want your fire so hot as to drive your enemy Jack Frost well back. Then your friend, the fire, turns your enemy and drives you too. To remedy this break half a dozen evergreen boughs and stick them in front of you, thus grading the heat to a dot. Then let the fire and Jack Frost charge and recharge right over your heads, you're all right. Now you can look the fire right in the face, go to sleep and dream.

Another good way is to find a large tree turned up by the roots and select your sleeping apartment in the angle formed by the body of the tree and its turned-up root. But in winter when the snow lies 4ft. deep it is hard at the best. I generally try to find a dry stump or tree and pull it across something, if possible, to break it up and save chopping. Then I take it as best I can, in any way I can invent at the time. There is not much sleep about it, anyhow, till just before morning, when your fire has melted the snow away, when you may pick your chance and catch a little "nip-nap." We sometimes shovel down to the ground, using one of our snowshoes for a shovel, but it hardly pays for a single night's camping out. A fatigued hunter will often start a fire, eat his supper, then lay himself away for an hour or so, then chop wood by fire-light, sometimes by spells all night. Sportsmen know but little of this. I have often been surprised at some of their writings, so topheavy with scholarship but with so little ballast. D.

STILL-HUNTING DEER WITH BIRD DOGS

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Aztec" requests information in regard to my method of training bird dogs to still-hunt deer:

I have no special method of training them for that purpose. Before using them in hunting deer they were thoroughly trained for birds; that is to say, thoroughly broken according to my idea of training. When thus broken they will take to hunting deer as readily as birds. Get one deer down and the dog is fully broken thereafter. He will show more happiness over one deer than over a hundred birds.

Hunting deer in no wise injures the dog for bird hunting. In fact I believe it is a benefit, because you will be more rigid in your discipline when after deer than when after birds.

I have no choice between the pointer and setter for deer. As for courage, the setter has enough. The only trouble is a lack of discretion in attacking a wounded old buck, sometimes. A single dog cannot manage an old buck as a pack of foxhounds can, but soon learns to bring him to bay and keep him there until you are within gunshot.

In a race of a mile or two after a wounded deer that dog will outstrip any foxhound I ever saw, and I have seen many such a race.

I break my dogs when very young as far as possible before taking them into the field. I take them in walks and discipline them to walk just in advance of me, and do not allow them to leave that position without leave, by a wave of the hand. When in the field, often in hunting up wounded or dead birds, I require them to maintain the same position. Also to slow-trail in that position birds that may be recovering, having only a broken wing.

When they are thus broken, you will have no trouble in still-hunting deer. H. L.

KANKAKEE, Ill.

PARTRIDGES THAT ARE GROWING WISER.—Bedford, Quebec.—Our dogs are not fit for partridge. We use only spaniels, and the birds are so wild they won't tree as they did some few years ago, and it is my candid opinion if we used a good pointer or setter there would be good bags of partridge got in and around this place. I have seen some account in the FOREST AND STREAM that a man that would shoot a partridge on a tree was nothing but a pot-hunter. Well, I would only be too glad to have some of those fine shots up here for a week or two. You go in the woods, hear a roar, and off goes your bird; perhaps you never see a feather of her. Then talk about not taking your chances on the ground or in a tree.—HOT.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Are you planning for an outing this summer? Have you ever looked up the famous resorts of the Northwest? It is not an exaggeration to say that the best hunting and fishing grounds in North America are found in the Territory tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lake park region in Minnesota affords pickerel, pike, bass and muscalonge; rock bass are found in numerous streams, and deer, elk and bear abound in the forest regions; antelope are found in North Dakota. The Snowy, Bitter Root, Grazy, Rocky and Cascade Mountains are the home of moose, elk, caribou, cougars, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and other large game, while all of the Northwest States abound in feathered game. Rocky Mountain trout and grayling are caught in the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Jefferson, Clark's Fork and Green rivers, affording unrivaled sport. An interesting pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," can be obtained free on application to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A. of the Northern Pacific R. R. at St. Paul, Minn. Descriptive publications concerning Yellowstone Park, Pacific coast and Alaska will also be mailed on receipt of application, referring to FOREST AND STREAM.—Adp.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents, and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adp.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

EXTRACTS from the report to the Secretary of the Interior, by Capt. Geo. J. Anderson, Acting Superintendent:

PROTECTION OF FORESTS.

Thus far the season has been extremely wet and we have had very little trouble with forest fires; the few that have appeared have been extinguished by the patrols without calling out the troops for assistance. I sincerely trust the same good fortune will attend us to the end of the season, but it is scarcely probable. There are more camping parties than usual in the Park this year, and it requires ceaseless vigilance to compel them to thoroughly extinguish their fires. Other sources of fires are carelessly thrown cigars and cigarettes, lightning, and probably even the rubbing together of partially fallen dead trees as they are swayed by the wind.

The serious consequences of a fire here can only be understood by those who have observed the almost impenetrable thickness of the pine forests with their dense masses of fallen and decaying trees.

OUTPOSTS IN THE PARK.

Up to the present time there has never been an outpost near the south line of the Park. As settlements are rapidly springing up near Jackson's and Henry's Lakes, and these regions are becoming the famed resorts of hunters and hunting parties, a permanent station somewhere near the junction of the Lewis and Snake Rivers will become a necessity. I hope to send a small party there to spend the winter of 1891-92, and render needed protection to the immense herds of game in that vicinity.

TOURISTS.

The most ceaseless vigilance is needed to prevent tourists from mutilating the beautiful formations in the Park. I do not believe 10,000 men could entirely accomplish it. Ladies are the greatest specimen hunters, and often they do not carry their trophies further than the hotels. By a careful supervision of the guides I have managed to keep this form of vandalism at a minimum. Another source of great annoyance is the persistence with which men will write their unlovely names on everything that is beautiful within their reach. This form of barbarism is confined almost entirely to men, and, if we may judge from the writing, to the boorish and illiterate.

About a week ago a stage coming into the Park from Beaver Cañon was held up and robbed about 20 miles beyond Park limits. I gave immediate orders for a careful search by all the patrols in that direction, but so far have got no trace of the thieves.

There is an unusually large number of people entering the Park with guns of various kinds. From those who are simply making a tour of the Park, with the purpose of returning this way, I take the arms and restore them to the owner on their exit. A great many parties, however, come this way with intention of going out by Riverside or Jackson's Lake. For such parties I can only seal the guns, with admonitions not to break seals within Park limits. This is only a measure of security with such people as would not hunt inside the Park in any event. If others get in unfrequented localities I fear temptation would prove too much for them.

I am constrained to recommend that sufficient notice be given that from a fixed date, say June 1, all carrying of guns within the Park will be strictly prohibited. Exceptions can then be made and special permits granted by the Superintendent to people of undoubted reliability.

FISH.

For the most part the lakes and rivers of the Park are literally filled with trout; I have never seen so many fish elsewhere as there are in the shoal waters near the borders of the Yellowstone Lake. Two years ago the Fish Commission began stocking the streams that were destitute of fish and the work was continued last year. At the present time some members of the Commission are in the Park making an examination of these plants. I hope they may yet stock some of the smaller lakes with black bass and thus afford a variety of sport to the angler.

POACHERS.

So long as there is no law within the Park for the prevention of hunting and trapping, it will be a most difficult matter to break them up. Cook City, just off the northeast corner of the Park, is fed entirely on elk meat, and I doubt not a large proportion of it has been killed within the Park limits.

On my arrival here I was told that one Van Dyck was the principal hunter for that place, and that his hunting grounds were near Soda Butte. I sent out three separate expeditions for him before he was finally taken, in his camp near Lamar River, with beaver traps and other evidences of his trade in his possession. I kept him in custody for over a month awaiting the Secretary's orders, and then turned him loose after confiscating all his property. He is now in Cook City once more, but I hear that he is conducting his expeditions outside the Park. As the killing of elk in Montana is absolutely prohibited by law for a term of years, it seems strange that this traffic at Cook cannot be broken up.

I am satisfied that both hunting and trapping are carried on within the limits of the Park over the western border. I shall make an endeavor to "encourage" the majority of these trespassers by bringing a few of them to justice this fall.

Mr. Ed. M. Wilson, who has been a most invaluable man as a scout, guide and hunter, mysteriously disappeared on July 27 and left no trace behind. It will be quite impossible to replace him, for there is no man in the region who at once has the intimate knowledge of the country, and of the hunters and their methods, that he had.

I learn of three or four buffalo heads that have been mounted in Bozeman, Livingston, and other neighboring towns within the past year. I doubt not all of these were killed within the Park, or very close to the line without it. Such specimens are become very rare, and fine ones are held at \$400 to \$1,000. Such prices tempt the cupidity of the border pirates who live near, and with small equipment they can enter the Park on foot and take their chances of capture and the confiscation of their small stock in trade.

The most effectual way to break up this business would be the prosecution of the taxidermists who purchase the specimens—possession of which is prohibited by the laws of all the adjoining States. I have abundant evidence, however, that the buffalo are contented and quiet in the Park and that they are on the increase. Some tourists who went through the Park in May saw a herd of about thirty, with several small calves, near the Trout Creek lunch station. About the same time some employees of the Yellowstone Park Association saw what was probably the same herd, and I saw there an abundance of fresh signs the first week in June.

In July I sent Wilson out to observe the herd that ranges near the west line of the Park. He found two small bands of about thirty each, one with twelve or fifteen calves; in addition he saw several single ones and small bunches. I do not think it is exaggeration to say there are 200 and probably there are 400, within the Park, and that they are thriving and increasing.

The elk have increased enormously, and most conservative estimates place their numbers at 35,000, and I have no doubts of the presence of that many. Their continuance in the Park is assured, and their overflow into adjoining territory will furnish abundant sport for the hunter.

Mountain sheep, deer, and antelope are tame, numerous, and on the increase; as they are hunted but little, if at all, they are certain to be preserved. There are a few moose in the extreme southern part of the Park, whose numbers I shall endeavor to approximate during a trip that I hope to make to that country in October.

I presume trapping of the fur-bearing animals is carried on across the Park lines, but careful watching and one or two arrests have reduced it to a minimum. One or two more examples like that of Van Dyck will put an end to it.

CAPTURE OF ANIMALS.

On my arrival here I found authority to capture animals for the National Zoological Gardens, at Washington, D. C. The appointment as hunter was given to Mr. Elwood Hofer, the most competent man in the country. Owing to scarcity of funds with which to pay him he resigned his appointment after two months, but continued to collect specimens. He has caught and turned over to me, and I hold awaiting shipment, two black bear cubs, three young foxes, two elk, and a black-tailed deer.

I also had two antelope, but one night about two weeks since some carnivorous animal broke into their inclosure and killed and ate them. When the time for shipment comes I can readily trap and add to the collection a number of the smaller animals, like wolverines, wolves, lynxes, martins, badgers, porcupines, beavers, etc. All can be shipped in one car, which should go under charge of an attendant.

Bears have become very troublesome at all the hotels, camps, slaughter-houses, and other places in the Park where there is anything for them to eat. They have not proved at all dangerous, but it is impossible to keep provisions anywhere within their reach.

I authorized the capture of one at the Fountain Hotel, but he died of a rupture of the heart in his struggle to escape. I had another caught in a trap there and he is now in the Washington gardens.

I have had four small bears caught: two I have still, one broke his chain and escaped, and one was eaten up by an old bear while he was chained in front of the house at Yancey's. As winter approaches I may find it necessary to kill an occasional one, especially if they become destructive of the game, or beef and mutton herds. By another season I hope to be able to supply specimens of all the animals native to the Park; their retention here during the season has proven very interesting to the tourists.

LAW IN THE PARK.

It seems hardly necessary to call your attention to the need of laws for the government of the Park. Senate bill 491, first session Fifty-first Congress, as amended and referred to the House Calendar, has much to commend it, and with a few modifications would effect all that can be desired. For convenience the jurisdiction of the court should be on the Montana side and the railroad charter (section 11) should by all means be omitted. Otherwise the bill is as nearly perfect as may be, and I trust the passage of it, or one similar to it, may be pressed and accomplished.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ANGLING NOTES.

MR. ALFRED C. HAND writes from Pequaming, Michigan, that the season is now over for trout fishing with them, and the anglers are regretfully putting away their tackle for the winter. He says that it has been a good season in that section for trout. His best average was 5 fish weighing 8lbs. 2oz., and the largest 2lbs. 1oz., but he landed one for a companion that weighed 4lbs. 4oz. This fish was taken on a No. 6 silver-doctor, though as a rule he thinks that the old fashioned brown-palmer is about the most killing fly in that country.

Mr. Jas. L. Livingston recently caught a 3lb. 2oz. speckled trout in Preston Pond, the last fish of the season. He had just told his guide "Here goes for the last cast!" and it was a lucky one.

Mr. Chas. F. Imbrie has returned from his trip to the Adirondack Club. He had very little fishing, but his son Andrew killed two fine bucks with his Winchester, not in the water, but running. Professor Vail dropped in to show some of his photographs taken on a trip to Nova Scotia. They are very beautiful, and some of the strings of trout are enough to make an angler wish he could try that wonderful country. Though rather late, yet there is time between now and Oct. 1 to make the trip.

One of the happiest of the army of anglers recently returned is Dr. Hasbrouck of this city, who killed 6 salmon and 16 grise on the Miramichi. It was his first trip after salmon and it is worth while to hear the Doctor describe how he lost his two first salmon the same day he arrived at the camp, and how he covered himself with glory the next day by landing two without gaff or guide. I never have caught a salmon, but I know just how he felt. The man that kills his first caribou after a successful stalk feels just that way.

In answer to inquiries as how to best preserve flies through the winter, I would advise keeping them in an empty segar box, first seeing that there are no moth or eggs among them. Wrap box up in paper, but there must be no holes, and fasten securely. Moths will not eat through paper, but I think they rather enjoy camphor.

Bluefish are running "outside" of large size and fine condition, but there do not seem to be many in the bays. The best way is to go down to Patchogue the night before and make an early start. Boats and bait are plenty there. Striped bass are being taken in fair numbers, but they require hard work and good fishing. The largest I have heard of lately was taken at Woods Holl, weight 35lbs.

Somebody is trying to boom Stamford and Greenwich, Conn., in one of the daily papers, but if the reports are true, the fishing must have improved very suddenly.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE GRAVEL COUNTED.—Albany, Sept. 15.—Belle, nine years old, caught two pickerel one day weighing 6lbs. and 6lbs. 10oz, respectively; but George beat her record last week by taking a 7-pounder. Little Belle says if they had brushed the gravel off him he wouldn't beat her record.—DEXTER.

FISHING WITH TRAINED CORMORANTS

By CAPTAIN F. S. DUGMORE, R. N. R., Master of the Falconry Club 1878 to 1888.
APOLOGIA.

IN the Chinese Empire, the training and the serious use of the cormorant as a bread-winner constitutes an industry by itself, receiving the entire attention of a large class of professional fishermen, to whom this bird is as much a necessary implement of their calling as the gill-net is to the mullet-catchers of the Gulf of Mexico.

In Europe, on the other hand, for the last two hundred years, the cormorant has had little care bestowed upon it; unless for its destruction by the owners of valuable fishing rights. A team of fishing cormorants has seldom if ever been kept except as an adjunct, and a comparatively unimportant adjunct, to a stud of trained hawks; attended to only in the spare moments of the master or his falconers, and very rarely used except when the weather, the season or accidental circumstances made the infinitely more exciting and absorbing sport of falconry out of the question for the time being.

It is rather strange that such should be the case; since, while anything like real proficiency in the science of falconry in its numerous branches imperatively demands the study of a lifetime, the entire details connected with the training of cormorants, and their use for fishing purposes, are so simple and so easily acquired that any person of ordinary intelligence and of a nature sympathetic with the animal creation can master the whole thing in a fortnight; with a little skilled guidance he can become a proficient in less than a month.

Moreover, while the maintenance of a falconry establishment is an exceedingly costly undertaking, a team of trained cormorants is comparatively inexpensive.

So that it would appear somewhat remarkable that many lovers of sport and of animated nature whose leisure or whose means have not permitted them to indulge in the "noble art" of falconry, have not gone in for the only less pleasurable excitement so easily obtainable from the "coursing of the waters," as cormorant-fishing has been not inaptly designated.

It is more than thirty years since I began my own apprenticeship to the art of falconry; and yet—though I have lost no opportunity of picking the brains of such experts as the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe, the Rev. Gage Earle Freeman ("Peregrine" of the London *Field*), the late John Pells, falconer to the Dukes of St. Albans; the late Robert Barr, falconer to the Champagne Hawking Club, and his still more celebrated brother, the late John Barr, for some years my own head falconer; as well as of studying the methods of Greek and Turkish falconers on the shores of the Sea of Marmora; although, too, I have owned considerably over a thousand hawks and falcons of all kinds, and have myself, unaided, carried out the entire training of hundreds of them—yet, I say, to this very moment I never meet and compare notes with a brother falconer without discovering how much I have yet to learn.

It is vastly different with cormorants. John Barr and I, between us, taught the late unfortunate Crown Prince of Austria—a glorious sportsman and a very apt pupil—how to handle and use them for fishing in a couple of days; while it took less than a week to impart all requisite instruction in their management to the Count von Eltz, whom the Empress of Austria sent to Broughall Castle (my then residence in Ireland) to receive over for conveyance to Vienna a team of six trained cormorants presented by me to Prince Rudolph.

Of course a practical falconer has a great advantage over any other learner, from the habit, acquired by long experience, of reading the thoughts, divining the intentions, and thereby being able to anticipate the actions, of his feathered intimates. But I will guarantee that any sympathetic lover of nature, possessed of average intelligence and patience, and of a reasonable amount of command over his temper, can, by following the plain directions I am about to furnish for his guidance, learn the entire art of cormorant training in a fortnight, and become a thorough proficient in taking fish with these birds after less than a month's practice.

The sport is one that is preëminently well adapted to this continent.

It demands very little time and very little outlay.

There is scarcely a part of the American coast where the birds for training cannot be cheaply procured without the slightest difficulty; they are found even on most inland waters of any great extent.

There are very few places where coarse or refuse fish cannot be inexpensively obtained for their support, a great advantage over Europe, where I have had to feed my birds on beef, mutton, horseflesh, bullock's liver, or even rabbits, none of which are calculated to keep cormorants in good health for any length of time, while all of them, excepting liver, which at best is only fit for a makeshift, are rather expensive diet for birds requiring daily from 1 to 3 lbs. weight a head.

Then in America there is such an enormous extent and such infinite variety of practicable waters available for fishing with cormorants, without interfering with vested rights, or provoking fancied grievances. You have all the grand estuaries of the Atlantic seaboard, with their innumerable creeks and ramifications, fishable to their very heads wherever so much as a yard wide and two feet deep; the clear rapid rivers of Florida, where not a movement of the birds or their quarry is hidden from the sportsman; and in more mountainous States, bright rushing brooklets and trout streams, far too small for fly-fishing, but along whose banks the owner can run unobstructed, keeping up with his birds in their lightning-like dashes and sub-aquean doubles after the speckled beauties. Prejudice, and prejudice only, might for a time interfere with their use, or, at least, render it inexpedient, in preserved trout waters, which should as a rule be avoided. Unlike the Old World, with its artificialisms and conventionalities, prejudice in this great country is a very fleeting and temporary affair. People like the Americans, accustomed keenly to sift every statement that is put before them, never keep a long or a close hold on a prejudice that has not good sound reason at its back; and the cormorant-fisher would do well to respect the prejudices of his brethren of the angle until they shall have learned them to be utterly without reason or justification.

The destructive capabilities of cormorants, especially when domesticated, are not quite what they are popularly imagined to be, nor is the working capacity of a trained bird by any means unlimited.

Against the current of a mountain brook—and our course is always up stream—ten minutes' consecutive work for each bird is more than enough, and will necessitate not much under half an hour's cessation for rest and drying; for, strange to say, and paradoxical as it may appear, a cormorant cannot work under water when once wet through. He requires to dry himself thoroughly with many wing flappings in the sun and wind, after which he will carefully dress his plumage over with oil obtained from two glands just above the tail, by the pressure of his powerful beak.

Unlike the "trout hog" of the Adirondacks, trained cormorants despise fingerlings, especially when anything better is obtainable. Their sporting instincts seem to be so strong that they will always single out the largest fish within their powers—sometimes above them.

Needless to say, there are no pricked fish to be returned to the water, some to die, others to scare their fellows with the tale of their narrow escape, which fish, like ants, undoubtedly have some means of communicating in a language of their own.

All things considered, I have no hesitation in asserting that preserved waters will be no more injured by cormorant fishing, within reasonable limits, than by customary legitimate angling, also within reasonable limits; far less than by the exploits of the Adirondack trout hog, as so often chronicled in the charming pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The most rapid destruction I have myself ever accomplished with cormorants was twenty-two trout taken in fifteen minutes by three birds. This was in a rough Irish mountain stream flowing into the Shannon, averaging scarcely more than 2 ft. in width, and absolutely unfishable by ordinary methods. No one had ever succeeded in rising a trout therein with a fly, and I never heard of any good being done by the use of worms. The twenty-two trout averaged about three to the pound, and there was but one unsizable fish in the basket, though I could see numbers of small fry in the water.

Fishing (by permission) a stretch of preserved water in Oxfordshire, a fine basket of trout (some of which turned the scale at 3 lbs.) caught by my birds contained not a single fish under a pound in weight, though, the pool, generally kept artificially closed at both ends, was noted as a breeding place. In fact no one had any idea that this water contained fish so large as those taken out of it by my cormorants; greatly to the advantage, I imagine, of their smaller comrades and customary prey. But in so large and variously-featured a country as America, there can be no excuse for (uninvited) encroachment by the cormorant trainer on the domain of the fly-fisher.

I am myself personally acquainted with innumerable lakes, tarns and mountain brooks in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland and Canada on which no one within the memory of man has ever succeeded in getting a rise, and on some of which trolling tactics have been scarcely better rewarded.

Traveled Americans will doubtless remember a lovely clear blue-green river—I have often vainly flogged it—near Cannes in Provence, teeming with fish which are never caught by other means than netting; and many of the tempting looking streams of northern Italy are similarly circumstanced.

Conditions approximately identical prevail in many parts of the United States, as indeed in nearly all parts of the world. I have found them in Asia Minor, and far in the interior of Africa, north and south.

A rod and line are useless in a mountain rivulet a foot wide, and not much better in the long narrow creeks up which the gray mullet love to run in close-packed silvery shoals from the grand estuaries of the coast.

But these same foot-wide rivulets and ditch-like creeks afford the very best opportunities for the cormorant trainer without interfering in the slightest with other people's sport. (There are some splendidly stocked creeks running into Tampa Bay and Charlotte Harbor, in Florida.) Here, then, I would advise the cormorant fisher mainly to seek fresh worlds to conquer, fields wherein to exercise the prowess of his feathered friends "with a clear conscience, void of offense." I would counsel him to follow my own practice of eschewing waters, even unpreserved, that are frequented by brethren of the angle, unless on exceptional occasions when their owners desire to see an exhibition of his birds' attainments. Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* need no reminder from me that "live and let live" should be the first maxim of every true sportsman, no matter what may be the particular branch of sport that claims his own individual sympathies.

I will not occupy my reader's time with a long disquisition on the natural history or habits of the cormorant—in a state of nature—though I shall have much to say about him in a state of grace, *i. e.*, training, which effects certain not inconsiderable changes in his entire constitution. For his natural history any good ornithological work can be consulted.

Round the British Isles we have two species of cormorant, the shag, or green and crested cormorant (*Pelecus cristatus*), a lovely little bird, and very docile, but too small to take a fish of any size; and the common black cormorant (*Pelecus carbo*), which, however, varies somewhat in form in different localities, being evidently adapted by nature to the particular waters in which its living has to be obtained.

At one time I used to draw my supplies of young cormorants for training from Lulworth, near St. Alban's Head in Dorset. In this district (the Isle of Purbeck, famed for its marbles) the cliffs for the most part go down sheer into the water, which is very deep close into the shore. Consequently the local cormorants would starve unless possessed of exceptional diving powers. I found their conformation accordingly of a rather peculiar type; long, slim, greyhound-like bodies, large feet, and very long tails; the tail and feet constituting the bird's diving apparatus, and having developed through long generations to suit its peculiar habitat.

On the other hand, round the Farn Islands off the Northumberland coast, the sea is shallow, but little diving is required, and the fish run very large. Accordingly, a cormorant I procured thence had an exceedingly short tail, was of powerful thickset build, and weighed half as much again as the Dorset birds.

I imagine a similar rule holds good along the American coast line. The cormorants I have seen about the Gulf of Mexico, on the Florida shore, appear to be rather smaller and weaker than the British black cormorant. But I have seen larger birds off Labrador; and I little

doubt that anywhere in the north, near Cape Cod for example, much stronger and better specimens could be procured; and be it remembered, that size is the most important requisite, since the larger the bird, the larger the fish he can tackle. The largest fish I have ever known one of my own cormorants to bring ashore, pouched, weighed a little under three pounds and a half. But my big Northumbrian, aided by another bird, succeeded in drowning and dragging from the Thames—for he could not lift or pouch it—a pike of over 5 lbs., after a grand battle royal, lasting fully a quarter of an hour.

A few words as to the cormorant's methods of work may not be superfluous. The pelican, gannet and booby do their hunting in the air, only plunging into the water to seize prey already found and marked. The cormorant and razorbill (*Alca torda*) and sundry other diving birds, do all their hunting under water. They plunge first, before seeing their prey, seek it under water, and pursue it under water until caught, when they bring it to the surface, and in the case of the cormorant, chuck it up into the air in order to get it head downward into the elastic neck pouch, preparatory to swallowing, or when a trained bird is concerned, bringing it ashore. But while the razorbill uses its wings and would be crippled without them, as it literally flies under water, the cormorant keeps his folded as tightly as possible to his sides, depending entirely on his feet as a propeller, twin-screw fashion, and on his tail as a quick and powerful rudder. (Vide illustration 1.)

We take advantage of our knowledge of these facts to cut one wing of a cormorant, greatly facilitating its training, especially in the case of an old-caught bird, and in no way interfering with its work: while we avoid with the utmost care breaking so much as a single feather of its tail, as the bird would thereby be heavily handicapped in twisting and doubling under water, especially after a fish that succeeded in breaking back past its pursuer when working upstream.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERCH VERSUS TROUT.

THE following series of questions about the relations of predatory fishes like the perch to successful trout rearing recurs so frequently in our correspondence that we give the communication in detail with answers based upon experience, and would be glad to receive expressions of opinion and records of experiments in this direction from others.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am about renting a small lake here, about 400 yds. in length and from 80 to 100 yds. in width, for the purpose of stocking it with speckled trout. Before doing so, however, I wish to obtain some reliable information on some points, and have concluded that I could not do better than make application to your paper in the form of questions, which I think it almost certain either you or some of your correspondents would be able to answer.

The lake in question has a spring of cold water at the upper end coming out of the rock, and for about 20 yds. that end of the lake is covered with stone and gravel, the rest of the lake is mostly mud bottom. Up to about nine years ago the lake was well stocked with speckled trout, but was then nearly cleaned out by netting, and about the same time some one put in perch, which have increased enormously, as the lake abounds in food. For the last four or five years not a single trout has been seen in the lake, and my object in writing is to obtain, if possible, the following information:

1. Has the introduction of perch caused the extermination of the trout, or must we conclude that the trout were exterminated either by netting or some other means before the perch were put in?
2. If the perch have exterminated the trout in what way was it brought about? Is it because the perch devour the trout, or the trout spawn, or because the large trout devour the young perch and the spines on the back of the perch kill the trout?
3. Is it possible for trout and perch to live together in the lake I have described?
4. Is it advisable to exterminate the perch before attempting to restock with trout?
5. What is the readiest and most effectual method of exterminating the perch? Is there any way of doing it?
6. Are there any other varieties of fish besides bass and pike that could live and hold their ground along with perch?
7. Would salmon trout live and increase in numbers in the lake I have described?
8. What other variety of fish would you advise me to put in along with perch in case trout will not live with them?

JAMES P. TELFORD.

The probability is that netting caused the extermination of the trout. We infer from your letter that the trout was reproducing naturally in the lake at one time and found suitable food. The spines of the perch will not injure trout, for the latter swallows sticklebacks, which have stouter spines than the perch. If the perch have diminished the trout, they may have accomplished this by taking their supply of food. Perch and trout live in the same body of water, but the general opinion is that they cannot be reared together successfully, because the former is more prolific and spawns later, so that it devours trout eggs during the whole spawning season. It is, therefore, advisable to remove the perch before introducing trout if you can; but this will be difficult, to say the least. Black bass have so thinned out the perch in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, that they no longer interfere with the brook trout, and the latter are increasing rapidly; but many persons object seriously to placing black bass in trout waters, because of their predatory character. Rock bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*) and calico bass (*Pomoxys sparoides*) will thrive in the company of perch, and both of these are excellent game fishes and accessible to you. Salmon trout might live in a small lake such as you describe if the water is very deep in some places and cold enough, and they would dispose of your perch in short order. Whatever fish of the salmon family is deemed suitable should be represented by well-grown individuals and not by fry, which the perch can dispose of faster than you can furnish them.

THE BEARDSTOWN ROD AND GUN CLUB sends us a kerchief invitation to their first annual fish fry, Sept. 25, which promises to be a most enjoyable affair.

ALEWIVES AS EGG-DESTROYERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 10 I noticed an editorial regarding the alewives in lakes Ontario, Cayuga and Seneca. As regards their migratory habits from Lake Ontario to the sea I know nothing; but from observation of their habits in Seneca Lake I consider them the direct cause of the decrease of the game fishes in Seneca and other waters.

They feed entirely during the spawning season upon the eggs of the trout, pike, bass and perch. Of a certainty the trout and pike feed to a small extent upon the alewives; but there is so much other food that is more palatable, namely, the stone perch, swifts, shiners and sucker fry, that the fish have no necessity to rasp their throats with the serrated belly of the alewife. I have watched the alewife time and again around black bass beds. They would hector the mother bass until she became exasperated beyond measure. The moment she left the bed to drive the intruder away dozens of them would pounce upon the unprotected spawn, and in a short time there would be an empty bed. The same with the rock bass, and the beds of the trout, pike and perch being unprotected fall an easy prey.

When our Fish Commissioner stocked Seneca Lake with alewives for the purpose of feeding the fishes he caused more direct damage to the fish and fishing than all the nets and spears that were ever used.

In closing I would say stock the inland lakes with game fish and let the lice of the ocean, or the American sardine, remain in its natural elements. LANCEWOOD.

BELLONA, N. Y., Sept. 12.

[The above shows the alewife in a new rôle, and it would be well to make sure that there is no mistake about the identification of the robber. Some of the small whitefishes or ciscoes consume eggs in vast numbers, but alewives are supposed to feed at or near the surface, chiefly on small water fleas. "Lancewood" might serve the cause of science by catching one of the fish engaged in eating eggs and mailing it in salt to the office of FOREST AND STREAM for identification.]

TAMAGAMINGUE LAKE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the trout caught in Lake Tamagamingue, of which I wrote you last June, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, superintendent of fishculture in Ottawa, writes me that they are the *Salmo namaycush*. On carefully studying the description and drawing of this trout in Richardson's work, I feel no doubt Mr. Wilmot is correct.

It is supposed that the lake in question is fed by salt springs. With the exception of the moisture from the clouds it has no other visible means of support, though it discharges a considerable quantity of water, more particularly at its southern outlet. There are none of the *Salmo fontinalis* in the lake or in the streams issuing therefrom, though the southern is for fifty miles in appearance an ideal trout stream, with water as clear as a diamond swiftly flowing over a pebbly bed.

Whitefish and black bass are also taken in this lake, the latter sea green in color, the former having a strong shade of purple beneath their shining, silvery scales.

The *namaycush* will not bite during the summer months, as they retire to the deep water. I have just returned from a second trip to this lake in company with Robert S. Lewis, of Rochester, and everything I have previously said as to the edible qualities and extraordinary beauty of the *namaycush* I feel inclined to repeat with emphasis. S. R. CLARKE.

WHERE BASS ABOUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"O. O. S." in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3 accuses my friend and I of being "uncommonly gluttonous" because we caught 115 fish in five hours. Well, "maybe we was," but it can't be helped at this date, and we kept no small fish, putting all such back, and I can assure him that none of the fish were wasted, and that we didn't have enough to go around even then. As for the statement that it was nothing out of the common to take twenty or more any morning during the season, and that he considers it "considerably out of the common," if he will come out here and try a few days' fishing he will forever forswear bass fishing in any other region. I can assure him that the fish are the gamiest on earth, and that he will not stop to count them when he is so engaged in catching them. I am not a market fisher or hunter, and never, to my knowledge, wasted a pound of fish, and our waters will not be depleted by the amount of fish that can be taken by legitimate fishermen. I think "O. O. S." must be somewhat cross-grained, and if he will come out here next season I will guarantee to give him a good time with plenty of fishing, and he will not begrudge the waters we fish over any of the fish we carry away. Minnesota has more bass waters than any State in the Union, and a visit to our shores will make a new man of "O. O. S." E. J. L.

WEST DULUTH, MINN.

BLACK BASS IN HEMLOCK LAKE.

ANGLERS who enjoy the fine fishing for black bass in Hemlock Lake, near Lima, N. Y., will be interested to learn that the lake was stocked more than 30 years ago by the Lima Angling Club. The Rochester *Post Express* has recently learned the history of the transaction from one of the members of the club, Mr. Geo. A. Pierce. The basis of the planting was the following agreement:

It is agreed between G. A. Pierce on one part and H. J. Kintz of the other part that Mr. Kintz will within ten days deliver at the Genesee Valley depot, in Rochester, 75 live black bass, in good live healthy condition, for the consideration of \$25, to be paid as follows: \$10 cash in hand paid, \$10 on delivery thereof at Rochester and \$5 on the said fish being put into Hemlock Lake, the expense of barrels or vat to be paid for by Pierce.

March 30, 1859. HENRY J. KINTZ, GEORGE A. PIERCE, H. J. WOOD, G. A. PIERCE, } Committee. Dr. J. RIQUA, }

Fulfilled April, 1859, and March, 1860; 10 put in April, 1859, and 40 April, 1860.

The time was extended because Mr. Kintz was unable to get the bass during the first year; but in 1860 the number of 50 was completed and the result of the stocking soon became apparent. The fish were mature and weighed from 2 to 5 lbs. each.

RAINBOW TROUT FLAVOR.—Highlands, N. C., Sept. 18. —Editor Forest and Stream: I have to differ with Mr. Ripley (FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 10) in regard to the eating quality of the rainbow trout. It is in the cooking that this gentleman must have failed to get out the fine flavor of this splendid fish. If he will take a 2 or 3-pounder and broil it, as a shad should be, he will find that it has fat enough to broil well, and will then be a toothsome meal for the most exacting fisherman. I can corroborate his statement that this fish breeds well and grows with great rapidity. The progeny of a hundred of these fish in my water three years ago have stocked the stream for nearly 20 miles down, and they are rapidly becoming as numerous as the common trout, while they grow much more rapidly. The old fish are sometimes met with, but in my narrow and rapid stream always break the tackle at the first dart, which they make with so much vim that a long reach is necessary to hold them. The last large one was taken last year, and weighed 3½ lbs., at the age of three years. It was in the pond where the fingerlings were planted.—H. STEWART.

NANTUCKET FISHING.—Capt. A. C. Adams, of the Fish Commission, went to Nantucket early in the week and brought us some news about the fishing. The large ponds—Miacomete, Seachaca, Long and Tom Nevers—contain white perch, eels and pickerel, the last occurring in Tom Nevers only. Anglers have had fairly good success during the summer, but overfishing and winter seining have thinned out the perch considerably. The catboats employed there in fishing on the shoals during the spring and fall for cod are engaged by sailing parties in the summer. These boats, about thirty in number, are splendid craft for sailing and fishing. They take had-dock, pollock, mackerel, scup and bluefish in their season around the island. Mr. A. H. Adams is a dealer in fishing tackle and takes pride in telling visitors about the resources of the waters. Scallops are very abundant on the sandy bottom and quahaugs are obtained in moderate quantities.

TARPON AT ST. AUGUSTINE.—A tarpon weighing 170 lbs. was captured in the Matanzas River this morning by Messrs. A. J. Kolb and J. W. Traver. The fish is the largest ever landed in the waters about St. Augustine and is a beauty. The two gentlemen started out early this morning with the determination of landing a king of the finny tribe. At 7:30 Mr. Kolb had a bite and immediately the prize began to churn the water. It took just one and a half hours to land the 170-pounder, during which time the fish dragged the boat from Mr. Kolb's wharf on the Matanzas, near Moultrie, up the river several miles, notwithstanding Mr. Traver's efforts at the oars to keep the boat near home. The fish is now on exhibition in Mr. Traver's store on King street. It will probably be mounted and placed on exhibition.—St. Augustine (Fla.) News, September.

WHITE PERCH IN MAINE.—Among the beautiful fishing lakes of Maine is Matamiscotis, about 50 miles above Bangor. The Lake Megantic Railroad runs past it and carries many campers into its forests. Capt. A. C. Adams informs us that the fishing for white perch is superb, and especially in August. In company with three friends he caught 150 fine perch in an hour and a quarter, his own line taking 79. Having no other bait, they began fishing with pork until they had caught a few fish, when they used pieces of the throat and tail of the perch. The lake is surrounded by forests, and the only settlement is Whitney Ridge. Boats can be had for \$1 per day. Capt. Adams fished in about 12 ft. of water. With suitable tackle the perch of this lake would furnish rare enjoyment.

THE JUNIATA NETS.—Port Royal, Pa., Sept. 18.—Acting under orders received from the Fish Commissioners, John Mateer, warden and two assistants, all of this place, started down the Juniata River yesterday morning in a skiff; they expect to be gone some days and will remove all illegal obstructions in the river down as far as its mouth. This work should have been done long ago; this stretch of river, especially below the Millerstown dam, is notorious for the number of fish dams, baskets and other illegal contrivances.—ONYJUTTA.

A BIG MACKEREL was caught in 45 fathoms of water off Seal Island, Nova Scotia, on Aug. 6. It measured 26in. from the tip of the nose to the fork of the tail, and was 10in. in girth. This is remarkable because of the great size of the fish and the depth in which it was taken. Capt. Pothier, who caught it on a cod hook, thinks it is the largest mackerel ever seen on the coast.—CHARLES HALLOCK.

PUGET SOUND and Commencement Bay are filled to overflowing with salmon, so that many of the fish are killed by the wheels of steamers. No such run has been seen before within the memory of the oldest inhabitants; even Indian traditions contain nothing to equal the present abundance.

A LARGE CHANNEL BASS.—Mr. Charles S. Higgins, of Brooklyn, caught off Fire Island, last Saturday, a channel bass weighing 31 lbs. and measuring 4 ft. 2 in. The fish was taken with rod and reel, and only after 40 minutes of hard fighting did the angler succeed in bringing the monster to boat.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

VIII.

Two Vermonters a-fishing went,
One August day
In Missisquoi Bay,
And caught some bass for the President.
But while covered with glo-
ry the anglers blow.
The bass,
Alas!
Can never know
How grand a go
They had down the throat of a President.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 280 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural International Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada. Entries close Sept. 8. J. S. Robertson, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Inaugural Show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Rogers Williams, Sec'y.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.

Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.

Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.

March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Sec'y.

April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Bangle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.

Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

THE third annual dog show of the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto opened on Monday, Sept. 14, and closed Sept. 18. The account of the opening of the show and the regular awards sent by telegraph appeared in our last week's issue. The result of the show was a successful one in every sense. While the crowds that swarmed into the building last year were to some extent smaller on this occasion, still it must have been quite a financial success, as the people were on the move most of the day, and at times the aisles were uncomfortably crowded. The arrangements this year were much better than last. Aisles were kept clean, the building was well disinfected and we are doubly pleased in having to compliment Mr. C. A. Stone on his courteous treatment of exhibitors, and the indefatigable energy he displayed throughout the show. The Toronto Fair people are noted for their penchant for red tape, and a dog show manager there meets with many obstructions through the ignorance of those in power of the needs of dog men, which requires considerable tact and patience to overcome. This Mr. Stone accomplished. The obnoxious port to port customs regulations also add considerable bother and labor to his position, as papers must be made out for every kennel and individual dog before they could leave for the States or the Montreal show. The building is exceptionally well adapted for the show, in fact is built for the purpose.

The feeding was a great improvement on that of last year, and we saw very little scouring. Spratts' biscuits were used. The judging commencing on Monday at 2 P. M. dragged on till Wednesday noon. Messrs. Kirk, Massey, Junior, Mitchener, Donovan and Capt. Harston were actively engaged during judging and throughout the show in helping things along. The weather, excepting on Friday afternoon, was all that could be desired, perhaps a little warm, but the dogs in the cool, airy building did not suffer. The class of dogs was about the same as at Hamilton the previous week, but the addition of puppy and novice classes accounted for the increased entry without any improvement to the show, as we saw several litters of puppies that had been better at home. The judges' names are given with their respective breeds reported upon, and little further can be said except that Toronto has added one more most successful show to its list of past triumphs. The criticisms of the different classes follow the order of the catalogue, which was a great improvement on that of last year, and had few mistakes.

MASTIFFS.—(CHAS. H. MASON).

The exhibit in this breed this year was a great improvement on that of 1890. The presence of the Flour City Kennels showing the Canadians what really good mastiffs are like. Champion Ilford Chancellor had a bloodless victory in the dog challenge class, and was still in his good form; in the next class Caution's Own Daughter had to give way to Lady Coleus, for the reason that I pointed out last week, not skill enough, though positions were reversed at Hamilton. In open dogs, Elksan, an improving dog, and filling out nicely, though still too tucked up, was placed at the head of the class, beating Mode in size and forelegs, though I like Mode's head better, he does not show so much dewlap and skull is of better shape; third prize was withheld, and only he, cards given to Trust, who is long-faced, feet turn out and hardly bone enough; King has also not the type of head desired; Minting Minor, first last year, was absent. Miss Caution repeated her Hamilton victory in bitches; a new one, Minna Minting, coming second; she is small sized and loses in bone and body to the other, though she has a nice head; Bess occupied the same place as at Kingston in a much better class; Greenwood Juno, vhc., is fairly good, but loses in head and front; Blondie is not massive enough in head and would do with more flesh, her forelegs are very good; Ilford Fess was absent. In the puppy class Elksan smothered his only competitor, Flora, from whom second was rightly withheld. In novice class first was withheld and second given to King, who was out of shape and has a poor head. The Flour City Kennels of course took the kennel prize, and Mr. Hugh Falconer that for the best four owned in Canada.

ST. BERNARDS.—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

These classes were a marked improvement over those of last year; several very fair laced dogs being shown, and the

presence of the New York St. Bernard Kennel added considerable quality to the exhibit. Challenge rough classes proved blank. In the open dog class Kingston Regent's good quality, massive head, bone and good color could not be denied, and he was an easy winner. The more one sees of this dog the more certain it is that he will prove a very hard dog to beat in the very best company; second went to Hesper's Son, a dog of nice quality, lacking in massiveness of head and dark shadings, but well formed in body and forelegs, hindlegs a little too straight, he is only 14 months old and will very likely develop into a pretty nice dog; Monk, third, is nicely marked but long in head, good bone and shows lots of quality; Monarch, from the same kennel, lacks blaze, is light in body, weak in pasterns, and head not short enough; Don Phyllis, reserve, was at Hamilton; Bruce, h.c., is snipy-muzzled and long-faced, his head is also almost black; Oscar, also two letters, I did not see; Benmore, Jr., lost a letter in this company. The order in bitches was the same as at Hamilton, Republican Belle, Zenith and Glenisla. Beulah, fourth, loses to the others in head, a very poor one without blaze, though in body and bone she is very good; Phyllis, reserve, is long in head but good in body; Daisy May hardly deserved v.h.c., she is not much better than a coarse collie, with very little St. Bernard type. Nora, h.c., is much better, though faulty in head properties, snipy and so on, but is fairly good behind that part of her anatomy. Nell Maida, c., is of poor coloring and quality. The puppy class for dogs was a big one and some fair stock was shown, the winner turning up in Mr. Bell's "pick up" at Chicago, Sir John. He is a well made dog, but on account of his twitching from chorea, should have been put back. He will, perhaps, eventually grow out of this, as it has already left his shoulder, but as it is this infirmity should count against him at present. He has a fairly good head, excellent bone, is of good size, nice coat, and when filled out his body will be good. Hesper's Son, for the reason stated, should have been first; Don Phyllis came third, reserve going to Kildonan, showing very good bone but not straight on his pins. The other mentioned ones I did not see, they having been taken out. In bitch puppies Lady Maud, the winner, is too houndy headed. Theben, second, has only his nice body and legs to recommend; lacks type, head very poor. In challenge, smooths, Ch. Hector had another lonely victory. By a foolish mistake Othello, who could have taken second in the rough dog class, was entered in the smooths, and the mistake not being known until the smooth class was called, he was thrown out and did not compete at all. In open bitches a very fair lot turned out. Lady Swiss, the winner, lacks blaze, but is nicely found in body and legs. Dell, second, I failed to see. Gemmi, third, is faulty in head and Nun Nicer came fourth, though she deserved a higher place. Nero, in dog puppies, could do no better than second without competition; body the best part of him even now. Gemmi won without competition in her class. The winners in the novice classes have all been described above. Altogether this was the best lot of St. Bernards ever shown in Canada. Mr. J. S. Williams having four roughs, took both those kennel prizes, but the smooths did not fill.

BLOODHOUNDS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Only two entries, and Jack Shepard completely smothered Beauty, who was far away from him in head, though nearly as good in body and legs.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Champion Leo added another to his score, although far from a good one. Major, second, loses in depth of muzzle, but had he had a little attention would be quite as good in coat. Neither are really true types.

GREAT DANES—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

Thanks to the Wolverine Kennels there was quite a fair showing in this breed dear to the hearts of the Germans. Considering the great number of Germans in this country it is a wonder the number of this breed shown is not larger, though perhaps the difficulty in keeping them is the chief obstacle with the majority. No entries in the challenge classes. As was the case last year another exceptionally good great Dane was shown in the open class for dogs; this was Imperial, a much improved dog since Chicago, though he can still carry many pounds more flesh. He was a great attraction at the show; in fact the chief one; he is many points ahead of Favor, this time in his right class. Brutus, third, is light in body, straight in stifles, has a fairly good head and nice bone. Pascha II. was at Hamilton. Bismarck, c., has a bad head. Minerva's Fawn, in competition with those of her own sex, here took premier honors, Ultima coming next; both were described last week. They also occupied the same position in the puppy class. Siegfrieda, faulty in head, v.h.c.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Only three were entered. Valdemir had no competitor. He is not filling out as he should do in body, neither is Princess Irma, who beats her litter sister Modjeska in head, size and bone, the latter is better in loin, but loses again in pasterns.

DEERHOUNDS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

The only one present was Silver Queen, short in muzzle, heavy in shoulder, but otherwise fairly good; two other entries were absent.

GRYHOUNDS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Though in numbers not as large as last year, still the quality shown was about the best we have, East at any rate. Gen of the Season had little difficulty in beating the slack-waisted champion Highland Chief in the dog challenge class. Champion Balkis entered not for competition. In bitches, champion Cassandra, whose six years or more of usefulness are beginning to tell on her, was well ahead of Spinaway in head and ribs. The next class was a repetition of Hamilton as far as Ornatius and Pious Pembroke were concerned. Mr. Pope's new dog, Old Stone, third, losing in feet, ribs and hindlegs. Highland Donald, gone off in front, coming next; he is well known. Ranger had to put up with three letters this time. Dick, h.c., is badly pig-jawed and long cast. Blucher, c., best parts are ribs and loin; hind parts, feet and pasterns faulty. An excellent class, showing lots of quality, and the awards were fully indorsed by the running of the dogs in the races afterward, proving that bench show form is compatible with good work in the field. The bitch class was also good as far as the top ones were concerned, Bestwood Daisy and Lilly of Gainsboro being the order for the money; the latter has the better head and is stronger in loin and better ribbed, also more let down in stifles; the names as given in Hamilton report should be transposed. Bestwood Daisy is brimful of quality. Bert of Fashion, a name dangerously near that of the noted English bitch, was third, but I did not see this one. Lady Langtry, reserve, is weak in pasterns, light in loin. Grimsby Jess is not of much account, while Elsie II., by her good front, gained two letters also. Galatea, c., is heavy in shoulders, not straight in forelegs and lacks rib development. The puppies were divided. The winner in dogs, Mistrerton, has a poor head, but is good in front; body needs time. Jack took second; he was out. The winner in bitches was Bed of Stones, Miss Glendine coming second. She has nice forelegs, but feet are open; is a bit overshot and light in eye. Though local entries were few, there was no mistake about the quality of the American dogs.

FOXHOUNDS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

As usual in Canada, there were some fairly good English hounds shown, the winner last year, Genius, again being placed in the van, with Kouser, not so well-ribbed up or as good in head, second; both have good hound coats. Preacher, third, has splendid well-boned forelegs, but is snipy in muz-

zle and stifles are not bent enough. Vexation, second last year, was the only one in the bitch class; she is a bitch of good parts. Classes were also made for American hounds, several of those shown being weedy hounds and of the English type. The winner in the dog class belonged to the only and well-known Dan O'Shea, Ranger, better in legs and feet, winning over Ringwood. Bingo, third, is more on English type and a bit straight behind. Bruce, v.h.c., I could not find. Dan also had the two winners in the bitch class, Countess and Hasty, the latter a fair American. In harriers the winner is a fairly good one, though feet and pasterns might be better. Tomboy is a foxhound puppy of American type. In bitches Molly could do no better than second, very snipy and too long cast.

POINTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

A better lot than usually seen in Canada. Mr. Davey showed a very nice team, and as their breeding is tip top there should soon be a good lot of pointers running round his bailiwick. Challenge heavy bitches had champion Belle Randolph, the winner, in Devon Nell's absence. In heavy open dogs Tempest beats Westminster Drake behind the head. Revelation was the winner in heavy-weight bitches. She is a bit straight-faced, but otherwise well formed, excepting a little weakness of pasterns. She was also too fat; Lightfield Madge, second, one of Mr. Davey's new ones, is excellent in front and bone. In challenge classes for light-weights Pomery Sec and Fan N. won the prizes for Mr. Hyland in their respective classes. Both looked well. The open light-weight dog class produced a few more entries, and to Ossining went the blue ribbon; Shot, second, losing in hindlegs and chest; Axtel King Don, whose front might be better, and expression and muzzle hardly the thing, otherwise fair, coming third; Save, v.h.c., is not a bad stamp, while Snipe, c., is too houndy-headed and throaty. In bitches, that natty piece of dog flesh, Lady Gay Spanker, true to her name, an elegant mover, was well in front; Miss Kumer, second, is nicely fronted, though at times one elbow goes out a bit, but little fault can be found with her; Phantom, third, has been spoken of before. Lady Graphic, reserve, occupied an unusual place; in v.h.c., Dodo, is a bit short in muzzle, feet open, and is a trifle long cast. In novice class the order was Lightfield Madge and Dodo. Puppies were fair, Bessie Girl being the best.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Mr. Davidson, as is generally the case, had a big welcome in English setters. As most of the dogs were commented on in Hamilton report it is no use going over them again in detail. Edgemark again proved himself a winner, and this must qualify him for the challenge class; second went to Lightfield Rhulias, with whom little fault can be found, might be a bit straighter in front, ears in carriage could be improved; Viscount, a little better looking as to coat than at Hamilton, was placed third; Tony Gladstone, reserve; Sir Edward, v.h.c., have been spoken of before; Mount Royal Stride is not straight in front, feet turn out a bit, but head fairly good; Forest Tatton, h.c., loses in feet and loin and is throaty. In bitches Nita was this time placed first, she looked cleaner and in better shape, though still heavy looking and moving queerly behind; Forest Heather, second, is throaty, but otherwise well formed; Albert's Nellie went still a peg lower to third place; Victress Lewellin, fourth, first at Hamilton, needs no further description; Canadian Lillie, reserve, is hardly strong enough in muzzle, but in legs, feet and body is still good; Monk's Fan, from the same kennel, is a daughter of Monk of Furness, and is much of his type; Vic is a bit wide in front and not ribbed up enough; Nora II., again captured three letters; in the h.c. lot Forest Gladys is a bit wide in front, skull too thick and eye prominent. Novice dogs had the same as above, excepting Toby, a large well-made dog, heavily marked but well formed if he is a bit coarse throughout. In novice bitches Victress Lewellin was ahead, beating Queen of Fashion in body; Vic, third, is only a moderate one. In puppy dogs Field Marshall, the winner, is long-cast, the others were fair, but most of them had been removed when I took my notes.

IRISH SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

The dogs in these classes were fully up to the average, and many of them had been at Hamilton the previous week. Challenge classes were drawn blank. Seminole again proved the winner in the open dog class, beating Farnell in head and front, Glen Jarvis, now well known, coming next. Dr. H., fourth, is a big, coarse-looking pup, leggy and hardly showing quality enough. Erin's Lad is a promising pup, nice head, and Larry, faulty in front, well deserved his letters. Eleo, though lacking type, should have had another letter, and Hiawatha, faulty in head and forelegs, and not ribbed up enough, also took two letters. In open bitches, Irene, the winner, is a nice setter; skull is a bit broad, but otherwise she will do. Duchess of Ayondale, second, is throaty, but of fair type of head, a little long cast in body; Goldsmith Maid is too fine in muzzle, and feet turn out a bit; Rose Palmerston I have commented on before. Nellie B., v.h.c., is light throughout, lacks character in head, and is faulty in quarters. Minnehaha, in the same division, is too prominent in brow and needs more flesh. Aurora, h.c., is now well known in these columns; Lady Alice is narrow-chested, light in body and faulty behind, otherwise of fair type. Novice dogs—Rufus, the winner, beats Erin's Lad in head, and Rose Palmerston was again placed over Lady Alice in bitches. Puppies were a repetition of other classes.

GORDON SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

The same old crowd, Dr. Dixon's team scooping in all the money in the challenge classes. Ivanhoe and Leo B. classed as at Hamilton in dogs, and Duchess of Waverley, beating Becky Sharp in head, in the bitch class. Two turned up in open dogs. Clyde, the winner, beats Pendennis in coloring and head. Dorothea, the winner in the bitch class, is light in tan, faulty in muzzle, and was shown fat; she beats Annie Gordon in head and ribs. The third one was a late entry and not named. Miss Muffit, fourth, is faulty in ribs and head, and Cherry Ripe's light body and lack of rib could get her no more than three letters. The puppy and novice classes were filled by these previously mentioned. Outside the challenge dogs there was little quality shown, most of the exhibits lacking depth of muzzle and bone.

COLLIES—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

The absence of the Chestnut Hill Kennels leaves competition in these classes more open, as though the Seminole Kennels showed some of the old winners, still they are not put on the bench as they should be. Conditioning collies and keeping their coats in show fettle is an art not learned in a day. Roslyn Wilkes not being for regular competition let Roslyn Dandy in for the challenge dog prize, and in bitches Metchley Surprise had a walkover. In open dogs many of the dogs were reviewed last week, the winner, Dowry, although well coated is very faulty in head, coarse, light-eyed and short-faced; I liked the Hamilton winner, Metchley Wonder II., fourth, for the place, he is truer to type, though out of coat; second went to the coarse Moonstone, spoken of at Hamilton; Sir Walter Scott II., barring coat, should have been above him, "Square Deal" Eberhart having trained his tail "down to the ground;" reserve went to Roslyn Conway, who, though out of coat, is better type than some of those over him; Rowdy, v.h.c., got all he deserved; Wait-a-wee, h.c., is too high in skull, faulty in ribs and front; Toronto Wonder, same division, not straight in front, lacking in ribs and soft in coat. The bitches were only a poor lot. Masilla, the winner last year, was absent, and first went to Nancy, who has a soft woolly coat, is too heavy in shoulders, and faulty in muzzle and ears; Dot, small, but typical, should have won, is out of coat, but what

there is has the right feel; Belle, third, excels in forelegs, has a fairly good top coat, but no under; Reta, fourth, is a little wastrel; Maid of Duudee, v.h.c., is light-eyed, had head, poor feet, and not deserving a card. A poor class on the whole. The novice class awards followed the open, Eglington taking second here and Sir Walter Scott first. In bitches, Fury, the winner, is nice type, might be better in front; Heather Bell, second, has a nice head but ears are too big, is light in body; Bessy's poor head was counterbalanced by her nice texture of coat. The puppy winners have been mentioned, with the exception of Scotilla IV., who won nicely in head and coat.

BULLDOGS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

This breed did not show up very well, though Bo'swain in dogs and Bloater Girl in bitches were of a good sort and the only entries. The latter was looking better than the week previous.

BULL-TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Nearly all the same dogs as at Hamilton, consequently, as stated, a good lot. Their positions, however, were reversed in most cases. Dufferin was the only challenge dog and the well known Starlight also had her class to herself. In dogs Mr. Mason thought Topsparkle the best, his coat, or lack of it, not to mention his head, should have put him back. Duke of Wellington, a heavily boned pup, came second; he is good in front, that is all. Ben Battle, third, has a good eye, but is short and heavy faced. Prince Bendigo, losing flesh, was reserve this time. Common, King of Hearts, Watchful Wagtail, formerly Little Donovan, were all v.h.c., and are well known, and so is Muster Dick, h.c. Royal is more of a business dog, and Buxton Baron, second. He loses in body and loin, fair head. In bitches Grave Duchess won again this year. Edgwood Fancy and Queen of the Dale were both put over her the week before; the latter is not improving in condition. Heb, h.c., was in bad shape and head is nothing extra. In puppies Duke of Wellington rightly beat Belle of Edgwood. An excellent showing and something Canada has not seen before this year.

POODLES—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Only one entry in dogs, and that the "African poodle" Friday. First withheld and second awarded and Frost, though deserving a letter, was debarred from participating in the spoils in the bitch class.

SPANIELS—(A. CLINTON WILMERDING).

Not "A. Clinton, Esq., Welmerding," as the catalogue had it. Of course Mr. Wilmerding's first appearance as a spaniel judge in Canada was a signal for a big turn out in the spaniel classes, and especially in cockers. He had a good light in the ring upstairs and rather upset some previous decisions.

An indifferent Irish water spaniel was given a second. Clumbers saw the usual faces on the bench. Boss III. had his challenge class to himself and well it was so; Lady Bromine, the same, though not recovered, they are better, but still should not be shown. In dogs it was a tight go between Johnny Junior and Darby; the latter's head is so much better type and front is so superior that Johnny's good body can hardly counteract it. Lady Jo had the bitch class to herself.

Field spaniels, with Mr. Kirk an exhibitor, were better off for quality, Newton Abbott Laddie and Birdford Ruby each taking a challenge first. In open black dogs Bidean Bob has good body, legs and feet, is faulty in skull and muzzle, not square enough. Samson, second, is well known and Brantford Mohawk I spoke of last week. In bitches Rosedale Bess, a promising youngster, beats Rosedale Belle in head and front. Liver dogs saw old Beau, the winner, looking quite himself. Any other color was a mixed lot; Fancy, first, is better in head and coat than Billy, though the latter is better in front. Toby, third, is beaten in forelegs and is a bit leggy. Bob beat Rosedale Scamp in puppies, but both went dropping in front.

The cocker black challenge dogs were a hot lot, and Rabbi moved considerably up this time, going to the top of the class, with Black Duke second, the latter beating old champion Brant in head. Miss Obo II. had an easy win over Bessie W., both from the same kennel, in challenge bitches. Any other colored challenge dogs were a gift to Brantford Red Jacket, but King Pharaoh's Sister is not up to challenge form, and a diploma would have suited her style of head better. Open black dogs saw the well known Black Dufferin a good winner, beating Oban in head and very much in body and quarters. Dono, third, is equally as good as the second winner and has improved. Black Brant, fourth, I did not see. Obadiah, reserve this time, is an off-described dog. Brook, v.h.c., is too big and long in head. In bitches I guess, a sister to I Say, was put at the head of affairs. I like her better in body than I Say, has an excellent front, but not so good in muzzle as the latter. Woodstock Cora no doubt went over I Say on account of condition, coat, etc., as she is not so good in head but has a nice body and is well fronted. Cleo II. was described last week, and so was Brantford Flirt, reserve, and Brantford Topsy, v.h.c. Woodland Susie, and Jealousy, h.c., may also be passed over with the same remark. Any other color dogs had the winners in Brantford Redman, described last week; he beats Nugget in forefeet and behind to shoulders, which dip a bit. Bambo and Rufus, third and fourth, need no further mention. Molly proved herself superior to Lady of Learning, the matron, in condition and body. Brantford Red Riding Hood, a little long cast, came third, and Dolly Varden, from the same kennel, could get no higher than fourth on account of her legs, which are slightly out of fashion. Blushing Rose, v.h.c., well known, and Northern Queen, also, v.h.c., faulty in head, too much cut out before the eye, completed the class. The novice class awards were nearly all taken by dogs previously mentioned, though Ontario, a new face, third in dogs, is too domy in skull, but has an excellent cobby body, and Van Hood, v.h.c., is a little on the leg. The puppy winners have also been described and their places can be found on referring to the prize list.

BEAGLES—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Most of the winners are well known, champion Royal Krueger taking the challenge dog prize, and champion Una the same for her sex. Tricobrin again won in dogs, with Roy K. second. Roscoe, third, is coarse but is a good stamp of working hound, a little large sized. Hornell-Harmony Kennels also supplied the winners in bitches, with Elf; she beats Ruby in head, body and front. Periwinkle, third, is nice type, but light and a little out of shape, has a good hound coat. King Krueger won in puppies; is long in body and large even now; he wins over Guy in muzzle, feet and coat. The under 12 in. class had one entry, Ava W. well-known.

FOX-TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

A glance through the catalogue shows the names of nearly all those at Hamilton the previous week, Dobbin being about the only new face worth mentioning. The challenge classes did not fill. In open dogs the Woodale Kennels' new dog made his first appearance. He is a nice terrier, showing lots of character, a fairly well-formed head, though a little too much stop, excellent front and good bone and coat, ears well carried; he beats Blentom Trump nicely, who in turn was placed over Starden's Jack, reserve going to Diver Third, whose faults I spoke of last week; Painter this time doing no better than v.h.c., as was Endcliffe Spice; Woodale Rival, in the same lot, is faulty in muzzle, a bit round in skull yet, trifle long in body but nice and straight in front. Nobody's Child, h.c. These are with the exception of Rival familiar names now. Pepper is pinched in muzzle but coat of good texture. In bitches first went to last year's winner, Ebor

Nettle, who beats Rowton Safety in head, ears and body. Venus, third, was commented on before. Woodale Radiant, fourth, was out of stall, a puppy. Woodale Refusal is not ribbed enough, fair head and front ears trifle thick, and just fair in coat. Dog puppies were of no account, prizes withheld, and in bitches Rowton Safety, Woodale Radiant and Arden Belle was the order.

In wire-haired dogs the judge was severe, withholding first and giving Barton Sting second; Stanley, vhc., neither as good as Adswood Jim II., h.c.; Gale Green Patch, c., all commented on before. The prizes in bitch class were withheld. In novices Nobody's Child had an easy win in dogs, and in bitches Rowton Safety and Suffolk Riot outclassed the others.

IRISH TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

In open dogs Jack Briggs scored, having been conditioned a bit since the week before, over Nailer, the latter losing in body, legs, feet and coat; Rivictor, thick in skull, faulty in muzzle and short in coat; third. Two nice bitches turned up in the next class, Exile's superior head, coat and front gaining the verdict over Kathleen.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Quite a show of these quaint terriers noted rather for their gameness than their good looks. King of the Heather's superior head, coat and body led him out ahead of Valentine, who in turn beats Goyoa in front and length of head and muzzle. Fan won again this year in bitches, she is out in front, has a fair head, good coat and hindquarters. A third only was crying to Saba, out of shape, having puppies at the show—a given evil.

BEDLINGTONS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Pica won in dogs, better in front, body and feel of coat than Porkess, who also in turn beats Sir George in head; Sting, coat of poor texture, deficient in tips and topknot, was vhc. In bitches Jerry the winner in topknot and arch of loin, though Zulo is better in head; Nettle, third, was described last week.

SKYE TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Sir Stafford had little difficulty in beating Sir John, who loses in head, coat, length and bone.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Meersbrook Maiden, looking a little more like herself, was alone in the challenge class. In open dogs Broomfield Sultan had little difficulty in winning over Rochelle Scot and Buffalo Rex, which two the judge could not or would not separate. Rochelle Scot has the better head and richer tan, but loses in body. Buffalo Rex was badly breeched. In bitches English Lady lost first place on account of her mouth, so it is said; she also loses to the other in head, quarters and chest, but is richer in tan. Grace, third, was not in it in this company, nor yet was Merry. Puppies with the exception of Rochelle Carmencita were poor. Somehow with all the fairly good dogs imported our black and tan breeders are showing very little result.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Toon's Royal again placed himself in front of his kennel mate Venus in challenge class, and Toon's Royal Gem was alone in dogs. In bitches the silver Tot had to succumb to Miss Halifax, true in coloring, though a poor one, getting third prize only.

PUGS—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

Same old faces again. Bob Ivy, Bessie and Cassina in the challenge classes. Pberhart's Cashier leading all again in the open dogs, Curtis coming next; same order as at Hamilton. Bradford Rowdy, third, has a nice skull, but muzzle is wrong. Fritz Emmett took reserve; his faults have already been heralded. Kash, Jr., vhc., should have been above him. In bitches, Satin won again, Mabel E. and Cribbage coming again in the same order, Fanny K. taking three letters and Princess Nellie h.c. Peggy Pride was the best of the puppies.

TOY TERRIERS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

Three fair little toys as they go over here were shown, first going to Trix, beating the other two in markings and legs.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—(CHAS. H. MASON).

In dogs, the large-sized but well-shaped Royal Duke won, Calumet Alice held her own nicely, beating Topsy in muzzle and volume of skull; Ruby, third, too long in muzzle and flat in skull. In Blenheim's, Romeo, good in skull, but long in muzzle and large-sized, claimed the only prize in Calumet Cromwell's absence. In the toy spaniels class the prizes were withheld; more like small, snipy cockers than anything else. Miscellaneous had the Scotch terrier Kilston for the winner, other prize withheld from a moderate-looking Japanese.

H. W. L.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best Mastiff dog, Ilford Chancellor; bitch, Lady Colens. Smooth-coated St. Bernard, dog, Hector; bitch, Lady Swiss. Great Dane, dog, Imperator; bitch, Minerva's Pawn. Greyhound, Gem of the Season. Deerhound, Silver Queen. Barzoi, Valdemir. Collie dog in open class, Downey; bred by a member of the Collie Club, Furry. Beagle, Royal Kruger. Smooth fox-terrier, dog, Dobbin; bitch, Flor Nettle. Wire-haired fox-terrier, dog, Barton Sting. Kennel prizes: Mastiffs, Flour City Kennels; owned in Canada, A. W. Falconer. Great Danes, Wolverine Kennels. Greyhounds, A. W. Purbeck. American foxhounds, Dan O'Shea. Pointers, T. G. Davey; owned in Canada, T. G. Davey. English setters, Mount Washington Kennels; owned in Canada, T. G. Davey. Irish setters, Douglas & Chambers; owned in Canada, Douglas & Chambers. Gordon setters, Dr. S. G. Dix; owned in Canada, J. Lorne Campbell. Collies, Seminole Kennels; owned in Canada, McEwen & Gibson. Bull-terriers, Frank Dale. Beagles, Hornell-Harmony Kennels. Fox-terriers, Woodale Kennels; owned in Canada, Arden Kennels. Black and tan terriers, Rochelle Kennels. Yorkshire terriers, Toon & Symond. Pugs, Dr. Cryer.

WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

[Special Report.]

CONSIDERING that first prize was only \$4 and second \$2 and that the show was not advertised, 129 entries must be pronounced a success for the second annual dog show, held in connection with the Wilmington fair. The quality throughout was above the average, and some of the classes were well filled, the English setters numbering 20 entries and the collies 16, and there were but few absences. Mr. F. R. Carswell made a capital and persevering superintendent and had everything in good working order with good attendants to carry out his orders.

The building in which the dogs were benched is not at all a good one for a show, being dark and anything but weather proof. The weather was very bad on the first day and the judging had to be done inside. It cleared up beautifully, however, for the remainder of the week. Mr. E. B. Elliott made the awards in all the classes, and his decisions in most instances were well received. Mr. F. E. Lamb acted as ring steward, and the judging was got through without delay.

Only two mastiffs were entered, and Jefferson easily disposed of his opponent, Brandy, who was not worth a card. Jefferson is good in body, but is sadly lacking in head proportions and color.

In St. Bernard dogs King Regent, son of the defunct Prince Regent, was placed over Sir Lion. The correctness of this decision was questioned by some on account of King Regent's bad legs, but he is so much superior in size, substance, expression and character than Sir Lion, that we think the decision correct. Sir Lion is a good dog, but too low at the shoulders, and lacks length and breadth as well. In bitches Margarita, by the great Plinlimmon, secured

the blue; her superior bone, substance, girth of skull and depth of muzzle made her score decisively over her two competitors, in spite of her bad condition. Lady Castlereagh, second, has good expression and character, but her muzzle is hardly square enough cut. Dart, third, is a fine roomy bitch, but does not show the quality of the other two. Only one wretched specimen of a smooth St. Bernard put in an appearance, and the prizes were very properly withheld.

A good, new Great Dane made her debut in Miuka, a recently imported bitch; she is a dark golden brindle in color, has capital bone, a good and typical head, a little strong for a bitch, but is too straight behind; she was all out of condition, showing evidences of maternal duties, but when in good trim will be able to do a lot of winning.

Greyhounds had only one entry and that was a bad one. In heavyweight pointers the well-known Lad of Kent, of course, won easily; he is a good all-round dog, full of quality, but hardly sprung enough in ribs. His only opponent, Don, was a sorry spectacle beside him and was only awarded third, second prize being withheld. Major, a fair dog, won in lightweight dogs, the other entry, Dallas, being a rank bad one, and the prizes were consequently withheld. There were no entries in either of the pointer bitch classes.

Glendon, second in English setter dogs, showed himself very badly and was not in condition. He is a promising young dog and will doubtless do better another day. Carlton Pero, the winner, is a nice stylish dog, with a good skull and ear, but a bit short in muzzle. He won well, as he has a capital body and is a beautiful mover and shower. Third went to Dick Roy, last year's winner, shown very fat. He is too filled up and short in muzzle, otherwise a good dog, with capital coat and feather. In bitches a very typical one full of quality was placed first. She is grand in expression, formation of skull and set on of ear, and has a capital body, with the best of legs and feet. Peggie Dortch was second, a nice orange ticked bitch, but out of coat. She shows great character and style and is a good mover. Third went to Rustic Clip, a very promising puppy, with a capital head, neck, shoulders, legs and feet, with wonderful style. The winner in this class last year could get no higher than vhc., and in both the classes the competition was very strong.

In Irish setter dogs, Captain won. He has a capital coat and color and a fairly good head. Shammore, second, is more typical in head and body, but was out of condition. Dennis the Gossoon, what a name! is light in color and wanting in Irish setter character. In bitches, Bessie Glencho, in poor condition, nevertheless won easily, as she is far the most typical of the three exhibited and shows a deal of quality. Leda Glencho, second, won here last year. She is a fine roomy bitch, faulty in head and color. Lassie, third, is light of bone, pale in color, and lacking quality.

In Gordon dogs, Duke, a poor specimen, was given second, first being withheld. In bitches Viola, just a fair one, obtained the blue ribbon.

A good foxhound in Dixey was alone in his glory and carried off first prize.

In field spaniels Toady Obo, easily defeated Pascha, as he was all out of coat and condition. In cocker dogs, Snowball romped away from Banjo, who lacks quality all over. In bitches a beauty in Beauty won first. She is a smart little buff cocker and will doubtless do some winning in good company. Lady Gay, second, a red, is full of life and shows plenty of character. She carries her tail too high. Brownie, a good liver, and Busy Bee, a nice little black, completed the class.

In collies, Major Jun, a smart black, white and tan, with profuse coat and nice expression, was first; Dell Wilkes, small and out of condition, but a promising puppy, came second. Boskie, third, lacks quality and pricks his ears, but is well made, with good legs and feet. Prince Wilkes, reserve, is a large, unfurnished, promising puppy, showing a lot of quality. The Scamp, vhc., might have been higher, but has bad ears. In bitches, a very sweet and typical bitch in Nancy Hawks won; she was quite out of coat. Collie B., a smart youngster, came second; nice coat and ears, but a little domed in skull. Fridena, third, is weak in face and somewhat weedy, but good in coat. The collie classes were good, the coarse-headed, bad-expressed, common specimens so often seen being conspicuous by their absence.

In bulldogs first was withheld, second going to a poor specimen in Young Tiger.

Duchess of York, a good bull-terrier bitch, shown very fat, was awarded first.

Two good and promising Basset hound puppies comprised the next class. There was not much to choose between them.

In beagles, Tony Weller, in poor form, won from Pete, a promising puppy. Lady, a pretty little one, was first in bitches.

Regent Brisk, a smart terrier, was first in fox-terrier dogs. He has a capital body and is a nice size, with fair head and neat ears. Regent Domo, second, is large in ears and lacks expression and character, but is better in muzzle than the winner. Dandy B., third, is common in head and heavy in ears, with a good front, legs, feet and coat. Rosalind, the winner in bitch's, is a terrier all over, but short and weak in head. Positive, second, is better in head, but in all other respects she is inferior to the winner.

Irish terriers had only one good one in Breda Jim. Lady Ire, second, was the best of the remainder. Pedro, a good Skye terrier, won in the class. In black and tan terriers the prizes were withheld. In black and tan toys first was awarded to Dot, a moderate one, and second withheld. Pugs were poor, all lacking color and head properties. Two fair King Charles were in the toy spaniel class, Philadelphia Charlie winning easily from Manchester Teddy. In the miscellaneous class Beauty, a good smooth-coated collie, easily won from a moderate black poodle. Two poor Italian greyhounds and some smart Yorkshires complete the list.

THE BARD.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB TRIALS.—Princeton, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Brunswick (Maine) Fur Club have arranged to visit this place in November for their annual foxhound field trials. They will be here by Nov. 9, and it is believed it will bring together the largest number of fox hunters ever seen in the United States. The hillsides of this town, Wachusetts, and Little Wachusetts Mountain are excellent hunting grounds.

Having stated explicitly in our issue of Sept. 10 that the article of Aug. 27 was written without suggestion of anybody, we are at a loss to understand how one can "sincerely" or otherwise than with an ulterior purpose repeat the insinuation (then disposed of) that we had been prompted to an action by a supposititious forger of telegrams. This forged telegram story by the way is fishy. The telegram was published the week after our article of Aug. 27, but with an explanation that it had been received a month before in July. Now comes Mr. Belmont, who tells us that the telegram was sent on the day our articles were published. Who sent it? Why was it sent? Why the eager endeavor to connect it with a somebody who has been influencing the FOREST AND STREAM? The whole thing, weak at the best, appears to us to have been clumsily conceived and executed bunglingly.

Advertisement.

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THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB, }
44 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Sept. —. }

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read the editorial article concerning the American Kennel Club, published in the issue of your journal dated Aug. 27 (at which time I was absent from the city), and entitled "Is it Not Worth Considering?" and also the article under the heading "Dog Chat."

I must believe these articles to have been written with the intention of promoting the best interests of the American Kennel Club, as otherwise you would hardly consider it your duty or privilege to advise the individual defendants in the litigation referred to, who are acting under advice of their chosen counsel as to the course that should be pursued by them, or to advise the officers of that club as to the course to be pursued by them, so long as their present action has not been questioned by the membership of the club, to whom they owe their official position and duty.

It may be conceded that were the situation such as it is stated in those articles to be, the advice given might be pertinent and sound. But the situation stated to exist does not exist, and as it is always well before treating a case to have a correct diagnosis of it I will take leave to review the actual situation and contrast it with that portrayed in your journal. It is first said:

Certain men whose names have been published among the disqualified and suspended list in the American Kennel Club (*Gazette*), feeling themselves aggrieved, are bringing suits for heavy damages.

From this it might be inferred that numerous suits of this character had been brought. There are in fact only two such suits now pending, one brought by Mr. Geo. B. Gallup, of Albany, N. Y., and the other by Mr. Charles J. Peshall, of Jersey City, N. J. Again you state:

The overruling of the defendants' demurrer in one of these suits at Albany has determined that the publication of the names in the *Gazette* is a libel, and the cause must, therefore, go to a jury. The rendering of this decision has been a signal for numerous other suits of like character. The American Kennel Club officers and various associate members have been made defendants.

It is true that the defendants' demurrer to the complaint in the Gallup case was overruled by the Special Term of the Supreme Court, but it is not true that such decision "has determined that the publication of the names in the *Gazette* is a libel," nor is it true that "the rendering of this decision has been a signal for numerous other suits of like character." No action has been brought by any person since that decision.

As to the Gallup case and the effect of the decision rendered, I am glad to have an opportunity to make a statement of the facts for the information of all your readers who are interested in kennel matters. Mr. Gallup in his complaint alleges that he was personally libeled by the publication of an article in the *Kennel Gazette*, in which it was stated (1) that on Sept. 9, 1889, the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club ordered the suspension of the Albany Kennel Club for the non-payment of its prizes at the show held in March, 1889, and passed a resolution that if the prizes were not paid within thirty days the penalty under Rule 28 should be enforced; (2) that on Dec. 18, 1889, the thirty days having expired and no official notification of the payment of the prizes having reached the office of the American Kennel Club, the president of the American Kennel Club suspended the officers of the Albany Club under Rule 28, of which suspension notice was given to Mr. Gallup and the other officers; and (3) that subsequently the executive committee of the American Kennel Club, acting under the provisions of the by-laws, "disqualified" the officers of the Albany Club until the awards given by the club were paid. He also complains because of the publication of his name in the list of "disqualified" members in the *Kennel Gazette*.

These two articles were truthful statements of fact; that is to say (1) the advisory committee, the president and the executive committee of the American Kennel Club did take the action with reference to the Albany Club which is stated to have been taken; and (2) Mr. Gallup, with others, was disqualified by the resolution quoted in the publication, because he was an officer. No one, so far as I know, has ever imputed any personal misconduct to Mr. Gallup or any other person.

Now, Mr. Gallup's complaint does not, when strictly considered, admit that the action was taken by the Kennel Club, or that he had been disqualified, as stated by the *Kennel Gazette*, and then claim that the *Kennel Gazette* libeled him by printing those true statements; but, on the contrary, the complaint alleges that the articles were untrue and the statements contained in them were false, thus asserting that the American Kennel Club did not, in fact, take the action which was stated to have been taken by it, and that he was not in fact disqualified. At the same time it does not assert that the awarded prizes were in fact paid.

To this complaint the defendants demurred, upon the grounds that even if the statements contained in the article were false and untrue, the publications were not libels upon Mr. Gallup. This is the question which was passed upon by the court, and in overruling the demurrer the court decided merely that if the statements of the articles were untrue and the suspension and disqualification therein stated to have been visited upon Mr. Gallup were not, in fact, imposed as stated, then the articles are libels, and Mr. Gallup is entitled to recover damages. The defendants have appealed from this decision, and that appeal was argued last week. They expect to secure a reversal of the decision. But even if the decision of the Special Term should be affirmed, the defendants will still have a right to defend the action and show that the statements of the articles were true. In view of all the facts the extreme improbability, and I may say impropriety, of Mr. Gallup recovering a verdict in the action, will be appreciated by all those who feel any interest in the controversy. For, I suppose it to be common knowledge that it is not a libel to print of a man anything which is true concerning him. Again your article says:

Other suits are apprehended in which other associate members will be sued before the affair is settled. If allowed to go on in this way every associate member who has any property that can be attached will probably be sued. The juries may award no more than nominal damages, but even in this event there will be costs and interminable annoyance.

As to this statement I beg to say that the officers and members of the American Kennel Club have no reason to apprehend that any other like actions will be brought. Mr. Vredenburg has one letter forwarded to him in which the gentleman addressed is solicited by Mr. Peshall to bring such an action. That gentleman has declined to do so. Whether others were similarly importuned I do not know; but if so they have not as yet complied. I may also be said that even were the American Kennel Club or its officers privately liable to be suable in damages because of the publications complained of (and we are advised by counsel that there is no such liability), there would still be no liability resting on the associate members of the organization, and the actions would have to be dismissed as to them.

As to your statement that the liabilities of the club and associate members are daily being added to by the sending out of new copies of the libelous publication, I beg to say that the *Kennel Gazette* did, as long as the beach show season lasted, continue to publish the names of persons who had been regularly disqualified by the American Kennel Club, but with the end of the show season the publication

was discontinued. This course was pursued for the manifest reason that subordinate clubs and their officers might be kept advised as to who was and who was not on the list of disqualified persons and thus avoid disappointment and embarrassment in doing business through agents at the respective bench shows. This was done under advice of counsel, that such publication in the official organ of the American Kennel Club is a publication privileged and protected in law. Again you say:

There are frequent notices in newspapers regarding these libel suits. The American Kennel Club is acquiring an unpleasant notoriety in which the associate members are sharing, since their names are published as defendants for suits for libel, etc.

It is true that there have been frequent notices in the public press as to the actions brought by Mr. Charles J. Peshall. For example, by serving the summons and the complaint at different times, instead of at the same time, as is the general custom, opportunity has been given for repeated press notices of the same action; and whether intentionally or not, the impression may have been conveyed that the suits were twice as numerous as they were. As to the "unpleasant notoriety" referred to, I understand that Mr. Peshall has repeatedly stated his intention to be to drive every associate member out of the club, and if this is true I presume that in making them defendants in his action he has been actuated more by this intention than by any expectation of finally enforcing a liability against them. You add:

In a word, the American Kennel Club is being plunged deeper and deeper into expensive lawsuits. There is every prospect that the end of the litigation will be disastrous. If these things continue as they have begun, suits will be piled on suits until the expenses of defending them will be more than the club or the members can spend.

Of this prophesy as to the end of things, I will not speak, having no disposition to enter into competitive prophesying; but, as I have shown above, it is not true that "the American Kennel Club is being plunged deeper and deeper into expensive lawsuits;" nor is it true that "there is every prospect that the end of the litigation will be disastrous." So far from the prospect being that the end of the litigation will be disastrous, I feel, as do the officers and such of the associate members of the club as have talked with me upon the subject, that the end of the suits will result in such a clearing up that thereafter every one having a genuine interest in kennel matters can feel that the day has passed for virulent criticism, which, having no foundation of good motive, springs from a desire for newspaper notoriety and an intention to harass and annoy all those who cannot be controlled. I do not know to whom you refer by the expression "many of our best dog men," but I do know that the prospect is that the "best dog men" will stay, and that those who go will probably be of those who can be spared with a gain of credit.

Now as to the remedy proposed, namely, a compromise. The officers of the American Kennel Club are discharging their duty toward the club as they see that duty. Their judgment may be bad, but they are honest in their pursuit of a course of action which they think best, and there has never been any time when their action was not subject to full inquiry and consideration by the American Kennel Club, and subject to reversal at the desire of the membership of that club.

There is a broad view to be taken of the *portée* of the Peshall and Gallup suits. It seems to me that, as a sporting paper, you would hail a decisive result as widely beneficial, inasmuch as it will establish for the benefit of all sporting organizations the question whether they have a right or not to publish in an official paper or even any paper the punishments which they may have inflicted upon their members for breach of their rules, and which publications are intended for the general protection of all interested in the sport over which each organization may be presiding. On this account, every one having the interests of the American Kennel Club at heart, should want to see this matter through. As far as the expense is concerned, I shall be careful to guard the American Kennel Club against incurring any. As far as the associate members are concerned, they cannot suffer any annoyance, inasmuch as their interests will be taken care of without expense to them and without any personal inconvenience.

Outside of the two libel actions above referred to, which are the only actions in which any associate members are defendants, there are but three other actions pending, in one only of which has the American Kennel Club any interest. That is a proceeding in which Mr. Peshall is plaintiff and the club is defendant, and in which he asks that the club be compelled to restore him to membership. Of the other two, one is in action for malicious prosecution brought by Mr. Peshall against Mr. Vredenburg, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Wilmerding and myself personally, based upon the result of the trial of the indictment for criminal libel found against him by the Grand Jury of the County of New York, in September, 1890, and the other is an action for libel brought against Mr. Vredenburg by Mr. Leslie Bruce, editor of *Turf, Field and Farm*, because Mr. Vredenburg had written a letter in which Mr. Bruce's name was associated with Mr. Peshall's, and with the article for the writing of which Mr. Peshall was indicted.

Outside of the actions brought by Mr. Peshall, we have therefore but one action in which the American Kennel Club is interested, viz.: that brought by Mr. Gallup. As to that action there may be room for compromise, not because the legal position of the defendants is wrong, or because they are subject to liability, but because I believe my fellow officers and members would, and I would, be glad to see the suspension which the American Kennel Club was forced to visit upon the Albany Club removed, and the latter again a constituent in good standing of the former.

But as to the three actions brought by Mr. Peshall, why should there be a compromise? The defendants in the action are men of standing in the community, in their every relation to it. If there is any liability they must answer to it, and being responsible, they certainly would not proceed in a course which would subject them to an increased liability. They are not asking any compromise, nor do they believe a compromise desirable. Why under all the circumstances it should be thought desirable to swerve them from a course of action which as officers of the club they owe it to the club to persist in; or relieve them by compromise from a liability as individuals of which they do not ask to be relieved, is something which I leave for others to determine.

Your articles, as I said before, were undoubtedly well meant, and I am grateful for the interest which you take in promoting the interest of the American Kennel Club. I do not know from whom the suggestion of compromise has come, but it is somewhat of a coincidence that upon the day your articles were published, the *American Field* was the recipient of a telegram asking that it recommend a compromise; which telegram purported to come from Mr. J. Otto Donner, but which is declared by that gentleman to be a forgery. Some one apparently desires a compromise very much. Perhaps, since you have given us your advice, you will be disposed to accept from me a little in return, which I assure you is not given by way of retort, or captiously, but sincerely and with good feeling. It is to consider whether the person who so desires compromise may not be the same who forges telegrams to the *Field*, and whether he may not also be capable of abusing the confidence of FOREST AND STREAM with false information and suggestions of compromise to further his ends.

Requesting you to kindly give space to this letter in your columns, I remain,

AUGUST BELMONT.

Pres. A. K. C.

DOG CHAT.

ONE of Canada's cleverest vets is Dr. Mole, of Hamilton, Ont. He is one of the few who has made a study of the dog, and his papers read before the Hamilton Kennel Club at their members' shows are always interesting. He has effected some fine cures in Hamilton in cases of accidents to dogs. Miss McGivern's wire-haired Jack was fighting with another dog when a man, to part them, struck him over the eye with a billet of wood. For a couple of days the dog acted peculiarly, getting visibly more and more dazed. Dr. Mole having noticed it found that the skull was fractured and suggested trepanning. About this time the dog had a fit, and its struggles so aroused the sympathies of the fair owner that she declared that no expense should be spared to save him. Jack was taken to the hospital, and with the aid of one or two doctors he raised the skull and took a piece of bone out about the size of a dime which had pressed on the brain. The dog began to recover, the skull closed up, and he is still one of the gamiest wirehairs in that town and a terror to everybody's "felines." He won vhc. at the show and special for best local dog of his breed. Dr. Mole has now a Skye terrier in his care belonging to Mr. Crook, a hotel keeper, which fell a long distance down an elevator shaft and was almost crushed to pieces. The dog is still alive and may very likely recover. This doctor has also made a cure in the case of a dog with paralysis and chorea. The dog dragged his hindquarters along the ground. After much patience and careful treatment the dog is now running round as strong as ever. This shows what can be done even in the most extreme cases, with patience and a knowledge of just how to use that patience to the best effect.

We present our readers with an excellent portrait of Mr. A. D. Stewart, the well-known president of the Hamilton Kennel Club. We have had experience with many shows, but Mr. Stewart's second venture as a dog show superintendent, in excellence of management, surpassed anything we have yet seen. Mr. Stewart is a giant in height and size, standing 6ft. 4½ in. in his stockings, while he is large in proportion. A Scotchman by birth, he graduated at Edinburgh University, and, after traveling for a time, finally settled in Canada, where he took a position in the Bank of Montreal, at Toronto, and while there, although it is not generally known to the present run of dogmen, he superintended and managed the dog show held in that city in 1878 when Messrs. John Davidson and James Watson judged the dogs. Finally Mr. Stewart drifted to Hamilton, where he became Chief of Police, and was very popular on the force. Among other celebrated arrests, he effected that of the notorious "Mother" Mandelbaum. After a few years he resigned and, coming to New York, joined Pinkerton's staff of special detectives. Finding, however, that the climate here did not agree with him he returned to Canada and opened a brokering and real estate office. He was elected an alderman about two years ago, and takes a lively interest in the politics of the Dominion. Mr. Stewart is a man of about 37 years of age, and in his younger days was a celebrated athlete. While at college he won the mile swimming championship of Scotland. He was also accounted the best all-around athlete in Canada. In addition to being president of the Hamilton Kennel Club, he is secretary of the Bicycle Club and a member of most of the clubs of the city.

A dog with a historic pedigree has turned up at the Dundee dog and cat show. The animal, which has taken the first prize in the Bedlington class, is named Baccarat, and belongs to a Glasgow gentleman. The catalogue states the pedigree thus: "Baccarat, date of birth 6th August, 1889. Breeder, —. By Scandal, of Tranby Croft." Visitors may be inclined to regard this as a joke, but we are told that the pedigrees of all animals are revised, and if any mistake occurs the dog concerned is struck off the list—a probability which the owner would not be likely to risk.—*Park Mail Gazette.*

The number of dogs registered in Ireland last year was 384,097. The amount of dogs' license duty received was £38,409.

One of the most interesting features of the Toronto show was the greyhound racing. On Tuesday afternoon the race for the prizes offered by the show people took place, and after some unsatisfactory running, owing to the crowded state of the infield and the poor running of the several untrained contestants, few particulars could be obtained beyond the fact that Pious Pembroke, Mr. Purbeck's new greyhound, proved the winner. The races were unsatisfactory and gave rise to considerable talk among the owners, the owner of Why Not, the crack Toronto racing greyhound, offering to run the winner then and there for \$50.

Profiting by experience, the races on Thursday were much better managed, the running taking place on the track, a straightaway course of 170 yds. being obtained. The going was hard but did not seem to affect the dogs very much. A rabbit was used by George Thomas to invite the dogs to do their utmost. This race was a sweepstake of \$5 each, and the winner to receive a medal from the society and to be known as the champion of Canada. The dogs were entered and drawn as follows: A. W. Purbeck's Ornatius against T. S. Thompson's Why Not. A. W. Purbeck's Pious Pembroke against Fred Dixon's Dick. C. A. Burns's Sam against Harry Habart's Blucher. A. W. Purbeck's Lily of Gainsboro against A. G. Fenton's Lady Langtry. In the first round Ornatius made short work of Why Not, though it must be said of the latter that she was running almost on three legs, having cut her heel, and the hard track was too punishing. Ornatius had 6 yds. worst of the start and won by about ten lengths.

In the next race Pious Pembroke had the foot of Dick to the tune of some twenty lengths after a false start. The race between Sam and Blucher was won by the former after playing with Blucher all the way up the track. The last heat in this round between Lily of Gainsboro and Lady Langtry was rather unsatisfactory, Lily had a bad start, but picked up at the finish and won nicely. In the second round Ornatius and Sam ran off, but Ornatius played with him and won as he pleased. Mr. Purbeck's dogs were then the only ones left in, and as the championship had to be decided George Thomas withdrew Lily of Gainsboro and ran Ornatius and Pious Pembroke together. It was a clipping race, running head to head when Ornatius got the verdict by a neck and was declared the champion and Mr. Purbeck is entitled to the medal, which we are told is something quite worth winning. Mr. John Davidson acted as judge. "Honest John" delights in a bit of sport and can always be found on hand when anything like this is on the tapis. With proper training, like whippets, such races are very interesting, although at the same time it savors too much of the drag hunt, and we would rather see the real thing. Ornatius's time, as taken by a practical horse timer in the judge's box, was for the 171 yds. 10½ s. With a live hare in front of him no doubt he could improve this by a second or two. It was quite pleasing to those who uphold bench show form to find these three winners more than holding their own in the field, and especially as they have been doing summer shows in England and are only two or three weeks off the ship.

Montreal show has 338 entries, and when one remembers that no puppy or novice classes are provided, and no entry under 10 months, this is fully equal to 450 in an ordinary

show. The exhibition was to be opened as soon as Lord Stanley arrived at the show last Tuesday.

Mr. W. C. Reick seems to be doing better with Prince Regent's sons than he did with the father. Kingston Regent is taking all before him in Canada, and now he has safely landed his litter brother Marquis of Ripon, whom he tells is almost a counterpart of his noted sire, in fact, when he saw him looking out of a state-room door when he went on board the Hindoo, Sept. 14, it seemed as if the old dog had come to life again. Marquis of Ripon is about two years old, and stands about 33 in. at the shoulder. Just now he is very much out of coat and low in flesh, but this can soon be remedied. He resembles Prince Regent greatly in markings and color. Although he has won prizes on the other side he has not been extensively shown, owing to a slight chorea in one shoulder, but with care and change of climate this may be cured. Mr. Reick has shown good judgment and considerable pluck in securing these sons of Prince Regent, and we hope his zeal will be rewarded by what is the height of his ambition in that line—to breed a winning dog himself.

Mr. Frank Thompson, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is known as a great lover of dogs, and always takes an interest in our shows. Dog men will therefore be sorry to hear that on Sunday his magnificent stables at Merion, Pa., were burnt down, and one valuable horse and several of his favorite dogs met a horrible death. The coachman, James Baker, was also severely burned.

Mrs. Eugene Clarke must be congratulated on her Japanese spaniel Ootah's successful delivery of five puppies. This is a most unusual number, two or three being as a rule the limit. They are by Kioto, a well-known winner at New York shows. He is a black and white, while Ootah is what is called a "custard and white," and a very pretty animal it is. Japanese spaniel mothers are, as a rule, scarcely as affectionate as they might be. They have an objectionable habit of making away with their young by performing the "happy dispatch" on them in just the same manner as the subjects of the Mikado do harikari, using their teeth instead of a knife. Ootah is said to have come from the Mikado's kennels, and is herself an exceptionally affectionate mother, the benign influence of Western civilization no doubt having a restraining influence on her "harikari" notions.

An advance copy of the list of premiums is out for the World's Fair dog show in Chicago. As we stated some time since, no dogs will be allowed to exhibit unless registered in the stud books of their respective countries, and application for entry will be considered by a committee of three appointed by the Chief of the Department of Live Stock, and their report will determine the eligibility of the entries. The prizes in the classes for mastiffs, great Danes, St. Bernards (separate classes for rough and smooth coats), deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, shaggy foxhounds, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, pointers (separate classes for heavy and light weights), English, Irish and black and tan or Gordon setters and griffons are: Challenge classes, dogs, medal; same for bitches. Open classes, dogs, first, \$40; second, \$20; third, certificate of merit; same for bitches. In the classes for Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water spaniels, Clumber spaniels, field spaniels, cocker spaniels (separate open classes for black and other than black), bob-tailed sheepdogs, retrievers, King Charles and Blenheim spaniels (no challenge classes in these two last named), poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers (smooth), fox-terriers (wire-haired), Irish terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, black and tan terrier, (under 7 lbs.), Scotch terriers, Bedlington terriers, Clydesdale terriers, toy terriers (other than Yorkshire, under 7 lbs.), whippets, and pugs, dachshunde, beagles and Basset hounds, the prizes are: Challenge classes, dogs, medal, bitches the same. Open classes, dogs, \$20, \$10 and certificate of merit respectively; bitches the same. Collies, rough-coated, challenge classes, dogs, medal; bitches the same. Open classes, dogs, \$25, \$15 and certificate of merit respectively; bitches the same. The same in open classes for Newfoundland.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was a most interesting one, and we were particularly pleased to see the number of Canadian fanciers who took part in the proceedings at the Rossin House, Toronto, on the Wednesday night of the show. We counted over thirty local men and visitors. The report of the secretary showed that there were 514 dogs registered during the past year, and when a stud book is issued and pedigrees, etc., are made public, this number will be greatly increased. The financial report showed a balance of \$278.16 to the credit of the club. As we intimated some time since, it was intended to make the secretary's position a salaried one, and after discussion it was voted that \$150 a year should be paid this official in the future. Then several changes were made in the by-laws of the club. One of the resolutions passed, and a good one, was that no show held under the auspices of the club should last longer than four days. How this will affect the Toronto Fair show remains to be seen, but five days is too long for everyone concerned. A motion to abolish puppy classes was unfortunately lost, but we hope this happy result is only postponed, as it must come sooner or later. The election of officers was a matter of great interest, and we congratulate the club on their choice of president, for Mr. Davey has done more than any one to improve the breed of sporting dogs in the Dominion. The secretaryship was keenly competed for by Mr. H. B. Donovan and Mr. A. D. Stewart, the Toronto element, however, proving too strong for the Hamilton representative. The following is the complete list of officers for the year: President, T. G. Davey, of London; First-Vice-President, Dr. Mills, of Montreal; Second Vice-President, Dr. G. S. Millar, of Victoria, B. C.; C. H. Corbett, of Kingston; P. J. Keyes, of Ottawa, and Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg; Secretary, H. B. Donovan, of Toronto; Treasurer, S. F. Glass, of London.

During the Toronto show Lady Jane, the well known Clumber, was replevined by her whilom or rightful owner. Another sample of Mr. Mercer's good luck. It seems he sold the bitch as a puppy to its present owner, and when it was grown either lent or gave it to his son, who in turn sold it to Mr. Mercer, the latter of course purchasing it in good faith. The father coming to the show recognized his dog and claimed that the bitch was his and his son had no right to sell it. Mr. Mercer received a lawyer's letter and summons to deliver the dog to its proper owner at the close of the show, which Mr. Mercer did. Whether Mr. Mercer will be reimbursed is problematical and it is unfortunate as it breaks his team for the other shows.

We are often asked where reliably-bred Chesapeake Bay dogs can be purchased, as most of the good strains of these dogs, indispensable to the duck shooters, are owned by private parties who do not advertise. We hear that Mr. J. G. Morris, of Easton, Md., has an excellent strain of this breed and has now both puppies and grown dogs that he can dispose of.

We have from time to time chronicled the doings of Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks, of Boston, Mass., while purchasing dogs in England and Russia. Further particulars of his purchases of fox-terriers and Barzoi may be of interest. He has named his kennels the Seacroft Kennels, situated at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Some time since we stated in these columns that he had purchased in England Damson, full

sister to Dominica, Mr. Logan's crack bitch. She has thrown since her arrival six puppies by the great D'Orsay. Another good one was Brockenhurst Queenie, purchased from Mr. Tine, and before she left was served by Venio, and she now has four promising puppies. Another one from Mr. Tinne's kennel was the bitch Grouse II, served by Mr. Redmond's celebrated Dominie, and from her he has five puppies. So it will be seen in starting the kennel Mr. Hanks has secured young stock of the very best blood. While in Russia he succeeded in buying three good Barzois, *i. e.* the dog Duk-hoi, from the kennels of Prince Galitzin, a bitch, Zlodeyka, from the Czar's Imperial Kennels, and a bitch, Svodka, from A. J. Rousseau's kennel. These Barzois left St. Petersburg Aug. 31, and are now on their way to this country, and it is to be hoped that they will arrive in better shape than Mr. Hacke's recent importations. The bitch Svodka was served before leaving Russia by the celebrated stud dog Otaman. We shall therefore soon have a very respectable collection of this breed in this country, and shall therefore need some definite standard to judge by, as they have evidently peculiarities of form that cannot altogether be judged on greyhound lines.

We remind our sportsmen readers that intend running dogs at the Eastern Field Trials in November next, that the entries for the All-Aged Setter and Pointer Stake, with prizes of \$500, \$250 and \$150, close Oct. 1. Forfeit \$10, with \$20 additional to fill. The Champion Stake also closes on that date excepting for dogs that win an All-Aged Stake after the date of closing of entries; these may enter the night before running. Forfeit \$10 and \$15 additional to fill. All entries must be sent to Washington A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mr. Watson informs that arrangements have been made whereby those who desire to attend the great coursing meeting at Great Bend, Kan., in October, can do so for a fare of \$50 there and back. This is a big concession, and further, if eighteen people signify their intention of going, a Pullman hunting car can be secured. The trip will last ten days, starting on Oct. 17, and surely there is a sufficient number of sportsmen who will send their names to Mr. Watson, 371 Fulton street, Brooklyn, to secure this privilege.

hounds, English setters and fox-terriers will, no doubt, be a sight to cheer the heart of every sportsman.

The coming dog show at Cincinnati, Oct. 14 to 17, is the talk of the town. Many calls have been made for premium lists, which are now in the printer's hands and will be mailed this week. The entries close Oct. 3; entry fee \$1 for first and 50 cents for each additional dog. The show will be held with Austin's dog bread. Letters to the secretary must be addressed to 3 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, O. Mr. Frank C. Wheeler judges all classes.

We have received a printed copy of the code of rules for coursing of the National Greyhound Club and adopted by the American Coursing Club. We notice that one of the rules provides that all dogs to compete in coursing meets of the club must have been registered in the *National Greyhound Club Stud Book*. The *Greyhound Stud Book* will be published by the National Greyhound Club.

Captain Edwards, of whose breed of terriers called the "Sealyham terriers" we spoke recently, writes to "Peto" of the *Cambic World* some interesting accounts of their plucky doings. In speaking of their hunting capabilities, he gives the following account of one of the smallest of his terriers: "She was not bigger than a tom cat and got last winter into an earth, which ran from a cover right up into a field. I could hear the little terrier fighting terribly not a foot from the surface. I sent for a spade, and there was a great crag fox and the terrier, the latter's face and head a mass of blood. I got her out, and in order to further test her pluck, let her in again. At him she went as plucky as ever. That day the Pembrokeshire hounds were drawing the opposite side. There was a river between us. They drew their side blank. Mr. Lort Phillips, our M. F. H., had one of his 'whips' my side, and the curious part of it was that when digging out the fox I could see the whip's horse had been standing for many minutes right over where the fox was, not a foot from the horse's hoof. Our M. F. H. did not know I had marked a fox. However, I bagged this great gray dog fox, and soon after, in going home, I met Mr. Phillips and the hounds, and I told him I had a bag fox. So we turned him off there and then. It was a quarter to 3.

handsome silver cup has been provided for the Derby at the American Coursing Club meeting of Oct. 20. The finances of the N. G. C. are in a flourishing condition. The committee reported that wax impressions of the medal to be given at various dog shows were looked for every day.

Kennel Notes deferred to next week.

IRISH SETTER TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

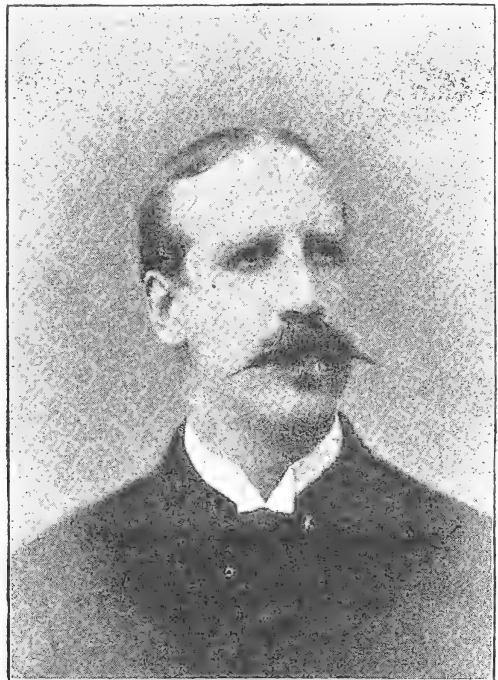
The following are the entries for the Derby Stakes of the coming Irish setter trials:

1. NUGGET (H. B. Anderson), whelped Jan. 3, 1890 (Redfern—Gypsy Maid). Breeders, H. B. Anderson and W. B. Burlingame.
2. FINGLAS (E. B. Bishop), whelped April 13, 1890 (Fingal III.—Aveline). Breeder, Rev. Robt. O'Callaghan.
3. COLERAINE (E. B. Bishop), whelped April 13, 1890 (Fingal III.—Aveline). Breeder, Rev. Robt. O'Callaghan.
4. ROSE OF CLAREMONT (Geo. H. Kunkel), whelped Jan. 20, 1890 (Claremont Patsy—Nino). Breeder, F. H. Perry.
5. PRIDE OF PATSY (F. H. Perry), whelped Jan. 20, 1890 (Claremont Patsy—Nino). Breeder, F. H. Perry.
6. ADONIS (H. E. Richards), whelped July 29, 1890 (Tim—Curren Bell III.). Breeder, Dr. G. G. Davis.
7. BESSIE MAVOURNEEN (B. Masden Vaughan), whelped July 29, 1890 (Tim—Curren Bell III.). Breeder, Dr. G. G. Davis.
8. LEIGH DOANE VI. (Wm. H. Child), whelped Jan. 3, 1891 (Fly—Betsy Leigh). Breeder, Wm. H. Child.
9. SQUAW (Hudson River Kennels), whelped April 15, 1890 (Darran Pat—Ruby Glencho). Breeder, L. A. Van Zandt.
10. QUEEN BON AIR BLUE (R. R. Jones), whelped Oct. 3, 1890 (Elcho, Jr.—Flipper). Breeder, U. S. Kennel Club.
11. FRANK BLYE (J. Frank Byers), whelped Oct. 3, 1890 (Elcho, Jr.—Flipper). Breeder, U. S. Kennel Club.
12. MAIL OF BOISTAL (Nelson McIntosh), whelped Dec. 10, 1890 (Inchiquin—Onoto Belle). Breeder, Nelson McIntosh.
13. ELCHO'S MAID (George E. Gray) (Elcho, Jr.—Maid). Breeder, Dr. Jarvis.

While the entry is not as large as I desired, still I think it is fair, particularly in view of the fact that an interested



MR. H. C. CORBETT, KINGSTON, CAN.



MR. A. D. STEWART, HAMILTON, CAN.

Having the hunting car will allow of several dogs being taken along free.

Mr. John Grace, of San Francisco, will judge at the American Coursing Club meeting at Great Bend, Oct. 20. This is a good selection, judging from reports of his previous efforts.

Mr. Jamrach is dead. Mr. Jamrach was noted the world over as a naturalist and importer, trader and exporter of wild animals. When Barnum was burned out he supplied him with many of his animals. To dog men he was known as an enthusiastic breeder of long-haired Russian greyhounds and Japanese spaniels.

Mr. Moorehead has sent us some further information regarding his newly imported bull-terrier, Streatham Monarch. This dog as a puppy was advertised for sale by Mr. Copeman as being "the best bull-terrier puppy living at his age, he being then four and a half months old, price, twenty-five pounds." The pup was sold at this price, but on the day of delivery fell ill with distemper, and after being nursed through a very bad attack, being at death's door for six weeks, he pulled through and was sold for fifteen pounds. His sire is a fine large dog, named Streatham Flyer, he by Gully the Great out of Daisy. His dam is the well-known Trentham Baroness, a daughter of the well-known bitch Miss Glendyne, now called Attraction, and at present the property of Mr. Mariner, of Milwaukee. He therefore combines the blood of the very best of his breed. Forty-eight winnings have been placed to his credit, and these have been won under fifteen judges. Streatham Monarch is two years and two months old, weighs 48 lbs., and is a most prolific stock getter, two bitches having whelped to him twenty pups, two litters of ten each.

Mr. Geo. H. Hill writes that the entries for the Blue Grass Kennel Club's inaugural dog show, to be held Sept. 23-26, closed with 461, divided as follows: 12 mastiffs, 28 St. Bernards, 4 Newfoundlanders, 10 Great Danes, 1 deerhound, 53 greyhounds, 6 Russian wolfhounds (Barzois), 24 pointers, 62 English setters, 14 Irish setters, 9 Gordon setters, 4 Irish water spaniels, 2 field spaniels, 4 cocker spaniels, 3 beagles, 89 American foxhounds, 6 shaggy foxhounds, 5 English foxhounds, 12 collies, 4 bulldogs, 3 bull-terriers, 1 Scotch terrier, 1 Dandie Dinmont terrier, 40 fox-terriers, 14 black and tan terriers, 1 Yorkshire terrier, 28 pugs, 5 Italian greyhounds, 3 Mexican hairless, 13 miscellaneous. This is a splendid showing, and such a collection of foxhounds, grey-

The fox went off like a bolt; the hounds, getting a view, nearly had him going through a fence; but he beat them after all, although they ran him till nearly 8 o'clock. And this is how he did it: Running parallel with the field in which we turned him out was a road; down this he went, then over the fence, then back into the road, over the fence again, and so on, ultimately getting well ahead, and at last got clean away and beat us."

Some people seem possessed of a mission to treasure up mementoes of celebrated people, but a certain lady of noble birth is original in her method of expressing her hero worship. She managed to despoil Bismarck's favorite dachshund of some of his hair which she had set in a gold locket. This reminds one of the struggle to shake the hand of the man that shook the hand of Sullivan.

"Strange, true and amusing," says the *Herald*, in an editorial, when "grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," he proves to be quite as soft hearted as any member of the peace society. For instance, our war ship Marion was meandering about in the North Pacific a short time ago when a cur dog, who is an irregular member of the crew, succeeded in falling overboard. Nothing on earth is so worthless as a cur dog, except another animal of the same kind, yet there was a general hubbub aboard the Marion when the loss was announced, the vessel was stopped, a lifeboat was lowered, the beast was picked up, and then the vessel proceeded on her course. There was nothing wrong in the incident. It showed what tender-chaps our tars are when no killing is to be done; but it is funny when you think about it." Why? a dog's a dog for a' that.

While it is gratifying to be told that of the five suits growing out of the A. K. C. troubles only three concern the club, we are still of the opinion that, if these suits could not have been avoided in the first place, their early compromise, if practicable, would have promoted the interests of the club and of the kennel world. That they have worked harm, and are working harm to those interests, no well-informed person will deny. Of the personal suits we have never assumed to suggest any compromise.

The National Greyhound Club will submit to all its members the question whether they desire to have a list of judges. Some of the members have expressed a contrary desire, and in this way the point will be settled. Those who favor the list will be asked to nominate those they desire to act, A

member of the club wagered a bottle of wine that we would not receive twenty entries in both States together. In view of the fact that there is \$400 in cash and a valuable trophy to be divided into three prizes, I rather expect to see a goodly proportion to fill. Some of the handlers I know mean to do their best. Now for the All-Aged Stake. We are going to make that interesting. I am going to take a hand in it myself. Let us all make some entries, and may the best dog win.

G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y and Treas.

MONTREAL SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

MONTREAL, Sept. 22.—The Montreal bench show opened to-day. Weather very hot; management behind. Judging commenced at 1 P. M. with mastiff class, which is good in number but very poor in quality. Flour City Kennels absent. Entries number over 350, with many absent. Catalogues not out first day. At 9 P. M. over ten thousand people had passed the turnstile to the building, which is too small for comfort. The show promises to be a big success. Winners mostly so far are circuit dogs. Many new ones are entered. Kingston Regent, Republican Belle, Zenith and Nun Nicer won in St. Bernards. Gem of the Season first, Scavenger second in challenge greyhounds. Maud Tarrington first, Spinaway second in bitches. Open dogs, Ornatus first, Pious Pembroke second. Bitches, Second Sight first, Bestwood Daisy second. Spaniels of good quality. In field spaniels, challenge dogs, Sampson first; bitches, Gladis first. Open dogs, Mawauk first; open bitches, Woodland Sally. Cockers, challenge dogs, Red Jacket first, Oban second, Rabbi reserve. Challenge bitches, Bessie W. first. Open dogs, Dufferin first; bitches, Essay first, Cora second, Flirt third. Judging postponed until 10 o'clock Wednesday. Dragging along in this way should be done away with.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.—But one night Chicago to Denver. "The Burlington's Number One" daily vestibule express leaves Chicago at 1 P. M. and arrives at Denver at 6:15 P. M. the next day. Quicker time than by any other route. Direct connection with this train from Peoria. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Denver, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.—Adm.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

ALBERTA, CANADA, FIELD TRIALS.

THE second annual field trials of the Calgary Rod and Gun Club took place Sept. 9, says the Calgary (Can.) Tribune, at a point about twelve miles from Cochrane. Members of the club and their friends left the evening previous. Conveyances had been sent out to Cochrane to accommodate the party, who left at an early hour for the scene of action, when the dogs were drawn in the following order: Don vs. Royal, Norah vs. Jury, Psyche vs. Ben Hur, Dot vs. Ranger, Prince vs. Blarney, Dash B., a bye.

At 7:35 in the morning H. H. McCullough's pointer dog Royal and J. B. Smith's pointer dog Don were cast off in a hilly country, interspersed with bluffs. Both dogs started at a great speed; Royal raced up to a bluff and came to a magnificent point, Don, at the time, being in another direction. The birds had run to a bluff lower down the hill, but Royal was equal to the occasion and roared them nicely. McCullough, ordered by the judge to flush, did so. Don in the meantime was pointing in another direction. Birds were very plentiful here but were running wildly. Each dog roared and pointed in quick succession, some fine work being shown in this heat, in fact it was generally conceded to be the best heat run during the trials. After being down thirty minutes the heat was awarded to Royal.

The committee at this time thought this part of the country too bluff to see the work of the dogs properly, so a move was made to a place about five miles further on, when at 9 o'clock E. Hodder's Irish setter Norah and C. C. McCaul's English setter Jury were put down to compete. A single bird was marked and the dogs were sent in the direction. Jury showed game first and roared what was evidently a running bird. She, however, did it in an indefinite manner, and two birds rose wildly on reaching the top of the hill. Norah shortly after this made game and commenced to roil in a very stylish manner, finishing up with a nice point. On her hauler shooting the flushed bird she ran in, and in consequence lost the heat.

Mr. T. Stone's pointer Psyche and Mr. S. W. Trott's pointer dog Ben Hur were cast off at 9:30. Psyche went off in a listless sort of way and showed that for some cause she lacked the brilliancy of her work of last season, when she won these trials. Ben Hur pointed a single bird, but at this time Mr. Stone asked the privilege to withdraw his dog, which was showing signs of lameness. This was granted and the heat awarded to Ben Hur.

Mr. D. G. Robinson's English setter dog Ranger and Mr. George Gouin's English setter Dot were put down at eleven. Very inferior work was done in this heat, and had any one prophesied that Ranger would prove the ultimate winner his prophesy would have seemed as probable and ridiculous as if he had asserted (after the late boodle scandals at Ottawa) that the Conservative party would again be returned to power after a general election. Ranger was awarded the heat, not from the good work accomplished, but from his competitor's inability and obesity.

C. W. E. Hodder's Irish setter Blarney and Mr. Richard's English setter Prince were next cast off. No work of note was done in this heat, and after being down one hour the heat was awarded to Blarney.

Mr. W. H. Hogg's English setter dog, who had the bye, was now run for twenty minutes to put him on an equal footing with those that had run in former heats.

SECOND SERIES.

Royal and Jury were put down, and Royal again showed great brilliancy in his work and outclassed Jury, and was awarded the heat.

Ben Hur and Ranger now were pitted against each other. Ranger in this heat woke up and made a number of points, showing grand accuracy on his birds. Ben also ran better in this heat, but was beaten by a narrow margin.

Dash B. and Blarney then had a long give and take heat, the judges finding it very difficult to decide on the winner. They, however, eventually awarded the heat to Dash B.

Royal and Ranger were now cast off. Royal ran riot in this heat and was lost, Ranger in the meantime making two or three points. It seemed ten to one from previous work that Royal, who lost, would have won.

Dash B. and Ranger were now cast off to compete for first place. Dash B. showed great pace, range and style, but Ranger exhibited a splendid nose and good locating power, besides being very staunch on his points and steady to shot and wing. According to the point system Dash B. would have had this heat, but the judges considered the qualities of Ranger just mentioned more than balanced those of Dash B., and awarded him the heat and first place.

This left Royal and Dash B. to run for second and third prizes. The owners of these dogs, however, agreed to divide the same without running.

And thus a very successful and pleasant gathering ended. The first prize was a cup, presented by Mr. Thos. Stone, and \$30 cash by the club, the second and third being \$15 cash.

Mr. S. W. Trott performed the arduous duties of judge very efficiently and satisfactorily to all, being assisted by Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg.

It being now about 6 o'clock, a start was made for Cochrane, which was reached after a drive of about fourteen miles, and where Mrs. Elliot had a smoking dinner ready, which was enjoyed as such a meal can be enjoyed after a long day's shooting on the prairie.

As most of the sportsmen had to return this morning, the shooting did not take place for the president's medal, but this competition will take place at an early date.

ZETTLER TOURNAMENT, Sept. 20.—The eighteenth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club was begun to-day at the Cypress Hills shooting grounds. The programme is an extensive one, no less than 21 money prizes being offered, besides premiums prizes for the best five tickets. For the bullseye target, open to all comers, 18 prizes are offered besides premiums for the high number of bullseyes made by any shooter during the festival. The target of honor prizes, open to members only, and the judges' target prizes are the most interesting in the shoot. A ladies' match will be shot off later. The following is the result of the shooting of the first day:

King Target.—J. Copersmith 71, F. Ross 73, M. Dorrier 69, R. Busse 69, S. Flack 69, C. Wegmann 69, Dr. Boyken 68, M. B. Engel 63, J. Bodensacht 63, G. C. Jantzen 63, A. Stein 64, J. Krauss 63.

Bullseye Target.—J. Copersmith 71, F. Ross 73, M. Dorrier 69, R. Busse 69, S. Flack 69, C. Wegmann 69, Dr. Boyken 68, M. B. Engel 63, J. Bodensacht 63, G. C. Jantzen 63, A. Stein 64, J. Krauss 63.

Target of Honor.—J. Copersmith 71, S. Flack 63, M. Dorrier 63, R. Busse 61, M. B. Engel 61, G. T. Hoffman 59, F. Ross 56, G. Krauss 52, F. Armbrust 52, E. Boush 52, J. Klein 50, J. Blumenberg 44.

Sept. 23.—The eighth annual festival of the Zettler Rifle Club closed to-day at the Cypress Hills Park, and some fine workmanship was displayed by several of its members. The principal competition was at the ring and bullseye targets. The targets of honor also came in for a considerable share of patrons, but none of them could beat J. Copersmith's score of 71 made on the first day. In the ring target competition F. Ross's score of 73 kept the lead, although J. J. Boyken, W. H. Hayes and M. Dorrier followed it very close with 72 each. W. Hayes won the first premium prize for the best rings with F. Ross and J. A. Boyken second on a tie. F. Ross also won the two prizes for the first bullseye made on each day. A. Stein and L. P. Hanson taking the two for the last on each day.

The ladies' competition was very close. Mrs. Keller and Mrs. Wissel tying for first choice of prize. A. J. Christian and J. H. Townsend tied for the judges' prize with 143 each, being behind for second with 41. H. W. Hayes won the first prize for the bullseye target by measurement. The following are the scores of the tournament:

King Targets.—Best five double tickets: F. Ross, 73, 71—144; J. A. Boyken, 72, 71—143; W. Hayes, 72, 71—143; M. Dorrier, 72, 69—141; G. Jantzen, 71, 70—141; J. Krauss, 70, 71—141; R. Busse, 69, 70—139; C. Wegmann, 69, 70—139; A. Stein, 69, 70—139; M. B. Engel, 68, 70—138; J. Bodensacht, 68, 70—138; H. M. Pope, 68, 5, S. Lyon, 68, L. P. Hanson, 68, J. Dolaz, 67.

Bullseye Targets.—H. W. Hayes 111, W. Koch 204, F. Ross 214, F. Armbrust 30, A. Begerow 34, J. Copersmith 38, A. Stein 43, C. P. Jantzen 44, R. Busse 54, J. Bodensacht 55, M. Dorrier 63, S. J. Lyon 69, W. H. Hayes 73, G. Krauss 73, G. E. Jantzen 79, G. Jantzen 81, G. W. Haskaly 81, A. Begerow 97.

Target of Honor.—J. Copersmith 71, H. Holzer 67, Q. Flack 66, G. Jantzen 66, G. Zimmermann 64, M. Dorrier 63, F. Heiching 62, A. H. Kohlmeier 62, M. B. Engel 61, R. Busse 61, W. Hayes 60, G. L. Hoffman 59, E. F. Keller 56, H. Ringler 56, F. C. Ross 56, E. F. Klein 53, G. Krauss 52, G. W. Plaisted 52, F. Armbrust 52, W. J. Blumenberg 44, C. D. Dorian 44, W. Begerow 48, H. Oehl 47, J. Boyken 38, M. Trapp 35, M. R. Riggs 35, W. D. Ware 35, W. P. Hanson 28, F. Fabarius 23, K. Klein 15.

Ladies' Prizes.—Mrs. Keller 42, Mrs. Wissel 42, Mrs. Oehl 41, Mrs. Vogel 41, Mrs. Dorrier 40, Mrs. Zimmermann 40, Mrs. L. Zettler 39, Mrs. C. Zettler 38, Mrs. Windle 37, Mrs. J. Zettler 36, Mrs. B. Zettler 35, Mrs. Davis 34, Mrs. Busse 33, Mrs. Schert 32, Mrs. Heicking 31, Mrs. Schubert 30, Mrs. Schert 29.

At the close of the shoot the prizes were awarded to the lucky winners, after which dancing closed a very successful festival.

NEWARK, N. J., RIFLE CLUBS.—The Oriental Rifle Club held its regular meeting on Thursday night last, at which these officers for the ensuing term were elected: D. J. Mahoney, president; Gus Widman, vice-president; Frank Ecker, financial secretary; Louis Widman, recording secretary; Charles Schott, treasurer; August J. Widman, captain; Thos. Upton, sergeant-at-arms. The club has a membership of 58 members and decided to leave the list open until next Thursday. The Independent Rifle and Sporting Club held its first meeting of the season on Monday last, and considerable routine business was transacted. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, J. M. Bray; vice-president, C. G. Camp; corresponding secretary, Henry Rummel; financial secretary, E. Throssell; treasurer, Wm. H. Davis; captain, Chas. Smith; rifle instructor, James McCallum; vice-captain, Chas. Smith; rifle instructor, Willis Camp. This club, which is the only one in Newark having headquarters of its own, is in a very prosperous condition and will put a strong team in the field this season. The books are now open for those who wish to join. The club has a fine house and two ranges at 88 Frelinghuysen avenue and is not connected with the Union.

THE TWIST OF RIFLES.—I have just been looking through the entertaining pamphlet of Brother (Billy?) Barlow of the "Ideal" Company and among other things a table of the twist employed by the different firms in the manufacture of various calibers. I wish some one who knows "Iron Ramrod" for example, or our interesting friend across the pond, "J. J. M." would tell us what principles, if any, are supposed to govern in this matter. For instance, why is it that for the common 44-40 cartridge the Remington Company gives one turn for every 20 in., the Colts one for every 28, and the Martin and Winchester factories one for every 36? In the other calibers there is little more uniformity. Are we to infer from all this that the twist was very little to do with the shooting of a rifle?—AZTEC.

CONNECTICUT.—The adjutant-general has issued orders for the annual State rifle match of regimental teams of the National Guard to be held at such time and place as General Watson may direct. The quartermaster-general is to issue 1,500 rounds of ball ammunition to each team contesting. The prizes are the State Second Regiment; a bronze medal for the Regiment and in 1889 by the State; won in 1885 by the Second Regiment and by the First Regiment in the following year; and a bronze statuette of a Roman soldier, first completed for in 1889 and won by the Third Regiment. There was no match last year. A medal will be given to each member of the team winning the first prize.

BOSTON, Sept. 19.—All comers' rest match.—W. P. Thompson 103, J. Frazer 111, T. Warren 109, M. R. Baxter 106, O. Moore 101, W. Peter 100, E. D. Tower 95, W. Conway 94, W. N. Browne 90, L. A. Moore 86, E. D. Drake 85, D. Martin 83.

All comers' off-hand match.—S. C. Sydney 85, L. A. Baker 83, J. B. Fellows 80, A. Maynard 78, G. B. Hobbs 77, D. N. Winn 73, M. T. Meek 72, D. Martin 70, E. H. Corney 68, O. Moore 66, W. Conway 65. Fifty yards, pistol match.—H. Severance 95.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 15.—The Southern Rifle Club held its annual meeting and election of officers to-day, with the following result: J. M. Lamare, Pres.; G. Evans, Jr., Vice-Pres.; L. A. Desgroues, Rec. Sec.; J. J. Lamare, Fin. Sec.; J. A. Boze, Treas.; J. A. May, Sec. of Armory; Lieut. A. Olier, Sr., H. Bremmard, Trustee; C. Beaver, Armorer. The club is every way in excellent condition, and possesses one of the best equipped rifle ranges in the State.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.—Commencing Sept. 1, at the Creedmoor Cartridge Company's range, at Barbarton, practice shoots for the Walter Winans amateur revolver shot trophy will be shot for three times a week. The scores will be taken by a gentleman authorized and sent to headquarters. The days have been known and it is probable that the contests will occur on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. There are a number of fine shots at the works of the company at Barbarton and competition is open to all.

CANADIAN SHOOTERS.—In his report upon the operations of that most excellent institution—the Canadian Military Rifle League—Secy. Lieut. W. R. Fringle urges that the League provide for Martini shooting, and in that case to organize a team to capture the Hilton trophy at Creedmoor.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE SHOOT.—The executive committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, since sending out the programmes for the tournament to be held on Sept. 29 and Oct. 2, has concluded that the expert handicap is too severe a handicap even for experts, and has decided to adopt a new handicap for the first class of shooters, as follows: The experts will be required to shoot their scores first from a set of traps where the direction of the flight of the target can be changed instantly, and while shooting from known traps to shoot unknown angles, rapid firing system. They believe this handicap more nearly equalizes the expert and the amateur than the Keystone system of handicapping. The amateurs will shoot from known angles, known traps, and a firing system. The committee and the Sportsmen's Association will be held, extend a cordial invitation to all shooters in the United States and Canada to attend this meeting. Everything will be done for the pleasure and comfort of visiting sportsmen, and a grand time is guaranteed to all. For programmes, address N. A. Hughes, Williamsport, Pa.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 23-24.—Baltimore Gun Club Tournament, at Acton's Park, Baltimore. For particulars address W. H. Linthicum, No. 15, St. Paul street.

Sept. 29-Oct. 2.—First Annual Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, Williamsport, Pa. Targets and live birds. N. A. Hughes, Sec'y.

Oct. 1.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club Open Tournament. There will be at least two guaranteed prizes, all surplus added; one or two merchandise prizes, and a sweetest shooting all day. Rapid firing system. Address H. D. McVurran, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 5-6.—Washington (D. C.) Rod and Gun Club Tournament. A McCormick, 1013 Pennsylvania avenue, N.W.

Oct. 13-15.—Staunton (Va.) Gun Club, assisted by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Oct. 21-23.—Reading's Tournament, Flemington, N. J. Key-stones.

Oct. 27-29.—Savannah, Ga., Chatham Gun Club, assisted by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

DAYTON SECOND ANNUAL.

DAYTON, O., Sept. 15.—Ohio is and has long been one of the foremost shooting States in the Union, and many famous shooters claim her soil as native ground. Out of the many Ohio shooting towns Dayton is one of the best, as witnesses many earlier trap events at that city, notably, last year's tournament. Cincinnati was once the foremost shooting town of the West, but Cincinnati is now foremost only in its hindmostness. Next year they will be hunting for mound builders' graves on the site of Cincinnati. Never was a place so sudden as that which transformed Cincinnati from an active factor in shooting matters to a defunct haven, where nothing goes but a tripod or a free-for-all. Dayton must easily claim the supremacy for southern Ohio. Only one Cincinnati shooter is here to-day, the "old Reliable" Ed. Taylor, who lifts up his voice and weeps for his native city. They are having a summer spectacular at Cincinnati just now, known as the "Last Days of Pompeii." This is touchingly appropriate. When Cincinnati can only send one shooter to Dayton shoot, distant only 50 miles, it's time to figure on last days.

Dayton shoot is the second annual given by those well known shooters, Mr. Scott McDonald and Dr. Parker. The tournament progresses upon the fine grounds of the Diamond Gun Club, as pleasant as any you will find, and much helped out by a spacious and tidy new house, to say nothing of an outdoor kitchen, which furnishes meals so good and so quick that a shooter with life. At some places they purposely give out such poor meals that they are reduced to hunger and weakness, in which condition their money is easier to win. The Diamond Club does not operate on that basis. It tries to make the shooter helpless by encouraging him to eat more than he ought to. The Diamond Club is so called because each member wears on his shirt front a diamond as a badge of membership. Cincinnati cannot wear diamonds. It wears over the Rhine—Rhine, when it has a shirt. If it had a shirt it might be here to-day.

The fact is, there are a good many absent who should be here. The attendance is very light, which is something that so well known a management as this ought not to have. The programme is good and varied one, and the \$600 in guaranteed purses ought to be plenty to attract a larger gathering. As it is, I question whether the boys will care to go. Scott and the Doctor to the guarantees, and they will probably not be shot on that basis. Foremost to suggest this was the always generous Col. Courtney, the Lefevre man, who can't bear to see any one play in hard luck. Col. Courtney, by the way, is the only one of the gun gang present. He was shooting pretty comfortably well to-day, and had a guarantee business, your uncle Courtney and Scott McDonald would have had to match coppers for gold. Penn, of Wheeling, West Va., fell into 20 straight a couple of times in the only shoots that counted, and Osborne, of Toledo, followed close enough with 38 to get second average, \$5. Andrew Mumma shot fair to middling, and was a "shorty" in the morning. The professional beauty newspaper man can do with a gun between words, in all, this was a very pretty, pleasant day, every way, though it would have been better if it had been bigger in some ways.

Only targets were shot to-day, blue rocks and Keystone in about equal number. The ties were generally divided. The money went 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No favorites, nobody handicapped, nobody barred, no winning to make an entry, or to get your winnings or your lunch. Ten traps, Keystone rapid-fire system, were used, and everything was lively except the attendance. Way this was so light I shall not try to explain, unless it was that the field-shooting season is opening and will so soon be open. Trap-shooting is puzzling anyhow in its whys and wherefores. You don't bar them, or class them, and you don't get the crowd. You don't go to theorize about the attendance, because the weather is too warm for philosophy, but we all hope the crowd will pick up to-morrow.

The following are the scores of the day:

No. 1, 10 singles, \$1:

Courtney	0111101111	9	S Weed	0111011111	7
Osborne	0111011111	7	Porterfield	0111011111	5
Penn	0111011111	7	Shorty	0111011111	5
Sanford	0111011111	8	J V	0111011111	4
Young	0111011111	9	Nestor	0111011111	7
Mumma	0111011111	9	McDonald	0111011111	9
Taylor	0111011111	8	Parker	0111011111	7
Glassford	0111011111	6				

Shorty first. All ties div.

No. 2, 15 singles, \$1.50:

Courtney	0111011111	13	Glassford	0001110001	11
Sanford	0111011111	11	Shorty	0111011111	7
Osborne	0111011111	10	McDonald	0111011111	13
Young	0111011111	14	J V	0111011111	13
Penn	0111011111	14	Freeman	0101011011	9
Osborne	0111011111	14	W. E. W.	0111010001	8
Rike	0111011111	11	Parker	0011110001	10
S Weed	0101011011	10				
Taylor	0111011111	16				
Stone	0101000001	9				
Brown	0111011111	11				
Protzman	0101110001	11				
Alston	0110101111	11				
Rike	0110101111	11				

Ties div.

No. 3, \$50 guaranteed purse, 30 singles, \$2:

Courtney	0111011111	15	J W	0110101111	10
Young	0111011111	18	Nestor	0100000111	9
Sanford	0110100111	11	Glassford	0110101111	15
Penn	0111011111	11	Shorty	0111011111	11
Osborne	0111011111	11	Mumma	0110101111	16
Rike	0110111111	11	Pierston	0110101111	11
S Weed	0101011011	10	Davep't	0001110111	15
Taylor	0111011111	16	Parker	0101011111	16
Stone	0101000001	9	McDonald	0110101111	14
Brown	0111011111	11	Hanna	0110101111	14
Protzman	0101110001	11	Port'r'd	0101110111	18
Alston	0110101111	11				
Rike	0110101111	11				

Penn first, Osborne second, Porterfield and Rike div, third, Shorty and Sanford div, fourth. A fifth prize, special, a hunting score picture, was won by Parker on the shoot off in the 16 hole, and Balston won sixth, special, a Helkes hand protector.

No. 4, 10 singles, \$1:

Courtney	0111111111	10	Penn	0111111111	9
Osborne	0111111111	9	Glassford	0111111111	7
Young	0111111111	9	McDonald	0111111111	10
Sanford	0111111111	10	Porterfield	0111111111	7
Mumma	0111000001	10	Shorty	0110110111	5
Stone	0111011111	11	Nestor	0110110111	5
Brown	0111011111	11	J W	0110110111	5
Taylor	0111011111	11				
Rike	0111011111	11				
McDonald	0111111111	11				
Shorty	0111011111	11				
Hanna	0101011001	10				

Ties div. Porterfield fourth.

No. 5, 20 singles, \$2 \$70 guaranteed:

Courtney	0111011111	11	Ralston	0110101010	11
Osborne	0111011111	11	Albert	0111010101	11
Young	0101011011	11	Milner	0101000101	15
Penn	0111111111	11	Sanford	0110100101	12
Mumma	0111000001	10	Newcome	0100010001	11
Stone	0111011111	11	Pierston	0111011111	11
Taylor	0110011011	11	Parker	0101011010	12
Brown	0101011011	11	Glassford	0110101111	11
Stone	0111011111	11	Brubaker	0101010101	11
Rike	0111011111	11	James	0100101000	11
McDonald	0111111111	11	Burns	0101010101	11
Shorty	0111011111	11	Nestor	0101010101	11
Hanna	0101010101	10				

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REVOLVER SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.—London, Sept. 5.—The season at the South London Rifle Club, the principal revolver shooting club in England, is drawing to a close, there are only seven more shooting days. There is a "spoon competition" each shooting day, and the revolver championship of the club goes to the member who makes the highest scores in the "spoon competition" on five separate days, at 20 yds. Up to the end of August the three leaders for this were:

Mr C F Lowe, 40 39 38 37—192 Mr Andrews, 41 38 37 34 33—183 Mr May, 38 38 38 37 36—187

On Sept. 1, Mr. Walter Winans went down for the first time this season, and in what was officially reported by the secretary as a "hurricane," made the following score:

The storm blowing from the left he had to fight against being blown to the right, and rather allowed too much for wind. Messrs. Lowe and May did not compete, but Mr. Andrews made 37, and Mr. C. Brown (who shoots under the professional name of "Young Nimrod") made a score of 36. Mr. Winans has now only seven days to make four scores in, and it is the time of year to expect rough weather, as against the fine calm days the others have made their scores in.

On Sept. 8, at the weekly revolver competition at the South London Rifle Club the winners were as follows:

Walter Winans..... 77777-41 C Brown..... 75657-38 H Andrews..... 75677-38

This makes the scores toward the championship of the club stand:

Walter Winans..... 41 41-82 H Andrews..... 41 38-79 C F Lowe..... 40 39-69

SOUTHBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 19.—Members of Co. K, 6th Massachusetts V. M., have had their annual rifle contest. The Co. K team was fifth in the race. Each man had a possible 50. The work of the team follows:

Sgt Mills..... 543544454-42 Capt Dillaber..... 043443534-34 Sgt Brousean..... 54345344-40 Pvt Putney..... 532454243-34 Sgt Crozema..... 54344444-39 Lieut Goodell..... 243403424-30 Musician Brousean..... 54344444-37

Penn and McDonald div. first, Osborne and Sanford div. second, Pierson third, and Shorty fourth.

No. 6, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry: Courtney.....1111111111-14 Davenport.....111110111111-12 Mumma.....111111111111-14 Shorty.....111111111111-14 Sanford.....111111111111-14 Penn.....111111111111-14 Young.....111111111111-14 Osborne.....111111111111-14 McDonald.....111111111111-14 Taylor.....111111111111-14 Rike.....111111111111-14

Osborne first, second and third div., Davenport fourth. Extra sweep, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry: Courtney 11, Osborne 15, Young 11, Sanford 14, Small Weed 10, Rike 14, Brown 12, Stone 10, Penn 12, Mumma 11, McDonald 12, Albert 10, Pierson 11, J. W. R. Shorty 11. Ties div.

Extra sweep, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry: Courtney 14, Sanford 15, Osborne 11, Penn 13, Young 15, Rike 11, Pierson 12, Hanna 7, Stone 11, Shorty 14, McDonald 14, Mumma 11, Porterfield 11, Taylor 10, James 5, Parker 13, Nestor 9, Brown 11. Ties div.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney 8, Sanford 9, Osborne 10, Penn 8, Young 10, Rike 9, Pierson 10, Davenport 8, Stone 7, J. W. R. McDonald 8, Shorty 10, Mumma 5, Brown 10, Parker 8, Brubaker 8, Hanna 5. Ties div., Stone fourth alone.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney 8, Stone 6, Sanford 10, Young 9, Rike 10, Penn 8, Shorty 8, Brown 6, James 4, Buggs 7, McDonald 7. Ties div., Young second alone.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney 7, Sanford 10, Osborne 9, Penn 8, Rike 7, Young 10, Taylor 9, Protzman 8, Small Weed 6, Mumma 8, McDonald 8. Ties div. This closed the shooting for the day.

Wednesday, Second Day, Sept. 16.

The weather was clear and bright, becoming very warm in the afternoon. The shooting attendance was about the same, though many more spectators were on hand. The guarantees were by consent modified, so that the management will be protected. Osborne again won first daily average, 81 out of 81 in the guarantees. Sanford, 2d, 80. Scott McDonald chased them both, for a while in the averages. Courtney, a trifle used up by a cold, fell down below average pretty often, though his name was the first in every entry. Penn and Osborne left for home to-night. The battery of 10 traps was of 5 blue-rock and 5 Keystone traps, each throwing its own bird. The score:

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney 10, Rike 6, Young 7, Penn 8, Pierson 6, McDonald 9, Stone 4, Mumma 7, Brown 5, Sanford 9, Artz 9. Courtney still wins.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney 9, McDonald 8, Mumma 8, Stone 7, Brown 7, Sanford 10, Young 5, Artz 5, Penn 10, Rike 9, Pierson 9. All ties div.

No. 11, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney.....1111111100-6 Brown.....1111111111-9 McDonald.....1111111111-10 Craig.....1111111111-10 Young.....1111111111-10 Small Weed.....1111111111-5 Sanford.....1111111111-8 Stone.....1111111111-8 Penn.....1111111111-9 J. W. R.....1111111111-9 Mumma.....1111111111-9 Davenport.....1111111111-6 Osborne.....1111111111-9 Albert.....1111111111-7 Wahl.....1111111111-8 Shorty.....1111111111-7 Bunt.....1111111111-7 Pierson.....1111111111-9 Rike.....1111111111-10 Barrs.....1111111111-10 Porterfield.....1111111111-6 Protzman.....1111111111-7

No. 12, 15 singles, \$1.50: Courtney.....1111111101010-11 Rike.....11111111111000-11 McDonald.....111111111111-15 Small Weed.....111111111111-11 Young.....111111111111-10 Brown.....111111111111-12 Penn.....111111111111-13 Shorty.....111111111111-14 Osborne.....111111111111-14 Porterfield.....1111111111-10 Bunt.....111111111111-11 Pierson.....111111111111-13 Mumma.....111111111111-11 Wahl.....111111111111-10 Barrs.....111111111111-9 Craig.....111111111111-11

No. 13, \$75 guaranteed by Parker Gun Co., 25 singles, \$3: Courtney.....111111111111111-15 Osborne.....111111111111111-15 Small Weed.....111111111111111-15 Penn.....111111111111111-18 T. H. Craig.....111111111111111-9 Young.....111111111111111-11 Sanford.....111111111111111-22 Bunt.....111111111111111-15 Wahl.....111111111111111-15 Rike.....111111111111111-24 McDonald.....111111111111111-24 Mumma.....111111111111111-22 Shorty.....111111111111111-22 Pierson.....111111111111111-19 Brown.....111111111111111-18 Albert.....111111111111111-18 Barrs.....111111111111111-17 Craig.....111111111111111-11 J. W. R.....111111111111111-11 Rike first, Osborne and Albert div. second, Sanford, McDonald, Mumma and Shorty div. third, Young and Small Weed div. fourth.

No. 14, 15 singles, \$1.50: Courtney.....111111111111010-11 Shorty.....11111111111111-14 Sanford.....11111111111111-14 Pierson.....111111111111010-11 Albert.....11111111111111-14 McDonald.....11111111111111-14 Penn.....11111111111111-13 Brown.....111111111111010-13 Osborne.....11111111111111-13 Mumma.....111111111111010-13 Young.....11111111111111-13 Baggs.....111111111111010-12 Wahl.....111111111111010-9

Young first alone; second and third div.; Baggs fourth alone. No. 15, \$30 guaranteed, 20 singles, \$2: Courtney.....1111111111111100-16 Pierson.....1111111111111111-19 Osborne.....1111111111111111-20 Rike.....1111111111111111-19 Young.....1111111111111111-15 McDonald.....11111111111111-19 Penn.....1111111111111111-19 Albert.....1111111111111111-19 Wahl.....1111111111111111-19 Barrs.....1111111111111111-16 Mumma.....1111111111111111-16 Small Weed.....1111111111111111-16 Brown.....1111111111111111-16 Shorty.....1111111111111111-18 Stockert.....1111111111111111-6 Osborne first, alone; second div.; Shorty third alone; fourth div.

No. 16, 15 singles, \$1.50: Courtney.....111111111111111-14 Rike.....111111111111111-14 Sanford.....111111111111111-14 Pierson.....111111111111111-14 Shorty.....111111111111111-14 Penn.....111111111111111-14 Mumma.....111111111111111-14 Osborne.....111111111111111-14 Brown.....111111111111111-14 Young.....111111111111111-14 Small Weed.....111111111111111-14 Barrs.....111111111111111-14 Stone.....111111111111111-14 Elliott first, alone; ties div.

No. 17, 20 singles, \$2, \$30 guaranteed: Courtney.....111111111111111-15 Shorty.....111111111111111-19 Osborne.....111111111111111-15 Pierson.....111111111111111-15 Rike.....111111111111111-16 McDonald.....11111111111111-17 Penn.....111111111111111-17 Mumma.....111111111111111-17 Sanford.....111111111111111-17 Barrs.....111111111111111-17 Young.....111111111111111-17 Brown.....111111111111111-17 Protzman.....111111111111111-12 Sanford first alone, Shorty and Penn div. second, Osborne third, McDonald, Mumma and Stone div. fourth.

No. 18, 15 singles, \$1.50: Courtney.....111111111111111-10 Parker.....111111111111111-8 Young.....111111111111111-14 Stockert.....111111111111111-8 Albert.....111111111111111-13 McDonald.....111111111111111-13 Penn.....111111111111111-13 Osborne.....111111111111111-13 Mumma.....111111111111111-13 Barrs.....111111111111111-13 Stone.....111111111111111-13 Elliott first, Young second; ties div.

No. 19, \$30 guaranteed, 20 singles, \$2: Courtney.....111111111111111-14 Rike.....111111111111111-17 Young.....111111111111111-19 Penn.....111111111111111-17 Osborne.....111111111111111-20 McDonald.....11111111111111-17 Albert.....111111111111111-17 Mumma.....111111111111111-17 Porterfield.....111111111111111-17 Small Weed.....111111111111111-17 Shorty.....111111111111111-17 Brown.....111111111111111-17 Bunt.....111111111111111-17 Barrs.....111111111111111-17 Osborne and Shorty div. first, Young second; ties div.

No. 20, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney.....1111111111-9 McDonald.....1111111111-10 Wahl.....1111111111-6 Albert.....1111111111-8 Barrs.....1111111111-6 Elliott.....1111111111-8 Porterfield.....1111111111-8 Parker.....1111111111-5 L. C. Div.....1111111111-9 Stone.....1111111111-9 Rike.....1111111111-7 Sanford.....1111111111-10 Brown.....1111111111-10 Young.....1111111111-10 Mumma.....1111111111-9 All ties div.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Courtney 6, Stone 8, Young 8, Elliott 7, Mumma 9, Onk 7, Sanford 10, Pierson 7, Small Weed 6, McDonald 10, Porterfield 8, Barrs 5, L. C. 7, Kirby 6, Wahl 4, Albert 8, Osborne 9, Brown 9. All ties div.

Extra sweep, 10 singles, \$1: Stone 9, Young 10, Elliott 8, Brubaker 8, Sanford 8, L. C. 7, Brown 7, Strong 9, McDonald 9, Bunt 8, Osborne 9, Young first, Brown fourth.

This closed the shooting, which had been pretty steady all day. To-morrow the shooting will be altogether at English sparrows, at which class of sport Dayton probably ranks first in the country.

A number of the shooters were very pleasantly entertained in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Troup. Master Mark Troup, aged 11, violinist and Master Carl, aged 13, cornetist, accompanied by Miss Emma Shank, aged 14, pianist, discoursed some very taking melody. These little folks are no tyros or bunglers, but musicians, and displayed a technique one could not have expected. Mr. Harley Throckmorton, of Chillicothe, who, by the way, is doing the official scoring, was also called upon and kept the audience delighted or convulsed for over two hours. Mr. Throckmorton plays 22 different instruments, including every stringed instrument known, and is an artist of exceptional merit at guitar and violin. He is something of a celebrity, and has traveled upon the theatrical road with various companies. His imitations of the negro and other dialects were pure fun, notably in the song where he described the ethnological and physiological reasons why the negro, the possum and the banjo are always found in close juxtaposition. The most charming of this young sprightly gentleman's music was his description of how to do old but ever charming feature he is simply delightful. If there be music in heaven, surely it must be the thin, sweet, weird music of the trembling crystal. Mr. Scott McDonald also assisted with the violin and guitar, on each of which he is an adept and a favorite among those who "follow the circuit." All in all, the evening was unique and felicitous in idea and performance, and Mr. and Mrs. Troup deserve very hearty thanks for their courtesies. The following gentlemen were also present: Mr. C. H. Syracuse, N. Y.; Harry Brill, Troy, Ohio; J. H. Strong and C. A. Young, Springfield; J. H. Brubaker, E. Hardy, Phil Wall, M. Langdon, Dr. J. A. Romsper, H. K. Buntin and Scott McDonald, Dayton; Geo. C. Osborne, Toledo; M. C. Sanford, Townsend, Ohio; W. J. Pierson, Tipp City; Harley Throckmorton, Chillicothe.

Thursday, Third Day, Sept. 17.

This was sparrow day. The targets were laid aside, and the attention of the shooters was confined to the Dayton specialty, the big-beaked English birds. To those not thoroughly familiar with this form of sport, some detailed mention of it may prove of interest. In many features it is as clearly entitled to the name of sport as either target or live pigeon shooting.

In the first place, the English sparrow is an unlovely bird, peevish, quarrelsome and nervous habit, and his sympathy attaches to him either in his capture or his taking off. States offer bounties on his head. He is excoriated as a nuisance and a fraud. If then we use such a bird as a target, it is quite as well, let us say, as that we should use so gentle and lovable a bird as the domestic pigeon. Sentiment might possibly in some minds attach to the latter bird; to the sparrow, none whatever.

Next, the sparrow is a very hardy and a very hardy bird. Naturally pugnacious and very hardy, it is prompt from the trap, and a vigorous flyer for its size. This and its diminutive size make it a difficult target. The scores show this to-day. It takes practice to make a good sparrow shot.

In the third place, the sparrow keeps fairly well in confinement. Next, it is easy to handle. Lastly, it is abundant and ready to be caught, and you know how to do it. The sparrow is a bird that Dayton has been having been thoroughly mastered by that genius, Mr. L. K. Buntin, one of the best known figures of Dayton sportsmanship. Mr. Buntin is county game warden, and was lately State warden. It was he who figured this summer in the shooting scrape reported in FOREST AND STREAM, he being obliged to shoot two roughs who resisted arrest and assaulted him. One of these fellows, who was a very bad fellow, was reported as being but a few days from being hanged. Mr. Buntin caught him once after the shooting, but within an hour there was a bond of \$150.00 waiting to see him released, and that was the last of that trouble. "Next time you take a Winchester," said the chief of police, "and shoot 'em harder." Well, Mr. Buntin, besides his duties as warden, has found time to study the sparrow question closely. He will some day write a paper for FOREST AND STREAM, and he has been very successful in his work. He has set a few sparrow traps which have caught most of the sparrows shot in Dayton, though some few of the birds are imported from Indianapolis. The way in which these traps work was shown me.

Sparrows can be caught in two ways, by the wall net or by the ground trap. The wall net is a rolling net, run up on a high spring frame against the wall, and the birds are driven into it. It is used only at night. The frame is placed against the wall and the net then drops down from above, rolling on itself and scraping the birds from the wall into the bottom of the net. This is not so interesting as the ground trap, for daylight use, which is Mr. Buntin's own device.

This trap, as shown to me, is a wooden frame, say 5 ft. square. At the sides are strong springs, which work just like those on the double-end rat trap, and there, two sticks which serve as stretchers or supports for the netting which makes the body of the trap. This net is made of two sections, which meet in the middle when the trap is sprung, making a cover over the imprisoned birds, which is precisely like an A tent of netting, about 18 in. or so in height. When the trap is set, the supporting sticks are laid back, end to end, and stuck into the hollow frame of the ground trap, and the rat trap is opened, and the birds are driven into the burlap flaps are drawn over all. All you can then see is a frame 5 ft. square, its sides say of 4 in. section, the top covered with a strip of gunny sack. Bury this frame if you like, or cover it with straw, and cover the ground within with bait, and you are ready for business. This trap can be made large or small and can be extended indefinitely by adding more net. Mr. Buntin has been covering 14 ft. square traps, and he has been very successful in catching 3,000 sparrows at that one place. He has caught 53 sparrows at one haul in the little 4x5 ft. trap.

"At first sparrows are very shy of the trap," said Mr. Buntin, "unless you bury it or cover it very well, but they soon get used to it and will get to lighting on the frame. I bait with cracked corn, and after a while they will get to feeding there in flocks. After you have got a lot of birds in the trap, just pull the string and you've got 'em. A lot of 'em escape the net."

"You have to be very careful in getting the birds out of the net, and not let any get away. If you let a bird get off, he will sit around there all the time, and give the thing away in sparrow English to the other birds. You won't catch any more sparrows till you kill that bird. I keep a Flobert for those fellows, though very few ever get away. Sometimes they have got to be shot so often that they are better fowls than what they are. The next day they are taken, as in the latter case they are weak from efforts at escape.

In the shooting to-day the handling was done by Mr. Buntin, assisted by 5 boys who put the birds into the traps. The birds were in two-story boxes, 50 in each compartment. Mr. Buntin thrust his hand in through the wire gate (or sometimes through an old hat) and caught the birds, and the boys were instructed to hold the birds by the neck, the body below the thumb, and the head out.

The traps for the shooting were 5 in number, very neat little things, about 4 x 6 in. They are the invention of Dr. Parker of Dayton. Each consists of two sections, closing together, box form, by two spiral springs inside. The pull on the cord draws the springs apart, and the bird starts at once, and the sharp clap of the trap closing together behind it gives it a good scare to make it go ahead. This it does very often successfully. At 25 yds. rise the bird looks about as big as a bumble-bee. Out of No. 1 and No. 5 traps it is only 45 ft. to the 25 yd. boundary (measured from No. 3 trap). You must stand close behind the shooter to see the fun of it, but a single shot is to see the bird. The bird's scales start out of it, the shooter will show him often they do that.

The proper load for sparrows would seem to be No. 12s. Most of the shooters used No. 10s. I liked the shooting of Mr. Sanford, of Townsend, very much, and he told me he used 12s in both barrels. The birds should be graced close to the traps, as their twisting flight will save them, as the fine shot do not always by any means knock them down, and the birds are really spread out in the air after 30 yds. Fine shot do not the velocity of large and need some driving power behind them. Mr. Sanford told me he used 4 lbs. of 10-bar trap wood powder, about 45 lbs. in his 12-gauge guns. This because he could not get the 12-bar grade at hand. Mr. Young, the clever trap shot from Springfield, very successful at targets, had hard luck at the sparrows, and so did "Shorty" Brown, the pride of the Miami Valley. All in all, spar-

row shooting is a grade of sport in itself, and needs study, experiment and practice. Scott McDonald, Dr. Parker, and others of the Dayton men are good at it. I should like to see the sport take hold in Chicago. We have birds enough there, and they can be caught. At the next Illinois State tournament this sport should have a showing, and it is sure to interest the masses. Mr. Buntin should be induced to take charge of the details. As conducted here at Dayton to-day, sparrow shooting is a sport and one which should be fostered.

The usual price paid at Dayton for the sparrows is 3 cents a piece. The State offers a bounty of 30 cents a dozen, I believe. Illinois pays 2 cents a head during December and January. The birds were shot to-day at 10 cents a bird, which makes this shooting a very good thing for a management. At 5 cents a bird if that were possible, this target would be more popular, but the slowness of the shooting would render that price impossible, doubtless, though, it is far more rapid than pigeon shooting.

Following are the scores: No. 1, 10 sparrows, \$2 birds extra: Mumma.....1111111111-10 Dr. Parker.....1111111111-10 Protzman.....1111111111-10 Rike.....1111111111-10 McDonald.....1111111111-10 Young.....1111111111-10 Hannah.....1111111111-10 Troup.....1111111111-10 Parker, Sanford and Shorty div. first, McDonald second alone, Hannah third alone, Rike, Young and Troup div. fourth. No. 2, special, 15 sparrows, \$2.50, birds extra: Hannah.....1111111111-10 Shorty.....1111111111-10 Rike.....1111111111-10 Troup.....1111111111-10 McDonald.....1111111111-10 Baggs.....1111111111-12 Dr. Parker.....1111111111-12 Young.....1111111111-12 Craig.....1111111111-13

Rike, Craig and McDonald div. first, Parker, Baggs and Sanford div. second, Hannah third alone, Mumma and Shorty div. fourth. No. 3, 10 sparrows, \$2, birds extra: McDonald.....1111111111-9 Rike.....1111111111-8 Young.....1111111111-6 Troup.....1111111111-6 Mumma.....1111111111-7 *Nestor.....1111111111-4 L. C. Div.....1111111111-7 *Small Weed.....1111111111-5 Sanders.....1111111111-5 Sanford.....1111111111-10 C. A. Johnson.....1111111111-8 Buntin.....1111111111-8 Sanford and L. C. div. first, McDonald second alone, Rike and Baggs div. third.

*Not in sweep; paid for birds only. No. 4, 10 sparrows, \$2, birds extra: L. C. Div.....1111111111-7 Baggs.....1111111111-6 Parker.....1111111111-9 Porterfield.....1111111111-6 McDonald.....1111111111-9 Young.....1111111111-6 Kirby.....1111111111-10 Hannah.....1111111111-10 Sanford.....1111111111-9 R. K. Div.....1111111111-9 G. Sanders.....1111111111-8 Shorty.....1111111111-7 Kirby first alone, Parker, McDonald, Sanford and Rike div. second, Johns, Sander and Hanna div. third, L. C., Porterfield, Young and Shorty div. fourth.

No. 5, \$50 guaranteed, 25 sparrows, \$5, birds extra: McDonald.....1111111111-24 Rike.....1111111111-24 L. C. Div.....1111111111-24 Parker.....1111111111-24 Baggs.....1111111111-24 Hannah.....1111111111-24 Sanders.....1111111111-24 Sanford.....1111111111-24 Young.....1111111111-24 Kirby.....1111111111-24 Shorty.....1111111111-24 McDonald, Parker and Sanford div. first, Kirby second alone, Rike third alone, Baggs, Hanna and Young div. fourth.

At the close of the bird event it was nearly sundown. Considerable discussion was held among the shooters that the 15-bird event, \$75 guaranteed purse, was not shot as programmed. This could have been shot as billed, instead of delaying it till so late it was impossible to shoot it; but as other guarantees had been left out or modified by consent, and as several of the shooters had expressed a willingness for that cause out of courtesy for the management, the latter availed itself of the suggestion of the shooters, and the 15-bird event was not shot. It will be noticed that the \$75 purse guaranteed by the Parker gun people was not modified, but shot. This seeming unfair to a non-resident and simply courteous firm. I inquired of the management whether the Parkers would be asked to foot the loss, and was told that the management would make good all or part of such to Parker Bros. This, under the circumstances, would be the only fair thing to do. The shooting was a very successful one, and the loose and indefinite code, having no such firm rules, for instance, as has the turf for guidance. Shooters come to a tournament, attracted by good guarantees advertised. A guarantee is no guarantee, and not, therefore, good faith, unless paid or modified by consent. Such consent should be general and unmistakable, and this alone is the test of the ethics in the case. I have no doubt in my mind that the fair and generous men who have given the consent absolute, or they would themselves have insisted on a strict following of the programme. There seems but small moral in this, except that managements should be extremely careful in offering guarantees. I fancy, for instance, that the Interstate Association has had to foot its guarantees when they did not fill. It is the supposition that this is to be done in any such case and under any management. I think the boys will all be back next year at Dayton, however, and will have a good time again.

I have not figured the individual winnings very closely. Sanford told me he was about \$50 ahead at the close of the second day. He won also to-day. Osborne must have been something like that ahead on his two days, as he and Sanford shot close to each other. Penn, McDonald, Young, Rike and others must have been substantially ahead of the game. Besides the four money prizes, there were 100 small prizes, and the total of these footings \$300. These were apportioned finally as follows: Young and Weed a pair of vases; Courtney, Porterfield and J. W., a pair of trousers, ownership not yet concluded, though Courtney claims them; Protzman, a whisk broom and holder; Parker, a box of cigars and a picture, a hunting scene; Ralston, a Helkes hand protector; Taylor, a silver cup and a silk hat; Courtney protected by a hand protector; Mumma and J. W., each a quart of whisky and a hand protector; Young, a hand protector; Weed, a hunting coat; Buntin, Craig, Mumma, Stone, Rike and Gene, each a hand protector; Pierson, J. W., Stofe and Brown, each a quart of Col. Pepper's freewater; Pierson, a hand protector; Pierson and Osborne, a shell case, ownership not yet settled; Rike and Porterfield, a hat between them; Penn and Brown, a silver cup, and a decision of Courtney, a silver cup and a lot of perfume; Barrs and Wahl, a hand protector; Mumma, a hat; Shorty, a bamboo rod; Baggs, a hunting coat. All these various things were contributed by the generous local merchants, after the ancient and inexplicable custom by which trap-shooters and managements go begging and get something for nothing from those who often have no interest, financial or other, in the sport.

Dayton has a trap-shooting city, and the best, and the promise for the future. The town is also the center of an exceptionally strong game protective society, and the observance of the law is enforced for a large section thereabout. Dayton has further a strong kennel club and a good rifle organization.

E. HUGH.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 12.—The meet this week at Coal Mine Brook range of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was the last before the opening of the bird season. The principal event was the last of the series of the classification series. Each man had a possible 30 clay pigeons in the classification and 10 in the class. The work of each follows: G. J. Rugg 23, M. D. Gilman 24, J. K. Tolman 24. The money was divided according to the standing of the three men. Following is the classification and class B shoots, the first at 30 birds and the second at 10: Edward Walsh.....20 5 A. B. Clinton.....15 5 E. S. Knowles.....17 7 A. B. F. Kinney.....16 7 G. H. Gabeler.....8 4 Geo. Holden.....21 6 Edward Parker.....14 3 E. F. Swan.....12 6 Joseph Bertels.....10 3 Geo. McClellan.....5 6

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—The weather conditions were perfect for shooting this afternoon, and there was a good attendance of members of the Jamaica Plain Gun Club at its range at Clarendon Hills. Some excellent scores were made by the marksmen. The merchandise match was the first event, the scores resulting as follows: Ten blue-rock: Snow 8, Moore 8, Needham 7, Adams 5, Barrett 8, Wadsworth 5, Wetherbee 9, Swan 4, Webster 1, Heffner 1, Johnson 6, Wetherbee 5, Snow, Barrett and Moore second, Needham third. Seventeen sweepstakes matches were shot immediately at the conclusion of the merchandise match.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12.—The crack Pencoyd Gun Club, of Manayunk, was defeated by the Modoc Gun Club, of Clifton Heights, in an exciting contest on the latter's ground to-day, at 25 Keystone per man, 6-man teams, by a score of 108 to 101.

QUIMBY-HATHAWAY.—Al Heritage had a large number of sportsmen upon his grounds at Marion, N. J., on Saturday afternoon last to witness the match between the above named gentlemen. The attendance was somewhat large, as Al had promised to have plenty of birds for sweepstake shooting. The conditions of the match were 25 birds per man, Quimby standing at the 35 yds. mark and allowing Hathaway 10 yds. the best of the handicap. The birds were a selected lot and the scores are creditable, Quimby's score under such conditions being particularly so.

As soon as the match was over sweepstake shooting began and continued until dusk.

W. P. Quimby.....	2212213020000111212020222—18	
Sweep No. 1, 6 birds, \$5 entrance, 3 moneys:		
Penrose.....	122212—6	Hedden..... 221022—5
Quimby.....	111112—6	Lindsley..... 222802—5
Kling.....	222112—6	Castles..... 011210—4
Stewart.....	121011—5	Cannon..... 111001—4
Ziglio.....	212011—5	Hoff..... 100112—4
Francis.....	102121—5	Leveridge..... 220100—4
Hathaway.....	011212—5	Hudson..... 102100—3
Moller.....	011212—5	Allen..... 010110—2

Ties div.		
Sweep No. 5, \$2 entrance, 6 birds, 3 moneys:		
Penrose.....	111111—6	Castles..... 221111—6
Stewart.....	111111—6	Quimby..... 110212—5
Hudson.....	221112—6	Cannon..... 112211—4
Doeinck.....	111121—6	Leveridge..... 221130—5
Lindsley.....	222222—6	Hoff..... 011122—5
Allen.....	232110—5	Hathaway..... 211111—6
Muller.....	111011—5	Francis..... 111012—5
Ziglio.....	111122—6	

Hudson and Doeck withdrew pro rata in first money tie; the others shooting off Lindsley, Penrose and Ziglio div. with 9 each. A second match was made between Quimby and Hathaway, 25 yds. rise, use of both barrels. Quimby 25 yds. to use one barrel only, to be shot at Marion, Saturday, Oct. 3.—TEE KAY.

THE ESSEX TRAP LEAGUE.—Newark, N. J., Sept. 19.—The sixth and final shoot of the series of the Trap Shooters' League, of Essex county, which took place on the Riverside avenue grounds of the Woodside Gun Club to-day, was attended by a large contingent of shooters from different sections. The day was an ideal one for the sport, the wind being just cool enough to temper the rays of the sun so that everybody kept comfortable. The sport was announced to begin at 9 A. M., but it was after dinner time when the first gun was fired. Ernest A. Geoffroy was general manager of the shoot. The team race, which called for teams of six men each, each man to shoot at 25 blue-rock targets, was started at 3 P. M., W. R. Robart acting as referee and C. H. Townsend as official scorer. This resulted in another victory for the team of the Maplewood Gun Club, the scores being as follows:

Maplewood G. C.	132	Woodside G. C.	110	Roseville G. C.	94
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This victory gives the Maplewood team five out of the six contests, the South Side team having won one and given the league trophy. The score of to-day was the highest made during the series. The score of 25 straight, made by Sicksles, of the Woodside team, was the first of the kind ever made on the grounds. The Maplewoods are justly proud of their victory, which proves conclusively that they have the strongest team in Essex county. The regular programme of events, nine in all, were shot off in order. The finest work of the day was done by Sicksles, who missed but 8 out of 95 targets.

FIRST TEXAS FIELD TOURNAMENT will take place at San Antonio, Texas, Oct. 9, 10 and 11, managed by Oscar C. Guessaz. American Association rules, excepting in the live bat matches. All target matches will be shot according to the rapid-firing system. Plenty of live pigeons and bats guaranteed.

KNOXVILLE TOURNAMENT SCORES have come to hand too late for insertion this week.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

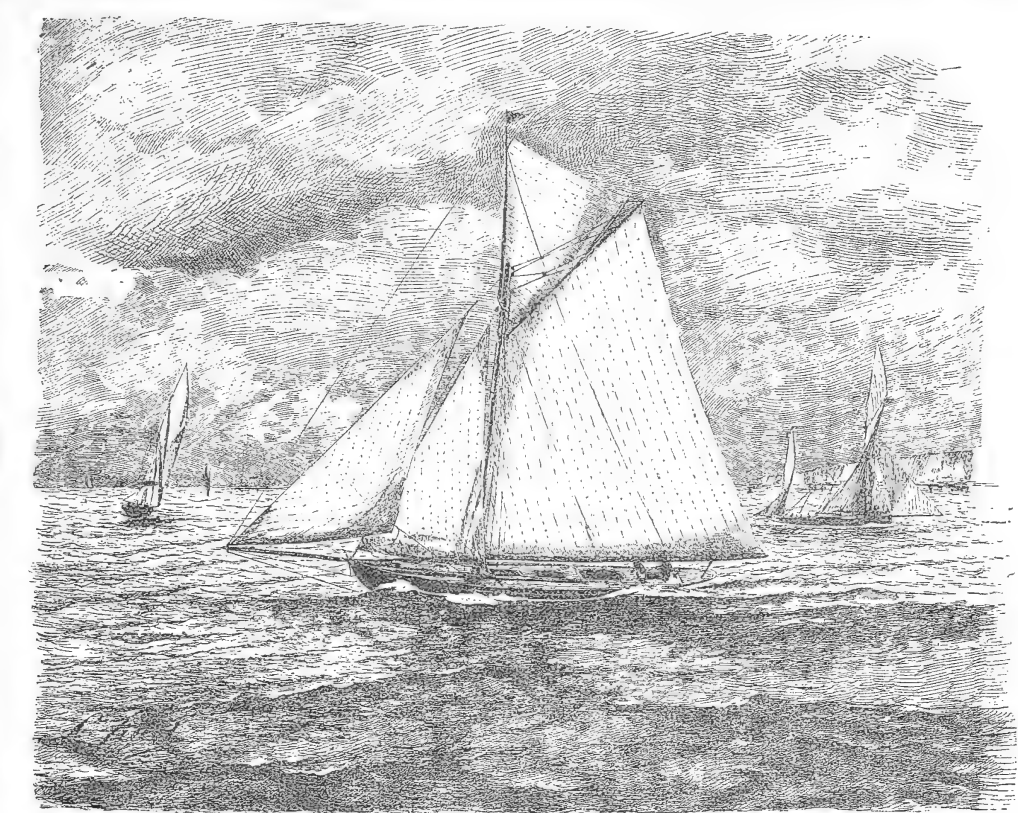
CENTERBOARDS AS SHIFTING BALLAST.

IT is a curious and amusing fact that while with almost unlimited experience with the centerboard in America, the board has never been used as ballast, the first successful experiment with centerboards in Great Britain has been made in such a way as to bring up a very complicated question. Heavy metal boards are quite common here in canoes and open skiffs, and not entirely unknown in larger open sailboats, but in decked yachts of any size the weight of the board, though often considerable, has been merely incidental, and hardly estimated as an element of stability. The boards of Volunteer and Mayflower, for instance, of 4 in. oak with steel bolts and shoes and sufficient lead as well to sink them, are by no means light, but still bear a very small ratio to the total ballast. Very heavy boards have been tried at times, as in the old Maria, but not in recent years, and the question of their standing as shifting ballast has never been raised.

This year for the first time have centerboard yachts competed with success in British waters, the 10-rater Dora topping her class, while the honors in the 2½-rater class are divided by her sisters Elin and Oronsay, all being Watson boats. The success of these three craft, pitted against good fields of keel cracks would be enough in any case to excite very strong feeling among the conservative Scotch, and it is no wonder that there is just now a terrible hubbub over them when we learn that Dora, for instance, has a centerboard of yellow metal weighing over a ton, while the other two are generously weighted in proportion. While the limit of the Y. R. A. rule, that the boards shall be handled only by manual labor, has not been exceeded, in one club the prizes have been withheld from the smaller boats on the ground that their centerboards are shifting ballast, which is specially prohibited.

Absurd as this may seem to Americans, some allowance must be made for men who have grown old in the belief that the hated and prohibited "shifting keel" was the invention of the Evil One, and who are now called on to face a ton weight raised and lowered at will in a yacht only 30 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. What the outcome of the present agitation may be we cannot say, but it is a little unfortunate that the centerboard experiment has been tried under conditions which must call out an extra amount of prejudice against the new craft.

The claim that the centerboard is really shifting ballast, though in a measure favored by the fact that a heavy weight, almost equivalent to a lead keel, is lowered at will, is easily disposed of when we look closely into the origin and intention of the most excellent rule which is now almost as generally respected in America as in Great Britain, by which all shifting of ballast is prohibited. Although there is no more flagrant offense which a yachtsman can be guilty of than the violation of this rule, there is at the same time nothing morally wrong about the mere moving of weight up or down, or from one part of the boat to another. The sole reason for the rule lies in the fact that the great sail-carrying power which may be had by piling sandbags on the weather rail, or as was once the fashion in England, of heaping up shot bags on the windward transom, is obtained only at the risk of capsizing, while the form of vessel which is developed by the use of such ballast is a very bad one for every purpose. In order to prevent



CENTERBOARD CUTTER "DORA," 10-RATING. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON.

the use of craft which are unsafe from the nature of their stability at all times, and still more dangerous when caught with ballast to leeward, the shifting of all ballast or heavy articles from one side of a yacht to the other is now most strictly prohibited save in a few American clubs in which the sandbagger is still recognized.

The principle on which this rule is founded, however, does not apply in the case of a weight such as the centerboard, which is always kept in the middle line of the vessel and never shifted to the weather side. In the case of American yachts, the stability is not materially increased by the lowering of the board, or at least the yacht is now designed to have a perfectly safe range of stability with the board housed. In the case of the Scotch yachts, while the stability is greatly increased by the lowering of the heavy board, on the other hand it is not diminished to a dangerous degree by raising it. A yacht like Dora, with considerable displacement and a beam of 10 ft. on 30 ft. waterline, with a heavy fixed lead keel, should be perfectly safe from all danger of capsize even with the board housed.

Apart from the question of shifting weights and stability, there is an objection to very heavy boards and yachts of any size which may prove serious, and that is the danger of carrying a heavy movable weight hung from the keel. The strain of such a weight in a seaway must be very severe, far worse than if bolted firmly under the wood keel. This, however, is a structural difficulty that may be overcome, and is no worse than the danger from some fixed keels in the hands of ignorant builders. We judge from our exchanges that one strong ground of complaint against the centerboard boats is that by housing the board they cut off corners, besides being able to take risks in shoal water where the keel craft would certainly ground. In America the courses are in nearly all cases so located as to prevent any great advantage to the centerboard in this way, and if some remedy should prove necessary abroad it must take another form than the prohibition of the centerboard or even the compulsory use of it in one fixed position during the race under the plea that it is shifting ballast in the sense intended in Y. R. A. rule No. 15.

ONE GUN STARTS—MEASUREMENT.—Two proposals have lately been made in the Field for very important changes of the racing rules. One, made editorially, we quote elsewhere, relating to one-gun starts. The plan of starting with an interval of from 3 to 15 m., in which a yacht may cross was once universal in America, the interval gradually being reduced to 5 and recently to 3 m., while in many cases the one-gun start has been tried with success. The objections to the plan of timing at the line are much greater than indicated in the Field, where fleets of any size are concerned. It looks very pretty in print to see thirty or fifty yachts timed to a second in starting, but those who have had experience on regatta committees know how little is accurate and how much mere guess work. Even in experienced hands it is difficult or impossible to take the times of twenty yachts crossing together, many of them covered by larger craft. The other proposition is for the abolition of the length and sail area rule and the substitution of a measurement of "size." The "pound of putty" theory has played a very important part in all measurement discussions in the past, but still survives, in spite of the plain fact that it would produce a saucer-shaped craft with a deep lead fin and enormous rig.

STEAM YACHT RACING.—The promised race between the Vamoos and the Norwood is apparently as far distant as ever. The latest development is the breaking down of the Norwood's engine while on her way to the Harlem River on Saturday last, where she proposed to do some very fast steaming. This incident has proved a fruitful topic of discussion during the week. It is a fact, however, that the arrangements for a real race have actually gone so far that a letter has been written to the secretary of the American Y. C. requesting the club to take charge of a race to which Javelin, Now Then and the torpedo boat Cushing shall be invited.

NOVELTIES IN YACHT NAMES.—The great West has lately contributed two striking names to the yacht list; Mr. Hearst's new steam launch rejoices in the suggestive name of Vamoos, a

Western synonym of the Arabic "Imshi"; while a large and handsome steam yacht lately built on the Lakes bears the name of her owner, a fashion which is peculiar to Western yachtsmen and canoeists.

THE CLYDE CENTERBOARD DORA.

WE are indebted to *Le Yacht* for the accompanying sketch of the first centerboard cutter built on the Clyde, the Dora, designed by G. L. Watson for Allan Bros., former owners of the famous 5-tonner Doris. Dora is a "compromise," with moderately deep hull and a lead keel, in addition to which she carries a centerboard of Delta metal weighing 1½ tons. Her success with the keel boats has been the remarkable feature of the season in British waters.

NEW HAVEN Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 17.

THE annual fall regatta of the New Haven Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 17 in a moderate S.W. wind, the course being from Pardee's Bar buoy around buoy in mouth of Housatonic River and return. There was no wind at 10 A. M., and the start was postponed until 11:15. The start was timed:

Phyllis.....	11 15 33	Stranger.....	11 16 40
Ripple.....	11 15 33	Vidette.....	11 17 00
Clara.....	11 15 33	Edna.....	11 17 10
Pioneer.....	11 15 33	Phantom.....	11 17 40
Dare Devil.....	11 16 12	Fleetwing.....	11 18 05
Phyllis.....	11 16 16	Seabelle.....	11 18 47
Carrie W.....	11 15 00	Libbie.....	11 19 09
Eurybia.....	11 16 33	Mariota.....	11 17 30
Egeria.....	11 16 27	Ariel.....	11 16 23

Phyllis broke down and Ripple sprung a leak, both withdrawing early in the race. Phantom fouled the outer mark and Flora turned from the wrong side, both being disqualified. The order at the mark was Phantom, Stranger, Eurybia, Zephyr, Carrie, Flora, Dare Devil, Libbie. On the run home under spinners Eurybia passed Stranger and won in her class. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Phantom.....	11 17 40	Disqualified.		
Carrie W.....	11 16 23	5 02 23	5 46 00	5 46 00
Mariota.....	11 19 30	5 43 09	6 23 36	6 21 18
Flora.....	11 15 36	Disqualified.		
Eurybia.....	11 16 27	5 45 47	5 39 20	5 38 12

CLASS 3.				
Seabelle.....	11 18 47	5 54 14	6 35 27	6 35 27
Stranger.....	11 16 40	4 56 25	5 39 45	5 33 51
Phyllis.....	11 16 16	Withdrew.		
Vidette.....	11 17 00	5 59 16	6 42 16	6 36 22

CLASS 6.				
Dare Devil.....	11 16 12	5 05 55	5 49 43	5 49 43

CLASS 7.				
Ripple.....	11 15 43	Withdrew.		
Egeria.....	11 16 35	Withdrew.		
CLASS 8.				
Libbie.....	11 19 09	5 19 15	6 00 06	6 00 06
Fleetwing.....	11 18 05	5 23 53	6 11 48	6 06 27
Pioneer.....	11 15 58	6 22 16	7 06 18	6 59 17

CLASS 9.				
Zephyr.....	11 16 27	5 02 33	5 46 06	5 46 06
Clara.....	11 15 55	Withdrew.		
Edna.....	11 17 10	6 14 06	6 56 56	6 54 08
Ariel.....	11 16 23	Withdrew.		

A race for naphtha launches was won by Isabel, Plover breaking down while in the lead. The prizes were as follows: Class 2, Eurybia first prize, \$30; Carrie W. second prize, \$10. Class 3, Stranger first prize, \$30; Seabelle second prize, \$10. Class 8, Libbie first prize, \$20; Fleetwing second prize, \$10. Class 9, Zephyr first prize, \$15; Edna second prize, \$10. Class 10, Isabel first prize, \$15. The judges were W. W. Price, R. B. Farren and J. C. Gallagher.

ONE GUN VS. TIME STARTS.—"When the Americans adopted our plan of underway starts, they also took over the timing business in crossing the line; they have found it to work satisfactorily, and so have the French. The plan was abandoned here mainly because of the trouble, and because one or two committees got befogged in attempting to time the starters. There is no need of the latter occurrence in these days, and so far as the trouble is concerned, we are sure no committee would mind that. Another objection to the timing is, that the public and competitors would be worse off than ever in ascertaining which yacht is winning; but so far as the competitors go, they would find a pretty near estimate if no more than three minutes were allowed. There is also the objection to taking time at the start that there would tend to check the keenness and smartness at present exhibited at a start; this in some measure is true, but the deterioration would be small if no more than five minutes were allowed. One great advantage of reviving the plan, and one which, we are sure, sailing committees would much appreciate, is that it would practically do away with the necessity for recalls. The trouble, bother, and vexation caused by the 'recall' are indefinitely greater than that of clocking the yachts over the line; and we feel sure that, if the plan is made permissible, most sailing committees will act upon it, and most yacht owners appreciate it."—Field.

YORKVILLE Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.—The open fall regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 22, the courses being: A stakeboat anchored off the club house at 102d street and the East River to and around Gangway Buoy and return, for classes A, B, C, F, G and J, and to and around Stepping Stone Lighthouse and return for classes E, H and I. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 30FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Charles Welde	11 00 00	7 21 30	8 15 30	8 13 30
Calamity	11 00 00	Withdraw.		
Emma and Alice	11 00 00	55 00	7 49 00	7 49 00
CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.				
Alberta	11 00 00	7 24 40	8 18 40	8 13 40
Irene	11 00 00	Withdraw.		
CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 24FT.				
Maud M.	11 00 00	5 49 15	6 43 15	6 43 15
J. A. Cameron	11 00 00	5 48 04	6 40 05	6 38 25
CLASS D—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 20FT.				
Tip Top	11 15 00	4 37 05	5 21 50	5 19 00
Bonita	11 15 00	4 37 05	5 21 50	5 21 05
CLASS E—CATBOATS OVER 24FT.				
Tattler	11 09 50	4 25 30	5 15 30	5 15 30
Truant	11 12 00	6 05 00	6 54 00	6 52 30
CLASS G—CATBOATS UNDER 24FT. ANE OVER 20FT.				
Emmie	11 12 00	7 36 10	8 24 10	8 24 10
Ellen R.	11 12 00	Not timed.		
Restless	11 12 00	7 05 00	7 55 00	7 50 00
CLASS H—CATBOATS BETWEEN 20 AND 14FT.				
Anglesey	11 15 25	4 43 40	5 28 15	5 23 15
Bon Ton	11 15 15	4 44 20	5 29 05	5 26 55
CLASS I—CATBOATS UNDER 14FT.				
Tramp	11 16 50	4 59 55	5 43 05	5 43 05
Pet	11 17 00	Not timed.		
Thru	11 17 00	Not timed.	6 20 31	6 19 01
Teany	11 16 00	4 47 50	5 31 50	5 31 26
Undine	11 17 00	5 03 45	5 46 45	5 46 45
CLASS J—CABIN CATBOATS.				
Crocus	11 06 00	7 20 00	8 14 00	8 14 00
Julia S.	11 06 00	Withdraw.		
Emily	11 06 00	7 36 30	8 30 30	8 20 30

BROOKLYN Y. C., Sept. 19.—The regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. on Labor Day was very unsatisfactory, but the club rules prohibit more than one regatta in a season. In order to have one good race, Com. Sutton, of the sloop Mull, provided prizes for all classes for a special race, nominally a cruise, on Saturday. The race was started so late, 4:45 P. M., that the finish was made by moonlight. The times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Mary A.	4 48 30	7 11 30	2 23 00	2 23 00
Clara May	4 48 30	Not timed.		
Mull	4 40 42	6 52 45		
CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Iracquois	4 45 55	7 01 00	2 15 05	2 15 05
Vida	4 48 00	Not timed.		
CLASS 4—CABIN CATS.				
Panchea	4 53 40	Not timed.		
Lina	4 50 03	7 10 30	2 20 27	2 20 27
CLASS 5—YAWLS.				
Tropic	4 48 30	7 18 10	2 29 40	2 29 40
Mariguita	4 47 13	7 14 40	2 27 26	
CLASS 6—OPEN CATS.				
Alma	4 52 00	6 32 50	1 37 00	1 37 00
B. C.	4 51 03	6 53 53	1 39 53	1 39 53
Edda D.	4 52 10	6 30 35	1 38 25	1 36 51
Roma	4 55 00	6 38 42	1 43 42	1 43 42
CLASS 7—OPEN CATS.				
Dell	4 54 00	7 00 00	2 06 00	2 06 00
Luna	4 54 00	Not timed.		
CLASS 8—OPEN CATS.				
Empire	4 52 05	7 15 45	2 23 40	2 23 40
Isola	4 51 46	7 10 00	2 18 14	

The flagship Mull won in her class, but declined to take the prize.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The 180th race, sixth sweepstakes, was sailed at Monument Beach Sept. 19, in a good wind, smooth breeze, smooth water and a clear sky by way of variety. Hector was on hand in first class but had no competitors. Race in second and third classes was very close. Courses were No. 1, 104 miles, No. 7, 84 miles, and No. 9, 5 miles, for second, third and fourth classes respectively. Judge, T. S. Edmunds.

SECOND CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	27.04	2 05 56	1 56 12	
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	27.01	2 06 11	1 56 11	
Defiance, H. R. Perry, Mon. Beach, 26.04		2 08 15	1 57 20	
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B. Y. C.	26.08	2 08 21	1 57 26	
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr., B. Y. C.	26.10	2 11 48	2 01 33	
Grampus, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	27.09	Withdraw.		
Wildcat, T. N. Norcross, Mon. Beach 26.04		2 13 25	2 02 39	

THIRD CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Eina, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	22.10	1 53 38	1 41 44	
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.01	1 53 47	1 42 08	
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, Jr., B. Y. C.	22.09	1 55 45	1 43 46	
Daisy, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	22.01	Withdraw.		

FOURTH CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
Cat, B. Clark, B. Y. C.	19.03	1 23 51	1 14 09	
Edith, G. van Rensselaer, B. Y. C.	19.04	1 26 27	1 16 49	
Charmion, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	19.05	1 32 07	1 22 37	
Kitten, Toby Club, B. Y. C.	19.11	1 32 37	1 23 26	

Winners in second class were: Anonyma first, Surprise second, Defiance third. Third class: Eina first, Tycoon second. Third class: Cat first, Edith second.

AMERICAN MODEL Y. C., SEPT. 19.—The second leg for the Fisher cup was sailed off at Prospect Park Lake on Saturday, four yachts coming to the line in a whole-sail breeze, north at the start, chopping around to northeast just as first mark at end of first leg was rounded. A triangular course was laid off, the first leg being about 1 1/2 miles, the second leg 2 1/2 miles, and the third leg 1 1/2 miles, making in all 5 miles by chart. The first yacht to cross the line was the Harrietta (holder of cup) at 3:27:30, with wind on port quarter, making a very good steady run for first turning stake and sailing very fast. The Marjorie crossed at 3:29:45, Electra at 3:30:15 and Star at 3:30:25, the last yacht gaining on others very rapidly, rounding first mark 1min. 35sec. behind the Harrietta, having gained 1min. 15sec. on the leader. The others rounded close up all in a close race for second mark. Harrietta was in trouble with her main sheet, thereby losing considerable headway and allowing the others to get close up; but she managed to round the third mark ahead at 3:42:30, the Electra at 3:42:45 taking first place, Star falling back to third place, Electra having gained 1min. 45sec. on Harrietta and 1min. 10sec. on Star. Now they had the wind aft, with boom broad off to port, with prospects of a fast run, but the wind petered out somewhat at finish, the Harrietta crossing the line at 3:48:20, Electra 3:48:40, Star 3:49:22, Marjorie 3:50:25, the Harrietta making up 5sec. on this leg, Star gaining 3sec. on Harrietta, Marjorie 1min. 20sec. taking third place. The times were:

Star	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Star	3 30 25	3 49 22	18 50
Marjorie	3 30 25	3 50 25	18 50
Electra	3 30 15	3 48 40	18 25
Harrietta	3 27 30	3 45 20	20 50

Electra wins by 32sec. elapsed time and 25sec. corrected from Star, and by 2min. 25sec. elapsed and corrected from Harrietta, former holder of the cup. The next leg for the cup will be sailed on Oct. 3.

CATBOATS ON THE BAY.—On Sept. 20 a race between 16ft. skiffs and skipjacks was sailed on New York Bay, the course being from the Battery, around a mark off Liberty Island, a second mark off Governor's Island and home. The prize was a silk pennant, presented by Policeman Dick Ganley. The times were:

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dimple	3 13 00	4 41 10	1 27 10
By-Ev	3 13 00	4 41 10	1 27 10
Good Enough	3 14 00	4 43 30	1 29 30
Tiny	3 14 00	Withdraw.	
Jessie L.	3 12 30	4 45 00	1 32 30
Puritan	3 14 00	Withdraw.	
Bum	3 02 00	Withdraw.	
Maggie	3 12 30	Withdraw.	
Dot	3 00 00	Withdraw.	

PAVONIA Y. C.—On Sept. 20 two races were sailed by the Pavonia Y. C. on New York Bay, the times being:

MATCH RACE—CATS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Millie	12 57 15	5 32 53	4 36 38	4 35 35
Christine	12 57 45	5 37 16	4 39 51	4 39 31
JIB AHEAD—INSAIL YACHTS.				
H. H. Holmes	1 20 15	4 50 20	5 56 53	5 36 53
Lesler	1 25 45	4 49 47	5 35 48	5 30 13

WINTHROP Y. C.—The postponed races of Aug. 21 of classes 3 and 4 were sailed on Monday evening in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

THIRD CLASS.			Length.	Elapsed.
Maggie, H. W. Hyde			19.00	42 40
Marion, Chesterton & Devereux			20.00	42 40
Mattie G., W. A. Garrett			18.05	36 15
FOURTH CLASS.			Length.	Elapsed.
Mofoe, D. W. Belcher			15.03	43 27
Scud, S. Merton			20.00	49 16
Cadet, C. L. Smith			16.00	47 00
Gracie, Chas. Belcher			17.00	48 00

STEAM YACHT RACING.—The following notice has been sent out this week: American Y. C., Milton Point, Rye, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1891.—The American Y. C. offer a special prize valued at \$500, to the steamer which shall start, Javelin, Now Then, Norwood and Vanamoore, for competition over the club straightaway course of 80 knots, starting from a stakeboat anchored 4 1/2 knots E. 1/2 N. from Race Rock, and finish off the club house. Course W. 3/4 S. to the buoy off the Scotch Caps. The race to take place on Saturday, Oct. 3, or at a later date, as may be agreed. Two or more to start in the race. The boats to comply with the sailing regulations of the club in that "the amount of steam carried shall not be in excess of that allowed by the inspectors' certificate." The prize will be presented to the steamer which makes the shortest time over the course without reference to allowance of time. Entries to be addressed to No. 115 Broadway, New York city. **GEORGE W. HALL,** Chairman Regatta Committee.

A HANDSOME YACHT TENDER.—Messrs. C. L. Seabury & Co., of New York, launched on Sept. 17 a very fine mahogany launch for W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht Alva, to take the place of the English launch used for several years. The launch is 30ft. over all, 6ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 2in. draft. The frame is of white oak, with mahogany planking throughout, with all fastenings of copper. The engine is compound, of 12 H.P., with a safety water tube boiler, both being designed by the builders. The boiler is tested to 250 lbs. per sq. inch, copper, castings, jackets, and fittings of copper or brass. There are two cockpits, covered by folding hoods, the interior work being of mahogany and quartered oak. The weight of the launch is 2,500 lbs., or 1,500 lbs. less than the English one.

ENGINEERS' LICENSES.—The Steamboat Inspection laws make a difference between licensed engineers of coastwise vessels and engineers of ocean steamers. An ocean steamer, specifically, is a vessel which navigates the high seas, and the high sea is three marine leagues from shore, say nine miles. As coastwise vessels are often on the high seas in the course of a voyage, it follows that an engineer of a coastwise vessel is not a lawful officer of the vessel when she is outside the three marine leagues, and cannot be held accountable for disasters, for he did not go outside the legal limit of his own will. It is well to remember this point.—*The Engineer.*

COMING RACES.—The Larchmont Y. C. is making an effort for a final race on Saturday, in which Cinderella and Clara will meet, while the schooners Viator, Rebecca and Princess are expected. The annual clam bake will be held on Oct. 3, and the club will go out of commission on the Monday following. The Douglas Y. C., of Long Island, L. I., has arranged a sweepstakes race of \$25 a boat for open yachts belonging to the club, to be sailed on Sept. 26, over the club course on Little Neck Bay. Silk pennants have also been offered to cabin yachts to be raced for on the same day.

ROCHESTER Y. C.—On Sept. 17 a race of the Rochester Y. C. was sailed off Ontario Beach, the times being:

Velnetta	2 35 40	Amelia	2 42 17
30FT. CLASS.			
Romola	2 52 49	Undine	3 05 30

Amelia protests Velnetta, no decision having yet been made.

THE SAILOR'S HANDBOOK AND INLAND MARINE GUIDE.—We have received from the publishers, Smith, Swanwick, of Cleveland, Ohio, the fourth annual copy of Beeson's "Sailor's Handbook and Inland Marine Guide," containing a great deal of information about the great lakes. Complete lists of all steam and sailing vessels are given, with tables of distances, lists of harbors and of charts, custom houses and officials. "The book is indispensable to all yachtsmen on the lakes."

A CRUISE OF A LAND YACHT.—There is very little water in the "Cruise of a Land Yacht," lately published by the Authors Mutual Pub. Co., of Boston; but the author, Sylvester Baxter, has written a charming story for boys. The "land yacht" is nothing less than a private car, in which the hero and his friends cruise about the United States and Mexico. The book is handsomely made, with many clever illustrations by L. J. Bridgeman.

CONSTELLATION.—Capt. Nat. Watson, of Huron, Pappoose, Enone and Sayonara, will be in command of Constellation next year, with Capt. Richardson, an experienced navigator, as mate. Capt. Watson has gone to Newport for the yacht, and after calling at Hempstead Bay for some of her gear, he will take her to Beverly Bridges to lay up. Later in the season she may fit out for a cruise to the West Indies.

LAYING UP.—Beatrice is now laid up at Salem; Alborak, Sayonara and Hiderin at Lawley's; Nautilus and Mineola at Bay Ridge. Oweene is still in commission. Jessica is in commission at New London, but is for sale. Volunteer is laid up at Lawley's, and Capt. Hall has gone home to nurse his sore leg, the result of an injury while the yacht was fitting out, which has lately become painful.

MIMETTE.—This cat yawl, advertised in another page, was designed for cruising, and with all her accommodation she is not too large for a singlehander. She is of modern design and build and very carefully constructed.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C.—One of the handsomest club books of the year is that of the Philadelphia Y. C., an organization now numbering 100 members, with a fleet of 56 yachts.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—On Saturday the review and final sail of the South Boston Y. C. took place on Boston Bay, a very large number of yachts taking part.

ROMOLA, steam yacht, late Catarina, has returned from Europe and is now laid up at Tebo's.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to **FOREST AND STREAM** their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to **FOREST AND STREAM** their addresses, with lists of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

ALUMINUM FOR CANOES.—A correspondent suggests the use of aluminum in place of wood for the hull of a canoe, but so far as we can learn there is a serious obstacle in the liability of the metal to corrosion, especially in sea air. A rudder of aluminum bronze, a casting nearly 1/2 in. thick in places, has been used during the season on a canoe in New York, the boat only being immersed at intervals and lying afloat but a few hours at a time. In the course of a few months the metal has honeycombed, and after each immersion the surface is covered with a fine white powder which rubs off easily. The texture of the metal is destroyed and its strength is gone. From this test it would seem that the durability of thin sheets would be very limited, and that a canoe would not last out a season.

THE LAST RACE.—The open race of the Marine and Field Club, which is announced elsewhere, promises to be the most important event of the year in canoeing, as it will bring out nearly all the best men and canoes at the time when both are in their best racing form. The Marine and Field Club has done a very wise and at the same time a very sportsmanlike thing in offering the prizes for such a race.

BALLAST IN CANOES.—One of the strongest opponents of the use of ballast in racing canoes is Com. William Willard Howard, of the New York O. C., who last year sailed the Toltec, a large canoe, without an ounce of ballast. Within the past three weeks, however, Com. Howard has owned up to the soft impeachment of carrying ballast in his new Aztec, but only "a little for trimming purposes." At the same time two 25lb. bags of shot are missing from their accustomed place in the club house. Another member of the club has just ordered a new 4ft. slide to replace a 3ft. one, the largest he has ever used thus far.

BIG PINE CREEK AND ITS RAPIDS.

THE canoe club had been taking a little run on the river by moonlight, and as they returned to the boat house the men began talking of their usual summer cruise.

Some had made the entire run of the upper Susquehanna and wished to try some other stream, and Will suggested the West Branch of the Susquehanna. As it would take considerable time to get to the headwaters of this stream, some thought it possible to reach it by another route and found by the map that Big Pine Creek, Tioga, would be easily reached from their home and give a nice cruise.

From all inquiry they found Big Pine Creek to be a narrow mountain stream, very rapid and somewhat dangerous. This struck their fancy, and, wishing some excitement, it was decided to take this course.

But out of the whole number who signified their intentions of going only five found their way on the morning of July 26 to take the Lehigh Valley R.R. for Addison, N. Y., where a change of cars was to be made. These three were Tom, Jim and Will, companions together on many a previous trip.

The party reached Addison at 8 A. M., and after a stroll and breakfast at the leading hotel took the Addison & Pennsylvania Railroad to Gaines and enjoyed a ride over this narrow-gauge line. The two dogs were of the Gaines in time for dinner, which was eaten at the Vermilye House.

After dinner a team was engaged to take canoes, grips and box of provisions to the stream, but a short distance away. While they are unpacking it may be well to briefly describe the fleet.

Tom's canoe was of his own manufacture, and a credit to him, being a very pretty model, 14ft. long, 25in. wide, weighing 40lbs. Jim's was nearly the same size, but Will's was smaller, being only 22ft. wide and 14ft. long. The canoes were decked with rubber apron over all and supplied with double blade paddles. When the provisions had been divided and packed in the canoes they found them loaded somewhat deeper than desirable, but after starting they glided along very steadily.

The stream was quite muddy, so they could not see the bottom or pick out the course, but trusted to the looks of the water. The current was in fact a high, steep and the canoes glided along without any effort on the part of the canoeists, while the trees which hung over the water's edge and the high rocky mountains rising almost perpendicular above to a height of several hundred feet, made a cool retreat from the sun.

All they could do was to watch the narrow stream ahead, picking out the course here and there, now running around a huge rock, and in face of a high, steep and the canoes glided along without any effort on the part of the canoeists, while the trees which hung over the water's edge and the high rocky mountains rising almost perpendicular above to a height of several hundred feet, made a cool retreat from the sun.

But a few miles below they came to quite a swift dangerous place, the stream was quite narrow and ran with considerable force, and a clear sky by way of variety. Hector was on hand in first class but had no competitors. Race in second and third classes was very close. Courses were No. 1, 104 miles, No. 7, 84 miles, and No. 9, 5 miles, for second, third and fourth classes respectively. Judge, T. S. Edmunds.

This was only the beginning of the sport, and all were feeling very gay, singing snatches of songs or exclaiming as to the grandeur of the scenery, which lay beyond the power of description. But for the most part Pine Creek is a narrow, rapid stream with a constant wild current, but few pieces of dead water or even an eddy where one might stop for rest. On the west the creek flows almost under the high, thickly-grown mountain side, in some places very craggy and steep, now and then cut by a deep, narrow gorge which looked dark and gloomy, fallen timber, high crags, and a few small, dark spots filled these places at the bottom, showing how the headwaters of the stream were close to the east side differed but little, the mountain being further away from the stream, only at times approaching close to the water's edge.

A few miles down they passed a large tannery, and had slower running where the channel was somewhat wider; then the creek narrowed and began a wild rush. A short distance below there was a very slight high, steep and the canoes glided along without any effort on the part of the canoeists, while the trees which hung over the water's edge and the high rocky mountains rising almost perpendicular above to a height of several hundred feet, made a cool retreat from the sun.

This kind of running continued, the stream now and then changing its course and running under the base of the mountain until one began to think it would go into a tunnel, but soon it would come to a sudden bend, and as the canoe glided swiftly around it, the water was running down the back of the mountain, and would spin along through a narrow, rocky, crooked course; then another curve, and they passed along the edge of a hay field, where the industrious farmer is "making hay while the sun shines." At a blast from the horn the farmer drops his scythe and runs to the fence. "Say, look a-her!" he yells, "how far you fellers goin'?" "Hain't them pretty small boats to ride in?" Jim answers, "Oh, hain't them pretty small boats to ride in?" By the time some of the farm hands had arrived, and began discussing the merits and demerits of the fleet as it passed out of sight around another bend.

After some 8 miles of the most charming canoeing, Ansonia was reached with the Pine Creek R.R., which follows this stream to its mouth.

As the water is somewhat steadier here, the party floated along easily, fixing the aprons more tightly and making ready for another hard run. In a short while they are in the swirl and swash of the rapids. First there is a rush, then a splash and dash of water over the deck and apron and almost into the face, a jump, thump, bump, and the canoe just grazes a huge rock, over which the water is boiling in a mad fashion. It does not seem possible to avoid all the rocks, and there is many a narrow escape, sometimes holding the breath as one sees the bow almost on a boulder, then follows a furious use of the paddles—backward; and then, working the canoe one side, we breathe easier as she shoots by. Will was the last one to go through, and as Tom went into the rapid ahead it seemed as though he had sunk, as only his head and shoulders appeared above the water, but as Will followed on he came to the beginning of the fall, and to look down through that rush of wild boiling, spl

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10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., weight 7, 8, 9oz. Price \$2 72
No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted. " 3 22
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length
8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10ft., weight 9, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12, 13oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted. " 3 22
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. " 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. " 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancewood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft. " 90c.
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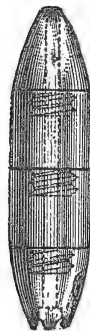
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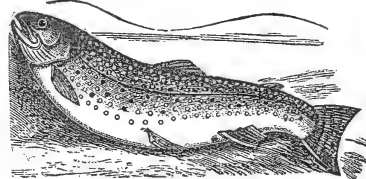
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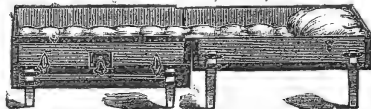
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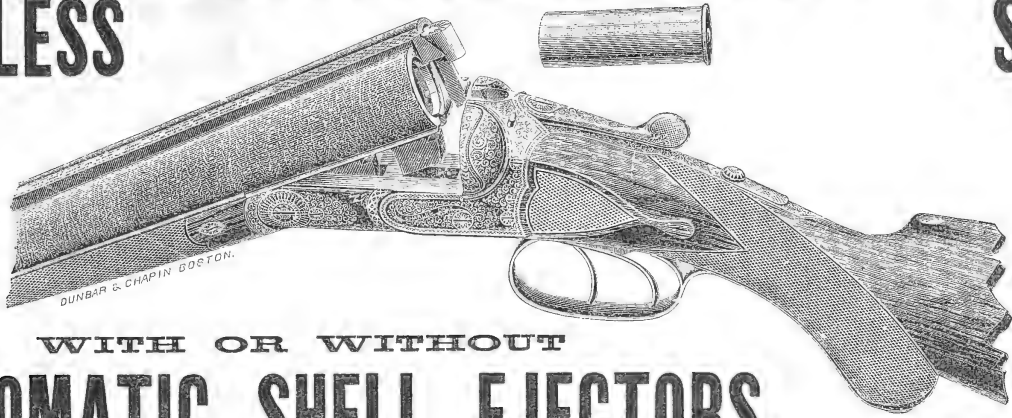
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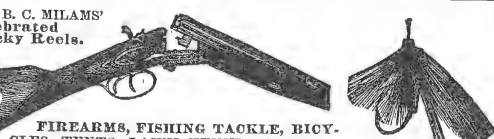
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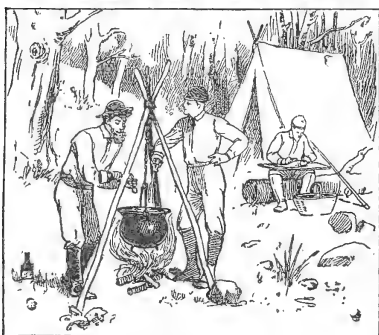
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SHARKS IN NORTHERN WATERS.

AN unusual number of large sharks has been reported during September in Long Island and Fisher's Island sounds. To these the name of man-eater is generally applied. As a matter of fact, however, the true man-eating shark (*Carcharodon carcharias*) is rarely seen on our coast. This species grows to a length of 25ft. and to the weight of one ton, being surpassed in size only by the basking shark. It is a relative of the enormous shark whose teeth occur fossil in the phosphate beds of South Carolina. Any shark measuring 9 or 10ft. in length is liable to be called a man-eater, and not without warrant, for all of them will attack man with slight provocation or when suffering from hunger. A few days ago Mr. Willard Nye, of New Bedford, Mass., was attempting to feed a small dusky shark at Woods Holl with the meat of a clam. He had a theory that the animal would turn before taking the food and would be slow in its movements; but to his surprise the shark snapped sidewise "as quick as lightning," took the clam and three fingers of the hand that fed it. Other sharks in the pool, attracted by the sight of blood, dashed up to the edge and would have made serious work if a victim had been within reach. The notion that sharks always roll over when taking food is deeply rooted in the popular mind, but the foundation for this theory is not evident. But we have seen them taking menhaden in the side of the mouth while in the upright swimming position, shaking the head like a dog until the sharp teeth cut off a portion of suitable size and afterward picking up the remainder of the fish, provided some other shark had not captured it. As Mr. Nye says, the shark is totally depraved and swift in his depredations; it is, therefore, a dangerous associate in close quarters, and bathers who fear it are wise. Its indifference to pain is notorious; at Woods

Holl, Mass., some years ago a great many examples were cut open to ascertain the nature of their food and internal parasites, and in some cases the contents of the abdomen were removed entirely. It was supposed that such rough surgery would kill them; but some of the eviscerated specimens were seen swallowing food after the operation as readily as if nothing had happened.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE time has come for the fixing of shooting dates in the Amateur Championship for revolver shooting. In fixing the conditions, FOREST AND STREAM, with an eye to the greater convenience of the greatest number, discarded the ordinary match method of getting all the contestants together for one grand simultaneous shoot, with all its inconveniences and virtual handicap to many of the competitors. Instead, it was decided to have the competition fixed to suit, as far as possible, the convenience of the shooters. This was the more readily decided upon since the distance—20 yards—permitted the use of galleries, where the conditions are practically uniform, and where various dates of shooting would not involve the chances of differing weather conditions.

From the number of trial-practice targets called for and sent out since the conditions were announced some months ago, it is certain that much preparation has been going forward in anticipation of possible participation in the match. If those wishing to make record scores now will write to FOREST AND STREAM, places and dates will be arranged for the shoots. These, of course, will be public trials, and due notice will be given in our columns of all steps taken. The conditions, it will be remembered, are framed on the most liberal scale, with the intention of permitting the best arms to come to the front in the setting of a very high standard of revolver work.

PUT OUT THE FIRES.

THE distressing reports of forest and prairie fires in the West, with consequent loss of human life and destruction of property, have in them a warning for shooters and campers. Particularly should the caution be heeded in areas affected by drouth, where the burning of a discharged gun wad or the spread of an abandoned camp-fire may cause a conflagration. It is a curious trait of humanity that individuals who are sensible enough in the customary walks of life manifest excessive stupidity and a thoughtlessness little less than criminal the moment they step aside from the rut. A grown up man will fool with a camp-fire in a dry time with all the innocent glee of a baby playing with a can of nitro-glycerine, and quite as unconscious of any possibilities of harm. The careless woods visitor who starts a forest fire usually pleads thoughtlessness and ignorance; but this is at best a poor plea and less worthy now than formerly. In these days of forestry commissioners and sportsmen's literature, no reasonable man can pretend that his ignorance should relieve him of the consequences of his folly. For one thing, if a person would share the enjoyments and reap the benefits of a forest outing, he ought first of all to acquaint himself with the rudiments of woodcraft; if he will kindle fires in the woods, he first must inform himself about woods fires, and how to care for them. As for them who will not so equip themselves and with information so forearm themselves, let them be debarred from the woods, and confined to the town where fire departments are maintained.

LOST.

STORIES are told of guides who have dropped sticks into streams to find which way they were flowing, and when the sticks went in a different direction from what they thought was right, disregarding their plain testimony, and avowing that the stream was running up hill.

Other stories are told of hunters who have been found frozen to death in the depths of tangled swamps with compasses picked to pieces because they would not point the way the bewildered man thought they should, and so were plainly out of kilter.

These stories, though individually unreliable, bear witness to a general truth. The fact is that it is the easiest thing in the world under certain circumstances to become "turned around" in the woods, and no one is exempt from this failing.

Old hands know and understand this fact. It is only

the tyros who do not, and who ridicule those who own up to having been lost. And when these scoffers go into the woods themselves, nine times out of ten there comes a night when they do not turn up at camp. Then there is rejoicing among those who have borne their arrogance, for it is the turn of these to crow, and they who laugh last laugh best.

In a flat wooded country with the sun obscured and no compass to guide him the best woodsman is apt to lose his way. Under less unfavorable conditions the same thing often happens from preoccupation. Interest in hunting or fishing drives away all thought of one's course till suddenly he is rudely roused to find that he is in an unfamiliar wilderness with no notion of the way out.

SNAP SHOTS.

A MICHIGAN law of this year embodies a principle unquestionably sound, but quite generally disregarded, respecting the stocking of private waters at public expense. The statute provides that when any navigable or meandered waters shall have been stocked with fish by the State or by the United States, the fishing in such waters shall be free to the public and limited only by general legal restrictions as to times and methods. The people shall have access to the waters for fishing, and no proprietor of adjoining lands shall recover for trespass more than any actual damage sustained. We believe that Michigan is the first to adopt such a law. It is the common practice in most States having fish commissions to supply fry to individuals and clubs for private waters. While these recipients of State bounty are to be felicitated upon their good fortune, it is difficult to understand why their fellow men should be taxed to supply them with infant trout, any more than with infant pigs or chickens.

Mr. Henry J. Thayer's appeal to the sportsmen of Massachusetts to spare the introduced grouse will meet with a cordial response. While the result of the undertaking to stock New England covers with Western grouse must for several years remain doubtful it should not be said that the Association failed, because the birds were killed off before they had fairly been given a chance. It is hoped that any observations of the grouse by gunners this autumn will be reported to Mr. Thayer, whose office is in the Stock Exchange Building in Boston.

We print a 32-page paper to-day, to make room for a large budget of newsy material.

A VENERABLE AFRICAN.

NOT long ago we showed that the story of the man who was pulled up out of a hollow tree by a bear was very ancient, and had been told and retold as original in widely separated parts of the world. There are numerous other pleasant little tales equally widespread, equally credible as of local happening, and not a whit less ancient. The other day a reader sent in for our "Camp-Fire Flickerings" (where, it must be confessed, some venerable jokes have been printed), a deer-hunting story, which he vouched for as never having been in print. It was recognized as an oft-told tale. The FOREST AND STREAM printed it more than ten years ago. It was given in the *Spirit of the Times* away back in the 30's; and no doubt one familiar with earlier shooting literature of Great Britain could trace it further still. Here is the story:

"That reminds me." I once heard a good story that I do not think has ever been in print. We were camped one night on the St. Francis River in the Sunk Lands where we were hunting. In the party was an old hunter, a typical Southern gentleman of the old school, who told among others the following story: In the old days, before the war, I was living on my plantation in Louisiana, and all my neighbors, prosperous planters, were ardent sportsmen like myself. In those days every Southern gentleman had a body servant who was always with his master and acted as his general factotum, and usually between the two there was a sincere and kindly regard. A neighbor of mine, who was devoted to field sports, had a servant of whom he was very proud and who also had a natural love for the chase. So, when any hunting was to be done, master and man were always found together. One night a party of us were on a steamboat on our way to New Orleans, and among the party, who were all neighboring planters, was my friend George and his inseparable body servant Joe. We were sitting in the cabin one night and had told many stories of the chase, and George had distinguished himself particularly for the many seemingly improbable stories that he told, but when we seemed incredulous and inclined to question he would call Joe in, who would verify the story and explain how such a wonderful shot was made. "One evening," said George, "I was hunting in a

swamp near my plantation. It was getting late in the evening and Joe had tied the horses and was following me up. I came to an open space in the trees and paused, and while standing there a fine 5-point buck came out into the open and stopped. I raised my rifle and fired and the buck jumped into the air and fell dead. I then went up to bleed him and to my surprise I found him shot through the head and through the hoof of his hindfoot. This, gentlemen, is the most wonderful shot I ever made." Some remarks were made which were calculated to cast suspicions on the truthfulness of the story and Joe was called in to dispel any lingering doubts, as he had seen the shot made. "Yes, sah," said Joe, scratching his woolly head, after he had been told the story, "I was with Massa Gawge when he shoot dat buck, and he act pow'ful queer, dat deer did. I was standin' right behind Mars Gawge when he shoot and I was watchin' dat deer, and jes as Mars Gawge threw up his gun to shoot dat old buck looked round awful curis like and den, jes as Mars Gawge pulled de trigger de old buck reached forward with his hindleg and scratched his nose with his foot, and de bullet hit 'im in de foot and den went into his head jest at de year and killed 'im." And Joe rolled up the whites of his eyes and showed his ivory in a smile that was contagious. Later that night Joe and his master were together at the bar of the boat just before retiring, and Joe was heard to remark: "Dat was pow'ful close, Mars Gawge, when I had to explain dat shot, but all at once I 'membered seein' a deer feedin' down by de youn, and all of a sudden he reached for'd with his hindfoot and scratched his year, and den I seed how it was done. But it was pow'ful close, Mars Gawge."

Another version is contained in the entertaining little volume of "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast," by Mr. C. C. Jones, Jr. There it is given in the vernacular of the Sea Island negroes, among whom it appears to have had a place with the Buh Rabbit stories:

Er Buckra man bin berry lub fuh hunt deer. Eh nussen fuh brag too. Eh hab er Serbant wuh always gone wid um der wood fuh drible de deer. Him bin berry fond er eh Mossa, an eh ready any time fuh schway ter de tale wuh him tell bout how much deer nem kill and way dem shot um. One time dis Buckra man bin tell eh fren say him shoot er deer long er rifle, an wen eh gone fuh zamine um, eh fine say de ball shoot off en line foote an hit um een eh yes. Him fren couldn't see how dat happen, an dem yent bin want fuh bleeve de tale. Den de hunter man call pon topper him Serbant fuh proobe wuh him bin say. De Serbant speak de wud same luk him Mossa bin talk um. Den de gentlemen ax um how de same ball could er hit de deer een eh hine foot an een eh yez same time. De Nigger cratch eh head an den eh mek answer: "Gentlemen, me spec wen Mossa fire pon topper um, de deer mus be bin er bresh fly offer eh yez wid eh hine foot." Dat sorter saterfy de gentlemen, and sabe de Buckra man wud.

After the gentlemen done gone, de Serbant call eh Mossa one side an eh say: "Mossa, me willin fuh back anything you say bout hunt an kill deer, but lemme bague you nex time you tell bout how you shoot um, you pit the hole closer. Dis time you mek um so fur apart me hab big trouble fur git um togerruh."

The Sportsman Tourist.

TALES OF THE OLD WOODS.

THIRTY years ago the South Shore of Lake Superior was a great wilderness, save a few scattered towns along the shores. Back in the woods there was an almost impenetrable forest for a hundred miles or more. There the explorer found much to interest him besides the valuable minerals which he was in search of. The game was in the greatest abundance, both small and great, and the remembrance of it lingers pleasantly in my mind to this day. The student of natural history too had much to learn of the habits of animals now quite extinct in that region. It was there that one could study the habits of the black bear, the various fur-bearing animals, and fish in great variety. Bear, beaver, otter, lynx, and even the rare black wolf, were to be found without the seeking, they ran across one's path continually. I have met the bear face to face within 10ft. and neither of us flinched. Once I left the trail to gather a few luscious blackberries that hung temptingly over a big fallen pine. A rustling on the other side drew my attention and looking up there was a bear so busily engaged in the same pursuit that he seemed in no way disturbed at my appearance. He went on picking berries, gathering the vines in his arms and eating industriously, while I was picking my way backward and left him to his enjoyment, being unarmed.

I had several camps in the woods which were used occasionally, and it was impossible to keep these animals out of them. They burglarized them constantly, and made shreds of the blankets. Going to one of these camps one day, with one of my men, a half-breed Frenchman, we heard a terrible scrambling, and when near the camp saw a most comical sight. A big bear had been licking out an old butter keg, and had got his head fast in it. There he stood on his haunches, pawing for all he was worth to get the keg off his head. How he danced and rolled in his efforts was a sight never to be forgotten. We had no weapons with us or I could have got the finest skin I ever saw. It shone like silk, and waved as he danced about, like the long fur on the shakos of one of the old English lifeguardsmen. My Frenchman was in ecstasies. "Voilà! voilà!" he cried out. See him danser. See him pirouetter. Sacre N. de D., and rolling on the ground he laughed until he was black in the face. I was equally incapable of doing anything, if anything could be done. This went on for several minutes, while both of us made the woods ring, and so scared the bear that he bolted against a big tree and burst the keg and went off without saying good-bye, with the hoops about his neck. That camp was never disturbed after that.

The mosquitoes and black flies were past belief for quantity. I have struck my pick in the moss on the rocks and raised such a cloud of them that it was impossible to breathe, and a sudden retreat had to be made. Once one of my men was so tortured by them that he became insane and ran off like a deer, and although I had him searched for for several days we never found him. Men were frequently lost in those woods. One day I came upon a melancholy sight. The branch of a small birch was bent nearly to the ground over a ghastly heap of old clothes and bones. The small end of the limb was looped, and twisted in it was a bunch of sandy hair. This

was all that was left of some poor fellow who had been lost, and lost his reason in his fear and despair. Afterward we were told that a man had gone hunting from a camp and had never returned. We gave the bones to mother earth, and carried away shreds of his clothing and his sandy beard; but no one could identify them. A sad tragedy, of which those woods might relate several.

Beaver were so abundant at that time that one of my men took over \$800 worth of fur in one winter. It was a grand opportunity for studying these curious creatures. And this reminds me of a matter recently mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM. It is in regard to the sinking of the wood laid up by the beavers for their winter rations. These sticks are kept at the bottom of the water in the same way that the boy's toy called a sucker sticks to a stone. The sticks are partly sunk in the mud and cannot rise because the water presses on them and cannot get under them to float them. There are many little scientific toys used in popular science based on this principle, only it is the air and not the water that is the material used. I had a water mill there and took the water from a well inhabited beaver pond. The water kept stopping in spite of all our tapping of the dam, which had been made by beavers. It was the beavers which I had seen bringing sticks to fill the opening we made in the dam. It was a choice between the beavers and the mill which should have the water, and to my great regret the beavers had to give up possession. I shot the last one bringing sticks to close the dam and saw him beat them down and stir up the mud and dead leaves with his tail to fill the crevices between the sticks. Then we had the water in peace. These animals are as playful as children. I have watched them for an hour at their slide on a steep bank, which was worn quite smooth by use. They would crawl up the bank, or rather wabble in an ungainly way, and run around to the slide and coast down into the water, where they would chase each other about as so many boys might do. The hindquarters of the beaver are delicious meat. The canvasback duck is not more toothsome, and the tail is a mass of rich jelly-like fat. For years it was one of the delicacies of our camp life. A bear's ham often varied it when we were tired of it. It was here that Mr. Morgan gathered materials for his book on beavers, the only one extant, I believe, and I had the pleasure of taking him to many of their dams in this neighborhood. One dam I showed him was nearly a quarter of a mile long.

Then the deer were so numerous that one day in the early winter I saw more than 300 brought into the village, that had sprung up by that time around the iron mines, and I bought a fine buck that weighed over 300lbs for \$1. The fat was three fingers thick on his loins. The skin made a fine sleigh robe. The Indians had caught these deer in their long <-shaped fences as they migrated southward at this season.

The trout, now alas all gone, were of the finest. At a river then called the Yellow Dog, I have taken them up to 5lbs. The first experience with this river was a wet one. I stood on the end of a log projecting over the water to avoid the brush, and cast my hook baited with a grasshopper. Before I had recovered myself I was jerked off the log and found myself up to my neck in the water, with all I could do to keep myself from going in deeper. I thought I had a lake trout about a 100lbs, weight on my hook. But it was only a 5lb. speckled trout. Four of us took as many as we could pack home (it was 60 miles away) in one day's fishing. We carried salt with us to cure the fish, and smoked them, after a light salting, over a smudge of birch bark. Thus prepared, these large trout are delicious. But they will not keep over a few days, or the over salting spoils them. One hour in the salt is enough. And so is my story for this time. H. S.

THE PELICANS ON WHISKYCHITTO.

"THE PELICANS" are unique. They (or it) are (or is) a club—but a club without organization, without constitution or by-laws, without officers or members, without even a name. Sometimes they are called "Pelicans," on account of their fondness for fish, and their capacity for catching and eating the same; sometimes the "P. D. Q.'s," because, when they make up their minds to go a-fishing they are off with a celerity that astonishes more slowly-moving persons; sometimes "The Truthful Jimmies," on account of the strict veracity which marks the narration of their exploits, and sometimes by other names, complimentary or otherwise, none of which they acknowledge. But as, for the purpose of these chronicles, they must have a name, that of "Pelicans" will do as well as any.

It was a typical mid-summer Louisiana day when the Righter, hot and perspiring from his eight-mile drive from his plantation on Bayou d'Anglais, dropped into the club's headquarters, in Lake Charles, to seek a glass of ice water, a fan, an easy chair and a whiff of the cool Gulf breeze. There he found The-Old-Man-Who-Bakes-Fish and the Maiden, clad in the scantiest vestments that decency would allow, wiping the sweat from their brazen foreheads and, as they smoked their pipes, discussing ways and means for a trip to Whiskeychitto after bass, or, as we misguided Southerners call them, trout. To them the Righter listened in silent contempt for a while, and then, in choice and forcible Anglo-Saxon, gave his opinion of any set of blanked fools who would ride forty miles in a lumber wagon, under a broiling August sun, to a place they none of them knew anything about, in a helpless attempt to catch fish in a season of the year and a stage of water when nothing but gars and mud-cats would bite. And if they expected him to make such a variegated and consummate ass of himself as to join such an expedition of cranks and lunatics, they were bigger fools even than he had always known them to be, if such a thing were possible. When the Righter's breath and his stock of objurgations were equally exhausted, the Old Man said, placidly, "We'll leave here about 5 o'clock Wednesday morning and be at your place in time for breakfast. Have your traps all ready and half a dozen big watermelons on ice."

"All right," promptly responded the Righter, "I'll be all ready for you."

So about 8 o'clock on the appointed day up rolled the wagon to Bayou d'Anglais plantation, and out tumbled the Old Man, the Maiden and the Churchman, hungry from their long ride. Breakfast was soon done with, and off they started, anxious to make as much headway as possible before the sun became too hot.

As the Maiden was the one who had proposed Whisky-

chitto, they naturally looked to him for guidance; but he, with that shy modesty which befitted his name, had failed to reveal to them the fact that he knew nothing about the place, and still less about how to get there. As none of the rest knew anything more than he did (about the road, I mean), they began to inquire the way of every one they met. This was a well-conceived scheme, and might have worked all right had they met any one who knew the road. But no one did, and as each wayfarer met was too kind-hearted not to do the best he could for them by sending them in a new direction, and as they implicitly followed each one's advice, the result was that their track, if platted, would have looked like a streak of forked lightning. They had intended to camp for the night at Phillips's Bluff, and, from the directions received, began to think that Mr. Phillips must own every bluff on the river for a hundred miles from its source. They went N.N.E. by W.S.W. and $\frac{1}{2}$ N., with an occasional change of course to E.S.W. and $\frac{1}{4}$ N.W. by W.N.W., varied with tacks to E.N.E. by W., or W.N.E. by S.

And so on, over the prairie, across belts of pine woods, through stretches of cypress swamp they kept their dogged way, scorched by the blistering sun, soaked with sudden tropical showers and bitten and punctured by sandflies and gallinippers, and through it all the Old Man kept his cheery good humor. The Maiden quietly sucked at his pipe or blushing told modest little stories of his experiences with Redbones and with preachers; the Churchman placidly flicked gigantic horseflies off his near mule or cracked a dry joke when the road or the heat was worse than common; while the Righter heaped maledictions upon all fools who went a-fishing and anathematized roads, people, weather and the universe in general. When at last they stopped for the night at old Belizaire's they only knew that after a day's steady travel they were seemingly no nearer the fishing grounds than when they started.

To them, in this state of doubt and despair, came riding by on his way home, a certain Creole, named Meel-yaw (by phonetic spelling), who kept a ferry on Upper Darbonne. He reported fish plenty there, and told such a glowing tale that next morning the Pelicans moved on to his place, guided through the swamp and woods by old Belizaire, who, with the courtesy and kindheartedness so characteristic of these people, neglected his own business and rode miles out of his way to do a kind act to a party of entire strangers. But, alas! either Meel-yaw was mistaken or the fish were not in a humor for biting. For three days the Darbonne was fished persistently, but, with the exception of a few small "pearch," the results were nothing. The weather was torrid, and ticks and red bugs by day, and gnats and mosquitoes by night, made life hardly worth the living. "Mr. Tanner," the colored gentleman who acts the combined parts of guardian angel, caterer and cook to the club, had a hard time of it during those three days. Had he been taken out, tied to a tree, and "given forty," one-tenth as many times as that procedure was threatened, he wouldn't have had skin enough left on his back to cover a flea. And, as if his tribulations by day were not enough, his nights were one prolonged torture, for, with the improvidence of his race, he had neglected to bring a mosquito bar, and those bloodthirsty wretches consequently made his life a burden, grievous to be borne. But his unfeeling good humor and politeness never forsook him, and his coffee was as clear and strong, his fried fish and squirrel stew just as delicious, and all the duties of his position as aptly and cheerfully performed, as though life were a bed of roses, and he in receipt of a princely salary, instead of doing and enduring it all for the mere love of it. For Mr. Tanner is as big a crank as any of the rest of the Pelicans. He'll drop his work any day to go fishing, and the club could not exist without him.

Sunday was a blue day in camp. The expedition so far had proved a failure, and the Righter's "damnable iteration" of "I told you so," didn't tend to soothe ruffled tempers. If they hadn't told their friends when they left that they were going to stay a week, they would have packed up and gone home, but, with that stubbornness which had won for them the name of "The Mule Team," they were bound to stick it out. While "cussing and discussing," a visitor came in the person of Ben H. Ben was a long-lost brother-in-law of the Maiden's, though the latter, with his usual modesty, had failed to mention it.

Ben told them that they were only five miles from the Whiskeychitto, which was as full of bass as the pine woods were of ticks, and that if they would come and camp at his place he'd fill 'em to the muzzle with peaches and melons. The Maiden replied, "Ben, you're a liar, and you know it. There isn't any such stream as the Whiskeychitto—there's not a bass in all Louisiana—and you haven't got a melon or peach on your place. But no place can be worse than this, so we'll go—if only to make you ashamed of yourself." And go they did, and it was a case of "Paradise Regained." Ticks, mosquitoes, sand-fies and red-bugs vanished as by magic. The weather smiled upon them clear and cool, like October in the Highlands. Every eddy and pool of the swift-flowing, sandy-bottomed stream was full of lively bass, ready to take the bait and try their tackle to the utmost. And, best of all, cheery, jolly Ben and his big-hearted sisters made them welcome in a way which excelled even the proverbial Southern hospitality.

Nothing in, on or around the place was too good for them. Butter, eggs, milk, cheese, melons, peaches—everything was theirs. By day, Ben paddled them in the progue to the likeliest holes for bass, and at night organized coon hunts for their amusement. It will be a long and cold day before the Pelicans forget what they owe to the Ben H. family.

As soon as the first string of bass was taken, The-Old-Man-Who-Bakes-Fish proceeded to show how well he deserved the name. Sing, O Muse! the triumphs of his zeal and skill! How deftly he split them from head to tail, removing back-bone and fins; how tenderly he placed inside the slice of lemon and of onion, the pinch of pepper and of salt; how daintily he larded them with the sweet, fresh butter; how snugly he wrapped them in their envelopes of wet, brown paper; how cosily he tucked them away in their bed of hot ashes, and how the fire of genius lit his eye as he compounded the sauce, stirring and tasting, adding a drop here and a pinch there, till it was neither too sweet nor too sour, too strong nor too weak, but simply and absolutely perfect. But what shall be said of the result, when at last the glowing embers were raked aside and the crisp wrappings were removed, while the fragrant steam arose, and the palate was stirred

by a new and undreamed-of delight. The first few minutes passed in silence, for pleasure was too deep for words; then the Righter, laying down his knife and fork, arose and solemnly addressed his companions:

"I have eaten terrapin and canvasbacks on Chesapeake Bay, clam-chowder from Harpswell Point to Stratford Beach, broiled mackerel fresh from the Banks ere death had time to dim his prismatic hues, crab-gumbo in the old French market in New Orleans, salmon-roe on Puget Sound, kippered herring from Heligoland and flounders fresh from Cilasieu, but never in all the long years of a wandering life has anything so filled and satisfied my gastronomic longings as does this last triumph of the genius of our incomparable comrade The Old-Man-Who-Bakes-Fish. Give me another 3 pounder, please!"

And the Churchman, breaking the philosophic silence which usually enwrapped him as the shell enfolds the pearl, said, calmly but firmly, "Them's my sentiments, too!" H. P. U.

A DAY ON THE KALAMAZOO.

WHEN one goes a-fishing there is nothing like having a proper companion, and when I joined my rod on the shady banks of the Kalamazoo River in Michigan a few weeks ago, I felt I was in great luck. My companion was the Sophomore of the University of Michigan. He had been with me several times before, but then only as a plain everyday youth who acknowledged there were many things yet to learn in this world of ours. But when a youth gets to be a Sophomore then his knowledge is supreme; he solves all problems off-hand; nothing is too deep for his understanding or his upstanding. Nevertheless, the Sophomore loved angling as a boy loves to steal watermelons, and his book lore on fishing was immense. He could quote from Prime and Nessmuk, from Walton and Henshall. And he had some ideas of his own, and good ones too. His great motto was "test your tackle," "for," said he, cocking his hat at a sophomoric angle, "many fish are lost at the critical moment from a failure of the tackle which a proper examination might have prevented." This was such sound advice that Izaak, Jr., could not help saying, "Correct my boy. But we all know a heap sight more than we practice. When I was a Sophomore like you many years ago I also was full of knowledge; but as the years go by I am gradually unlearning, and if I live long enough I will yet know something."

Discouraging thus, we arrived at a choice stretch of fishing ground along a green, shady bank, where the river current was deep and strong, and where the bronzed old bass were wont, in times past, to ply their vocation and their avocation. And now, what a sight met our eyes! Along this choicest stretch of river was congregated a church picnic party, with all that it implies. Throwing sticks into the water, and splashing along the shores, seemed to be the principal pursuits of these excursionists, and while it was no doubt fun for them, it was exasperating to us. So we turned the boat up stream for a mile above, where was another good reach of water. "I'd like to know," I said to the Sophomore, "why, as soon as one finds a good spot for fishing, these blasted excursions and picnics have to come nosing around and spoil one's sport. Ain't this world big enough without their having to follow up the poor angler wherever he goes to render his life miserable? Ain't there plenty of fine places without fish where these people could go? Why, I believe they set spies on the anglers just to find new places to visit. I can't see through it, I'm sure." And then the Sophomore began a labored explanation, but a well directed slip of the oar sent a small stream of water into his eyes and mouth, and Izaak, Jr., was spared the infliction.

But as we got up the river our spirits begin to rise. What music it is to hear the purling waters, and how pleasant to gaze upon the wooded banks of the river! No picnickers up here to mar our joy. Only the scolding chatter of an occasional kingfisher or the "kerplunk" of a turtle or frog as it tumbles into the water. But here at this point, just ahead of us, is a famous hole for bass; here is where Izaak, Jr., pulled out seven last year in a half-hour's time. There, at that old log on the bank, is the place to tie up. Aye, there is the same old stick we tied to last year; and in the water we see the same old snags. How these familiar things please one; after a year's absence, they are like the grasp of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!

I stand on the log, the Sophomore sits in the boat. Into the water, at the same time, we cast our minnows, and anxiously await results. Out straightened the line of the Sophomore with that steady strain which told of more than a minnow's struggle, and I heard "I've got one," and my comrade began to reel in; there was a rush, and back came the empty hook. In the first round the bass was too much for the University of Michigan. Then the Sophomore tried to explain that why he lost the fish was because the angle of the strain upon the point of the hook was not in conformity to the theorem of Euclid, that the sine—but zip! went the line of Izaak, Jr., a slight pause, then a twist of the rod, and, after a few minutes' tussle, into the net slid a pounder. "Game, for a small one," said the Soph. "And the 'sign' was all right in my case, eh?" Then the Soph. took in a small one in good style, and Izaak, Jr., another. No big bass here to-day, so up the river we go to where the Rabbit Creek enters. 'Tis a most delightful spot, and a couple of more pounders were taken. But the sun was getting low in the west, and we pulled down the river and went to the hotel for supper. My! what wonders a university education can do for the stomach. The way that Soph. caused the food to disappear was marvelous. He seemed to eat in all known languages. No time for learned theories then, but he did manage to say, between gulps, that it was always best to "test your tackle" before going fishing.

Next morning before the fog had lifted, Izaak, Jr., and the Sophomore were down at the river's bank, but our experience did not give us a great idea of day-break fishing. Only one was caught before breakfast, and the honor fell upon the Sophomore, who handled the two-pounder in a very creditable manner.

After breakfast we took the boat and went up the river again to the scenes of our exploits of the afternoon before. At the deep pool at the point, Izaak, Jr., caught a couple of fine bass, and his comrade had some good bites, but lost them, "in spite of my university education," as he exclaimed. And here happened an incident to me which no doubt sounds like a "fish lie" to the non-angler. While standing on the log my hook became snagged with about 30ft. of line out, and being unable to loosen it, I laid my rod on the log, and went along the bank to get a

frog. I was gone perhaps five minutes, and as I was returning I heard the Sophomore calling me in exciting tones to "accelerate my footsteps, as there was a vibration at the extremity of my rod;" so I "accelerated," and sure enough there was a good "vibration." I soon reached my rod, and pulling gently found there was a fish on, but as I struck to fasten him, like the Irishman's flea, he wasn't there. I reeled in my line and found on the hook two minnows; one had been hooked from the gullet of the fish, thus enabling him to escape. But I was much obliged to Mr. Bass for unsnagging my line. A few hours later, at another place, I again had a caught hook released by a bass, but this time the fish became mine.

We moved up the river watching the clean gravelly bottom for signs of bass. As we neared the shady side near a deep pool we saw a very large bass, looking to be 2ft. long as he lay fanning the water. "A veritable Anak," said the Sophomore, who was vainly casting a minnow in the direction of his lordship. We went up the stream a short distance and then returned to find the big fish still taking his ease. This would not do; so we went to near shore above the pool and tied to a fallen tree. There, for about half-an-hour, we had as finesport as any but a fish hog could want. Six fine bass, from three-fourths to two pounds, were added to our string. Here it was that the Sophomore's great idea of "test your tackle" came into play. He was in the back of the boat, casting toward the pool for an "Anak" of his tribe; he had several fine bites, but only got one fast. Finally, with about 40ft. of line out, he got a strike, hooked him fast, and then he yelled: "I've got that big one, sure;" and it looked as if he had, the way the tip of the rod acted. "Give him line," cried Izaak, Jr., but the Sophomore, who had been catching fingerling trout and swinging them over into the adjacent fields, didn't see the need of "giving line," but, on the contrary, raised his rod, and his line parted 20ft. out! Such a look as came over his face was a sight to behold. Disgust, disappointment and revenge were all there. "How did that happen?" I asked. "Did you test your tackle?" Then he humbly admitted that he had used the line a year ago, and had never tested it since, as it seemed all right when he was "fishing for trout." After repairing his line, and when ready to make another cast, he said, "Uncle," for he it known that the learned youth was entitled thus to call me, "a university education doesn't help much in catching fish, does it? I feel more like a sucker now than does any fish. But I didn't use any cuss words when my line broke, did I?" I assured him he was a hero in that regard, and that profanity and whisky were never desirable adjuncts for any angler.

Up stream we again went to the mouth of Rabbit Creek, but the sun was too hot for fish on that side of the river, for it beat down with terrible effect with the thermometer at about 100° in the shade. So we hugged the shady side, and at every likely place we would get a strike. Even during the noon hour, when the books tell us the fish do not bite well, there was no cessation in the biting, and while Izaak, Jr., handled the boat the Sophomore got the bites, and that was about all he did get; for, except the one in the early morning, his catch was only two small bass, but, counting those he lost, his catch would have been about fifteen. Now, why is it that two fishermen in the same boat, using the same bait, and having similar tackle, one will get the fish and the other will get left. Our rods were both casting rods 7ft. 3in. long, weight 8 1/2 oz., and our lines were both of silk. But the Sophomore persisted in using a No. 1 Sproat, while Izaak, Jr., used a No. 2-0 Aberdeen hook, and therein I think may be found a solution of the enigma. With a good-sized minnow, I believe a No. 1 hook is too small in spite of the writings of many in favor of whip-lash rods, and finer tackle. On our way down the river to the hotel I caught a fine 6lb. pickerel, or pike (which was it?), and the Sophomore caught several fine bites. But the basket of fish we took to the hotel was the finest seen for many a month, and the astonishment was great that we should catch them when so many had failed.

And thus ended our day on the Kalamazoo. Even the Sophomore, in spite of his ill luck, declared he never had such a time before, and would always remember the trip, and especially the "Anak" which broke his line. Next year, perhaps, when the Sophomore becomes a Junior and is less wise, he and Izaak, Jr., will again forget the cares of the world in an outing on the clear and classical Kalamazoo, for

Better a day on the Kalamazoo
Than a cycle in the city hot.

IZAAK, JR.

St. Louis, Mo.

Natural History.

HOW TO COLLECT BIRDS.

A RECENT issue of the Bulletin of the U. S. National Museum contains a very useful article entitled: Directions for Collecting Birds, by Mr. Robert Ridgway, the curator of the Department of Birds. Mr. Ridgway's great experience as a collector and as a handler of skins collected by others makes him perhaps the best qualified person in the country to prepare a set of directions such as are given in this paper, and as a perusal of them will interest a very large number of our readers, the unsentimental as well as the ornithological, we quote from this paper at considerable length.

Passing over the subject of the collector's outfit, which includes the collecting gun, ammunition, skinning tools, poison labels, and so on, we come to the actual work of

PROCURING SPECIMENS.

The collector having provided himself with the kind of gun and ammunition which seem, according to his experience or judgment, most suitable, he should then place in his collecting-box or basket the following implements and materials:

- (1) A considerable "wad" of raw cotton for plugging shot-holes and the throats of specimens.
- (2) An insect powder bellows filled with corn meal, and an extra quantity of the latter.
- (3) A supply of paper cones or "cornucopias." These are best made of some moderately soft, bibulous paper, as newspaper or pamphlets. Some collectors prefer making the cones as they are needed, and carry with them folded newspapers or old pamphlets, but time will be saved if the cones, or some of them at least, are made before starting.

(4) A small bottle filled with strong carbolic acid. (This is needed only in warm weather.)

What to do with birds after they are killed.—Immediately a bird is killed it should be picked up by the feet (never by the tail) and held head downward to allow the blood to drain from the mouth, which may be hastened by gently pressing the bird; "flip" or otherwise carefully remove the blood clots which may adhere to the bill, feathers, or other parts, and apply corn meal to absorb what may remain. In the absence of corn meal clean sand will do, and in the case of birds with white plumage plaster of Paris will answer, but should be carefully removed before it becomes hard. The holes made by the shot, together with the throat and the internal (but never the external) nostrils, should be plugged with cotton, to prevent the escape of blood and the juices of the stomach. Before plugging the throat a small quantity of corn meal or clean sand should be inserted, as this will absorb the blood, etc., and prevent its escaping around the cotton.* Should an eye be broken by the shot, the liquid should be carefully pressed out and what can not be otherwise removed absorbed with corn meal or sand, as nothing is more difficult to remove from feathers after it once becomes dry.

It is very important that as much pains be taken as time and other circumstances will allow to clean blood and other stains from the plumage before becoming dry, as neglect of this precaution will in the end involve far greater loss of time or perhaps necessitate loss of the specimen itself.

In very warm weather, before the throat is plugged, the gullet should be swabbed with carbolic acid by saturating a small wad of cotton which has previously been wrapped around the end of a small stick, straw, or wire, or held in small spring forceps, with the acid, and then a small quantity of the acid should be applied to the skin along the median line of the abdomen, the feathers having of course been previously parted. In both these operations great care should be taken to prevent the acid from coming in contact with the feathers. Some persons use for this purpose a hypodermic syringe, but this instrument is quite unnecessary, besides being cumbersome and expensive.

When the bird has been properly cleaned and plugged it should be carefully dropped, head downward, into a paper cone of suitable size, the end of which should then be folded over the tail—care being taken not to bend or break the latter,—and also to avoid doubling the head, which is likely to be done unless the bill is kept exactly in the middle of the cone and guarded from too forcible contact with the paper during its insertion.

The bird thus enveloped should be carefully placed in the collecting basket, which should never be closely packed with specimens, as the pressure thus caused will not only force the blood through to the plumage, but in hot weather will also hasten decomposition. The larger specimens should be placed at the bottom, the smallest on top; and if the box or basket is only partly empty the space should be loosely filled with grass, leaves or paper, to prevent the specimens shifting about.

How to kill wounded birds.—A wounded bird should never be killed by thumping or pounding the skull. If the specimen is of small or medium size much the easiest and best way is to take it between the thumb and fingers, underneath the wing, and squeeze it tightly, thus causing its death almost instantly by suffocation. If of a large size this cannot be done, and the collector sometimes has a difficult problem to solve, particularly in the case of the larger birds of prey, whose sharp talons are to be avoided, it being very often extremely difficult to release one's self from their powerful grip, which, besides being extremely painful, may lead to serious results. A bite from the beak of such birds, even the most powerful, is comparatively a trifling matter, and in the case of the larger hawks and owls may be quite ignored. These birds when wounded usually throw themselves on their backs, with open feet presented for defense. In such cases the legs of the bird should be quickly seized and held firmly, which can easily be done by a careful and alert person. Then, while the feet are held, a sharp pointed knife or scalpel should be quickly plunged into the anterior portion of the breast, so as to strike the heart or its vicinity, and the bird held head downward to allow the blood to drain from the mouth. All these methods are more or less cruel, and therefore naturally distasteful to a sensitive person. But there can be no question that it is far more merciful to dispatch at once a wounded bird than to delay putting an end to its suffering. When practicable, chloroform can be used advantageously by simply saturating a handkerchief with it and holding it over the bird's head for a few moments.

Care of specimens on reaching camp or quarters.—In very hot weather, when specimens decompose rapidly, a drop of carbolic acid should be put into the throat and another into the intestines, to retard decay. This is most easily done by means of a "swab," improvised of a small stick and a little cotton. Care must be used not to allow the acid to come in contact with the feathers. When camp or quarters are reached, the specimens should be taken out of the cones, one at a time, carefully examined, and the cotton in the throat removed and a fresh plug substituted. Never delay skinning a specimen until it begins to bloat or until it begins to smell offensively, although, should it be impracticable to prevent this, very desirable specimens should be skinned even in this condition. The best way is to skin the birds as soon as possible, though in cold weather they may of course be kept several days without danger of decomposition. At the same time, however, allow a specimen to relax somewhat before you begin skinning it.

PREPARING AND PRESERVING SPECIMENS.

How to skin birds.—Before the process of skinning is actually begun, certain preliminaries are necessary, if the work is to go on smoothly. A suitable table, stand, or workbench must first be provided and placed in a good light. A paper cover should then be put over it (an old newspaper is as good as anything). Then the box containing the arsenic or mixture of arsenic and alum; that containing the corn meal; the skinning and stuffing in-

* Perhaps a still better plan is to push one plug of cotton down the gullet nearly to the stomach, before the throat plug is inserted, to prevent the juices of the latter from collecting in the throat, since, if allowed to do so in warm weather, they cause the feathers to slough off.

† Crumpled or bent feathers may have much of their elasticity and original shape restored by dipping in hot water. Steaming will answer the same purpose.

plements; the cotton, needle and thread; labels or tags; pencil, cleaning sponge and brush; cup of clean water, etc., are to be placed in convenient positions on the table, room for the specimen and the hands of the operator being of course reserved. A basin of water and towel, for cleaning and drying the hands, should also be within reach.

When everything is ready a label or tag should be securely fastened to one leg of the specimen, and the locality and date, as well as a number, inscribed on it, the same data being written in the collector's field catalogue after the corresponding number. No measurements are necessary, since all measurements of scientific value are best taken from the dried skin, though in the case of very large birds (and smaller ones also, if the collector has plenty of time) the total length and the spread of the fully outstretched wings may be taken and for convenience may be written with the length first and the spread last with a multiplication sign between, thus, 36. x 84.50, the measurements being best taken in inches and decimals. Then if there are any noteworthy features as to color of the soft parts they should be carefully noted, this being a very important matter and one sadly neglected by collectors. If the collector can provide himself with a small box of good water colors and suitable brushes, together with some pads of drawing paper, rough sketches of bills, feet, etc., may be made and the colors exactly produced. If not thus provided, or even as an additional aid if he is, a set of named colors on paper should be at hand to help him in naming the different hues.

The girth of the bird may then be taken by means of a band of stiff paper passed round the middle of the body over the wings and pinned in the form of a ring. It is then slipped off toward the feet, and after the skin is prepared is replaced, the stuffing inserted being enough to keep it from falling off. The exact circumference of the original bird can thus be readily maintained. In fact the ring may be slipped on before the stuffing is commenced and enough cotton inserted to fill out the shoulders within the paper.

After these preliminaries, relax the wings and legs by pulling and stretching; then make an incision through the skin only, from the lower portion of the breastbone to the anus. Should the intestines protrude in small specimens, they had better be extracted, great care being taken not to soil the feathers or to mutilate the sexual organs, thereby rendering it difficult or perhaps impossible to determine the sex. Now, proceed carefully to separate the skin on one side from the subjacent parts until you reach the knee, and expose the thigh, when, taking the leg in one hand, push or thrust the knee up on the abdomen and loosen the skin around it until you can place the scissors or knife underneath and separate the joint with the accompanying muscles. Apply a quantity of corn meal to the space between the skin and the carcass to prevent adhesion and to keep the feathers clean. Repeat this operation for the other leg. Loosen the skin about the base of the tail and cut through the vertebrae at the last joint, taking care not to sever the bases of the quills, and invert the skin, loosening it carefully from the body. On reaching the wings loosen the skin from around the first bone and cut through the middle of it, or, better, separate it from the body through the joint. Continue the inversion of the skin by drawing it over the neck until the skull is exposed. Arrived at this point, detach the delicate membrane of the ear from its cavity in the skull, if possible, without cutting or tearing it; then, by means of thumb nails, loosen the skin from other parts of the head until you come to the eyes, where extreme care is necessary in cutting through the white nictitating membrane to avoid lacerating the ball. Scoop out the eyes, and, by making one cut on each side of the head, through the small bone connecting the base of the lower jaw with the skull, another across the roof of the mouth behind the base of the upper mandible, and between the jaws of the lower, and a fourth (horizontally) through the skull behind the orbits and parallel to the roof of the mouth, you will have freed the skull from all the accompanying brain and muscle. Should anything still adhere it may be removed separately. In making the first two cuts care must be taken not to injure or sever the zygoma, a small bone extending from the base of the upper mandible to the base of the lower jaw bone. Clean off every particle of muscle and fat from the skin of the neck, and invert the skin of the head to the very base of the bill.

Then skin the wing down to the wrist joint, detaching the roots of the larger feathers (secondary and primary quills) with the thumb and finger nails; remove the muscle from the bones, leaving all of the latter.* The legs should then be skinned down to the lower joint of the thigh (the heel, or tibio-tarsal joint), and the flesh removed from the bone. Remove all the muscle and fat, including the oil gland, from about the base of the tail, great care being taken not to cut the roots of the feathers, which would cause them to drop out.

During every stage of the process of skinning the following very important thing should be specially remembered: (1) Always handle the skin, when detaching it from the body, as close as possible to the point of adhesion, to prevent stretching, a stretched skin being far worse than one full of holes or rents; (2) always keep the fingers between the feathers and the flesh, to prevent soiling the plumage; (3) apply plenty of corn meal or other suitable absorbent whenever a bloody or fatty place is exposed.

Certain kinds of birds require deviation from the above rules in some particulars. Most woodpeckers and ducks, for instance, have the head so much larger than the neck, that it is quite impossible to skin over the head by the ordinary method. In such case the neck should be cut off before the skull is reached, and the skin turned "right side out;" then make an incision from the top of the occiput down to the base of the skull and skin the head through this opening. Of course the incision should be sewed together after the skinning is completed, or at least after the specimen has been stuffed. Pigeons, cuckoos and some ducks, as well as other birds, have the skin very tender, and adhering so closely to the rump and lower part of the back (sometimes the breast also), that its separation is a matter of very great difficulty. Such birds should be kept until they are fully relaxed before

work on them is commenced, and the operation of skinning should be done with great care.

In warm weather or in hot countries very large birds (as herons, cranes, hawks, etc.) should have an incision made below the heel (tibio-tarsal) joint and the tendons cut off; then, by making another incision on the sole of the foot the tendons can be drawn out. The space made by the removal of the tendons should be filled with arsenic. This will prevent fermentation of the juices in the leg and generation of gases, which so often cause the skin to "blister" or separate, thus entirely ruining the specimen for mounting.

Birds having a pure white and very compact plumage on the lower parts should be skinned through an incision made under one wing, along the side, or on the back, which will be found very easy after a little practice.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THOSE CALIFORNIA SONG BIRDS.—I see by your last number that the Californians think of stocking their State with singing birds. Now isn't it probable that nature understood her business when she made that region and omitted to scatter song birds through it? During certain seasons every spear of grass, every weed dries up for want of water, and every insect dies for want of grass and weeds; and how under such conditions little birds can live I can't imagine. They require water very often, and Californians expect too much if they suppose the little musicians are going to entertain them with no grain, grass seeds or insects to live on and not a drop of water to wet their whistle with. It may be that certain kinds of birds would thrive and rest contented in California if turned out in the vicinity of lakes or rivers, but I think they will lose their labor if they turn them out elsewhere.—DIDYMUS (Summit, N. J., Sept. 25). [But what about the new order of things created by irrigation?]

WESTERN NEW YORK NATURALISTS' ASSOCIATION.—Mr. E. B. Peck, of Clifton Springs, together with several others, for some time past have been interested in forming a society of naturalists, and on Sept. 16 a meeting held in Phelps resulted in the formation of a society to be called the Western New York Naturalists' Association. The membership is restricted to persons residing in the counties of Wayne, Ontario, Steuben, Allegany, Livingston, Monroe, Wyoming, Genesee, Orleans, Niagara, Erie, Cattaraugus and Chautauque. The active membership is limited to fifty, with an unlimited associate membership. Corresponding and honorary memberships were also arranged for. The initiation fee was fixed at 50 cents, with annual dues of 25 cents. The next annual meeting will be held at Brockport, Oct. 6, 1892.—O. S. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A GROUSE HUNT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"KEEP a sharp lookout in the trees, and if you see one, don't wait for him to fly. All's fair in love and partridge hunting, I say. If the rascals will hide in trees, why shoot them on their own terms. That's my doctrine, and I never saw a man who hunted partridges much that didn't come to it."

So spake mine host, Sam Trescott, of the village "hotel" in Groton, New Hampshire. We were out on the hills for a day's hunt after ruffed grouse. It was late in the fall, and the birds were in their prime. A flock had been flushed and we were now following them up. Sam had been giving me some advice as to how to shoot the wily birds, and closed with the remarks quoted above. There was some force in his logic, but though I had nothing which I felt moved to urge in its disproof at that particular time, still

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,

and besides I never could see a skulking grouse in a tree. There was some comfort in that reflection. So I let Sam lead the way, inwardly hoping, however, that we might find some of the birds at least on the ground, where they could be located by my setter Don.

The timber through which we were passing was chiefly hard wood, yet so many leaves still clung to the limbs of the trees as to make it difficult to see through them. With a kind of instinct of direction, however, which I have frequently noticed in native grouse hunters, my companion led the way unerringly for forty or fifty rods into the woods. "They ought to be right about here," he said in a low voice turning to me. Just then with a mocking whirr of wings a bird got out of a big ash tree right over our heads. Neither of us had the hammers of our guns raised, and if any theoretical grouse shooter chooses to tell me that a man can cock his gun and get in a shot at one of these birds flushing from a tree before it is out of range I must respectfully invite him to go to the Valhalla of prevaricators. It cannot be done. It looks easy enough on paper, but just try it yourself and see. You will find yourself in the condition of the young man who remarked that it was easy enough to write Psalms like David's. He was invited to try it, and—tried it. That was as far as he got.

It is not to be wondered at then, that grouse number one got away from us without so much as the smell of powder drifting in his wake. "Confound it!" cried Sam, "why wasn't I tending to business? That's always the way. If a fellow takes his eyes out of the trees for a minute, there is sure to be a bird sitting right over his head."

"Well, I am going to be prepared for another such an emergency," I replied, raising the hammers of my gun. "Give me as good a shot as that again, and I don't believe I should care to see the bird in the tree."

Meanwhile Don had been ranging at his own sweet will, and it was only when, of a sudden, I missed the patter of his feet in the leaves, that it occurred to me he might possibly be making game.

"Where's Don?" I asked.
"Don't care where he is," replied Sam, never relaxing a muscle of his straining neck. "Those birds are where he can't do anything for us."

"I am not so sure of that," I replied. "Suppose you continue your astronomical observations here for a few minutes, and I will find out." The last I had seen of Don he was ranging off to the left, so I turned in that direction, and had hardly gone 40 yds., when, coming to the crest of a little rise in the ground, I saw my faithful setter on a dead point just across a little glade. Fearing, if I called to Sam, the birds would flush wild, and knowing how intently my companion was occupied with his own affairs just at present, I resolved to move forward at once and take my chances. I could not tell how long the dog had been holding his game, but thought if there were any birds there they must be getting pretty restless by this time.

A few steps carried me to the center of the glade. Then came the sudden storm and thunder of wings which so often deprives the grouse shooter at once of the power of thought and action. Two splendid birds got up on the wing at the same moment. They were both of them within 20 yds. of me, and for the fraction of an instant the same line of vision photographed them on my brain. Then one swung to the right and attempted to cross the glade, while the other kept straight on. All this happened before my gun could reach my shoulder. But the instant it did so I swung on to the bird crossing me, with a kind of instinct for the more exposed shot. The report of my right barrel rang sharply through the woods. The smoke hid everything for a moment. Then I heard a bounce on the leaves and the rapid throb of wings. Don came bounding across me, and the next thing I knew the bird lay in my hand, the little spark of its life just quelled, but the body warm and throbbing yet with vigorous vitality. It was a young cock, and a plump, handsome specimen.

I had barely dropped it into my game pocket when I heard Sam's gun go off. Then I could easily distinguish the flutter which a wounded bird makes as it drops from branch to branch, ineffectually beating them with its wings. A moment later I hear Sam's excited shout, "Hello, there! Bring the dog here, quick! There's a wounded bird and I can't catch it."

Don and I responded on the run. We found Sam scurrying about in the bushes in a great state of excitement. "The confounded bird was away in the top of a tree, and I only broke one wing," he panted. "Here, Don—here!" and he put the dog on the scent of the wounded and running bird. A long and rapid chase it led us; for a wounded grouse will run like an ostrich. Don soon grasped the situation, and ceased trailing in his usual cautious manner. He hurried along hotly on the scent, we at his heels; and at length we drove the bird into a dense hemlock thicket, where the dog caught it and brought it to hand, still alive.

Sam leading the way, we now turned off to the left, and soon came out in a large clearing. Here, by the side of a clear and cold brook, we lay down to eat the lunch which we had put in our pockets and enjoy an hour's rest and smoke. Then we began to work our way around the east flank of the hill. The valley was broken into alternate pasture and woodland. There were scarcely any evidences of cultivation. Half-wild sheep and young cattle tenanted the narrow strips of pasture, and as we crossed the fields they huddled timidly and suspiciously together or fled with swiftness of the wind.

Now, for the first time, we began to find birds plentiful. But the cover was chiefly underbrush, and so thick as to make shooting difficult and uncertain. We found no more broods, but the birds lay scattered, giving us singles and doubles in a way which pleased me much better than looking for shots in the trees. Don gave us eight or ten splendid points, and we succeeded in bagging four more birds between us. I was surprised to find Sam quite an adept at snap shooting, in his own peculiar way. He fired invariably with gun below the elbow, and so extremely quick was he in this kind of shooting that the bird was scarcely off the ground before he fired at and either hit or missed it. It would hardly do for me to speak of this kind of work as "random shooting," inasmuch as Sam bagged three birds to my one. There must be considerable method in this kind of madness.

We reached the hotel shortly after 4 o'clock, not wishing to get so tired that we could not go out again on the morrow. A good supper refreshed us completely, and after an evening smoke and chat with the usual habitudes of the public room of a country hotel, I turned in and slept soundly all night.

Our beautiful day, however, turned out to be a "weather-breeder," and next morning I woke up to find it raining dismally. This, of course, put a veto on all plans for sport, and I spent the day in the house reading, playing an occasional game of checkers with mine host, and listening to some choice music which one of the latter's children ground out of a cylinder organ, with the assistance of a long roll or perforated paper. The most tantalizing of all the selections rendered, as I remember now, was "Johnny, Get Your Gun."

The next day I was up early. Five o'clock found me scanning the sky. The rain had ceased, although there was still a thin curtain of clouds between the sun and the earth. Breakfast was ready at half-past 5 o'clock, and by 6 o'clock mine host had harnessed his team and we were off. This day our course lay down the river, on both sides of which there were said to be plenty of birds.

Before we made our first stop the thin, silvery mist of clouds began to break away, and the sun broke forth in royal splendor, soon drying the wet grass and twigs. About four miles down the valley we came to a very beautiful piece of woodland, consisting mainly of white and golden birches intermingled with spruce. A friend of Sam Trescott's dwelt near by, and we hitched our team under his shed and started for the gently rising slope above the river. Climbing an old moss-covered rail fence, we were soon among the aisles of birches, their white trunks shimmering like the beautiful bodies of naiads or wood nymphs. Here was an ideal place to shoot, if we could only find the birds. We moved forward slowly and cautiously, with Don ranging in front.

It was not long before the eager dog began to show signs of birds. We had struck into a half-obliterated wood road, on one side of which there was a running thicket of thimbleberry bushes, thorn apples and sumac. Along this strip Don began to creep with that cat-like tread, which indicated that he expected to find birds close at hand. We cocked our guns and stepped expectantly forward abreast in the wood road. Still the dog forebore to drop to a point. He led us down into a hollow, where a tiny stream was flowing across a decayed

*Many prefer to clean the wing by an entirely different method, an incision being made on the under side along the bone, and the flesh removed through the opening thus made. This is the better way with large birds.

bridge of logs up the ravine a few rods, and then stopped with his whole body indicating the base of a great oak tree half way up the bank. We could see every inch of the ground between the dog and the tree. If there was a bird there it must be lying on the opposite side of the oak. Exchanging a glance of silent agreement Sam and I separated, he going to the right and I to the left of the tree. The dog stood his ground, and we knew that the bird must be lying close in front of us. And so it was, apparently crouched against the opposite side of the oak, for before we could reach the tree the grouse sprang as if out of its very roots. One person alone would have stood very little chance of getting a shot at the wily bird, but it could not so easily put the trunk of the tree between itself and both of us. The grouse came into view first on my side, and having a fairly unimpeded shot I succeeded in dropping it with my first barrel. Having bagged this bird we returned to the old wood road, as the likeliest place to run across others. Scarcely had we reached it when up sprang a brace of birds from the thimbleberry bushes, one of which fell to Sam's quick snap shot, while the other succeeded in escaping both of my barrels more deliberately aimed. We kept on down the road, and in a few minutes Don gave us another point. A small hen grouse got on the wing, and as she went straightaway we both fired and dropped her stone dead. Our next two shots were at birds flushing wild, and we failed to score.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

OPENING DAY AT HORICON.—I.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3.—Long ago something of a history of the Chicago field shooting clubs was attempted in these columns, and completed to such extent as then seemed justifiable, though the story covered only such clubs as had their membership exclusively or largely in Chicago, and such as at that time had most prominence. Any history of Chicago enterprise, however, must in these days be daily to be complete. Within two years several new field clubs have been formed in Chicago, and changes have occurred in others sufficient to bring them within the scope of the series of articles above referred to. This series would to-day be highly incomplete without mention of the organization generally known here as the "Horicon Club," but whose real corporate name was the "Diana Shooting Club, of Horicon," Wis., and whose membership, once confined largely to the latter State, has now by recent changes come to lie partly in this city—largely, indeed, so far as the most interesting features of the club are concerned. I have earlier mentioned the anticipated interest of "opening day" at Horicon, Sept. 1, and must beg now to blend the story of the pleasant event with the more general history of this club, which seems to have features as new, as distinct and as interesting as any yet found among the Chicago clubs.

Winneconne and Poygan marshes, about twenty miles from Oshkosh. Poygan Lake is strung on the Wolf River, which joins the northern Fox for Winnebago waters. We shall not follow the rail fence any further, and indeed I do not know whither it goes further, though the next jump must be a long one, for when the northern birds get in to Winneconne Marsh ahead of a storm they are very tired and hungry, and must have come a long way, certainly from far above the north line of Wisconsin, for we now have touched the last of the greater feeding grounds. Of all these grounds, the Horicon Marsh is the greatest natural breeding ground, and has been so for years. Indeed, we are now upon historic country, and could, if we liked, leave shooting for a time, and go into history of Indian and white man not altogether without pleasurable interest.

Near the quiet little country village of Horicon, one of those old, old towns that never grew, you may see to-day, on the pleasant wooded bluffs which skirt the great marsh, the corn hills still intact, which mark the planting grounds of the old Winnebago tribe, the first hunters, probably, who ever tasted the inimitable possibilities of that spot. Probably the Winnebagoes did little damage to the fowl beyond stealing an easy livelihood out of their eggs. They were lazy, like all Indians, so lazy that they planted their corn in these same hills, year after year, until the stalks dwindled and dwindled and hardly bore



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—V.

"YOU SON OF A GUN."

Then I succeeded in killing a bird which flushed from a tree, and within the next twenty minutes Sam bagged two birds, one skulking along the ground through a thicket and another perched on the limb of a birch tree and watching us with undisguised interest.

This completed the bag for the morning. On returning to the team, Sam's friend insisted that we should take dinner with him, which we were nothing loth to do, as our lunch, though exceedingly good as far as it went, would hardly have gone far enough, I fear, for two hungry men. In fact, we easily finished it as a kind of after piece later in the afternoon.

Driving on for a couple of miles, we were fortunate enough to strike a piece of cover which contained some late woodcock, undoubtedly flight birds, and bagged six during the afternoon, besides two more grouse. I never enjoyed more delightful sport than we had in that little patch of birches and alders, while Don was working up those November woodcock. The birds lay close, flew swift as arrows when flushed, and were in prime condition for both gun and table. My companion was not used to this kind of wing shooting and only succeeded in dropping one bird. But he declared that he should try it again, and would beat me yet.

As it would take me about a day to reach home by rail, and as I must certainly be in my office by Saturday, this finished the record of my little trip to the hills of New Hampshire. We had not found many birds, nor made large bags, but found enough game to keep things interesting and had a generally good time. Mr. Prescott enjoys shooting as well as any visiting sportsman, and thoroughly understands the habits and tricks of the ruffed grouse. I hope another season will bring the welcome leisure which may be devoted to a second trip into the glorious New Hampshire mountains. PAUL PASTNOR.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 13.—The plovers came along with the easterly storm of the 6th and 7th, and I have been told that it was the largest flight for a number of years. They did not stop here, but continued on their journey southward, and two days after the storm only an occasional one was to be seen on the marshes.—E. F. LOCKE.

I believe I have divided the Chicago clubs into the Kankakee River, Sandhills, Illinois River and Fox Lake groups, according to the sporting regions as above indicated. We cannot class the Horicon Club under any of these, and shall have to make another group for the Rock River country. Properly the Blackhawk Club of Lake Koshkenong would fall under this head also. The Rock River flows west of the Fox River, emptying into the Mississippi at Rock Island. The first great lake through which it flows is Lake Koshkenong, in lower Wisconsin, the famous wild celery lake which has already been described. Rock River lies along what we may term the celery flight of the northern wildfowl. Properly we should make a separate class of the "celery clubs." Under this head we should include the Fox Lake clubs, the Lake Koshkenong clubs, the Nee-pe-nauk and Kaw-Kaw clubs of Puckaway Lake, Wis., and perhaps an Oshkosh club or so, which latter we cannot call Chicago clubs and shall so pass by for the present. Horicon Club lies on this flight, though it has no celery feed.

Details like the above will be most interesting when the reader takes down a map and locates the points mentioned. A study of the question in that way will be indeed interesting. It will show, among other things, that the flight of the migratory fowl is by no means on a straight line, either going north or coming south. It is much more like the zigzag of a rail fence in its direction. Suppose we start in at the celery beds and wild rice of Fox Lake. The fall flight into Fox Lake comes from Pewaukee Lake, the headwaters of the Fox River, to the northeast, or from Lake Koshkenong, on the Rock River, a zigzag to the northwest. From the celery and carried Koshkenong, on the Rock, you must make a sharp zigzag in your fence northeast to Horicon Marsh, the headwaters of the latter stream, where there is the greatest breeding ground in Wisconsin, and untold abundance of wild rice, though no celery. Thence the angle of the northern birds, not those bred on Horicon, bends north-west again to Puckaway Lake, celery and rice. Puckaway Lake is strung on the northern Fox River, which flows into big Lake Winnebago, thence via the Neenah River along the old Indian water trail from the Great Lakes. Still another angle the birds must make to get to

an ear. Even so the tribe dwindled, and when the Diana Club was formed the last of the few Winnebago families around the great marsh faded away from the old haunts and silently joined that infinitely pitiful procession of an almost forgotten race.

But now we have overshot other history more directly essential to our purpose. In the earlier days white hunter and Indian hunter crossed each other's trail in all this country, and the smoke of the wigwam answered that from the cabin of the pioneer. In those days the great strip of rice and boglands was known to the latter as the "Winnebago Marsh." It was then, as it is now, between twelve and fifteen miles in length and six miles wide at its greatest cross section. Then, also, as now, it was a wilderness almost impenetrable of bayou, bog and slough, covered with the densest conceivable growth of rice, flag, cane, grass, reed, weed and all the infinite vegetation of the marsh. The farmers were wide apart and gradually sloping. Somewhere between the two rolling banks the channel of the Rock River formulated itself. At the village of Horicon it passed over and through a rocky ledge where it was possible to confine its waters with a dam. At this point that ancient citizen, Mr. Martin Rich, whom you may see to-day in Horicon and shake by the hand as I have done, built the dam for his big mill.

"Mart" Rich's dam was built in 1845, when this region was just beginning to settle up. It was a good dam. You can see proof of this yet in the timbers thereof which lie in ruins. It held the waters, but it could not stand the law. The farmers all claimed that it stepped on their riparian toes.

Naturally from the configuration of this country this dam on the ledge at Horicon village backed the waters far and wide over the shallow basin, through which they flowed so sluggishly. The "Winnebago marsh" disappeared from the face of the earth, and "Lake Horicon" took its place. This beautiful sheet of water, 16x6 miles in extent, filled all the basin up and lay high upon the sides of the timbered bluffs, as you may see by the water marks to-day. It was a fine sheet of water. The wildfowl shooting was then simply magnificent, and the fishing also was remarkable. In the winter the ice held hundreds of fishermen's shanties.

Now, all this land under the lake was of questionable value at best, but some men love a law suit, and pioneers were ever jealous of their rights. It seemed best for them to sue Martin Rich for backing water over their frog preserves or something of the sort. One by one they sued him, and one by one he beat them, till finally his purse gave out, which in the eye of human justice is the end of everything. So the dam had to come out. Mart. Rich destroyed it in the fall of 1867. A great rush of devastating water lasting for days, a destruction of millions of pounds of fish, an unsettling for the nonce of all wildfowl plans, and the great lake was again a great swamp, only this time its name was changed to the "Horicon marsh," as it is known to-day.

So the farmers got their hay lands and frog lands back again, and dreamed they owned the earth, because they had purchased or stolen from the Government on very reasonable terms. Speculation in these swamp lands fol-

southern and best portion of the marsh, had been leased for twenty-five years, the annual rental being \$100. This lease has now been provided for out of the club's sinking fund.

Originally only 25 memberships were sold, and the bulk of these were placed in Horicon and Milwaukee at first. It chanced that Mr. Percy F. Stone, one of our prominent Chicago shooters, who was born and raised in Wisconsin, happened to be passing through that part of the State when he heard of the starting of this club, in the spring of '83. He knew the marsh, and was interested at once, so much so that he telegraphed to the incorporators to meet him at the train as he passed south. To them he said, in brief, and while the train was waiting, "I will take five memberships." Arrived at Chicago, he forthwith took in on his spare tickets his friends J. O. Pierson, C. E. Cole, E. J. Marsh and C. C. Germain. These five formed a club within a club, and put up what is known as

blue-winged teal breed here in immense numbers. Woodcock, widgeon, spoonbill and redhead are plentiful. The canvasback is occasionally taken, and when the autumn flight southward fairly sets in, the pintails seem to outnumber all other varieties.

While this entire marsh tract presents attractions for sportsmen, the best, except in the far West and North, the grounds controlled by this club are the choice to be found in the extensive area covered by the marsh. They are easy of access, especially from Horicon by the river, which winds circuitously northward for a distance of about three miles, when it becomes lost in an infinite number of channels, bays and sloughs trending in every direction and of every conceivable shape. Following to the eastward this labyrinth of bog and channel, one soon reaches the "Four-mile-island Bay," a sheet of water covering an area of about three hundred acres. On its eastern shore rises a ridge of hard land, not many years ago denuded of its timber, but now thickly covered with a growth of young trees, which is known as "Four-mile Island," the favorite resort of camping parties. To the north of this bay is the "Skirmish Line." A channel connects the "Four-mile-island Bay" with a sheet of water covering about an equal area called "Malzen's Bay," into which the east branch of the river debouches its waters and affords access to the grounds from the east. West of the "Four-mile-island Bay," and connected with it by several channels, is a sheet of water covering about one hundred acres, which from the shallowness of the water and the interminable depth of the mud, is known as "Mud Bay." West of this, one again enters the maze of bog and bayou, but after wading a distance of about two miles, reaches another sheet of water of about two hundred acres called "Mieske's Bay." A mile north of this is the largest sheet of water on the grounds of the club, known as the "Big Lake," and covering about twelve hundred acres, and continuously supplied by the waters of the West Branch. From all these principal sheets of water innumerable inlets, cisterns, bayous and sloughs, bordered with sedges, flags, reeds and the various rank vegetation of the marsh, trend and wind in all directions and for seemingly endless distances, thus forming thousands upon thousands of acres fitted to the very highest degree by nature as the home of the waterfowl.

One lost in the infinite intricacies of these morasses, at the gloaming just preceding nightfall, when the myriad animal life is momentarily silent, cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the sense of utter seclusion and desolation in which everywhere pervades the place. But in a hazy autumn afternoon, when the fields and woodlands that fringe the great basin in which you stand are clothed in brown, and yellow, and crimson, and gold all around the horizon, and the western sky is bathed in the warm, soft tints of an October sunset, the desolate, uninviting picture, upon which a mere speck of water is pencilled, is lost and forgotten in the gorgeous beauty of the frame in which it is set.

It will be observed that the grounds leased by the Diana or "Horicon" Club are about 5x3 miles in extent, and cover all the open waters and channels of the marsh. Another club, with headquarters now at Milwaukee, controls all the marsh north of the Diana grounds; so that the whole marsh is preserved. A visit to the marsh shows it to be the most easily guarded territory imaginable. The ground covered by the marsh growth is too soft for a trespasser to attempt on foot, and the few channels which lead in to the shooting places can easily be covered by two or three watchmen. The club has two regular watchmen, both deputy wardens. Trespassing is practically unknown. For a time the club sold shooting permits, but even these have now been abolished, and a few guns only own this magnificent preserve. The result of all these natural and artificial conditions is that the supply of wildfowl is simply astonishing, as I shall later mention in detail. At this very point, however, it should be chronicled that, law or no law, the club never has nor will permit spring shooting. The club rules are so simple and admirable that they are herewith appended in full.

RULE 1. The open season for wildfowl shooting on the grounds of the club shall commence Sept. 1 and end Dec. 1 each year.

RULE 2. Sec. 1. No person not a member shall be allowed to shoot upon the club grounds except as a guest of some member, and then only upon a written permit issued by an officer of the club.

Sec. 2. No member shall be allowed more than one guest to participate in the shooting privileges at any one time.

RULE 3. Sec. 1. The following table will govern the time for commencing and ceasing shooting for each day, viz:

	Begins.	Closes.
Sept. 1 to 15.....	5:15	8:25
Sept. 16 to 30.....	5:25	8:00
Oct. 1 to 15.....	5:30	5:35
Oct. 16 to 30.....	6:00	5:15
Nov. 1 to 15.....	6:30	4:55
Nov. 16 to 30.....	6:40	4:35

Sec. 2. Any member violating this rule shall be liable to suspension or expulsion, at the discretion of the board.

RULE 4. No member, hired man, invited guest, or person holding a permit, shall be allowed to shoot for the market on the club grounds.

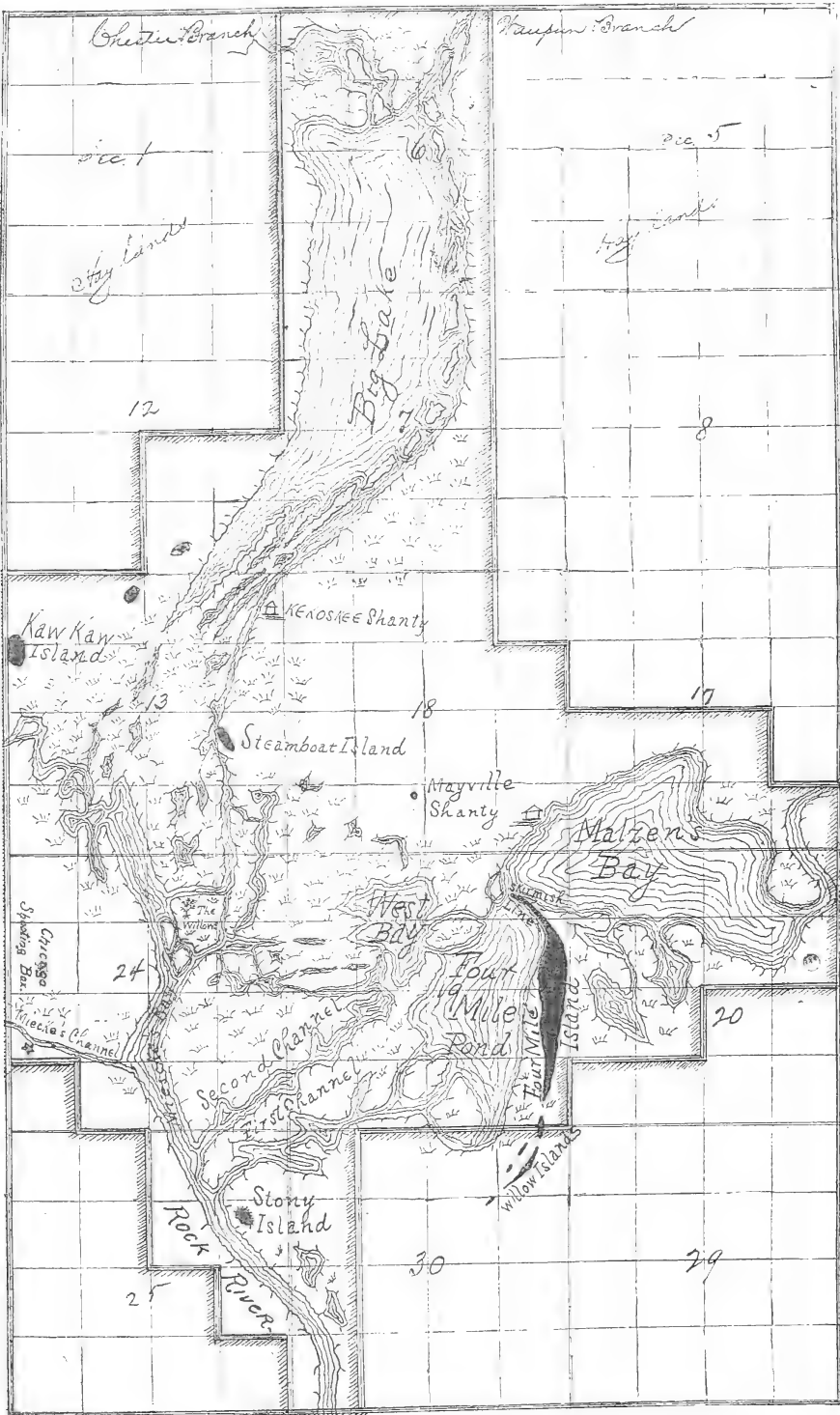
RULE 5. No one, member or otherwise, shall be allowed to bait birds on the grounds of the club for shooting purposes under penalty of expulsion.

RULE 6. No rifle, pistol, revolver or similar weapon shooting a ball at either game or targets will be allowed, and no gun of larger caliber than the ordinary 10-bore shotgun, fired from the shoulder, shall be permitted on the grounds under any circumstances.

There is no hobbledehoy business about this club. The men you meet there are gentlemen who observe only quiet and sportsmanlike methods.

But to return to the definite history of the club. The Chicago Shooting Box pursued its way very happily until death called away two of its members, Mr. Cole and Mr. Pierson. Their places were filled, but finally things so shaped themselves that it seemed wiser to turn in this property to the club, to extend the sale of memberships up to 40 out of the 50 to which the charter limits the club, to protect the lease, make some improvements and eventually to build a larger club house. In fine, this is the present policy of the club, the 40 mark has already practically been reached. The memberships are rapidly taken at the ridiculously low sum of \$150, this, with the annual dues of \$15, being cheap pay for such privileges. Little money is needed for spending on the marsh, for it needs small help to make it perfect, barring the few watchmen and the expense of a ditch or two. The revenue from the dues will soon be enough to cover the expenses of this tight little corporation. Another novel source of revenue is the "rat money." The marsh swarms with muskrats. Last year the club leased the trapping right to "Old Man Mieske," a German farmer, whose land adjoins the marsh, and who has been a great help to the club in many ways. Mieske cleared \$400 on the rat deal that year. An odd character, Mieske. He came to this spot forty years ago, when the country was perfectly wild. His fine house and barns show his success, as well as do his broad acres. He bought his farm with wild ducks, baited and slaughtered with a 4-bore. He killed 3 ducks at one shot, once upon a time. The ducks, the huts, and last of all the club men, who need teams, pushers, milk, eggs, chickens and what not, have in turn yielded golden harvest to this thrifty, dried up, but still hearty and vigorous old-man-of-the-marsh.

Connected with the club from the start, and so thoroughly acquainted with its requirements, it was natural that Mr. Percy Stone, so good an executive officer withal, should have prominent place in all this recent work of reorganization and preparation. It was Mr. Stone that shouldered the responsibilities and infinite detail of getting ready for the opening of the season this fall, and



MAP OF HORICON CLUB GROUNDS.

lowed, and the upshot of it all was that the taxes never got paid, and the land reverted to the United States Government.

Enter now upon the scene of one of those things known as a syndicate, in which Mr. Truman A. Woodford, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. G. H. Lawrence figured principally. This syndicate was known as the "Mechanics' Union Mfg. Co.," and it bought of the Government at auction sale at a price so low as 7 cents an acre a large body of the 25,000 acres covered by the marsh.

The wildfowl clung steadily to the lake or marsh all this time, paying no attention to the litigation, and within the last decade the desirability of a great wildfowl preserve here became apparent to a number of Wisconsin sportsmen. The Diana Shooting Club of Horicon was formed and incorporated, the charter members being Messrs. S. E. Davis, W. A. Van Brunt, C. A. Hart, J. B. Hayes and Geo. H. Lawrence, June 8, 1883, was the date of the club's incorporation, but on March 20, 1883, a lease had been arranged with the syndicate above mentioned, by which 5,800 acres of land, comprising the

the Chicago Shooting Box, where things were long run in a highly exclusive and bang-up style, dinner in courses, white caps on the cooks and waiters, and all that sort of thing. This comfortable club house, four rooms, with plenty of bunks and lockers for chance guests, made the only club building on the grounds. A Milwaukee and Horicon contingent built a big and roomy cabin boat, which is annually anchored at the edge of the marsh, as high up as the channel will permit, and other parties have put up shanties on the drier portions of the marshes for as may be seen by reference to the accompanying map. The latter is the personal work of Mr. Stone, and it is well done and highly useful, both to the reader and to shooters interested in this marsh. As explanatory of the map, we may quote from the club history written some years ago by a gentleman who was a member of Congress, or of the Legislature, or something, and who may therefore be supposed to be way off better able to write about it than I am:

Nearly every species of migratory water fowl known to the inland waters of North America can be found here. Mallard and

converged all the chaotic wishes of his fellow members into the happy focus of that event so eagerly awaited each year, the day of days, the "opening day." This year he had an additional and most serious source of trouble—the water on the marsh was too low to let in the boats. This occurs about once or twice in five or six years, and while it does not affect the number of ducks, it does seriously affect the shooting. About four weeks ago, therefore, Mr. Stone had a dam built across the river, just below the "first channel," about opposite the spot marked on the map as "Stony Island." The river here runs through banks of peat and muck, its bottom yards down in fairly fathomless mud. The dam was built of plank, peat, hay and mud. The river promptly burrowed under the dam, and blew a great hole out of it. This was temporarily filled, and 19 in. of water at the dam set the water back in the channels so that the boats could go in all right. This was just in the last of August, but unfortunately, only a few days before the momentous 1st, Mr. Stone got a telegram that the dam had gone out again. It was therefore with some despondency that the shooting party started for the marsh. Work on the dam was continued persistently, and on Sunday, the 30th, the leak was gotten nearly under control. There seemed to be no bottom to the mud. I saw a 16ft. fence board driven clear to the end into the mud at the dam, and the last blows of the sledge seemed to send it on down as easily as the first. No one can fathom the mud on Horicon Marsh. When this was Horicon Lake, the whole bog, rice, reeds and all, rose and floated, miles and miles of it. When the water was drained off most of the bog sank again. If the water rises the bog rises also. There are two kinds of mud on Horicon, the kind that floats and the kind that sinks. If you break through the bog while wading through the wild rice, you may sink up to your hips, or up to your waist. You may strike *terra firma* in a layer of sunken peat, or in one of the solid ledges which underlie portions of the marsh; or then again you may sink a thousand feet into the soft mud, the kind which doesn't float. I dropped my jack knife while putting out my decoys. It fell in 3 in. of water, but though I plunged my arm up to the shoulder after it, I never caught it, and think it is going yet. Study the infinite combinations of these two kinds of mud, the kind that floats and the kind that does not float, and you will soon learn that pushing a boat on Horicon Marsh is better when the dam holds.

It held all through the 1st, 2d and 3d, but the water rose all too slowly. This dam cannot be permanent. It is much an engineering feat to make one permanent that side or Horicon Ledge; but granted that, and you have the key to the prettiest shooting situation in this part of the West. We have no marsh here which approaches it. The fastnesses of the marsh protect the birds, and they are there in untold thousands. E. HOUGH.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME REGIONS.

A WAY from the immediate vicinity of the region of which I am writing comparatively little is known of the attractions offered the sportsman. Little do the disciples of William Henry Herbert dream of the paradise for the lover of sport in the Albemarle section of North Carolina, of the numberless resorts for water fowl on its boundless waters, of the endless chains of forests, abounding with deer, and bear and turkey, and of the broad fields where the quail and partridge feed. Currituck Sound has enjoyed an enviable reputation among shore shooters, long unchallenged by any rival within the United States, but of the other vast tracts of inland waters, and of the Southern home of field and forest game which has not been pounded to death by the continual hammering of the holiday shooter, an ignorance exists which is almost unjust.

The design of this paper is not to depict incidents of field life, but to afford specific information to those who care to enjoy it, consequently I shall confine myself mainly to pointing out localities which can be readily reached. To enjoy the sport in the Albemarle section one must take several days if he be from the North, but the expenses need not be heavy, as all of the points I shall mention are within a few hours ride of Norfolk, by the Norfolk & Southern Railroad or its steamers. Norfolk is connected directly by rail with nearly every portion of the United States, and by daily steamers with Baltimore, Washington, New York, Providence and Boston. The fare for the round trip from the two latter cities is \$18, by the Merchants' & Miners' steamers, and from New York by the Old Dominion is \$13. These prices also include meals and staterooms. At Norfolk the sportsman should stop at the New Atlantic Hotel, which not only provides the comforts of a Northern hostelry, but a special rate is given.

Currituck Sound, on the coast of North Carolina, undoubtedly affords the best duck shooting to be found in this country; and it does not require a greater expenditure of time and money to indulge in it than the sportsman can usually afford. All the conditions of shooting there are pleasant, for although, as in other places, there are good and bad days, still when the fowl do fly, they fairly swarm. It is nothing uncommon for a sportsman to kill 150 head of geese, swan and duck in a day's shooting. Then again there is little or no exposure or hard work about it; the points are not remote; and the thermometer rarely falls below 40°; the grasses and reeds, not being cut down by the heavy frosts as they are further north, afford natural blinds, where one can stand or sit at pleasure without finding it necessary to lie on his back; indeed, one often sits in a chair and waits for the birds. The Currituck, the Swan Island, the Lighthouse, the Narrows Island, the Palmer Island, and the Monkey Island clubs have shooting stations there. The shooting is best during the winter months, and in the main is done from a blind, a battery, or over decoys. Snipe shooting in the marshes is very good in season, and the forests are full of deer and bear. The route to Currituck from Norfolk is by the Norfolk & Southern Railroad to Snowden, the fare is \$1.20, then by stage to the shooting grounds. Board is \$2 per day, and the use of a boat and decoys about the same.

At Snowden the fields are always filled with coveys of partridge. This year the birds are unusually plentiful. Indeed, they are almost as numerous as English sparrows in Central Park. The law is off Nov. 15. Living is reasonable, about \$2 per day.

From Snowden one also enters the Dismal Swamp, where

deer and bear hide. Deer are very plentiful this year, and bears so unusually promiscuous that all the farms are posted with danger signs warning the sportsmen to look out for the bear guns which are planted in every conceivable locality.

Narrow Shore, Church's Island and Collington Island are most readily reached from Shawboro, which is 35 miles from Norfolk, fare \$1.30, on the Norfolk & Southern. The first two are best for duck, geese and swan, while Collington Island presents unusually good opportunities for the killing of deer, which, as I have said before, are very plentiful this year.

At Elizabeth City, 44 miles from Norfolk, on the Norfolk & Southern, fare \$1.70, the grounds lie adjacent to the town, and snipe, squirrels, partridges, duck, fox, deer and bear are abundant. Fox driving is a very popular sport. The new Albemarle Hotel provides the best of accommodations at \$2 per day. Bear hunting from boats in the Pasquotank River and Dismal Swamp Canal is very good.

Nag's Head, reached from Elizabeth City by the steamer Neuse, which, by the way, is an ocean steamer, fitted for ocean travel with its necessary accompaniments, presents good all-around shooting all the year around. In the season, snipe, curlew, willet, duck, geese, brant, swan, rabbit, squirrel, deer and bear offer excellent shooting. At Okisko, 53 miles from Norfolk, on the Norfolk & Southern, fare \$1.95, squirrel, partridges, coon and bear are found. They are also prevalent at Winfall and Yeopim.

At Avoca, on the Chowan River, near Edenton, and reached by the Norfolk & Southern steamer Roberts for \$3.70 from Norfolk, can be found nearly all game. Turkey is especially abundant. Bear and deer also offer excellent sport. Dr. W. R. Capehart, who has there a plantation of several thousand acres, can furnish all particulars.

An excellent inn has recently been erected at Bell Haven, on the Norfolk & Southern, for the express accommodation of sportsmen. It is 113 miles from Norfolk and the fare is \$4.05. Good waterfowl shooting may be had thereabouts; but deer are the attraction this year. Fourteen were shot in one day by two men recently.

No man who has not visited the Albemarle section of North Carolina can have any conception of the plentitude of game. During the winter months the streams are alive with waterfowl. In the fields and forests is game without limit. No great judgment is required in selecting a good spot, for the game is there, and any one who can pull a trigger can find satisfactory sport.

FRANK A. HEYWOOD.

THE CHATHAM ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers have been advised from time to time of the very commendable and successful efforts of the Chatham Fish and Game Association to restock the lands in the Upper Passaic Valley with game birds and the river with game fish and prevent illegal shooting and fishing. The association is an incorporated body, and the statutes of New Jersey give power to members of fish and game protective associations to arrest without warrant any parties found illegally trespassing in shooting and fishing. It may not be known, however, to many of your readers that the laws of New Jersey also forbid the shooting on such territory by any one not a resident of New Jersey. The penalty is exceedingly severe, being not only a fine, but imprisonment and confiscation of guns.

The territory included in the reservation of this Association lies in the townships of Hanover, Livingston, Millburn, Summit, Madison, Chatham, New Providence and Passaic. The lands have been thoroughly posted with "No Trespass" notices, and printed condensed statements of the game laws have been widely distributed. We learn that it is the intention of the Association to defend fully the rights given them by the statutes and through their contracts with land owners. It will therefore be wise for those who are now arranging for localities to be visited at the opening of the season to seek other points. We are heartily in sympathy with the course pursued by the Association, which seems to be the only effective way of restoring to the lands and waters the old time abundance of game and fish.

A large number of quail were turned out in this territory last spring and numerous coveys have been seen daily during the summer and fall, but the number that may be shot by any one member has very wisely been limited. The Association is in a very flourishing condition. It has raised among its members a very large sum of money for further stocking the lands and waters, as well as for the erection of a commodious club house. The contracts for the erection of the building have been let. Its location is very central and extremely convenient for members and land owners. It is situated on Fairmount avenue, opposite the station of the D. L. & W. R.R. at Chatham. JERSEY BLUE.

TO MASSACHUSETTS SPORTSMEN.

PARTICULARLY OF MIDDLESEX, NORFOLK, PLYMOUTH, BRISTOL AND BARNSTABLE COUNTIES.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, in its efforts to restock the public shooting grounds of this State, last spring loosed 250 or more pinated grouse (prairie chickens) in different parts of the above mentioned counties.

From reports received thus far it appears that the birds have thrived so well that at the present time there are probably at least 700 to 1,000 scattered throughout the eastern portion of the State; and without doubt many will be seen this fall by sportsmen.

The association, through its committee, most earnestly requests that every sportsman let go unshot at, any of these birds, thereby helping toward success a work being carried on entirely by private subscription for the benefit of every person in the Commonwealth who loves a gun. If not molested for a few years a splendid addition to our game will result, and Massachusetts will be the only State on the Atlantic coast where sportsmen may find this kind of game.

Nothing except failure can be expected, however, unless every sportsman shall aid in protecting from harm these birds now for the first time in this State for over 150 years. Give the birds a chance to live.

HENRY J. TRAYER, Sec'y of Committee.

BOSTON, Sept. 28.

MAINE'S BIG GAME.—We referred the other day to a letter written by Mr. E. E. Harlow, of Greenville, Me., in the Bangor News, stating that several moose, deer and caribou had been wantonly killed in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, by persons undetected. The News returns to the topic, and says: "From a personal acquaintance with Mr. Harlow, the News knows him to be the soul of truthfulness. He has been around Kineo and Greenville for several seasons past, and knows a majority of the guides intimately. Hence, he is not liable to be imposed upon by 'hunter's yarns.' The inference is that he was rightly informed, that the guides saw what they reported, and that Mr. Harlow consequently gave a correct account of actual events. Since printing Mr. Harlow's communication, the News has taken pains to ascertain how far the law is violated in the Moosehead region, and while it is not ready to publish all the details learned, enough was found out to show that Mr. Harlow's report did not half tell the tale of illegal slaughter that is practiced in that vicinity. Employees of the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad state that deerhounds and foxhounds are constantly going 'up Moosehead way,' and that the owners of these dogs declare openly they are going to dog deer. Names of parties who keep dogs at Greenville for the purpose of chasing moose were also given, and many other valuable pointers to show where the law breakers hide. The same story with variations comes from other parts of eastern Maine. The name of a sporting rendezvous at Chemo where dogs are kept to run deer has been given to the News with other particulars that would be of value to, and is available for any honest game warden in the State. THE FOREST AND STREAM, with the instincts of a true sportsman, would be glad to learn that the reports are exaggerated. So would the News; and while the News is practically convinced that the reports are true, it still waits, hoping to hear of arrests for law breaking, or, what is better still, a cessation of the most unholy practices that now prevail. The State of Maine is a grand old State. It is full of brave, law-abiding men and noble women. It is a shame, the News confesses, that there are cowardly lawbreakers who lay claim to citizenship. Yet it is a lasting shame and disgrace to the game commissioners and wardens to allow such deeds to go on from year to year without making a vigorous attempt to bring the offenders to justice. In conclusion, the News requests all persons who know of parties who are violating the game laws of this State to send full particulars to this paper. The names of those sending the particulars must accompany every letter, but will not be used if the writers desire to remain unknown. It is time that the pirates of the forest were shown up. They have ruled the State too long."

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.—The ruffed grouse behaves at times in so strange and unusual way as to lead the most experienced observer and keenest student of woodcraft to wonder what its motives are. While in pursuit of this bird, in company with my brother, I was walking on a pasture land along the edge of a woods and had stopped at a point I deemed favorable, my brother being at the time some distance within the cover, when a grouse started. The bird flew toward me, and making a rapid swerve alighted on the greensward directly in front of me, just outside of the woods. He certainly was not over 25ft. away. As soon as he lit, as is their habit, he straightened up, and turning his head from side to side, looked around him. On the impulse of the moment without thinking, being somewhat excited perhaps, I drew up, and without taking aim fired at the bird. I had now done an unsportsmanlike act, and yet I had not shot a grouse on the ground. For strange to say not a shot had hit the bird. The whole charge went over and tore to atoms the foliage behind him. When I took the gun down there was the bird as before, he had not moved a particle. Thus we stood looking at each other for about a half minute, when my brother having heard the report of the gun, approached, the bird turned his head at the noise, and then taking a few steps flew and like a bolt disappeared through the foliage. When my brother came up I related the incident to him, and it was his opinion that the grouse remained after I had shot at him because he was paralyzed with fear. Was this the fact? or was it courageous conduct, combativeness? or was the bird fascinated by the sound of the gun? I leave the reader to decide this point and add another to the ways of this mysterious bird of the woods.—DORP.

HUNTING DEER WITH BIRD DOGS.—Portland, Ore.—Clear out here (at so near the "jumping off place" that we smile when reading of people going out into the far western wilderness of Montana or Dakota, which to us seems a long way east), I wish to echo the request of "Aztec" that we may hear more from "H. L." or others who know anything about still-hunting deer with bird dogs. Although it is hardly necessary in this comparatively little hunted country to use a dog, yet a dog companion is naturally desirable. Especially is it the case with one who as myself much prefers hunting alone rather than with human company, cronies excepted of course. Now, if we can train our faithful bird dogs to assist us in locating close game or in tracing the trail of wounded "meat," cannot we all see how much more of a fellow feeling and love we may justly claim for our glossy chum of the silken ears?—LOUIS B. AKIN.

HAMMERLESS GUNS.—The reason why I mentioned hammerless guns as being dangerous was that many persons are apt to be careless in their use on account of their fancied security, not that I intended to hint they were insecure because of their mechanism. A gun, no matter what make or character, should, like the working end of a strange mule, be treated with consideration.—REIGNOLDS.

FOR "CHICAGO AND THE WEST," see page 221.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.—Do you contemplate visiting Dubuque, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, or any point in the Northwest, the Puget Sound region or the balmy South or Southwest? The Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will furnish you transportation enabling you to safely, quickly and comfortably reach your destination. Its splendid equipment and excellent management have made it a popular favorite. F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 26.—At the meeting this week of the Worcester Fur Company the following names were proposed for membership: Arthur C. Moore, Sturbridge; D. F. Joslin, M. A. Moffit, H. M. Ingraham, E. J. Bates, A. L. Joslin, Oxford; H. C. Newell, Ashburnham; W. P. Brigham, Boylston; F. E. Harrington, West Brookfield; Samuel Smith, Wilson White, Hopkinton; E. W. Gill, Princeton; Byron Stewart, Millbury; W. L. Taft, Whitinsville; Chas. Crompton, H. W. Wyman, Harry W. Smith, Gilbert J. Rugg, W. B. Gage, Col. H. B. Verry, Chas. A. Merrill, Milton Rand, Chas. A. Allen, Asa R. Jacobs, Oliver A. Benoit, J. Henry Locke, Jos. A. Smith, C. Harry Morse, of Worcester.

AN INDISCREET BRAGGART named Helm, of Hartford, recently boasted in a Chicago shooting paper that he had been out shooting on Sunday and had eluded the vigilance of Game Warden Collins. Now, Mr. Collins lives in Hartford, and it was not to be supposed that he would let such a case as this go by default; he haled the Sunday game killer into court and compelled him to put his helm hard to starboard with fine and costs as in such cases provided.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN sends us a map of Blue Mountain Forest, his extensive wild game park in New Hampshire, which was described at length in these columns last spring.

COONS AND COON HUNTERS.—The season is drawing when the FOREST AND STREAM will have another full page (and perhaps a column or two more) for the coon hunters.

The Book of the Game Laws.

A WORD WITH THE ADVERTISER.

THE question is often asked: **What Makes the Best Advertising Medium?** The answer generally given is: The best advertising medium is the one which places the advertiser before the largest number of the right sort of people in the way best calculated to produce the effect it is desired to produce and at the smallest cost.

This is just what the *Book of the Game Laws* does for advertisers of sportsmen's supplies.

I. There is no waste circulation among those who are not sportsmen—every copy goes where it will do most good.

II. Advertisements are placed opposite fresh reading matter, where they will be read.

III. The *Book* is kept for reference and the adv. thus exerts a lasting influence upon the purchaser.

IV. The advertising rates are reasonable.

Write to us about it.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
318 Broadway, New York.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

FISHING WITH TRAINED CORMORANTS

By CAPTAIN F. S. DUGMORE, R. N. R., Master of the Falconry Club 1878 to 1883.

[Continued from page 186.]

CHAPTER I.—HOW TO PROCURE CORMORANTS FOR TRAINING.

WITH the foregoing preliminary explanations, I will now pass on to consider the practical questions that present themselves at the outset to the would-be cormorant trainer. In the first place, following the precedent set by Mrs. Glass in her well-known directions for cooking a hare, I will tell him how to obtain the birds for training. If he is sufficiently ambitious and self-confident to go to work at once with old-caught birds, there is no difficulty in getting them. It is only necessary to ascertain their favorite resting places in any tidal estuary; usually the summits of isolated piles, stakes or beacons, or—not quite so convenient for our purpose—a channel buoy. A large steel trap without teeth, or with the teeth thoroughly well masked with tow, oakum or sacking, as indeed even toothless jaws should be, and concealed by a little seaweed, will quickly supply our needs. The trap must have a line attached of sufficient length to allow it to fall into the water, or the bird's legs may be broken in its struggles. The best style of trap is that used on poles for catching hawks, with a semi-circular spring round and under the table, instead of at the side. But the ordinary rabbit or fox pattern will suffice for use on a buoy, if large enough. I always use very large traps, made especially for me in Birmingham (England), as if too small a toe may be taken off or the web injured. A noose, if cleverly set, can sometimes be used with advantage. Or if the water be muddy and opaque, a trammel net can be set beneath the surface round the resting post or buoy, off which a cormorant, when scared, will sometimes slip into the water and dive at once without taking flight. This net, however, must be closely watched, or the bird will be drowned if not promptly extricated. A dollar or two judiciously disbursed will often get a wild cormorant brought home uninjured by fishermen in whose nets he has got entangled. In fact, an unlimited supply of the old birds can be procured almost anywhere and at any season.

With the young birds it is very different.

The breeding places must be ascertained and visited at the right moment, and a supply obtained in the spring sufficient to cover possible loss by casualties of various kinds that are pretty sure to happen before next breeding season comes round.

In the North the dangerous ledges of precipitous cliffs must be visited for the young birds, while in the South, especially in Florida, the cormorants nest (toward the middle of April) on low trees, mangroves and other brushwood growing out of the water in some secluded bayou, generally very easily accessible. North and South alike, they breed together in large and unsavory numbers, in "rookeries," as their colonies are named in Florida; one such breeding place will probably accommodate for domestic purposes all the cormorants resorting to a stretch of fifty or sixty miles of coast.

The young birds should not be taken until nearly fledged, with black feathers showing plentifully through the white down of the infantile period of their existence.

Supposing that the embryo trainer can procure old or young birds with equal facility, it will be well for him, before deciding, to consider well the comparative advantages of devoting his energies to old-caught birds or nestlings. He must remember that nestlings are much the easier to tame, wild birds by far the easier to train, after the indispensable preliminary of taming has once been got over. And old-caught birds are generally much the best and most intelligent workers, though I have had nestlings that could not possibly be surpassed.

Nothing in the world can be easier than the taming of the young birds; in fact they tame themselves, and rapidly become even troublesomely affectionate and familiar. The only difficulty comes after they have learned the lesson of obedience, and consists in teaching them to catch fish. This difficulty disappears if their owner possesses even one bird that has previously gone through this very necessary part of his education, as his companions will very quickly learn to follow his example; in no birds is the spirit of emulation more strongly developed; so that an efficient working team can always be kept up, and strengthened from time to time without any difficulty, so long as one properly trained bird and good worker remains on hand. I consider it quite worth the while of a novice in the art, who does not care or feel competent to work ordinarily with wild-caught birds, to keep one or two of them, even if only half trained and scarcely manageable, solely for the purpose of saving many an hour from being lost in teaching the young birds how to fish.

Half-trained wild birds that cannot be trusted in open waters may yet be worked with success in small ponds or in narrow brooks. One objection to them is that they do not take to changes of diet quite so readily as young birds; this may be rather awkward in localities, few, I believe, in America, where the fish supply is apt to run short, rendering a temporary recourse to butcher's meat unavoidable.

For myself, I infinitely prefer the old-caught birds (a similar rule holding good in falconry), while notwithstanding counselling the average beginner to go in for nestlings (when procurable), with which his ultimate success, though much longer delayed, is an absolute certainty.

I once trained a wild green cormorant so rapidly that I took fish with him in the Frome River in Dorset, England, a fairly broad stream, as old country rivers go, just forty-eight hours after his capture. This I believe to be the fastest thing on record, and possible only in the case of a particularly good-tempered bird, and with a trainer like myself, able to read the bird's thoughts and to communicate his own.

CHAP. II.—TREATMENT OF YOUNG BIRDS; TRAINING TO THE DINNER SIGNAL.

We will now proceed with the management of the young birds as soon as taken from the nesting-place.

The best possible place for them is a pig-stye, or a little yard or pen arranged like a pig-stye—if paved, so much the better—with a shelter at one end in case of rain and a few large stones for the birds to sit upon, sufficiently high to keep their tails well clear of the ground. With a fence of upright laths, planted close together, clear of any horizontal supports inside, there will be no fear of their climbing over for some time to come, at any rate. If they do get over they will make a straight beeline for the kitchen, where their presence will scarcely be appreciated, their habits not being so scrupulously cleanly as might be wished, and their odor being about as musky as the scent of an alligator.

The first thing is to give them plenty to eat—failing fish, meat without bone or fat, bullock's heart, or occasionally bullock's liver—until their feathers shall have finished growing and their bones shall have become well-knit, the utmost pains being taken to promote the greatest possible development in size and strength. They should be fed, at first, three or four times a day, at least, with a gradual reduction to twice a day, morning and evening.

On no account whatever are they to be allowed to get into the water for a moment until all the white down has disappeared; the result would probably be quickly fatal. When first taken from the nest the less they are on their legs the better; so long as they will be contented to lie still and open their mouths, convenient pieces of fish cut into long strips, clear of fins and sharp bones, should be quietly slipped therein.

When, however, they begin to walk about and to look out for their feeder, it will be time to commence their training by making them acquainted with a call meaning "dinner," and, simultaneously, with the basket or metal can into which they will eventually be required to surrender the fish caught by them for their master's benefit.

It is important that their infantile minds should be early and permanently impressed with the idea that this basket, can or pail, answering to the "lure" used in falconry, represents their dinner table.

Most trainers use a wicker fishing basket, but a resonant metal pail or can of fishing basket shape, something like a live bait receptacle but larger and much deeper, possesses the very great advantage that a loud tap on it will always serve as a dinner-bell; and on working days will generally bring the laziest or most inattentive and disobedient bird helter-skelter to the bank. As a compromise, a tin pot, for the purpose pure and simple of noise-producing, can be attached to a wicker fishing basket.

The vocal call used at feeding time and invariably repeated loudly while the trainer is approaching their inclosure with food may be "Come along, come along."

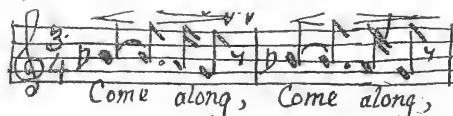


FIG. 1.

Or a peculiar whistle may be used, but with less advantage. Arrived at the pen, morsels of food should be taken out and dropped back into the basket or can in full sight of the young cormorants while the call is being sounded and the vessel noisily rattled; a piece of fish may be thrown to each bird, to be cleverly caught with open

mouth and outstretched neck; and then the food receptacle, again rattled loudly, should be lowered among the eager throng, who will very speedily empty it without further assistance or persuasion.

I should have premised that the scissor-like edges of a cormorant's beak are capable of inflicting a very nasty gash, perhaps accidentally in the general scrimmage for food, and that the trainer should on this account be provided with a strong pair of thick leather gloves or gauntlets. Horsehide is preferable. The hooked end of the upper mandible, too, is apt to give a severe scratch or tear if the bird should chance to strike at the face or eye. Nearly all cormorant trainers are in the habit of protecting themselves by a wire fencing mask; in fact I imagine I am the only European member of the fraternity that has never adopted this precaution, preferring to make myself sure of the bird's good will—I may say affection—for except the goshawk, the cormorant is perhaps the most affectionate of winged beings—before allowing it to perch on my arm within dangerous distance of

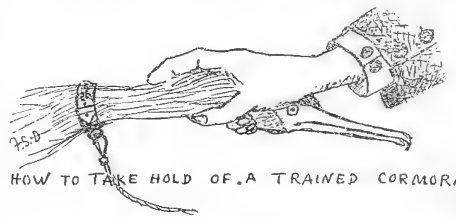


FIG. 2.

my face. I have never met with the slightest accident in this way. Still I should be slow to advise less experienced trainers to risk an eye, which could be lost much more quickly and easily than it could be replaced.

All this time, while the young cormorants are getting their feathers, they can be gradually accustomed, at feeding time only, to more or less handling, always about the head, beak and neck.

Thus, if one bird is observed to be crowded out and unable to get his head into the food receptacle, an outstretched right hand may with advantage meet his eager head, just touch the upper mandible, glide over it and over the crown of his head, gently seize him by the neck and raise him on to the left fore-arm, presenting him with a delicate mouthful of fish before he has time to understand or protest against his sudden elevation. And so, in the course of a few days, it will come to pass that a motion of the helping hand will be eagerly looked for, and met by a general clamor of "Lift me, too!" in cormorant language; the fortunate bird often coming in (after the manner of humans) for a jealous bite or so on being relegated from the post of honor back into "the madding crowd."

All this takes some time and trouble to explain, because I am anxious that my pupils should thoroughly comprehend the *rationale* of all that I ask them to do—a perfect acquaintance with the *why* and the *wherefore* is the surest foundation for proficiency in any art, and, above all, in one dealing with highly intelligent living creatures; but the beginner will find it all wonderfully plain (and quick) sailing when he comes to put it in practice. It is necessary for me to tell him *precisely* how to touch or to lift the bird, to save him from the mistake of roughly collaring it by a wing, round the body, or by goodness knows what part that might first present itself to his grasp; with the result of a scrimmage, possible injury to both parties, and consequent certain loss of just what we want to gain and keep at all hazards, the bird's confidence and good will—I might add, self-respect.

A cormorant must never be laid hold of excepting by the beak and neck. In grasping the neck the palm of the hand should lie on and cover the entire top and back of the head, leaving the eyes clear; the fingers, excepting the forefinger, bending round under and behind the lower jaw, and the thumb pointing down the neck, the back of the hand always upward. (See Fig. 2). While so holding it a slight caressing motion of the fingers can be employed to tickle the bird about the ears, the surest method of appealing to the affections of all feathered beings that will permit of the liberty being taken. Singularly enough, while *falcons* (long-winged) will rarely, if ever, allow this familiarity, it is used with ease and with the greatest advantage in the training of *hawks* (short-winged). When the feathers are fully grown it will be necessary to decide whether or not to cut one wing. In the case of old-caught birds this is, unfortunately, *de rigueur*. With nestlings it is quite optional. They will never fly away, or, if they do, will speedily return. Its only advantage with them is that it prevents them from taking liberties, that in the exuberance of their affection are apt to become somewhat overpowering and embarrassing.

It is all very well taking our walks abroad with a mob of clamorous birds thronging round our legs like a flock of geese, but when it comes to half a dozen great lumbering fellows with flapping wings alighting for the perch of honor on one's shoulders, or on top of one's head, a man's equanimity is not always quite on a level with the occasion. Personally, I have such a horror of interfering with beneficent and always beautiful nature, or of crippling, however slightly, the powers given by nature, that I always leave some at least of my nestlings in full possession of their means of flight, and put up with such trifling mishaps as getting my hat occasionally knocked over my eyes by their unintentional buffets. If, however, it is decided that the quills of one wing are to be cut, it should be the left, always supposing that the trainer means to follow my own practice of carrying the bird on the left arm, leaving the right free to handle the head and neck, and to parry any little playful dashes at the face. Cut quills on the right wing would mean a left cheek constantly scratched instead of lightly brushed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADIRONDACK TROUT.—Wawbeek Lodge, Adirondacks. Wawbeek, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Trout fishing in September was certainly shown up at its best on the 15th of this month. Mr. R. L. Banks, Jr., of Albany, stopping here, caught 10 lake trout, weighing 66lbs., in five hours time, the largest weighing 13½lbs. This is the largest catch made in the given time in the Adirondacks this year.—T. EDMUND KRUMHOLTZ.

CAMP LIFE ON MUSKOKA LAKE.—II.

(Continued from Page 32.)

THE next morning the sky looked very threatening, and it was a question whether it would be policy to strike camp or wait until more favorable weather. "Heads we go, tails we stay." We went, and the weather was with us. It was a hard paddle, for the nearer we got to the mouth the thicker the logs became. Turning one of the river's numerous bends, we sighted the little shanty that gives shelter to the lone logman who guards the cut; as we slowly crowded our way toward the opening a figure emerged from the hut, and then there arose in the air a yell, such a yell, a combination of a war whoop and the cry of a catamount. I have heard many try to imitate it, but none to equal it, it is the sole accomplishment of Johnny the Frenchman. There is no affectation there as he calls out, "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I am glad to see you." We are soon on land shaking hands and comparing notes with Johnny.

Bidding good bye to Johnny, who had thrown a couple of nice pickerel into the canoe from his well-stocked fish pound, we made our way through the cut and into Muskoka Lake. Skirting the shore, we made for a bluff about a mile further up, where we expected to pitch a temporary camp, for our intentions were to go back to the shanty as soon as the logman left. The bluff made a poor place for a camp, as it had no trees of any size and caught the full benefit of the wind which is so prevailing on this lake; but the mosquitoes did not bother us, on account of the wind.

Early next morning, after breakfast, we took one of our American flags and climbing to the top of a solitary pine which guarded the door of our tent, tied it to the topmost branch, thinking that if any Yankees should pass by they would be more likely to give us a call. While here our butter was procured from a farmer, if I may call him such. He is the owner of one thousand acres, of which about fifteen are tillable. Living up the river about three miles, he keeps his cows down at the lake; and each morning and evening rows down the river, makes a portage into Mud Bay, and from there over to the point where the cows are. One would think this was farming under difficulty, but the old man don't mind it, as the boys row the boat and milk the cows, while he sits in the boat and smokes his pipe.

Before many days we came to the conclusion that it would be necessary to look for another camping ground, as the wind sometimes made it almost impossible to cook a meal at the stove. We settled on the southern point of an island about two miles from shore, it seemed to fill all the requirements needed, and later on confirmed our good judgment, for we stayed there during the length of time we were in camp. The island was called Gowan's after its owner. Years ago he had built a cottage on the point where we intended to pitch our camp; but the cottage had gradually fallen to rack and ruin. On the east side of the island high rocky points ran out into the lake, affording excellent fishing grounds. A small wharf had been built near by in front of an intended camp, but like the cottage was gradually falling to pieces. It was not long before we had here an ideal camp. The tent was pitched under the trees about 30ft. from the water, on an elevation of 5 or 6ft.; as we lay on our cot at night we could hear the waves dashing themselves on the rocks at our feet.

One morning while getting breakfast we sighted a boat making around the point of Big Island, about three miles down the lake. As she drew nearer we recognized the Bertha May, the only tug on the lake, and owned by one of the lumber firms, who use her for towing logs and scows of lumber from their different mills. Seeing she was headed for our camp we went down to the old wharf to give her a welcome; as she drew nearer they recognized us by our canoe, and toot after toot of the whistle rang out, proclaiming they were glad to see us once more among them. The Bertha is soon tied to the wharf and we are shaking hands with our old friends, Capt. Bill, Old John the engineer, Jack the cook, and Bob and Hank the hustlers. They tell us they came up after a couple of bags of logs to take to the company's mills at the southern end of the lake, but as there is a head wind blowing they will not be able to do anything until it calms down, so we spend a pleasant afternoon lying in the shade and listening to the stories for which Old John has a remarkable memory. We have heard him tell hundreds of yarns and no two alike; whether he makes them up as he goes along or draws on his memory is a question which he refuses to answer. The Captain told us before leaving that he heard there was going to be a dance on Friday night at a settler's house about twenty-five miles up the lake. He would try and arrange things so they would be up after a big log on that day; and (with a wink of his eye) if there was a head wind we would go up to the dance.

Friday afternoon came and with it the Bertha May. The captain decided the wind would not allow them to start out with a tow, so it was agreed we should go to the dance.

The crew shaved and cut each other's hair; jumped in the lake and had a swim, and then were ready for the "blow-out." We started about 6 o'clock, and had not gone far before the captain made a proposition which showed had been a financier instead of a tugboat captain he would have made a grand success. It appears that at a dance of this kind whisky is as necessary as a cake at a wedding; so the captain proposed running into Prouse's, where a supply could be bought, and getting a gallon jug filled; then he was going to take about half of it out and fill the jug up with water. When we would get to the dance they would all want whisky; we would then take up a collection, return part way to Prouse's, and bring them back the gallon jug, while the boat would have the two extra quarts of pure whisky for nothing. All thought this a pretty good scheme, so the whisky was bought, divided and adulterated; but when we got to the dance and came to take up a collection, not a picayune could be raised; so the tug had a supply on hand which lasted them the entire season.

We arrived about 9 o'clock and found the dance going on in the barn, this being much larger than the house, which was a one-room log. A few lanterns hung up on convenient nails furnished light for the two sets of dancers who had the floor. We saw at a glance that there was a scarcity of the gentler sex; the contingent comprised six forlorn maidens; and one of the sets was danced *à la stag*. About two dozen fellows were

standing in front of the big barn doors watching the dance, while another dozen were scattered around the barn, sitting on plows and fanning mills. The next set saw the crew of the Bertha May in line; they had taken time by the forelock by asking the maidens for the next dance while they were still dancing in the first set; we found that this was quite the proper thing, for we noticed the Bertha's people held the floor for the next two or three dances. Will and I soon joined the crowd at the door, and found them indulging in society topics, such as the amount of hemlock bark Pete Brown was getting out, etc.

We struck up an acquaintance with a young fellow, who asked us if we had a bottle; we replied in the negative; he then asked us if we were hungry, a question which only has one answer in that country. He said he heard there was going to be a "feed" later on, but he doubted it, for if there was there would have been something said about it before this, but perhaps we had better go down to the house and see for ourselves. So to the house we went, where we found the room occupied by a woman and a couple of men, while a baby lay asleep in a rude cradle near the stove. A bedstead in one corner, a dresser with some crockery on it in another, and a few chairs and table comprised the contents of the house. On the table were a few pies and something else which looked like sandwiches. We noticed that our friend kept near the table, while we talked of the weather, the high water of the lake and other leading topics; but not a word about pie was said. Will became discouraged and proposed going back to the barn to see how the dancers were getting on. After we got outside our friend began to abuse the folks about inviting people to their dance and not offering them anything to eat. "Why," said he, "if a fellow did not keep his eye peeled he would have to go hungry." With that he produced a pie from underneath his coat. Making an equal division, we left the plate on top of a stump, and made our way to the barn where our friend informed every one that supper was ready, and they wanted the crowd at the house right away. They needed no second invitation.

Will and I did not want to see what the outcome was but made for the tug, where we crowded in a couple of bunks and were soon fast asleep. How long we slept I cannot say, but we were awakened by loud talking on the shore; going on deck we found the crowd down by the side of the tug and it looked for a short time as if there was going to be a general fight. During the supper numerous bottles had been produced, with the result of Hank and another man stirring up a quarrel of old standing. About a year before Hank had lost a deer hound; several weeks after it was found dead, shot through the body, lying in a piece of timber belonging to this man. He denied shooting the dog, although he said he had shot dogs for running deer out of season and would have shot his had he seen him. We finally got Hank on board and casting off our line started back for camp. It was so dark we could hardly see our hands before us, but it made no difference to the Captain, who seemed like another man as soon as his hand touched the wheel. Crowding on all steam, the little tug made her way through narrow channels, twisting in and out among the numerous islands, rounding points which seemed to stretch across our path, threatening destruction to crew and boat alike. Whether the Captain steers by instinct or not we cannot say, but he claims to be able to navigate blindfolded the lake from one end to the other. It was after 3 o'clock when we arrived at camp and it did not take us long to turn in. Next morning when we arose the Bertha May and her tow were not in sight; they must have pulled out a short time after landing to enable them to get the start that they had.

We began to notice the fish were not biting near so freely as they had been. Johnny, the Frenchman, claimed it was on account of the low water, the lake having fallen over 2ft. since our arrival. We have been doing most of our fishing with the troll, catching principally pickerel, and we knew from experience that as soon as they stopped biting the bass fishing would improve, which turned out to be the case.

For a steady fish diet we would prefer the pickerel to any other fish we ever ate. During the twelve weeks we were in camp we had fish once and very often twice a day, and can truthfully say the last meal was relished fully as well as the first. For the other nine months of the year we never have any desire for fish, and should it be placed on the table the chances are it would go away untouched. There are several reasons for this, the appetizing zest of the camp life, and the freshness of the fish being the principal ones. Fish caught at night and kept until morning taste altogether different from those caught, cleaned and put into the frying-pan before they are done kicking.

Day after day went by, each day having some new adventure to distinguish it from the rest. Some mornings we would start out with our tackle to be gone all day, exploring different parts of the lake, trying new fishing grounds, filling a pail with huckleberries from some small island, or lying in the canoe and drifting with the wind.

The Bertha May was often tied up at our camp, one time waiting a day and night for a change of wind. The nights they were with us Johnny would come over from the mouth, and we would all gather around the cheerful blaze of an immense camp fire, while old John would spin his yarns, the Captain would play the fiddle and Johnny wake the night with his fearful yells.

Johnny was a great character, take him all in all. Having a mixture of French-Canadian and Indian blood, he was superstitious, and had an utter disregard for the truth, especially in his fish and hunting stories. Never have I seen him throw his hook in the water without carefully spitting on it. He also carried a bone which he claimed was taken from the back of a sturgeon caught while the moon was at a certain fullness, and this he carefully rubbed on the spoon before starting out for a troll.

THE PRIZED GRAYLING, of Michigan, is by no means extinct. One of our Michigan correspondents reports "some good times with the grayling, too. Do not know as I said anything to you about that. Was up on the Manistee River twice and had good success each time. I have taken several large grayling this year, two that weighed 1½ lbs. each, and one that weighed good plump 1½ lbs."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ANGLING.

THE devotee of the art of angling may find very satisfactory sport in several of our streams. While in northern California all mountain streams are tributary to streams flowing into the Sacramento or San Joaquin and thus afford a passage to the sea during at least a portion of the year, the streams of southern California never reach the sea except during the winter freshets in volume large enough to be passable for spawning trout. During these freshets the streams are very muddy and move with great velocity, the fall from the foothills of the Sierra Madre being 1,400ft. and the longest river course, the Santa Ana, not exceeding 70 miles. During the spring and summer the water is nearly all taken for irrigation and the remainder sinks in the loose sandy and gravelly soil of the various wide valleys which lead to the sea. There are, however, two streams—the Santa Inez and Santa Clara—which are passable for trout at all seasons; they drain the western spur of the Sierra Madre—the Santa Inez mountains. In all of these rivers the trout are uniformly the rainbow (*Salmo irideus*) with variations on account of location, which I shall now detail. The trout in the Santa Inez and Santa Clara, whose tributary—Sespe Creek—is supposed to be one of our best fishing streams, are coarser in meat and have larger scales than elsewhere in southern California. The trout average about 6in. in length, very rarely reach 8in. and are extremely wary. In the main range of the Sierra Madre the Arroyo Seco, San Gabriel River, San Antonio Creek and Bear Valley Reservoir, with its feeders, are the principal resorts for anglers. The largest and longest running of these streams is the San Gabriel; its greatest width is about 50ft., depth possibly 4ft. in summer stage, and its bed is filled with immense granite boulders, between whose shady shoulders, in deep pools, the knowing and agile *Salmo* finds a home. As in the Santa Clara, the trout are small, but are said to furnish capital sport. In all, the fishable branches of the San Gabriel comprise about 30 miles of the toughest climbing to be found in this vicinity, noted for its precipitous granite mountains. But when we come to Bear Valley Reservoir, we find the rainbow at his largest, and epicures say, too, that his flavor is in proportion to his size. This reservoir is maintained for irrigation purposes, and supplies 50,000 acres of land. It is an artificial lake, formed by building a rock wall across the course of Bear Creek where it flows through a gorge 300ft. wide. The depth at the dam, which is constantly overflowing, is 53ft., gradually diminishing toward the upper end of the lake, which covers 4,000 acres. There is plenty of food for trout in the reservoir. Its water supply is constant, plentiful and icy cold, so with no cares to fret him the trout grows very large and lazy. The largest so far caught weighed 13½ lbs., and individuals of 7 and 8 lbs. are quite usual. They do not vary much in appearance from the smaller trout of the running streams, and are said to maintain all their delicacy of flavor. Fishing in the reservoir is by permission, so the fish are protected from indiscriminate slaughter. The close season for trout is from Nov. 1 to April 1. Besides trout fishing, the sea fishing at the present time is excellent. Good catches of barracuda and Spanish mackerel (*Sarda chilensis*) are made daily. The yellow-tail (*Seriola dorsalis*) is just coming in. Good catches of rock cod (*Sebasticthys*) and bass (*Serranus clathratus*) are made from the rocky points along the shore. The best season here is usually from Aug. 15 to Christmas. At other times fish are not plentiful, so the fishermen say.

FRANKLIN BOOTH.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 8.

ANGLING NOTES.

GEN. LOUIS FITZGERALD with a party of friends visited Barnegat Bay last week in search of weakfish and bluefish. They did fairly well, particularly Major A. P. Montant, who covered himself with glory. The party were drifting outside of the beach when the Major struck a big fish. He was rigged very light, only expecting weakfish, and was using an 8oz. Abbey & Imbrie split-bamboo rod; fortunately his reel held plenty of line, for the fish was at first utterly uncontrollable. The General had the deck cleared for action and timed the fight. The great fish made four complete circles around the boat and finally when the General called "time" a magnificent channel bass lay on his side, used up, played out by the skillful Major, who was almost, if not quite, as much exhausted as the fish. Time, 57min.; weight of fish, 38lbs. Major Montant was a happy angler and is having the fish mounted as a trophy of his skill by Wallace. Every season one or more of these Southern visitors are caught in our waters. This is the second heard from this fall. Last year, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember, Mr. H. C. Wilson, of 28 Beekman street, caught one off Fire Island on a light black bass rod; this fish weighed 35lbs. The season before J. H. Stead and party landed two large ones and lost three or four—also while fishing off Fire Island. No doubt more could be caught if people only fished for them at this time of year.

Mr. Watson Tomkins, of Stony Point, N. Y., caught a fine shad one day last week while fishing in the Hudson River. Unfortunately he had no landing net and only a single snell hook. When he lifted him in the boat the gut parted and the fish struck the edge of the boat and fell in the water. He thinks it would have weighed between 3 and 4 lbs.

I suppose it is useless to prevail upon anglers to have their rods put in order before putting them away for the season, but if they only would do so it would be far better for the rods. Most people will put them away just as they last used them, often badly bent and out of shape, until a few days before they start out in the spring. The result is, that the pieces having been so long crooked remain so, and it is almost impossible for the workmen to get them back into shape again, to say nothing of the difficulty in getting the varnish to dry in so short notice. It takes from four to ten days for good rod varnish to get thoroughly hard, and anglers generally want their repairs ready the same day.

SCARLET-IBIS.

SENECA LAKE BASS.—Watkins, N. Y., Sept. 26.—This promises to be a great bass season in Seneca Lake. I have caught a number of two-pounders already, and after the frost brings the big ones will send you a stick full of fishing notes.—M. M. C., JR.

WASHINGTON ANGLERS.

MR. CHARLES H. LAIRD, of the U. S. Post Office, had a very successful trip to Point of Rocks last week, when his party succeeded in taking upward of 100 bass. Mr. Laird says that these fish ran the best of any he has seen from the Potomac, and he has caught his share of them. Quite a number were taken weighing from 3 to 5 lbs. each. Mr. Wetzel, another of Washington's well-known anglers, spent a day at Riverton last week, but was not so successful, securing only 5 bass. Mr. H. A. Parker, of the Smithsonian Institution, reports good bass fishing in Goose Creek, Virginia. He captured 9 one day, while another gentleman, fishing the same stream, took 18. The first were not so large, weighing from 3 to 1 lb., but as Uncle Thad. Norris used to say of small trout, "they were veritable firecrackers." Mr. Parker also caught a nice bass off the sea wall at the foot of Seventeenth street.

Yellow perch fishing is opening auspiciously. It is interesting to watch Capt. Blake, of the Mount Vernon steamer, fish for perch from the Marshall Hall dock. Of course the fish are small, but make up in numbers what they lack in size.

W. C. Kendall, of the U. S. Fish Commission, called a few days ago and told us some interesting things about the Chesapeake. Capt. Platt, of the steamer Fish Hawk, has preserved the skin of a 5 ft. tarpon, which was netted at Cape Charles City. Trout (weakfish), both spotted and plain, were observed at Crisfield early in September; a good many Spanish mackerel were present also; those taken weighed from 1 to 8 lbs. each. Croakers, spots and sea bass were in their usual abundance.

Messrs. J. H. Parkhurst and Clifford Wright had fine sport at Colton's Farm, near the mouth of the Potomac, early in the month. Silver perch or yellow tail (*Bairdiella chrysura*) were taken in large numbers. It is an excellent fish, and very abundant in the Chesapeake and its tributaries: as far as we are aware the silver perch is never found in fresh water. It is a small member of the weakfish family, and is not so closely related to the white perch as its appearance would lead one to suspect. The largest we have seen measured 9 in. and weighed about 1 lb. BONART.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—A couple of weeks ago some of the members of the Calhoun Hunting and Fishing Club, finding gar-pike so abundant in the Gilead Slough, obtained permission of the fish warden to seine out the gars. They made one haul and got over 500 lbs. of the reptiles, and the next day started to make another haul, when the sheriff swooped down on them, and in spite of the fish warden's permit they were each fined \$10. Illinois officers seem to be on their mettle in a manner that would even satisfy Brother Hough. . . . The State Fish Commission of Missouri have at the St. Louis Exposition a fine display of native fishes in two large tanks. Another small tank has a beautiful lot of rainbow trout also taken from Missouri waters. The fish exhibit attracts as much attention as anything in the exposition.—ABERDEEN.

CUTTYHUNK BASS.—Cuttyhunk Club, Cuttyhunk Island, Mass., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I note in your issue of Sept. 17 under the head of "Cape Cod Notes," that "a party of four caught fifty scup and twenty-two sea bass in about two hours, using cut menhaden for bait." On the 17th, in Buzzard's Bay, off Quirk's Hole, I caught in less than two hours fifty-four scup and twenty-eight sea bass with menhaden and lobster for bait, to say nothing of the large cunners, flukes, and old maids (skate) caught by me at the same time. Yesterday afternoon from one of the stands on our island I took three striped bass, 20, 18 and 15 lbs., 54 lbs. in all, in less than two hours, also one bluefish 5 lbs., which (bluefish) we do not count. In July I caught while fishing for bass thirteen bluefish, smallest 5 lbs., largest 13 lbs., all taken with a light rod.—HENRY P. MCGOWN.

A BIG CHAMPLAIN BASS.—St. Albans, Vt., Sept. 26.—The largest bass of the small-mouthed species ever known to have been caught in the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain, was captured near Samson's Lake View House, on Woods bar, so-called, on the 24th inst. by Mr. Jos. M. De Vean, president of the Mount Morris Bank, New York city, John Armstrong guide. The fish weighed 54 lbs. At the same place and same day Mr. A. F. Troesch, of New York city (Joe Armstrong guide), caught two large bass, one weighing 44 lbs. and the other 34 lbs. Mr. De Vean also caught a pike that weighed 94 lbs. He declares it was about as gamy a fish as he ever caught here. The 54 lb. bass was photographed by Miss Troesch and is to be mounted by Mr. Goron, Vermont's celebrated taxidermist, for Mr. De Vean.—H. L. SAMSON.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE UPPER POTOMAC is very good at present, and members of the South Mountain Fishing Club just returned from a successful trip say that the number of young bass of the year is unusually large; the conditions were favorable for the spawning and the early life of the fry. The chief difficulty now lies in the bait supply, which is hard to get. The famous stone catfish of the Susquehanna, although it occurs in the Potomac, seems to be absent from the region near Harper's Ferry, and the fishermen lack this desirable bait for the bass. The silvery minnow, the favorite of the anglers, is growing so scarce as to make its capture unreliable.—B.

BLACK BANDED RUDDER FISH.—Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 13.—The Italian bark *Andrea Lo Vico*, loaded with salt from Trapani, has been here about a week, and ever since she was docked a strange fish has been seen around her rudder. Capt. Collins calls it a black-banded rudder fish; it is about a foot or 15 in. long and is considered a curiosity by all who see it.—E. F. L.

WEST VIRGINIA BASS.—Dr. Henshall tells us that Fort Spring, West Virginia, is a capital headquarters for bass fishermen. Fort Spring is on the Greenbrier River, between Alderson and White Sulphur Springs. A good stopping place is at Robt. Curry's, one mile from Fort Spring, and right on the river.

A BLACK BASS weighing 54 lbs. was caught in the Delaware, near Egypt Mills, Pa., by Mr. H. C. Ford during his September fishing. The abundance of young bass of the year gives promise of fine fishing in the future; the shores of the Upper Delaware are lined with these little fishes.

Fishculture.

RAINBOW TROUT PLANTING.

DURING the past few years hundreds of thousands of rainbow trout fry (*Salmo tridentus*) have been liberated in many of the streams, ponds and lakes of Pennsylvania by the State Fish Commissioner, and only in very rare instances have they been known to propagate naturally. I am informed that about three years after the following named public streams were stocked rainbow trout fry were discovered in them in a thriving condition, and in nearly every instance is colder than is to be found in the general run of Pennsylvania streams. Hollister Creek, Wayne county; Hornbeck's Creek and Mill Creek, Pike County; Newville Creek, Cumberland county, and Tumbling Run, Schuylkill county. In fact the result of stocking public waters in Pennsylvania with this species of trout has been so unsatisfactory that the State Fish Commission concluded to abandon the hatching and distribution of them as far as practicable, and to that end about two years ago nearly all of the breeding fish, many of them weighing from 2 to 3 lbs. each, were liberated in streams of a low temperature with the hope that the conditions would be favorable and that they would strive with our brook trout for the mastery and that the result would be the survival of the fittest. As yet, so far as I can learn, very little has been heard of these adult fish, except one instance I call to mind, when Hon. H. C. Ford, last summer, while fishing for black bass in Egypt Mills pool, on the Upper Delaware, was greatly surprised when he felt a vicious strike, and reeled in a beautiful lake trout that touched the notch at 24 lbs. Evidently this trout had felt cramped in the narrow limits of either Hornbeck's or Mill Creek and moved down in search of wider range, and probably more abundant food in the way of minnows to be found in the river.

In nearly every instance observers have noticed that these rainbow fry linger about the place where they were liberated from one to two years, then mysteriously disappear, leaving no trace behind them and going no one knows where.

In the month of August, 1888, I was, in company with Col. Graves and Major W. D. Tomlin, of Duluth, Minn., both gentlemen being well known and enthusiastic anglers, a guest of the famous Baptism River Club, at their comfortable club house, situated at the mouth of the Baptism River, on the north shore of Lake Superior, and my banner day was on that beautiful stream, where I killed three of the largest brook trout it has been my good fortune to find anywhere. The river takes its rise far back in the wilderness and its course is broken by several beautiful falls. The first one is found about one mile from the lake; over it the water tumbles fully 75 ft. into a deep circular basin; into this pool many monster brook trout ascend from the cold waters of Superior during the summer months and find their progress stopped by the wall of rock before them.

I have always believed that the disappearance of the rainbow trout from Eastern waters was attributable to a wider range sought for, and I suggested to Col. James N. Granger, a very active member of the Baptism River Club, the advisability of trying the experiment of stocking the lower stretch of their river with this species of trout, at the same time explaining to him the peculiar habits of the fish. The following winter Col. Granger, acting on the suggestion, procured 10,000 rainbow trout eggs, hatched them successfully and liberated the fry in the Baptism below the lower falls.

A few weeks ago, in a letter received from Col. Granger, he says: "The rainbow trout which I planted in the Baptism have been heard from, a number of the fish have been caught off the stream this year. This proves the correctness of your surmises that the waters of the streams on the north shore of Lake Superior were adapted for that fish."

If the rainbow trout seeks a wider range than is to be found in the contracted limits of the trout streams of our Eastern mountains, as it grows in size, it will find plenty of it in Lake Superior; but it remains to be seen whether it will return to the Baptism River to spawn or not. I am of the opinion that it will be found in the river when the ice breaks up next spring. JOHN GAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BETTER THAN AN ARMY WITH BANNERS.—The United States Fish Commission does not make much noise in the world, but it is adding more to the wealth of the country and doing more good than all the armies that have ever organized. From time to time the *News* has had occasion to speak of the Fish Commission and the excellent service it was doing in stocking the waters of Maine and New England with valuable fish. Hardly a week goes by without bringing fresh evidence of the good service it has rendered the nation. And the work of the Fish Commission is not confined to Maine or to New England. It extends all over the country, and takes in Alaska, the despised fountling which Mr. Seward adopted from Russia.—*Bangor Daily News*.

YEARLING CALIFORNIA SALMON.—The U. S. Fish Commission now has at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., 10,000 California salmon, which are to be distributed as yearlings. One-half of these are to be sent to the Battenkill, in Vermont, a tributary of the Hudson, and the remainder will be deposited in a stream on Long Island. It is confidently expected that the introduction of salmon of this size will soon make an impression on our streams, just as the operations in Vermont and elsewhere with yearling rainbow trout have speedily proved successful.

Joseph S. Frey, saloon keeper, on South Third street, and William Bercaw were trout fishing up in Monroe county on Saturday. While forcing his way through a thick clump of bushes overhanging the stream Bercaw saw a good-sized trout dart out from a bank of the creek and pass directly beneath him. Working his way to a secluded nook a few feet above, the angler cast a fly with such skill that in a few seconds he caught and safely landed a speckled beauty about 10 in. in length. He made a second effort, but could get no more trout there. Well, the fishermen continued on their way until their sport had ended and then they seated themselves to clean their fish, of which, of course, they had a fine lot. On opening one of the trout the fish was found to contain a diamond shirt stud. This caused Bercaw to look for his diamond, when it was found to be missing. Then it flashed to the fisherman's mind how fortunate he had been—that in passing through the brush his diamond had been forced from his shirt front: the trout he had seen dart in front of him had swallowed the jewel, and then he had succeeded in capturing the fish. To a reporter of the *Express*, who inquired of Mr. Bercaw concerning the truthfulness of the story the latter declared it to be a fact in every particular.—*Easton (Pa.) Express*.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt. Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.

Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y. Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.

Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Berj. McInness, Sec'y.

Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.

March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.

April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Hicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nantux, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1893.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.

Jan. 13.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgair, Sec'y.

—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

LEXINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE inaugural show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club closed Sept. 26, and for a first attempt in a new country the management, and especially Mr. Roger Williams, the energetic secretary, deserve considerable credit. The show proposed and carried out in a short time, it needed some hustling to get such a number of dogs as 463 together, but those who know the secretary and those who have heard of him, are aware that he is not apt to let the grass grow under his feet, and that they could depend on what he said. Considering the hot weather the arrangement of the benching was admirably adapted to give the dogs fresh air and keep everything sweet and clean without much disinfectant. The show was held under a covered track connected with Mr. Brasfield's sales stables out at the race track, a mile out of town. The shed was in the form of an oval, and allowed an alleyway of some 15 ft. between the inside and outside rows. The benching was the old style, without the partition, and I must say that a quieter, more friendly lot of dogs I never saw. Sometimes the mere fact of a partition separating two dogs makes them inclined to fight, especially if they know they cannot get at each other, hence the general rumpus at some of our shows. The numbering was hardly as good as might have been, a straightaway course could easily have been had, as the oval must have been over an acre in extent. The center of this oval was uncovered, and is a grass field, making an admirable place for judging, had the ring been inclosed with rope or fence. This show was not held in connection with the Charity Exposition which gave fox hunts, or rather chases, etc., on the track near by, still, one was supposed to help the other.

Major J. M. Taylor took all the sporting classes, and Mr. Frank C. Wheeler, who will be remembered as hailing from London, Ont., and an enthusiastic terrier man, passed upon the non-sporting division, and there was little grumbling heard. It was afternoon on Wednesday before the former got to work on his big classes of setters and finished them up. Mr. Wheeler did not commence till Thursday morning, when it did not take him long to rattle them off, or out we should say. The commended cards must not in many cases reflect on the judges, as they were particularly requested to do the very best they could for every one. The weather was all that could be desired, and though the attendance was never very large, still, the expenses being small, there will not be much, if any, loss to the club. Mr. Geo. Hill was all there with his jolly face, doing his best for every one and helping the secretary with the benefit of his long experience. Some distinguished visitors dropped in on Wednesday. Among them were Gov. Brown, Lieut.-Gov. Alford, Gen. Wade Hampton, himself an enthusiastic fox hunter; Gen. Don Carlos Buell, Senator J. C. S. Blackburn and Congressman W. C. P. Breckenridge. With these few lines I will pass on to a description of the classes, leaving other items of interest for "Dog Chat."

MASTIFFS.—(FRANK C. WHEELER.)

So far down South, and with the primitive kennel busy in these classes, all being local entries. The winner in dogs, Wafe, turns his feet out, has light eyes, ears wrongly carried, and has little mastiff type; Duke, second, has a snipy, weak muzzle; Onandaga, vbc., I preferred to any in body, but feet are poor; and Jack, he, loses behind, too straight; Prince deserved a couple of letters, as he has a truer type of head than any shown. Louise could only get two letters in the bitch class, wrong all over. In puppies a second went to K. U., though he might have just as well have been first, as he has a fair type of head and a very good front.

ST. BERNARDS.—(FRANK C. WHEELER.)

There is great room for improvement in this breed in this section, although at the same time it is not a dog for the country, and native-bred ones will never amount to anything, the climate being too warm and enervating, and most of them will run light and snipy. The winner in the open dog class, Columbia Knight, is a good-boned dog, moves queerly, lacks blaze, but has a nice coat; Neutie, second, is long-headed and shallow; Cerebus, vbc., is poor in color,

type, head and other characteristics; Hindoo, given he by request, is the best I can say of it, and Mr. Wheeler was foolish to let the card go. Beekie first in bitches, is weak in pasterns, head lacks type, is good in body but sadly cow-hocked; Queen, second, was the only good one on the bench, has a fairly good head and coat, and shows St. Bernard type throughout; Lady Abbott is another poor one, and hardly deserved it. Nettle was the only mentioned one in puppies, getting second. Mr. Sawyer's entries were unfortunately absent. Bitch puppy prizes were withheld. In smooths, Nadja is very plain faced, flat-sided, but has good bone and size; altogether, barring Queen, there was hardly a St. Bernard worth picking up.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(FRANK C. WHEELER).

In Newfoundland, Flora, one of the Meadowthorpe Kennels' dogs, was the only decent one in the class, and won, small sized, but showing a good deal of proper type.

GREAT DANES—(FRANK C. WHEELER).

The presence of the great Imperial from Chicago showed the Lexington people what a great Dane should be; he was looking better than at Toronto, in flesh, and was, of course, made much of by every one. In bitches a second went to Columbian Daphne, a big brindle pup, with a most peculiar head; looked as if a bee had stung it and the swelling had not gone down; feet turn out, too. Columbian Nell, vhc., is a bigger, black dog, with a better head and body, and ought to have won. First was withheld. In puppies these two took the money in the same order.

There were no bloodhounds, and deerhounds had one representative only, a fair bitch, the winner at Jackson, Mich.

GREYHOUNDS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

Quite a good muster, and the Rookwood Kennels are responsible for the improvement in this breed in that locality. Their Master Rich and Miss Rare, both very well known in the North, had their respective challenge classes to themselves. The winner in open dogs turned out to be Surplus, heavy in shoulder, good legs and feet, skull too thick. Blue, by Gay Lad, loses in front and loin. Cyclone, reserve, is a fairish dog, loses in front, shoulders and head. White Socks, by old Snowfligh, is too open in feet and not let down enough behind. Moonson, also vhc., is slack in loin and long cast; nice front. The others call for no particular mention. In the next class something of very fine quality was shown by Mr. Williams: this was Wild Idle, a black and white bitch, wonderfully well developed for her age, shown as hard as nails; feet might be a little more compact, but legs and chest are excellent, head well formed, ribs nicely placed, but of course not sprung enough yet, loin and quarters quite the thing; a bitch that will be noticed anywhere; she is only ten months old yet, and for a sapling she showed some very good muscling. Minnehaha is also nicely formed, behind the shoulders she is heavy. Skeddadle is a bit coarse, and Creole Belle is too long cast. In dog pups Faugh-a-Ballagh, a son of Norwegian, was placed ahead, beating High Flight in head, body and front, the latter's feet turning out, and he is too long-waisted. Salvator, a son of Brabazon's, is a nice yearling; bit too long in body and pen-headed. Touchstone, l.c., loses in front, head and hind parts. Out of twelve entries in this class the Rookwood Kennels had bred nine of them. In bitches Wild Idle had an easy win over Belle of Elkhorn. Greyhounds evidently take well in that country and are quite suitable.

BARZOIS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

A first-class show of quality, Dr. Grimes having Mr. Hacke's best on hand, six were entered but four only put in an appearance. In dogs the new one Abreck took first; he is a capital made one, truer in front than the others, but hardly so deep in chest as Oudaff nor so good in head, but better in loin, ribs and feet, they were shown in excellent flesh, better than I have yet seen any of this breed, being particularly strong in loin and shoulders; Zlocoem, a well-known winner, must here take a seat further back, as his front will put him back. Prokaza, shown last spring and looking a trifle light, was the only representative of the female persuasion, the others entered not being in shape yet. These dogs created a great deal of interest, and, as might be supposed, were a revelation to the Kentuckians.

POINTERS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

Not a very good collection, in fact poor. Our criticisms on some of these classes may appear a little severe, but truth must be told or breeders will not have any incentive to procure the good stock and improve their dogs. No challenge dogs, and most of the entries were local. Krupp, a lemon and white, won over Meadowthorpe Duke in heavy-weight dogs, losing in front but beating in other respects; Brown, l.c., has a fair body but is coarse in head and not right in forelegs. Bell's Kate won in the corresponding bitch class, and, barring her peculiar Roman-nosed head, she is a fair bitch, beating Dot far away, the latter having a very poor head. In light-weight dogs, Roger was only good enough for second, he is dish-faced, open in feet, but body and quality fair. In bitches Naso Belle won nicely over May, the former is rather too scooped out before the eye, feet turn out a little, body fairly well ribbed but shallow, good behind; May was beaten in body and front; Flora, c., is snippy, big in eye, and body and legs are only moderate, and she got quite as much as she deserved. Puppies could not raise a first, Mamos, given second, is long and snippy headed, and poor in front; Reuben, given a c., has no doubt seen his best time; the others were not mentioned.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

Here was the quality exhibit of the show, and in numbers they beat everything except the foxhounds. Many of the winners have made their reputations in another field, and this made the exhibition doubly interesting. In challenge dogs, old champion Dad Wilson was on hand, but did not take part in the fight for honors, content to let his son show his worth. Cincinnati had, therefore, a bloodless victory and was shown in good shape. The noted field trialer Bohemian Girl also received a blue ribbon without any effort. Then came a romping big open dog class and it was shown under some difficulties, as there being no roped ring, the audience crowded the handlers somewhat. The Major, however, set them on the move and quickly picked out a select few and sent the others back. When it came to the second sifting Toledo Blade was marked for honors. Just on what lines these two, Cincinnati and Toledo Blade, are judged I do not know, as both are entirely different in type, Blade having a well-made, compact body, and the other being long in body and head and slack in loin; Dad Wilson's Boy, second, is well known, and ran a close second, being much the same type of dog and better in head. Gath's Mark, reserve, is well known everywhere; a bit coarse but well fronted, body a little long. Ben Hur of Riverview, vhc., is leggy, shallow in body, but has a nice head and front. Gamster, vhc., is a bit wide in chest and shape of head might be improved, but he has a nicely ribbed body and forelegs and feet. Rajah, same letters, a little faulty in head, has nice front and body. Sportsman Boy, l.c., is a trifle large, feet faulty and head too long, but well deserved his letters. Kentucky Dash, c., is coarse-headed and shallow in body. Sir Frederick, the new dog from England, is of a type that the judge does not care for; all the same he is a good dog with the best head in the class, bit short-necked, nice front, though elbows are hardly free enough; is well ribbed and stands well behind, coat is inclined to curl and is quite wavy on back; a dog showing intense quality and should be placed higher; his feet are not of the best. The number of entries in this class was twenty-seven.

The crush in the ring was repeated when the bitch class came in, twenty-four facing or rather circling the judge.

The quality, however, was hardly so good. The winner turned up in the sprightly Gossip, a bitch which attracted the Major's attention at the Central field trials last fall by her busy work and lively gait. She is nicely built, with a fair head and good running gear; had the second winner, Nell G., not been so timid in the ring it is doubtful how she would have been placed, as to use the judge's words, "she's as fine as silk," well fronted, nicely ribbed, good loin, nice skull, but muzzle and stop might be better. The Blue Ridge Kennels were close up with another of their good team of bitches, Belton's Countess, that took third at Baltimore last year. Sunshine, vhc., one eye opaque, nice skull, muzzle wrong before the eye, front and body pretty good. Then came several commended ones which without having serious faults, were hardly up to type of the others, though I had almost forgotten Lady Zoe, l.c., first at Cleveland in the spring and reported on then; she might well have had another letter. Lillian P., another h.c. one, is very poor in head, snippy, and so on, but has an excellent body. The puppies were not up to form, the best dog being Rex, given a second; he is very snippy and leggy. Juno won in bitches; she is the same way and the others call for no mention. Mr. Hudson's team won the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS—(MAJ. J. M. TAYLOR).

Irish setters were not so good. The winner in open dogs, Captain, is a dog of good color, but too slack in loin and hardly up enough in pasterns. He won at Wilmington the other day. Frisco Boy, second, has not a bad shaped head, skull a bit coarse, but he is straight behind and forefeet turn out a bit. Meadowthorpe Rover has a head too much on English type, and could be improved in ribs and loin. Biz Sarsfield is shallow in body, feet turn out and is plain in head. In bitches Lil V. is heavy in shoulders, faulty in feet and pasterns, falls away in quarters, but has a nice type of head.

GORDON SETTERS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

The Gordons could hardly be called first-class as a whole, but this is nothing new. First went to Don, a dog with little claim to it, his head would adorn a bloodhound, with any amount of dewlap, head very thick, stands out at elbow, good but not Gordon in hindlegs; Meadowthorpe Heather Roy smother him in type of head, feet and coloring; a light tanned dog, Meadowthorpe Laddie was given c. In bitches Mrs. Dager's nice-headed young bitch Jaquet, winner at Cleveland, and making up into quite a fine bitch, good front, head, coat and color, beat Meadowthorpe Sallie easily, her feet and pasterns being very faulty, and she is out of coat, almost bare.

SPANIELS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

The spaniel classes, after the grand collection seen all along in Canada, were poorly filled. An indifferent Irish water spaniel was shown. In fields Mr. "Foxhound" Cook brought down Newton Abbott Farmer, faulty in head, who was alone in dogs, and What Not, a youngster of Mr. Bell's, and quite a fair one too, was the same in her class. In challenge cockers the well-known King of Obos had barren honors, having the class to himself, and the same may be said of Obadiah in the next class, he is not the dog he used to be, and George Bell raffled him during Saturday afternoon, but who secured it I am unable to say, as I left before it came off. In any other color Lady Obos was returned the winner, she was described at Cleveland this spring. There were lots of dogs for sale, but not out for the money. One of Mr. Bell's is one of the best types I have seen for some time, head on the field line, but still a cocker, nice length of leg, splendid cocker body and properly built for work, a type of dog we should more often see. This one, of course, goes back to Canada, his owner not having seen it till he took it out of the crate at Lexington.

BEAGLES—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

Only a poor couple present. The winner, Jesse, is too long cast, fine in muzzle, nice skull, but not depth enough of body; and Lucy is another of the weedy kind, fast, perhaps too fast, in the field, but not bench show beagles.

FOXHOUNDS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

To show off the capabilities of the district in the way of foxhounds may almost be said to be *raison d'être* of the show, and old Kentucky turned out in full war paint with an entry of 94. This, of course, passes all records, even that of Richmond in 1888. Type—well, there was type of a sort, some were built after the lean kind and others the reverse, though the extreme whippet-looking bounds one is wont to associate with the name of American hound was conspicuously scarce. The winners in the open class were what may be termed poor English bounds, heavier than the general run of American bounds, showing that they carry a considerable percentage of the former blood in their veins. It the judge made any mistake it was excusable for a more bewildering class I never saw as they trailed round the invisible ring. The class called for American bounds, and, therefore, I think that bounds showing the most evidence of American type should have been recognized when the money was given out; these, and only these, were those of the Cook Kennels. They are sorry, level and are bred true to a distinct type; they are rather fine coated, that is too smooth, but even that is another characteristic of this type of hound. Champion Brave and champion Bernhard were the only representatives in each challenge class, and were both shown fit and well.

Then the open class of 48 entries crowded in. Dogs, owners and handlers, or whippers-in I should say, were new to the business and situations were awkward sometimes. After the wedding out process the winner was found in Ben, a dog very much on the English type; good front, fair head, good bound coat and well made behind. Red Stone, a red dog from the same kennel, came next; he looks built for running all over and is a workmanlike-looking dog, not much behind the winner. Risk, from the same kennel, took third; he loses in front to the others. Reese, reserve, loses in front and ribs. Then came a lot of Mr. Walker's vhc. bounds, all fairly well made, faulty in feet and head formation principally. Roderick, a winner under this judge twice before, was left with a vhc. this time. He is, however, a well-made bound and should have been higher, and so might Drum II., who is also a first winner elsewhere. Streak third. They have all been mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM before. Brave's Boy is a nicely made bound of the Cook type, with excellent legs and feet. Then came the bitch class of 31, the Sphar kennel again furnishing the winner in Topsy, a red, who, though not very well shaped in head, has the necessary underpinning to serve all practical purposes. Nell, of the Bourbon Kennels, came next. She is well-fronted, but hardly so strong in loin or so good in shoulders; Mr. Walker's kennel coming up close with Fauny, losing in front and loin, good coat. Fly, a winner at other shows, took vhc.; she is too long cast and could be better in front. Jet, soft in coat, was another three-letter bitch, and Frances, second at New York, was another; she is a nicely formed bitch, and could have had more quite rightfully. Kate, another more on English type, took vhc. also. The others were more or less faulty in legs and feet, and there is no use mentioning them particularly, as it is not likely they will ever be seen outside of Kentucky's limits. The same may be said of the puppies, which were at the neither hay nor grass period.

In shaggy foxhound dogs, The Bard beat Wilson in head, coat and front, and in bitches Clara was well ahead of the others, she afterward winning special for the best.

Some English foxhounds were shown but they were little heavier than some of those winning in the American class. Fiddler, a fair-headed one, nice front, was alone in dogs

and so was Music in her class; the puppies were not up to much.

COLLIES—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

The collie classes could not for any means be called a good lot. In dogs Sir Walter Scot II., whose career in the Canadian shows has been recently chronicled, won over Meadowthorpe Reality, an old friend in Scotch Baillie's days; he (Reality) is getting thick in skull, but still has his good coat, in which he beats the winner. Dudley, third, has light staring eyes, is too high in skull and ears are wrong. The bitches were barred out. In novice class Sir Walter Scot II. won over Dublin Scottia, who shows quality, but is weak in pasterns, big in ear and was out of coat. He afterward won in the puppy class, alone.

BULLDOGS—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

The dogs were not worth mentioning and it is a mistake to do it, some would not be considered worth of a place among the Boston terriers even; prizes were withheld and cards given out. Princess Pedro had the only semblance to a bulldog and was given first in her class, faulty in skull and chops.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

Dufferin in the challenge class saved the quality of those classes. Grip, prick-eared and too long and light in head and light in eye, was given first in dogs.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

Poor old Meadowthorpe Reiver, the noted Dandie Dinmont that used to do some winning under Scotch Baillie's handling, looked as if he would like to turn up his toes; scabby with mange, out of coat, he lolled up the sun a wreck of his former sprightly self; we did what we could for him for the sake of old times, and a tin of water seemed most acceptable. Meadowthorpe Donald, the Scotch terrier, though out of coat, was as lively as ever, and can give Kilt-ton a push yet. These were first in each class, only entries.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

No challenge entries, and old General Grant was the best in the open dogs, shows age, is plain-faced and cheeky, he was followed by Blemton Match, one of Lucifer's sons, but I could not find him when wanted, neither could I find Gyp, third winner. Dixie Tartar, reserve, loses in front and head. Quits, vhc., was complimented surely, thick, coarse head and long coat; Chippie is another of this sort, also vhc., and Blucher will never do as well again I'm afraid. In bitches Blemton Lulu, that won first at Cincinnati last year, was the winner. Then there were a lot of puppies, more for sale than anything else, and it was impossible to find out which was which, you just took your choice and used your own judgment. Columbine, a weak looking little terrier, was the only wire-haired one; yes, it had a rough coat.

Irish terriers were *non est*, and black and tan terriers might just as well have been, for they were a poor, apple-headed lot, first going to Margoline, who has certainly less skull than the others, but her body held no hair, except tan markings: Guess was rather a pretty little thing, but what is the good of mentioning them, they are not the type, and so I must leave them to their mistresses, who will and do appreciate them better, one stating publicly that \$1,000 was her little brute's intrinsic value.

PUGS—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

As might be supposed, the show was a pretty good one, Eberhart's Cashier taking the challenge prize, looking none the worse for his Canadian tour. In open dogs Mr. Pitts showed his new dog Bonsoir, which has a nice muzzle, skull could be fuller, eye all right, cobby body, good legs and feet and tail carried O.K. Dixie and Bradford Ruby II. were put equal second, why I do not know, if one is right the other is wrong. Dixie is much the best and one of the neatest little dogs out; could do with a fuller skull, muzzle and eye first-class, body most cobby, deep and broad, legs well-boned and straight and carries a good curly tail with true pug action. It is a pity his pedigree cannot be learned, but that he is a dog of good breeding is shown in every line. Bradford Ruby's size is his worst fault. Pug loses in head and body to the others and Grover Cleveland is too flat in skull. Plug is poor in ear and long in muzzle. Beauty III., the winner at Chicago, was an easy winner over Fannie K., beating her in head, ear and front. Plug and Ko Ko won in puppy dogs. Peggy Pryde, well-known now, won in puppy bitches over Kentucky Belle, beating in muzzle, body and curl.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. FRANK C. WHEELER).

Lavender, spoken of before in these columns, won well over Prince, who carries his ears a la jack rabbit. Topsy, a very small Mexican hairless, was returned the winner in that breed. It was like a small Chihuahua dog without hair, and Oyez, vhc., is a Chinese chow chow and not a Mexican hairless at all.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.

A fairish Pomeranian won; the boys called him a "loup loup." Then a dog called Ponto came next, which I could find no trace of; then some Pima dogs, bred by Pima Indians, but what they are would puzzle any one. They resemble the worst fox-terrier one ever saw, and were given vhc. Two fair retrievers and some coon dogs, who, kennelled in the hottest and brightest part, could see no fun in that business and lolled about no doubt dreaming of the "darkey's" hour just before the dawn. H. W. L.

PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Frank G. Ott's Wake; 2d, Miss Mary Shunkin's Duke. Very high com., Frank G. Ott's Onondaga. High com., A. S. Allen's Jack. Bitches: High com., Ben Labree's Louise. Puppies: 2d, G. D. Weathers's K. U. Very high com., A. M. Gutzeit's Bunch.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-CASTED.—Dogs: 1st, Frank S. Anderson's Columbia Knight; 2d, Miss Anna Farrell's Nettle. High com., E. D. Sayre, Jr.'s Hindoo. Bitches: 1st, Ed. M. Wickliffe's Beekie; 2d, Percy T. Webb's Queen. Very high com., Meadowthorpe Reality. Lady Abbott.—Irish Setter Dogs: 1st, Miss Anna Farrell's Nettle. Bitches: Prizes withheld.—SMOOTH-CASTED.—Dogs: 1st, S. B. Buckner, Jr.'s Fritz. Bitches: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Nadja.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Flora.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, Imperial Kennels' Imperator. Bitches: 1st withheld; 2d and very high com., Frank S. Anderson's Columbian Daphne and Columbian Nell. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Frank S. Anderson's Columbian Daphne and Columbian Nell.

DERHOUNDS.—1st, Chas. F. Rowland's Thorax III.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Rookwood Greyhound Kennels' champion Master Rich. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Greyhound Kennels' champion Miss Rare.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, H. Brown's Surplus; 2d, W. Sanders's Blre. Reserve, L. Gentry's Cyclone. Very high com., Young & Knart's White Socks, R. Woolley's Higlight, E. B. Wood's Moonson. High com., A. M. Young's Alfonso, M. Richardson's Salvator. Com., Fitzsach L. Scarless Chuanard, Rookwood Greyhound Kennels' Bird Catcher, D. H. Sine's Middleton. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Greyhound Kennels' Wild Idle; 2d, S. Lyne's Minnehaha. Very high com., P. Talberr's Skeddadle, D. H. Sine's Mollie. Com., L. Grow's Belle of Elkhorn, Rookwood Greyhound Kennels' Creole Belle.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, E. V. Paul's Faugh-a-Ballagh; 2d, R. Woolley's High Flight. Reserve, M. Richardson's Salvator. High com., L. Williams's Touchstone, J. H. Weathers's Avon. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Greyhound Kennels' Wild Idle; 2d, L. Grow's Belle of Elkhorn.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOOUNDS (Barzois).—Dogs: 1st, 2d and 3d, P. H. Hacke's Abreck, Oudaff and Zlocoem. Bitches: 1st, P. H. Hacke's Prokaza.

POINTERS.—55 LBS. AND OVER.—Dogs: 1st, John B. Castleman's Krupp; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Duke. High com., Luther Eastin's Brown. Bitches: 1st, George R. Bell's Bell's Kate. High com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Dot.—UNDER 55 LBS.—Dogs: 2d, Robert Kennedy's Roger. Bitches: 1st, R. F.

Morgan's Naso Belle; 2d, Willie D. Herr's Mav. Com., Martin O'Neil's Flora. Puppies: 2d, John B. Castleman's Mainos. Com., Fabe Harrison's Benben.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Dager's Cincinnati. Bitches: 1st, J. Shelley Hudson's Bohemian Girl. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade; 2d, G. O. Smith's Dad Wilson's Boy. Reserve, Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Mark. Very high com., J. Shelley Hudson's Gaster, W. H. Wallingford's Ben Hur of Riverview, and Blue Ridge Kennels' Dan Gladstone and Rajah. High com., J. Taylor Williams's Sportsman Boy and G. O. Smith's Sir Frederick. Com., W. H. Wallingford's Kentucky Dash and Thos. L. Martin's Teudor. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Blue Ridge Kennels' Gossip and Belton's Princess; 2d, Dr. L. A. Querner's Nell Q. Very high com., J. Shelley Hudson's Sunshine. High com., J. Shelley Hudson's Lillian P., Harry Worthwell's Lady Dudley and J. Taylor Williams's Lady Zoe. Com., J. Shelley Hudson's Kennel's Ladys, J. Taylor Williams's Belle Sportsman, W. H. Wallingford's Lucille Hall, J. E. Smith's Lou Gladstone and Daniel L. Martin's Niobe. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, withheld; 2d, Fabe Harrison's Rex. Bitches: 1st, Fabe Harrison's Juno. Very high com., P. B. Winn's May Win. High com., Oliver Redd's Flash. Com., C. P. Harp's Cute.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Captain; 2d, Geo. R. Doeber's Frisco Boy. High com., H. C. Sherman's Biz Sarfeld, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Rover. Com., Jas. E. Pepper's Tan. Bitches: 1st, Jas. E. Pepper's Lil VI.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. Perrin's Dog; 2d and com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Heather and Meadowthorpe Laddie. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. J. E. Dager's Janet; 2d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Sallie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Bitches: 2d, Howard Downing's Satan.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, The Cook Kennels' Newton Abbott Farmer. Bitches: 1st, Geo. Bell's Whatnot C.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Geo. Bell's King of Obos. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Geo. Bell's Obadiah. Bitches: 1st, Geo. Bell's Lady Obos.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, L. Gentry's Jesse. Bitches: 2d, L. Gentry's Lucy.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, The Cook Kennels' champion Brave. Bitches: 1st, The Cook Kennels' champion Bernhard. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, 2d and 3d, Asa R. Spar's Ben, Red Stone and Rick. Reserve, W. S. Walker's Reese. Very high com., The Cook Kennels' Struck, Kodrick and Drum II., Redd Bros., Tickler, W. S. Walker's Scott, Boston Bragg, Seare, Sam and Troop. Com., Henry B. Bosworth's Red Jack, Redd Bros. Leader. Bitches: 1st, Asa R. Spar's Topsy; 2d, Bourbon Kennels' Nell; 3d, W. S. Walker's Fanny. Very high com., The Cook Kennels' Fly, Jet and Frances, Asa R. Spar's Kate. High com., The Cook Kennels' Fannie and May Queen, Redd Bros. Fanchon and Queen. Com., The Cook Kennels' Wild, Redd Bros. Hour and Fly, Bourbon Kennels' Ida. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Bourbon Kennels' Guy; 2d, J. M. Downing's Commodore. Bitches: 1st, Bourbon Kennels' Texia; 2d, J. M. Downing's Lucilda; 3d, Dr. W. L. Atkins's Nell.

SHAGGY FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, A. B. Whitlock's Bard and Wilson. Bitches: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Clara.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Fidler. Bitches: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Music. Puppies: 1st, 2d and very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Dick, Tom and Harry.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, John Hawkes' Sir Walter Scott III; 2d and 3d, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reality and Dudley. Bitches: 1st, John Hawkes' Sir Walter Scott. 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Dublin Scilla. Puppies: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Dublin Scilla.

BULLDOGS.—Very high com., E. R. Puch's Toby. High com., H. B. Boulden's Gus and Willis Cole's Irish Pat.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wm. J. Bryson's Dufferin. **OPEN—Dogs:** High com., R. P. Buchanan's Grip. Bitches: 1st, Wm. Mariner's Princess Pedro.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Donald.

DANDIE DUMMONT.—Dogs: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Meadowthorpe Reiver.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. Larhman's General Grant; 2d, Matthew Wilson's Bl-mont Match; 3d, Dr. E. B. Hagyard's Gyp. Reserve, Dixie Poultry Ya ds and Kennels' Dixie Tartar. Very high com., Miss Hermine Gratz's Quits and Par Lamphear's Caeppu. High com., Miss Israel's Bluecher. Bitches: 1st, E. C. Reedinger's Blemont Lulu; 2d, Dr. E. B. Hagyard's Little Typset; 3d, Dixie Poultry Yards and Kennels' Hillside Marchioness. Very high com., Dr. E. B. Hagyard's Typset II and E. T. Clay's Gypsy. High com., John Foster's Mabel and Meadowthorpe Kennels' Scarsdale Folly. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Frank Rieting's Stormy; 2d, Dixie Poultry Yards and Kennels' Dixie Tartar. Very high com., Meadowthorpe Kennels' Quiz. High com., John Foster's Tom and Meadowthorpe Kennels' Dr. Ed. Bitches: 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Queen. **WIRE HAIRED—Dogs:** 1st, Meadowthorpe Kennels' Columbine.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, W. T. Ficklen's Margoline; 2d, Miss Katherine Reed's Guest; 3d, W. E. Martin's Cate. Very high com., W. T. Ficklen's Jumbo, Mrs. J. H. Nelms's Topsy.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, A. E. Pitts's Bonsor; equal 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II and C. L. Connor's Dixie. Very high com., L. Fogle's Pug, Miss Willie Sayre's Plug. High com., L. Strauss's Grove Cleveland. Bitches: 1st, A. E. Pitts's Beauty III; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Fannie K. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Miss Willie Sayre's Plug; 2d, Miss Marie Leibins's Ko-ko. High com., F. W. Schapperle's Nero. Bitches: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Peggy Pryde; 2d, C. L. Connor's Kentucky Belle.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. S. Rockwell's Lavender; 2d, J. Englehart's Prince.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, Dr. C. E. Mooney's Topsy. Very high com., Marie Adair's Oyez.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, G. R. Edmiston's Snow Prince (Pomeranian); 2d, W. C. Samuel's Ponto. Very high com., Miss Rosa Jeffrey's Lavette (Pima dog), S. Thompson's Rags (Pima dog), M. Kimbrough's Pearl (English retriever), Meadowthorpe Kennels' Black Diamond. High com., Miss J. S. Boswell's Farley.

MONTREAL DOG SHOW.

[Special Report.]

THE Montreal Exposition Company's First International Bench Show of Dogs opened at the Exhibition Grounds, Montreal, Sept. 22 and closed the 25th. The show was well attended, and no doubt the company will reap a rich harvest of over \$1,000 profit. The building was pressed to its full capacity to accommodate the entries, the judging being done in a tent adjoining the building, where at certain times the heat was very oppressive. Dr. Wesley Mills acted as superintendent, while Mr. Coulson and Mr. Robinson worked like beavers. Spratts Patent did the benching and feeding. P. G. Keyes, of Ottawa, judged Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, while John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, judged all the other classes except black and tan terriers, which were judged by Messrs. Davidson and Joe Lewis jointly. The classes of dogs were about the same that have been through the circuit and which have been commented on at the other shows. Of course there were some strange entries, but the bulk of the money went to the regular campaigners.

MASTIFFS.

The exhibit of mastiffs was very poor in quality. Mode, in the challenge class, was alone, he has a nice head. In open dogs Lord Caution was rightly placed at the head of the class, fair in head and carriage of ears; second went to Victor, long in head; Victor, third, is light throughout. The best of the cards were given according to choice of a poor lot.

ST. BERNARDS.

No entries in rough challenge class. In challenge bitches Republican Belle made her first appearance in this class and won. In open dogs, Kingston Regent, the winner at other Canadian shows, good in head, bone and color, was an easy winner; he shows lots of quality. Second, to Duke of Wellington, very promising for his age, not quite right behind; Lord Dalhousie taking third prize. Prince, vhc., is too small. The rest were not high flyers. In the bitch class Zenith had a walk over, the Pottersburg entries being absent. In smooth challenge class Hector again came up

smiling at one end of the chain and Mr. Mann at the other. The judge finally gave first prize to Hector. In smooth bitches Nun Nicer had no competition, and was given first. She was shown at Hamilton.

BLOODHOUNDS.

Jack Shepard had it all his own way.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Only one entry, Czar, and a moderate one, head not correct and coat not straight.

GREAT DANES.

Favor, second at Toronto, was an easy first here; and second went to Pasha II., also well known; Brutus was absent. In bitches, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn was alone, she lacks size.

DEERHOUNDS.

Several deerhounds were shown, and were placed right; they were chiefly lacking in coat and head properties.

GREYHOUNDS.

were the same old stagers that have been doing the circuit with the Thomas combination, except in one or two instances. In challenge dogs first went to Gem of the Season and second to Scavenger, who through some accident has lost part of his tail. In challenge bitches Maud Torrington was placed ahead of Spinaway, a correct decision. In open dogs, a repetition of the other shows, Ornatius first, with Pious Pembroke runner up; third prize going to Elcho. In open bitches a surprise was in store, first prize was given to quite a fine bitch in Second Sight; second to Bestwood Daisy, brimful of quality, each had their admirers, and I leave them for the present; third to Lily of Gainsboro. The rest will not set anything on fire.

FOXHOUNDS.

One entry in each class, Trailer, second at Kingston, making an easy win here. The first in bitches is not nearly so good as the dog.

POINTERS.

These were good in quality, Mr. Davey bringing on his team. In challenge dogs, heavy-weight, there were no entries, and Belle Randolph won in the corresponding bitch class. Devon Nell taking second. In challenge light-weights Pommery Sec made another win in his class, Fan, Jr., being again first in bitches. In open dogs 55lbs. and over, Tempest again defeated Westminster Drake, King Bow's Bow, the Kingston dog, being absent, having run away from home, his owner had to leave without him. Open bitches saw Revelation, quite a nice bitch, the winner, Ighfield Madge taking second. In open bitches Mr. Davey again showed first and second in Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor, both are very nice bitches and mentioned at Toronto show, Frivolity winning third prize for the Mount Royal Kennels; she is not good in head properties.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Another surprise was in store for some of the winners at the other shows. Kent II. was placed first over Edgemark, the winner at Kingston, Hamilton and Toronto, third going to Ighfield Rhulas, vhc. to Kent's Rex, second prize winner at Kingston.

IRISH SETTERS.

Seminole again defeated Glen Jarvis, third going to Shot, heavy in skull. Max, vhc., is not good in color. The rest followed in the wake. In bitches, Elfrida won, good in head and color, over Aureo, second prize, who is now well known. Third prize to Ellen Vannan, vhc. to Rose Elcho, mentioned before.

GORDON SETTERS.

Dr. Dixon's team again cleaned out the prizes with Ivanhoe and Leo B. in challenge dogs, Duchess of Waverly in challenge bitches, Hilda winning second. Open dogs, two fairly good ones were shown, Kent winning first, Jim Dandy second. In open bitches that nice young bitch Lady Waverly won, with Clip second prize.

COLLIES.

Roslyn Wilkes here to compete for special only, left Roslyn Dandy a winner in challenge dogs. Metchley Surprise had a walk over in the bitch class. In open dogs Dowry, with his faulty head and ears, was again placed first. Moss, the second prize winner, is not good in head and lacks hardness of coat; Metchley Wonder II, taking third prize. I consider him a better type and should have been placed higher. In reserve, Rowdy got all he was entitled to; he lacks coat and head not right; Roslyn Conway, a racy sort, taking 4c. In bitches, Bernice was placed first; she is quite a different type to the winners in the dog class. Mayflower won second, not so good in head, third going to Floss, large in ear. Roslyn Belle, vhc., lacks undercoat.

SPANIELS.

Samson and Bradford Gladys were alone in their respective classes in field spaniels. In open dogs first prize was withheld, Brantford Mohawk taking second, with Hindoo third. They have been repeatedly noticed before. In field spaniel bitches Woodland Sallie was alone and Clumber spaniels were the same as at Kingston. In challenge cockers first went to Brantford Red Jacket, Oban taking second and the well-known Black Duke was pegged away back to vhc., Rabbid only getting reserve. Things will be pretty warm around Woodstock just now. In challenge bitches Bessie W. was alone. In open dogs Black Dufferin added another win, with Donovon coming in for second prize. In open bitches Geo. Bell's I Say won well, Woodstock Cora coming second. This turns the tables on Toronto. Brantford Flirt, third. All described last week. Open class dogs other than black had the winner in Redman, second going to Brownie, third to the well-known Rufus, a workmanlike dog, too. In bitches Jessie C. was placed ahead of Brantford Red Riding Hood, the name being long enough to kill the dog. Irish water spaniels had a couple of good entries, Handy Andy winning in dogs, with a nice bitch, Marguerite, short of coat at present, the winner in her class.

BEAGLES.

Not a large class, Roy K. winning in dogs, Vanity winning in bitches, with Stella second. These have been noted before. Also the dachshunde were placed as at Toronto, the winners are now old faces.

BULLDOGS.

Bo'swain made another win, also special for best bulldog. In bitches Bloater Girl won, the rest were not of special merit.

BULL-TERRIERS.

The Toronto awards were reversed in that Prince Bendigo was placed over Top Sparkle, he only taking third, while Common was given second, repeating the Hamilton judging. In bitches some more old faces faced the judge, My Queen getting first, Edgewood Fancy second, third going to Queen of the Dale.

In terriers, pugs, and so on, the winners have been noticed so often it is not necessary to repeat. The miscellaneous class was divided up, five prizes being given, the whippets taking most of it.

PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hugh Falconer's Mode. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Geo. J. Brown's Prince; 2d, G. J. Esplin's Carno; 3d, J. R. Short's Victor. Very high com., J. R. Short's Bill Nye and Turk. High com., J. R. Short's Monarch.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, W. C. Reick's Republican Belle. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. C. Reick's Kingston Regent; 2d, T. S. Vipond's Duke of Wellington; 3d, M. Arabill's Lord Dalhousie. Very high com., Mrs. W. J. Tabb's

Prince. High com., W. G. McNaughton's Faust. Com., Mrs. H. V. Meredith's Carleton. **Bitches:** 1st, W. C. Reick's Zenith. **SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, W. C. Reick's Champion Hector. **OPEN—Bitches:** 1st, F. E. Lamb's Nun Nicer.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, R. G. H. Huntingdon's Jack Shepard. NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. A. Minnis's Czar.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Favor and Pascha II. Bitches: 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, F. D. Monk's Banff and Lennox; 3d, M. Ingres's Chic. Bitches: 1st, F. D. Monk's Belle.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season; 2d, G. C. Taylor's Scavenger. Bitches: 1st, A. Page's Maud Torrington; 2d, Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Ornatius and Pious Pembroke; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Elcho. Very high com., and high com., G. C. Taylor's Nibs and Milo. Bitches: 1st, G. C. Taylor's Second Sight; 2d and 3d, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy and Lily of Gainsborough. Very high com., G. C. Taylor's Northern Queen. High com., Cyril Laurin's Topsy.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Traitor. Bitches: 1st, Geo. H. Anderson's Gypsy.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, Robt. Leslie's champion Belle Randolph; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell. **Dogs** (under 55lbs.): 1st, W. H. Hyland's Pommery Sec. Bitches (under 55lbs.): 1st, W. H. Hyland's Fan N. **OPEN—Dogs** (over 55lbs.): 1st, W. LeMay's Teupset; 2d, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake. Bitches (over 55lbs.): 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Revelation and Ighfield Madge. **Dogs** (under 55lbs.): 1st, W. H. Hyland's Ossington; 2d, T. G. Davey's Axtel's King Don. Bitches (under 55lbs.): 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Frivolity. Very high com., W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Cohanent Kennels' Kent II. 2d, E. S. Brown's Edgemark; 3d, T. G. Davey's Ighfield Rhulas. Very high com., J. H. Brainerd's Kennels' Kent's Rex and Mt. Washington Kennels' Viscount and Tony Gladstone. High com., H. Northwood's Benzine, J. E. Hair's Sir Edward, Mt. Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Stride. Bitches: 1st, Mt. Washington Kennels' Nia; 2d, T. G. Davey's Forest Heather; 3d, Mt. Washington Kennels' Victoria Lovellin. Very high com., Mt. Washington Kennels' Norah III, Dr. J. Hartman's Albert's Nellie. High com., Blake & Hubert's El Cielo, Mrs. J. P. Pitts's Patience.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Seminole; 2d, Glenyue Kennels' Glen Jarvis; 3d, J. O'Rourke's Shor. Very high com., Miss M. E. Arnton's Exile, Grove Kennels' Max. High com., W. M. Blacklock's Ranger, John Ryan's Red Kern. Com., Seminole Kennels' Elcho. Bitches: 1st, Mt. Royal Kennels' Elfrida; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Aureo; 3d, T. W. Kermode's Ellen Vannan. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Rose Palmerston, Mrs. E. Coulson's Rose Elcho. Com., L. Smith's —.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Dr. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Grove Kennels' Kent; 2d, J. McVey's Jim Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Dr. Dixon's Lady Waverly; 2d, A. Chisholm's Clip.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Metchley Surprise. **OPEN—1st and 2d, McEwan & Gibson's Drury and Metchley Wonder; 3d, W. Rutherford's Moss. Very high com., Seminoles Kennels' Rowdy, John Duncan's Reality, Thyme & McFadden's Champion, High com., Seminoles Kennels' Roslyn Conway. Com., Hon. H. M. Cochrane's Tip and W. Cunningham's Don Christopher. Bitches:** 1st, Thyme & McFadden's Bernice; 2d, McEwan & Gibson's Mayflower; 3d, John Duncan's Floss. Very high com., Seminoles Kennels' Cora II, John Duncan's Roslyn Belle. High com., L. Luedeking's —. Com., Hon. M. H. Cochrane's Bess.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Samson. Bitches: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's ch. Briford Gladys. **OPEN—Dogs:** 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Mohawk; 3d, W. H. Drummond's Hindos. Bitches: Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Sallie.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Mercer & Midland's Bill Oxen. **Dogs:** 1st, G. B. Swart's Darby; 2d, H. B. D. Bruce's Shell. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. B. D. Bruce's Lucy II, and Vic.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Jacket; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Ovan. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant and Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke. Bitches: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Bessie W. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin; 2d, A. Geddes' Donovan; 3d, J. A. Cunningham's Major. Com., C. H. Currier's Nigger and N. J. O'Sullivan's Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' I Say; 2d, B. A. Spurr's Chere; 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Flirt. Reserve, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Busy. Very high com., Laidlaw's Clin II. Com., Geo. Payne's Pip. **OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs:** 1st, W. B. Palmer's Redman; 2d, Blake & Herbertson's Brownie; 3d, E. J. Leigh's Rufus. Bitches: 1st, C. H. Currier's Jessie C; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Riding Hood. High com., George Payne's Topsy. Com., Thos. J. Fitzsimmons' Mollie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dog: 1st, E. Pitt's Handy Andy. Bitches: 1st, E. Pitt's Margarette.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Roy K.; 2d, G. D. Welton. Bitches: 1st, Guy D. Welton's Vanity; 2d, Joseph Lewis's Stella; 3d, Rockland Kennels' Fannie K. Very high com., Rockland Kennels' Emaline.

DACHSHUNDE.—Dogs: 1st, E. A. Maurice's Wind Rush Blotter; 2d, Joseph Lewis's Feldmark; 3d, E. W. Gnaedinger's Chris. Very high com., T. J. Fitzsimmons' What's That. Bitches: 1st, E. F. Lewis's Jill; 2d, Joseph Lewis's Lina L.; 3d, E. W. Gnaedinger's Lina.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, E. A. Woodward's Bo'swain; 2d, G. Dillon's Mule. Bitches: 1st, A. J. Hutch's Bloater Girl; 2d, J. St. G. Dillon's Gledys.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, S. P. Howard's champion Jubilee. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, H. F. Church's Prince Bendigo; 2d and high com., Anglo-American Kennels' Common and King of Hearts; 3d, F. E. Dole's Topsparkle. Very high com., W. C. Sweden, M.D.'s Watchful Wagtail and A. Inglis's Burton Baron. Bitches: 1st, S. P. Howard's My Queen; 2d, F. E. Dole's Edgewood Fanny; Anglo-American Kennels' Queen of the Dale. Very high com. and high com., G. Jordan's Kit and Fly.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Bl-mont Volunteer. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, 2d and very high com., Woodale Kennels' Stardust Jack, Dobbin and Woodale Rival; 3d, H. Northwood's Painter. Very high com., Oriole Kennels' Bl-mont Ransack. High com., W. J. Bryce's Live Bothan Spire and Anglo-American Kennels' Endcliffe Spive. Com., K. G. Cochrane's Dot. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com., Woodale Kennels' Ebor Nettle, Woodale Radiant and Woodale Refusal; 3d, Mt. Washington Kennels' Rowton Safety. Very high com., Anglo-American Kennels' Broomfield Sultan; 2d, Blake & Herbertson's Prince; 3d, W. Gordon's Birdie. Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Matchless; 2d, Blake & Herbertson's Buttercup; 3d, very high com., J. F. Campbell's Grit and Desdemona. Very high com., Rochelle Kennels' English Lady and A. E. Elmer's Grace.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Toon's Royal. Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Venus. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Toon's Royal George; 2d and very high com., Mrs. J. A. Pitt's Little Top and Bill Nye; 3d and very high com., Mrs. Kelly's Valkyrie and R-meo. High com., J. R. Bourdeau's Duke. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Thos. Kelly's G-nesta and Lottie; 2d, S. Ward's Nancy. Very high com., Anglo-American Kennels' Tot.

DANDIE DUMMONT TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, E. Brooks's King o' the Heaton; 2d, C. J. Daniels's Valentine; 3d, John Auld's Jack Pot. Bitches: 1st, C. J. Daniels's Fan; 2d, John Auld's Miss Dandie.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Kiltior.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Shino's Sir Stafford. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. Hall's Gleniffer; 2d, F. P. Buchanan's Laddie.

WELSH, CLYDESDALE, AIREDALE, WHITE ENGLISH AND FAISLEY TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Edmund's Jack.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. M. Cryer's Bob Ivy.

Bitches: 1st, Dr. H. M. Cryer's Bessie.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Miss M. Ballentine's Curtis; 2d, Dr. H. M. Cryer's Fritz Kismet; 3d, Seminoles Kennels' Kasn, Jr. Very high com. Jas. McVey's Windsor Rowdy and Alfred Pepler's Punch. **Bitches:** 1st, Howard Bros.' Sateen; 2d, Dr. H. M. Cryer's Cribbage; 3d, A. Pepler's Judy II. Very high com. Seminoles Kennels' Princess Nellie and Rustie Queenie. High com. J. T. Oatlin's Peggy and C. H. Currier's Bitch.

TOY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, E. Bradford's Prince and Spot. **Bitches:** 1st, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice; 2d and 3d, E. Bradford's Juliet and Fannie.

TOY DOGS, OTHER RECOGNIZED BREEDS.—Dogs: 1st, D. Clark's Jack; 2d, E. Bradford's Punch. **Bitches:** 1st, D. Clark's Tiny; 2d, L. Bare's Bezume.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Four dollars each to following: R. J. Ingils's Niche, Miss Nellie Reid's Gyp, F. M. Dole's Friday, Campbell & Blake's Benbow, Nellie Gray and Maggie.

SPECIAL AWARDS.

Best kennels: Four mastiffs, J. B. Short; St. Bernards, W. C. Reick; pointer, T. G. Davey; collie, Seminoles Kennels; collie in Canada, McEwen & Gibson; bull-terrier, F. E. Dole; spaniel, E. Bradford. **Best mastiff dog,** Mode. **St. Bernard dog in Canada,** Duke of Wellington. **bitch, R-publican Belle.** Greyhound dog, Gem of the Season; bitch, Second Sight. **Pointer dog,** Tempest; owned in Canada, Westminster Drake; bitch, Lady Gay Spunkier. **English setter dog,** Kent II; bitch, Nix. **Irish setter dog in Canada,** Shot; bitch, Elfrida. **Gordon setter dog,** Ivanhoe; bitch, Duchess of Waverley. **Collie dog,** Roslyn Wilkes; bitch, Metchley Surprise. **Beagle dog,** Roy K.; bitch, Vanity. **Fox-terrier dog,** Starden Jack; bitch, Ebor Nettle; owned in Canada, Dartmouth Snowbroom. **Best terrier of any recognized breed not named in list,** Sir Stafford.

OTTAWA DOG SHOW.

[By telegraph to Forest and Stream.]

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—The Ottawa dog show opened today. Weather very bad. Judge Davidson commenced judging at 10 A. M. and went through in the same day. Yesterday he sat in the Governor-General's chair, and, therefore, rushed the dogs through. The attendance very small. Nearly all dogs have been through circuit. Mastiffs only one. St. Bernards a poor class. The following are the winners:

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Gem of the Season.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Justinian; 2d, Plutus Pembroke. **Bitches:** 1st, Jetsam; 2d, Second Sight; 3d, Bestwood Daisy.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—1st, Othello.—**SMOOTH—1st,** F. E. Lamb's Nan Nicer.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Pommyery Sec. **Bitches:** 1st, W. H. Hyland's Fan N.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. Ledyard's Tempest. **Bitches:** 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Frivolity.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Coburnet Kennels' Kent II. **Bitches:** 1st, Mount Washington Kennels' Nix.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Seminoles. **Bitches:** 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrida.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. **Bitches:** 1st, Dr. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda.—**OPEN—Bitches:** 1st, Dr. Dixon's Lady Waverly.

COLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Johnny Jr. **Bitches:** 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Bromine.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Samson.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Frank Cocker Kennels' Brantford Mohawk. **Bitches:** 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Sallie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Brantford Red Jacket. **Bitches:** 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Jessie W.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin. **Bitches:** 1st, Bell's I Say.—**ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs:** 1st, Othello. **Bitches:** 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Riding Hood.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Seminoles Kennels' Roslyn Dandy.—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Mayflower.

BULLDOGS.—1st, E. A. Woodward's Bo'swain.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, Anglo American Kennels' King of Hearts.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodale Kennels' Ebor Nettle.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Woodale Kennels' Starley's Jack. **Bitches:** 1st, Mt. Washington Kennels' Rowton Sateen; 2d, Woodale Kennels' Woodale Rival.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Exile.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. C. Shinn's Sir Stafford.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan. **Bitches:** 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Matchless.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Kennels' Venus.

TOY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Yorke & Forshaw's Royal Duke. **Bitches:** 1st, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice; 2d, E. Bradford's Fannie.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dr. Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Miss M. Ballentine's Curtis. **Bitches:** 1st, Howard Bros.' Sateen.

The rest of the classes follow in the same way as at preceding shows.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

The regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at its rooms, No. 44 Broadway, New York city, on Thursday, Sept. 24, President August Belmont presiding. There were present the associate secretary, James L. Anthony; California Kennel Club, J. T. Edwell Richards; Collie Club of America, J. D. Shotwell; English Setter Club, Wilson Fiske; Macomah Kennel Club, James Mortimer; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellbass; Rochester Kennel Club, W. Whitney; Southern California Kennel Club, James Watson; Toledo Kennel Club, Dr. H. T. Foote; Great Dane Club, G. Muss-Arnolt; American Spaniel Club, E. M. Oldham; New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club, W. B. Churchill.

Minutes of the last meeting read. Mr. Anthony: I move the adoption of the minutes as read, with the exception of the portion referring to the report concerning the pointer special prize, and I ask that that be laid over for further consideration, for the reason that at the last meeting it was impossible to have the entry blank produced which was made at the Washington show. I expect Mr. Webster, if he shall be present at this meeting, will have it in his possession, and will produce it. I have been informed that it bears upon its face, the signature of the Charlotteville Field Trial Kennel Club, Mr. Dexter, owner, and signed by him. If so, that disposes of the question. The whole matter rests upon the question whether, at the time of the entry by the Charlotteville Field Trial Kennel Club, it was the property of Mr. Dexter, and whether he signed that entry as the owner of the kennel. In that event, the dog could not compete because the special stated that it must be for dogs owned and shown south of the Ohio River. Mr. Dexter lives at Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, and as he was the sole owner of the kennel his dog was not entitled to entry. On that ground I ask that that portion of the minutes go over, in order that when it comes up again we may have the original entry produced.

The Chair called upon the secretary to state what had transpired since the last meeting in regard to the matter. Mr. Vredenburgh stated that the secretary of the Washington City Kennel Club had called upon him and stated that he would be glad to furnish him with the entry blank. Mr. Richards moved that the minutes be confirmed. Motion seconded and carried. The secretary's report was read and approved. It was in part as follows:

Since our last meeting I have received applications for admission to membership from the following clubs: Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, of Gloversville, N. Y.; the Omaha Kennel Club, of Omaha, Neb.; the Blue Grass Kennel Club, of Lexington, Ky. These clubs have complied with all the requirements of the American Kennel Club, and are eligible to admission at this meeting. In the case of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, I would report that its inaugural bench show began on the 22d inst., and it respectfully petitions this club to recognize its awards. I would recommend such action at this meeting, upon the condition that it complies with all the requirements demanded from active members. The following credentials have been filed at this office:

From the Duquesne Kennel Club, appointing Mr. James O'Hara Denny as its delegate; and from the New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club, appointing Mr. W. E. Churchill as its delegate. I submit herewith resignations as active members from the following clubs: Buffalo Kennel Club, of Buffalo, N. Y.; South Carolina Kennel Association, of Greenville, S. C.

Aug. 14, 1891, Mr. C. M. Munhall, secretary Cleveland Kennel Club, filed at this office a notice of the suspension by said club of Mr. J. R. Frost for a violation of its bench show rules.

Aug. 17, 1891, complaint was made with me that the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, of New Orleans, La., had failed to pay the prize awarded at its last show to Mr. Roger T. Harrison, New York. Mr. Harrison has made demands for said prize, and, under same date, I officially notified by mail the secretary of said club of the complaint, and requested a prompt liquidation of the amount due the exhibitor. No replies have been received by either Mr. Harrison or myself, and I would therefore recommend the enforcement of bench show rules Nos. XXV. and XXVIII.

At the annual meeting of this club, held Feb. 21, 1889, the following resolution was adopted: "That the Canadian Kennel Club, and all awards under its rules, its disqualifications and suspensions, shall be recognized by the American Kennel Club. The purpose of this resolution is to bring into a close connection the bench show clubs and exhibitors across the border and thus give substantial aid and assistance to the Canadian Kennel Club, then about organizing, and to practically bring together all factions and kennel interests in the United States and Canada. We are now completing the third year of this agreement, and it would appear that the American Kennel Club receives very little return for the aid it has given. It is true that you have received recognition of each other's registrations, yet we give the Canadian clubs the same benefits and advantages as are given to our own members, who have to pay annually dues therefor. The Canadian clubs do not contribute one dollar toward the support of this club, and our Canadian list of associate members and subscribers to the Gazette combined, only reaches a total of nine individuals. I therefore report the result of this action, deeming it my duty to keep you informed upon all matters pertaining to the interests of the American Kennel Club, and now leave the matter in your hands for consideration, and for such action as you may deem desirable.

In closing my report, I beg to bring to your attention the following editorial, published in FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 27, 1891, entitled "It is not so much concerning?" and the official reply thereto, which will clearly inform you of the position of the members of the true state of affairs regarding the litigation now pending against this club and a few of its associates: [Here followed the FOREST AND STREAM article of Aug. 27, and the letter of Pres. Belmont published in our columns last week.]

The treasurer's report was also read, and on motion approved as follows: I herewith submit my report of moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1890 to date.

Receipts from all sources from Jan. 1, 1891, to date.....	\$9,059.61
Expenses for same period	6,069.13

Balance on hand

Respectfully submitted, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treas.	\$2,990.48
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Mr. Watson, secretary of the stud book committee as follows' and report was adopted: The number of paid registrations up to date is 2,653. To show the great advance made this year it may be stated that up to the end of August the number was 2,444, while last year for the same period the total was 1,490. The following cases have been passed upon by your committee: Pedigree of Bran, 15,700. This dog was registered as by Nulla more (4,701) ex Dot (9,566), and the Chestnut Hill Kennels state that it should have been by Strephon ex Dot. This error also affects Lassie Dorf, 16,210, and Bran's Jessie, 16,550. As the error was not made by the American Kennel Club officials your committee decided that the entries be cancelled, and that any new registrations must be at the expense of the owner.

Pedigree of Hebe K. The owner of the colored bitch Hebe K. and her owner make contradictory statements regarding the pedigree given, but as the breeder is the one who lodged the information that the pedigree is incorrect it has been ordered cancelled. Pedigree of Ice Palace Queen, 16,775. There is no dispute that the pedigree as registered of Ice Palace Queen, 16,775, is incorrect, and has been ordered cancelled.

The attention of the stud book committee is, however, drawn to the acknowledgment of J. T. Pincus, who, under date of April 13, says that he was told that the pedigree he gave was correct. Two requests for information as to who misled him have failed to elicit any response, although he was duly advised that his refusal would necessitate the case being placed before the club for further action. Your committee recommends that J. T. Pincus be suspended from membership until he has furnished the information requested.

Pedigree of Taylor's Cleo, 22,237. The owner of Lyncoke Elsa, 3,019, during the year 1889, when she stated to have whelped Taylor's Cleo, denies that she had any puppies in 1889. The registration has been cancelled.

As no response can be had from M. T. Mason, of Northampton, Massachusetts, as to his reasons for making such an entry, it is recommended that action be also taken on his refusal. The penalty of suspension against James G. Burns, of Buffalo, has been removed in accordance with the resolution passed by the executive committee.—JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

Reports from special committees being in order, the secretary read the following, on field trials and coursing meetings, submitted by Chairman Child, and laid on the table:

This committee recommends the reconsideration and repeal of the resolution passed by the executive committee of the A. K. C., May 22, 1880, relative to the definition of field trial record, so far as it relates to the same. Respectfully recommends the adoption of the following resolutions by the executive committee of the A. K. C.

1. Resolved, That only such field trial and coursing winnings be recognized at the American Kennel Club bench shows, as are made at a meeting held under the auspices of a club, a member of the A. K. C., or if, as held under the auspices of a club not such a member, at a competition open to all. 2. Resolved, That a dog winning two first prizes in stakes open to all field trial, or coursing meetings, held under the auspices of a club a member of the A. K. C., shall have won the title of field trial champion.

President Belmont: I have not handed in any report with reference to any arrangement to be made with the Coursing Club, because Mr. Whiton and myself have not actually reached a conclusion concerning it. I beg to report progress in the direction of a amicable arrangement, and such as would work perfectly well, but the feature which I fear will be liable to wreck an arrangement which we can make is that the Coursing Club desires the American Kennel Club to publish practically a coursing calendar, and the estimates of the printer upon the publication of such a volume are so expensive that I am afraid, unless the Coursing Club is willing to guarantee it, it would entail a considerable loss, besides occupying a large portion of the time of our secretary and his assistants. Unless some change is made in this respect, I desire that some other arrangement should be perfected.

Dr. H. T. Foote, of the committee appointed to investigate the breed of dogs of the Boston Terrier Club, reported as follows:

The committee has had very little opportunity to investigate the matter, and have been unable to learn anything of consequence until a few hours before the meeting was called to order, when Mr. Power, of the Boston Terrier Club, presented the stud book of the specialty club, containing some 32 pedigrees, carried to the third generation, and some of them to the fourth and fifth generation. As I understand from him, these dogs, in pedigree, were all dogs of this type, and he has the names of eight others that are eligible for registration in the stud book. He also expressed a number of objections to the stud book similarity in type, and assured us that good specimens of the breed were to be had from the first cross, or the second or the third cross—that is to say, breeding a dog from the third generation would insure a good specimen. One of the members of the committee, Dr. Glover, is not able to be here, and Mr. Watson and myself, while we feel confident of the existence of such a breed of dogs in Boston, are not able to recommend their recognition. That the committee is not strictly called upon to do so, as I understand, the committee was appointed to establish the existence of the breed. We feel that if the matter was laid over until the May meeting, and the Boston Club would show the dogs, many of us would go to the Boston show, where there is always a number of exhibitors, and the club undoubtedly has been very actively at work and appear very anxious to establish the breed, and that we should encourage them, but neither Mr. Watson nor myself feel satisfied to warrant a report that such a breed does actually exist to any considerable degree. That they have a number of very good specimens, perhaps a few hundred, as Mr. Power states, there is no reason to doubt. I have had no time to hand in a report on this matter.

Mr. Watson said he thought they had made all the investigation of the matter possible, and that they felt that there was not sufficient tangible ground to warrant all the Boston club desired. He thought it wrong to come to the American Kennel Club to enforce the dog upon the public; the public ought to enforce the dog upon the club.

Mr. Power being granted the privilege of the floor, said:

I would like to say that the Boston Terrier Club has proved the existence of this breed, and I have here photographs taken at random that show the similarity of the type of dogs, and they do not represent our first prize winner, or second or third. I think by this means we have proved the existence of the dog, and the existence of the club. The club now numbers fifty members, and it is in active operation. It is very difficult to get clubs throughout the country to provide a class for dogs unless they are recognized by the American Kennel Club, and it would be almost useless for the members to show their dogs, as the winnings would not count, and it would simply be throwing money away. The club means business and are very anxious to have recognition for these dogs. We can show thirty-two guaranteed pedigrees of three generations or over. Every pedigree has been adopted, name by name, after investigation of the stud book committee, and has been presented to the club and urged before the club for their action, and every one has been accepted. It is impossible to breed a dog from a bulldog terrier and make a Boston terrier in the first cross or second cross. If a dog was brought up, as the chairman of your committee suggests, before a judge, and was not a Boston terrier, he would be thrown out of the class immediately. We claim this dog has been bred for twenty years in pure blood, and the club is ready to stand behind the dog and push it. We would like your favorable consideration at this meeting. The club is acting in good faith, and is just as anxious to have a good dog as you are.

The report was filed, and the chair was empowered to appoint a committee to suggest safeguards under which the Boston Terrier Club may be admitted as a member of the American Kennel Club.

Whereas, The New Jersey Kennel Club, having elected Charles J. Peshall president, and appointed him its delegate to this club, and by such action indorsing the course pursued by said Charles J. Peshall toward the American Kennel Club, and in effect being parties criminals in proceedings prejudicial to the interests of this club;

Resolved, That Article 9, Section 1, of the constitution be enforced, and that the New Jersey Kennel Club be, and hereby is, expelled from this association.

Mr. Richards moved as an amendment to that resolution the following:

Whereas, The New Jersey Kennel Club has elected Charles J. Peshall president, after his disqualification by the American Kennel Club;

Resolved, That Article 9, Section 1, of the constitution be enforced, and that the New Jersey Kennel Club be, and hereby is, expelled from this association.

Mr. Max Wenzel thought the New Jersey Kennel Club should not be made to suffer on account of any action of its president, and should not be expelled without the opportunity to be heard.

Mr. Richards offered this substitute amendment, which was adopted:

Whereas, This club is informed that the New Jersey Kennel Club has elected Charles J. Peshall president, and has appointed him its delegate to this club since his disqualification by the American Kennel Club;

Resolved, That this club considers such action prejudicial to the welfare of the American Kennel Club under Article 9, Section 1 of the Constitution.

Resolved, That charges be preferred against the New Jersey Kennel Club, based upon their election of Mr. Peshall as president and as its delegate to this club, after his disqualification, for conduct prejudicial to the welfare of the American Kennel Club, and that it be referred to the advisory committee and to offer the New Jersey Kennel Club an opportunity to be heard upon the charges.

President Belmont asked for a motion giving associate members and members of kennel clubs the privilege of being in the room at any of the meetings, stating that at the last meeting there was some misunderstanding on the part of one or two associate members who were pre-empted concerning a ruling made by the chair, ostensibly to get rid of a certain stenographer, and who charged themselves with the motion that outsiders should be excluded from the room. He further stated that the resignation and led to the writing of a sharp letter on the part of another. It was decided that at any public meeting of the American Kennel Club any member of a club a member of the American Kennel Club and all associate members may be permitted to be present.

Mr. Shotwell: I want to call attention to the furnishing by the secretary of official reports to the proceedings of the club, to the different sporting papers. It is a very unusual proceeding. They have an opportunity of sending their own reporters here and writing up their own reports. These reports are furnished at some considerable expense, which I think should be avoided.

The chair stated that the reason that course was adopted was because for some time the papers did send their own reporters and it was very difficult to tell which reports were correct.

Mr. Shotwell moved that the secretary be instructed to discontinue the practice of furnishing reports to the papers after this meeting. Motion carried, Mr. Watson voting in the negative.

The Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, of Gloversville, N. Y.; the Omaha Kennel Club, of Omaha, Neb., and the Blue Grass Kennel Club, of Lexington, Ky., were elected members.

Mr. Churchill moved that the secretary be instructed to inform the secretary, that their wins be recognized, be adopted. Carried, five to four.

The resignations of the Buffalo Kennel Club and of the South Carolina Kennel Association were accepted. The charges preferred against the New Orleans Club for default in payment of their prizes in January was referred to the advisory committee with power.

Regarding the communication from Mr. W. L. Washington, requesting this club to define the breeder of the Irish setter bitch Ruby Glenmore, Mr. Watson moved that the breeder of Ruby Glenmore was the Glenmore Kennels. The owner of the kennel at the time of her being exhibited at Washington did not own the dam at the time she was bred and was therefore not the breeder. There is suggestion from the part of Mr. Washington in any of his entries. Motion lost by four to two and matter referred to the stud book committee.

Resolution recognizing the Canadian Kennel Club and its awards, adopted at the A. K. C. meeting, Feb. 21, 1889, was laid over until the next meeting.

Mr. Watson moved that the secretary be instructed to notify Mr. J. P. Pincus, that, in default of a satisfactory explanation from him in regard to the pedigree of Ice Palace Queen, his name will be suspended and subject to disqualification by the club.

The same motion was passed in regard to the pedigree of Taylor's Cleo, referred to in the report of the stud book committee.

The report of the special committee on field trials and coursing meetings was laid over.

The secretary was instructed to ask the Washington City Kennel Club for the entry blank of the Charlotteville Field Trial Kennel Club its late show.

Dr. H. T. Foote gave notice that he would offer the following amendments to the rules: Rule XII. A dog suffering from eczema, mange or any contagious or objectionable diseases, etc., as now stated. Bench show committees may refuse to receive such dogs, classes for dogs of pure breeds or the choose, but in the following classes: 1. Omit "pure breeds of." 2. As it stands. 3. Omit "recognized" after prize in third line. Insert "in an open class;" after "won" in the fourth line insert "such." Rule XVII, Art. 4. The puppy class shall be for dogs over six months and under eighteen months in age. Art. 6. After "class" in third line insert "one of which shall have been won at New York, Boston, Chicago or Toronto, shall have the privilege," etc. Rule XXI. Special prizes shall only be offered for dogs of pure breeds, and no dog, etc., as at present. Rule—(about XIII.). Errors made in entering dogs may be excused unless another exhibitor is injured thereby, when the exhibitor shall be disqualified. Rule—. No shows shall extend over four days, including the last days of receiving and the first day of liberating the exhibits.

The meeting then adjourned.

WHITE VIOLET.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend of mine recently called my attention to an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM offering the "celebrated bull-terrier bitch White Violet for sale." Now, the celebrated White Violet—the one winning six firsts and four specials in England, first and special at Lynn (beating ch. Starlight), and first at Boston, 1891—is now in my kennel with five beautiful little puppies. I bought her from Mr. Harris, of North Wilmingham, and have his letters to prove it. If any one purchased the bitch advertised he has been greatly cheated. I should have written you about it before, but the confusion of moving with my family from Brooklyn to this place has prevented. The advertisement occurred in an August number, but which I cannot say, as the copy containing it is packed away among my books, etc. I think it due your readers that this should be exposed.—W. O. SNEED, M. D., Riverhead, N. Y.

DOG CHAT.

"MOST haste, less speed," is a saying that generally proves itself true, and that "the race is not always to the swift" is another one very applicable to this case. At the exhibition grounds at Toronto a small steamer plied between the city and the grounds. It is a pleasant sail enough, and "Honest" John Davidson, the two Lewises and Dr. Kimball thought the trip would be a change from the crowded cars on the second evening of the show. The whistle blew and "Honest John" and Joe Lewis, being swifter of foot than the other two, succeeded in jumping on board a steamer just as she started to move out of the dock. The other two were left, but not badly, for the receding steamer never stopped her engines till she landed the erring passengers at St. Catharines, many, many miles down the lake. No trains till morning and noon next day before they could return. It was hard, but the boys had their laugh just the same, and Joe Lewis, after encountering the various experiences of a trip to Europe, has pasted in his hat the motto "Look before you leap."

In talking with one of the Buffalo Kennel Club members we found that about the only reason they are not moving much in kennel matters is, that they cannot get a suitable hall to hold a show in, and it is suicidal to their interests to have one in the building they unfortunately had before. We hear that their president has resigned from the associate membership.

A marked catalogue was issued on Thursday at the Toronto show. Numbers corresponding with the catalogue were issued to handlers in the ring, although in many cases their use was allowed to lie idle. It is a feature that in future should receive the attention of every show manager, large or small. The public pays admission to see the judging and buying a catalogue expect to be posted as to everything that is going on, but if the handlers are not numbered in the ring they might as well leave the catalogues at the door.

Mr. T. G. Davey seems to have secured a good breaker in Mr. Hallam, judging by the way his dogs were shown and their nice condition. This handler we believe secured the prize for the best training and handling at one of the principal field trials in England in the spring. The prospects for the field trials at Chatham, Ont., are very flattering, and a goodly number of entries are assured. Messrs. Davidson and Smith will do the judging.

The American Pet Dog Club will hold its next meeting at 329 Lexington avenue, New York city, Oct. 14, at 2 P. M.

Mr. A. H. Moore has still further strengthened his kennel by purchasing from Mr. Booth the St. Bernard bitch Lady Hopeful, by Royal Hesperus out of Beryl. She has some good prizes to her credit, and is said to be brimful of quality.

Mr. Glazier, of Salem, Mass., is a man getting together a strong kennel of bloodhounds, and it is to be hoped he will afford the public every opportunity to see these noble hounds at coming shows. His latest purchase is the noted dog Jack the Ripper, from Mr. R. V. Blachford, Jackson, Miss. Would it not be well with a change of ownership to change its name as well, something not quite so blood-curdling.

The attorney for the English Kennel Club, Mr. Deuridin Dutton, has been instructed to proceed against Mr. Freeman Lloyd, unless he apologizes unconditionally for his remarks in our Philadelphia contemporary anent Mr. Shirley and the ownership of the E. K. C. Mr. Lloyd, judging from the correspondence published in the English papers, seems to have apologized sufficiently for his misapprehension, but the club persists in rubbing it in a little too hard, and we applaud the stand he has taken. There is a little too much absolutism in some of these matters.

The police of New York city have been busily engaged the past week in taking the dog census for the first time. It is a peculiar undertaking and not unfringed with danger, but the owners seem to bear it in good part, and it is not half so much trouble as taking the human census. Mayor Grant is responsible for the order, and there is little doubt that the Police Pension fund will be materially increased thereby. From four to twelve men have been detailed to cover each precinct, and it is estimated that the number of dogs in New York will not fall far short of 70,000. The law under which they proceed to enforce the taking out of a license is as follows: "Sec. 153. Every owner, person or possessor who harbors any dog shall take out a permit for each dog at the Permit Bureau, paying the sum of \$3 for the same. Sec. 156. The Mayor of the city of New York is hereby authorized to take such measures as he may deem most effective to carry into effect the provisions of this article." They say this law is obligatory. It declares positively that owners shall obtain licenses for their dogs. The enumerators work from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M., and it is expected all the returns will be in by the middle of this week, and the owners of those found to be unlicensed will receive notice to step up and pay.

We regret to hear from the manager of the Flour City Kennels, Rochester, N. Y., that their stud dog Horace has joined the majority. He died on Sept. 16 after a few days illness. He was by champion Minton out of Duchess. By the way, we hear that Mr. Whitney, the owner of this kennel, disgusted with the treatment he received at the hands of the Mastiff Club and its secretary, in reference to a pedigree which he wished to trace and their dilatory action in regard to the club cups he won in the spring, returned the latter to the club, not wishing to have anything more to do with it. This is not the way to treat one of our most influential and enterprising mastiff men. A club that has the interest of the breed at heart should do all in their power to keep such men in their ranks and encourage them to greater efforts, for to breeders like Mr. Whitney must we look for importations of desirable stock that will tend to improve the mastiff breed.

The fox chases at Lexington, Ky., cannot be said to have been a success, and with the thermometer playing with the nineties and a dry, dusty track, we do not see how it could have been otherwise. Foxes were started, but generally turned "brush" when they heard the yells of the "coons" by the grand stand, and were either chopped by the hounds which had just started or ran back to the sheds. On Thursday one fox got well around the track, and the hounds getting on the trail, the track having been watered, they ran a pretty race, several horsemen following them over the miniature hurdles set in front of the grand stand, led by General Gentry's twelve-year-old son, a true chip of the old block, and who was first in at the finish. A deer was also let loose, but turned back and ran clear through the dogs, who acted as if they thought it was a calf. The second attempt, the next day, proved a better one, and the deer led them a merry chase, making a gallant effort to jump the 10ft. fence surrounding the track. The sports were interspersed with bicycle races, the ancient game of tilting at the ring, and drilling of local militia.

Mr. Reick, owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, sailed yesterday for Europe. He will be away a month and will have some shooting with James Gordon Bennett.

On Thursday, about noon, General Gentry, who was untiring in his efforts to make every one feel happy and at home, corralled a number of owners of foxhounds, dogmen and others, and taking them to a tent in the infield, invited them to tackle a bountiful lunch and its Kentuckian fixings. Right willingly did they do it, and then we were treated to some fine old Kentuckian speeches, and P. H. O'Bannon, of Blue Ridge Kennel fame, nobly responded for the dogmen there and at large, in his happiest vein.

On Saturday afternoon an auction sale of dogs took place and Mr. "Amazement" Bell rang them up with his name-sake, and acting as auctioneer disposed of several dogs at low prices. We have not heard who secured the lucky ticket at the raffle for his noted cocker Obadiab, at a dollar a chance, but at the same time we all hoped it would be the fair reporter for the Kentucky *Leader*, who was presented with most of the tickets held by the susceptible dogmen present.

The Danbury (Conn.) dog show in connection with the fair is always a pleasant gathering, and should be taken in by all well-regulated dog men. There is no entrance fee and prizes are quite good, while excellent care is taken of the exhibitors. The show opens Oct. 6, and entries will no doubt be accepted this week. Mr. H. W. Lacy will again judge all classes. We believe several New York kennels will be represented. The show opens really Oct. 7, at 10 A. M., allowing ample time for exhibitors to get there.

We are indebted to Mr. Jean Grosvenor for some very interesting pictures of noted dogs in England, taken during his recent visit to that country with Mr. E. H. Moore. They represent champion Alta Bella and Mr. Moore, Lord Bute, Young Philimmon and Mr. Shillecock, Cardinal Beaufort, the mastiff, and several others, and enable one to form a very good opinion of these dogs without any aid from the deceiving artist's pencil. Mr. Grosvenor says he found the "doggy fellows" in England in most instances quite the right sort, and he had such a good time that he intended sailing on the Majestic a week or so since for a stay of two or three months. Our absence at the shows is our excuse for not writing of this before.

Junius Henri Brown, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, strikes the right chord when he says: "A liking for domestic animals, particularly for dogs—these appeal to virtues which many men do not—is an amiable quality, denoting sympathy and benevolence. He who hates dogs is apt to be at heart a misanthrope; he who abuses them is a greater brute than they. But there are degrees of liking; there are attachments to animals, it seems, that transcend reason and trespass on the confines immemorably ascribed to humanity. Such are the attachments which many women feel or feign for dogs of the most diminutive and ignoble kind. Men in general of the dog fancying order fancy dogs of size and dignity such as St. Bernards, mastiffs, spaniels, setters, collies and hounds. They make companions of them, educate them, and get great pleasure and comfort from their intelligence, fidelity and affection. But they do not treat them as they would their dearest friends, or as superior beings. It would be well if the same might be said of the peculiar canine sympathy of many women which manifests itself in so obnoxious a form. In the streets you meet them bearing miserable curs in their arms and generally prattling to them in a silly, sentimental way, as if anxious to advertise their folly. Occasionally they put their burdens gently down, and, holding a cord fastened to their collars, permit themselves to follow wherever the cur may lead. They are prone to such comments and soliloquies as: 'Where are you going, darling Fido?' 'You mustn't act so naughty, sweet Blanche,' 'Don't do that, my beauty.' 'Your mistress won't love you, precious pet, if you behave so badly.' Sometimes they translate such phrases into baby talk, unconscious, it is to be hoped, of their maudlin fatuity."

The joke was on worthy Dr. Foote at Toronto. The Doctor is not a heavy-weight by any means, but he can reach pretty high. He is always ready to fill a breach when required, and seeing a greyhound without a competent handler he undertook to show it to the best of advantage. Mrs. Foote sat at the edge of the ring when she heard a lady behind her say to her escort: "Just look at that tall slim man, he reminds me of the greyhound he is holding." "Yes," he answered, "same breed!" and Mrs. Foote enjoyed the joke as much as any of us, Doctor included.

After many delays and overcoming of many obstacles, San Francisco now has a model public pound. It was to be ready for occupancy on the 15th. The main building of the Animals' Home is 55ft. long by 30 wide, and is in the colonial style of architecture. We give particulars of the design of the building so that others may profit by the evident good arrangements made for the painless taking off of the city's stray dogs: To the south of the administration building is what is known as the Canine House, which is 31ft. square. The walls are 14ft. high, with a hip roof, making the building about 38ft. in height. The roof is supplied with ventilators and skylights, and is very commodious and airy. The floor will be of asphaltum, and plenty of water will be supplied to keep it clean. The floor has a pitch to the southeast for drainage to the main sewer. The house has an 8-foot entrance, so that the dog wagons may enter and deposit their loads. The floor will be divided off into small sections by movable fences or partitions, by means of which any dog or number of dogs may be kept from the rest. In the southeast corner there is an opening into which fits a cage. When it is decided to asphyxiate certain dogs they will be moved toward the cage, which closes and runs on a track to a small structure known as the lethal chamber. The lethal chamber will be 4½ft. by 9 and 4ft. high. It will be built of pressed brick lined inside with glazed tile. The floor will be of cement and the top a thick plate-glass covering. The door will screw in and be made air-tight. When the cage containing the dogs runs into the chamber the door will be closed. A gaspipe connects with the bottom of the chamber and the gas will be turned on. It is calculated that it will take from seven to nine minutes to complete the asphyxiation. When the time is over a stop will be taken out of the top of the chamber, and the gas that escapes will be ignited and pass off into the air without odor or offense to any one.

*The son of Mr. Dudley, whose father has been quoted as authority for the statement that the Cobden Club of England has a corruption fund of \$1,000,000 to lay out against McKinley, is well known, or was rather, to dogmen as a judge of mastiffs some few years ago. Lately he has taken no active part in mastiff affairs, although he still breeds them.

During the Lexington, Ky., show Mr. Geo. Bell purchased the field spaniel Newton Abbott Farmer from Mr. Cook, of foxhound fame.

Mr. R. D. Morgan, of Akron, O., sold his first prize winning pointer bitch Naso Bell, by Tory White out of Nan of Naso, to Mr. Sphar, whose foxhounds did so well at the show. Though not in the first flight as a show bitch Mr. Morgan tells us she is a good one in the field.

Mr. F. G. Taylor, of Toronto, is playing in hard luck just now. First his crack greyhound Scavenger was run over and had a piece of his tail taken off. The week after Mr. Taylor himself slipped in getting on or off the cars and had

his foot so crushed that though the doctors are trying hard to save it, it may eventually have to be amputated. All dogmen will sympathize with Mr. Taylor under the circumstances.

"Uncle Dick" writes us that the Johnstown Fair dog show was quite an enjoyable one. There were about 100 entries, Mr. Fellows acting as judge. He adds that the people in the Mohawk Valley are preparing for their show in December, when Mr. C. H. Mason will officiate in the ring.

The death of Watch adds another nail to the coffin of high prices in St. Bernards. St. Bernard breeders, and especially those in England, will receive the news of this grand dog's demise with sincere regret, not only because he was almost, if not quite, the best in the world, many good judges scoring him ahead of Sir Bedivere, though excepting in his grand head we could never see it. The price given for Watch was at the time second only to that of Plinlimmon, \$4,700 being the figure; and add this to the price of the grand ones that have passed away since the New York dog show, and our breeders have lost almost \$30,000 in St. Bernards alone. The money value does not, however, represent half the loss in the breeders' eyes, as such animals are not replaced in a day, however willing they may be to dip down into their pockets. Watch had undoubtedly the grandest head ever seen on a St. Bernard in this country. He was imported in the spring of 1890 by Mr. Poag, of Toledo, O. Watch has not been seen in public as often as he might have been, and was to a certain extent lost to the mass of St. Bernard breeders. He was by champion Guide out of Sans Peur, and therefore royally bred. He stood over 33in. high, and weighed in ordinary condition 220lbs.; he never was shown really well fleshed. It was only through assiduous care that he did not die when he first landed here, as he was badly treated on board ship and was sick for some time after. All dog lovers will sympathize, as we do, with Mr. Poag in his great loss, and trust that out of the several litters he has secured by him that he has something that will, to some extent, take his place. Watch was whelped Nov. 9, 1887, and was, therefore, quite in his prime.

Gordon setter men must remember that the entries for the Gordon Stake close Oct. 15.

The Pembroke hunt, master Mr. Mitchell Harrison, held their opening meet on Tuesday last with a run of about three miles. A fashionable gathering was present to see the bounds throw off.

We hear that Messrs. Reick, Jacob Ruppert, Jr. and the Westminster Kennel Club will each put up one hundred dollars for a trophy to be competed for at New York for the best American-bred St. Bernard at the latter show, age and conditions not yet decided.

We have received the September number of *Portraits of Dogs of the Day*, and in this issue the Artotype Publishing Co., 94 Reade street, New York, have fairly surpassed previous issues, publishing five instead of four portraits. The St. Bernard champion Hector, mastiff champion Ilford Chancellor, the collie Christopher, a group of Mr. Windholz's setters, and a capital picture of Capt. McMurdo and the pointer Rip Rap to please the field trial men, comprise a collection of pictures that every lover of dogs should be pleased with. This publication is on sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE IRISH SETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The prospect for the advancement of the Irish setter has never been so bright as it is to-day, and it only remains for the owners of this beautiful breed of dogs to take advantage of the opportunity that is now afforded them to run their dogs in separate trials to prove to the sportsmen of America that as a practical field dog the Irish setter is far above what he is believed to be by the advocates of the other breeds, and as soon as the ice is broken there is no doubt that many fine dogs will be brought out by their owners that have heretofore been kept in the back ground on account of the existing supposition that the red dog cannot get his duns in mixed trials. It is my candid opinion, however, that in our field trials, as conducted to-day, that the best dog will win regardless of color and breeding. I do not mean to insinuate that in days gone by a different state of affairs existed, but I wish to confine myself to the present of which I am better qualified to speak from personal observation and experience.

Mr. E. B. Bishop is in my opinion doing more for the true interests of the breed than has been done by any one in late years and his importation of that wonderful field trial winner Coleraine from the kennels of the Rev. O'Callaghan will add a stimulus to Irish setter affairs that will be most wholesome in its character, especially as she has already proven her wonderful worth by winning over the best dogs of any breed in England and at the largest and most important trials. In Finglas he no doubt has a dog that will also be of immense benefit to the breed. Mr. O'Callaghan wrote me of this pair while he was having them prepared for the trials and before Coleraine had run, and he spoke of them both as being the "best he had seen." Mr. Bishop has the best kennel of Irish setter bitches that has ever been brought together in America, and with a little judicious breeding he will no doubt produce Irish setters that will elevate their field standard to a high degree.

From a close observation of the best Irish setters of both England and America, I have come to the conclusion that Mr. O'Callaghan's dogs slightly excel ours, as a class, in body and leg formation, but I think the Elcho strain has the best of it in head, and although the Irish setter breeders of America have developed and maintained a very regular type, there is a distinctiveness about the Irish setters that have come from Mr. O'Callaghan's kennel that is remarkable for its uniformity, and it proves beyond question that he is breeding on the correct lines.

My friend, Mr. J. J. Mannion, of this city, an Irishman by birth, and an excellent judge of the Irish setter, spent the greater part of the past spring and summer in England and Ireland, and he has made the very startling assertion to me, that there does not exist in Ireland an Irish setter that has been bred in that country that he would pronounce typical of the breed. This is certainly a very broad statement, but I have received the same information from other sources equally reliable, and therefore cannot doubt it.

The Irish setter classes at the coming bench shows will be very interesting from all accounts, and I look for a new set of cracks to be brought out, but whether they will be superior to the winners of the last two years or even as good remains to be seen. I know positively of some half dozen youngsters that will take considerable beating if they are properly prepared and shown.

As a parting suggestion I wish to impress upon the breeders to not lose sight of the bench form and type of our dogs which has attained a degree of excellence surpassed by that of no breed of the canine race, and that the field qualities can be developed and maintained together with a very high degree of bench form has been proven by the experience of Mr. O'Callaghan whose example it would be well to follow, for as soon as we lose the type, which is most dear to all Irish breeders, we will have lost the Irish setter himself. In a word, keep the breed pure, breed only to high class and proven dogs, and demonstrate to the sportsmen of the world that the Irish setter in America is second to no other breed in existence.

W. L. WASHINGTON.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 6.

SPANIELS USED FOR SPORT.

BY EDWIN H. MORRIS.

THERE is an old legend referring to the spaniel which attributes the landing of the Danes in England to the sagacity of a dog of this variety. Lodebrooke, of the blood royal of Denmark, and father of Humbar and Hubba, was out in a boat with his hawks and his spaniel, when a sudden storm carried the boat away from the land and drove it on to the coast of Norfolk. This unexpected visitor was quickly secured, and together with his dog was taken before Edmund, the King of the East Angles, and accused of being a spy.

Lodebrooke soon made himself known to the King, who treated him very kindly, and when his skill in the chase was known he became a great favorite. This aroused the jealousy of the King's falconer, who endeavored to get rid of him, but being unsuccessful, he waylaid and murdered Lodebrooke, concealing his body in the bushes. The court soon missed the favorite, and although Edmund manifested great anxiety about the prince, nothing could be ascertained until the spaniel, who had remained in the woods by the corpse of his master, was driven away by hunger, and suddenly appearing, he approached the King and commenced to fawn, and then ran in the direction of the woods, to entice him to follow, and on so doing the dog took him direct to the dead body.

On the crime being traced to the falconer, he was punished by being placed in the prince's boat and committed to the mercy of the sea, which has been described in the following verse:

"Then forth they dragged the falconer,
As by their monarch told,
And they chained him down to the prince's boat,
As soon as the tempest rolled;
And when a huge cloud in the sky
Stood up with a giant's form.
On a wave, that rose to worship it,
They hurried him to the storm."

It seems that the boat was homeward bound, for it reached the shores Lodebrooke had quitted; the boat was recognized, and the assassin, in order to avoid punishment, said that Lodebrooke had been put to death by order of Edmund. This so exasperated the Danes that they determined on the invasion of England.

Without having any intention of trespassing upon debatable ground, it will be as well to remark that the "claims of long descent" which have been urged in favor of this or that variety of the spaniel family, generally commenced where they should have finished, and where an unusual amount of fervor has been displayed in favor of either variety, ignorance or interested motives have invariably been the prompter; hence, instead of our being able to begin with the Elizabethan period, we have traditional history taking us back prior to the Norman conquest. We find some reference to the spaniel in all the early books on sport, but none of them give any good clue for the tracing of the different varieties, they rather refer to them collectively as Shakespeare does in "King Lear" (Act IV., Scene 6):

"Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym
Or bottail like or trundle-tail."

It is generally admitted by all the early writers that Spain was the home of the spaniel, as the name implies. When that country was at the height of her glory, when her warriors were renowned for their daring and Columbus had contributed to its lustre, the spirit of chivalry was strong in the breasts of those who remained at home, and this found vent in the practice of knight-errantry, in the daring of the bull fights, and was exhibited in a milder form in the pursuit of field sports. It was during this period that the Spaniards brought to so high a degree of perfection both the pointer and the spaniel, and as the wave of civilization extended northward, on its crest was borne the spirit of gallantry with the attendant love of the chase, and the dogs of Spain being so much superior to those used by other nationalities, it naturally followed that they were taken. Although the pointer was frequently used in conjunction with the spaniel by the falconer of those times in England, the latter was generally taken alone, and hence do we find reference to the spaniel as used for the lordly pastime of falconry in many of the early English writings on sport; but in none do we find the sport so charmingly referred to as in "Frank Forester's" lines:

"Lol they muster, lord and lady;
Brow of pride and cheek of bloom;
Pointed beard and tresses shady,
Velvet robe and waving plume.
"Housings gay and bits gold flashing,
Bells of falcons tinkling light;
Chargers tall and palfrey prancing,
Meet for damsel, meet for knight."

It is comparatively easy to thus demonstrate that the spaniel was in general use and was highly esteemed many years before most of the breeds which claim recognition today were heard of, but it is more difficult to explain the existence of several varieties, and perhaps the only good explanation that can be offered is that these dogs came to England through other countries, and not directly from Spain; and the general characteristics, form and color, were undoubtedly the result of the blending of the blood of other varieties of dogs common to those countries, through which they passed, leading to types totally different from the descendants of dogs of direct importation.

From pictures, or from specimens brought direct from Spain, or descended from such, it is clear that in those early days in his native country the spaniel was a dog of medium size, probably about 30 lbs. in weight, standing about 14 in. at the shoulders, more resembling the modern cocker spaniel in build, though more full in the muzzle, and more square than round in skull, in which respects he may be said to be nearer the field spaniel in type, although in general character he did not resemble the modern excessively long and low detachment.

The color of these dogs was liver, white and black, lemon, orange, sometimes with white patches, or a general mixture of the colors, with occasionally solid hues.

The condition of Spain for centuries has not been very favorable to the retention of any great degree of excellence in sporting dogs, and at present no dogs could be found in that country resembling those of the present age, or their prototypes of ages past. The nearest approach to them is to be found in the province of Picardy, in France. They were used in conjunction with the Barbet Griffon, Basset-hound, or Braque, and other dogs, to produce the "setting spaniel" for the hunters with the net, prior to the introduction of firearms, so that eventually true bred spaniels could only be found in England. In that country different districts selected such types as were particularly adapted to the country they were worked over, or perhaps chance and color had much to do with certain varieties being named after, and becoming common to different counties. Hence we find Sussex, Norfolk and Devonshire with types named after them. Formerly there were only two distinctions, those used for land, termed field spaniels, and those more generally preferred for water, called water spaniels. After this came the distinction of counties, color and uses, when the larger varieties, common to Norfolk, Sussex and the Midlands, were called springers, and the smaller kind found in Devon, the West of England and Wales were called cockers.

The water spaniels were sub-divided, and were formerly known as the old English, common to the southern and midland counties, which were liver in color, with occasional white marks, they were of medium size, and were passionately fond of water. The Northern or Tweeddale was very similar in color and instinct, but a trifle more resembling the curly-coated retriever. There were also two kinds in Ireland, the Northern, with much white, and not very thick set, and the ancestors of the present Irish water spaniels, which were then chiefly found in the South, and were liver in color, more cobby in build, and so far superior to any of the other varieties of water spaniels that they have been vastly improved, and are now held in high esteem, while the other varieties have become extinct, leaving the field, or rather the water, clear to the Irishmen.

This is a brief outline of the distant past of the spaniel in Britain, and in order to bring it down to the present we have but to record the introduction of dogs from France by the Duke of Newcastle about two hundred years ago, which were supposed to have been the result of a cross between the Spanish smaller sporting dog and the French Basset hound, these are now called Clumber spaniels, the first name being taken from the Duke's residence in Nottinghamshire, called Clumber House, and they were classed as spaniels, because of their supposed origin, and their being used for the same purpose as the ordinary field spaniel. Still they were known by some as the pheasant dog, because of the lack of a name, some doubt as to their being of the spaniel family, and because at first they were almost entirely worked on pheasants.

The cockers were at this time generally used for woodcock, and the springer or field spaniel, which now comprised all the various strains, were used for all kinds of covert purposes.

The field spaniels being the original, it will be well to adopt the Spaniel Club's order, and speak of this variety first.

The Norfolk spaniel has long since ceased to exist in its old form. He was too heavy and sluggish for the sportsmen of a century since, and he was merged into the stock common throughout England, then known as springers; which perhaps accounts for the liver, and lemon and white, of so many of the working spaniels of that country. There is a probability that the first stock was imported from France, and it may be that it was a prior importation of the dogs which the Duke of Newcastle found in a more primitive state, and which were afterward called Clumbers. There was a decided resemblance in color, and they were much the same in conformation and characteristics.

As the black field spaniel is only a result of modern views and bench show demands, and as the Sussex is the only variety which has been kept without any mixture of the blood of other varieties in earlier times, it will be right to refer to them fully, and as they were greatly used in the production of the black and tan, and solid black modern field spaniel, it will not be out of place, nor can it be taken as an instance of partiality, if the Sussex are taken first, though somewhat contrary to the order of things in club matters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

THE English correspondence of a Western paper gives a most astounding statement as to the action of the English Kennel Club in the permanent disqualification of Mr. Wm. Graham, and I cannot but feel that there must be something unexplained that accounts for such an unheard-of course. As it stands, dense stupidity and intolerable despotism strive for the pre-eminence. As stated, the trouble arose in Mr. Graham's dog being second to two dogs placed equal firsts, the full prize money for second being paid to Mr. Graham. The owners of the equal firsts being dissatisfied with the amount they received appealed to the Kennel Club, who ordered Mr. Graham to return the money received "in error," which he refused to do, and was thereupon disqualified for life. It seems past understanding how there could be any fog on what Mr. Graham's rights were with any one commonly conversant with the English language. "Equal" is a word of most positive and exact meaning, as definite as "better" or "worse," there is no possible chance for ratiocination here. The meaning of two dogs being "equal" is so obvious that it would be an insult to the intelligence of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to offer an explanation. As they were equally entitled to the prize money there was but one way of settling it, an "equal" division. The owner whose dog was second was clearly entitled to the prize offered, and it is evident that the equality as to the first position in no way affected his rights. To rival this intense stupidity, the Kennel Club is said to have inflicted a penalty, properly incurred only by discreditable or dishonorable conduct, and it needs no argument to show that refusal to surrender a right properly belonging—in a word, a right—can never be discreditable or dishonorable. The assertion of the Kennel Club, as propounded in this reported decision, is that refusal to comply with their behests is disgraceful! This is too monstrous a doctrine to be tolerated for an instant. The truth is that all such bodies as kennel clubs are apt to lapse into absolutism; to administer the laws the body itself makes is a severe strain, and any victim of oppression such as is asserted in the foregoing case would do a service to clubs and the kennel public generally by taking his case into court, where the outcome would not be in doubt. Litigation is generally to be deprecated, but there are times when no other weapon will answer.

A well-known gentleman, for whom I have a great respect, suggests to me a consideration as to the report of a rude reception being given two American dog lovers at the office of the London *Stock-Keeper*, although these persons presented introductions to Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, the kennel editor of that paper. It goes without saying that the report must be very much overdrawn, circumstances might make the reception a cool one, but that any approach to the rudeness described would be permitted at that office is out of the question, nor would Mr. Krehl be described by the office force as "a man who sometimes works for us." The affair is paltry in the extreme, but it suggests attention to the almost criminal carelessness Americans display in giving letters of introduction to parties resident abroad. Our easy way of making acquaintances allows great latitude in such matters in this country, and we all give such letters with very little thought, but in Europe the case is very different, and an introductory letter there is taken as a thing of weight. In this particular case the writer of the letter of introduction could not have had any extensive knowledge either of the bearer of the letter or the party to whom it was addressed, and it certainly was rather stretching things to give such a letter under the circumstances. Think carefully when you give an introduction to an English party and be sure that you clearly express the full effect you wish the letter to bear.

Comical suggestions that English and American judges should follow the lead of Russian judges in awarding prizes to Barzols arise from the fact that one of this breed sent as a return gift by a Grand Duke to Col. North, the distinguished greyhound owner, was summarily set aside as a very bad one by English judges, and some references that have appeared from time to time to the odd mixture of metaphysics and dog show form in Continental show awards, suggest that the root of the ridiculous ideas Continental judges and fanciers so often display is in their attempt to combine form and use in one measure and to require that

the good-looking dog should always be a good performer, and as a natural sequence to this, that the successful performer be of the correct show form. Some such hazy idea is very apt to befog the brains of intellectual people everywhere when they first tackle fancy in her own realm; but centuries of practical success as fanciers by the British and our inheritance of their traditions have furnished a smother for the folly, both here and in England, and the outcries of it that constantly crop up soon terminate simply by neglect and lack of attention. But, as during their stage of incubation they worry intelligent beginners not a little, it is not amiss to consider the practical method that dispels such fogs.

The proper and only "true type" of any breed is that which most exactly subserves the purposes for which the breed is designed. Any malformation which is likely to unfit the dog for its uses is fatal to its being true to type, but it must always be borne in mind that no amount of perfection of form insures real usefulness. No sensible man would venture heavily backing the very highest show specimen of a greyhound in a coursing match when the animal had never run in one. It might have every detail of conformation to make it a great performer, yet lose its first course and never win another. Probably America never produced another race horse so perfectly built and such a lovely specimen as Montgomery, and very few, if any, uglier, more unlikely specimens were ever seen than the great Fashion, yet had they lived at one time and appeared in the same race, it would have been thousands to one on Fashion. The London *Stock-Keeper* lately noted that the great Master McGrath would have been put out of a show ring at sight, that the crack Comassie was a miserable weed, and that another celebrated animal that never lost a course was a most indifferent specimen. Now it by no means follows from these examples that we are to aim at breeding animals that look like Fashion, Master McGrath or Comassie. Nicholas I. and Lexington, Memnon and Mother Demdike, are instances of how the highest type can be united with the greatest of performances. We should breed for type first and foremost, and will find more instances of great performers among the truly formed than among the untypical animals. This is not only true of the specimens themselves, but of their breeding value, the few odd instances of queer and untruly formed animals that were great performers do not contain an instance of one that turned out of any marked breeding value.

The path out of this fog is a very straight and obvious one. Keep the two qualifications entirely distinct, a show ring cannot demonstrate ability for actual performances, and performances by no means involve true form.

Mention of weasels reminds me of various references that have appeared of late to a story of a dog being assailed by a large number of weasels, three dozen, I think, was the number mentioned—and with one exception, the references have been in the nature of ridicule, dubbing it "a fish story." Now, incredulity is almost as apt to go astray as the most infantile credulity, and in this case, it is by no means unlikely that the doubting Thomases are the ones "off." The congregation of three dozens of weasels is a very unlikely thing, but very far from an incredible one. All kinds of wild animals are subject to fits of congregating mania, when they draw together in great numbers for no conceivable reason. No theory of search for food will account for the migration of animals in all instances, those of buffalo, lemmings, etc., for it has often been shown that the migrations were from districts where food was abundant to others where it was comparatively scarce. Why snakes gather in lumps and knots, after the spring has opened, has always been incomprehensible, warmth being out of the question, they being cold-blooded animals. While therefore the congregating of a large number of weasels is uncommon and unexplainable, it will not do to laugh it away as impossible.

THE ONLOOKER

ACCLIMATIZATION OF DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apropos of Dr. Niven's letter, I would contribute my experience, and draw no deductions from it, leaving that to whoever wishes to do so. I have imported six mastiffs at different times, four of them being bitches in whelp. In every case the animals thrived right along. All the bitches whelped good-sized litters of healthy pups. My dogs run at large over my ten acres without any restraint, are fed pretty much whatever they will eat and all they want; in fact, are pretty much left to themselves as far as other care than clean, comfortable shelter is concerned. I have also imported three adult and three bottail puppies, all of whom were kept under about the same circumstances as the mastiffs and all did as well.

Just what my experience teaches I hardly know, but I always did maintain that if you gave dogs a decent chance to do something like nature indicated, they would do pretty well, and when it comes to fussing over a dog, measuring its food, regulating its hours of feeding, etc., as though it were a delicate baby you were caring for, I propose to go out of dogs. Dogs are essentially and fundamentally wild animals, and how they are to be kept under unnatural conditions of confinement I do not pretend to know, although there is no question that some breeders do succeed in breeding and keeping dogs in good health and condition, with the very minimum of room and liberty. Dr. J. S. Turner, the distinguished mastiff breeder, is an instance in point; but very few are Dr. Turners.

HULTON, Pa.

W. WADE.

DEATH OF WATCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I write to inform you of the death of Watch on Sept. 21 of inflammation of the lungs. He was sick but a few days.

TOLEDO, O.

JOHN POAG.

DOG'S INSTINCT VS. MAN'S KNOWLEDGE.—Denver, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A St. Bernard bitch of mine while nursing a litter developed a cake in one of the teats. I tried to grease and rub it out, but to no purpose, as it enlarged rapidly, suppurating setting in. A physician living near gave me an ointment to apply, telling me to call with her the next evening. After an examination at the appointed time he said it was just ripe for the lancet, and he would call around in a few minutes and open it. But it was not necessary; on arriving home she began to gnaw at the swelling and soon had it well opened, the pus flowing out freely. I did nothing, made no application to the sore, which rapidly healed, and is now marked with a small scar. As my medical friend remarked, "I knew dogs would take good care of themselves, but never knew they would open an abscess."—C. W. T.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Shoodie. By H. Wurzbach, Midland Park, N. J., for beagle bitch, whelped April 21, 1891, by champion Royal Krueger out of Trissie W.

Chief of Tara. By H. G. J. Hollowell, Conshohocken, Pa., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 21, 1891, by champion Chief (champion Berkley—champion Duck) out of Bizreena (champion Nimrod—Bizarot).

In programme events and made a run of 166 straight. Averages: E. D. Miller 85 per cent. Amateurs: T. Eldridge, of Knoxville, first, 85 per cent.; S. Vangilder, of Knoxville, second, 82.1 per cent.

CANOEING IN 1891.

The success of *Orizana* is due to no one element or predominating feature, to no evasion of the rule, but rather to the fact that the whole boat, from keel to truck, in model, construction and every trivial detail, is the harmonious and symmetrical effort of a master mind; the result probably of years of observation and study in preparation for such a return as this to the field of sailing yachts. A careful study of the whole boat will show that in nearly all respects she

THE BURGESS FUND.—The fund for the education of the two sons of Mr. Burgess has reached the total of \$30,000.

TORONTO C. C.—A very tempting invitation in verse was sent out by the Toronto C. C. for a pow-wow at the wigwam "Fancy Free" on the Island, on Sept. 4.

The displaceme should contemplate and allow for the efficient carrying of a reasonable amount of extra weight, representing an ordinary cruising kit and stores—say 60lbs. The float must allow of a permanent well of sufficient length to allow the man to sit below; this needs about 4ft. There should be two watertight bulkheads, one forward and one aft the well, and not over 1 ft. apart. This precaution minimizes the danger of a capsiz; indeed, apart from being smashed up by a heavy sea, there is little or no danger attending the capsiz of a properly fitted sailboat. The man is in the rigging, and the skipper, provided he knows his work. The rig must be such as to be lowered by the skipper from the well while afloat. And lastly, no angle part—such as centerplate or empty hull—should be of greater weight than a man can lift or drag unaided.—*W. Baden-Powell, in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," Seventh Edition.*

Gaunting the three races, class W. Perkins participated in he has been a victor in eleven contests since the first of July. The boat he used is a new one, made expressly for him by W. F. Stevens, and is the one which he used a few days ago, when he won three notable races. It weighs but 40 lbs., with the paddle and is the first ever built of its kind. The skin is in one piece from gunwale to gunwale. Therefore the builders here are claimed that it could not be built in that size. Mr. Stevens has probably proved that it can. He also built the boats used in the sailing class by Paul Butler and D. S. Goddard, the latter being a new boat just built by Mr. Butler. —*Lowell Courier.*

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. FALL CAMP.—A three days meet will be held this week at Egg Beach, opposite Spuyten Duyvil, by the Knickerbocker C. C., beginning on Friday. A number of races will take place on Saturday. A number of canoe men from other clubs will be present.

IGUANA.—The new canoe owned and used by H. D. Murphy at the meet has been purchased by H. M. Smith, of Boston, who sailed the Hornet at the meet, and who has just joined the A. C. A. Mr. Murphy goes abroad this month to study art, and will be absent for a couple of years.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. **Canoe and Boat Building.** By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. **The Canoe Aurora.** By C. A. Newell. Price \$1. **Canoe Handling.** By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. **Canoe and Camera.** By T. S. Stride. Price 1.50. **Four Months in a Sneakbox.** By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. **Canoe and Camp Cookery.** By "Sneak." Price \$1.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

MATCHLESS, Chicago.—The side with the head.

J. H. R.—The New Jersey law allows squirrel shooting between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Virginia law does not forbid taking quail out of the State; but exportation is forbidden by the West Virginia statute.

W. A. S., Chepachet, R. I.—Is there any law now in force in Rhode Island restricting black bass fishing to three days in each week, or has there ever been such a law in the State? Ans. No such law is given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

C. W. V., New York City.—Will you please let me know the game law of A. comack county, Va., as relating to ducks and geese, what months they may be shot in, and whether any restrictions as to shooting same on certain days only of each week? Ans. Wildfowl may not be killed between May 1 and Sept. 1, nor at any time in the night, nor except from the land; nor at any time by non-residents.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24.—You can get prairie chicken and prunes for 40 cents now at C. C. Wm. Meyers' restaurant on Madison street, or at least this elegant dish was obtainable there a few days ago. Mr. H. D. Nicholls and Mr. C. D. Gammmon have between them located eight cases of prairie chicken and prunes at Mr. Meyers' place, and Mr. Abner Price one case, and Messrs. John Haskell and Ed Goodrich and a Mr. Potter three cases more. Game is being generally sold at the restaurants now, perhaps on the representations of unscrupulous dealers. It is unlawful to sell prairie chickens in Illinois until Oct. 1, though they may be killed Sept. 15.

President Price has had State Warden Buck in his employ for the past week, and the latter at last accounts had located six cases on restaurants, including two on the Washington street saloon restaurant kept by one Fredricks.

There will be four of the second crop Rector cases tried to-morrow morning, or rather they are set for trial then.

Night before last Messrs. R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, their friends Messrs. Haines and McPherson, and myself visited the Stock Exchange restaurant, Monroe and Dearborn streets, and located a whole broiled prairie chicken. No prunes are served with game at this place, which should be held as an extenuating circumstance. I hope the man Meyer, who serves illegal chicken and also prunes will get it hard and heavy.

Last evening Mr. A. H. Harryman and myself again went to the Stock Exchange restaurant. This time the waiter was approached in regard to some quail on toast, as per bill of fare, and he declared the birds young and very good. We found two of them so.

It is no trouble to get illegal game in the Chicago restaurants. It isn't much trouble to get the restaurants find, either, and the boys are going to have some more fun at this, a good deal of it, it would seem.

Col. C. E. Felton made high bag of Mineola Club, at Fox Lake, on opening day, 40 ducks. He is now absent in Minnesota chickens shooting.

Messrs. Place and Lapham had fair shooting at local ducks on their Heron Lake, Minn., trip, and also three days of good chicken shooting.

Dick Turtle and Sam Booth got 40 chickens last week on a little hunt in Lee county, less than 80 miles from

Chicago. The weather was very warm. The birds were already taking to the corn and were banded.

Messrs. John L. Jones and his friend Mr. John Howley made their annual trip this year to Worthington, S. D., and had good shooting at chickens and at local ducks. Hank Twitchell is a market hunter and good guide at Worthington. He says there will be water and a good flight of northern ducks in that region in October.

The late torrid season has burned up the already dry Northwest, but to-day advices come that rain is falling over the Dakotas and northern Minnesota. The latter region has been visited by heavy forest fires. Duluth has been enveloped in smoke for the past 36 hours. Extensive prairie fires have swept over South Dakota, causing the loss of several lives.

The fall season at Fox Lake has been poor. The northern birds are of course not down yet. Snipe very few. The Kankakee country expects little snipe this fall. The Illinois River valley is unusually dry below Peoria.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana and the Michigan Central roads will make hunters' rates via Chicago, Mackinaw and St. Ignace to points in northern Michigan and Wisconsin. The Chicago and Northwestern, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Wisconsin Central, and Lake Shore and Western roads have announced their intention to meet the rates at once.

State Game Warden Land, for Colorado, has lately tried to capture the parties who lately killed five buffalo on the Kenosha range, but failed to do. Colorado protects the buffalo absolutely till 1900. Warden Land says: "I judge that we have now in the State something less than fifty buffalo, and these are in four bunches. One of these has recently been seen in Middle Park and numbers but five. Another, and possibly the largest, is in the Kenosha range, and numbers possibly twenty. The third, of ten or fifteen head, is at Hahn's Peak, in Routt county. The fourth, and the smallest except that at Middle Park, is at Dolores."

Mr. W. W. Carney, late of Great Bend and Leavenworth, Kansas, and formerly owner of the Barton county ranch, where the American Coursing Club held its runnings, will no longer be identified with the Middle West, but with the Coast. He has gone to Portland, Ore., for permanent residence. This is a good thing for Portland, but bad for Kansas, where Mr. Carney was so generally known and respected.

Chicago shooters have enjoyed Mr. Townsend's spirited sketches, "Among the Wildfowl," but two or three have called my attention to the fact that there is something wrong with No. 3, issue of Sept. 17, "Where Ignorance is Bliss." The bird shown in the act of dropping into the decoys is going the wrong way. Ducks always alight against the wind, and the shooter puts out his decoys so that the wind blows against his back and toward the decoys. The reasons for this are obvious to a shooter. Mr. Townsend's fleet seems to point against the wind and the duck is lighting against the wind, but to do this it has had to cross directly over the blind. This would keep it out of sight while "making the draw," unless the shooter moved his head, as many shooters would. Out here we shoot with the wind blowing from blind to decoys, whenever that is possible, as our ducks are no longer ignorant and are apt to take a jump if they draw in close over a boat or blind by mistake. With the wind at back, the shooter has the whole beautiful picture of the "draw" in front of him. It is very likely that artistic reasons, however, influenced the able artist in grouping his figures thus and in taking advantage of the perspective, so as to have the canvas back in front. If Mr. Townsend did not know as much about shooting as any of us he could not make these pictures.

It is bad news to say that State Warden F. L. Buck, whose effective work for the State and for the Kankakee, Fox, and latterly for the Illinois State Association I have taken such pleasure in recording, is to leave the work altogether. He goes on the road for a hardware and tin house. Warden Buck has not received his salary for last April, he says, and he is not pleased with the fact that the Fox River people are making arrangements

with a \$45 a month warden to watch the ice fishing this winter, he is to be paid out of funds which Buck had helped raise. Perhaps there is some misunderstanding in all this. Certainly it is to be regretted we lose so good a man. The State has no appropriation out of which he can be paid. I should like to see the Fox and Kankakee associations make up that April salary between them. I believe Mr. Cole would favor this.

Sept. 25.—Mr. C. S. Burton is back from his shooting trip to Dalton, Minn., and is downcast. He says he did not get a dozen birds. The country was all dried up. From the car window he saw in one field fourteen stacks of wheat burning up in one of the prairie fires, the poor farmer looking on helpless.

Reports to-day are that rain is falling in the Northwest. The fires at Ashland, Wis., are dying out. The Rat River Marsh, near Medina Junction, Wis., was burning all day yesterday. A heavy fire has raged along the Wolf River country. Seven deaths in the fires are reported from Minnesota and Wisconsin. Below us the heat is intense. A fire on the Kankakee marshes now would mean that the bog and peat would burn down five feet deep, utterly destroying all duck feed, as was once the case at Cumberland Lodge. E. HOUGH.

AN INCIDENT OF DEER STALKING.—London, Sept. 20.—Thos. Fielden, member of Parliament for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, while deer stalking on Saturday in the mountains of Scotland, was resting on a crag at the summit of a mountain when he lost his balance and fell backward over a precipice. Gamekeeper Fraser sprang forward, and at great risk of being pulled over the cliff himself caught the vanishing bagstrap of the falling man and checked his descent so that he swung upon a rocky ledge 20ft. below. But for this he would have fallen to the bottom of the ravine, a distance of 1,000ft. Fielden had been made insensible by the fall and contact with the rocks. Fraser was obliged to hold fast to the unconscious man and could not leave him to summon help. He shouted and fired his gun to attract the attention of Mr. Banner and others who were hunting with Mr. Fielden. It was an hour before Banner and his party, who had heard the gun and were trying to locate the point where it was fired, caught sight with their glasses of their unfortunate companion. They sent their allies to fetch appliances for the rescue and care of the injured man and themselves hastened to the spot. It was six hours from the time of the accident before the rescuers arrived. The six men in the party then managed to raise Mr. Fielden, and he was carried on a stretcher to Gendoll Lodge, Mr. Banner's place, where medical care was procured. Mr. Fielden's ribs were broken and his ankle sprained and he also sustained severe scalp wounds, but his injuries will probably not prove fatal. Mr. Fielden unquestionably owes his life to Gamekeeper Fraser's faithfulness and presence of mind.—*Cable to the Recorder.*

During the terrific thunder storm on Tuesday afternoon a most remarkable event occurred on the farm of Fred Pless, about one mile from Long Lake, on the old Detroit and Lansing plank road, township of Genoa, Livingston county, says the *Detroit Free Press*. During the storm one of Mr. Pless's hired men was standing in the open door of the grain barn watching the descending flood, when a turtle was rained down. The reptile, when measured, was found to be 5 by 3½ in., and weighed 7½ lb. It struck upon its back in a pool that had been formed in front of the door by the rain with a "spat" or "crack" as loud as a pistol shot, indicating its fall from a considerable height. W. H. Russell, the attorney, who was at the house of Mr. Pless at the time, secured the turtle, and now has it at his room 27 Moffat block. His theory is that it must have been swept up into the clouds by some strong uplift of atmosphere from one of the numerous small lakes in that locality. Its great weight, however, makes the circumstances chiefly remarkable, much more so than the fall of aulewornas and small fish, which have been noted in the past.

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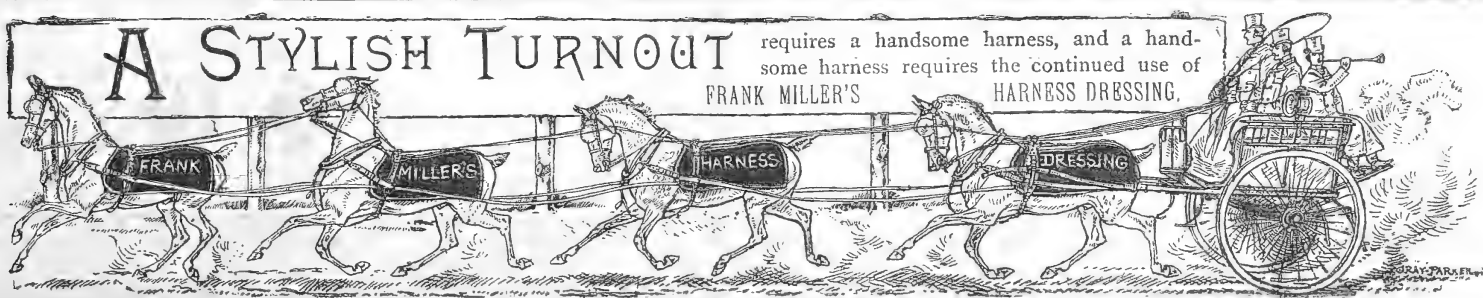
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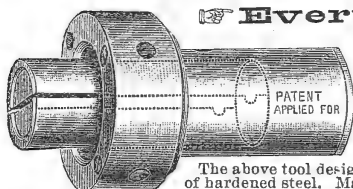
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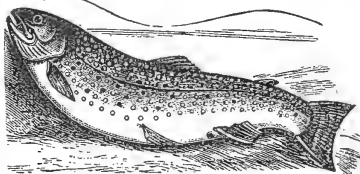
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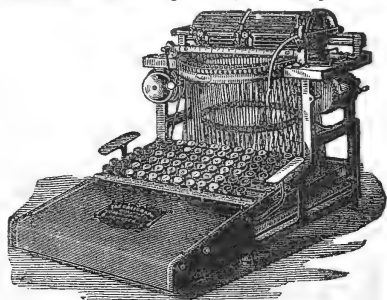
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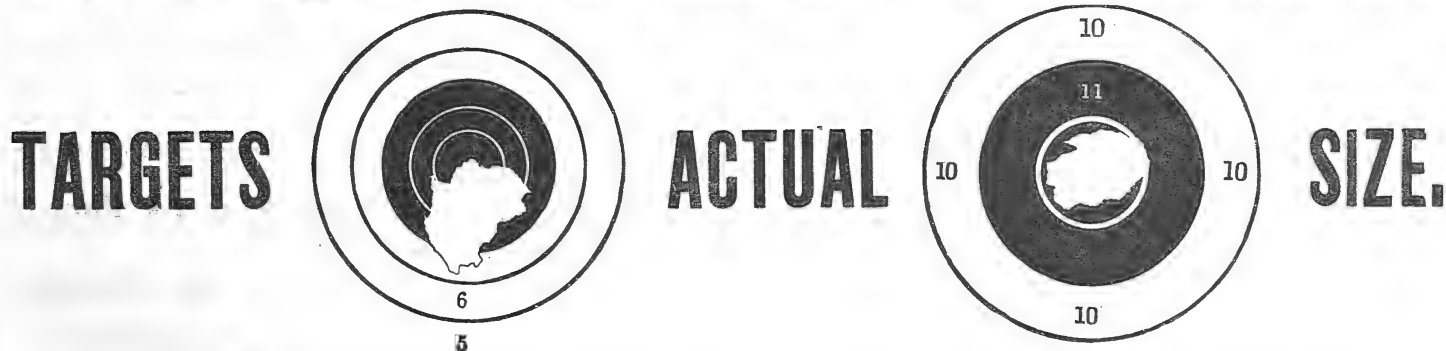
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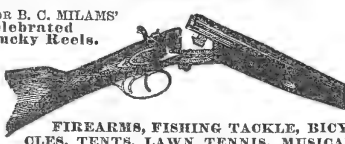
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 12.
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 30 cents per line. Special rates for three, six, and twelve months. Seven words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted. Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Reading notices \$1.00 per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

May begin at any time. Subscription price for single copy \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. Rates for clubs of annual subscribers:

Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.

Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 318 BROADWAY.

NEW YORK CITY.

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OCTOBER DAYS.

FIELDS as green as when the summer birds caroled above them, woods more gorgeous with innumerable hues and tints of ripening leaves than a blooming parterre, are spread beneath the azure sky, whose deepest color is reflected with intenser blue in lake and stream. In them against this color, are set the scarlet and gold of every tree upon their brinks, the painted hills, the clear-cut mountain peaks, all downward pointing to the depths of this nether sky.

Overhead, thistledown and the silken balloon of the milkweed float on their zephyr-wafted course, silver motes against the blue; and above them are the black cohorts of crows in their straggling retreat to softer climes. Now the dark column moves steadily onward, now veers in confusion from some suspected or discovered danger, or pauses to assail with a harsh clangor some sworn enemy of the sable brotherhood.

Their gray-clad smaller cousins, the jays, are for the most part silently industrious among the gold and bronze of the beeches, fitting to and fro with flashes of blue as they gather mast, but now and then finding time to scold an intruder with an endless variety of discordant outcry.

How sharp the dark shadows are cut against the sunlit fields, and in their gloom how brightly shine the first fallen leaves and the starry bloom of the asters. In cloudy days and even when rain is falling the depths of the woods are not dark, for the bright foliage seems to give forth light and casts no shadows beneath the lowering sky.

The scarlet maples glow, the golden leaves of poplar and birch shine through the misty veil, and the deep purple of the ash glows as if it held a smouldering fire that the first breeze might fan into a flame, and through all this luminous leafage one may trace branch and twig as a wick in a candle flame. Only the evergreens are dark as when they bear their steadfast green in the desolation of winter, and only they brood shadows.

In such weather the woodland air is laden with the light burden of odor, the faintly pungent aroma of the ripened leaves, more subtle than the scent of pine or fir, yet as apparent to the scent, as delightful and more rare, for in the round of the year its days are few, while in summer sunshine and winter wind, in springtime shower and autumnal frost, pine, spruce, balsam, hemlock and cedar distil their perfume and lavish it on the breeze or gale of every season.

Out of the marshes, now changing their universal green to brown and bronze and gold, floats a finer odor than their common reek of ooze and sodden weeds—a spicy tang of frost-ripened flags and the fainter breath of the landward border of ferns; and with these also is mingled the subtle pungency of the woodlands, where the pepperidge is burning out in a blaze of scarlet, and the yellow flame of the poplars flickers in the lightest breeze.

The air is of a temper neither too hot nor too cold, and in what is now rather the good gay wood than green wood, there are no longer pestering insects to worry the flesh and trouble the spirit.

The flies bask in half torpid indolence, the tormenting whine of the mosquito is heard no more. Of insect life one hears little but the mellow drone of the bumble bee, the noontide chirp of the cricket and the husky rustle of the dragon fly's gauzy wing.

Unwise are the tent dwellers who have folded their canvas and departed to the shelter of more stable roof-trees, for these are days that should be made the most of, days that have brought the perfected ripeness of the year and display it in the fullness of its glory.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT is sometimes practicable to find a better use for a stately tree than to chop it down for firewood, and a more sensible use for an historical site than to build on it a factory. There has recently been incorporated in Massachusetts a society under the title of "The Trustees of Public Reservations," whose purpose is to acquire and maintain for the people the beautiful and historical places and tracts of land. Mr. J. B. Harrison, agent for the Trustees, invites correspondence from those who may inform him as to places which should be given attention by the Society. The special work assumed by the Trustees of Public Reservations must appeal to every lover of natural scenery and to every public-spirited citizen. We hope to see the example of Massachusetts followed by other States. New York has already secured the Niagara Falls Reservation, and ought to have an Adirondack Park.

The Rhode Island Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was incorporated many years ago, but after a while it fell into decay and faded from public view. So completely did it disappear that not even the sportsmen of the State most interested in fish and game knew of its existence. Last year, however, a new organization was formed, and when the members applied for a charter they discovered the existence of the old society. Some of its members were called together, the promoters of the new society joined it in a body, and with the accession of members and interest the long inactive association straightway became a power in the land. Systematic warfare was waged on the snarers who had had full swing so long as to have become defiant and boastful; and special attention was paid to the market men and the hotel keepers. Detectives were employed, prosecutions instituted, snares destroyed and snarers arrested. In short there has been an active campaign, and the results already attained are most encouraging. Rhode Island is only repeating the experience of other States and thus emphasizing anew the almost universal rule that if we are to have any effective game protection in this country, for the present at least it must be secured by the efforts of individuals and societies.

If there is any one "natural right" a Florida cracker clings to more tenaciously than to any other it is to kill deer at any time, not excluding the breeding seasons. In 1877 a law was enacted protecting deer, wild turkeys, quail and mocking birds from April to September. This was resented by the crackers, and one of the first acts of the next Legislature was to repeal the obnoxious statute. Subsequent efforts on the part of intelligent sportsmen of the State have been fruitless until this year; but now Florida has a law, which we trust will be respected and

retained. The open seasons prescribed are for deer the months of November, December, January and February, and for wild turkey and quail Nov. 1 to March 1. A provision evidently designed as a concession to local preferences is that the commissioners of any county may designate four other months for deer killing. This is quite in keeping with the practice in most Southern States, where such game laws as are in force at all are for the most part county laws. It appears to be out of the question for Georgia or North or South Carolina or Virginia or Alabama to fix on a law applicable to the entire State. The statute books are lumbered up with page after page of county laws, and these are annually changing to suit local convenience. As the chief excuse for game protection is to protect the game in breeding time, one fails to understand how the public can feel much respect for regulations which are so inconsistent and in that inconsistency so unreasonable. If nature demands the protection of birds in one county at one period, the demand is equally urgent in an adjoining county. We have already noted that under its new constitution Kentucky will find a way out of the confusing game legislation now in vogue, for all Kentucky laws must in the future be of general application.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, as represented by its president, Mr. Abner Price, and those who are working with him, deserve all praise for the prosecutions of Chicago restaurant keepers who deal in illicit game birds. The newsy letters of our alert Chicago correspondent have kept readers of this journal fully informed of the progress of the work. Later developments, since the publication of Mr. Hough's last letter, may be summed up in a few words. C. C. William Meyer, convicted of selling four prairie chickens, has paid a fine of \$20 with \$14 costs; Aaron & Son, game dealers who supplied Meyer, were arrested, and with two barrels of illicit prairie chickens discovered by Warden Buck were taken before the justice, who let them off with a fine of \$30. In the two barrels were 133 birds, and a full penalty would have mounted up to \$3,300. It is trusted that the Association will not rest with the paltry result of the Aaron case. George Williams, of the Lakeside restaurant, has paid a fine of \$15 and costs, this for chickens. Rector has taken another continuance of his case. One after another the restaurant men are coming up to settle. What the effect of the year's work will be it is difficult to conjecture; but there would be no question whatever about it if the Illinois Association would supply funds for a persistent campaign this year and next year. After all has been said it remains true that the Chicago prosecutions are almost wholly the result of individual activity. The Association should not fail to support its officers in a work which is less for the benefit of Chicago than the State at large. So long as the South Water street game dealers handle game out of season the game will be sent to them from Illinois covers.

A New England sportsman, who has been shooting all his life and claims that something over 40,000 birds have fallen to his gun, is fond of asserting that of all these only two were killed out of season. One springtime, a relative being ill and her physician suggested a game bird as likely to tempt her palate, he took his gun and set out to provide for the invalid a robin or a meadowlark. He was crossing a little brook, when a cock woodcock got up before him; and without an instant's reflection he killed it. The other instance happened one day in August when he was out working a puppy. Most of the day had gone by and not a shot had been fired. At length the puppy made its first point, and a bird rose, which was taken to be a woodcock (then in season), but being shot proved a chicken grouse.

The frequency with which hunters in the woods are mistaken for game by other hunters has prompted the sportsmen of Bangor to invent a deer hunter's protective vestment, consisting of a flaming red coat, piebald pantaloons and gilded helmets. To this equipment should be added a tin trumpet to be tooted at frequent intervals like a fog horn at sea.

New York customs officers seized a big lot of smuggled snakes last week. One of the reptiles was declared to measure fifteen feet in length and to bark like a dog. As we have no infant snakes of that variety indigenous to this favored land the duty on serpent importations is clearly for revenue only.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FOUR OF A KIND.

"ALL aboard! Git."

The heavy farm wagon, drawn by a pair of as uncouth and raw mules as ever graced the western mountains, commenced to move and we were off. We, that is Ben, Dan, Jack and Shoshone, were going to spend a week at the lake. For this event elaborate preparations had been made. Under the seats were rifles, guns, rods, tackle, bedding, cooking utensils, grub and a wall tent. What more could we want? A twenty-mile uphill ride over a rough road is not a theme upon which the lyric nurse can spread herself. Nevertheless we sometimes derive health, zest and inspiration in spite of, rather than aided by our surroundings, and that all-day ride was as enjoyable to the mental man as it was uncomfortable to his physical tenement.

It was Indian summer; not the Indian summer of the East, with its gorgeous wealth of color, its hazy, sensuous atmosphere, its dreamy transition from the lusty life of summer to the dreary desolation of November, but that unique season of the far West, when grassy hills and pine-robed peaks but change their green for sober garb of gray and brown, when the fitful breezes do but moderate the burning heat of August. We have no autumn. At night we lie down and call it summer, and, before morning, a chilling, nipping frost has come. The branches are bare, birds have flown, white are the mountain crests and winter is here. But if there is an Indian summer amid these Watsatch summits, it is the brief season through which we have just passed.

At the end of the first hour we are four miles from our starting point, on the summit of a divide, where we stop to give the team a good rest. Behind and below us is the valley of the Upper Sevier, a perfect basin through which the slow-wandering river makes its sinuous path. That little group of cabins and houses in the center of the scene is Panguitch. About it are squares of golden stubble and brown rowen. Surrounding these, on every side, are the great gray hills, their soft blue serrated summits holding up the colder, clearer azure of the firmament. The wheels rumble and we pitch down into South Cañon and climb, between frowning, black walls, six miles further to the top of the second divide. From the second divide we drop to the creek level, and, by mutual consent, we stop at the "white rocks" to secure a trout dinner and then to cook it.

Famous throughout this section of the land are the white rocks. Here the fishermen resort, in season and out of season, but the supply of trout does not seem to diminish, nor does the dainty *fontinalis* learn wisdom by the experience of his fellows. The white rocks are rugged walls of sandstone, enclosing a natural meadow about half a mile long and from twenty to fifty yards wide. The creek is in places open and again the willows overhang deep pools where the trout hide during the heat of the summer day. But there is scarcely a spot, upon pool, riffle or eddy, where a fly cannot be placed and where it may not be placed so as to secure a rise. Three of the party went for the willows and soon had long straight poles, heavier by far than the fish that they expected to land. For bait they used whitewood grubs or grasshoppers. Shoshone stuck to rod and reel, and used a sober fly of his own fabrication, which he has found to be especially killing in these waters, though it is far from a thing of beauty when viewed from an artistic standpoint. Ben has been the champion of the creek. Fifteen years of fishing in its icy waters have taught him where the largest, sweetest, reddest of the ruby-spattered darlings lie, and he knows instinctively how and where to drop his bait. He drops in first. His willow bends until the tip almost touches the water. Then the butt is lowered and a silver streak flashes from brook, leaving in its wake a string of glittering pearls. An instant it hangs trembling over its native element; then, looking like a broken rainbow, it describes the arc of a majestic circle and lies stunned upon the emerald sward full twenty feet behind its captor. Very well done, Mr. Ben, very picturesque; but, while you have been going through your little performance, Shoshone's fly has been floating down the ripple just below you, and, though you saw it not, from out the boiling white caps came a gleam, a strike, the tug of war, and now you hear the merry music of the reel. Ah, yes! You may have the tranquil pools and crystal depths, but give the riffle to the dainty fly. Ben is too absorbed to pay attention to any one else. He goes down to another pool, while Shoshone lands five in quick succession. How many more he might have landed will never be known, for Dan, who is destitute of any sportsmanlike chivalry, makes up his mind that the riffle is the place for him. His heavy sinker splashes down, dragging the grasshopper after it, and, needless to say, the trout are gone.

We fished for perhaps half an hour and returned to the wagon with forty-three fish, none of which weighed less than half a pound. Jack had not made a success of his piscatorial efforts and had already built a fire and tried out enough bacon grease for the frying-pan. Ben took charge of the flour and bake oven. Dan and Shoshone cleaned the fish, and soon we were eating as though we had left before breakfast.

The afternoon ride was much more delightful than that of the morning had been. The creek flowed through a wide valley that was covered with meadows of lucerne and wild hay. The rolling hills that extended for miles to the north and south were timbered only at their summits, their slopes being covered with short grass, where thousands of cattle were lying or feeding. Every mile or two we passed a log cabin, coral and milk house. This is a great dairy region. In winter the ground is covered with deep snow, and no one visits the spot; but in May the cattle are driven back from their ranges on the Paria and Wawap. Then the families move up from the settlements to their summer homes. The books of the county assessor show that last summer (1890) 54,000lbs. of cheese and 14,000lbs. of butter were made in this little valley. The season ends about Oct. 1.

As the sun commenced to slope toward the west there was a constant flight of mourning doves about the wagon, this way and that scurried beves of half-grown dusky grouse, and now and then a sage cock would arise with loud clamor and sail majestically out of range. Over the creek were teal and greenheads, young broods, just

right for broiling. Nor were quail wanting. The quail do not belong on this side of the divide, but about eight years ago several pair were brought over from Dixie, and they having never been disturbed have multiplied with surprising rapidity. Dan wanted to borrow Shoshone's gun, but the latter had not forgotten the incident at the riffle and informed the would-be borrower that the game law did not expire for at least eight hours.

Five o'clock found us at the last steep climb of the journey. Beside us was the roar of the torrent, for the stream made a perpendicular drop of 30ft. between lofty walls that had been cleft rather than worn by the slow action of the water. One long, hard pull and our goal was in sight, Panguitch Lake, in the language of the Utes, "the place of fish." There it lay nestled among the grand eternal pine-clad hills, the liquid blue smiling at the ethereal blue above and mirroring in its clear depths the waving trees and sentinel peaks that deck its borders. Upon its limpid bosom sported a host of water fowl, and we knew from the upland peaks and distant cañons even now some noble, velvet-antlered bucks were watching our progress with curious eye.

Panguitch Lake has one gala day, the 24th of July, the Mormon's great holiday. Then it is the gathering place for southern Utah. For days the people of Kanab, St. George, Cedar, Parowan, Beaver, Panguitch and a host of smaller settlements make preparations for the festival. On horseback and in great white covered family wagons they come, until the lake, three miles long by one mile wide, is surrounded by a city of canvas. It is reported that on the last 24th but three able-bodied adult males were left in Panguitch, a settlement of 961 souls. However this may be, every year from 3,000 to 5,000 people gather at the lake and spend three days in eating and drinking, in horse racing and foot racing, in rowing and fishing, in buying terra alba candy, snow ice cream, circus lemonade, cheap tinctures, etc., and last but not least, in dancing. Then the canvas disappears as noiselessly and suddenly as it came, and naught is left to mark the place of revelry but ashes, oyster cans and broken beer bottles.

Driving slowly about the west shore we selected a camping place as suitable as it was beautiful. An elevated, grassy point dotted with scattering pines and flanked by a crystal stream that leaped and laughed in the sunset glow, beneath the soft Italian sky. Beneath two pines we set our tent and fixed our fire place. Ben and Shoshone made the beds, tables and seats while Jack and Dan got supper. The ducks near the point had risen with loud clamor at our approach, but as we ate they drifted back within easy gun-shot, as though fear of man was to them something unknown. Perhaps it was so, for the Western mountaineer uses no weapon but the rifle. He may have, among his lares and penates, an old, rusty, long-barreled, anti-bellum muzzleloader, but the breechloader is to him a new-fangled invention, "like the locomotive," and of the hammerless self-ejector he knows as little as of the telephone or phonograph. So much the better. Shoshone was prepared to profit by their neglect. In the twilight hour we stroll down to the nearest ranch and make arrangements for a supply of milk during our stay. This cost us, delivered, 12½ cents per gallon. Then came the smoker's hour about the camp-fire—the last and most delicious hour of the day, when earth and its cares steal gently from us, borne to dream-land on the balmy evening breeze, when the stars come out one by one, and brighten with joy as they see their own radiant forms reflected in the darkening lake, when we hear the music of the past and live again the days of auld lang syne. So night fell upon the world and sweet sleep upon wearied eyelids, and the silvery waves alone, that rhythmically rose and fell upon the glistening sands, watched and waited for the dawn of another day.

"Hist!"

That was all Ben said, but it was sufficient to awake Shoshone, and a few moments later a couple of misty forms stole out into the cold, bracing air of early morning, leaving Jack and Dan to sleep the sleep of the just, and to have breakfast ready when the sun should be an hour high. There was a light fleece over the water, and above this, over the eastern mountain, the morning star was beginning to pale.

"Which way, Ben?"

"Oh, I believe I'll go up the cañon after a yearlin'. Don't you want to take Jack's gun and go long?"

"Not much. I'm going for a mess of chickens. So long."

A pull at the half-filled coffee pot that rested in the ashes of last night's fire and we separated.

And this was Sept. 1, the day when the hunter and sportsman could bang away at any and every species of game that he could hope to find, and in all this region only Ben and Shoshone to take advantage of the privilege. Shoshone's path led him about the foot of the lake, down to the meadows where he knew the birds would take their early breakfast. Nervously he fingered the shells that had been loaded with so much care and precision. If there is a species of "buck-ager," called "chicken-ager" by specialists, he was afflicted with the disease, and a Pennsylvania barn door would have been safe at 40yds. From his feet rises a gray form and goes whirling away into the gloom. The gun is raised but as soon dropped to its old position.

"No, friend Centrocerus, I want nothing to do with you so long as any of your dusky cousins are to be found in the vicinity."

The coolness and steadiness come back, for the hunter must be his own god, find and retrieve as well as shoot. Whirr! whirr! whirr! One, two, three, a dozen up and still rising. How the old gun rang out, and how clumsy are those fingers after six months' rest! What an age it takes to get in fresh shells! Two more shots and the birds are out of range. Mark them down, then gather up the victims. Ah, it is slow finding in the damp, brown rowen, where there is every opportunity for concealment, but four dead grouse and a cripple, that requires a grace shot, is not a bad beginning. And now the sun creeps over the mountain and the golden light floods the valley. Here, there, everywhere are feathery forms flying swiftly through the air. This is the very intoxication of sport. From afar on the mountain Ben's rifle makes faint echo to the gun. He, too, is enjoying this grandest morning of the year.

Ten birds in the pockets of Shoshone's hunting coat remind him of a solemn compact, entered into by the quartette, wherein it was stipulated that, until the day before the return home, no more game should be shot or

caught than was required for camp use. So he turned back to the tent, above which the pale smoke of the morning fire curled lazily above the swaying pine tops. Ben had been back, aroused the sleeping beauties, and started up the hill with one of the mules. Even now his powerful basso profundo, singing one of the old songs of the "49ers," could be heard and soon he emerged from the aspen cover. Over the back of the mule was slung the biggest buck that we had seen in many a day. The wide-branched, velvety antlers almost touched the ground on one side and the sharp hoofs dragged upon the rocks on the other. And there were shouts of joy from the little camp as the aroma of coffee, slap-jacks and broiled chicken ascended heavenward.

After breakfast we "fixed" camp, built a shade of aspens, thatched with willows, from the tent to the fire-place, and snaked a couple of loads of dried aspen poles for fire-wood. Jack and Dan, to pay for their laziness during the early morning, were assigned the bulk of the work, and it was in the line of their duties to clean and care for the game. Ben reported the cañon that he had visited as being full of red raspberries, bullberries and service berries, and, while Shoshone rambled about the lake to secure a boat, the trio went berrying. Near the upper end of the lake the cabins of the professional fishermen are built. Here a boat was found; heavy, flat-bottomed, leaky, but it would save swimming after ducks and diving for trout, and that was all that was required.

The heat of the afternoon was devoted to the regular siesta. Then Shoshone launched his fragile bark and, with rod and gun, Dan furnishing the motive power, defied the perils of the mighty deep. Above the shore were scores of hell-divers and mud-hens, but far out the bosom of the lake was black with countless teal and mallards. To shoot or fish, that was the question. Dan claimed to know the best fishing grounds, and that settled it. Over the lake we sped, and the dark mass of natatores parted, sailing gracefully just out of range and leaving us a clear channel. Under the shadow of the eastern peak Dan rested on his oars and, pointing to a deep, dark pool, lashed into spray by the eternal falling of a brooklet that leaped full 20ft. from rock to glassy lake, said, "Cast in."

Shoshone arose and the grizzly-king fluttered over the spot indicated and dropped, as gently as a leaf, upon the surface of the water. No response to the feathery seducer. Again. The same result. The third time—

"Dan, get her stern to. I've got a whale."

"Divil a whale, but a dandy trout, old man," as the boat swung around and old *Salvelinus*, as proud as he was angry, showed what seemed to be three feet of radiant loveliness as he endeavored to snap the leader with his tail.

"Pull for the middle."

Dan obeyed as though his life depended on it. The craft was clumsy and Dan did not know how to handle her for this kind of work; so the only hope of success lay in forestalling any latent desire on the part of Mr. Trout to run beneath us. Fortunately the idea did not enter his head. He made a good fight for the lilypads, but boat and reel were too much for his strength, and after a fifteen-minute struggle he allowed himself to be drawn to the net. The scales at the tent showed him to be a 4½-pounder, and he was the largest fish taken during the trip. Dan was now fairly enthused with the spirit of the sport and needed no request to pilot the boat back to the spot where the first cast was made. But, alas,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

Trout No. 2 came up to the scratch in elegant form and condition, but his tactics were diametrically opposed to those of his predecessor. Under the boat he was determined to go, and under the boat he went, leaving to Shoshone a broken tip and the sad memory of a trout that never was caught. But another boat was bearing down upon the scene to take up the sport where we had dropped it. Ben and Jack had managed to secure a punt, even more leaky and clumsy than ours. They had a can of grubs and a pail of minnows, and we were contented to leave them, and, because it was impossible to fish, to try our luck with the mallards.

Now, while the ducks were not exactly timid, they were unusually reserved in their manners, and refrained from making the acquaintance of strangers without the formality of an introduction. They could swim as fast as Dan could row, and they managed to keep about 75yds. from the boat. Once in a while there would be a little teasing flight of 20 or 30yds., and at such times the gun would do its duty. But the distance was so great that only cripples fell, and these it was impossible to retrieve. At length the birds drifted into a little bay from which escape seemed impossible. Shoshone changed his seat to the stern and laid a dozen shells on the seat. Dan grasps the situation. The boat is planted, fair and square, in the narrow entrance. Before us the brown, moving mass wedges and packs together until the inlet is covered by a solid carpet of feathers. For an instant the birds are undetermined what to do. Then, with one impulse, they rise. The noise is as the roar of the tempest in the forest, as the beating of storm-tossed breakers upon a rocky shore. Landward for a minute and then, by common consent, the grand wheel is made, and the mass comes back toward open water. They are scarce 20yds. above us. The sky is darkened and the sound of the gun that cracks until eight shells are gone is lost in the rush of many wings. Over the lake they fly, faster even than the mountain gale, the ranks of the living closing up the gaps that ruthless powder and shot had made. A mile away, over by the western shore, they alight, and we are left alone, between the blue above and the blue below, to gather up the spoils. Nineteen plump, iridescent-winged beauties are stowed away in the bottom of the boat, and we rejoin Ben and Jack, who have eight 2-pounders to their credit, and are as ready as we for supper.

What a supper that was! It took a long time to prepare it, but it paid for all trouble. Think of it ye purse-proud, game-loving Chicagoans, that pay \$1.35 for the leg of a chicken killed out of season, and then, with true devotion to the cause, cinch the seller! We had cream biscuit and coffee, baked fish, broiled chicken, fried duck, fried venison, and wound up with luscious raspberries and cream, the meal costing, barring the broken tip, less than 50 cents.

Clearly the pursuit of game on the morrow was out of the question. We had made an agreement and intended

to live up to it. There was game enough in camp to last for several days; so a bear hunt was proposed. A study of the topographical map of Utah will show the fifty miles between Panguitch Lake and the Cedar and Kanarra settlements to be an uninhabited mountainous region. The Pah Vaut range, that extends northward for 150 miles between the Sevier Valley and the western desert, here joins the main chain of the Watsatch, extending in an east and west direction, and the result is a chaotic mass of spurs and peaks. Here is the abode of big game—grizzlies, mountain lions, wildcats and deer. The grizzly is the king in the eyes of the hunter. As a proof of valor, daring and coolness, its hide is worth a dozen pelts of the mountain lion or a hundred big buck skins. To the average sportsman the killing of a grizzly places the lucky man on the top of the ladder and makes him an equal with the slayer of the bighorn. Ben's nerve and experience qualified him for the post of leader of the expedition and he was chosen captain without a dissenting voice.

Daylight found the camp deserted. At sunrise the hunters were four miles away up among the higher cañons and willow-fringed marshes where big bear were wont to resort after their morning meal. If the day should prove clear and hot we were on the right track, but if cool our climb had been for naught. Fortune favored us—the fickle dame is said to favor the brave—and not a cloud veiled old Sol's face. Deer sign were abundant, but they could not swerve the quartette from the path of duty. The cañon narrowed. The scant 10 ft. between the little creek and narrow walls was choked with underbrush and we could see but 3 or 4 yds. ahead. Suddenly we came to a halt. Every man's breath stopped for an instant and our hearts thumped like trip-hammers. We had run fair and square into the mouth of a cave that the briars had concealed, and any lurking bear or lion would have had the whole outfit at his mercy. Ben was the first to get his head. Holding his cocked rifle before him, he marched boldly into the den and the rest followed. The cave was deserted, but it had been so for only a few hours. It was Bruin's lair, and he had a well-worn trail from it to the upper part of the cañon. His track was hardly cold, and we were liable to run across him at any moment. Thanks to Ephraim's weight and magnitude our way was now comparatively clear. Slowness and extreme caution were necessary if we expected to make the surprise party a complete success. Already we had passed walls that he had made within a week, and everything indicated that the moment of engagement was at hand. A swallow of coffee from the canteen and every eye and ear were on the alert. It was now 10 o'clock. The sun was beating down furiously and we were suffused as to our clothing with perspiration.

Stop! Twenty yards ahead there is a crashing of willows and aspens and a grayish-brown mass, seemingly as large as a Norman horse, is indistinctly seen through the underbrush. Ben gets in the first shot and the fusillade opens. Bruin may be wounded, but he is not crippled. He wheels and charges toward his assailants. Four shots more and he falls, but only for a second. It is too warm for comfort, and we make a grand break for cover, trees, rocks, anything, at a "get there, Eli," pace. We scorn any imputation of cowardice, but circumstances alter cases, and none of us cared to be a shuttlecock for an angry grizzly's paw. Dan made for the open hillside. He is almost out of the thicket when a hop vine trips him. Up again, but the bear is close by and his gun is gone, and now commences the dodging race for life. We are trembling so from exertion and excitement that we can hardly land a true shot, and often the rifle is raised and lowered for fear of hitting the man who is in line with the crazy brute.

"Shoot, boys! Shoot for God's sake! Don't mind me. I can't keep this up much longer."

Shot after shot rings out. Bruin falls, rises, struggles feebly toward the fleeing man, then falls to rise no more. We do not stop to ask who made the lucky shot, for beyond him, unconscious on the ground, lies Dan. We fear that he has been struck by a misdirected bullet, but when we reach the spot we rejoice to find that he has only fallen in a dead faint, from which he soon recovered, full of spirits as ever, but weak and trembling like a leaf.

And now we turn our attention to the conquered. Skinning Ephraim, we find that any one of eight wounds would have proved fatal, and besides there were five or six flesh wounds. The hide is slung upon a pole, and Ben, Jack and Shoshone take turns, two and two, in bearing the spoils back to camp, which was reached about 5 o'clock. The hide was voted to Dan as a memento of his close call, and we envied him the soft, warm rug that we knew would lie before his fireplace in the little log cabin on the Sevier.

Thursday was devoted to business by Ben and Jack. They started early in the day to hunt yellow pine timber for their mill on the creek. Dan was still rather shaky on his pins and remained in camp. Shoshone went on a tour of exploration about the lake. He had walked about a mile when his nostrils were offended by an odor that was never wafted from Araby the blest. It was a combination of slaughter-house and dirty sage brush fire. It betokened the presence of Indians, but before he could reach the encampment he heard a familiar voice calling his uncomplimentary Ute name—"Senab yodes" (devil wolf). Coal Creek John, erstwhile the terror of southern Utah, was the speaker and Shoshone was invited to participate in the dance and feast that was in process of preparation. But, after noting the dozen deer skins that were stretched out to dry and getting some "pointers" as to the best localities for venison, he excused himself on the plea of a prior engagement. The fisher's cabin was next visited and the men who make their living from the lake were found in a state of excitement and curiosity.

A few days before a stranger from Salt Lake had come among them and contracted for all the fish that they could catch. Generally, as the trout will not bear the shipment in warm weather, the fishing season does not fairly open until November, but this stranger had a mysterious powder, which he called "our new secret preparation," that he guaranteed to preserve the fish fresh and sweet for weeks. The powder came in half-pound packages, from which he was careful to tear the label. It was soluble in water and in the solution the fish were soaked. Evidently it was a salicylate, probably that of soda, and it may have been the identical game preservative that has been advertised in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. At all events it was a mascotte for the

fishermen and they offered fabulous prices for the formula or for the address of the manufacturer.

The professional fisherman's life in winter is a hard and dreary one. At 4 o'clock in the morning his alarm clock calls him and he gets breakfast and does the cooking for the day. Then he gets out on the ice (temperature seldom above zero) and chops as many holes as he can before dawn. All day long he has to watch these holes to keep them from freezing over. Into each hole he drops his hook baited with wood grub. The line is attached to a willow. Just at the peep of day the fish commence to bite and the poles commence to bob so that a man has to keep on the run if he would attend to business. When the sun is about an hour high the hunger of the fish is partially appeased. The fisher gets a bite every five minutes, every fifteen minutes and in the middle of the day, only a bite an hour on an average. Still holes and poles must be watched and he has no time for rest. At 4 o'clock biting begins again, at dark it is fast and furious. Then great iron kettles, filled with fat pine, are brought out on the lake, and soon the light of forty fires illuminates the scene. About 7 o'clock the trout are satisfied. Then the men go back to their cabins and get supper, after which they spend three or four hours in cleaning and packing the day's catch. It is nearly midnight before they can go to bed. On snowy days, when the ice has to be kept clean, their labor is nearly doubled. Altogether their lot is not an enviable one. From \$80 to \$120 for the winter's work hardly pays for the loneliness, discomforts and exposure.

By 6 o'clock all hands were back in camp and the programme for the following day was arranged. It was to be the last in camp and all that we could catch or shoot was to be taken home for family use. Ben was to go for deer, Dan and Jack were to fish, and Shoshone was to attend to the feathered bipeds. What success attended the efforts of three of the party and what sport they had can be judged only by the results. Shoshone started out on Friday morning intent upon the slaughter of ducks. He was his own pilot and oarsman, and this may account for the fact that he had absolutely no luck, getting only one little teal, and that rather by chance than skill. The birds refused obstinately either to be driven into an inlet or to swim within range. Then he rowed down to the lower end of the lake, tied the boat to the willows and went down into the meadows after grouse. At this time of day the birds were not to be found in the stubble and rowen, but resting on the ground under the willows that cover the creek bottom. They are not easily flushed and their flights are short so that a mere tyro can secure a big bag with little or no trouble. One flock of eight birds was beneath a willow upon which sat a small hawk, about as large as a sparrow hawk, but, more likely, a young sharpshin. Every time the chickens flew the hawk accompanied them. He would not stir from his perch until they arose, and he always lit within 5 yds. of them. He was too small to have been hunting prey, and his strange freak saved both his own life and that of the brood with which he had associated himself. But those birds were never missed. An hour's walking gave Shoshone twenty-two young grouse, which was as much as he cared to pack, and he rowed back to camp, dressed his game, ate a light lunch, and joined Jack and Dan on the lake, a peeled willow taking the place of a split-bamboo. It was a difficult matter to cast flies with such a pole, and it was a more difficult matter to play the fish when they were hooked, but a fair degree of success attended his efforts. After an hour's fishing we saw Ben walking back to the tent, leading the mules that he had taken in the morning. We were soon at the shore and lugging up 80 lbs. of fish, weighing from 1 to 3 lbs. each, as the result of the trio's labor, we found two deer, dressed and hanging beneath our bower. That evening as we were cleaning our fish Ben remarked:

"Well, I guess this 'll hev to do me until my fall hunt."

"Where you goin'?"

"Where I always go. Over on to the East Fork Mountains, and may be ez fur ez th' Escalante Desert."

"Guess I'll go 'long."

"Me, too."

"And I."

So, Providence and the weather permitting, and nothing interfering, the November grand hunt is in store for the quartette, and the buckskins of the East Fork will please note this fact and make due preparation for our reception.

Saturday morning broke, but no sun was visible. The clouds hung low on the lake and hid the opposite hills. There was a disagreeably tangible humidity of the atmosphere that almost dampened our spirits as we gathered about the coffee-pot and frying-pan. The mental gloom increased as we went out to loosen the guy ropes.

Bang! whiz! somewhere, not many feet above our heads, the bullet from a navy revolver cut the fog. We looked for the offender, and in a very few moments he hove in sight—a drunken cowboy who had just come up from the settlement, and who, had it not been for that bottle of Panguitch tangle-foot, would have reached his own mountain camp on the previous evening. He was too much under the influence of liquor to listen to reason, and after putting a couple of bullets into the sacked venison he then dismounted and made a target of the guy ropes. When Dan proposed to use force, he turned around and punctured his hat in a manner that would have done credit to any border tough. This settled it. No one wants to be a mark for a drunken man's unsteady aim. The gun was emptied, and before he could reload it Jack had grabbed him from behind and thrown him to the ground. We then rushed in, tied the culprit, now beside himself with rage, hand and foot, confiscated the gun, which Dan stuck in his own belt, telling Mr. Cowboy to call and get it when he came to town. The whisky bottle was tossed into the lake, and we proceeded to pack and load as though nothing had interrupted us. In an hour the mules were harnessed and we were ready to start. Ben then untied the cowboy's hands, leaving him to unfasten his legs at his own leisure.

"Young man," said Jack, "you're a leetle too fresh. You never want to git so drunk ez to forgit that four of a kind will always beat a full hand."

Followed by his imprecations as long as we could hear, we drove away. The clouds thickened, and upon the surface of the lake big raindrops were splashing. But below, upon the far-away settlement, the sun was shining, and with light hearts we went homeward out of darkness into light.

SHOSHONE.

PANGUITCH LAKE, Utah, Sept. 10.

Natural History.

HOW TO COLLECT BIRDS.

(Continued from last week.)

POISONING THE SKIN.—The skinning and cleaning of the specimen having been completed, the next thing is to apply the preservative. For this, as has already been stated, only arsenic or a mixture of arsenic and powdered alum should be used. This may be applied either dry or as a paste, by mixing with alcohol or water (alcohol being preferable). If the dry powder is used, it should be kept in a shallow box large enough to hold a medium-sized bird, and while the skin is in every part turned "wrong side out," it should be laid upon the arsenic and the latter applied thickly to every part, care being taken to put plenty of the poison about the head, particularly close up to the base of the bill, about the lower end of the denuded wing and leg bones and about the base of the tail. This is best done with the foot of a rabbit (or better still, that of the northern species, which has longer hair on the soles); but if one cannot be had, a substitute may be made by securely tying a wad of cotton to the end of the stick. After the skin is covered with the arsenic (which should be applied while its inner surface is moist), it should be held over the box and gently tapped to loosen the superfluous powder.

Should the alcoholic paste be preferred, it may be applied with a bristle brush, or better still with a wad of cotton tied to the end of a small stick, the advantage in the latter being that it can be thrown away when a day's work is done and a new one quickly made when another is required.

Cleaning soiled or greasy specimens.—While blood-stained specimens are supposed to have been partially cleaned immediately after they were shot, as directed, further cleaning is necessary before the bird can be considered a good and finished specimen. The final cleaning should be done when the bird is entirely skinned, but before the preservative is applied. Bloody specimens should never be washed before they are skinned, as the application of water only serves to draw out more blood through the shot holes.

After the bird has been skinned, however, and the inner surface of the skin thoroughly freed from blood by sponging or wiping, then the feathers may be washed clean, using a soft sponge and warm water, and dried with corn meal or some other clean absorbent substance, care being taken not to allow any of these substances, especially plaster of Paris, to dry on the feathers, each application being thoroughly removed as soon as it becomes saturated with the moisture. Repeated applications and much patience are required to clean a specimen thoroughly, but the result is well worth all the trouble and loss of time, unless the specimen is one of no value.

Corn meal is probably the best of all substances for drying moistened feathers, but cannot always be obtained. In its absence, clean dry sand, whiting or plaster of Paris may be used, although the two last named should not be used on birds of dark plumage, since it is next to impossible to remove it all from the feathers, which ever after have a dusty or powdered appearance. On birds of white or very light-colored plumage, however, plaster of Paris is better than anything else; but even on these as much as possible should be removed by persisting whipping and blowing of the feathers.

Dry blood stains should not be washed, but should first be pried or chipped off with the finger nail, or back of a knife, and then carefully scraped and manipulated with a stiff brush, such as a jeweler's brush or a tooth brush.

Fat birds are very difficult to clean, but the removal of every particle of fat is very important, since, in addition to the certainty of the fat which is allowed to remain on the skin gradually working out through the shot holes and other openings and greasing the feathers, the combination of the fat with the arsenic produces a chemical compound which is very injurious to the skin, rendering it "rotten," or brittle.

A bountiful application of corn meal, plaster, etc., during the process of skinning is a great help toward removing the grease, and in the case of large birds a piece of calico or cotton cloth sewed to the skin along each edge of the incision will serve to keep the feathers from contact with the fat, though even then an absorbent substance should be freely used.

Ducks and some other water birds when fat are particularly difficult to clean, owing to the fact that the roots of the feathers form numerous prominent points all over the inner surface of the skin, the spaces between them being filled with fat. In such cases the surface of the fatty coating should be slightly gashed with the knife or scalpel to release the oily substance, which should then be gradually absorbed by a persistent application and "rubbing in" of the absorbent substance. Of course all free pieces of fat should be first cut away.

Should the feathers have become greasy they should, after the bird has been skinned and the inside of the skin itself cleaned, as above directed, be washed with spirits of turpentine, and the latter removed by absorption with corn meal, whiting or plaster, repeatedly applied and removed, the absorbent substance, when saturated with the turpentine, being first shaken off and the feathers then carefully whipped with a light elastic stick, until no more remains. This process is tedious, but the excellent results amply repay for the time and trouble expended.

The cleansing of water birds, especially sea birds, requiring special treatment, the following directions (prepared at our request by Mr. Wm. Palmer) should be closely observed:

As prevention is better than cure, time employed in taking proper care of sea birds when first killed is well used; but it seldom happens that one is able to do this, and therefore it becomes necessary to spend more time in cleaning specimens than is desirable. When freshly killed, if a sea bird is immediately hung up by the legs for several hours, much vexatious work is spared the collector, but if one is on a lonely shore, with miles to travel, this is impossible. A box, open on top, but with movable slats on which to suspend the birds, is perhaps the best plan to adopt in a boat or on shore where several hours are spent. When tramping specimens may be

¹ If the skin has become dry it may be moistened by gently touching the surface with a wet sponge; but if the paste is used this is of course unnecessary.

hung up or laid on a rock or hummock until return, the object being to prevent friction and pressure while the body is warm and lax. When cold and hard it is best to wrap in cheesecloth, corn meal being freely used at the shot holes, and the mouth and internal nostrils plugged just before wrapping. But with even the greatest care the feathers will soil and it becomes necessary to clean them.

If a bird is very bloody when picked up, wipe off the excess of blood with a piece of raw cotton, and do not, if possible, allow the blood to get dry on the feathers; never wash it until you are ready to skin, unless you can dry also, and never wash in salt water if by any means you can get fresh.

When ready to clean, provide a vessel of warm water and dip the bloody feathers into it, working it the while with the fingers; do this in several waters until the blood is all dissolved out, then dry by pressure with a towel or cheesecloth; now, with a piece of raw cotton partly saturated with turpentine, gently wipe the wet feathers downward, so as to leave, as it were, a thin layer of turpentine; on this place dry plaster an inch or more thick, according to the size of the bird, etc. In a few minutes replace with more plaster, and continue until all the moisture is drawn from the feathers, when the plaster adhering may be wiped off with raw cotton and the feathers blown apart with a bellows, or by taking it to a windy place and smartly striking and alternately raising the feathers, the plaster will be blown away. A second application may be needed if the feathers are stained.

This cleaning is usually done after the bird is skinned, but sometimes it will be found convenient to do it before. Benzine may be used instead of turpentine, and sometimes soap or washing compounds will be found useful.

With small dirty spots the water may be applied with a piece of raw cotton, a sponge or cloth, and the feathers gently stroked downward toward the tail, parting the feathers with the left hand while the right applies the water. Cotton is much the best, as when dirty it can be thrown away and a new piece used.

The essential points in cleaning a bird skin are: (1) Never let the blood get dry on the feathers; (2) always use the plaster immediately after washing, and (3) always blow out the plaster from the feathers. At its best, cleaning feathers is a nasty job, but by following the above an otherwise worthless bird may be made almost as good as an unsoiled one.

A PEARL FISHERY.

MR. CHARLES H. TOWNSEND has published in the Fish Commission Bulletin a report on the pearl fishery of the Gulf of California. The season begins in May, and the divers all wear diving suits. The shells of the pearl oyster (*Melegrina margaritifera*) are the chief object of the industry, but the value of pearls adds considerably to the revenues. Pearls are accidental growths, "being caused by the deposition of nacre around some foreign object, as a bit of sand or a parasite, but usually an egg which has failed to develop properly." Some of the most valuable pearls are black. The largest one seen by Mr. Townsend was about as big as the egg of the bluebird. The largest one known is 2in. long and weighs 3oz. Mr. Townsend made a descent in a depth of 18ft., and found the experience very uncomfortable. "The light is gray and dim notwithstanding the intense sunlight above the surface, but within a radius of a few yards everything is distinctly seen. Owing to the pressure of water and the weights necessary to overcome it, a novice has the same difficulty in maintaining the perpendicular as a child that stands alone for the first time." The dredge of the Albatross frequently brought up shells of the pearl oyster in depths of 60 to 180ft. in the Gulf of California. The Bay of Mulege has furnished some pearls of rare value, among them "those magnificent pearls of which the collar was made for the Queen of Spain, and which evoked so much admiration at St. Cloud and Windsor Castle." Among the choice pearls are various colors, some white shot with dark specks, some light brown, sandy, gray or black; but the most valuable ones are pink.

A QUEER LITTLE KITTEN was seen one fine moonlit night at Woods Holl, Mass., and a thoughtless young man, who was on his way to church with a lady, gently kicked the intruder off the sidewalk—gently but disastrously, for the kitten was of the black-and-white-striped, strong-scented genus and did not suffer interference gracefully. The kitten held its ground, but the young couple hastened away and neither of them went to church that evening.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Ness-muk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

AUTUMN.

THE sweltering days are over. Cool nights have come. The harvest has been gathered, but the stubbles are sprinkled with scattered grain and the shocked but unhusked corn dots the fields. The thunder showers are less frequent. The apples are being carted in, and the cider mill gives out its well-remembered creak as old Dobbin goes her round.

Now, if you are the true, keen field sportsman, whose slumbers of late have been broken by grouse's whirring wings or the sound of the shrill whistle of the woodcock, you know your time has come. You take from the closet the breechloader and look it over, throw it to your shoulder and glance along its barrels. The feeling is growing on you. How your heart thrills as you think of the bags last season and anticipate the present season's port! And fortunate you are if you happen to have been

country born or to have a friend or relative at an old country place where you are welcome in the autumn time. You know where to go for Bob White along the hedges by the old buckwheat field and down toward the hazel thicket, and for woodcock down along the spring-holes in the alders, and for the lordly grouse beyond the berry patch and bordering the sugar bush on the hillside facing the warm sun. The same old sugar bush! What a place it used to be in your boyhood for squirrels, gray and black and the little saucy red chickadee.

You step forth in the crisp morning air and feel the pure ozone as it fills your lungs. What a breath you draw in! How your eye glistens as you glance over the landscape! The grasses are dead and dry at the tops, the soft maple leaves are turning to crimson and gold, and perhaps you may perceive a slight tinge of frost on that upper rail as you leap the fence. And your dog—ah! how he enters into the spirit of the occasion; with what frantic rushes he bounds here and there, away from you and back again, but watching your every motion. Let him go; he will be all right after you have crossed a field or two. Let him run and roll over and give tongue in the mad excitement of the first outing of the season.

The thrills at your heart are increasing, and will increase and keep on in volume and intensity until—but we will not anticipate. You cross the pasture down to that swale fed by the spring holes. You know the place well; its alders and bogs have been trampled through by the cattle in the hot days just past. Steady, Dash! He is making game. How carefully he stops, now almost crouching. He pauses. See the swift backward glance of the eye to assure him that you are ready. How your heart is beating now! He comes to a point, and soon the bird springs from the bog and skirts toward that opening, or essays to climb up through the small treetops. Your heart stops beating, your nerves are on a tension; and, as Frank Forester says, with "eye of faith and finger of instinct," you touch the trigger and see the puff of feathers drift off to leeward, and the lordly bird turn over and pitch down by that water birch, or that clump of oak turning red and yellow under the magician's touch.

And, ah! when your faithful dog brings it to you, holding it so gingerly and yet so securely in those vise-like jaws, with not a feather ruffled, you gently take it from him and pat his head, saying, "Good dog; good fellow." And if it is a woodcock, you hold it up by its long bill and gaze at that large, full eye, fast glazing in death, and mark its round cinnamon breast and soft velvet-streaked back. Or if a grouse, you lay it on its back on the palm of your hand and stroke the feathers from the black ruff around the neck down its plump breast, calculating with the judgment of a sportsman on its weight. How your breast is thrilling now! And as you stow it away in the recesses of your shooting coat you feel that the world is very grand and that you are one of the very fortunate ones "in it."

JACOBSTAFF.

NOTIONS ABOUT GUNS.

THERE has been a lot of talk about feather-weight guns. Is not the principle that calls forth a 12-bore of this pattern an incorrect one, because of the recoil that is consequent? The feather-weight shoots much the same load as the heavy gun of the same bore. It is the bore, not the weight, that requires the proportions of powder and shot. One can hardly get along without 3½dbs. in a 12-bore, and that load, shot in so light a gun, is bound to recoil most uncomfortably after much shooting. My experience comes from using a light single-barreled 12-bore now and then and a 7½lb. arm, which latter I have shot many hundred times in a few hours, with black powder, and my shoulder told me the result better than I could describe it. I am aware that the nitro powders do away with much recoil from black powder, and while I am a wood powder advocate I am also aware that any force sufficient to send the shot out of the barrels at a high velocity must also expend a part of its energy back against the breech. I have found this so with a light gun and wood powder, and to such an extent that constant shooting would have proved very unpleasant. The gun I now shoot is a 9lb. 12-bore, yet it is too heavy. For constant handling, long tramps and quick shots the 5½ or 6lb. gun is a delightful weapon, and, all other things equal, would soon handicap the heavy gun, but a black and blue shoulder is worse than a cannon to carry. Hence, I believe, all things considered, that the happy medium, the best all-round weapons, is the light 16-bore. My boyhood shooting was with a muzzleloader of 16-bore and I was often very successful, even killing wild turkey with it. However, it must be true that the larger bore will do greater execution and a 12-bore as light as a 16-bore dare be, with no greater recoil than a 9lb. 12-bore, would be a wonderful weapon. But is such a thing possible?

Is there anything complicated about the proper use of wads under varying conditions? I cannot see it, though I know that in different guns different proportions of powder and shot are necessary. I have found in shooting two very different 12-bore guns that two black-edge wads would give much greater penetration than one black-edge, and just as much penetration as three or four of the same. The principle is simply this: The wad next the powder is often blown to pieces, the next one is not and it has sufficient stiffness to drive the shot perfectly, and another wad does not help in the least. I have made this experiment a number of times, but only with black powder. I cannot see why two black-edge wads are not as good as pink-edge or felt, they are good enough for me. Now, who knows it all concerning this?

One of your correspondents tells the young sportsman to carry his gun always at the half cock. The principle rather to be followed is never to touch the trigger till the gun is to be fired; but when tramping after game, expecting or at any time liable to shoot, the sportsman should always carry cocked and be careful where the muzzle of his gun is. If he waits to cock at a sudden rise of birds or jump of rabbit he is in more danger of shooting his companions when trying to get the hammers back in a hurry by his finger slipping off the hammer before the trigger catches than he would be by carrying the gun cocked all day long. Most boys hold a gun about horizontal when they are cocking it, and the muzzle may be anywhere if they are in a hurry. And if you wish to teach a boy to shoot quickly and steadily, don't handicap him with a half-cocked gun at a flush. Let him begin by doing as the old sportsman does, and be careful from the first. Again a gun with rebounding locks, or with the half-cocked notch properly filed so that

the trigger cannot be pulled away from the tumbler when in the notch, together with a strong trigger spring, is a safe enough weapon to be carried loaded in a wagon, a boat or a cyclone. Enough has been said of the hammerless, and enough may be seen on very short acquaintance to convince any one without a prejudice for new-fangled notions that the weapon is vastly superior to the hammer gun in every way, safety included.

I think most sportsmen are ignorant of the easiest, best, cheapest and simplest method of cleaning guns. In the first place, and most important, don't clean the inside of your barrels at all when you return from shooting, no matter how long the gun is to rest in its case or stand in the corner. Merely wipe over the outside of the gun with a rag that has been saturated with melted cosmoline (or some such like preparation from petroleum), rubbing a little hard. Then wipe with a dry rag if the gun is left too greasy. Before the weapon is used at all the inside working parts—the locks, ejectors, etc.—should be warmed and melted cosmoline run into every opening and joint. When the parts cool the grease hardens and stays, and it will last for years and preserve perfectly. When you are ready to go shooting again, swab and wipe out the barrels, which you will find are perfectly preserved under the burnt powder dust. They will look as new and bright after the wiper as if just polished. I have never known guns to rust even in salt air and drizzle when thus cared for. I have known cleaned and oiled barrels to get rust spots inside in spite of every other precaution.

S. F. A.

PRESERVING TROPHIES.

FROM Ward's Natural Science Establishment, Rochester, N. Y., comes a handsome booklet with excellent engravings of mounted heads of big game. The mounting of sportsmen's trophies is growing to be an extensive business with the establishment; and we quote the directions given for preserving such objects until such time as they can be put into the taxidermist's hands:

"To prepare and preserve heads of deer, elk, etc., divide the skin in a circle around the neck just forward of the shoulders. Cut it open along the top, to a point between the ears, from that point make a cut to each antler. Take off the skin, being careful not to cut the eyelids, and leaving part of the lining of the nostrils and the lips. Skin out the ears. Cut away all loose flesh and cure with plenty of salt, letting it dry in a shady place before packing. Skulls of all animals are interesting and valuable. They should be entire, without broken jaws, bullet holes or broken teeth, if possible. Disjoint from the neck without cutting the back of the skull. Wrap jaws so that teeth shall not be broken or lost. Skulls with antlers may be bleached and mounted on shields, and skulls of puma, bear, etc., on pedestals with brass standards.

"To Preserve Fish for Mounting.—The easiest method for the sportsman is simply to remove the entrails through a slit in the belly, and seal the carcass up tightly in spirits; or if the specimen is to be sent but a short distance and mounted immediately, a strong brine will answer as a preservative. In general, however, the skin should be removed, especially in the case of large fishes. To do this, make a flap of the entire skin on one side of the fish, choosing the side most injured by the gaff or loose scales. Make an incision from the back to the belly just back of the gills, along the belly to the base of the tail, and up again to the back. Raise this flap, carefully cutting the flesh away, and separating the fin from the body close under the skin. With this flap laid back, the dorsal and belly fins can be cut away from the body just under the skin, the backbone severed close to the tail and the fleshy body lifted out, cutting it away from the head last. Then all fleshy particles should be scraped from the skin, the inside of the head cleaned, eyes removed, etc. For the more perfect mounting of the specimen, any striking colors of the various parts should be noted, and the color of the eyes. After removal, the skin should be thoroughly rubbed with salt or alum and kept in a cool place. The sooner it is shipped for mounting the better. In case of a large fish, such as a tarpon or large muskallunge, it is desirable to mount only one-half longitudinally on a panel, in which case the flap turned back in skinning need not be preserved. A sharp knife and a pair of scissors are necessary implements."

The booklet is well worth sending for.

MAINE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Deer are reported very numerous in eastern and northern Maine this fall. Residents hunt them very little as yet, so they will just look up as one passes and, in some cases, continue to gaze. The best hunter in La Grange told me that on the east side of the Penobscot River, well back in clearings, 40 to 50 have been seen in droves and passed within easy range.

A. C. ADAMS.

A Boston correspondent writes: Inclosed find a letter I received on my return home from the West. It is not the first one of this kind, and in discussing the demerits of Maine native and visiting sportsmen you might like to know such facts. The letter comes from a Maine post-office and was written in August last. It reads: "Dear Sir—Do you have any use for fresh game? If so, how much do you pay for venison saddles? If you do not want game please write me what places would pay good prices for fresh game. This is a business letter and strictly confidential."

MOOSE HUNTERS HUNTED.—New York, Oct. 2.—A gentleman just returned from the Metabatchouan River tells me that Mr. W. H. Briggs, of Bridgeport, Conn., was out trout fishing with his guides near the club house the other day when they saw a cow and bull moose swim across the pond. That day they had left their rifles at home, as they were not expecting to go any distance. They cut off the bull and the guide struck at him with his hatchet. The moose swung his head to escape the blow, which broke off a piece of an antler. This enraged the animal and he made a plunge for the boat, putting both forefeet aboard and smashing the canoe. The occupants barely escaped with their lives and were rescued from drowning by some members from the club house; but everything in the canoe was lost.—W. H.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.—Messrs. Cecil Clay and son, of Washington, and W. Holberton, of this city, sailed from New York last Saturday for a caribou hunt in Newfoundland.

AMONG THE CURRITUCK BAY BIRDS.—I.

WHEN getting ready for my regular summer bay bird trip—the North Carolina Sound—I looked around for a good quartette. As the world goes, one learns many things, and for a hunting party “us four and no more” is the exact number that will give the greatest mutual benefit. Four can pair off, four can separate equally, leaving no man like the fifth spoke of a wheel useless and alone. Four can make a full whist hand, or “seven-up”; four is the sportsman number as potent as the magic nine of the Chaldeans.

After an experience of a score or more of years spent in hunting, mine may be of some use to tyros, or old sportsmen, too, for that matter, who contemplate making up hunting parties, especially as the autumn quail shooting and winter duck hunting is approaching.

It is a matter of indifference to me whether my companions are good shots or not, actual shooting is but a fraction of time spent on the trip, and it is good comradeship that makes the sporting nomadism a success.

There are certain types of men that should be avoided

like poison on such expeditions. There is the good shot, selfish and opinionated, who can talk nothing but “shop” all the time. No matter what subject is broached, he turns the conversation to his own exploits, his sole object is to make others feel small, he never loses an opportunity to boast of his prowess, and in field, thicket, seameadow or river, he invariably chooses the best location or occupies the best blind, and like a bantam rooster, he is in a continual crow. Such a person can run up the score, but can add nothing to the enjoyment of the party. Then there is the envious man who wants the best of everything, and as envy and suspicion go together, he imagines that every one is leagued against him, and upon the slightest run of bad luck he announces his intention of breaking up the party and striking for home.

Who has not met the penurious man who treats a pleasure trip as if it were purely a business transaction, and haggles over every expenditure like an old customer in a pawnbroker's shop. “Sundries” haunt his waking hours, and drift through all his dreams. If he would, oh, if he would only keep it to himself, but he does not. No man will stand imposition, but there is a wide difference between extras and robbery.

Then the kicker—we all know what he is—but as he often affords food for mirth, and as the kicking comes as often from heredity, as untoward circumstance we can pass him by.

Lastly comes the chronic grumbler—worse than all the others combined. Just as a pinch of assafoetida can poison the whole atmosphere around, so can the grumbler diffuse misery and discontent to all brought within the boundary of his malign influence. He is an annoyance, a grievance, nuisance, vexation, bore, and a general sickener. If there is on a hunting excursion a greater thorn in one's flesh I have never met it. The grumbler settles down to work soon after the voyage commences, nothing suits him, it is worry, bother, plague, baiting and badgering. He is a kill-joy, a veritable prophylactic snag and sawyer to your pleasure boat floating down the stream.

Now the crowd I invited to my Currituck Club were men of different metal. Everybody in Washington knows Captain Burgess. A fellow of infinite wit, and like Falstaff, the cause of wit in others; well in the forties he is the image of Fritz, when Emmett of genial memory was at his best, and had he taken to the stage in his youth he would have made his mark. Cap, as he is called, is fond of all kinds of game and is as much at home bluffing on a bob-tail flush as blazing away at the birds from sink-box or blind. Mac was a tyro but willing to rough it, and except when his liver is out of order, takes alike with a frolic welcome “the sunshine and the storm.” York, the youngest of the lot, is an ardent sportsman, a quick, sure shot, and his capacity to rough it is second to none.

Now for the outfit—a party going on a hunt is almost sure to take much more than they need. I gave each man a list for a week or ten days' absence, they were simply to go in light marching order, with no wagon train. One old suit of clothes for hunting to be worn there and back, a change of underclothing, India rubber boots or old shoes, oil-cloth, 500 shells, a mosquito net, and old kid gloves with the fingers cut off, both to protect head and hands from the pestiferous mosquitoes, an old slouch hat, that was all, of course each man clubbed

in for liquids. Reaching Norfolk, I ordered one ton of ice to be forwarded to the club via the steamer, to preserve the birds. Then we took the cars to Virginia Beach, and meeting Captain Drinkwater's team, we drove along the beach for thirty miles to our destination. The tide being high it was an all day journey, for instead of fast trotting along the smooth velvet beach, we had to plough through eight inches of sand, and an ox team would have been as serviceable under the circumstances as a pair of fleet geese.

The Currituck Inlet Club was founded some five or six years ago by a small and select party of Norfolk gentlemen, who kept the membership down to one dozen. Afterward the club was enlarged to twenty, and then to thirty, the initiation fee was increased, and certificates of stock issued, though there were no printed constitution and by-laws.

The place was famous for its sea meadows, and has been celebrated for a century or more as the finest place for bay bird shooting on the Atlantic coast. The ocean on one side and Currituck Sound on the other; the club's meadows were about a mile wide and a couple of miles

pared with the adjacent clubs; this being the case it is in the interest of the club to guard zealously its rights and privileges. How this is done I will presently show.

The regularly appointed keeper of the club is C. S. White, or Shant White, as he is called. His brother Leon once lived on the lands of the Swan Island Club, but was forced by that organization to leave the place, and owning a marsh and piece of ground on the lands of the Currituck Inlet Club he erected his dwelling. Mac and I stopped at Shant White's, while Cap and York remained at Leon White's, about 100yds. distant.

Approaching the keeper's house we found him stretched upon a shucked pallet in the yard playing with his baby. A big pan filled with lightwood knots was burning brightly, and though the flames attracted the mosquitoes from far and near, yet the pungent, resinous smoke kept them at bay. These smudges are the favorite method employed by the islanders to get some rest and comfort in the early part of the summer nights; they retire early and get up late. Twelve hours good solid sleep, with a half dozen naps during the day are sufficient to keep them alive. About sunrise we started for the shooting

grounds about a mile away, a team carrying our guns and shells. The mosquitoes were out in force and literally covered our bodies; but with the nets covering our heads, the gloves on our hands, we bid defiance to them.

“Skeeters is bad certain,” remarked Shant, clutching a handful off his neck and crushing them in his palm. “They will carry me off, wagon and all, ef they keeps on this way; almost drain my blood.”

“What blood can they get out of you, Shant? tell us that,” remarked Cap.

“They ain't after my blood,” said the driver; “but after the supper I ate last night, I reckon, and then they will suck my bones ef I let 'em.” Then he got down, broke off a bunch of bushes and fought them as if a swarm of irreful yellow jackets were on the warpath.

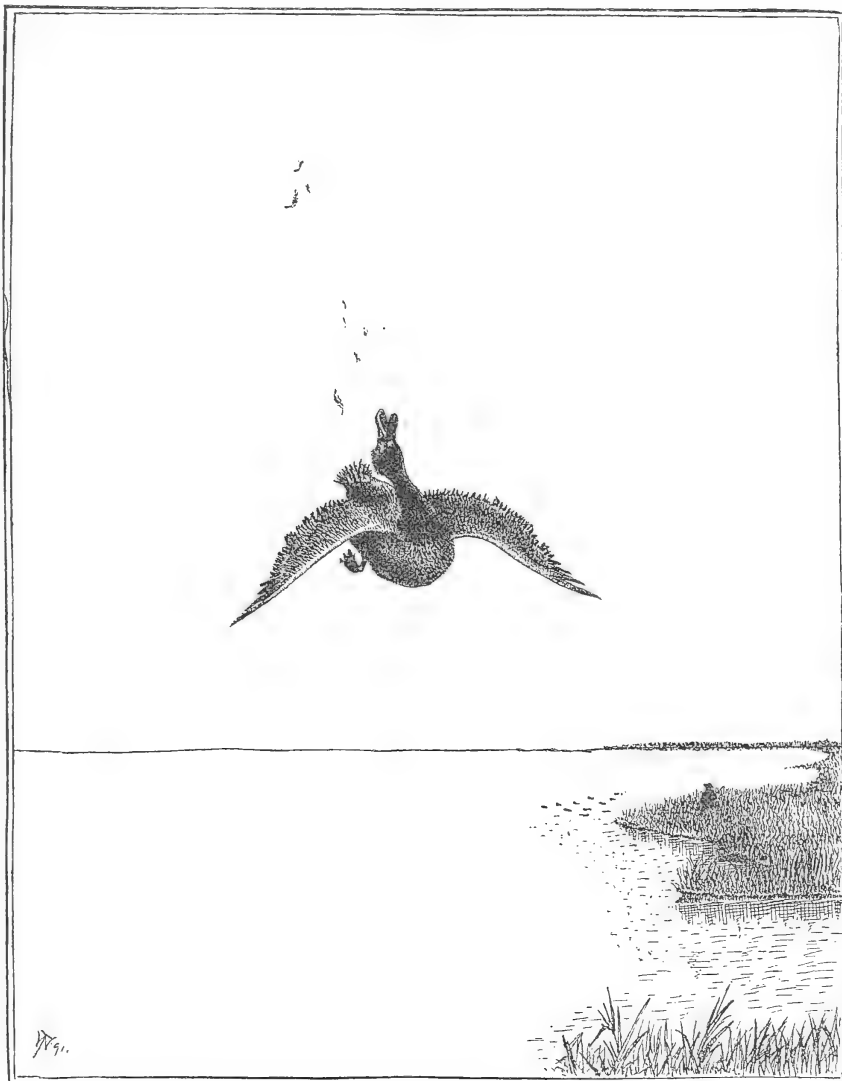
Fortunately for the sportsmen, the beams of a hot sun, or a stiff breeze causes these pests to sink out of sight, and but for this wise provision of nature such a thing as hunting bay birds on the North Carolina coast would be an impossibility. I have had some hard experiences in my life with these insects. I have fought the Jersey mosquitoes, off the coast, battled with them in the Florida everglades, and suffered torments from them in the swamps of Cape Charles, but for persistency, bloodthirstiness and relentless persecution, I give to the North Carolina coast mosquito the palm. They seem to me larger than any other species I ever met, and as these shallow pools on the sea meadows are their breeding places, they literally are in swarms. In the drive through the bushes they covered horse, cart and occupants, and not until we got out in the open and caught the strong wind from the ocean did they leave us.

We occupied blinds a couple of hundred yards or so apart. A few bushes stuck in the ground, a small box to sit upon, a couple of dozen tin decoys stuck in the shallow ponds, and we were ready for work. The cart put back to the house, call about 10 o'clock. All around were the flying birds, and at once the snipe began circling over the decoys, and each gun was ringing out in the morning air. I alone had taken a trained setter to the club, who crouched in the blind awaiting my signal to bring the killed and wounded birds. The bay birds here rarely fly in flocks, and consequently all our shots were singles and killed flying. The birds seemed to detect the cheat as they approached near the decoys, and invariably shied off, thus bringing the gunner's skill in full play. I suppose we averaged a shot every two minutes, though of course not regularly. Sometimes we would fire so fast but for our thick gloves we could not have held the heated barrels, then a lull would come of a minute or two. For over one hour I made preparations to light my pipe, but before I could succeed I would have to stop to shoot, and my friend and comforter was taken up and thrown hastily aside a dozen times because the birds came so fast.

There was no necessity for calling them, they would head for the decoys of their own accord, and it required at times some fancy shooting. It was comparatively easy when they circled or beat against the wind, but when they darted by, borne on the pinions of the breeze, they went like a rocket, and one had to sling the muzzle of his gun fully five or six feet in front to knock them over.

ALEX. HUNTER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—VI.

DEAD FOR A DUCAT—AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

in length. The grass is short and thick, with here and there shallow ponds that are filled with water except in a drought. These basins are the great reservoirs for the yellow shanks, graybacks, grass plovers, mostly, which arrive in May, disappear in June, and then return in the latter part of July and remain until some time in October.

While epicures and gourmands consider these birds most excellent in delicacy and flavor, yet few ever reach market, for these snipe are safe from the pot-hunter, for one reason, their flesh is so fat and tender, that they spoil in a few hours on a hot day, and they must be placed on ice shortly after they are shot, and kept there until they are served, else decomposition is sure to follow. Of course market gunners can not afford to bring ice such a distance even had they a refrigerator to hold it, and packing contrivances to ship them, hence, though the birds command a fancy price, and are in great numbers, none of the natives nor gunners care to waste their ammunition except to supply their own table.

This leaves the clubmen a fine show, and as few of them ever come down during the summer there is choice shooting for those who care to risk the positive discomforts of torrid weather, swarms of mosquitoes, and the absence of all fresh fruits and vegetables, for this pure sandy soil produces nothing, neither orchard nor garden stuff. Even the milk is canned.

The glory of this club is in its snipe shooting, the ducking privileges are far from choice, and cannot be com-

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

OPENING DAY AT HORICON.—II.

SATURDAY at noon, the first of the Horicon shooting party left Chicago, including Mr. Percy Stone, Mr. L. M. Hamline, his guest Mr. J. Hall, and his young son, Leo Hamline, also a new member, Dr. H. C. Buechner and the writer. The distance, via C. M. & St. P. R. R., is about 150 miles, and Horicon is reached in the early evening, the three miles' ride cross country putting one down at the "Box" just in good time and elegant trim for the sort of supper Louie Dunham, the club cook, has waiting. Louie is an old Mississippi River cook and a high roller in culinary matters. We found that he had ordered, among other items, twelve dozen spring chickens. Before we had finished supper he grimly remarked that he was sorry he hadn't ordered another gross. If an assessment isn't due to square the table account at the end of the season, I miss my guess, for everything goes at Horicon.

Now, if the reader will kindly look up the Chicago Shooting Box, on the left hand side of the map as one looks toward the top, he will find where Percy Stone began to show the writer something of the marsh. "Miescke's Channel" runs clear up to the boat house, and is ordinarily full of water, but when Percy and I started down it, it took us over an hour to push through the mud down to the mouth of it, and then we could not tell where the mouth was. It is useless to ditch on the marsh proper, for the bog simply melts and fills a ditch with soft black mud. A bank for a ditch is an impossibility.

Some time before noon we got our boat, the best mud craft I ever saw, down through Miescke's bay to the dam, which was just then beginning to set the water back a little. In a common boat we should never have gotten there at all. The boat we had was one of Mr. Stone's design. It is much like the Point Mouille boat you see on the Lake Erie marshes, but not quite so deep. It is double-ended, decked and coamed, flat-bottomed with small rake, only 8 in. deep in the middle, 4 at each end, and rather beamy. It is very light, and can run on a heavy sprinkling of corn meal, water not being at all necessary, as we discovered. This I should call the typical Horicon boat, though the natives use a cranky double-end sharpie, easy to pole in deep water, but absurd for mud.

"Wait till we get into Four-Mile," said Percy, "and I will show you more young ducks than you ever saw." So we pushed on up First Channel, and over waterless mud flats, half way across Four-Mile Pond. Then we came upon the first bed of birds. I should think about 10,000 teal got out of one bay, and these started others, and our rapping on the boat later on started yet other thousands, until Percy's prophecy was fully proved. I never did see the like. The birds flew up and down the bank of wild rice which skirts the edge of Four-Mile Island, and flapped in and out of the cover as far as we could see or hear. There was no estimating the number. They were all birds bred on the marsh. For the first time in my life I was upon one of the vast natural breeding grounds of the North, probably to-day the greatest this side of northern Minnesota or British Columbia.

"The teal come out early," said Percy; "the young red-heads are still in the grass to great extent, and the mallards are not in this part of the marsh. We will go see if we can find some of them now."

With extreme labor we now worked in over a quarter of a mile of mud bar, into the edge of what is known as the West Bay. We left the boat, took our lives and our push paddles in our hands, and plunged through the rice bog up to the edge of a bit of water. Here we called aloud, and in answer myriad voices arose. We thought about 2,000 mallards got up in one flock. They came circling over us, a sight to drive one frantic.

"We'll get in here on opening day, if we have to drag the boat over the grass," said Percy. "Right here is where we two are going to shoot."

We made it back to the club house in the early evening, and by that time I had seen enough ducks, apparently, to supply the inhabited world with shooting. Percy told the others of the party about the low water, but thought

the Big Lake, further north, would have more water in it. Later information confirmed this supposition, and the bulk of the party went in that direction on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Stone's friends, the two Hunter boys, of Chicago, were to go with him, and I was also so assigned, a great good fortune, for he is doubtless the hardest worker and most successful duck shooter of the club. I never met a better, outside of the market-hunters. His plan was soon formulated. He and I were to take a tent, and go up to Four-Mile Island and pitch camp on Monday afternoon, then to return to the Box, meet the rest of the shooting party due there Monday evening, get the two Hunter boys, go back to the tent and sleep there over night, and thus get the much coveted early start Tuesday morning. We did go in with the tent Monday afternoon, got within 50 yds. of the island with the boats, cut a path through the wild rice with a sickle, and half carried, half dragged our skiff through the thick, deep mud and water to the inner edge of the rice. We found the island a thicket too dense to admit a tent, but on the edge of it the ground was more open. We pitched the tent on ground so soft

calls the "gloaming just preceding nightfall" when Tommy Hunter and I started for the dam. It was the dark of the moon, or at least there wasn't any moon visible, and to make matters worse, a dense white fog had settled over the marsh, so thick you could hardly see a dozen yards ahead of you. We declined a guide, however, and with the pleasing prospect of getting lost on the marsh started out, after arranging in regard to the signals in case we did get lost. Our scheme was to follow a line fence till we got to a certain wooded point, follow the edge of this till we came to the road, and then follow that till we got to the dam. This looked simple enough, but we soon found it difficult. The abominable fog shut out every landmark. Tommy Hunter had never been there before, and I was trusting to one trip and a compass. We found the timber, took the right bearing for the dam, but could not find the road. Back and forth we promenaded on the bluff, unable to catch the wheel marks, and afraid to trust ourselves to the marsh. It is astonishing how different a landscape appears after dark, especially with a white fog accompaniment. Finally I told Tommy that we might be somewhere, but I didn't believe it, and if so,

I didn't know where it was. I was irritated beyond measure at knowing where we were without being able to prove it. Finally I left Tommy on the point, and getting the Milky Way on my back started into the marsh, and then we fired three shots at intervals, getting no answer. The situation was most puzzling. We could get back to the club house, but could not get to the dam. At length we struck a cowpath, which by the compass had the right trend, and presently we found a cattle pond which was familiar. With Tommy for a pivot here I worked around in the marsh till I found the wagon trail. The next day I learned that we had crossed it on the bluff a half dozen times, but it was so scattered on the hard blue grass sod that we had missed the wheel marks.

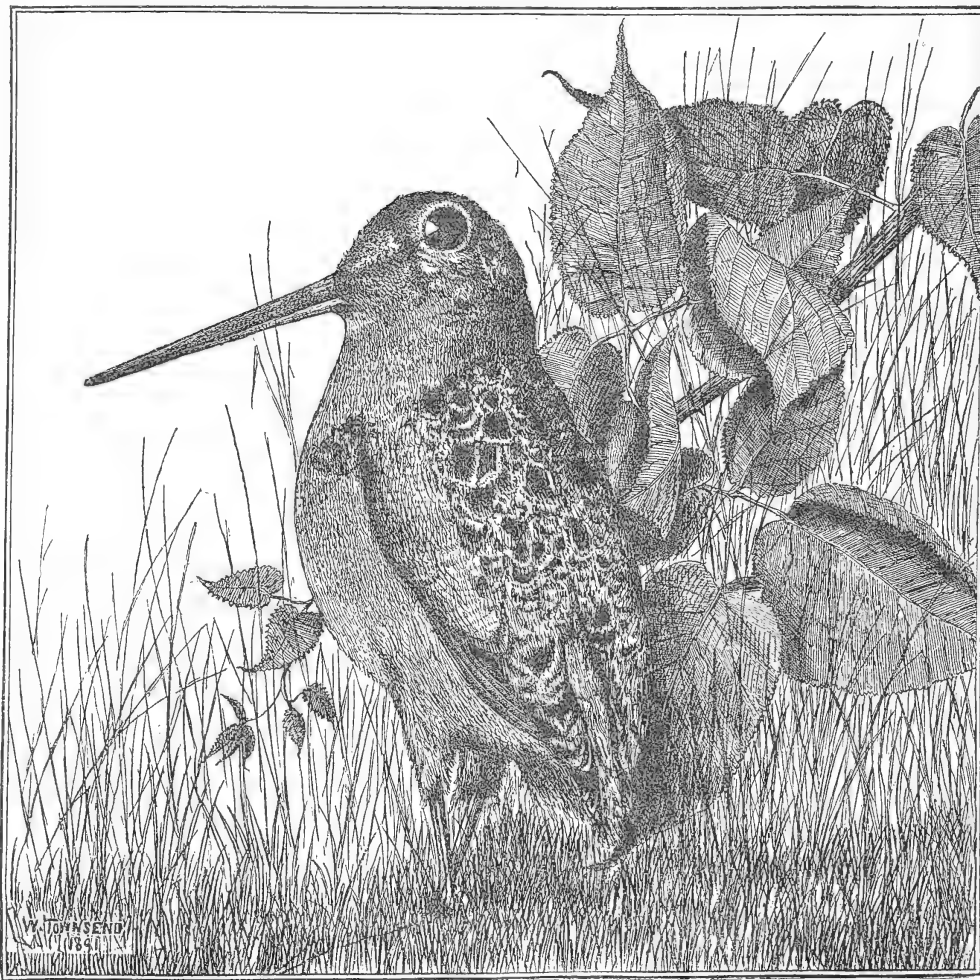
We got to the dam ahead of Percy and Charlie Hunter, for they had had even a worse time than we. They had lost their lantern overboard, and their boat leaking badly and so taking in great weight, they had nearly stuck on the marsh where they could not empty her. With a saucer for a bailing vessel they had kept afloat, though very wetly so, and finally made their way down to the dam.

It was now nearly midnight, and the hardest of our trip lay before us. Percy and I divided up the baggage, taking a boat apiece, and the two brothers took a third boat. Percy went ahead with a lantern to explore the channel, and we followed single file, pushing up First Channel in the fog. My boat was last, and I shall not soon forget the weird effect I saw that night, the short gleam of the lantern on the white fog bank,

and the giant figures laboring dimly in the mist ahead. It was all very grim and ghostlike. You can not stay at home and see such things.

Of our push across the flats above the channel I shall say little, for it was simply awful. The picturesqueness soon wore off, and it became a sheer case of hard work, three feet at a time, push, push. At 1 o'clock in the morning we halted at the edge of the wild rice bank and consulted awhile, finally concluding that the next bank must be ours. Into the next bay we dragged on, and here Percy Stone found a duck roost and a muskrat house which he lined up, and out of these uncertain data he figured out the tiny hole in the rice where we had cut our landing in to the island. This was the finest piece of marsh work I ever saw done by amateur or professional. The difficulties of that fog-encircled journey cannot be understood till tried in similar fashion. That same morning old man Miescke, the best guide on the marsh, got lost on dry ground going up to Big Lake, and his son Emil, born on the marsh, also got clear out of his calculations on the lake. With no channel or current to give a hint, with a curtain of bog and marsh growth all about and a sea of white fog sweeping over all, the problem of finding a 14 in. hole in a fourteen-mile rice bank five miles off is one which may well be thought to offer difficulties.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we blundered half exhausted through the mud that lay between us and the tent. We threw ourselves upon our moist and uncertain bed with a great deal of relief and a good chance for



NOT TILL THEN.

WHEN the brush of glorious autumn

Paints the maple leaves with scarlet,

When the golden rod is decked with glistening sprays,

Then 'tis time to seek the woodcock

'Mid the brier-tangled thickets

On the hillsides, in the bright October days.

W. TOWNSEND.

and "trembly" that we kicked the tent pins down with the toes of our rubber boots, an axe not being necessary. It was the moistest looking camp I ever helped set up. As to how we were ever going to find that hole in the wild rice after dark, that was still another question.

The evening train on Monday brought up Messrs. C. E. Felton, C. B. Dicks and the two Hunter boys from Chicago and Mr. R. Merrill from Milwaukee, so that the Box fairly overflowed with eager shooting humanity. At the club boat below the dam we had already seen Capt. Clements and son of Milwaukee, Mr. L. J. Petit and several other shooters. Mr. Kretchmar and son were camped on Four-Mile Island above us, Mr. Boehme was over at Mayville shanty with two other guns, and all in all the occupancy of many of the choicer shooting points was already foregone. The party at the Box was divided up as follows: Messrs. Hamline, Hall, Dicks, Merrill and Buechner started at 3 A. M. the next morning for Big Lake, where their boats were taken Monday. Col. Felton and his pusher went by wagon to the dam early Tuesday morning, thence up First Channel to the middle bogs of Four-Mile Bay. Percy Stone and Charlie Hunter started at about 8 o'clock Monday evening by boat for the dam, and I was to take Tommy Hunter by land along the edge of the marsh, find the road that ran down to the dam, and there meet the boat party, all four then taking boat for the camp on the island. As it turned out, our camping party had rather more incident than its share.

It was about that time of day which the club historian

malaria, of which latter we never even dreamed. At 4 A. M., two hours later, we were up and eating a hurried breakfast. Before that time some one on the "Skirmish Line" had violated the rules and was firing in the sightless dawn. When we hurriedly pushed out into the flats again the guns began to boom on all sides, and the swish of passing hurrying wings was incessant. Opening day had begun!

An hour's push brought us all four to the mouth of the channel, into West Bay, and here we left the Hunter brothers. Percy and I pushed on deeper in, over a journey which I shall not attempt to describe. Walk a mile 3ft. at a step, two minutes to each step, and lifting 300lbs. every minute, and you may get a notion of it. Early as had been our start for West Bay, it was 8:30 in the morning, and the fog was lifting, when I got my decoys out, and half an hour later when I had my boat in the blind. Meantime the firing on the flats back of us was incessant, rattling like musketry of engaged lines two miles long.

We put but few birds out of West Bay, and found when morning cleared that the feed was largely killed there by the lowness of the water. Still the bars were covered with mallard feathers, and we knew we had found their midday retreat. After a little they began to come in, and Percy and myself were soon at work. I never saw birds answer decoy and call so well, and for an hour or so I saw the prettiest sort of duck shooting at its very prettiest. I could see the birds dropping to Percy's gun over on the right, and before long I had down seventeen, nearly all mallards.

Presently the firing ceased all over the marsh, and before noon Percy pushed over to my blind, a much disgusted man, and said he was going in. He had thirteen birds in his boat, and had lost numbers in the rice and on the bottomless mud. I could not say even so much as that, for my very best wading and pushing had only been able to get seven of my ducks together. The country was simply impossible to traverse, either by boat or on foot. After Percy left I shot only a little while, for it seemed more cruelly and waste. I left four big mallards lying in plain sight on a mud bar, which I could not reach in any way contrivable. With retrievers, or with gin, more of water, we should have had a grand day of sport.

Every locality has its own style of shooting. At Horicon there are two methods, over decoys and on the flyways. It must be remembered that here the birds are all young home-bred ones. The pounding on the marsh on opening day sets them flying wildly in the morning. Then they get tired and hole up in the recesses of the marsh, whence they do not emerge for a day or two. While they are flying over the marsh they decoy easily, but after they hide it is impossible to get in to start them up unless the water is higher than it is this fall. A few inches more of water would have added hundreds to the bag of opening day this year.

As it was, the low water played havoc with the club's expectations. Instead of 500 ducks, only about 100 were brought in. Col. Felton shot on Four-Mile Bay and only got seven ducks. The early Skirmish Line shooters had the best of it, but we heard of only thirty-five ducks as high bag there, where there was shooting enough to kill a thousand. The Hunter boys had their hard work mostly for nothing. The party at the Big Lake did better, Mr. Hall having high bag, twenty-five, Ben Dicks sixteen, and so on. They brought in about seventy ducks. Ordinarily more than 300 are brought in on "first day." It was 327 last year to five guns only. The average at the Box is rarely less than twenty-five per gun. Mr. Boehmer, of Mayville Shanty, has bagged ninety-three in one day. It was he who got thirty-five this year. Mr. Hamline has bagged eighty-three birds in two days there, and Mr. Stone does not usually fall much below fifty or sixty, never less than thirty-eight since 1884, and last year seventy-four before noon. The latter gentleman, who had gone to so much trouble to secure sport for his friends, felt a trifle disappointed, but he was the only one who felt so. Everybody else was philosophical and happy. Indeed, the shooting was plenty good enough, barring the difficulty of getting the dead birds, and the day was one of utmost pleasure from a shooter's point of view. An epicure might have "kicked" had he belonged to the tenting party on Four-Mile, for every living man of us went off and forgot his water jug, so the day of hard work was passed without a sup to quench the thirst, for what little water there was on the marsh was quite undrinkable.

The next day, Wednesday, saw the water in the dam slowly creeping back over the marsh. Had the dam held at first the marsh would have been in perfect order. They had about a foot of water at Big Lake, and the party of Tuesday went back there again Wednesday, but by noon they returned, as the tired ducks had not yet begun to fly. Percy Stone and I got a few jacksnipe near the club house. In a week or so, especially with a little rain, the snipe shooting on this marsh will be probably the best there is in the West. There is about ten miles of the finest possible ground for them. Bags of fifty, sixty or seventy snipe are easy here, and the walking along the wet knolls on the edge of the swamp is not hard. Last year Ben Dicks killed thirty-one jacksnipe out of his duck blind in one day. Yellowlegs, sand snipe and rail are never noticed by the shooters here, but fairly swarm on the marsh. It is a most remarkable breeding ground for all the water birds.

I can not ask space to say more about the Horicon marsh, but it well might take more space. I saw more wildfowl there than I ever saw on a marsh before. The northern flight had not dropped in at all, and the ducks we saw were all local birds. About Sept. 20 the first of the northern birds strike Horicon, though the main flight is not due so soon. About that time, too, the Horicon teal band up and start on their long journey for the south, along the rail fence route earlier described so far as Chicago. The Horicon mallards, and there are untold thousands of them, as we can all testify who shot there this week, breed on the marsh and stay there till ice. The Horicon redheads are at this date still very young, and are not all out of the grass. They will go south with the main flight from the north. We did not see all the ducks the marsh held. Even the teal can not all fly yet. I saw one bunch feeding on a bar, trim, beautiful little fellows, not much bigger than quails. They swam slowly back into the grass, not attempting to fly, though I approached them within 20yds. The pintail flight from the north is something tremendous, they tell me. I should imagine

that on a blustering day in October, when the birds were skurrying down before a northern storm, would afford such sport as would be hard to duplicate outside of Horicon. But you must ask old Miescke about that if you want duck stories.

One trouble about Horicon club arises from the discordancy of the Wisconsin and Illinois laws. The season opens in the former State Aug. 1, in the latter Sept. 15. Furthermore, the law of Wisconsin forbids one to "export, carry or convey" ducks out of the State. It may be thought that the club men would disregard this latter absurd law, which has been shown to be unconstitutional in a dozen courts, notably those of Indiana, but such is not the case. I do not know of any ducks that were brought across the line. Percy Stone gave a big bag full to relatives in Milwaukee, and I know all his ducks and mine went there. It seems too bad that we cannot have uniform game laws, at least for Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, which are so nearly alike and so much visited by the same sportsmen. The game dealers and restaurant men here, however, shall have no chance to lay a charge of inconsistency against the Horicon men. Certainly, in consideration of the facilities their incomparable marsh affords, the latter act with dignified and sportsmanlike reserve in framing and observing their own laws, much more strict than those of the State.

The wildfowl would be swept from Horicon marsh in two years now if it were not protected. It is protected, and I am glad of it. I wish every good marsh in the West were protected. I have no confidence whatever in the public's ability to take care of shooting privileges. History shows the greed and carelessness of the public in such matters. Preserves we must have, or the game is gone. Since this is so, it is fortunate that such rare privileges fall into the hands of men who appreciate and value them rightly and who will take care of them. A Horicon membership is now nominally \$150. In ten years it will be worth perhaps \$1,500, perhaps \$5,000. The game is going.

The following are the names of the gentlemen now holding memberships actually, though eight other memberships are due to be issued early: L. J. Petit, Milwaukee, president; F. C. Donald, Chicago, vice-president; Frank Falk, Milwaukee, treasurer; Percy F. Stone, Chicago, secretary. (The above, with Mr. F. T. Day, make up the board of directors, who have absolute power over the policy and management of the club.) The Chicago members are Messrs. C. E. Felton, C. L. Hunter, L. M. Hamline, W. S. McCrea, C. B. Dicks, W. T. Clark and H. C. Buechner; this list shortly to be extended. The Milwaukee men are S. and W. Clements, G. Preussner, B. Leitersdorf, H. and A. H. Gardner, Louis Auer, W. Sanderson and R. Merrill. Horicon members are H. Miescke, E. A. Kretschmar, L. Dietz, W. A. Van Brunt, C. A. Hart, S. E. Davis and J. B. Hayes. H. Boehmer is from Mayville, and T. C. Schove from Manitowoc.

E. HOUGH.

GAME NOTES.

THE Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Herald*, Sept. 30, reports: Major McDonnell, R.A., of Halifax, went into the woods at Half Way Lake, Cumberland, and killed a fine large moose. Franklin McLeod, Hubert Spiddle and Daniel Ryan, killed three moose in northern Queens. They still hunted two on Friday last and on Monday afternoon called up a fine bull near the Gardens road, so near that they went to the spot with a team and brought the moose home whole, and dressed it in Mr. Spiddle's barn. When dressed he carcass weighed 700lbs. Mr. Ryant did the shooting and ought to be looked after for violating the law. The *Gold-Hunter* says: Hunters are in the woods in all directions, and pretty soon moose horns will be plentiful. 'Twould be impossible to tell who are not out, or who are planning to go. We learn, however, that bombarding has been heard in likely localities where crack shots are in ambush. Last week a party were out in quest of moose. The familiar call succeeded in bringing to their view a fine large denizen of the forest. The idea was first to procure a photograph of the animal in his wild grandeur as a souvenir of the trip, before taking him down. Accordingly the camera was brought to bear with good success. Having exhibited himself thus long before their admiring gaze, and doubtless somewhat suspicious of the surroundings, he made a sudden dash, and disappeared in the forest, leaving but his shadow to tantalize the hunters. [To this record should be added two bull moose killed by Thos. J. Egan, of Halifax.]

Prospects for game very good indeed. Many flocks of birds nearly grown. Mild winters and comparatively few hunters. Very few were shot around here last season. I generally have some gentlemen from your city, but they could not well get off last season. Deer are getting to be right plentiful, and the foxes (the gray) are very numerous, and they are awful on game. We have a few wild turkeys; foxes are death on them. I saw a small flock of wild turkeys not long ago, and one of them was right white, the first I ever saw, and I am a dear lover of hunting and have killed a good many turkeys. The weather at this time hot and a little dry.

SAMUEL BURKE.

JENNING'S ORDINARY, Nottoway County, Va., Sept. 30.

Chicken shooting is over here, they began to pack about 11 days ago. Ducks are here in full force and shooting is fine. More jack snipe than we have ever seen before.—A. FORT PEMBINA, North Dakota, Sept. 28.

Game prospects good!
BERTFORD, N. C.

A. F. R.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION sends us its handbook, which shows that the society's membership (of 470 all told) comprises representatives of 61 different cities and towns. The headquarters are in Boston; and communications may be addressed to Sec'y Richard O. Harding, 304 Washington street.

THE OCTOBER TERM of the Courts opened in this city last Monday, and Morello, the restaurant keeper of West Twenty-eighth street, paid a fine of \$150 in the clerk's office of the Court of General Sessions, the amount collected against him for selling game out of season last winter.

HUNTING DEER WITH BIRD DOGS.—In your issue of Sept. 24, in my note there are two errors. The word "recovering," in third line from bottom, should read, "running." The words "the setter has enough," in the eighteenth line from bottom, should read, "they have enough."—H. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

FISHING WITH TRAINED CORMORANTS

By CAPTAIN F. S. DUGMORE, R. N. R., Master of the Falconry Club 1878 to 1883.

[Continued from page 203.]

CHAP. III.—TRAINING TO FOLLOW, AND INTRODUCTION TO THE WATER.

AS soon as all the down has disappeared from the plumage, the gate of the pen or sty may be thrown open, and the birds permitted to follow their trainer, always with his basket or food-can in hand, to the nearest pool or duck-pond—not running water—for half an hour's exercise; a genial sunny day being selected, and an hour not too late to allow of their getting thoroughly dry before night. While disporting themselves in the water, occasional scraps of fish should be thrown in well clear of the mob, to be raced for.

Birds remaining lazily on the bank should be driven into the water by cracking a dog-whip at them, at the same time calling out sharply, "Get away, get away!" in a tone eventually to be used as a signal to commence work.

Finally, the feeding call should be sounded, and the basket or can loudly rattled and deposited on the ground about 10yds. or so from the water's edge, each bird being allowed to help himself and to gobble down a few mouthfuls (only) before following trainer and basket home; then another mouthful all around, and a full feed as soon as they are all perfectly dry.

While the birds are young they should not be encouraged to follow for a longer distance than an eighth of a mile at most; less, if they are on a stony road; unless their wings have been left uncut, which will prevent their legs from being overtaxed and becoming bent and crooked.

A few days of this practice and there will no longer be any chance whatever of the birds getting lost.

If the wings are uncut, of course netting must be stretched over their pen, or they will be perpetually intruding into the kitchen, their master's study; or drawing-room, and in fact into any and every place in which their odoriferous company would be least appreciated.

CHAP. IV.—TRAINING TO FISH.

By this time our birds will have learned to retrieve bits of fish from under the water, and, what is equally important, to hold on to their prize; a lesson the greediness of his companions, ever on the lookout for a chance to snatch at the protruding corner of any scrap not properly pouched, will very speedily impress upon the understanding of each individual cormorant.

The next step is to teach them to catch living fish. And here, if a wild-caught bird be not available as "pupil teacher," let us hope that one at least of the team may turn out to be a bird of extra quick perceptions.

In this case, he will rapidly instruct all the rest without much assistance or interference.

Failing such a bird, we have before us the only really bothersome part of the training.

If the cormorants, six hours after a very scanty apology for breakfast, cannot be induced to notice a few live fish, running from four to six to the pound, or even a little smaller, placed ready for them in a small clear pool or large tub, it may be necessary to commence by introducing them individually, one at a time, to live minnows in a horse trough. If they seem extra stupid, a minnow or two may be shown in the hand and thrown in before their eyes.

My birds almost always entered themselves, sooner or later, after being promoted from their exercising pond to a swim up a river or trout brook.

First one bird would be tempted, while under water, to make a grab at a fleeing trout, and then the others, after trying their level best to rob him of the unwonted delicacy, would keep their own eyes uncommonly sharp-skinned, on the lookout for a similar bit of luck. But for this clear water is indispensable.

Care must be taken that they do not at this stage get hold of a catfish, a black bass, a perch, or any kind of fish armed with spines that might lacerate the membrane of the pouch.

Brook trout, or sea trout, "weakfish" (so-called) are the best quarry they can have to begin with.

Once the ice is fairly broken, three days will probably make the whole team expert fishers.

During these days we must be careful to call them ashore for a meal from the feeding basket (which must be kept out of sight while they are fishing or they will be pretty sure to strike work) before they have caught enough to gorge themselves, and become disposed to assert their independence. For at first, until our slaves shall have learned to hug their chains, it will not take quite so much as the blunders of a British Colonial Office to remind true-bred American cormorants that "All birds are born free and equal."

CHAP. V.—BREAKING TO COLLAR.

We have now to commence the final stage of education, training our cormorants to give up for their master's use the fish when caught.

We provide each bird with a collar, a pliant leather thong, pierced with several holes, so as to be capable of extension and contraction, and fitted with a buckle.

To this we attach, preferably by a hook swivel, a cord of a yard in length, which we make fast to an iron peg in the ground, or to a loop-knot in a rope sufficiently long to hold the entire team at least four yards apart; the ends

being securely pegged down on soft grass in a tolerably shady spot.

Here we leave the birds, after a very light breakfast given before collaring, until afternoon feeding time, watching to see that they do not get entangled in the course of their struggles against the unwonted restraint. These struggles will very soon cease for good and all, the cormorant, although by nature a good republican, being a bird of a decidedly philosophical turn of mind.

In the afternoon we go down the line with our food basket, sounding the feeding call, and throwing to each bird a bit of fish (which will be cleverly caught in the air) just too large to pass the collar.

Returning very leisurely to the head of the line, we gently approach the first bird (which is looking the very picture of abject discomfort), pass our right hand lightly down the upper mandible of the beak, caress the head, grasp it behind the ears, changing to the left hand, and

is very rapidly carried out, if carried out at all; i. e., if you can succeed in establishing a good understanding between yourself and your pupil.

CHAP. VII.—TRAINING WILD CORMORANTS.

The moment you receive the old bird, cut the quills of one wing (the left), put a collar on him, and tether him as previously described. Leave him alone as little as possible during the first forty-eight hours of his captivity. Lie on the grass close to him—guarding your eyes against possible attempts at reprisal—and with gloved hand make gradual and cautious advances to familiarity, avoiding abrupt or startling movements; scratch his head and tickle his ears, as soon as he has discovered that biting your strong glove is but poor sport, no fun to himself and no harm to you, and bears the light touch of your hand without wincing or straining at his cord.

The second day he will probably take a bit of fish from

self with slackening his collar and allowing him to swallow it. This will soon teach him to wait for your helping hand, instead of plunging in and swimming off with his prize at your approach. Watch his eye keenly as you approach him, and the instant you divine even a half-formed intention of escape, arrest your advancing footsteps and remain immovable, or even take a pace to your rear, so as to give him ample time to reconsider the question at issue.

Beware of allowing him to remain at large when nearly full-fed; this may come to pass when he has made many captures, and consequently has received many rewarding mouthfuls.

If you intend working your birds, whether wild-caught or nestlings, from a boat on broad estuaries or tidal waters with muddy shores and troublesome shallows, you must provide yourself with a flat raft about 8ft. square to be towed astern of your boat; and by feeding your birds upon it, teach them to clamber thereon for rest and drying instead of landing for that purpose. Keep your feeding basket in the boat and lift each bird in turn by the neck on to the gunwale to disgorge his fish and receive his reward.

This is the Chinese system of working, being the only practicable method of dealing with the mud-bordered rivers of the Celestial Empire.

If your team consists of nestlings, you can practice them in following your boat, which they will do for miles before they have learned to fish.

Needless to say, old-caught birds should not be used at all on estuaries until thoroughly steadied by long and successful practice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHANNEL BASS AT CAPE MAY.

I HAVE always been amused by the dicta of those who profess to know all about fishing and fish, given with the air, as Justice Manly (I think) characterized the speech of a barrister, "Don't speak to the Court as if you were God Almighty addressing a black beetle." There are those whose literary style is excellent, and who give information as to the habits and places for capturing fish, whose experience is confined to their desks. The great Samuel Johnson, if he knew the facts, would characterize their knowledge as "insipissated."

Some practical knowledge of fish would be of advantage to those who write of them and their haunts, and how to take them. For example, in regard to the channel bass. This is the fish known in the South as the red-fish, and on the New Jersey coast as the red drum. There are more namby-pamby and meaningless names attached to the bass family than any other; some ought to be separated and given a designation by themselves. The seabass may remain as designated, for it has no other name except (when small), and in New Jersey, "black perch" and "nigger bass." The magnificent striped bass should have its distinctive designation rock, not rock bass, which is the appropriate name of an insignificant fresh-water fish. There should be no more objection to calling a fish a rock, because the word means also something else, than calling another fish a pike, because that word is applied as well to a short spear. Black bass is indefinite, but is a name given to no other fish, although our Southern friends call the fish green trout!

But, assuming that the fish I have in mind is the channel bass, whether red fish or red drum (*Sciaenops ocellatus*), I believe, is the scientific name, our desk authorities are ignorant in regard to its habits. FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 9, 1890, states that he is known as an occasional visitant on the New Jersey coast. The Government books say that he has been found as far north as Long Island, and as an occasional visitant on the coast of New Jersey.

I have for many years pursued sea fish which are powerful, about the coast of Cape May county, New Jersey, both in the ocean and in Delaware Bay. The channel bass is my favorite, with the rock, the bluefish and the weakfish closely following. I like game which I can carry in my pocket, and fish which I can't "tote."

Instead of being an "occasional" visitor to the New Jersey coast, the channel bass is the most reliable fish we have. From the middle of September to the middle of October the fisherman is sure of them. They swarm in



A TEAM OF TRAINED CORMORANTS AT WORK. (AS VIEWED BY A DIVER.)

with the right deftly slacken the collar sufficiently to allow the food pouch to be swallowed, rebuckling it as before. This we repeat four or five times, eventually unfastening all the cords and calling the birds homeward to their pen for a worry at the food basket, still with their collars on; finally removing the collars when the whole lot are standing helplessly round with their pouches full, and letting them finish their meal out of the basket without further restraint.

This, repeated for three days, will teach the birds that, though they may catch their food unaided, they stand in need of your benevolent assistance before they can swallow and enjoy it; the result will be that they will soon learn, when fishing successfully, to wait for that assistance at the water's edge, instead of obeying the first natural impulse of trying to escape with their prey.

After the first day, each bird when tethered should have a large flat stone to sit upon.

CHAP. VI.—PRACTICE.

Allowing only a mouthful apiece for breakfast, and adjusting collars immediately afterward, you may now commence, in the afternoon, to fish with your cormorants; a narrow stream that you can easily jump across being the best water to begin with, provided always that it is well stocked with fish; since disappointment is especially to be deprecated at this early stage of their sporting career. Keep the food basket out of sight, behind a bush or under a cloth, until you require to make use of it. Turn the birds in all together, working up stream, and keep them together, promptly heading back with your dogwhip any that break away down the current. As each bird makes a capture he will be driven ashore by the persecution of his less successful comrades (whom you must drive back instantly to their work), and will plant himself on the bank on a stone or stump with the tail, or perhaps even two-thirds of the length, of a fish protruding from his pouch. When all or most of your birds have thus got cargo on board, it will be time for you to attend to them with a view to relieving each in turn from his embarrassments. Approach him with the feeding basket in the left hand and a tempting morsel prominently displayed in the right. Drop this into the basket under his eyes; and, grasping his neck with your right hand in the manner previously directed, bend his head into the basket; when a little gentle persuasive pressure applied to the lower part of the pouch by the second, third, and fourth fingers, will probably induce him to disgorge his fish, for the purpose of instantly grabbing one of the more manageable pieces lying in its depths.

Slacken the collar and let him swallow this; then retighten it at once, and drive him back to work, unless so wet as to require drying; carrying him back to the water by his neck and throwing him in if he shows a disposition to stick to the basket after having received his reward.

If the first bird you attempt to unload manifests any disinclination to part with his fish, do not risk a trial of strength with him, but leave him severely alone, while you attend to another customer: the first meanwhile standing by half choked and very uncomfortable.

Later on, if the waters are not too full of small fry and too scantily stocked with good fish, it may save time to work your birds with collars sufficiently slack to allow them to swallow the rewarding mouthful, though not a fish of any size. Each will then have to be driven from the basket as soon as he has deposited his fish and helped himself to a mouthful in payment; otherwise he will quickly fill himself up and be fit for no more work until the morrow.

The collar should always be adjusted round the bottom of the neck, just below the pouch.

So much for nestlings. The training of old-caught birds differs, in that it consists principally of taming, and

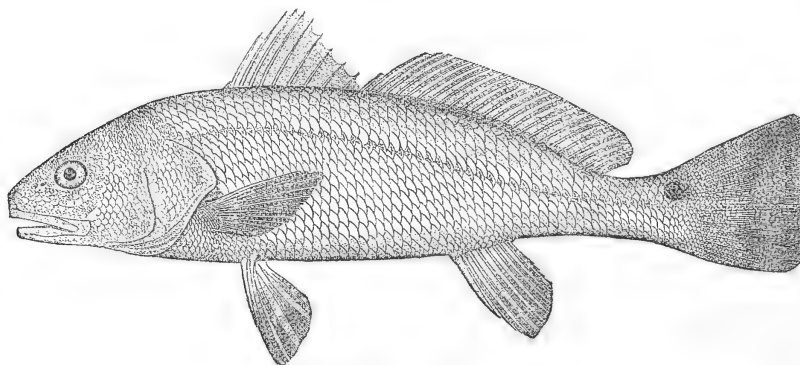
your hand; small pieces only should be given and a slack collar used (to avoid necessity of readjustment) for three days at least. If he refuses food until forty-eight hours after capture, you must cram him as best you may: covering your head with a cloth by way of disguise, if compelled to adopt such forcible measures, and choosing for them the dusk of the evening.

These precautions are necessary, because we do not wish the bird to connect any disagreeable recollections with his trainer, whose identity should therefore be concealed as much as possible on occasions of this kind. Use the call and show the basket from the first; let him see every bit of food ostentatiously taken out of it, and allow him to help himself out of it after the fourth day, dropping in only a mouthful or two at a time, so as to prolong his feast.

Two days later unfasten his tethering cord and let him follow you and your basket, calling him along the road and out of small puddles or ditches, and finally out of a larger sheet of water with no fish in it. Unlike nestlings, never let him go without his collar (unless he is turned out to recover from sickness) into water containing fish.

Without starving or reducing him too much, he must be kept hungry; a mouthful in the morning and a half-meal in the afternoon will suffice at this stage; he should be left as little as possible to his own company. Practice him in permitting his collar to be tightened and slackened without opposition; then in exchanging into the food-basket a fish that won't pass his (slack) collar for pieces that will pass; and his training is finished.

There is no complication whatever about it, and very



CHANNEL BASS (*Sciaenops ocellatus*).

little trouble; all your efforts have to be directed to the establishing of a good understanding between your pupil and yourself, and all the rest follows as a matter of course; the thing is done.

You may now take him to your fishing grounds, avoiding at first localities where rocks, stumps or islets, to you inaccessible, are to be found; and eschewing for the present large stretches of open water, lest he should wander too far from you, and his wild instincts returning should tempt him to insubordination.

For a time he may require to be approached on the bank—always with outstretched hand displaying a tempting morsel—more quietly and carefully than the nestlings, unless you work him in their company; and will take a little more coaxing before he will surrender his fish when caught.

In fact, in order to avoid anything like a fight (which would quickly undo all that you have done), it may be better, if he manifests the slightest disinclination to part with his capture—very probable at first—to content your-

countless numbers along the shores of the ocean and up the Delaware Bay. Fifty-two were taken from the iron pier at Cape May Oct. 1. To be sure, the whole resident population of the little town were fishing, but the catch shows how numerous they are.

The channel bass is a beautiful fish of from 20 to 50 lbs. weight. I have never seen one upon our coast weighing less than the former or more than the latter. He is of a beautiful "old gold" tint, shading into red on the back and snow white beneath, with the distinctive black spot, sometimes broken into splotches, on each side the tail. When he takes the bait he makes a fierce run of from 100ft. to 100yds., and he cannot be checked until the run is made. Then he can be quietly reeled back and the line recovered on the reel, and his subsequent runs will be short and near the boat. Strong tarpon tackle is necessary, for sharks are numerous and very large. It requires a stout rod to kill a shark of 200 to 300lbs., and there are more strikes from sharks than bass.

There is variety in the fishing, too. Schools of croak-

ers, weakfish and bluefish pass along and make variety and interest. The croakers average 2lbs. weight and fight well. Weakfish average 4lbs., and bluefish the same. Sometimes the skates (some as large as a card table) are great pests, and flounders are taken up to 12 pounds. The fishing is interesting and exciting.

A few from the metropolis have found out Angelsea. I think it is the best place for fishing in this country outside of the Gulf of Mexico. Two express trains run there from Philadelphia daily. One gentleman from New York, I know, has fished there every day since May. The season will not close until November.

On the bay side is equally good fishing for the channel bass, with a large flavor of big sharks. The fisherman should take stage from the court house, which is also the junction for Angelsea, and go to Nathaniel Holmes's house at Dyer's Creek. There is good board and lodging at \$1 a day, and boat, bait and boatman at \$3 more. Two persons can have the best of fishing at \$2.50 per diem each.

I write this because I have been reading the pitiful scores about New York, and especially the wonderful luck of some New York angler (recorded in FOREST AND STREAM) who recently hooked a channel bass off Long Island, and "great mirration" (as Uncle Remus would say) was made over it. F. S. J. C.

Mr. Henry S. Tappan and Mr. Chas. S. Higgins were fishing off Fire Island last Sunday, when Mr. Tappan hooked, and after a hard fight took into the boat, a channel bass weighing 32lbs.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 26.—I believe I have said, and certainly should have done so, that a couple of weeks ago I was down on the Illinois River on the State Fish Commission steamer Lotus, in company of Dr. Bartlett, State Commissioner. If it were not for an early October trip with President Cole over the same country, I should like to make the patient column rules of FOREST AND STREAM squeak with a longer account of this pleasant voyage. Later it may be of interest to tell of the way the work of reclaiming young native fishes is carried out, but now all must be brief.

The Lotus is the pride of Dr. Bartlett's heart, and her captain and crew are equally beloved. Captain Brown is an ancient mariner of the great island waterways, and without him the Lotus would be incomplete. With him she has the best pilot on the river, and the kindest, gentlest soul on earth. Captain Brown, Mr. Bower, the U. S. Government foreman, with Charlie and Dan, engineer and fireman, made up the boat party during Dr. Bartlett's visit, and they were under orders to lay off and go up the river from the Meredosia Station to Beardstown, between twenty and thirty miles. We all stopped to fish at La Grange Locks, but the water was muddy and but a short stay was made.

At Beardstown we met many friends of the Lotus. Here is the hot center of marketdom. The fight between the market fishers and the newly organized Beardstown Rod and Gun Club has already received comment. It is a war not fairly begun, but will be a bitter one. We met Mr. A. A. Greene, president of the club, also Judge C. H. Cummings and Prosecuting Attorney Hewitt, all bright and able men. These Dr. Bartlett invited aboard, and out of the ensuing conversation learned facts which will be of interest in the \$5,000 damage suit which Smith, the Beardstown market-fisher, has brought against him.

"The men who make up our club," said Mr. Greene, "are our best citizens. We are moving carefully and have won every move so far. We will keep up the work, and will grow stronger and not weaker. We find that these fishermen are very ignorant. They are just like children, and we have to treat them as such. They always have fished here unhindered, and they think they always should. They cannot understand restraint."

"I was shown that very amusingly," broke in Judge Cummins, "not long since by old Garrison, the fellow who didn't ante up his fish at the fishermen's free fish fry, and who got thumped for not doing it, by the way. Garrison is ignorant to the last degree, and picaunish beyond that. He wouldn't hire a lawyer, but he did come in and borrow a lot of my law books. I question whether he could read a line. He kept the books several days, and then came into town looking wiser than a flock of owls. He got a crowd of his sort around him, and laid down the law to them, 'I tell ye, boys,' said he, 'them fellers kaint tetch ye fur seinin' fish, an' I know it. I been lookin' up the law, an' I read Webster. What does Webster say? Webster sez, 'All fish is free!' This exposition of a legal authority seemed to satisfy the crowd. They will probably go on seining until some one shows them that Webster does not say 'all fish is free.'"

The Illinois River is very low. Flats opposite Meredosia, where last year 50 car loads of fish were taken and distributed by the Commission, are this year entirely dry. The work is now carried on in Meredosia Bay, a big bayou, now very low and shallow. This work is carried on by the U. S. Government, which furnishes cars and crews, the State of Illinois getting a certain per cent. of the total shipping. The Lotus is indispensable in this work. She is ingeniously fitted up with a pump which forces fresh water continuously through a series of stop cocks which extends entirely around the deck. Under these cocks are placed the fish cans, the pump is started, and that is all there is to it. The stream of fresh water is constant, and if a fish is alive when it reaches the boat its safety is assured. There is absolutely no loss of fish. The old dipping system is done away with. This idea of Dr. Bartlett is now also in use on most of the Government cars. It is most fortunate. No other invention ever helped fish transportation in any degree compared to this. Its use means safety to the fish, no matter how long the journey. Of this, more in due course, and more the work in charge of Dr. Bartlett, who, outside of his own State at least, is valued as one of the highest authorities in the land on fish preservation. It may not be generally known, but the U. S. Government comes all the way out to the Illinois River bottoms to get all the pike, bass, croppie, sunfish and catfish that it distributes all over the Union. A more prolific stream than the Illinois does not flow in all our land. Illinois is recognized as the best field to gather supplies, and the method of this gathering is that first used by Dr. Bartlett. Again it may not be known, but Dr. Bartlett is offered a fine salary to leave his State work and go into the Government fish work altogether. This

he says he will not do, because he likes his State labors, though he does not get a cent for his pains. So much for the men who abuse him, and who think he is paid a salary by the State. His only pay is his U. S. salary for this work of reclamation of native fishes.

"Did you know that carp will bite worms?" said Dr. Bartlett to me. "They will bite freely and pull hard, though that is the best I can say for them. Last month a party fishing in Lamb Lake slough, twenty miles above Quincy, caught 160 carp on worms in one day, some weighing 4 or 5 lbs. We have caught mirror carp thus in Quincy Bay, right in town."

Protective work along the Illinois is rapidly extending. The latest society of which I have notice is the Astoria Protective. Of this Mr. A. A. Greene got for me the following brief account in the form of a letter to himself:

"ASTORIA, Ill., Sept. 16.—Dear Sir: Yours of the 14th received. Sept. 1 we organized the Astoria Game and Fish Protective Association with about twenty-five members and elected the following board of directors: John H. Lutz, Chas. Wilson, Harry Green, Henry Windherst, Chas. Tohr, Jas. Turner, Harry Rockwell, Lon Grove, Benj. Burgard and John Atkinson. The board elected Chas. Wilson, President; John H. Lutz, Vice President; John Atkinson, Secretary; Harry Green, Treasurer. We have received our charter and are in good shape. We used your by-laws with a few exceptions and additions and will have them printed shortly.—JOHN ATKINSON, Sec'y A. G. and F. P. A."

Astoria Club offers \$5 reward for information that will secure a conviction under the game laws.

Beardstown Club numbers over 100. Sept. 25 the Lotus was to be the scene of a mammoth fish fry picnic under the auspices of this club, and I must thank Mr. Greene for a neat invitation which I wish I could have accepted. This gathering is simply to marshal more closely the fighting clan. Astoria will follow, the Illinois Valley Association will join, and all along the line we will have some fun. This is the sportsman's year. To-day Mr. John Stockton, of the Swan Lake Club, of Lake Senawine, told me to call and see him as soon as possible. Swan Lake Club is made up of Chicago men, but it wants to fall into line to protect the Illinois River, and will give money for that. It is all a mistake to say Swan Lake has impeded any warden in his work. It wants to help the work of protection, and the Illinois River Association never had so good an ally as it will be. Get them all in, all these clubs, every one, into the Illinois River Association, and what splendid work can be done on that splendid stream and its not less splendid tributaries. We'll get results or we'll get reasons. We will see whether "all fish is free."

Sept. 27.—Still magnificent sport with the bass at Mak-saw-ba Club on the Kankakee. Billy Mussey 18, 15 and 13, three days; Jo Card 18, one day; Johnnie Maddier 13, one day. All small-mouths now. Mr. Mussey had one small-mouth that weighed 44lbs. Mr. Card hooked a pike that didn't exactly pull him out of the boat, but got him just as wet as if it had, for he stepped out of the boat while playing the fish, and went in all over. "Gimme that landing net, Teeters!" was the first thing he said to his boatman when he came up.

Col. Cooper and party are back from their mascalonge trip to their new lakes. They killed over 100 mascalonge. The best fishing of the season, bass or mascalonge, is from now on.

A very pleasant Indiana friend, Mr. Ed. Varus, writes from Cedar Lake, on the Chicago & Erie road, that the bass are biting splendidly there now. Mr. Varus's address is Winona, Stark county, railway station is Ora. I have fished most pleasantly and successfully with Ed. Varus as boatman, on Cedar Lake. Some ducks and snipe there also.

Beardstown is just above Meredosia, where the State and Government work of reclaiming young fishes is now in progress. There would seem to be a good deal of news in and around Beardstown in protective matters just now, what with all these interesting legal fights on hand and the struggle between the protective and destructive agencies in general. When you are after news it is best to go straight to where the news is and see the field. Furthermore, I have in mind Dr. Bartlett's long time invitation to come down and see the State boat at work. Therefore I shall start for the lower Illinois River to-night, it being only about 250 or 300 miles run from here to Quincy and perhaps 50 miles more to the east from Quincy to Meredosia.

State Fish Commission Office Boat, Quincy, Ill., Sept. 10.—Fortunately I find Dr. Bartlett at home, he being kind enough to meet me and take me over to the headquarters boat. This afternoon we will go over to the State working boat, steamer Lotus, on the Illinois. Quincy is on the Mississippi River, Quincy Bay, an arm of the river, running right past the "Q." depot. It is on Quincy Bay that the office boat is moored, and it is on the office boat that they take you in and entertain you and have a lot of fun with you. All strangers, it seems, are sent down to the office boat to be "initiated." Everybody that ever came to Quincy has been initiated there, governors, generals, statesmen, politicians, sportsmen, everybody. They initiated the county sheriff there yesterday. This is the stock joke of the Illinois Fish Commission, and if it wasn't too good to keep I'd never tell it, for there are still other men who may visit Quincy some day.

The way they do that, or the way they did it in my case, was this, Dr. Bartlett called up his foreman, whom I will call Billy:

"Billy," said he, "this is a friend of mine who is a fisher from away back. I've got to go up town for a while, but you take care of him, get him some minnows, and let him fish off the corner of the boat where they have been catching all those croppies lately. I'll be back pretty soon."

While Billy was gone after the minnows, I sat down by the door of the boat and thought I would do some writing. When he appeared with the minnows I thought I would just catch a fish or two, and then do some writing. When he got the tackle out, I concluded I would just fish altogether and let the writing wait.

The office boat is about 50ft. long, with a house on it, and a platform running about the house. Billy got me a chair and stationed me at a corner. "Just fish right near the corner," said he, "and you'll soon get a bite." And after baiting my hook he disappeared around the corner. I cast in my line according to directions, and in half a

minute I was agreeably surprised to see the enormous red float with which they had provided me begin to walk off and to finally disappear. I gave a yank on the long cane pole, felt the usual tug of a fish, but finally brought away the hook, empty. Again I baited, threw in, and hardly had my balloon float settled when it began to gyrate and finally went down with a jerk.

"Holy Moses! I've got one of those big yellow cats," I yelled. "Wait till I yank him."

"That's what you have," said a sympathetic bystander (who had been initiated); let him have it, and then lift him."

I let him have it, and I lifted him. Again the empty hook came away. I could not understand it, but baited up again and tried it once more. In half a minute the red float went down with a surge, and with desperation I snatched it up with all the strength of the cane pole. As I did so I stepped forward a bit, and, as the hook again gave way, I chanced to see a long cane pole come up, floating on the water, and peering round the corner I saw the face of Billy, convulsed and choking.

"Well, about how much does this cost me?" I asked him, calmly as I could, and as soon as he and the rest of the crowd could talk they told me. Then I was initiated.

The way the joke is worked is simple enough. They always place the victim in the same chair, at the same corner, and give him the same long cane pole, so that he sits back quite a way from the corner. Then Billy goes around the corner, and leaning over, thrusts his cane pole into the water, of course out of sight, and works it around until he catches the sunken hook of the victim, who, of course, from his position, can't see the least of what is going on. A short looped string tied to the end of his pole enables Billy to get hold of the hook easily, and long experience has taught him how to pull as hard as he likes and let go when he chooses. He can imitate a "bite" to deceive the very elect, and many is the victim who has been laughed at on the office boat at Quincy. Usually, or in special cases, they have a crowd of 50 or more back on the bluff watching the fun. A man has been known to fish for over an hour trying to catch that most deceptive fish, which constantly pulls that big red float under, but which will not hook itself. Sometimes the effect is varied by gently pulling the hook around the corner and attaching an old bottle, a red herring or a little bell kept for the purpose. In any event the whole thing is realistic enough. This is the duly authorized and official joke of the Illinois State Fish Commission. It is as old as Antony and Cleopatra at least, as history and Shakespeare show, but is just as good and just as practicable to-day as ever. I hope I have not spoiled its future by telling about it here.

This afternoon an officer came down and wanted Dr. Bartlett to settle a little judgment for an illegal net he had confiscated.

"Nary settle," said Dr. Bartlett.

"Then we will take your body," said the officer.

"All right," was the reply, "but when you lock up the servant of the U. S. Fish Commission you want to be mighty careful, you know."

The officer went away and left Dr. Bartlett with his body.

The Fish Commissioner's way is no flowery one. I have been watching the office work to-day. The daily mail is very heavy, and two-thirds of it is solid kick. Men charge the Commissioner with all sorts of things. A favorite charge is that he takes money to leave certain offenders alone. One fellow over at Havana to-day accuses him openly of accepting a bribe. "An' so," the letter runs, "you allow this illegal fishing to be smuggled in."

"I'd have to go over and smash him once for luck, Doctor," said I.

"Pshaw, I wouldn't have time, there are too many," said he. "I'll just write him and tell him to go to the d—l for luck. I'm used to this. We have only so much money, and can do only so much work, but we want to do and are doing all that our limits will allow. Outside those limits we dare not waste our time."

"How about this \$5,000 damage suit by Smith over at Beardstown?" I asked.

"That will have to be defended, and that was all they wanted. Smith has paid his lawyer \$500. He wants me to pay mine something. I will beat him. He can't collect damages for being stopped in an illegal act."

All in all, I should think times were not always altogether dull on the office boat.

"We will see a lot to write about, over at Meredosia," said Dr. Bartlett. E. HOUGH.

RHODE ISLAND BLACK BASS LAW.

THE following is the text of the Rhode Island law relative to stocked waters and black bass fishing. The question has been asked us whether angling for black bass is permitted only on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week. The law is given, and any one interested may interpret its meaning for himself. Sec. 11 was not given in earlier editions of the *Book of the Game Laws*:

Chap. 150.—Sec. 7. No person shall take or catch fish of any kind from any of the inland waters of the State, set apart by the commissioners of inland fisheries for the cultivation of fish, except at such times and in such manner as is hereinafter provided.

Sec. 8. The prohibition of the catching of fish by hook and line from fisheries stocked as hereinbefore provided shall extend and be continued for and during the term of three years from and after the time when any fishery was first established; provided, however, that fish may be caught through the ice only, and with hook and line, in those ponds set apart for the cultivation of black bass during December, January, and February, until the expiration of the aforesaid term of three years.

Sec. 9. After the expiration of said three years, no black bass shall be taken in any of the waters of this State, except Sneach Pond in the town of Cumberland, and Mowawant Pond, in the town of Scituate, between the first day of March and the fifteenth day of July, nor at any time, except by hook and line as aforesaid. Every person taking any black bass during the time aforesaid shall be fined fifteen dollars for each black bass so taken, and possession by any person of any black bass during the time aforesaid, shall be evidence that such black bass was taken in violation of this chapter.

Sec. 10. After the expiration of said three years, no fish shall be taken by any person from any waters legally set apart by said commissioners for the cultivation of shad or salmon, within one mile of the outlet of the streams so set apart, except from and after the fifteenth day of April until the fifteenth day of July, or at any time except by hook and hand line, or by not less than three-inch mesh net or seine or seines.

Sec. 11. No person shall take any fish from any of the waters of the State legally set apart for the cultivation of fish, during the times in which they are allowed to be taken by this act, except on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, during said term, except during the months of December, January and February.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Advs.

FLY-RODS FOR LADIES.

IT has been my good fortune during the past fishing season to meet many ladies engaged in fly-fishing on waters where trout of 2lbs. or over were of not uncommon occurrence. Only to angling on such waters, be it understood, do the following remarks apply.

I have almost invariably found these ladies provided with rods of from 4½ to 6oz. in weight, varying in length from 8½ to 9½ft. Now, if such a tool was in such a place put in the hands of a man, would he not be considered as greatly handicapped? If he were a novice, would not every experienced angler regard his equipment as absurd? Is such a rod, if advisable at all under such circumstances, fit for any except an expert?

Reasoning in this way, I could but conclude that the whole thing was fundamentally wrong. He who publishes a wrong assumes the obligation of making known a remedy if within his power. I, therefore, offer this solution of the problem for what it may be worth.

Now, a novice should be given all possible encouragement in the way of success. To this end a longer and heavier rod than such as an expert would prefer is desirable. But the labor required to use the rod must be well within the physical power of the one using it, or physical fatigue will defeat the very end in view—the pleasure of the user.

It seems to me the following course will meet all the requirements and will prove of advantage all round—to the lady in that she can accomplish more with greater ease, and to him who provides the rod on the score of economy.

Take a good 8½ or 9oz. rod, cut it just above the handle and insert a ferrule. The rod can then be used just as before, the new ferrule, to my mind, being a very decided improvement. At any rate, beyond its weight it is no detriment. Now, provide a double-handed handle to fit, with the reel near the middle of the handle, just like a miniature salmon rod. The lady can use the rod with the double-handed handle and both hands. When the husband or other provider wishes to use it, he substitutes the single-handed handle.

Not only does one rod thus do double duty, but it will be found that most ladies can handle a rod of 10oz. with both hands, with far more ease and precision than one of 5oz. with one hand. The art of casting will be acquired in much less time than with a single-handed rod, more water can be covered, and greater success will give greater encouragement to persist. But one thing must be remembered by one used to a single-handed rod only. In casting with a double-handed rod, the lower hand is the center of motion and the upper hand must conform—that is, the lower hand remains comparatively still, while the upper hand moves with the rod.

HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.

DEATH OF DR. CHARLES A. KINGSBURY.—Philadelphia, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with deep regret that I have to announce the death of Dr. Charles A. Kingsbury, of this city, which occurred Oct. 3, and which will be a severe shock to his many friends and acquaintances on this side and across the water. He had passed man's allotted time of three score years and ten, but was a person of splendid physique and an enthusiastic sportsman of the old school in its broadest and best sense, and a great admirer of FOREST AND STREAM, and other sporting papers of good moral tone. He was a person of unusual cultivation, had traveled far and wide in foreign lands, and was a wonderfully entertaining companion afield or afloat, and probably one of the most expert anglers in the United States. The writer has spent with him many never to be forgotten days tramping the fields during the open seasons or awaiting the coming of the sly water fowl, a sport he was passionately fond of. He was one of the kindest and most considerate of men, a friend through storm as well as through sunshine, and a prince among his fellows.—LEVI HEDGES, JR.

LAKE MATAMISCONTIS.—I have made a brief visit to my home in La Grange, Me., and gathered a little information about Lake Matamiscontis. A good many fishing parties went from our town to the lake during the summer. The greatest number of white perch taken that I could hear of was 500 by a party of three or four. My son went, but spent part of his time hunting, and caught only 30 or 40. No pickerel were taken as far as I could learn, and the white perch have been fished so much of late years that they average smaller in size than formerly. The lake is situated less than one-half mile from the settlement called Whitney Ridge, and is entirely surrounded by a thick forest. The road to the lake is quite rough, although carriages drive to it. Two or three boats only are to be let, and at a very cheap rate. The "home shore," so-called, is high and suitable for camping. Teams can be put up at Whitney Ridge at very moderate prices. The shape of the lake is more nearly circular than oblong, I judge, and it is probably four miles across it at the widest part.—A. C. ADAMS.

JUNIATA BASS.—Port Royal, Pa., Sept. 30.—This has been a star month for small-mouthed black bass fishing. The fish are taking the bait both in the river and the Tuscorora Creek. In the latter stream Mr. John Robinson, some four miles from its mouth, took 25 and 35 good fish on different days. At Millintown, on the river, bass have been taken this month in large numbers, one boat making a day's catch of 41. Another party from Patterson, directly across the river from Millintown, took two fish aggregating 9lbs. 10oz., the larger one being of 5lbs., the best bass we have heard of this season; 3½lb. fish are reported almost daily. The river is very low and clear, and the bass have taken to the holes.—ONYJUTTA.

PREPARED BUT NOT READY.—Among the old whaling captains are some quaint characters; and none of them probably is better known or loved than Captain Jerningham, who was eleven years ago in the fleet that harbored in Plover Bay, Siberia. Captain J. told a good story and we listened eagerly to his tales of adventure and danger. He told of many narrow escapes from sudden death by crushing of a boat or being caught in the jaws of a sperm whale. After hearing one of his most thrilling tales some one asked him what were his sensations at the critical moment. "Well, boys," he said, "I felt that I was prepared to die but not quite ready."

A LARGE OHIO "SALMON."—Bridgeport, Ohio.—The State dam on the Tuscarawas River at Tuscarawas, O., is a famous fishing place. It can be reached by the Pan Handle to Ulrichsville, from which it lies three miles west. I went fishing to the dam and arrived there about 4 o'clock P. M., and began to cast with minnows. I caught a great many bass, one of them weighing 5lbs. 2oz., and some "salmon" of 6lbs. The largest catch was a 15-pound "salmon," and this was made on a 9-ounce split bamboo. This is the largest fish of the kind that has been taken here by rod and line in my experience of fifteen years, and I wish to have it mentioned for the encouragement of Ohio fishermen. The "salmon" (pike-perch) is now frozen in a great block of ice and on exhibition at the Stam Hotel, Wheeling, W. Va.—NICK KUHN.

EXCELLENT BLUEFISHING can be obtained by going out with any of the fishing boats from Seabright, N. J., along the beach in that locality. Two gentlemen last week killed 120 on rod and reel, and there are plenty more left. One has only to go out about a mile and a half from the shore and we understand that the charges are very reasonable.

MR. NYE'S FINGERS.—In our account of "Sharks in Northern Waters" last week we meant to say that the shark "took the clam and lacerated three fingers of the hand that fed it." Mr. Nye's wounds were painful, but fortunately not dangerous.

Fishculture.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE twentieth annual report of the Fish and Game Commission of New York shows the results of an unusually successful year's work in stocking public waters with native and foreign food and game fishes and in protecting fish and game from unlawful capture. The amount of money expended in this diversity of duties was less than \$35,000. The number of young fish hatched and deposited was nearly 55,000,000, an increase of 15,000,000 over last year, and the extent of protective measures was greater than ever before. The zeal and energy of the chief protector, Mr. J. Warren Pond, have won for him a public acknowledgment of his valuable services in behalf of the State. Except with the shad there was a greatly increased output from the hatcheries.

Owing to the low temperature of the water in the Hudson and its roily condition, due chiefly to the illegal dumping of offal by scows, the number of spawning shad taken was remarkably small; but this decline was more than made up by the deposit of about nine millions of fry in the Hudson by the U. S. Fish Commission. The distribution of fish by the State is shown in the following table:

Shad.....	2,424,000	Frostfish.....	7,400,000
Landlocked salmon..	49,000	Smelt.....	7,400,000
Rainbow trout.....	210,500	Channel pickerel.....	2,000,000
Brown trout.....	596,296	Masacalonge.....	1,750,000
Lake trout.....	9,678,600	Yellow perch.....	12,000
Brook trout.....	4,225,000	Pike perch.....	4,000,000
Whitefish.....	9,000,000	Tomcod.....	3,200,000
Ciscoes.....	3,000,000	Lobster.....	27,700

A notable increase was made in the planting of lake trout, whitefish, cisco, frostfish, smelt, channel pickerel and masacalonge. The famous Caledonia hatchery under the superintendence of Monroe A. Green has eclipsed its best previous record in trout culture. The Cold Spring Harbor station, in addition to its work with the salmon family, has reared upward of ten millions of smelt and tomcod and has demonstrated the practicability of handling the weakfish and the lobster in its locality. At the Sacondaga and Adirondack hatcheries the stock of eggs is to be increased by building rearing ponds for the spawning fish, and if to these the Commission will add ponds for the care of the young until they arrive at the age of yearlings we may hope for better results from their outlay of time and money.

The Commissioners repeat and emphasize their recommendation for the revision and codification of the fish and game laws in the interest of intelligent interpretation and enforcement of their provisions, and they renew their protest against the spoliation of the Adirondacks, by corporations as well as individuals, in the following vigorous language:

"The Commissioners regret that after so much agitation, and even special notice by the Executive, measures have not been taken for the preservation of the Adirondacks. This question should receive the attention of the Legislature at once. The people have but one mind in this matter. The sentiment in favor of immediate steps for the establishment of a State park is universal throughout the State. It should not be delayed, and the next Legislature ought to act at once in the matter or this wonderful wilderness will exist but in the memory of its frequenters.

"Those who are familiar with it deplore already the serious inroads that have been made, and a few more years of neglect may destroy it entirely. Those who have driven from Boonville to Fulton Chain or to Woodhull can understand what will be left when the Adirondacks have been deprived of their timber, and those who have entered by way of the Chateaugay Road can appreciate the effects of a railroad upon such a country. In place of a virgin forest filled with beautiful lakes and running streams, there remains but a barren desert of blackened stumps and dried up watercourses.

"The value to the State of this natural park in its present condition must be apparent to all. When trees are destroyed and the game killed or driven away the land that remains is of value to no one. It is not capable of cultivation, and it may be truthfully said that the old clearings surrounding the Adirondacks are filled with deserted farmhouses. The health-giving properties of this great forest are in themselves so valuable that it should be preserved for this alone, aside from its value as the watershed for the Hudson, the Sacondaga, and other important streams. Legislation should be enacted at once, and this grand pleasure ground for the people of the State be kept for future generations."

OYSTERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—While attached to the Fish Commission steamer Albatross Prof. Charles H. Gilbert made some investigations in southern California relative to the planting of oysters. The small size of the rivers and their intermittent flow, together with the low winter temperature of the water in the bays, make the propriety of stocking the region. If, however, the experiment should be made, the most promising areas are to be found in Alamitos, Newport and Anaheim bays and the mouth of Los Boisos Creek, in all of which native oysters are reported in greater or less abundance. The report is published with illustrations in the Bulletin of the Fish Commission.

"RAINBOW TROUT PLANTING."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my article on "Rainbow Trout Planting," published Oct. 1, I am made to say that Mr. Ford caught a lake trout at Egypt Mills, Pa., but I wrote that he took a rainbow trout. Please make the correction. Everybody knows that lake trout will not thrive in Delaware River.—JOHN GAY (Washington, D. C.).

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.

Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnes, Sec'y.

Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.

March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.

April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Hicksville, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y. 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1893.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.

Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

—, Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

OTTAWA DOG SHOW.

[Special Report.]

THE Canadians finished their circuit of bench shows this week, the last one being at Ottawa, held Sept. 29 to Oct. 1. The weather was not very pleasant on the first day, neither was the attendance so large as might have been expected. It is not necessary to go into a detailed report, as the dogs have been commented upon so much at previous shows. Entries were very small in many classes, notably the larger breeds, the best of the dogs returning home from the Montreal show. The entries, numbering 260, were, however, all that could be accommodated in such a small building. Judging commenced on the first day. Spaniels were judged by W. B. Palmer, of Woodstock, Can. The rest of the classes were handled by Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich. The benching and other arrangements were far from satisfactory to the exhibitors.

Only one entry was shown in mastiffs, not a very good one but might easily have beaten those exhibited at Montreal.

In St. Bernards Othello, shown at Hamilton, won first, and he can hold his own in pretty warm competition. In bitches Nun Nicer was lucky not to meet with stronger company, though the second prize winner, not so good in color and quality, is better in size.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Dan O'Shea led the class, with Leo Czar winner of second, has been noticed before.

GREYHOUNDS.

The challenge class brought out three entries, Gem of the Season beating Scavenger and Maud Torrington. In open dogs Justinian, a new face, won. He shows plenty of beef, is coarse and far from being as good as the second in body and loin. Pious Pembroke, taking second, barring his head, is a good greyhound. Elcho won third prize, Ornatus being absent. Jetsam won first in bitches, Second Sight taking second, Bestwood Daisy winning third, is full of quality and should have been higher.

DEERHOUNDS.

Deerhounds were a fairly good show. Robbin, first prize, was the best of the lot. Hilda, second prize, is not so good in bone or head; and Duff is poor in head and ears.

FOXHOUNDS.

had two classes. In dogs King won, second prize going to quite a different type in Genius, one of the old stock, but does not move nor stand well in front. Bitches saw Vexation to the front; she is the same type as the second prize winner in dog class. Countess, second, is weak in make up.

BEAGLES.

In the challenge class Racer was alone. In dogs Courier won, but Dan O'Shea says it is a mistake in name. Roy K., second, has been noticed. Donovan, third, is not correct in head formation. In bitches, Stella, noticed at Toronto, won here, with Emmeline second.

GREAT DANES.

The brindle Juna, not good in head and lame, was placed over the small but typical Minerva's Fawn.

POINTERS.

The well-known Pommery Sec first in challenge, Ossining getting the reserve card, and in the ladies' division Fan, Jr., easily beat Belle Randolph in head, shoulders and body; both have been noticed very often. In open dogs Tempest beat King Bow's Bow, placed equal at Hamilton; he gets it in body and front, Bow is also coarse. Frivolity won in bitches, her head is not good, otherwise she is a nice little bitch.

SETTERS.

The same old faces. Edgemark in the challenge class. Kent II., first in open dogs, with Viscount, Tony Gladstone

and Kent's Rex following in the order named. As all of these have been repeatedly noticed it is no use repeating. In bitches Nia, the Toronto winner, was again placed ahead, Victress Llewellyn was given second and Albert's Nellie was placed in third place. These are now well known and it is a wonder how they stand the change of climate and constant travel so well, seeming to improve on it. Irish setters were fairly good for the numbers, and most of them had been round the circuit. Seminole proved the winner, Glen Jarvis coming next, with Eleo in third place. In bitches Elfrieda defeated the Toronto winner, Irene, Josie D., shown at Kingston, coming in for reserve. In Gordons the same old crowd again, Dr. Dixon winning all except open dogs, where he had no entries. Hector beat Nibs in this class, both fair dogs.

SPANIELS.

Several entries appeared in Irish water spaniels, Countess Bendigo, an old winner, being again to the front, with Marguerite, low in flesh and out of coat, second. She is better in head and topknot than the winner.

In Clumbers the well-known old rounder Boss III. was entered for specials only, but was in wretched condition. Johnny, Jr., and Lady Bromine won in their respective challenge classes. In open dogs Flop won the first prize; not flat enough in skull or deep in muzzle, eyes a bit light, good in bone and body, good in formation. The second prize winner is not correct in head, but has a good body and coat. La Grippe took third prize. The first in open bitches is a new one, was too heavy in flesh and out of feather. The second prize winner, Lucy II., has lost one eye and is small-sized, but capital in body and bone, fair in head, not quite massive enough. Vic, third, is high on the leg.

In field spaniels Samson won first, with Brifford Gladys second; both are well known. In open dogs Brantford Mohawk had a walk over. The first prize bitch, Woodland Sallie, is a nice bitch, rather on the small side.

Cocker spaniels were mostly those that had been on the rounds. In challenge class awards were upset, Brantford Red Jacket going to the front, equal second being given to Black Duke and Dufferin, champion Brant vhc. In challenge bitches King Pharo's Sister being absent, left Bessie W. the only one in the class. In the open class of black dogs Black Dufferin continued his victorious career to the end, and Bob Obo, second, is away behind the winner; he is coarse in head and undershot, but is fair in body; Donovan, third, may improve with age, is light in eye, good in body; Trumps, vhc., is high on leg. Open bitches were, as usual, a hot class, I Say again made a win here, second going to Rideau Flossie; Cleo II., third, is short and heavy in head, but good in body; Cora, winner of second at Toronto, was, unfortunately, either hung or died before the judging here; Brantford Flirt got vhc., she is light in muzzle. In open dogs other than black Othello won first; he is heavy in ear and skull is domed. Rufus, second, head coarse and eye a bit light. Bounce is also coarse in head. In the corresponding bitch class Red Riding Hood, a fair-headed bitch, but pinched a bit in muzzle, won over Rideau Robina, which is full in eye; Mollie was absent. In novice dogs Donovan won over Othello, both shown in other classes. Novice bitches were nothing extra, first to Rideau Romola, Floss Obo taking second.

COLLIES.

Roslyn Dandy was placed ahead in challenge class. Doury, the Montreal winner, was again in front. He is plain in head and coarse, light-eyed, etc. Rowdy is a cleaner cut dog, but has not the body of the winner, though better in head and ears. Mayflower, winner in bitches, is too lightly made, nice quality, second going to Cora II., well known, too cloudy.

BULLDOGS.

Bo'swain was again in front, but Nettle and Thunder are lacking in many bulldog characteristics.

BULL-TERRIERS.

The moderate King of Hearts had an easy win here, Mister Dick, coarse in head and too chunky, coming second. Duke of Wellington arrived too late for judging or might have won.

FOX-TERRIERS.

were mostly regular well-known rounders. The judge in challenge class placed Ebor Nettle first over Blanton Trump, Volunteer following. There might have been a little change here, though Nettle has a nice head and front. In open dogs Starden's Jack again was placed ahead of Dobbin. This might have been changed, too, as the latter is better in head and coat. Painter, third, is bad in ears. In bitches Rowton Safety turned the tables over Woodale Radiant; Safety is high on leg and has badly carried ears, is light in muzzle, but then Radiant is short in head. Verdict, third, might have been higher, as she is a terrier all over. In novice class the wire-haired Barton Sting, not in good condition, was placed behind Woodale Radiant.

IRISH TERRIERS.

This class had Exile, Jack Briggs and Kathleen winning in the order named. All are old show goers and the two first were placed as at Hamilton.

SKYE TERRIERS.

Challenge, first, the old timer Sir Stafford again. Bruce was rightly placed in open dogs over the short-headed Moss.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.

Dan O'Shea, with Zulo mentioned before was first.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

The judge thought Meersbrook Maiden and Sultan equal, and awarded the prize that way, but Maiden certainly shows more quality. The dog class did not fill. In bitches Matchless was again to the front. Grace, the winner at Kingston, coming next. English Lady has lost her teeth, which may have put her back of Grace, but teeth or no teeth there is no comparison between the two, as Grace is coarse and thick in head.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

were a good show, Calumet Alice winning in the challenge class, Royal Duke winning again in the open. Several nice Prince Charles were shown. Fannie, winner in King Charles bitches, is quite a nice one.

PUGS.

were the same as at other shows, nothing new of merit coming out.

Two ordinary Pomeranians or Spitz were shown, first prize going to the best one, Fred, second to Beauty, both faulty in head and coat.

Miscellaneous class was divided, a class being made for dachshunds. Gill and Feldman K., both well known, were given equal first, but Feldman in my opinion should have been easily first. In the miscellaneous class the judge gave equals to Jack Shepherd, Kilstor and Punch, and these might have been placed properly in the order named.

ROLNAY.

PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Mercer and Middleton's Eanfrid. ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH AND SMOOTH.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Major J. C. Guillot's Othello. Bitches: 1st, F. E. Lamb's Nub Nicer; 2d, Major J. C. Guillot's Minerva; 3d, J. Terrance's Trump. NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's champion Leo; 2d, J. A. Minn's Czar.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season; 2d, Geo. C. Taylor's Scavenger.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Gordon's Justinian; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Eleo. Very high com. and reserve, Geo. C. Taylor's Milo and Nibs. Bitches: 1st and high com., D. B. Gordon's Jetsam and Stylish Girl; 2d and

very high com., Geo. C. Taylor's Second Sight and Northern Queen; 3d and reserve, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy and Lily of Gainsboro. Com. L. N. Bate's Galatea.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, Col. Audet's Robbin; 2d and very high com., Sir Adolphe Caron's Brian and Hylda. High com., A. E. Bradbury's Duff.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and high com., Wm. Pownall's King and Johnny; 2d, J. Gibb's Genius. Reserve, M. Switzer's Trailer. Com., D. O'Shea's Ranger. Bitches: 1st, J. Gibb's Vexation; 2d, D. O'Shea's Countess.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Rockland Kennels' champion Racer, Jr.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, D. O'Shea's Courier; 2d, Rockland Kennels' Roy K.; 3d, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Donovan. Bitches: 1st, Howard Bros.' Stella; 2d and 3d, Rockland Kennels' Emeline and Fannie K. Reserve, D. O'Shea's Ruby. Very high com., F. P. Robson's Dot.

GREAT DANES.—1st and 3d, Dr. Hurdman's Juna and Tonka; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Wm. H. Hyland's Pommery Sec and Ossing. Bitches: 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's Fan N. Reserve, Robert Leslie's Bell Randolph.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Wm. Ledyard's Tempest; 2d, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' King Bow's Bow. Bitches: 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Frivolity.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Francis S. Brown's Edgemark.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Cohanett Kennels' Kent II.; 2d and 3d, Mount Washington Kennels' Viscount and Tony Gladstone. Reserve, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Kent's Rex. Very high com., H. Northwood's Benzine. High com., James E. Hair's Sir Edward and Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Stride. Com., Dr. A. Lawyer's Zeon. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Mount Washington Kennels' Nia and Victoria Llewellyn; 3d, Dr. John Hartman's Albert's Nela. Very high com., Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Liberty II. High com., Mount Washington Kennels' Nora III.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Seminole and Eleo; 2d, Glenidine Kennels' Glen Jarvis. High com., W. H. Lewis's Pat. Bitches: 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrieda; 2d, Douglas and Chambers' Irene; 3d, very high com., and high com., Seminole Kennels'—Aurone and Rose Palmerston. Reserve, Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Josie D.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverley.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, W. B. McArthur's Hector; 2d, Dr. Davidson's Royal Nibs. Bitches: Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Waverley.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, T. A. Carson's Countess Bendigo; 2d, Ed. Pitt's Marguerite. Com., James Carter's Drake.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Johnny Junior. Bitches: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Bromine.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, F. H. D. Voith's Flop; 2d, Wm. McMahon's Rake; 3d, Harry Morrison's La Grippe. Very high com., H. B. D. Bruce's Shell. Bitches: 1st, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Nancy; 2d and 3d, H. B. D. Bruce's Lucy II. and Vic.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Brifford Gladys and Samson.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Mohawk; 2d withheld. Bitches: 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Sallie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket and Brant; equal 2d, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke and Andrew Laidlaw's Rabi. Reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Oona. Bitches: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Bessie W.—OPEN (black)—Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin; 2d, Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo; 3d, Alfred Geddes's Donovan. Reserve, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Tim Obo. Very high com., Dr. Garrow's Trumps. High com., T. M. Robertson's Rex Obo. Com., F. H. Cunningham's Major. Bitches: 1st, Geo. Bell's I Say; 2d, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Flossie; 3d, Andrew Laidlaw's Cleo II. Reserve, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Dot Smirle. Very high com., Brantford Cocker Kennels' Brantford Flirt. High com., T. M. Robertson's Floss Obo. Com., A. F. Grant's Rideau Romo and F. H. Cunningham's Corinne.—OPEN (other than black)—Dogs: 1st, C. A. MacHaffee's Othello; 2d, F. J. Lehigh's Rufus; 3d, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Mollie. Reserve, E. A. Black's Brush. Com., Alfred Cowan's Jack Bitches: 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Ridinghood; 2d, A. F. Grant's Rideau Robina. Com., T. M. Robertson's Daylight.—NOVICE.—Dogs: 1st, Alfred Geddes's Donovan; 2d, C. A. MacHaffee's Othello; 3d, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Tim Obo. Reserve, Dr. Garrow's Trumps. High com., F. H. Cunningham's Major. Com., J. E. M. Desriviere's Bow. Bitches: 1st, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Romola; 2d, T. M. Robertson's Floss Obo; equal 3d, A. F. Grant's Rideau Robina and F. H. Cunningham's Corinne. Com., J. F. M. Desriviere's Fritz.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE.—1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy and Metchley Surprise.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Drury; 2d and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Conway and Roslyn Rowdy. Reserve, Fred Daubney's Jack. Bitches: 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Mayflower; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Cora II.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Edwin A. Woodward's Bo'swain; 2d, John P. Lawless's Nettle; 3d, H. M. Lawless's Thunder.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Symonds's King of Hearts; 2d, J. Moorehead, Jr.'s Mister Dick; 3d, Geo. Spargo's Rough. Bitches: Absent.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Woodale Kennels' Ebor Nettle. Reserve, J. K. Macdonald's Blanton Trump.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Woodale Kennels' Starden's Jack and Dobbin; 3d, R. Northwood's Painter. Reserve, Mt. Washington Kennels' Diver III. Very high com., Woodale Kennels' Woodal Rival, Oriole Kennels' Blanton Ransack. High com., Toon & Symonds's Endeavor Spier. Bitches: 1st, Mt. Washington Kennels' Rowton Safety; 2d, Woodale Kennels' Woodale Radiant; 3d, Toon & Symonds's Venus. Reserve and very high com., Oriole Kennels' Warren Sparkle and Verdict. High com., Woodale Kennels' Woodale Refusal, Rideau Kennels' Clytie. Com., V. G. Hooper's Fussy.—NOVICE.—1st, Woodale Kennels' Woodale Radiant; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Blanton Ransack; 3d, G. W. Prescott's Arden Belle. Reserve, Rideau Kennels' Ebor Nettle. Very high com., J. Warlock's Sam. High com., S. Simms's Lady. F. H. Cunningham's Luke, P. Slattery's Jerry. Com., E. S. Skead's Bob.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Toon & Symonds's Exile and Jack Briggs; 3d and very high com., E. Lever's Kathleen and Nailer.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.—OPEN.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Bruce; 2d, G. W. Kerr's Moss.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Zulo.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Equal 1st, Rochelle Kennels' champion Meersbrook Maiden and Broomfield Sultan.—OPEN.—Dogs: Absent. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Symonds's Matchless; 2d, A. E. Elmer's Grace; 3d, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Toon & Symonds's Venus.—OPEN.—Dogs: Absent. Bitches: 1st, J. Terrance's Flossie.

TOY SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Yorke & Forshaw's Royal Duke; 2d and 3d, E. Bradford's Fannie and Ruby. Bitches: 1st, E. Bradford's Fannie; 2d, Yorke & Forshaw's Ruby.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and reserve, Dr. M. H. Cryer's champion Bob Ivy and champion Bessie.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Prince Emmet; 3d, M. Ballentine's Curtis. High com., Miss N. Farries's Buzz. Com., Miss S. Farries's Moses. Bitches: 1st, Howard Bros.' Satin; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Cribbage; 3d and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Princess Nellie and Rustic Queen. High com., Mrs. H. S. Kirby's Judy.

SPITZ.—1st and 2d, Mrs. W. Roger's Fred and Beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard (bloodhound), Toon & Symonds's Kilstor (Scotch terrier), E. Bradford's Punch (toy terrier).

DACHSHUNDE.—Equal 1st, B. F. Lewis's Gill and Joe Lewis's Feldman K.; 3d, Joe Lewis's Lena L.

SPECIALS.

Best pair of following breeds: Greyhounds, D. B. Gordon; English setters, Mt. Washington Kennels; Irish setters, Seminole Kennels; Gordon setters, Dr. D. G. Dixon; pointers, Wm. H. Hyland; Clumber spaniels, Mercer & Middleton; cocker spaniels, Andrew Laidlaw; collies, Seminole Kennels; fox-terriers, Woodale Kennels; black and tan terriers, New Rochelle Kennels; toy spaniels, Yorke & Forshaw. Best mastiff, Mercer & Middleton's Eufria. St. Bernard, Major J. C. Guillot's Othello. Greyhound dog, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season; bitch, D. B. Gordon's Jetsam. Deerhound, Col. Audet's Robbin. Foxhound, J. Gibb's Vexation. Beagles, Rockland Kennels' champion Racer, Jr.

Great Danes, Dr. Hurdman's Juna. Pointer dog, Wm. Ledyard's Tempest; bitch, Wm. H. Hyland's Fan N. English setter dog, Cohanett Kennels' Kent II.; bitch, Mt. Washington Kennels' Nia. Irish setter dog, Seminole Kennels' Seminole; bitch, Mt. Royal Kennels' Eufria. Gordon setter, Duchess of Waverley. Clumber spaniel dog, Mercer & Middleton's Boss III.; bitch, same owner's Lady Bromine. Field spaniel, Andrew Laidlaw's champion Brifford Gladys. Cocker spaniel dog, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin; bitch, George Bell's I Say (2); novice cocker dog, Alfred Geddes's Donovan; bitch, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Romola. Collie dog, McEwen & Gibson's Dowry; best collie open class, Collie Club's medal, Dowry; second best, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Conway. Best bulldog, G. A. Woodward's Bo'swain. Fox-terrier dog, Woodale Kennels' Starden's Jack; bitch, Woodale Kennels' Ebor Nettle (2). Skye terrier, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford. Bedlington terrier, Dan O'Shea's Zulu. Black and tan terrier, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden. Pug, Dr. Cryer's champion Bob Ivy. Toy spaniel, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice. Spitz, Mrs. W. Roger's Fred. Best brace cocker spaniels, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Tim Obo and Tip Obo. Best kennels: English setters, Mt. Washington Kennels. Irish setters, Seminole Kennels. Gordon setters, Dr. Dixon. Pointers, Wm. H. Hyland. Clumber spaniels, Mercer & Middleton.

THE MONTREAL DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is possible to state truth in such a way as to give a very erroneous impression. True, the management of the Montreal show was behind on the first day, but neither FOREST AND STREAM or any other paper, so far as I have noticed, has mentioned the enormous disadvantage under which we labored. Spratts were to bench and feed for us, but up to Saturday evening the car snipped from Hamilton with their stuff could not be heard from. The benching, etc., was not on the grounds till Sunday and not a bench put up till Monday. In the meantime we were occupied in trying to find the car and in devising schemes and arranging plans to meet the emergency. It is not strange therefore that several matters were behind, and in fairness to us this should have been mentioned.

The catalogue was not out on the first day, owing to no fault of mine, but to circumstances I could not control this year; but for this we are willing to take blame nevertheless. Unfortunately the climax came soon after the marked catalogue was out on Thursday evening by a fire in the printer's office, so that I am unable to send copies to many gentlemen who wished them.

The judging was not delayed, but went on with as much speed as circumstances permitted. It began as soon after the hour for receiving dogs had passed as was consistent with those concerned getting a little lunch, and continued on the first day up to nearly 6 o'clock, hot as it was. On Wednesday Mr. Davidson worked from 10 A. M. all day (lunch hour excepted) up till the light failed, leaving only a few classes and the specials for Thursday. Of rushing through the judging as at some shows I may have a word to say again.

Allow me now, Mr. Editor, to state briefly a few facts which have not come to light in the press reports. Montreal benched about 340 dogs, and it was generally admitted that the quality has never been excelled in Canada; the judging was steadily, carefully and satisfactorily done; all prize money, including specials, was paid before the close of the show to those claiming it; notwithstanding the dilemma caused by the delay in Spratts benching, we managed to bench and feed fairly well. We had no puppy classes and no dogs under ten months of age. A large proportion of the prizes was taken by Montreal dogs; in some cases they had whole classes almost to themselves, and many first prizes went to local dogs. The Montreal show is the first in the history of shows, I think, to separate dogs and bitches in all competitions, even for specials. The public was well pleased with the show and patronized it to the extent of 23,000 people. The balance of our account is very largely on the right side. At the same time my ideal of the management of a bench show is so far in advance of anything I have yet seen that I am personally not at all satisfied with the results. However, I do not think that on behalf of those concerned, and on behalf of the truth, I should allow the press reports to stand in their present misleading form. In conclusion I wish to thank the various visiting handlers and others for the good-natured way in which they adapted themselves to the drawbacks of the first day.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

FOREST AND STREAM has stated that it does not wish a misstatement to go on record in its columns. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM believe that one of the leading objects of the Kennel department is to give information and spread knowledge. Most of us are of the opinion that any paper or any person should state facts. Therefore may I, without incurring anybody's ill will, ask for a reply to a few of the many misleading statements which appeared in your report on the Toronto dog show.

1. Mastiffs.—"Caution's Own Daughter had to give way to Lady Coleus, for the reason that I pointed out last week, not skull enough, though positions were reversed at Hamilton." As I, the judge that placed Lady Coleus over Caution's Own Daughter, am not authority for your statement, I think I am in order in asking you to substantiate what you have written.

2. Bull-Terriers.—"Mr. Mason thought Topsparkle the best; his coat, or lack of it, not to mention his head, should have put him back. Duke of Wellington, a heavily boned pug, came second; he is good in front, that is all." As a matter of fact, Duke of Wellington is not "good in front," and Topsparkle is decidedly better in front. However, will your reporter be good enough to state which dogs should have won the prizes and name the defects in those dogs?

3. "The class of dogs was about the same as at Hamilton the previous week, but the addition of puppy and novice classes accounted for the increased entry." Toronto had 581 entries. Hamilton had 308. Without counting the under 18-months-old, novice and puppy classes at Toronto, that show had still over 400 dogs against Hamilton's 308. By what method of figuring are three hundred as many as four hundred, and why was the statement made?

4. Greyhounds.—"Though in numbers not as large as last year, still the quality shown was about the best we have." It is a matter of fact that there were 22 entries last year against 31 this year. Why are the 31 of 1891 not as many as the 22 of 1890?

The statement that the "class of dogs (i. e. quality of dogs) was about the same as at Hamilton" is not sustained by the list of awards, which proves that Toronto was far ahead in quality as in numbers. The Hamilton show and its managers, like Baltimore, have had so much free advertising, puffing and taffy, in certain quarters, that I must apologize to your readers for mentioning them again.

CHARLES H. MASON.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We would like to announce through your columns that the judges for our All-Aged Stake and Free-for-All Stake will be the same as for the Derbys, namely: Mr. J. M. Tracy, New York; Mr. N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn.; Mr. J. S. Churchill, Middleborough, Ky.

We would also consider it a favor if you would call the attention of your readers to the fact that our All-Aged Stake closes Oct. 15 and the Free-for-All Stake Nov. 1.

C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas.

DOG CHAT.

IN reference to the number of dogs at Toronto and Hamilton, we may say that at the latter show 308 dogs were benched, or entered as benched, there being no duplicates. Toronto had 581 entries catalogued. We said in our report: "The class of dogs was about the same as at Hamilton the previous week, but the addition of puppy and novice classes accounted for the increased entry without any improvement to the show, as we saw several litters of puppies that had been better at home." The italicized part shows our reason for the remark. The puppy and novice classes, together with the duplicate entries these usually entail, amounted to 249 entries, leaving a regular entry of 332, a difference of 24—not a very wide mistake when speaking in a general way. We do not see what Mr. Mason has to grumble at in our comments on the greyhound classes, unless it is for the single reason of having a kick at something. Our reference to numbers applied more particularly to the open classes, where there were two more entered in 1890 than this year. We wrote without a catalogue of last year's show at hand, and having in mind the dog class of last year particularly, which had 13 as against 8 this year, we wrote as we did, forgetting that the challenge and puppy classes were larger this year. At the same time, we are not aware that this detracts from the splendid quality of this year's exhibit, with which Mr. Mason should rest content.

Speaking of the beagles we recently illustrated in *FOREST AND STREAM* from the *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.), that journal says, quoting us, "Their type of head is hardly what American critics ask for" and adds: "If our friends out there prefer the chump-headed square type or the wide-skull, snipy-muzzle, and goggle-eyed type, *tant pis pour eux*, and they cannot be properly imbued with true hound character." We are not aware that our criticism would lead any one to suppose that we had a liking for either, but rather each part in proportion with the other. At the same time those pictures lead us to suppose that the "snipy-muzzled" type are the dogs that are winning in England.

Owing to late acceptance of entries at Ottawa, there were altogether too many duplicate numbers. The A. B. C. system does not look well in a catalogue, to say nothing of the confusion it entails. The club is, however, to be complimented on securing such a good entry as 260 at the tail end of the circuit, with ne'er a puppy among them.

Mr. William Rabbitts, Jr., Spratts Co.'s able representative, whose doings we have chronicled occasionally, is usually original in his methods, but this time he has been content to follow in the well-beaten path. We find the following in the *Manitoba Free Press* of Sept. 24: "RABBITS-CROSS—Married on the 23d inst., at St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, by the Rev. Archdeacon Fortin, William Rabbitts, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, eldest son of Capt. W. J. Rabbitts, formerly of Newfoundland, to Annie M., eldest daughter of William Cross, Esq., master mechanic, C. P. R." The happy couple will make a honeymoon tour of British Columbia, California and other States, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Rabbitts' added responsibilities will never cause a shade to pass over the smiling countenance he is noted for among his fancier friends.

The dog show held in connection with the Westchester (New York) county fair, on Oct. 1 to 3, contained eighty-three entries. The dogs were judged by Mr. George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y. The exhibits, with but few exceptions, were poor, but were a slight improvement on previous years both in numbers and quality.

We have received from the secretary of the American Spaniel Club a neat little book containing names and addresses of members and judges, constitution and by-laws and the different classifications for bench shows. To the spaniel man this is just what is required. Spaniel men should be proud of their club.

Those exhibitors who attended the Hamilton show will be sorry to hear that the management is \$700 on the wrong side. As a guarantee fund of \$2,400 was raised and in bank before the show opened this will be easily taken up, and we trust better luck will attend their efforts next year.

A test of the scenting powers of a pack of so-called blood-hounds was made a few days ago near San Antonio, Cal. They had been recently purchased and placed in the charge of a Mr. Bergen, a farmer, for training. The trail was made in the presence of the Sheriff and the County Commissioners. The dogs were fastened in their kennels and a man was started off from Mr. Bergen's house. He skirted the fence, and reaching the railroad track climbed upon a freight-car, walked along the roof of that and other cars, coming to the ground again 200yds. off. He then took two long planks and walked along them alternately, so that for 300yds. neither his feet nor hands touched the ground. He then continued his course, carefully covering his tracks in the dusty roadway for half a mile. He continued his course for two more miles, using various devices to destroy the trail and finally took refuge in a tree. About three hours after the man had reached the tree the dogs were brought out. As soon as they caught the scent they started off on a run, finding their first difficulty at the railroad car. They began to run around in widening circles until the scent was picked up again at a point where the man had left the car. The dogs, it is said, had but little difficulty in following the trail from there to the tree, where they came to a standstill, baying savagely when they discovered the object of their search. It would be interesting to have Mr. Winchell's opinion on this performance. We know that several hounds from his kennel have been sent to California, but whether they would be able to trail a man aided by planks in a dusty roadway is questionable.

We understand that Mr. F. H. F. Mercer ("Clumber," "Dogwhip," "D. Boulton," "Herald") was presented with a handsome gold watch chain at the close of the Ottawa show by the exhibitors. Mr. John H. Naylor made the presentation speech in his usually happy manner, leading off with a remark that he had been requested by the exhibitors to enter a protest against "Clumber," etc. Of course Friend Mercer was charmed to find it a bit of "Die Hard's" buncombe after all.

We hear that Mr. H. W. Huntington has sent his Barzoi bitch Zerry to England to be bred to the same dog as Luca goes to. She sailed on Saturday last.

The Ottawa show was not a success financially, and it is said that the dog men of that city will in future, for a time anyhow, be content to watch some one else undertake the worry and loss such ventures sometimes incur.

Al Eberhart writes: "Entries are ahead of my expectations for our coming dog show, to be held in connection with the Humane Society's fair, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 13 to 16, both as to numbers and quality. Many noted kennels have entered, and I want to thank my friends who have so generously responded. I hope this show will stimulate the dog interests in our city and wake up some of our rather sleepy members of the Cincinnati Kennel Club, so that we can give a show next year under A. K. C. rules. I feel highly gratified, considering that our prizes are cups and medals, that so many noted dogs will be here from long distances. Adams, United States and American Express companies

will return dogs free upon payment coming. Mark dogs to Al G. Eberhart, Superintendent Dog Show, Carthage, O. (not Cincinnati), and they will be delivered at the grounds, where I will be, at noon on Monday, Oct. 12, to receive them. Exhibitors must ship dogs to arrive not later than 10 A. M. Tuesday, 13th. Judging begins Wednesday at 10 A. M. Mr. Frank C. Wheeler judges all classes. The show will be fed with Austin's dog bred by Eberhart Pug Kennels. Our special prize list is large and open to all; several valuable specials in the list."

Many of the exhibitors and handlers will remember the man who had charge of the Flour City Kennels' mastiffs in the earlier part of last spring's shows. His name was Geise. It seems last week he was called upon by a policeman to help him in disarming a man who was drunk. In the scuffle Geise, becoming enraged, took the gun from the man and dashing it to the ground it went off, the charge lodging in Geise's groin. He was fatally wounded, but lived till next morning. He leaves a widow and three children. The woman is deserving and a subscription is afoot to save the home she lives in so that she may have a chance to earn a living for herself and family. Her husband had left the kennels some time before this happened.

Mr. C. A. Stone, secretary and superintendent of the Industrial Exhibition Association dog show, Toronto, Ont., has been connected with dog shows since 1877. He was born in London, Ont., in 1852, and gained his show experiences under that grand old manager, Charles Lincoln. He has had some position with every show held in London, and was secretary and manager at London in 1888, 1889, and Toronto



C. A. STONE.

1889, 1890 and 1891. Mr. Stone is also secretary of the Toronto Kennel Club. He was one of the first, if not the first, originators of the Canadian Kennel Club, being the first secretary. This position he held for two years, and is now one of the executive committee. Besides being connected with dog shows, he is an enthusiastic sportsman in the field, and was one of the organizers and the first secretary of the Canadian Field Trials. His fancy runs to English setters, his kennel being known as the Forest Kennel. He is a favorite with the dogmen of both countries, and works hard to make every show he is connected with a success.

The courteous secretary of the Blue Grass Kennel Club, Mr. Roger Williams, a man well-known in the ranks of greyhound breeders, was presented with a gold medal by the exhibitors at the Lexington show, in testimony of their high esteem of him as a man and of his fair dealings as the secretary. The medal was engraved with the following inscription: "To Mr. Roger D. Williams, by the exhibitors at the inaugural show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club." Mr. H. E. Cook made the presentation speech, and in a happy style spoke of the pleasant reminiscences they would take away with them of the land of good horses, gallant men and beautiful women. Mr. Williams acknowledged the compliment in a neat speech, saying: "Gentlemen, your action embarrasses me beyond measure, for I enlisted myself in the interests of the bench show solely to aid the Charity Exposition, and to show my great love for that noble animal, the useful dog. I had no hope or desire for emolument or praise; but at the same time, I cannot deny that I feel more than proud at the manner in which you have treated me to-day. I thank you, gentlemen, one and all." We are pleased to hear from Mr. Williams that the show will be a financial success, and he adds in a letter to us, "Do not accuse me of being 'off my base' when I tell you I bought a cocker, a great Dane and a Gordon setter at the show." In fact a number of sales were made, and it proved a good place for the regulars to unload. Mrs. King, the fair reporter of the Kentucky *Leader*, held the winning number in the Obadiah raffle, much to the delight of the dogmen.

We sadly miss our copy of the *Canine World* this week, and especially "Peto's" comments on current matters; sensible in his deductions he struck a line that we are sorry to see come to a check so soon. We trust, however, he will make another cast and lift the scent in some place, for we cannot believe he will give up writing altogether.

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, the popular spaniel judge, returned from his trip to Canada loud in his praise of the hospitality and generous treatment he received at the hands of the Canadian spaniel men. They work their dogs as well as show them, and he spent several pleasant days after partridge round Woodstock with Messrs. Laidlaw, Kirk, Luckwell and Douglas, and the "cuckoo" joke on Douglas never misses fire.

The Australians are making rapid progress in a doggy way since the first Victoria dog show in 1884. Then they had 400 entries, this year 800. This increase is due to importations from England under the most adverse circumstances, a quarantine of six months being forced on every dog imported.

Mr. Howard of Montreal has purchased the noted bull-terrier White Wonder, about whom a good deal has been said from time to time in these columns. It is stated the dog is no longer deaf, a pea having been taken out of its ear.

If this is so, White Wonder has a brilliant future before him, as he is a clinking good one.

The English *Stock-Keeper* very kindly remarks this week that the *FOREST AND STREAM* "has become as full of news as an egg is of meat," and in "indorsing 'Onlooker's'" piece of advice about protecting strips to prevent bitches lying on their pups, says: "We adopted this precaution years ago, but somehow it fell into disuse in our kennel. 'Onlooker's' words have recalled its value to our mind, and the breeding strips have again been affixed to the beds." Perhaps other breeders will follow the good example and so save many of their pups.

We particularly draw the attention of sportsmen to the closing date of entries Oct. 15 for the All-Aged Stakes of the Central Field Trials. For the Free-for-All Stake the entries close Nov. 1. Full particulars are given in our advertising columns.

The advertisement of the Blue Ridge Kennels should command the attention especially of those who breed for work in the field. Their liberality in offering prizes for winning Derby dogs sired by their stud dogs is praiseworthy, and their \$1,500 Derby marks a departure in dog kennel management as rare as it is commendable. In fact, we believe, it is without a precedent.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

CRITICISING the actions of so distant a body as the English Kennel Club is going somewhat far afield, but the community of interests in kennel matters often renders such criticism important. With this view in mind, the recent astonishing action of a Mr. T. Duerdian Dutton, counsel for the English Kennel Club, attains a most painful prominence. On behalf of the club, he demanded an apology from Mr. Freeman Lloyd for some misstatements published by the latter, and incorporated in his demand, the outrageous statement that Mr. Lloyd knew his statements were false when written, and refused any settlement that did not include this admission by Mr. Lloyd! This was a compound of despotism and intense arrogance not hitherto developed in kennel transactions, and I cannot but think that this scandalous demand was unauthorized by the club and that Mr. Dutton was alone responsible for it. No generous mind, no man above the level of a bully, ever wants an apology for any other reason than righting a wrong done him, and to make the apology the means of degrading the apologist, brings him who requires it below any possible or imaginable level of the offender. The Kennel Club owes itself two things, one to promptly accept the apology tendered by Mr. Lloyd in which he regrets his having honestly given out an incorrect statement and the other to retain other counsel.

The recent publication by the Eastern Field Trials Club of its amended instructions to judges at their trials, and the editorial comments in the *Canine World* on the offer by Mr. Wade of a prize for special, instinctive, intelligence in sheepdogs, both mark a long needed departure in all classes of dog competitions. Shows are primarily places where dogs are shown, which involves that their looks are the chief object to be considered, and, logically, it seems difficult to devise any other element to enter into such competitions. But field trials of any kind stand on an entirely different footing; their avowed object is to test the real, useful value of dogs, entirely apart from their appearance. Yet, as a matter of fact, it has come to pass that field trials are really competitions between trainers and handlers, and display their skill far more than they do the abilities, physical or mental, of the dogs. This is clearly a travesty on the only logical reason for their inception and continuance. The dog which conforms to the instructions of his handler, be those instructions given during the trial or in previous specific training, is certainly not the equal of the dog who knows his work and does it of himself unaided by his master's eye or hand. Not every sportsman is a trainer, not every herder of stock a master of the art of training dogs for the work, and the dog whose own mentality and education has fitted him to be a thorough helper of the user, is the dog we all want. This is admirably summed up in the introduction to a little work on training sheepdogs, in the statement that it should be the aim of the trainer to give the dog a liberal education, not to teach him a lot of tricks, and such instructions as the Eastern Field Trials Club proposes to give its judges will go very far to correct the mount-bank style of training dogs for, and working them at, field trials that has crept in during the last few years.

In the interest of kennel matters, it is to be hoped that the proposed dog show at the coming World's Fair, at Chicago, will fall through. On no grounds does such a show promise any good result, even on the financial ground it promises disaster, as I cannot remember a show held under such auspices that was not a failure in a money point. As an educational enterprise, it will effect but the least, for how many who would visit such a show would have the least idea of dog form, breeds of dogs, or any canine matter? Dog shows fall under the rule of all successfully conducted businesses, and, to use a homely phrase, "They must stand on their own bottom."

THE ONLOOKER.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The third annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Princeton, Mass., commencing Nov. 9, 1891, and continuing until the several classes have been run off. These trials promise to be the most brilliant the club has ever inaugurated, for the officers have selected the ground with much care, and attended to every detail with thoroughness.

The prizes to be competed for are the American Field cup, the club's medal for highest general average, both of which go to the same hound, Mr. Baird's endurance medal, Mr. R. D. Perry's steel engraving, "A Promising Litter," which is to be held for one year by the best puppy, and cash prizes in each class to be offered by the club.

Arrangements have been made with Pratt's House, Princeton, to accommodate hunters and hounds for a dollar a day. A large attendance is expected, and it is desired that those intending to come should notify the secretary as soon as possible, stating how many hounds they will bring.

Princeton may be reached from Boston by Boston & Albany Railway via Worcester to Princeton depot, where conveyances will take passengers from each train three miles to Pratt's House, or by Central Massachusetts division of Boston & Maine Railway to Oakdale, thence by vehicles seven miles to Pratt's House. The officers of the club, with many members have decided to take the 8 A. M. train of the Central Massachusetts division B. & M. Railroad from Boston to Lowell station, Boston, on Nov. 9, and are due at Oakdale at 9:21, where conveyances will be waiting to take them to Pratt's by 10:30 A. M. Upon arrival the old hounds will be chained up, baggage dropped in office and the puppies taken at once to the hunting grounds for trial.

Princeton is said to be the best foxhunting country in New England, and foxes are promised us in great numbers. We cordially invite fox hunters from all parts to attend the trials and trust the fox catchers from the South and West will come and exhibit their packs at the end of the trials. We have several hounds we should like to race with theirs.

A. C. HOFFENGER, V. P. & Sec'y pro tem, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

PEDIGREE OF LORD CLOVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How is it that none of our kennel papers undertake an analysis of Dr. M. H. Cryer's book "The Prize Pugs of America and England"? The reason for this query is that I have been very disagreeably made aware of the necessity for something of the sort. Dr. Cryer's work seems to be a good deal like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is regarded as absolute authority on all that appertains to pugs on this side of the Atlantic. There seems to be a sort of general impression stalking at large that the poor fellow who first opposes the Philadelphia savant is virtually offering himself for a sacrifice between the upper and nether millstones.

Now without discussing the plan, trend and general result of the book in its relation to the fancy at large, allow me to go squarely on record as flatly contradicting some of the alleged history it contains. I refer in particular to the schoolboy account of the dog Lord Clover on page 72 of the work. I do not deny Dr. Cryer the privilege of forming whatever opinion he pleases as to the quality and merit or lack of both, in any dog of mine; but when he scatters broadcast a mutilated pedigree and gives me the lie direct on matters concerning my own kennel, it is time to call a halt. Dr. Cryer states first of all that Chas. M. Chatterton bred Lord Clover, and then very coolly cuts out and eliminates valuable blood from his victim's veins. He denies that Lord Clover is a grandson of champion Little Dorrit and then places me in the awkward position of one who attempts to forge a pedigree. For I, sir, as firmly and flatly reiterate that no man named Chatterton bred the dog and no man can show a cloud of any kind on his direct relation to Little Dorrit. I wrote Dr. Cryer four or five months ago in relation to this matter. I was then, and have been since, deluged with very unpleasant correspondence, all of it more or less an impeachment based on Dr. Cryer's book. I apprised the Doctor of his error and furnished him the facts. As the animal's owner I deemed myself entitled to the credit at least of knowing the dog when I see him. It appears I am not, for beyond writing a brief note embodying a vague promise to correct errors, the astute historian makes no sign. This was four months ago, and I have come to the conclusion that the nuisance must stop. It is no fault of mine that Dr. Cryer is ignorant of the subject matter which he handles. I decline emphatically to "knuckle under" to blunders.

I defy Dr. Cryer to successfully impeach the pedigree of Lord Clover as submitted: Lord Clover, by Loris ex Nellie, Loris by Diamond ex Queen Rose, Nellie by Stingo Sniffles ex Little Dorrit. More than that, he cannot know even the rudiments of the pedigrees of the present prize winning pugs in England, and miss acquiring a full knowledge of Goulding's Nellie, the dam of Lord Clover. Dr. Cryer professes acquaintance with English show rings and breeders. Let him write Mr. Houlker, secretary of the Pug Club, owner of Lord Clover's sire. Let him ask Mr. Proctor for a draught of the pedigree of Pitti Sing and champion Confidence; let him appeal to Mrs. Brittain, Mr. Gariuss, Mr. Hartley, the Red Dicker, Captain Oppenshaw, the folks at Cottesmore or at Kirby Lonsdale. They are all reputable fanciers of the breed and in a position to know the facts. But the Doctor will make no such appeal. His information, or more properly his lack of it, came from no such authoritative source. Any and every one is liable to error, but in this case that is not the point. Few men have the manhood to acknowledge errors, particularly of the inexcusable blunder stripe, and this seems to be the chief reason why I am forced to kick out of the traces or take all the mud from the Doctor's heels. This is the situation at present—I affirm that the dog in dispute is by Loris ex Nellie, Loris by Diamond ex Queen Rose, Nellie by Stingo Sniffles ex Little Dorrit. I also affirm that Mr. Goulding, of Leeds, bred Lord Clover, and that Mr. Proctor, also of Leeds, bred his dam. Dr. Cryer cannot produce an iota of reliable testimony against either of these propositions. He wastes time and energy if he ever attempts it.

THOS. I. BALLANTINE.

PEORIA, ILL., Sept. 14.

PETER AND THE CAT.

THE black and white cat, familiar by sight to thousands who cross the Jersey City ferry as the pet and pride of the ferry house employees, is not as frisky as she was a few nights ago. In fact, she shuffled off this mortal coil at precisely forty-two minutes past 10 o'clock one fateful evening.

In so doing she was assisted in a lively fashion by a pure white bull-terrier, known as Peter, who had a heated argument with her regarding the propriety of her roosting on his back. Of course, finding that she had taken an untenable position, she may have choked to death out of sheer vexation; but the weight of impartial evidence seems to be to the effect that Peter's jaws did the business, as he mutely argued his side of the case as well as he knew how.

To a cold and unsympathetic mind, ignorant of the illustrious positions occupied by these animals in the canine and feline worlds, the occurrence might appear like an ordinary, everyday scrunching and cat-clawing match. But such is not the fact. The cat in the case was the property of Capt. Robert Bloomsburgh, Superintendent of Ferries for the Pennsylvania Railroad. She came to him from foreign parts two years ago as an impoverished emigrant, and was a very wise cat in her day and generation.

She was also a great traveler, though she took no stock in trips on land. Her fancy was for "the sea, the sea, the open sea." Thrice, when she felt like making a voyage to Europe, she boarded the Rotterdam line of steamers, without any fuss and feathers, and just sailed away, saying good bye to no one. She was so well pleased with Rotterdam that she stayed there eight months on her first visit. Perhaps an absent spouse was the attraction, for she came back with the makings of a litter of kittens on her return from her first absence, and faithfully adhered to the custom thus initiated on each of her subsequent tours. Whenever she decided to try this country again, she would take passage on a return steamer as unostentatiously as she went away. On her arrival she would seek out Captain Bloomsburgh and "meow" a greeting to him quite as if she had been out of his sight for only a few hours.

Then she would resume her usual routine of life at the Pennsylvania Depot. But her disposition was such that her life there involved a multiplicity of occupations. Her foreign travel, high living, and the attentions lavished upon her by the many admiring friends she made, had the effect of increasing outrageously her innate pride and hauteur. The habit of taking charge of things grew upon her apace, and she became more arrogant and domineering after each trip abroad. She became so proud that she wouldn't look at other cats or associate with them. For want of any other name she was sometimes called "Annex."

Now it was her pride that went before her destruction and brought about her undignified, not to say ignominious, exit. She not only took to bossing all the other cats that came into the ferry house, but vainly imagined that she could lord it over all of the dogs she saw there as well. For a long time, however, she was successful in the exercise of her tyranny, and many an owner of prize-winning dog flesh has had his soul vexed with unavailing exasperation to see this domineering puss jump on the back of his pet and scratch, and gouge, and bite, until the harassed beast was forced to beat a howling but timely retreat.

Peter, her conqueror, was as haughty as Annex, for he was a bull pup of the purest caste. He is the property of Charles J. Peshall. Peter's father was champion Count, from the Duke of Manchester's kennels, who won 61 first

prizes and took every one of those offered in his class whenever he was exhibited in this country. His mother was Peshall's Baby, a high bred terrier which was never shown.

It was at 10:38 P. M. (official time) that Peter, accompanied by his valet, for so Mr. Peshall styles himself because of his assiduous attention to the dog's welfare, entered the ferry house from the Jersey City side. With them was his friend Dr. Horning, who knows a thing or two about dogs and has some terriers of his own which may become prize winners some day.

The trio made their way to the portion of the depot devoted to the use of passengers who travel on the Brooklyn Annex, and Peshall and his friend seated themselves on one of the benches. There was a large number of people present and many of them admired Peter's compact, muscular, snow-white body and his dignified mien. He sat himself down near the bench and looked about him with stolid composure.

It was at 10:40 P. M. (official time) that a low growl from Peter announced that he disapproved of something. His watchful valet, owner, guardian and friend looked up and saw the feline boss approaching.

"Be quiet, Peter," he entreated, and taking the cat in his arms carried her to another bench some distance off. This took but a few seconds, yet during the interval the watchful and waiting crowd had become greatly interested in the movement of the two animals. Knowing Peter's quiet disposition when he is left alone, and feeling a serene confidence in his ability to "keep tabs" on the cat, Mr. Peshall entered into conversation with Dr. Horning.

For just one brief moment, however, Peshall closed his weather eye, so far as the cat was concerned, and winked the other optic. That moment, which came at 10:41½ P. M. (official time), was fraught with disaster to Peter and destruction to Miss Tabby. Just how she sneaked around and planted her feet on Peter's back with a running jump seems to be, as Dundreary used to put it, "one of those things that no fellow can understand." But the fact that she got there with all four feet and began scratching at his eyes was made manifest by a series of yelps and snarls which brought everybody to their feet in an instant. Then the terrier clinched with his adversary.

"Come off, Peter, come off," shouted his master, as he grabbed his pet by the hindlegs and swung him and the cat to and fro in the air like an animated censer.

"Shake him up, Peter, shake him up," responded an enthusiastic "sport" who saw that the steel trap jaws of the terrier were set tight underneath the cat's forepaws.

But Peter took the "sport's" advice and attended strictly to business. Notwithstanding the fact that he was heavily handicapped by being waved about in Peshall's hands like a banner, in one-half of a minute, corrected time, the cat found out that she had bitten off more than she could chew, while Peter demonstrated that he had not. Within the same interval of time Captain Bloomsburgh's terror became permanently weary of life.

When Mr. Peshall saw that the jig was up, he yanked the lifeless cat out of Peter's grasp and proceeded to pummel him for his disobedience.

"Don't hit him," urged the "sport," "give him another cat. He beats bootjacks and bottles all to pieces."

"So say we all of us," put in a young man in a thunder and lightning suit. So the whipping was discontinued.

Peter thoughtfully licked his chops and, though somewhat disfigured, would have been able to attend his adversary's funeral, if he had been invited.

EDWARD WESLEY POTTER.

DEATH OF LEONBERG CÆSAR.—Minneapolis, Minn.

—Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to record the death of the Leonberg dog Cæsar, who was killed by an electric car in this city, July 13, 1891. Cæsar was the only son of Monarch, the winner of one first and three special prizes at the St. Paul dog show of 1887, also of 1888, these being the only dog shows he was ever exhibited at. Monarch was sired by the celebrated dog Sultan, whose arrival in this country was mentioned by FOREST AND STREAM July 31, 1879. Both Monarch and Cæsar were bred from Mr. S. L. M. Barlow's imported bitches Thekla and Minca, at Glen Cove, L. I. All of these dogs will be remembered by theatergoers for their wonderful performances in such plays as "The Dogs of the Forest," "The Danites," etc., etc.; Sultan being the only dog that ever had the honor of being an attraction at Booth's Theater, New York, where he was a feature for six weeks in 1881. All were mammoth dogs and remarkable specimens of their breed, Monarch standing 35in. at the shoulders, beating Sir Charles at St. Paul, Minn., who, up to that time, had taken several prizes as the largest dog exhibited. At the time of his death Cæsar was the property of Mr. J. H. Mochell, of Minneapolis.—W. E. STERLING.

BREEDERS' STAKE FOR MASTIFFS.—Port Huron,

Mich., Oct. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: There is quite a strong movement afoot to make a breeders' stake for mastiffs whelped in 1891 to be shown at Chicago at the World's Fair in 1893. It is just what is wanted, and no doubt will find favor at the hands of our mastiff men. The object, I understand, is to develop the mastiff and to keep him before the public. It is a well known fact that they have not had the interest taken in them that they should have in the past few years. A good-sized stake would cause some of them to look around their kennels and find out what dogs they could breed to and get a winner. It is proposed to make the stake in payments, in 10 per cent. payments, Jan. 1, 1892, July 1, 1892, Jan. 1, 1893, and the balance of the amount on naming the dog or bitch to be shown. This, I think, should add interest in the breeding of a better class of mastiffs and no doubt would well pay the winner of the stake for his trouble.—JAS. J. LYNN.

DEATH OF THE COCKER FLOSSIE.—Newtownville,

Mass.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have lost my valuable liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Flossie (Col. Stubbs—Pet). She was run over and killed by an express train of the B. & A. R. R., Tuesday night, Sept. 29. She was considered one of the best liver and white cockers in this part of the country. She had many friends and not a single enemy. Was a grand little worker on woodcock, partridges and ducks. She was in whelp to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy. I never expect to own her like again. She was my constant companion.—GEO. L. V. TYLER.

A LARGE PUP.—Sullivan, Ill.—As a subscriber to the

FOREST AND STREAM would like to submit a description of a St. Bernard pup I possess, which seems exceptionally large for its age. He was ten months old on Sept. 4, measures just 6ft. long, stands 32½in. high and, although very thin, weighs 136lbs. He is one of a litter, and while he is said to be a full-blooded St. Bernard, he is off-color, being a rich brown. White markings very good and has a fine head and limbs. He was sired by Monte.—GUY HOLLINGSWORTH.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.—Do you contemplate visiting Dubuque, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, or any point in the Northwest, the Puget Sound region or the balmy South or Southwest? The Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will furnish you transportation enabling you to safely, quickly and comfortably reach your destination. Its splendid equipment and excellent management have made it a popular favorite. F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—Ad.

DANBURY SHOW.—Fair Grounds, Danbury, Conn., Oct. 7.—Danbury show opened this morning with about 157 entries. Some fair dogs among them. Frank Dole here with a good string, also Dr. Haire. Wild Crow, Woodhaven, Edgewood, Fenwick and other Connecticut kennels well represented. Judging commenced at 11 and will continue to-day.—H. W. L.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Cricket—King Kell. W. E. C. Thomas's (Brocton, Mass.) beagle bitch Cricket (Shorty—Belle) to Ringwood Beagle Kennels' King Kell (Sport K.—Bess K.), Sept. 8.

Damson—D'Orsay. Chas. S. Hanks's (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Damson (Dominie—Daphnia) to F. Redmond's D'Orsay, June 2.

Grouse II.—Venio. Chas. S. Hanks's (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. (Rational—Olive II.) to Vickery's Venio, Feb. 11.

Brockenhurst Queenie—Dominie. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Brockenhurst Queenie (Rational Stine) to F. Redmond's Dominie, June 21.

Spook II.—Spokane. H. P. Brey's (Hamilton, Ont.) St. Bernard bitch Mary Jones to J. S. Williams's Monk (Sultan—Beulah), July 29.

Jennie III.—Roger. N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Jennie III. (champion Foreman—Tallman's Jennie) to L. Gardiner's Roger (champion Noble—Queen Meg), Oct. 27.

East Lake Virgie—Spokane. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.) to their Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Sept. 10.

Little Brownie—Bradford Ruby II. Jas. A. Tucker's (Concord, Mich.) pug bitch Little Brownie (Dixie—Silver Shoe) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Sept. 16.

Fannie K.—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Fannie K. (champion Kash—Flossie II.) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Sept. 20.

WHEPLES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Buffalo Lass. A. W. Smith's (Buffalo, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Buffalo Lass, Sept. 27, four (one dog), by Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan.

Lady Verne. O. P. Kinnie's (Lima, O.) pug bitch Lady Verne, Sept. 28, six (five dogs), by Eberhart's Douglass II. (Douglass—June).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Little Goldie. Pug bitch, whelped March 18, 1891, by John Bull out of Phyllis II., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to E. L. Brainer, Grafton, N. D.

Bonady Belle. White fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 23, 1891, by Blanton Trump out of Hillside Baroness, by A. D. Stewart, Hamilton, Ont., to F. R. Close, same place.

Grouse II. White and black fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 12, 1888, by J. C. Tinne, Lynton, Eng., to C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Brockenhurst Queenie. White and black marking fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 16, 1888, by Rational out of Stene, by J. C. Tinne, Lynton, Eng., to C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Damson. White, black markings, fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 6, 1890, by Dominie out of Daphnia, by F. Redmond, London, Eng., to C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Sam. White and tan marks fox-terrier dog, whelped Sept. 7, 1890, by Blanton Bravler out of Hillside Jaunty, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to Frank Kulgit, same place.

Spook II.—Spokane. H. P. Brey's (Hamilton, Ont.) St. Bernard bitch Mary Jones to J. S. Williams's Monk (Sultan—Beulah), July 29, 1891, by Ringwood Beagle Kennels, Brockton, Mass., a dog each to G. I. Hodgson and C. S. Brodrick, same place, and a bitch to D. S. Hall, South Cabot, Vt.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

W. M., Hyattville, O.—Two of a litter of six pointer pups, aged five weeks, have scabs on their sides and back. Very thick scabs, and matter is very white. Do not seem to run any. I believe the old bitch is troubled a little with eczema. What shall I do for it? Ans. Apply a little broacic ointment to the scabs twice a day.

J. D. B., Mount Morris, N. Y.—I have a fine young pointer dog which is poor and food does not seem to benefit him. To my certain knowledge he has a tapeworm, I having seen two or three feet of it. Ans. Give the dog, after 18 hours' fasting, worm pills or powders as advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, accompanying which are full directions. Repeat the dose in a week. Feed the dog on cod liver oil cake, meat, etc. Cakes can be procured from Spratts Co.

S. C., Woodbridge, N. J.—Will you please inform me whether dogs ever shed their teeth and if there is any cure for a disease of the gums that my dog has, causing him to have a very offensive breath. My dog is a small house dog, 8 yrs. old, very intelligent and on account of his doing many tricks has been fed too much rich cake, candy, etc., which I think ruined his teeth. Ans. Your dog is an excellent example of tartar on the teeth, which causes the gums to recede, and thus the teeth become gradually loosened and fall out. The tartar also causes ulceration of the gums. The teeth must be scaled and all very loose ones removed.

J. W. H., Newburgh, N. Y.—How can I cure a dog of fits? I have a fine pointer bitch, and I am having her broke. The man that is breaking her tells me that after having her out for a while she takes one of these fits, when she froths at the mouth and her eyes almost start out of her head, for about ten minutes. Then she partly recovers and starts to run away and don't seem to know her trainer for a minute or two. She has had seven fits already. Ans. First treat for worms and then give the following mixture: Bromide of soda 2drs., liq. arsenicalis 1 dr., water 3oz. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day. The dog ought to be kept in a quiet place and only allowed a little exercise for the present. It must not be excited in any way. See also that the bowels are regular.

W. W. W., Providence, R. I.—My bull-terrier puppy which you prescribed for in your issue of Aug. 20, although somewhat improved is still in a terrible condition. Two weeks ago she was one mass of sores, running pus, mucus and blood. Her left side which was contiguously affected all over has partially healed up, and apparently is improving daily, but is still in a very bad shape, especially about her head. When these sores first break out, the blood coming from the same coagulates and forms a crust as brittle and black as coal. As fast as I heal them they appear in other places, and have been and are now affected all over her entire body, including head, legs and tail. On various parts of her body, within a few days past, have appeared a number of swellings, varying in size from a dime to a quarter dollar piece, containing nothing but blood. She has lost entirely all of her hair, and her skin is still a bright red, and at times very feverish. Her stools are black as ink, and the odor therefrom extremely offensive. Appetite is good, and is as active as can be expected under her present condition. Please advise if I may continue same treatment as prescribed. What is her disease? Is it eczema or mange, or both? Am very sorry to trouble you again, but have no confidence in the vet. who I called in to see this puppy. His advice to "knock her in the head" did not meet with my views, neither did his diagnosis of her disease, or the treatment prescribed by him, inspire me with sufficient confidence to allow him to proceed with the same. Please advise me what to do. She is now three months old. I am ready to use the same freely, but "knock her in the head" never. Ans. From your intelligent description the bull-terrier must be suffering from follicular mange, but without an examination this cannot be determined. Mange is a most intractable disease and very difficult to cure, taking a long time, about six months, to do so. Apply the following ointment all over every other day, and to the sores daily. Nitrobenz. 30 grains, camphor 30 ounces; powdered boric acid, 4 ounces; oxide of zinc, 3 ounces. The naphthol must be dissolved in lard first by the aid of heat, then add the other ingredients and mix till cold. Give the following twice a day in a pill: Sulphide of calcium, 1 grain. Also wash the dog occasionally in a solution of sulphide of potash (liver of sulphur); two ounces to a gallon of warm water.

Welsh 01211-4 Thurman 01222-4
Cooper 1111-5 All ties div.

Individual championship of Pennsylvania, at live birds, prize, beautiful diamond badge, valued at \$50, presented by the citizens of Williamsport. To be contested for annually under the following conditions: Each contestant shall be a bona-fide member of a club or association, members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, or an individual member of the same. Entrance fee \$10 (birds extra), 40 per cent. of the entrance money shall go to the donors or holders this year, the balance shall be divided into three prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. First prize, the diamond badge, to the person making the highest score, the next three highest scores to receive the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively. The winner of the badge this year to receive 40 per cent. of the entrance money next year, the balance to be divided as above. Each contestant shall shoot at 15 live birds, under American Shooting Association rules, with the exception of 15-4, shot allowed, 12 or more guns. A bond in the sum of \$250 shall be given by the winner of the trophy to the club under whose auspices the association shoot is given. Provided, however, there be no association shoot given, it shall revert to the Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club, of Williamsport, Pa.

Fulford 110122111111-14 Clayton 12122110212110-13
Hall 010124011111-11 McMillan 201221221211-13
Warfield 010124011111-11 Cooper 110121211112-14
J. Wolstencroft 010121211112-14 Sober 0112101112110-10
Welsh 0221211121222-14 Thurman 1102111221222-13
Smith 0210121110221-12 Hill 11121210121212-13
Clover 02221111021211-12 Edwards 02102021112110-10
Duston 211222110211-14 Rohrbach 0212010111212-12
W. Wolstencroft 110211121221-12 Laurie 0212011121220-12
Honey 122122102111-14 O'Neil 0210211111111-11
Huff 122010100212-9 Hughes 2110212210111-12

Ties for badge, miss and out: Fulford 8, Duston 7, Cooper 5, Welsh 4, J. Wolstencroft 3, W. Wolstencroft 0. Ties for second prize, miss and out: Thurman 11, Warfield 10, Clayton 2, McMillan and Hill drew pro rata. Third and fourth div.

This shoot was shot in with the State shoot, and those that belonged to the State Association and paid double entrance their scores counted for both on the State shoot, entrance \$10. Appended are the scores: Fulford 14, J. Wolstencroft 14, Clayton 13, McMillan 13, Cooper 14, Sober 12, Spear 10, Lindsay 11, Quimby 12, Stewart 14, Miller 15, Green 14, Brooks 13, Aggar 13, Penrose 14. Miller first, Fulford on shoot off won second, third and fourth div.

ROCHESTER ROD AND GUN CLUB.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The first annual open tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was held in the Driving Park in this city on Oct. 2. The attendance was a surprise even to the most sanguine, and the shoot was a success in every way but one, that was that the entries were so numerous and the consequent length of time taken to shoot off the events so great, that the programme was only a little more than half shot off by 7 o'clock P. M. In contest No. 3 alone there were 77 entries.

In consequence of the inability to shoot off the entire programme, it was decided and announced on the grounds that the club would give another shoot in about a month to finish the programme. All contests were shot under American Association rules, rapid firing system, at 10 traps. Events with over twenty entries divided into five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; all other events 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The men shot in squads of ten. In all but the events this was not shot off. Kingbirds were used in all events. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 15 singles, entrance \$1:
W. A. Hill 14 W. C. Hadley 12 C. Van Ostrand 10
C. A. Mosher 14 Orange 12 A. W. Starr 10
T. F. Musselman 14 W. Foley 12 W. H. Davenport 9
W. N. Richmond 14 John Reissinger 11 W. W. Harmon 9
C. J. Wilkinson 13 C. E. Lane 11 J. Roche 9
O. L. Weller 13 C. Bruhl 10 C. J. Goodrich 8
E. O. Halzer 13 A. E. Babcock 10 W. Hill 7
E. D. Hicks 13 J. Norton 10 A. Schmitt 7
B. Wagner 13 A. Rickman 10 George Bors 7
W. O. LaForce 12 O. F. Moschler 10 C. Reissinger 5
A. D. Martin 12 F. L. Smith 10 G. Jeffrey 5

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance \$1:
Wilkinson 9 McKee 8 Richmond 6
Davenport 9 Elliott 8 Ketchum 6
Walzer 9 5
Miller 9 Hadley 7 Foley 5
Gregg 9 McVean 7 C. Reissinger 5
Wagner 9 Borst 7 Youngs 5
Sprague 9 Orange 7 Starr 5
Stuart 9 Smith 7 Moschler 5
Mann 8 Martin 7 Roche 5
Mosher 8 Barnard 7 Boyd 4
Babcock 8 Van Ostrand 7 Schmitt 3
Musselman 8 Harmon 7 Treadwell 3
Hicks 8 Rickman 7 Meyer 2
Lane 8 Burns 7 Berry 2
La Force 8 Norton 6

In No. 3 first won by Sprague, second div. by Segerts, Smith and Mosher, third, Fulton; fourth, Martin; fifth, La Force; sixth, B. G.

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance \$1.50:
Mosher 20 Schmitt 16 Hill 12
Richmond 19 Orange 15 La Force 12
Wagner 18 Smith 15 Adams 11
Hicks 18 Wilkinson 15 McVean 11
Crug 18 Hyde 15 Roche 11
Keel 17 Walzer 15 Aman 11
Van Ostrand 17 Reissinger 14 Boyd 10
Beyer 17 Foley 14 Boyd 10
Wellknown 17 Youngs 13 C. Reissinger 10
Miller 17 Bunk 13 Meyle 9
Hooley 16 Babcock 12

No. 5, 15 singles, entrance \$1:
Weller 15 Davenport 11 La Force 9
Wagner 15 F. L. Smith 11 Norton 9
McKee 15 Hyde 11 Stuart 9
Boyer 13 Weyer 11 McVean 8
Andrews 13 Foley 10 Hill 8
Brinsmaid 13 Honch 10 Martin 8
Mosher 13 Kay 10 Reissinger 8
Wilkinson 13 Babcock 10 Rickman 8
Lane 13 Hayes 10 Goodrich 8
Moon 12 Redmond 10 Cook 7
Hicks 12 Rabmor 10 Schwick 7
Harmon 12 Gregg 10 Williams 6
Hadley 12 Evershed 10 Halfm 6
Reissinger 12 Borst 10 Roche 6
A. S. Smith 11 Adams 10 Weyle 5
Mapes 11 Schmitt 9 Starr 5
Sprague 11 Judson 9 Ruggs 5
Elliott 11 Orange 9 O. S. B.

BROOKLYN TRAPS.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 29.—The regular monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, which was postponed from the third Tuesday of the month, was shot off this morning at the West End grounds, Coney Island. The competition was for the Quimby gold badge; five men entered, each to shoot at 20 bluebirds. C. Morris won the trophy with a score of 17. D. Monsees second with 16. In the afternoon the regular monthly shoot at live birds was held for the Engeman and Bonden medals, with extra prizes, twelve men entered, each to shoot at 7 birds, club handicap. C. Morris and D. Monsees tied with 7 straight. In the shoot-off for the trophy, C. Morris took place on target, killed 3 birds, 1 killing 2 birds, 1 killing 1 bird. D. Weyer won the Bonden medal with a score of 16 out of 17. B. Voorbees taking the third prize with a score of 10 out of 12.

The postponed monthly shoot of the Ridgewood Gun Club was held to-day at Deckelman's Ridgewood Park, Long Island. The club shoots at 7 live birds each, modified Hurlingham rules, 25yds. rise except L. C. Gehring, the holder of the medal, who was handicapped 3yds. Two 7 straight, 1 killing 2 birds, 1 killing 1 bird. P. Kramer and J. Wetz. In the shoot-off Kramer killed 3 to his opponent's 2 and took the medal.

The Diana Gun Club had its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, Long Island. The club shoots at 15 bluebirds in two classes, 28 and 30yds. C. Minich and C. Rings tied for the first medal in Class A and shoot off. In the shoot-off Minich won by a score of 9 to 7. In Class B, J. B. Hager tied with 7 each and had to shoot off. Three times they shot, and at last Hartman won by a score of 11 out of 21 shot at all told.

FLORIDA CHAMPIONSHIP.—The annual tournament of the Orlando Gun Club will be held at Orlando, Fla., Oct. 15 and 16. Bluecock targets. First day—Team match for Florida State championship, five men per team, 100 yds. range, 10 birds per man, 10 individual sweeps. Second day—Individual sweeps, Rapid-firing system. American Association rules of 1890 to govern.

NEW JERSEY TRAP SHOOTERS.

LAST April the clubs of Essex county organized the Trap Shooters' League of Essex county, for the purpose of holding monthly prize contests for teams of six men each. The last of this series of shoots was held two weeks ago, the Maplewood Gun Club winning first prize. The league met with such a flattering success and the sport receded such an impetus that the projectors have resolved to try and extend their field, and are now perfecting plans for the formation of an organization that will excel anything ever attempted in this country. They propose to go into forming an immense league that will take in every club in Essex, Hudson, Bergen, Warren, Morris, Sussex, and Passaic counties, and bring the shooters from those sections together in a series of contests that will interest the entire country. Everything in the way of preliminary details has been carefully considered, and it is expected that the organization will be formed so that the opening shoot may be held next month.

The plan is to form what will be known as the Trap Shooters' League of Northern New Jersey, which all the clubs in the above named counties will be urged to join. These clubs number about seventy-five. Each club joining the league will pay an initiation fee of \$2, and the annual dues will be ten cents for every name on the rolls. A series of tournament shoots will be held, one on the grounds of each club until every club has had its turn. Previous to the opening of the series each club will pay \$5 or \$10 into the league treasury, the amount to form a prize fund. At each shoot there will be a contest for teams of five men each from the various clubs, each man to shoot at twenty-five artificial targets, under such rules and regulations as may be ordered by the league. The club that wins the greatest number of shoots, the club that has won the greatest number of contests will be declared the champion of northern New Jersey, and a prize valued at thirty per cent. of the prize fund will be presented to the successful men. The second, third, and fourth clubs in order will also receive prizes valued at twenty, fifteen, and ten per cent. of the prize fund.

To make the contests still more interesting, the men breaking the first score in each shoot will receive prizes in three-fourths of the contests will receive prizes valued at eight per cent. of the prize fund. A number of prizes contributed by firms and individuals will also be disposed of in a manner to be decided by the league. At each of the regular shoots there will be a number of individual contests.

As the final touches will not be put to the scheme within a fortnight, it is not possible to say what clubs will enter. There is every reason to believe, however, that there will be the best of the twenty-five clubs in the first shoot. The prospects are that the following clubs will sign the roll as charter members: South Side G. C., Woodside G. C., East Side Mutual G. C., Amateur G. C., Roseville G. C., West Side G. C., Independent G. C., Waverly G. C., all of Newark; East Orange G. C., Endeavor G. C., Leonia G. C., Maplewood G. C., Paterson R. and G. C., Rolling Springs G. C., Cherry Hill G. C., Caldwell G. C., Verona G. C., Newton G. C., Hackensack G. C., Fairview G. C., Englewood G. C., Gentlemen's H. and G. C., Jersey City Heights G. C., New Jersey Shooting Club, Durham G. C., and Sufferns G. C.

THE STOCK PATENT DECISION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers and the sporting world generally will be interested to know that the Cleveland Target Company has finally won the suit which the Peoria Target Company brought against it, for infringement of what is known as the Stock patent for traps.

This case has been in the courts for a long time, since January, 1888. In May, 1890, an opinion was rendered by Judge Ricks, sustaining the patent, and ordering an injunction and a reference to a master. In November, 1890, a petition for a rehearing was argued before Judge Brown, now upon the Supreme Bench of the United States, and Judge Ricks. The rehearing was granted by them, and the injunction which was ordered by Judge Ricks in May was dissolved upon the giving by the defendants of a bond for \$10,000. This bond was promptly given, being filed the same day. The case was heard in May, 1891, at Cleveland, before Judge Jackson, of Nashville, Tenn., and Judge Ricks. The Peoria Target Company sent down to argue its case one of the most distinguished patent lawyers in the United States, Judge Lysander Hill, of Chicago.

Judge Hill aided Major Taylor E. Brown, who had conducted the case up to this time. Judge Jackson filed his opinion at Cleveland, Sept. 24, 1891.

Judge Jackson concludes his opinion as follows: "Our conclusions, in which Judge Ricks concurs, may, therefore, be summarized as follows:

1. That defendants do not infringe the first claim of the re-issued letters patent sued on.
2. That claims 3 and 4 of said re-issued letters patent are void, because there was no accident, inadvertence or mistake in the specification or claims of the original patent, and because said claims cover patentable inventions which were not embodied or intended to be embodied in the original patent, but are for new, distinct devices which formed the subject of separate or distinct patents.

3. That if said claims 3 and 4 constituted valid re-issues, the device they describe and seek to have patented, was first invented, that is, conceived and reduced to successful public practice by A. H. Hebbard, prior to the date at which Stock invented his pivoted device, and consequently no valid patent thereon could be issued to said Stock, either under the original or re-issue application. It therefore follows that complainant is not entitled to the relief sought by its bill, and that its suit should be dismissed, with costs to be taxed. It is accordingly so ordered.

HOWELL E. JACKSON, Circuit Judge."

Sept. 21, 1891.

The effect of this opinion is, of course, to end the litigation so far as the Circuit Court is concerned. It may be regarded as a complete victory for the Cleveland Target Company, and as justifying the confidence with which they have assured the trade and the sporting community throughout the country, that they would ultimately succeed in this suit, and that the threats which have been indulged in by the Peoria Target Company might be disregarded by the trade and by all interested in trap shooting.

The Cleveland Company have endeavored to supply the trade and all those who enjoy shooting, facilities for this sport at a reasonable, fair profit, and have been satisfied with a fair manufacturer's profit. They have profited hereafter to continue in this course, and we have no doubt that they will in the future, as in the past, the continued confidence of the trap-shooting fraternity.

THE CLEVELAND TARGET COMPANY.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 23.

ONEIDA GUN CLUB.—Oneida, N. Y., Sept. 30.—The members held a shoot this afternoon for a fine pressed leather ammunition case. This case, together with a pressed leather gun case, were presented to the club by Mr. Emigh, of New York. The contest for the gun case occurred some time ago, in which B. D. Moot had the good fortune to win. In to-day's match F. Petrie won the ammunition case; and by virtue of the handicap agreed upon, B. B. Cheney won second, a box of E. & L. linen collars, donated by Munroe & Parsons, a local clothing firm. Scores as follows, 25 kingbirds, Keystone system:

Maxwell 01111111100111011111-21
Tuttle 10100001100101100111-14
Petrie 001111111111111111-24
Devereux 00111111111111111010-15
Moot 11111111111111111111-21
Munroe 0011111111111111101011-21
Ransom 0011010101010011111101-15
Cheney 0101011101110111011010-17

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 29.—A big crowd of enthusiastic shooters gathered at Long Branch to-day, in spite of the rain, to witness the second match at live birds between Frederick Hoey, of Long Branch, and Louis T. Davenport, of New York. The shoot was for \$1,000 a side, and considerable money was wagered on the result. The traps were set at 100 yds. range, 30yds. rise, 25yds. boundary, 5 traps, and the use of both barrels allowed. The rain swept across the grounds, to the great discomfort of the contestants and the spectators. Mr. John S. Hoey was the referee and Mr. Harold Wallack the scorer. The birds were strong, quick and erratic flyers. The men shot about evenly throughout the entire match, and amid much excitement brought down their last bird and tied on a score of 38 birds. Under the circumstances the record was an excellent one, the big drop in the rain, and stones a few inches over the boundary fence. The first match between Mr. Hoey and Mr. Davenport was won by Mr. Hoey by one bird, the score being 35 to 34. A third match has been arranged for a date about the middle of this month.

INTER-STATE TEAM SHOOT.—The next Inter-State Team League shoot will take place on the grounds of the Newark Gun Club, at Newark, N. J., on the 15th inst., and the final shoot at Woodlawn Park, under the auspices of the Fountain Gun Club, on the second Thursday in next month.

TORONTO, Sept. 30.—The scores at the Victoria Gun Club's shoot this afternoon at Davidson's farm were, at 10 birds, B. Barne, 10, J. H. Hargrave, 9, Haines 7, Taylor 8, McCready 8, Swift 5, Evans 5, Knowles 8, Miles 7, Boswell 7, J. Barnett 6, Oben 6, Underwood 5.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 60 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vance. Price \$1. Canoe and Camp. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Skunk-hoe. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By Seneca. Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

CHANGE OF RACING RULES.

BUT five or six weeks remain before the annual meeting of the executive committee, and those having suggestions to make relating to changes of the sailing rules will need to submit them very shortly to the chairman of the regatta committee. It will be remembered that as the rules now stand, all proposals for changes must be submitted to the regatta committee, and by it to the commodore in the annual report of the committee, and this must be done in season to insure at least fourteen days notice in the official organs before being voted upon by the executive committee. Those having changes to propose will do well in the first place to put the amendments in complete shape, as far as possible, and then to ascertain by inquiry and by reference to year books and canoeing publications whether the same proposals have been made before and possibly rejected for good reasons. After this is done the amendment may be sent to the chairman of the regatta committee, but a little preliminary work of this kind may save much trouble and loss of time at the meeting of the executive committee. Taken altogether, the racing rules, with one important exception, are now in very good shape, though several amendments are awkwardly worded and some minor points might be improved. With Rule I. excepted, the rules can well be left for another year exactly as they stand, thus avoiding that annual change which is so undesirable.

There are two or three points which, though quite important, hardly call for special amendments to the rules, but can be as effectively dealt with through a plain condemnation in the report of the regatta committee. One of these is the "pumping" with sails which created so much stir at the meet. Another is the interference with a leading boat by one in the race, but one or more rounds astern. A mere mention of each point in the report will, with the publicity already given, serve as an effective caution, and avoid the further cumbering of the rules. Among the less important defects in the rules may be mentioned the absence of any provision concerning the bonds for the two trophy cups, now given by each winner; the use of a red flag for two purposes at the start of a race, to indicate the port course, and also the one minute signal; and the punctuation and wording of Rule XII, relating to the use of the paddle, which is now in very indefinite shape. It has also been proposed to omit all the first sentence of Rule XVI., and to permit of a change of rules at any time by means of a vote by mail. There are other minor details of wording or punctuation in which the rules might be materially improved, but at the same time no necessity of any radical changes is apparent, and it is a question whether, with Rule I. corrected, the rules might not be allowed to stand exactly as they are for at least a single season; being taken up carefully in the fall of 1892 and revised in principle and detail by the aid of next season's experience.

CLUB HOUSES BURNED.—After several unsuccessful attempts, the canoe house of the New Jersey Athletic Club, at Bergen Point, N. J., was burned one night about two weeks since. The N. J. A. C. is a large organization, formed some four years ago, partly from the old Argonauta Rowing Club, of Bergen Point, and the Viking Boat Club, of Elizabeth. The Argonauta house was moved from the hills to the new club grounds on the Newark River, just near the long bridge, and used for the shells and rowing boats of the new club, the house and boats being leased for five years by the old club, which still retained its organization. At the same time the smaller house of the Viking B. C. was purchased and moved from the New York Bay shore at Bayonne to the club grounds beside the other house, being used mainly by the canoeists of the N. J. A. C. Several attempts have recently been made to burn the house, but one at last proved successful. Nearly all the canoes and boats were burned, the building being very rapidly consumed.

About four miles further up Newark Bay, at Greenville, is the Crescent C. C., a new organization, in part a successor to the old Essex C. C., of Newark. About a year since the house of the club was burned at night, all the canoes being destroyed. A new and larger house was built last winter, with roof floats and approaches, and a new fleet of some 20 canoes was made up. At about 1 A. M. on Oct. 2 this house was discovered in flames, and was burned before any of the contents could be saved. The fire was of incendiary origin, but no motive nor clue is apparent. Eighteen canoes were burned, some being insured. The house was partly insured, and will be rebuilt.

PURITAN C. C., OCT. 4.—First race wind E. light, distance 3 miles. The war canoe Goggozenia, under the guidance of Purser Apollonio, of the Eastern Division, C. A., started the races and accompanied the fleet. The finish was in almost a cany.

Start	Finish	Remarks
Renah, J. S. Dean	1	104x36 yawl.
Iona, J. E. Hill	2	104x36 yawl.
Ilex, C. E. Cartwright	3	Disabled.
Sachem, E. S. Gilmore	4	Withdraw.
Imp, J. W. Cartwright, Jr.	5	104x30.
Iris, L. Hedge	6	104x36 yawl.
Crane, G. R. Underwood	7	12x28.
XXX, G. A. Willis	8	Withdraw.
Isis, F. B. Wheaton	9	Withdraw.

The series will be continued on Oct. 11, 18 and 25.—JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT, JR., Sec'y.

ALUMINUM FOR CANOES.—Cleveland, O.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am much interested in "Muskekwano's" article on aluminum canoes, and like him, think it would work a revolution in boating. But the cost of the metal is in my estimation a bar we will have trouble in getting over. Will "Muskekwano" kindly give us the name of the producers of whom we can buy aluminum at fifty cents per pound? I understand that the Cowles Co., of Pittsburgh, the largest producers in this country, if not in the world, list the metal in bulk, wholesale, at \$2.00 per pound. Any light on this subject will be most gratefully received by Don F. BARRETT.

MARINE AND FIELD RACES.—The open races of the Marine and Field Club will be started at 5 P. M. on Oct. 10 at the club house, Bath Beach. Messrs. Butler and Goddard, with the leading New York canoeists will compete. The club house may be reached by the Thirty-seventh street ferry to South Brooklyn, from South Ferry, New York, and the electric railway to Bath Beach.

A. C. A. AUDITING COMMITTEE.—Editor Forest and Stream: The A. C. A. committee to audit the Secretary-treasurer's accounts is hereby appointed as follows: Rodney F. Hemenway and Frederick T. Walsh, both of Lowell, Mass.—WALTER U. LAWSON, Commodore (Boston, Mass., Sept. 30).

PASSAIC RIVER CARNIVAL.—The club four race set for Sept. 29 did not take place, but in the evening a large number of canoes and boats turned out for the lantern procession, which was a great success.

DOWN THE DANUBE.—Mr. Poultney Bigelow has returned to London after a long canoe trip down the Danube with Messrs. Alfred Parsons and Frank D. Millet.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. CAMP.—The Knickerbocker C. C. held a very pleasant camp at Egg Beach on Oct. 3 and 4, a large number of local canoeists being present.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$8. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfeld-Hicks. Price \$3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price \$1.60.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING.

AT the foundation of international contests lies the America's Cup. To it a debt is owed by naval science of incalculable value. It has done more than scores of industrious designers could do if they studied their own work only and compared it with similar types. And from this famous trophy we still look for further influence in designing, and in the development of thought and practice in the noble art of naval construction.

If the conditions that surround the tenure of this wonderful cup be not such as to promote friendly international rivalry, then let the duty and wish of every spirited American yachtsman be to modify the "deed of gift" so that soon our transatlantic friends may visit us again, and stir us to get better and higher work.

Let us place the Cup within easy range of all the world, and if it be lost we shall have gained untold times its value in incentive to still greater improvement. But as we stand to-day as regards the America's Cup, we can easily afford to be lenient, with a yacht like the Gloriana to defend it, and a corps of designers well attuned to the "high pitch" of the requirements of yacht designing. —Lewis Herreshoff, in North American Review.

A CORINTHIAN CRUISE.

[Concluded from Page 219.]

WITH sundown came a breeze, and our sails once more filled and we were off. After dark I lost my bearings and made the mistake of heading for the Light for that of New Haven. As the wind was extremely light and almost dead, and we due south of the above light, it was a long beat. However, just as we got our supper and were beginning to admire our night sail over the now smooth waters, and watching the port and starboard lights alternately as we changed from tack to tack and noticing their light on our sail, we were suddenly disturbed by seeing the lights of another vessel off our port bow, evidently a steamer.

She was coming dead for us and the wind too light for us to cross her bows in time. Those on board must have seen our lights, but they never changed their course, and as things began to grow desperate the fog horn was vigorously blown. Oh! how relieved were we to hear a voice from the darkness cry "All right," and the course of the tug (as she turned out to be) changed. I hailed them for information as to where we were, for I had an idea in my head that it must be Faulkner's Island, and light we were running for, but the only information I got was, "You'll find out if you go in there much further." I was angry and alarmed, and doubly so when I saw a barge in tow of the tug coming right for us. Much further in and we would have struck the barge, but the wind blowing a little stronger I put the helm hard down, and as we ran off before it out of danger a cheery hail from the little looking barge came over to us. "Look out, captain, we have six tows behind us." "Thanks," shouted I. "Can you tell me where we are?" Again his cheery voice answered, "About in the middle of the Sound, opposite Faulkner's Island." Thus was my conviction strengthened that we were running into danger, and re-living all importunities to make a harbor, I made preparations for a night on the waters of the Sound.

As the reefs began to go, I made up my mind, and we glided along over the dark waters at a fair rate. I examined the charts, and the my brother handled the wheel, and found to my satisfaction that we could run all night on the marked course and not fall into any trouble; that course not changing from the time one enters the Sound until between Sands Point and Stepping Stones Lights. It is somehow always cold on the salt water, and although I added a warm blanket, I never suffered so much with the cold as that night. We had, too, to keep our eyes on the charts and the Sound steamers. Those we could tell by the throbbing of the paddles while yet some distance away, and although a steamer is supposed to give way to a sailing craft, I determined to take no chances, and as soon as one appeared near us I changed our course and ran due south for some of the twinkling lights along the Long Island shore, and as soon as the steamer's port light disappeared from my sight I resumed our course. Several of these maneuvers were gone through with during this long night, but we were luckily no sailing craft to trouble about. These are more dangerous, I think, than a steamer, their movements being so silent.

While I shivered and chattered over the wheel, the others slept, although my noble little wife was incessantly calling to me to let her come up on deck and assist, which I declined for good reason. Her husband and brother and myself, however, were in our charge, showing him the course to steer and giving him directions to call me in case a steamer came along or the wind freshened. I went below and turned in for half an hour, and I don't know when I enjoyed so short a time asleep as I did that. It is most impressive this sailing by night, especially on moonless nights. The stars peep down on the dark waters, framed in by the black outlines of the land, and the sea is so calm that the business of the situation by their silent twinkle. It strikes one to the heart, and a twinkle would be a relief, if it were possible. The utter sense of loneliness is oppressive. The wind faintly sighing through the rigging sounds like the breath of sleeping Night, and the faint splash of the waters is most soothing and at the same time a lonesome sound. The distant light-houses, with their flashing lights at intervals, seem like sentinels on the dark sea, who is having a lot of sport over one's lonesome and dark journey on the waters. Bah! Give me the sunlight, give me a gale; but after dark I don't want to sail.

As daylight advanced I discovered to my view a mass of black clouds in the east, which disquieted me, but as we were off New Haven I awoke our sleeping party to view the sunrise, only my wife responding, and the sun being at that port. Being well to the west of New Haven, we coasted in, as we approached, and announced it safe, and for such an ugly, unapproachable harbor we did well. We ran in though a trifle too close to the breakwater and took the ground, but a strong breeze from the east coming up, I brought the boom amidship and laying well over we slid from the treacherous mud-bank, and gliding up the harbor came to the anchor off the head of the harbor, where the channel, which is not very wide anywhere, a trifle out of your course and plunges you on a mud-bank. We came to anchor at 9:30 A. M., having been sailing just 24 hours, and after breakfast all turned in for a hearty sleep.

Monday and Tuesday were spent at New Haven, which, in spite of its hot and muddy harbor, we looked on as a veritable haven. Wednesday morning at 8:30 we sailed intending to make Hempstead Harbor. The wind was light, but after getting past Stratford Wedge Lighthouse we found it a trifle stronger, and we were enabled to bowl along at a respectable speed. The captain, mate and crew felt well after their long rest, and much skylarking took place from pure exuberance of feeling and spirits, and happily the day passed till our misfortunes later put a damp on our ardor. We arrived off Stratford Light. On looking around we found Stratford Shoal Lighthouse, a solitary tower in the middle of the Sound.

It was now approaching dinner hour, but on looking into the larder we found that unless we made Bridgeport, now almost abeam, our dinner, supper and breakfast must consist of naught but crackers and coffee. This makes a capital lunch when sailing, but is hardly stable enough food on which to work a yacht. Much thought as the hours wore on, they had to follow, and while the Captain felt to work to study the harbor and set down on the chart. While reaching for the above city we passed numerous fishermen busily engaged, while their boats sailed along with scarcely any guidance. We thought at first a yacht race was in progress, and next that they had escaped from their moorings, for a number of them looked deserted. We had a little brush with one of the boats, but they had the advantage of a topsail we reached the red buoy off the shore first, and passing in between this and the light considered ourselves in the harbor. We were fooled nicely. On passing the light set on a heap of rocks either naturally or artificially placed there we, in accordance with our chart, kept to starboard of the first beacon. The second beacon, so said the charts, could be passed on either side, and I foolishly, as there was no vessel coming in to follow, took the port side, and while taking in our stowaway were made aware of our mistake by a scrape and a sudden jar. We were aground.

Aground again. I was mad. I tried to lay the yacht over so she would glide off to starboard, where by sounding with the boat hook from our tender I found sufficient water. A fisherman now arrived on the scene and informed me that I kept 8 ft. to

the starboard of the beacon I should have passed safely. Bitterly I lamented my mistake, also my error, in not going into the beautiful harbor of Black Rock, just a short distance below, where it is pleasant to lie. Fearing the stores would close before we got off, I sent my wife and brother to town in the tender and remained to take advantage of the tide. The tide proving too slow in coming in I clapped on all sail, and trimming the sails all midships hoisted the flag over the cabin and began to make little hops like a frog, but up to starboard directly for the beacon. After having played bullfrog and leaped along the bar for some distance until the beacon was unpleasantly near, I put the wheel hard to starboard and like a fairy she glided off to port into deep water. I ran up the river until I arrived at a place where I saw a couple of yachts anchored, and then came up in the wind and dropped anchor. Long before my wife and brother arrived I had all the sails furled and everything snug. After leaving New Haven and spending half a day in deep water and half on a bar we rested once more in deep water.

Friday, July 3, we left Bridgeport about 12 o'clock. Our late start was owing to a warm oppressive calm which prevailed to that hour. Owing to the light wind it was with some difficulty that we at last got out of the harbor, but after passing Bridgeport Light a breeze came up from the southeast. From the appearance of the sky it was plain to be seen that the weather was a squall would arise. We passed by the beautiful park situated along the shores of the Sound, passed Fairweather Island Light, the Penfield Reef Light and then once more resumed our old course.

Starting so late in the day and wishing to be at anchor at sundown, we of course could not take a very long run. We passed the light of Bridgeport, on the left, the largest of which, called Sheffield Island, is Norwalk Island Lighthouse.

Upon the Long Island shore directly opposite is Eaton's Point Light; this light has the prettiest situation of any along that shore. From the surface of the water a yellow bluff runs upward to the height of 80 or 90 ft. Above this commences a green rolling slope, on the summit of which is built Eaton's Neck Lighthouse. This is a stout, white, painted white, with a black top, the keeper's dwelling is also painted white, and the red and white peculiar appearance of its windows, which seem from the distance to be black. The wooded slopes to the west of the light make an admirable background of green, which throws the lighthouse into bold relief.

It was now beginning to look threatening to the southwest, but we were bound to beat on. Oyster Bay we still kept on our course. We had nearly reached Lloyd's Neck, the largest of the islands, so fast I thought best to make for Huntington Bay, toward which a number of working schooners were making for shelter. We accordingly began to beat our way in, but when about off East Point the storm struck us nearly abeam, we heeled well over under the furious blast, but hastily throwing her head to the wind and leaving the wheel and maulsheet in charge of my wife, I ran forward and

Seeing it would take some time for us to beat into the bay and not knowing how hard the wind might blow, I took three reefs in the mainsail and set the No. 2 jib. Under this reduced sail the wind, though blowing furiously, was powerless to harm us, and fortunately the rain had not yet commenced. It was now too dark and stormy to give much attention to the chart, but the hasty glance which I gave to the compass and the light on my mind. However, I was a cross and aggressive sight. The storm was now passing and served as a guide, although they did not run very far in. We were in as close to the dark and wooded shore as we considered was safe, and dropped anchor in about 3 1/2 fathoms of water.

We had no sooner furled the sails and made all snug for the night, than the rain began to come down in torrents and the thunder and lightning of the lightning to flash almost incessantly. It was a strange and aggressive sight. The storm was now passing and served as a guide, although they did not run very far in. We were in as close to the dark and wooded shore as we considered was safe, and dropped anchor in about 3 1/2 fathoms of water.

We were soon reminded that it was the Fourth of July by the numerous flags displayed by the working schooners and steamers and by the sullen roar on shore of cannon. We soon had our ensign floating on the wind at the peak, saluting it as it arose by a discharge from a revolver. Our first tack brought us over to the Sound, but when we came about we lost nearly all we made. We took a cross and aggressive sight. The storm was now passing and served as a guide, although they did not run very far in. We were in as close to the dark and wooded shore as we considered was safe, and dropped anchor in about 3 1/2 fathoms of water.

Early the next morning we awoke to find the storm exhausted and the sun shining. The wind was due west and blowing pretty strong. We determined to attempt the passage, and by nine were under way. An exciting race with a sloop yacht followed until we arrived in the Sound. Had we a topsail we would have beaten her, but as it was we hung right on to her quarter until we were within a few courses, she reaching for Oyster Bay and we for the north shore.

We were soon reminded that it was the Fourth of July by the numerous flags displayed by the working schooners and steamers and by the sullen roar on shore of cannon. We soon had our ensign floating on the wind at the peak, saluting it as it arose by a discharge from a revolver. Our first tack brought us over to the Sound, but when we came about we lost nearly all we made. We took a cross and aggressive sight. The storm was now passing and served as a guide, although they did not run very far in. We were in as close to the dark and wooded shore as we considered was safe, and dropped anchor in about 3 1/2 fathoms of water.

We found quite a fleet there, The Veto, Magic, Nimrod, Loando, Stella, Diana, and later Nirvana. We were enabled to enjoy the scenery around us on account of our early anchorage. The hotel, situated on a rock extending into the water, rocky islets on all sides, the steep, rocky shore to the west crowned by farmhouses and waving crops of grain, and off toward the south a long, narrow strip of land, the water was very deep, and the land, which is composed of two green hills about three-quarters of a mile apart united by a narrow strip of land. On the western or higher part of the island is the lighthouse, a gray dwelling surmounted by a white lantern. Between Great Captain's and Little Captain's Islands is a chain of dangerous reefs. We lay around that evening on deck until after 12 o'clock watching the beautiful display of light and color on the black background of the sky, but that hour found us ready to turn in.

Sunday, July 5, we lay over enjoying life, and Monday and Tuesday we were compelled to stay on account of a fierce gale of wind from the west. One yacht lying near us on attempting to get under way, with three reefs in mainsail and small jib, was whirled round and round till she finally got under headway, and secured a good place, capable of shelter for a large number of vessels.

Wednesday opened fine, but with no wind. Toward noon it began to breeze up, bringing with it clouds which threatened rain. However, we got under way about 12 o'clock, and bidding our friends adieu as we passed, continued on our cruise toward New York. With a light southeast wind we ran out past Great Captain's Island and Parsonage Point into the now narrowing Sound, and resumed our old course. We were soon off Hempstead Harbor, a good harbor place, capable of shelter for a large number of vessels, and next passed between Sand's Point Light and Newton Rocks Light, where we changed our course to S. by W. 1/2 S. We got safely by Gangway Rock, Barker's and Hewitt's Points, but had no sooner passed Stepping Stones Light than rain began to fall, but luckily the wind came up a trifle stronger, and not desiring to lose such a favorable breeze we tacked by George's Neck and passed East Point at a good pace. As the tide of vessels were also taking advantage of the wind, I suppose all joined with me in my prayer that it would last us through Hell Gate. We arrived at the last mentioned place in time to take advantage of the tide, but we had only got into Little Hell Gate when puff and the wind was gone. A slight wind came up later from the northwest, but it was too late; the tide had turned and was slack. No sooner were we off Blackwell's Island than the wind again became so light as to barely move us. The tide luckily was ebbing and going our way, so, keeping out of the way of boats, rocks and wharves, we drifted down the east channel and down the East River till we again caught a breeze somewhere above the Brooklyn Bridge, and passed under that mighty work of genius with good headway. Making our way around the Brook-

lyn side, we came to anchor about 3 o'clock off the foot of Twenty-ninth street.

Here we lay for three weeks, making an occasional trip to the Hook, lying off the beautiful Highlands and in the Horseshoe, making our cruise just seven weeks. A more glorious time I never spent, and when I put the yacht in a basin for the winter and with solemn services lowered her flag and put her out of commission for this year, we all made up our minds that our next cruise should be longer still. L. J. S. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

STEAM YACHT RACING.

THE progress of steam yacht racing for the past five years has not been so rapid and prosperous as to give cause for satisfaction to the friends of the sport, the amount of talking and writing having always been very large in proportion to miles steamed over regular courses; but the failures of previous seasons sink into insignificance beside the fizzle which comes as a finale to the discussion and agitation that has been inflicted on a helpless public for the past two months.

The American Y. C. has made a vigorous effort to establish steam yacht racing on a permanent and satisfactory basis; it has held several races; it has now the most costly cup ever offered, open to international challenge; and it is ready at all times, as is the case with present instance, to give prizes and carry out all arrangements for any parties desiring to enter. Its organization in 1883, the club has done all that was possible to encourage and promote racing.

Unfortunately the few races which have really taken place have not proved entirely successful, and of late it has been very evident that steam yachtsmen, with possibly one or two exceptions, do not wish to race, and will not start their boats. For several years no annual regatta has been held, and the one announced for last July, and for which a number of yachts were reported as entered, was postponed from the original date on account of a fog, which has not yet lifted, from all appearances.

So far as the regular fleet of large steamers is concerned, it is an indisputable fact that they will not race, and the reason therefor is not hard to find. No boat that is steaming about for season after season with a 30-knot clip on its shoulder is going to venture anywhere near an accurately measured course of 40 nautical miles, with a chronometer at each end, and the inevitable certainty of a published record of 13 to 15 knots in cold type.

There is a very wide difference in the standards of speed of the steam yachtsman and the sailing yachtsman. The standard of the former is absolute; he takes the best recorded time, of 27 knots or more, and calmly asserts that his own craft is good for, say, 18 to 26 knots, according to circumstances. The sailing yachtsman has, very fortunately, no speed records and no absolute standard, but everything is relative. He may assert most unblushingly that his craft can beat Volunteer, Gloriana or Minerva, but he does not at the same time claim a speed of 15 knots as her regular performance, and consequently is not afraid to race her at all. There is a polite and pleasing fiction about the actual speed of steam craft which would certainly be dispelled by racing; and it is not to be expected that owners as a rule will make a sacrifice of their boats on the altar of science.

So far as the larger craft, which are really built for other purposes than speed, are concerned, this does not matter much. While much might be learned from systematic and constant racing, there is still an unlimited field for improvement in the design and construction of their usual work of cruising and ordinary fast running, and nearly all the intricate problems of steam engineering and marine propulsion can be studied as well under these normal conditions as under the special ones incident to racing. Steam yachts are now so numerous, and the rivalry between different owners and crews is so strong that more or less competition exists without the aid of the set races and prizes which are necessary in the case of sailing craft.

There is, however, a type of steam yacht which is really racing is a necessity, the craft of 50 to 100 ft. length and built exclusively for speed, other considerations being for the most part neglected. A number of these yachts are now about New York, the Norwood, Vamoose, Now Then, Yankee Doodle, Javelin and others less known, and their performances, or rather promised performances, have been kept before the public for two months, until the very names of them have become a household word.

There is no question that all of the boats mentioned are very fast, some in all probability are capable of making a very creditable record, and a bona-fide race with three or four starters would be of interest to yachtsmen and to the general public, and possibly of real value from a scientific standpoint. From all appearances, however, there is no probability of such a race taking place, and the matter is apt to be dropped as it began, in idle boasts and pointless correspondence. The miserable fact of the matter is, however, no plausible explanation has yet been given, is enough to throw discredit on the whole proceeding, but it is only one of the many obstacles and hindrances which have arisen.

For some time these flyers have indulged in the safe and inexpensive pastime of racing various passenger steamers engaged in their regular routes, and when this amusement palls, a series of negotiations and correspondence follows, until the matter has gone so far that a race is actually arranged, the real trouble begins; one boat breaks down when after a year's preparation she is on her way to break the record for one mile, another certain winner cannot procure a license in time, a third flyer has lost her owner and cannot enter until she finds him; while to cap the climax, when every obstacle is removed, and a race seems inevitable, the two yachts get out of the light of day, and the nonsensical opportunity turns up from nowhere in particular and wrecks one of the contestants.

The conduct of one of the parties, the owner of Vamoose, has been dignified and sportsmanlike throughout. His yacht has been ready for some time, and he is evidently anxious for a race, his latest offer being a start of five miles to any other Herreshoff yacht over the water and the course. Unfortunately, however, the conclusion is forced on one after reading the nonsensical talk that has filled the daily papers that most steam yachtsmen would rather talk than race.

In all that has been published there is absolutely nothing of technical value, or of other than personal interest; all discussions of triple or quadruple expansion, composite construction, pitch and trim of the keel, and the like, have been the result of the presence of questions of ethics and etiquette, with the nonsensical "Git That" was justified in inviting the steward of the "Ah There" on board the former craft; what is the private opinion of the owner of the "Move On" regarding the designer of the same boat. The fact that the "Stay There" has broken a gauge glass is exploited at length in the daily papers, with diagrams of the break and the gauge, and the crew; while the bumping of the "No Water" against a pier head, with the loss of a hull plate, called for big headlines and several columns of correspondence. The correspondence is, by the way, one of the most remarkable features of the entire show, amounting in the aggregate to a "Steam Yachtsman's Complete Letterwriter."

Taken as a whole, the sensation that has been worked up by owners, crews and the daily papers is not racing, is not yachting, and is not discernible to all concerned.

If steam yacht racing is to be restored to that position which it has certainly lost of late, its friends must put a speedy end to one-sided trials of speed against boats which are not racing; to irrelevant and sensational correspondence and idle challenges; to interviews and assertions by irresponsible employees; and, above all, they must show at least one bona fide race in which some one shall win and someone else shall be beaten without crying about it.

KILL VON KULL Y. C. Oct. 3.—On Saturday a special sweepstakes for \$100 each was sailed between the four catboats Bon Ton, Ges So, Torment and Shore House, under the management of the Kill Von Kull Y. C. of Staten Island. The course was ten miles to windward, down the Bay, from Robbins Reef Lighthouse, and return. When the race was started, at 12:42 P. M., the wind was quite fresh, and the Killworth boat Ges So, sailed by Capt. Joe Ellisworth, was over canvassed. The times were as follows:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Corrected.
Torment.....	12 42 10	2 20 15	4 46 14	4 04 24
Shore House.....	12 42 27	2 29 58	4 47 35	4 04 40
Ges So.....	12 43 15	2 40 05	4 54 36	4 05 25
Bon Ton.....	12 41 45	2 35 36	4 41 43	4 03 38

Bon Ton beat Torment 56s., Shore House 1m. 2s., Ges So 2m. 4fs.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The final race at Larchmont took place on Oct. 3 between Viator and Rebecca, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rebecca.....	11 35 00	6 02 51	6 27 51	6 27 51
Viator.....	11 29 45	5 23 24	6 43 09	6 40 09

The clam bake and entertainment in the afternoon and evening closed the season.

OWEENE.—The firm of A. B. Turner & Bro., brokers, of Boston, of which Mr. A. B. Turner, owner of Owenee, is the senior member, made an assignment on Oct. 2. Owenee has finished her racing and is hauled up at Lawley's.

GANNET, yawl, recently sold by Mr. Morgan, is the property of Mrs. C. A. Prince, wife of the half owner of Beatrix.

THE GREAT STEAM YACHT RACE.

THE great steam yacht race, under the management of the American Y. C., over its 90-mile course from New London to Milton Point, for a purse of \$500 offered by the club, was set for Saturday last. The entries were Vamoose, Norwood and Yankee Doodle, but the latter boat did not come to New York from Philadelphia owing to some difficulty over a license. Great preparations were made at both ends of the course, many outside steamers being ready to carry spectators. On Friday morning as the Norwood was steaming down the Sound for New London in charge of Collis S. Eaves, a licensed pilot, in broad daylight and in clear weather, she ran hard aground on Penfield Reef, smashing her wheel and bending the shaft. She put into Bridgeport and was later taken to Branchport for a new wheel and general repairs. Vamoose was ready at the starting line, but declined to make a record run, as proposed by Norwood's owner, and the race was postponed until the Norwood can be repaired, which will take from three to six weeks, when it will come off if nothing happens to prevent.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 181st race, 3d championship, was sailed Sept. 19 at Marblehead. As usual there was a smashing breeze all morning, which by noon had died down to a drifting breeze. Hawk was on hand, but refused as usual to take a walkover. The first leg was a free run to Curtis Point. Wanda made an excellent start. Kiowa was slow, 20s. later, followed by Marchioness and Kraken. Kraken with a walkover put out a long lead. Marchioness with her big sail fanned along fast. Kiowa took the lead. On the second run, a long and short leg to Bowditch Ledge, Wanda tacked to front with Kiowa after her, both lost to the others; they rounded, Kraken, Kiowa, Marchioness and Wanda, the latter 240m. behind Kiowa. It was a jam on the wind home, with the air dying out, only the strong ebb tide allowed the boats to make it on one hitch. Kraken put out a long lead. Kiowa gained handsomely on Wanda, while little Marchioness crawled up on Kiowa at the finish in a drift, her actual starting time was taken by arrangement, others were timed at the gun:

THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kiowa, W. Lloyd Jeffries.....	22.07	2 16 28	2 05 25
Wanda, R. C. Robbins.....	22.09	2 20 40	2 09 46

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kraken, Percy Chase.....	26.03	2 09 15	2 11 20

FOURTH CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marchioness, C. E. Hodges.....	26.06	2 16 06	

Kiowa, Kraken and Marchioness take prizes. Kiowa and Marchioness take and hold pennant, and Kraken ties Hornet.

The 182d race, third Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed in a good northeasterly breeze Sept. 26, single reef at start, whole sail at finish. Violet had a sail over in the first class. Puzzle having won pennant in third, only Daisy and Eina fought the prize, latter winning by less than a minute. In fourth class Cat and Edith each had a leg, and made a hard fight, Cat getting pennant by 48s. The race of the day was in the second class, Mist and

Surprise each having a leg, every inch was fought for, Anonyma winning by 6s; the sail off will take place Oct. 3. Courses—No. 2, 10 1/4 miles for first and second classes; No. 6, 7 1/4 miles for third; No. 9, 5 miles for fourth. Wind N.E. by N., good breeze:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Violet, Tobey Club.....	27.06	2 11 41	2 12 17

SECOND CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney.....	27.01	2 11 12	2 01 12

THIRD CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eina, John Parkinson.....	22.10	1 43 15	1 32 26

FOURTH CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cat, Bruce Clark.....	19.03	1 09 36	59 54

Winner first prize: First class, Violet; second class, Anonyma; third class, Eina; fourth class, Cat. Winner second prize: Second class, Surprise; fourth class, Edith. Champion pennant, actual time: First class, Violet tying Mattie; second class, Anonyma tying Mist and Surprise; third class, Cat. Judges, T. S. Edmunds and A. H. Hardy.

STATEN ISLAND Y. C., Oct. 3.—The Staten Island Y. C. sailed a special race for catboats over the regular 12 mile course on Saturday, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Danneberg.....	1 52 40	5 28 40	3 36 00	3 21 18
Mamie S.....	1 52 50	Did not finish.		
Amy.....	1 53 20	5 26 50	3 33 30	3 21 02
Cygnat.....	1 53 26	Did not finish.		

Amy wins by 16s. Mamie S. led, but when near the stake boat was becalmed and could not cross.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—On Oct. 3 a race was sailed by the Savin Hill Y. C. between Fannie and Ustane, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fannie, F. P. Sharp.....	3 09 15	5 10 59	2 01 44	
Ustane, S. N. Small.....	2 08 20	5 10 15	2 01 55	

One of Fannie's crew was knocked overboard by the boom, but was picked up safely. Fannie has won five firsts and one second for seven starts. The judges were Messrs. Frank Driscoll and W. H. Besslerick.

NEWPORT CATBOATS.—On Oct. 3 a regatta for catboats was sailed off Newport under the management of Vice-Com. E. D. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., who presented the prizes, three cash prizes in each of three classes, with a pennant for fourth and a life buoy to the last boat in. The wind was strong S.W., the courses being from the Torpedo Station around Castle Hill Buoy and around

Byre's Island and return, 11 and 18 miles. The winners are: First class, money prizes: Rainbow, Three Sisters and I. M. C.; pennant, Bessie; life buoy, Jennie. Second class, money prizes: Four Brothers, Lizzie and Martha; pennant, Annie; life buoy, Zephyr. Third class, money prizes: C. C., Osprey and Jerroba; pennant, W. A. Card; life buoy, Shamrock.

On Oct. 8 a second race was held for cash prizes given by the summer residents of Newport. The wind was N.E. with a heavy sea. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Honoré.....	3 32 12	Amelia.....	3 39 21

SECOND CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bessie & Essie.....	3 36 43	Three Sisters.....	3 39 12

THIRD CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Four Brother.....	3 42 12	Annie.....	3 49 03

FOURTH CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Martha.....	3 48 16		3 51 38

FIFTH CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
C. C.....	2 36 19	Jerroba.....	2 39 42

SIXTH CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gordon.....	2 38 51	W. A. Card.....	2 42 09

Ethel and Four Brothers fouled, Ethel afterward springing her mast.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

H. L. BURDICK.—Letter here for you from "Forked Deer."

E. L. E., New York.—The best book for your purpose is "Theoretical Naval Architecture," by Thearle, price \$4, two volumes.

J. R. P.—In West Virginia the deer season is from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, use of dogs not permitted. Wild turkey, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1; quail, Nov. 1 to Dec. 20; ruffed grouse, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Forbidden to export deer or wild turkey.

P. K.—I have a rifle which I desire to stain or brown. Please give receipt and directions. Ans. Take 1oz. muriatic tincture of steel, 1oz. spirits of wine, 1/2oz. muriate of mercury, 1/2oz. strong nitric acid, 1/2oz. blue stone, 1qt. water. Mix well, and allow to stand thirty days to amalgamate. After the oil or grease has been removed from the barrels by lime, the mixture is laid on lightly with a sponge every ten hours. It should be scratched off with a steel wire brush night and morning until the barrels are dark enough; and then the acid is destroyed by pouring on the barrels boiling water, and continuing to rub them until nearly cool.

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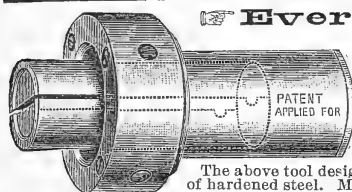
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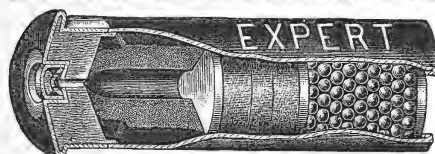
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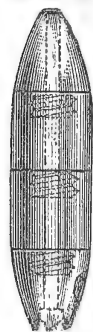


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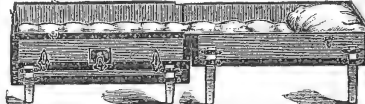
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VOL. XXXVII.—No. 13.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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OCTOBER VOICES.

ON the marsh and in the woods one notes in October how few and how lessened in variety since the spring and early summer have become the voices that so incessantly stirred the atmosphere in those tuneful days.

Here, where then was heard continually the mating calls of many waterfowl, the booming of the bittern, the muskrat's whimper, the gurgling jangle of the black-birds, ceaseless as the babble of brooks, the resounding chorus of the bullfrogs, twitter of swallows and innumerable voiced expressions of happy, teeming life, the strained ear catches only the raucous quack of some dusky duck calling its dead or scattered comrades, the startled squawk of a lingering wood duck, the ejaculatory squawk of a rising bittern, the sudden outcry of a rail, alarmed by splash of oar or careless tap of paddle, and perhaps the clatter of a kingfisher, faring with jerky flight along the winding course of his fishing route.

These only now, with many intervals of silence, or if the marshes have been much harried by sportsmen, not even one of these, nor ought else to break the silence unless some blundering bumble bee comes droning aboard your craft, him perhaps that you saw in the frosty morning benumbed on the clover blossom where he supped.

Almost every songster of the woods has departed. Of those that stay or linger, only the chickadee remembers his love notes, and rehearses them but rarely. The robins tarry at the feast of wild cherries that now hang thick in black racemes among the orange leaves, but few and brief are the notes of the busy flocks. The tap of the woodpecker is a slow, laborious sound, never the rattling note that echoed through the woods in mating time,

and the yelp of the smaller kinds is brief and infrequent, though now and then a great log-cock marks the course of his loping flight with a loud cackle.

The voices that oftenest strike the ear are the clamor of the crows, the squalling of the jays, the bark of the gray squirrel and the scoffing of his little red cousin, never too busy with his nut rasping to indulge in an outburst of cynicism.

Louder than any of these, not a sound of nature, yet so common to the season that it almost seems one to the accustomed ear, from marsh and woodland bursts the sudden roar of guns, now deafeningly near, now faintly afar like a fitful puff of wind.

As one idling under October skies listens to these miniature thunder-claps, he is apt to guess upon what game the brief storm here and there is breaking. Here in the gaudy upland, was it a ruffed grouse bursting up like a gray rocket through the gorgeous foliage, the bright leaves fluttering down like sparks behind him? or was it a hare limping through the yellow tangle of frosted ferns? or a squirrel skulking in the topmost twigs of a nut tree?

Or there on the broad level of the marsh, where a long moment before the report strikes the ear, one sees the jet of smoke cast up and floating away in a dissolving veil, was it a duck splashing to flight from its sedgy cover? or a rail forced to reluctant wing from his lilypad raft? or a flock of teal following with swift pinions the bends of the channel? or was it a snipe fluttering out of the rush-shaded ooze and zigzagging away across the sunny marsh? or only a poor heron or lagging bittern?

Any of these it may have been, but whatever and wherever each sudden boom marked a moment of some one's expectation, some one's satisfaction or disappointment and some thing's sudden pang of death or exultation of escape.

With or without a gun it is good to be afield or aflood in these glorious days.

SHALL THE ADIRONDACKS BE STOCKED WITH BASS?

AT the last meeting of the New York Fish Commission President Blackford reported, as the result of recent investigation in the Adirondacks, that pickerel have invaded the Upper and Lower Saranac lakes, where they are rapidly increasing and constitute a serious menace to the trout supply. It is supposed that these fish were introduced here maliciously, as other pickerel were some years ago put into Meacham Lake, where the disastrous consequences to the trout fishing are well known. Commissioner Burden reported that pickerel had been found this year in waters near the Sacandaga hatchery, and he expressed a conviction that it was only a question of time when the entire Adirondack system of connected waterways would be invaded by this predatory species.

The presence of pickerel means the ruin of angling, for pickerel prey on the trout and will in time exterminate them. The Commissioners have been appealed to to exterminate the pickerel. But this is something they are utterly powerless to do. Once introduced into a water, the fish is there to stay; it cannot be exterminated by any known device of man. And more than this, it is extremely improbable that the Commissioners will be willing to furnish trout fry for waters cursed by the pickerel pest; for to plant infant trout would only be providing the pickerel with food.

Confronted by the present deterioration and ultimate destruction of trout fishing attractions in these waters of the Northern Wilderness, some of the persons most nearly interested are seeking a substitute. If the trout must go, the next best thing will be some other game fish; and the species best fitted to maintain itself by a natural *modus vivendi* in the same waters with pickerel is the black bass. Pickerel and bass observe an armed truce, live and let live, and thrive and increase together. Thus where it is no longer practicable to have trout fishing there may be bass fishing.

In reply to an inquiry by Dr. Samuel B. Ward respecting the stocking of the Saranac waters with black bass, President Blackford has cited Sec. 19 of the game law, which provides that no one shall put into the Adirondack waters any fish unless "indigenous to the particular water where placed," except non-preying or non-destructive fish which may supply food for trout. This law clearly rules out the black bass; if we are not in error the enactment of the statute grew out of the indignation which followed

Seth Green's introduction of black bass into the Raquette Lake in 1872 to the ruin of the trout fishing.

While the law is an excellent one, a modification of it might be wise to meet this emergency, and the Fish Commissioners might well be authorized to stock certain designated waters of the Adirondacks with black bass. It is probable that agitation to this end will be undertaken next winter to secure needed legislation. We understand that the Fish Commissioners look with favor on the project of Adirondack bass stocking; and we would be glad to have the opinion of others respecting it.

SNAP SHOTS.

IF a life spent among the wildfowl shall count for anything, Capt. Edward B. Gallup, of Havre de Grace, Md., is entitled to be heard when he talks on "the duck question." Born on Spesutia Island in Chesapeake Bay, world-famous for its canvashacks and redheads, and as he tells us raised on birds and fish, he has for more than a half-century been familiar with the conditions of Maryland wildfowl grounds. The interpretation of his ingenious dream, printed on another page, is in brief that the ducks are scarce because there are so many gunners in pursuit of them by day and by night, on water and on shore, by methods legal and in ways unlawful, by "sports" and by market-gunners—a destructive host which Maryland's voluminous statutes and hired duck police forces are powerless to cope with.

Mr. W. H. Pierce's short account of the stocking of Hemlock Lake is a story of honor and dishonor—of honor to the anglers who stocked the lake, and dishonor to the "poachers" who have depleted its waters. If, on general principles, the spearer of breeding fish is doing a mean act, he is guilty of a lower degree of baseness, when the fish he clumsily butchers have been provided by individual enterprise and at private expense for the common advantage and pleasure of the community. To this lower scale the spearing hotel keepers and cottagers of Hemlock Lake appear to have descended. The story should be read, because in small compass are here seen the working and results of public-spirited and meanly selfish motives in conflict.

Mr. Henry Loftie, of Syracuse, who has already done so much for the angling interests of Central New York, has offered to give a suitable plot of ground and to raise funds for a hatchery building if the State Fish Commission will conduct the work of pike hatching on Oneida Lake. At the meeting of the Commission last Tuesday Mr. Loftie's proposition was favorably received, and Messrs. Blackford and Burden were appointed a committee to take the matter in charge. At Mr. Loftie's request also a supply of muscalonge will be sent to Oneida Lake.

Long Island has a new game protective society, patterned after the Connecticut association of farmers and sportsmen; and every sportsman who shoots on Long Island should support the movement. The organization of the society is due primarily to the active efforts of Mr. H. B. Hollins, and with him are associated Messrs. Roosevelt, Wagstaff, Moeran, Frazer, and others, whose names afford substantial assurance of success.

Mr. F. W. Pugsley, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has issued a call for a meeting at Cooper Union, in this city, next Thursday to form a world's society for the preservation of all species of animal life which are in danger of extermination, one proposed line of effort being to establish preserves or parks of refuge, with a view to looking out for the animals and for posterity.

Maine deer are reported as abundant, and they must be to stand the hunting, which began in May and has been kept up ever since. Hounding is a generally practiced mode; it is done without attempt at concealment. The wardens acquiesce in it. Demoralization appears to be the rule.

Will some one who knows tell us why Wisconsin has forbidden the use of dogs in grouse shooting?

Something we have all heard; "You'd orter a been here last week!"

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

I DON'T know how it happens, but places I used to go, Stealing away for a quiet day or a summer week or so, Have grown unhomelike to me now because of a curious pest— Perhaps that isn't a pretty word, or isn't the very best; I'm only a bluff old-fashioned fisherman anyway And blurt right out the word at hand whatever I seek to say; But, fact of it is, in my old haunts which nobody knew before, Are droves of dudes in rainbow clothes a crawling around the shore.

While fluttering here, and fluttering there, the summer girl is found, Who drives the fishermen away and draws the dudes around.

No more I meet the brave old lads so long my comrades leal, My bronzed and bearded cronies, my knights of creel and reel. No more I find them in the coves where languid grasses sway, Nor where the combers thump the ledge, nor down the dimpled bay.

No more across the waters their sails at sundown come, Red in the fading glimmer like sea birds gathering home. No more they fling beside the bar their prizes of the day, And tell betwixt heroic drinks how "big ones" broke away; But swarms of dudes, with sashes on, with silken tassels wrought, Sip lemon sodas on the porch and lisp their simple thought; While up the beach and down the pier, in outing flannels gay, Abounds the buzzing summer girl—who drives the men away.

I've heard it said they're mostly found in places by the shore, Maybe, but this I'm certain of, it never was so before. And there's Bill Pratt, he tells me that they're bred way back inland,

Though why they seek the water so, he doesn't understand. He doesn't seek it much himself, which is the reason why, Excepting as a chaser or in trout time with a fly. But no matter where they come from, there's one I saw to-day, A face as fair as lily buds that float upon the bay, With lips that would have lured a bee and eyes so shyly bright, I felt half sad and lonesome, till the bass began to bite. Ah, well! I'll pack my fishing traps and seek another ground, Some hidden cove, if such there be, no summer girl has found.

M. M. CASS, JR.

IN THE GREAT WOODS OF WASHINGTON.

HUMPTULIPS, Wash., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your paper often publishes letters from various parts of the country, and so I thought one from this section of Washington might interest some of your readers.

Since June I have been buried in the forests of Chehalis county, on the east fork of the Humptulips. Such sense of isolation does it give one to go into these woods, and such a feeling of "returning to man" to leave them, that people here use the terms "Going in" and "Coming out" to describe the traveling to and from them. There is something tremendously solemn in their dim lights and far off, muffled noises. A dull, booming roar from some distant falling giant tree; the faint, faint echo of a rifle shot; the cry of a bird high up in some towering fir, and the thumps from the flying feet of some hidden, startled game—these are impressive sounds enough. But how much more impressive is it when the great trees bow with majestic sweeps to the mighty power of a heavy gale.

I remember one September, years ago, being camped six or seven miles north of Laramie Peak, in Wyoming. Our camp was in a low draw in the thick pine timber, but not far from a large open park. There were three of us—an old ranchman, my cousin, just out from the East, and myself. None of us were very much used to the thick timber. One gray, windy morning, when a spatter of rain came with every other gust of wind, we shouldered our rifles and each took his separate course for an elk hunt. I had not been out half an hour before I found my nerves and fancies being unpleasantly acted upon by the sighs and moans of the swaying trees and the howling of the wind. After some hesitation I betook myself back to camp, and there found my two companions had already returned. We looked, questioningly and with some amusement, at one another; and after the natural reluctance, each confessed to the same reason having brought him back that brought the others.

On quiet days, when the wind is not sighing nor the leaves rustling, one can hear the thunder of the ocean's surf. The mighty Pacific, though but twenty miles off, seems at other times to us shut down in these dense forests, an infinite distance away. Occasionally, on a favorable breeze, comes floating a mill's whistle from Aberdeen, quite a score of miles south in an air line. It is hard to realize, with all our primitive life and wild surroundings, that civilization is so near. There are no roads nearer than ten or twelve miles from my cabin; and one has to have a good knowledge of this region—the lay of its ridges, courses of its streams, and other points—before it is safe to strike out on the trails without a compass. Even with that the inexperienced often lose their way.

As yet the lumberman has left these forests untouched; but it will not be many years before the growth of the lumber trade of Gray's Harbor shall force the loggers to come here too. Each year he creeps nearer. Now there is not a good patch of timber for miles about on the unsurveyed lands that is not taken up by some squatter. I doubt if it takes four years to exhaust all the supply of fair public lands in this part of the State.

Trout are plentiful in the river; and now the salmon are running, it is easy to lay in a stock of them for winter use—a great advantage to us settlers so far from stores.

Elk are fairly numerous. I have, however, not seen larger herds at any time than eight or ten. Some acquaintances about two months ago happened to stumble on to a herd of fifty or sixty cows, bulls and calves, which leisurely crossed the trail ahead of them.

Deer are rarely seen right here. Black bears are now and then seen. Cougars at rare intervals. We have a few wolves, too, and now and again a wildcat or lynx prowls this way. I sometimes see their tracks in the sand of the river banks. But all this large game is in the late fall, winter and spring more plentiful nearer the coast, where the country is flatter and more open. Here it is rugged, the ridges being high and steep, and the valleys generally very narrow and tortuous. The soil is

nevertheless excellent, which accounts for the fine timber. It is no unusual thing to see in this vicinity quarter sections that will cut ten million feet and some more. The timber is mostly fir, with some pieces of hemlock and a scattering of spruce and cedar. There is an undergrowth seen on the top of some ridges of vine maple, and underbrush windfalls, except on these ridges, make traveling very hard work without any burden. With a 40lbs. pack it is a tremendous labor.

ROBT. H. LAWRENCE.

BLACK BASS IN JAMES RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your readers may be interested in knowing the resources of the streams of this region. If the dams which at short intervals obstruct the waters of James River were removed that stream and its tributaries would soon become first-rate fishing ground for black bass. And the excellent trout streams that occasionally find their way to it from their sources in the Blue Ridge, the close proximity of the luxuries and refinements of good society to all the beauties of primeval nature in that delightful climate, would render that river a favorite resort of the game-fishing sportsman.

There is first-rate bass fishing here now—as good as there is in the world—but this is only stumbled upon occasionally and results from conditions which rarely exist. Before the dams were built—and since the railroad has supplanted and destroyed the canal they have become utterly useless—shad came up as far as Lexington. The bass is a comparatively recent importation, and the way in which it has flourished under adverse circumstances is an earnest of what it might do under better.

The original stock of bass, from which have sprung all those which now fill the waters of this part of the Atlantic and abroad, were brought over—by a gentleman whose name I am sorry not to remember just now—in the water-tank of the first locomotive on the B. & O. Railroad, that passed over the divide between the waters of the Ohio and the Potomac, and placed in the basin of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Such is their wonderful fecundity and hardihood that in a few years the progeny of this stock made good fishing in the Potomac.

It is the small-mouth variety of the black bass which populates the upper James. I saw the first that were caught in that section, and the man who caught them made various conjectures as to the kind of fish they were.

"Silver perch," or calico bass, before the reign of their cousin, the *Micropterus dol.*, abounded in the long, deep, still ponds above the dam. These calico bass, chubs, catfish and even pike have almost entirely disappeared before the ravenous tyrant—and we could well afford to make the exchange.

About 1880 two old farmers of Rockbridge, as they were returning in their skiff from an hour's fish for calico bass, stopped in the mouth of Elk Creek, a large, clear, freestone, mountain stream, and baiting their hooks with live minnows dropped them into the water. Presently one of the men saw his "cork" go under and felt a tug which made his old veins tingle. After a hard struggle he landed a 3-pound black bass. That was the beginning of the bass fishing in the upper James. In the course of the evening those old farmers had twelve black bass in their boat, ranging in weight from 1½ to 3½ lbs. They went home with their fish, in great exultation, making, with moderate excitement, many erroneous and amusing guesses as to the nature of that "new" fish. Since then many big catches have been made by sportsmen famous and not famous.

Six or seven years after that time there was very excellent fishing here, but later, as the bass worked themselves down below the dams and failed to get back to spawn, the fishing fell off considerably. Recently, however, some of the dams have been removed, and in the longer stretches of open water the good effects are already apparent.

Coming down seven miles of the river one day in August just passed with three companions in two boats, fishing both with the fly and bait, we caught fifty-six bass of good size.

The most comfortable and profitable work I found was done with a helgramite used just as a fly on a light rod. Bass rise to the helgramite just as they do to a fly, and when they once taste it they greedily devour it, so that when they strike, you are almost sure to hook them if you give them time enough. The helgramite is in this locality one of the favorite foods of the black bass, and when the tough larva is properly placed upon the hook it is almost as durable as an artificial fly. I have caught ten bass with one helgramite used thus as a fly.

But one day in the present month all the conditions existed under which I have never failed to have the very finest fishing. After a hard rain for a day and night the river had become high and muddy, and its waters backed up for some distance into Elk Creek. The creek itself was somewhat flushed and just milky enough to render it possible to approach the bank without alarming the fish, which can scarcely be done in its usual crystal clearness.

With a fly-rod, a multiplying reel, a small braided silk line, a gut leader, and a small hook, which, if of good quality, I found superior to large ones, even for large bass—I cast a crawfish under the shadow of a bush on the opposite side of the stream. When the bait had sunk a few inches I saw the graceful form of a bass as he gently rose, took it in his month, and disappeared. I did not feel him at the end of my line, and yet, in another sense, I felt that he was there. Waiting a moment for him to swallow the bait, I gave a sudden jerk and had him hooked. Then the fight commenced, and I knew that he was a big fellow. For a long time I did not see him. He went low down and staid there.

The bass on my hook was not alarmed as yet. That was a good bait, and he was resolved to keep it, though it must have occurred to him that it was wonderfully strong and was making most frantic efforts to get away from him. He was mad, he sulked. But presently he seemed to get scared. A thought suddenly struck him that he had better try to get away from that crawfish. There must be something dangerous back of it. He reared, he plunged. My reel hummed as he went off down stream. After a little I checked him, and he started back, and it was well that my reel multiplied, or I would have had too much line on my hands.

My bass got wild and frantic. I got him close enough

to the top to see him now. He made some beautiful leaps, three or four feet above the water, but I held a taut line. After a half hour of plunging he was tired and sick. He only resisted by his sheer weight and I was dragging him to within reach of my dip-net. I had gotten him in shallow water when he made his last desperate and splendid effort for his life. Sticking his head out of the water he opened his mouth to its fullest extent, and with a savage jerk he disgorged the whole contents of his stomach, and sent minnows, crawfish, bugs, flies—or rather their remains—flying for yards in all directions—a pint or more—the earnings of a whole morning's vigilant voracity. He hated to give them up, but he had swallowed the hook and he knew that the trouble was there.

He did not disengage the hook, but when he made that sturdy jerk in the air my line snapped just above the hook—it had become rotten in the few days since I had used it, and I had foolishly failed to test it thoroughly. But I had not expected such fish.

I felt very weak "about the gills," I sat down and rested. That fish "grew upon me." The more I meditated upon him and the way he had fought me the larger he became in my eyes. That last time he opened his jaws was very vivid, it seemed to me I could have gotten my head into his mouth.

"At the very least," said I, "he was a seven-pounder." But I did not long sit thus. Breaking off the rotten end of my line I rigged up again. After some little casting I hooked another bass, and my former experiences were repeated, with the exception of the last feature. I landed him and he weighed 4½ lbs.

During the day, varying my bait between live minnows and crawfish and casting them into promising spots under the bushes, I killed eight black bass ranging in weight from 2 to 4½ lbs. And the crowning and most exquisite satisfaction of the whole day's sport was that one of the last fish that I killed was the same one that I had first hooked and lost. My hook with gut attached was still sticking in his gullet. He was a buck, but only weighed 3½ lbs.

For weeks afterward I ruminated with delight over the events of that day, and still have an agreeable picture impressed upon my brain of the bronze and old gold sides of a magnificent bass glinting in the sun as he rose like a cork through the Nile-green water under the green bushes and seized my hook—and then the heroic struggle.

There is a statute in Virginia to protect black bass during the spawning season, but it is enforced badly or not at all.

MILES POINDEXTER.

GLENWOOD, Va., September.

FREEMASONRY OF OUTDOOR LIFE.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

WHAT a splendid freemasonry this is of outdoor life! How gentle and generous its rivalries! Which head shall dive deepest in the cool depths or speck the white surf furthest from shore? Which rod shall lift the heaviest trout or gun show to its credit the fullest bag of game? Whose deck shall shine the cleanest, or whose white sails shall lead the fleet to evening's anchorage? Whose table of bark shall boast of the tenderest venison or lodge front display for ornament the noblest spread of antlers? Whose rifle is truest to the camp when food is scarce, or is silent longest when game is plenty and the larder over full? These are the generous and healthy rivalries of the outdoor life which stimulate but never fret, and leave both victor and vanquished healthy and happy still. Compare with these the scramble for wealth; the rivalries for gain; the suicidal despair of some; the vain and boastful bearing of others; the bitterness and ruin of those who lose; the arrogance of those who win; the sneering envyings and ranking jealousies, ripening to hatred as the years go on, which characterize the lives men live in store, office and street, and note the contrast. Who of us frank-spoken and kind-hearted vagabonds of tide and field, of deck and camp, are envious of any? Each man we meet is comrade, fellow-picnicker, brother-man, partner of ours in the sweet profits of our healthy, happy, natural life. Mild-mannered and light-hearted wanderers; boys with smooth or wrinkled faces, gray-headed some of us, but boys still, thank God; canoeists, campers, yachtsmen, our fires are lighted on a thousand shores, and our evening song floats over a thousand lakes and island-studded rivers. We are a family of nature's saints. Our spirits have been touched and softened by the sweet grace of nature. We have been indoctrinated in the truths that shine out of stars and which the blue heavens declare at noon and night. The leaves of the catechism we have studied have been the flowery meadows, the voiceful slopes of mountains, the shining beaches, the whispering leaves of trees, the thunder-shaken firmament or the star-lighted depth of level waters. From these un-Calvinistic text-books we have learned sweet lessons of God, whose gentleness we saw in the very leaves we studied. Our souls have drank the waters of life, fresh from native fountains, and our spirits have bathed their scars in rivers which flow from Him whose voice is as the sound of many waters. All hail! Ye healthy-bodied, healthy-minded, kindly-hearted, gentle-mannered saints of flood and field, of hill and river, of oar and sail, of deck and camp; your smiling faces rise before me in thousands, and your voices, in happy talk, in joke and song, come from afar and stir the silence around me into laughter. Joke, laugh and rest on, ye thrifty vagabonds and gentle loafers; into each hour you are storing the honey of health, on which in future days of toil and strain your strength shall feed and fill itself with vigor. I hail you, fellow saints, in this lower heaven of God, where each happy one is his own priest, each pure mind its own creed, and the gentle wishes of each heart its only "sum and substance" of doctrine.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—North Woods, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Few deer have been killed by parties leaving this place. Mr. White, of New York, shot a doe four weeks ago. His guide killed a doe also. A few days ago a doe came and put her head through the board fence four rods from Mr. Roberts's house. Mrs. Roberts stood in the door of the house a few minutes, then the deer walked through the lots a quarter of a mile to the garden of Mr. Quackenbush. The last seen of it, it was walking toward the woods. The next day Mr. Roberts found a doe dead in his pasture. The hide will be preserved.—RAY SPEARS.

Natural History.

BIRDS OF THE CHEHALIS FORESTS.

THE following notes of bird life in Washington are contributed by Mr. Robt. H. Lawrence, whose interesting description of the locality is printed on page 246:

The birds about me this summer I have somewhat carefully noted. Having a small clearing in front of my house, where the sun's ray falls for half the day, it seemed that I had a few more varieties than my neighbors. A family of Oregon jays came nearly every morning to forage about the door. I noticed them first July 28, when the young bird was still of a very dark color, and decidedly inexperienced, though able to fly pretty well. One day I built a brush fire and next day saw two Steller jays fluttering about it. They evidently knew a camp-fire meant stray morsels of food for them. They are rather more shy than the Oregon jay. A large hemlock tree (near the cabin) in falling must have knocked off some cones from a fir it leaned against. A few days after, on Aug. 14, a flock of American crossbills lit on the ground near my door step; and for many days they were constantly about; now whirring from tree to ground, only in a moment or two to whir back again. Some were most beautifully colored, a dark crimson lake and brown, others bright vermillion and yellow. About Sept. 5 these birds took to the high treetops, and I saw them no more, but could hear them chattering as they flew in straggling flocks up and down the river.

The American dipper is seen about the river here, and the belted kingfisher is often met with. This last bird is very abundant in the lower stream, or about the Harbor tide-lands. Ravens I often see, but always at a distance. The varied thrush, rock wren, western winter wren, chestnut-backed chickadee, Harris' woodpecker, sooty grouse, and Oregon ruffed grouse, are all pretty often seen or heard.

In salmon-berry time I heard a plaintive note at dusk or early dawn; but never saw the bird. I judge it to have been made by the russet-backed or dwarf hermit thrush. Two pileolated warblers spent some ten days about my brush heap. I first noticed the pair Aug. 15. A rusty song sparrow with a bit of moss in its mouth and a half-grown young one by its side, I saw Sept. 5 on a fallen hemlock. What it was doing with the moss I could not tell; though I observed it several times after in that place with the young one. Looking out of my cabin door the morning of Sept. 2 I spied a small bunch of feathers on a bough of the fallen hemlock. It was a tiny owl. I shot it, and on comparing it with descriptions in "Cones's Key" (ed. 1884) found it exactly fitted none. It may be a California pigmy owl (*Glaucidium gnoma californicum*); though I am not perfectly sure. At dusk Sept. 15 I heard the deliberate, clear, sad notes of a bird, which a settler, who was staying with me, said was a rain crow. "At least," said he, "that is the way they sound back in Virginia." The next day it rained. Again at dusk Sept. 27 I heard the sad, distinctly reiterative notes, and near the same place. The bird was overhead, high up in a dead fir, and I could see its form dimly outlined against the sky. It must be the yellow-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus*). A small flycatcher, very light in color, with no distinctive marks excepting two whitish wing bars (was it the little flycatcher?) three white-rumped shrikes seen together July 10; one western robin Sept. 3, others heard occasionally; and a small hawk or two, completes my list. When winter sets in I hope to add to it.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

IN your issue of Oct. 1 "Dorp" mentions shooting at and missing a sitting grouse, and the bird remained motionless until frightened away by the approach of another hunter.

This same thing has occurred with me quite a number of times. When a boy, during my first experiences with this game, through a combination of bad guns, poor ammunition and buck fever, I several times missed sitting grouse at short range, and they almost always remained for a second shot. This generally brought them down, but once, one of the first I ever shot, seeing that I was badly rattled, very accommodatingly waited for the third shot, which I managed to hold a little straighter. My notion is that the birds do not connect the mere report of a gun with any sense of danger to themselves, and the same is true of other game. I have shot partridges in the northern Maine woods, and then moving on jumped deer within a hundred yards of the spot, which might easily have made off unobserved had they been so minded. Other hunters have observed the same thing and their views agree with mine.

In her papers on the Nicasotowis Lake region last winter Miss Hardy spoke of the creeping up to and shooting of a drumming grouse. Well this is a feat, and then again it isn't. It all depends on circumstances. In the Aroostock woods, where the birds are tame as hens, I have often walked up to and shot drumming birds, when I made nearly as much noise as a railroad train walking over dry dead leaves and sticks, and have seen them straighten themselves up and drum when they knew I was watching them a short gunshot away in plain sight.

On the other hand, when the birds are wild, haunt dense thickets, and the walking is noisy, it is impossible to get up to and shoot a drummer. He will hear or see you and sneak off.

Another thing, which I think is not generally known, is that in the fall the birds drum as the notion takes them, when feeding or roaming through the woods, not confining themselves to any particular place. They prefer a log, stone or other elevation, but in the absence of these will drum on the level ground. I have noticed this in many widely separated haunts.

E. W. L.

MAINE.

Among the many pleasant sounds heard at times in the woods by the hunter on a clear and calm day, not the least interesting is the deep booming of the grouse far in the woods on his ancient log. The location of this sound is extremely deceiving. I remember once, while standing quietly in the woods, hearing a grouse drumming far away, as I supposed. Moving in the direction, I had not gone more than 25 yds, when I came to an old log; and I was just going to sit down when a grouse rose close behind it. He was not more than 4 ft. away, This

bird, taking me thus by surprise, startled me considerably.

On another occasion I was walking 40 or 50 ft. from the edge of a woods in the field, when I heard a grouse drumming. I had not gone more than 40 yds, and approached a stone wall, when, looking over it, I saw a grouse just leaving a large boulder in the field, about 60 ft. distant. This bird had been driven out by a rival, and dared not perform the joyous act in the woods.

The grouse makes a whirring noise when he flies from the ground or a tree. This noise he can gauge at will, making it a roar or a mere buzzing whirr. I have heard a grouse many times rise from the ground with a sound no greater than the robin makes at times in its flight. The grouse in walking generally goes silently and softly, but at times just the reverse. I recollect once while seated on the brink or edge of a gorge eating my lunch, about noon on a warm, clear day in October, I heard a loud rattling among the dry leaves on the opposite side, about 60 yds. away. I supposed at first it was some person walking. After listening and looking sharply for some time I saw it was a grouse walking on the side hill about 15 ft. from the top. After the bird had gone about 50 or 60 ft. I heard the well-known roar, the leaves flew and the noise ceased.

The mother grouse talks, in her own way, to her little brood in those woods where the industrious ants have built up their mounds in great numbers, many of them larger than a half-bushel basket. Here, while feeding, she clucks to them to come, or utters a piercing cry of alarm and warning at the approach of danger, and other faint notes of endearment and love.

The male grouse also, when alone, clucks at times. The bird is always walking when he does so, and appears to be in a quandary as to some noise that he has heard, just as men sometimes whistle when surprised and not knowing what is to come next or how to act.

The ruffed grouse makes still another noise, which on a clear, frosty morning may be heard 100 yds. or more; it is a short, shrill peeping, frequently repeated as he moves slowly back and forth over the ground, always in thickest cover, because it is a note of extreme trepidation. The grouse will not remain long on the ground after this sound is heard, usually a quarter to a half minute.

I have heard the grouse make this noise when a hawk was perched in a tree 25 yds. away, and I have heard it also when a dog was slowly moving toward the bird, and not 50 ft. away. The grouse when he utters this sound is always near the edge of the woods.

DORP.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

A VIRGINIA RAIL IN NEW YORK CITY.—New York, Oct. 12.—The foundations are now being laid for a new building on the corner of Broad and Beaver streets, piles having been driven, the place being partly covered by water. Last Saturday morning the workmen there caught a Virginia rail, which had evidently stopped during its flight South.—SPENCER ALDRICH.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Ness-muk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

STALKING THE DRUMMING GROUSE.

I SUPPOSE if I were to sit down and in cold blood tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that I would deliberately steal upon old Mr. Grouse while drumming and shoot him off his favorite log I should hear a chorus of voices exclaim, "He's a pot-hunter!" Well, that may be, but I'll "deny the allegation and defy the alligator," and try to prove that I am not a pot-hunter. I believe in taking fish or game on the square. I have supreme contempt for the fisherman or the hunter who would catch fish or capture game in any other way than by placing his skill and knowledge of their habits, acquired only by experience and close observation, over and against their instinct, native shrewdness, and the means that nature has given them to avoid their natural enemies. I have no use for any one who would capture fish with dynamite, snare a grouse or drive a deer into the water and kill him with a club. I have profound respect for the fly-fisher or the skillful wing shot, and yet while I have caught hundreds of trout on the fly and have killed some birds on the wing it has been my fortune to learn these things without a teacher, for I have never seen a trout hooked on a fly nor a bird shot on the wing by any one except myself. This may seem strange to many; but remember, that until very recently I have lived either in the back woods or very near to them, and modern methods were not in vogue.

Much has been written on the ways of the ruffed grouse, and there is still much that may be written, for after all he is the royal game bird of this continent. To successfully stalk a drumming grouse and shoot him on his drumming log, requires no mean skill. This is true because you have to meet him on his own ground. Now, I don't know why a grouse drums, no more than do those other fellows know why or how the woodcock whistles; but I do know just the kind of a place old Mr. Grouse selects to beat his drum, and I think I know how he does it. I'll not tell you just now how he does it, but I'm not divulging any secret when I say that the cock grouse selects the deepest and closest thickets (such as grow around old fields, in old choppings and on hill sides) in which to do his drumming. Here on some favorite log or rock on a frosty morning and before the coming of a storm or a change in the weather, either in the fall or spring, he makes his music, that sets the heart of the hunter drumming too. There like a statue he stands, surrounded it may be by leaves and foliage just his own color. About once in every five minutes he drums, betraying to the hunter his presence, if not his exact location. An old drummer, if hunted by a dog while drumming, will seldom

free, but will seek safety by flying to some other thicket, where he will remain quiet until his pursuer has left, when he will return to his favorite haunts, and probably to his log, where he may be heard again. If stalked by the still-hunter the old drummer will seldom fly, but he will drop from his drumming place and run further into the thicket where he cannot be seen.

My first drummer was killed many years ago. The civil war had not yet been fought, and I was armed with a Harper's Ferry musket. It was about a 10-bore, and so long that I had to get up on to a log to load it, while the nipple was so big that I had to split the old-fashioned elk head caps to make them fit. In short, it wasn't much of a gun, compared with my new Remington, but it cost me but a trifle, while it afforded me a deal of boyish pleasure, with many a dinner of pheasants or wild pigeons, to say nothing of many a sore shoulder. Since I shot that old drummer, near the Saw Mill Run on the headwaters of Mot Branch, I have heard many an old cock beat his last tattoo; but none of them ever gave me the genuine pleasure I felt when the smoke of that old musket had cleared away and my first grouse lay dead at my feet.

I cannot tell you how to stalk a drummer successfully, no more than I can teach you on paper how to cast a fly on one of our mountain streams and catch the wary trout, but I can tell you how my last grouse was killed, and then my story is ended. Our grouse season opened Thursday, Oct. 1. Long before the frost had melted from the house-roofs or the fog had lifted from the lowlands I had climbed the western hills in search of grouse. For two hours I hunted carefully and had seen but one bird, but he had business elsewhere before I could interview him. I had left the high ground, where game seemed to be scarce, and had gone into the bottom. Working my way around the foot of the hill I tried to get a shot at a couple of large hawks that were screaming and keeping up a running fight with a flock of crows. I knew there ought to be birds in that locality, so I sat down to rest and to meditate on the uncertainty of a grouse dinner. In a very short time I heard an old drummer, but the wind and the racket kept up by the crows and hawks prevented my locating him. I sat still until he had drummed three times, when I concluded he was in a pine thicket on the hill above me. Taking off my hat, which was rather conspicuous, and stuffing it into my game pocket, I proceeded cautiously in the direction of the music. I concluded from the sound that he was within 100 yds. of me, and when I had gone about one-fourth of that distance I sat down. I had but a moment to wait until I heard the bird again, and before he had struck a dozen beats I was stealing upon him. I soon located him in a heavy thicket above me and just over the brow of the hill, so that I might get within a few yards of him without his seeing me. I crept close to the top of the hill and secreted myself behind a big log, where in a very short time I heard the thunder within 30 ft. of me. I could almost feel the wind from his wings and my heart tried to get up into my throat. Placing the root of a fallen tree between the bird and myself, I made a few short steps and stopped. Just in front of me and behind the root came the signal that I awaited, and before he had beaten a dozen notes I laid the drummer dead.

F. G. H.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 5.

NOOSING DEER AND CARIBOU.

BEATTIE, Moose River, Me., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From this reputed home of the largest game of America, I will call an old friend to aid in awakening unknown officials of this State, as I find much remains here to be protected. To-day I visited Clear Pond, three miles north of the C. P. R. R., and found as I had expected well worn paths, where deer approach the feeding ground through a border of low-boughed cedars. But as I stepped from the old craft, in which I managed to keep afloat long enough to save a dry collar, I nearly grasped a small rope, of good quality, that was adroitly suspended in the cedars, with a running noose across the deep worn trail. The absence of tracks larger than of deer in the shallow water caused me to look further for similar devices, and two more were near at hand. Other trails had an odor and evidence of a struggle for life, but the ropes had been removed. At one point the spot was covered with faded boughs cut in early summer, and under them were the remains of a large female caribou, the hair showing that last winter's coat had not been shed.

The noisome character of the once pure air of this gem of the forest caused me to return by a logging road that runs nearly up there; and in the afternoon I visited Big Indian Pond and made the circuit in the most difficult traveling I had ever found in the forest. The low overhanging cedars that surround it have a backing of dense undecayed fallen trees of the same family, through which a young stock is growing. In one place, where several well-defined paths entered the feeding ground of lilies by a deep worn rut in the bank, I bent forward and endeavored to get out toward the water; and found my arms were bound by a wire, when I had been looking for more rope. On the shore of the pond I found evidence of last winter's crust hunting, the authors of which are gentlemen compared with these brutal demons who destroy the mothers, leaving the fawns to starve in sight of its choked protector.

I have looked carefully after a way to solve the question of extermination in this locality. There is but one—a fearless, honest man who will devote all his time in the vicinity of the extensive lumbering concerns on this river.

NED NORTON.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—The regular October meeting was held at the United States Hotel, Boston, on Thursday evening, the 8th inst. After dinner, at which 125 of the members were present, the regular routine business was transacted. Messrs. Nat. A. Francis, Wm. A. Cameron, C. A. Priest and Ed. S. Beach were elected members, and fourteen proposals for membership were received.—RICHARD O. HARDING, Secretary.

VERMONT LEAGUE.—The first annual dinner of the Vermont Fish and Game League will be held at the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt., at 8 o'clock P. M. Gov. Carrol S. Page, Hon. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, members of the United States Fish Commission, and other distinguished guests are expected to be present.

THE DUCKS IN CONVENTION.

WHAT has become of the ducks? This question is so frequently asked and not satisfactorily answered, that it is now called the great duck puzzle. Many are interested in this matter and it has caused the State thousands of dollars for the protection of ducks that visit our waters. Yet we are compelled to say that our duck laws are very little respected. Sports and pot-hunters have to pay a license for the privilege of gunning, which is handed over to the duck police, appointed by our Governor, like all other State officers, through the recommendation of a lot of political bosses.

I feel safe in saying I have accidentally learned the answer to the puzzle. I learned it in this way.

One day while on a visit to Spesutia Island, where I was born and raised, and the dearest spot on earth to me, I took a stroll around the beach, and looking out on the Susquehanna I saw several flocks of ducks. Feeling tired I sat down to rest and soon fell asleep. While asleep I had a remarkable dream. I dreamed that one of our native ducks, called black duck, came near where I was sitting and asked me if I lived on the island. "No," said I, "but I was born and raised here." He said he had often heard his family speak of five brothers who occupied the whole of the island in 1812, when John Bull's fleet came and anchored near here and stole all the chickens, turkeys and geese on the island.

I told Mr. Blackduck this was true—they were my ancestors. Then he said, "You are all right. I was afraid you were a Havre de Grace bird." He then gave me an invitation to attend a duck meeting, to take place near by, where would be representatives of some of the most noted families of ducks that visit these waters. The invitation was so remarkable that I accepted it promptly, and was escorted to the meeting, where I was introduced as a friend of the ducks.

The ducks flopped in and were soon ready for business. I saw my old friend Canvasback was boss. He called the meeting to order, and made some sensible remarks. He said that as the time was drawing near when the duck families would go to their native homes, they had determined to stop here a few days to see the great performance on the Susquehanna flats, which had been played for several years, and also hold a little experience meeting. Seeing me on the beach with a book in my hand they concluded I was a newspaper reporter and had sent one of our Southern birds to invite me to the meeting.

I told Mr. Canvasback I felt much flattered by the invitation, and was glad to see the duck families again in our waters.

"Yes," he said, "for a few days only, for as soon as your sports and pot-hunters see us sitting around, their navy will be ordered out and the great theatrical performance will commence."

I interrupted him to ask him what he meant. He said: "I am astonished that you should ask the question. Have you not heard that your Susquehanna flats are and have been for many years under the control of a large flock of birds called sports and pot-hunters, who have changed the programme and now have a dramatic company or variety show? If you have never been there during the gunning season you have lost the best leaf of the history of your life. They don't play any of Mr. Shakespeare's pieces, but their scenery and costumes are certainly grand."

Mr. Canvasback then gave me a programme of the play and said that before you will be admitted as a member you will have to go to Bel Air and procure a season ticket. A box ticket will cost you \$20, but you can get a second-class whacker's ticket for \$5. No reserved seats, as this is a grab game. The fellows who can say the most bad words generally get the best seats. Your programme will tell to be sure to be on the feeding and roosting grounds at 5 A. M., when you will see a grand sight. As if by magic hundreds of lights spring up in every direction, and you will conclude you have made a mistake and have alighted in the center of a large city. At 6 o'clock the lights are extinguished, which is a signal for the show to begin. When the sun shows his beautiful face above the treetops on old Bull's Mountain you will see the greatest navy that ever floated on top of the celery beds of the Susquehanna flats. Boats of all sizes, from a floating palace to a common 16ft. flat boat, and sports and pot-hunters of all classes and colors, from the city millionaire to a second-class colored gentleman. In front of every box are from 100 to 500 of those hateful wooden images called decoy ducks; but not a man can be seen—all are hidden in the boxes and whack boats, where they spend the entire day waiting for a dart or a scull.

Mr. Canvasback said some of the actors had been trying for years to learn the duck language, as he had frequently heard them attempting to call his family.

Mr. Blackduck and Mr. Widgeon both spoke up and said they had often been fooled by these sports and pot-hunters with a whistle.

Mr. Canvasback said all this was rough on the ducks, but the big-gun pot-hunters with sneak boats that can be found every calm night cruising all over the feeding and roosting grounds are worse. They go with large cannon-like guns, murdering the duck families by hundreds. When one of these big guns is discharged its roar can be heard for twenty miles, and Mr. Blackduck's family begin to cry, "Lindsay, Lindsay, why don't you come and see us again? If you have handed in your checks and your spirit can come, that will stop the big-gun pot-hunters." Lindsay was a strange bird that made his appearance in these waters some years ago, and after getting very sociable with the big-gun pot-hunters took his flight, but soon returned with two more birds out of his flock and gobbled up the whole flock of big-gun pot-hunters, with their cannon, boats and everything.

Mr. Canvasback said some people thought he ought to feel proud that his name and that of a fellow called Terrapin headed the list at all the great dinners, and that members of his family, even when dead, had been sold in the markets at \$1.25 a pound. He was not proud, he said, and was willing to leave all such vanities to other ducklings.

He then introduced Mr. Redhead, who told about the manner of warfare carried on in the lower rivers and creeks. He said there was no navy in those waters, but all the shores are rented or owned by a large flock of sports who live in the cities; and that on every point is a masked battery, with from 400 to 500 decoy ducks in front of it. This battery resembles a large bird's nest, as it is built of marsh grass, and is just large enough to accom-

modate two men, a Chesapeake Bay dog, a jug of water and a bottle of old rye. Here the sports spend the entire day, reminding you of a land terrapin, for when they see a duck they draw their heads into the nest, and you can see nothing but their eyes, but if any of the duck family go near these innocent-looking nests you will hear it thunder out of the clear sky.

Mr. Redhead told a good joke about one of these nests on Bengie's Point, where he saw a strange looking bird peeping out, and offered to bet no one could tell what it was. I said it was an American eagle. You came within one bird of it, said he. They call him Benny Harrison, and said he was the biggest bird in Uncle Sam's flock.

This remark came very near causing a row and the noise woke me up before any other members of other duck families had a chance to give their experience. But there was grim reality in all that I heard, and yet people ask, "What has become of all the ducks?"—Capt. E. B. Gallup in *Bel Air* (Md.) *Aegis* and *Intelligencer*.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—A prairie fire is reported to have burned over a strip of country 200 by 300 miles in extent west of the Missouri River, N. D. The report comes from Fort Yates. A bone gatherer of the plains is said to have started the fire. Much game must have been scattered or destroyed.

Snow fell in Montana and over much of the British Possessions Sept. 30.

The West and Northwest remain very dry. No fall flight of ducks can be expected in this part of the country. At Horicon marsh, Wis., snipe have been abundant, though the water is still too low for successful duck shooting. At Fox Lake, lower down on the flight, snipe are now scarce, and the northern birds not in, except a good run of teal. Ed. Howard wrote down yesterday that he thought the shooting would be good. The cold storm north may have set the flight down a bit, but the shooting will not amount to much.

Horicon marsh, above the Diana Club line, has been burning for some time, the fire having gone six miles wide and six feet deep, into the peat. Kankakee marsh, below here, is dry enough to burn as badly. Little shooting is reported from the Kankakee. Jack Whiting, who last week got twenty-eight ducks in a day and a half, sixteen of them mallards, is pointed out as a phenomenon of luck.

Mr. John Houston and his friend Mr. Brady, just back from the Platte, in Nebraska, report any quantities of snipe. They got fifty-seven ducks in two hours one day. Mr. Houston also had the singular fortune of killing a glossy ibis, a bird certainly not usually found so far north. The specimen is to be mounted. I have not seen it, but the name is so given by Dr. Velie, of the Academy of Sciences.

A shooter, whose name I do not get, bagged sixty snipe near Sioux City, Ia., one day this week. The birds seem all west of us.

I was out in Iowa this week. At Des Moines I met Charlie Budd, C. O. Perkins, "Friday" Eason, Mr. Royal and Irish Setter Perry, all sportsmen of the deepest dye. Mr. Perry shows hopes, for a dog man at least, inasmuch as he is now engaged in the newspaper business. Charlie Budd told me he could get some quail not far from Des Moines, and a few woodcock below the city. Mr. Perkins reported a very successful two days' shoot at chickens in Hamilton county, below Mud Lake. This is the county where I used to shoot when I was a boy. It was quite wild then, but all settled up now. The corn protects the birds. I am glad there are some left on that once marvelously prolific region.

At Newton, Iowa, I heard of two or three coveys of chickens not far from town. Shooting at these birds in that county (Jasper) has not been thought of in late years, but a few of the birds hang round the old farms. My father has showed me where inside what are now the town limits of this quiet village, he used to kill 30 to 40 chickens a day if he wished. No one dreamed in those days that these birds would ever be scarce.

Mr. Valentine Hicks, of the Rising Sun Game Park Association, Ashton, Ill., writes me to-day that they are still prosecuting trespassers on their leased grounds. He says he would like to ask me out to shoot, but the new by-laws forbid it. There are chickens in that section.

Mr. Geo. T. Farmer this week took one day off at Monico Junction, Wis., bagging 7 woodducks and a 22lbs. mascalonge.

Mr. Spross, of this city, bagged 97 ducks on the club marsh at Toledo, O., Sept. 1.

Oct. 5.—Unquestionably a season of scarcity is upon us so far as wildfowl are concerned. A few birds are down ahead of the late cold snap north of us, but we have little to offer them by way of attractions. The Kankakee has no wet marsh. Tolleston Club loses the best of its shooting by reason of a natural gas company laying pipes across its marsh, the workmen disturbing the birds. The Illinois River is very low. The Mississippi River at Davenport is lower than it has been for 27 years. I have already spoken of the lowness of the water on Horicon marsh, Wis., and I append a letter from my friend, Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, State Warden and club superintendent of Blackhawk Club on Lake Koshkonong, Wis., which shows a bad outlook for that once famous water. Mr. Wentworth says:

"BLACK HAWK CLUB HOUSE, Lake Koshkonong.—As is the case all over the West, the long-continued drought has caused all our streams and lakes to be very low. I don't think there can be found in Lake Koshkonong any water 6ft. deep at this date. The bog north of the house is nearly dry, and it is an impossibility to push a boat through it. There are less birds here now than I ever knew at this season of the year. I cannot account for the scarcity, but such is a fact. There is an abundance of feed; rice and celery never grew more abundant in our water. Usually at this date we have teal, mallard, blue-bill, black-head and red-head, but strict search does not find them now, and we must be content and wait their arrival from their nesting grounds.

"We have had good fishing here most of the season, large catches of bass, Oswegoes principally, a few small-mouth. Good fishermen have not failed of good catches. Swan and Crossman, of Milwaukee, and Geo. Bluhn and Duffee, of Chicago, can testify to above statements.

"The club has made several improvements to their grounds, having purchased and leased more lands; they now control nearly 500 acres of land. Have posted some

and propose to control it for their own use and their friends. Have built a new cottage, making more room. The membership is full, and all active members, 50 being the limit.

"If you can make it convenient to come up here, if only for a short time, please let me know and I will send you a permit and try to use you well while here.—W. Y. WENTWORTH."

Mr. John Stockton, of Swan Lake Club, whose grounds are near Lake Senachwine on the Illinois River, has an item of great interest in his story of the planting of the wapato, or Indian potato, on Swan Lake grounds. The wapato, as many will know, is a great duck food on the Northwest coast. It is not learned to be native east of the Rockies, I believe, nor low down the coast. Hon. John Dean Catton, that eminent naturalist who has done so much in many ways for sportsmanship, suggested to Mr. Stockton that he try planting the wapato, adding that he thought it would spread all through the Illinois Valley, as he had himself tried it in one of his ponds in the home park at Ottawa, where it bid fair to take possession of the whole water. Mr. Stockton purchased \$60 worth of the bulbs of Mr. Geo. L. Curry, Jr., Portland, Ore., and last spring these were planted. It has been, so far, impossible to tell what success has attended the experiment, and the season has been unfavorable at best; but some of the pushers report a "new plant" as having appeared, and eventual success is probable.

While upon the topic of the Swan Lake Club, I should say a word about protective matters. It will be remembered that Dr. M. D. Green, the La Salle fish warden, had some rather slighting words to say about the sporting clubs in his recent story of the work he had done in apprehending illegal fishermen. Swan Lake Club must have been meant, though not mentioned. The facts are that the Woods boys, keepers of Swan Lake Club, were among the party arrested on Senachwine by Warden Green, and the latter probably thinks that the club might employ better club keepers than illegal marketmen, jumping from this to the conclusion that the club favors lawlessness.

Than this last conclusion nothing could be further from the facts. Swan Lake Club sportsmanship is genuine, and as good as that of any of us, and the club would lend itself to no form of lawlessness. I know personally that the Woods boys were told that if they did anything illegal they could not look for help or sympathy from the club. I know further that last January the club actually paid these same Woods boys \$250 cash to keep them from doing what they could legally do, \$125 not to shoot any mallard ducks and \$125 not to catch any bass. This may seem like hush money, but it is not, as will appear from the terms of the Swan Lake leases. To get possession of this marsh, much of which was taken from "old man Woods," the privilege of legal netting and certain shooting was expressly reserved. Therefore, within the limits of the law, which, under that old "corporate dam" clause, have never yet been actually determined, the Swan Lake Club can not stop the Woods boys from netting. Yet, as if to expressly show and prove their opposition to any waste of wild game or fish, they have put their hands in their pockets and paid, in addition to their lease and to the keepers' salaries, this extra money to save the bass and birds. As for the coarser fish, not game fish, the Woods boys will not give up any rights: they can legally get there, for they make a considerable amount of money at that. The club deprecates this, but can not stop it. Stopping that form of fishing is for Mr. Green and the rest of us. Swan Lake Club will contribute its share toward stopping illegal fishing in the Illinois Valley. "I wish we could get a law to prohibit seining and netting altogether," said Mr. Stockton to me. I believe this to be the voice of the club, and I know the club is one of sportsmen worthy of that name in every way. Certainly they should not be blamed for what they can not help, and when it is seen just how it is that this peculiar feature of netting is in existence on their grounds, I do not believe that blame will be attached to them by any reasonable man. When the Illinois Valley Association want funds let them send to Swan Lake Club, through Mr. Stockton, let us say, and I think the result will set at rest any doubts as to their willingness to help any proper measure in protection. I will go further than this and say that I do not believe there is a legitimate Chicago club which would oppose a warden in his work, or which would not aid him in his work if possible. If there is a single specific instance against this general proposition I should like to hear of it and to publish it.

Bright shining like a good deed in a naughty world is Mr. Sharp's bag of thirty-six snipe one day last week on Mak-saw-ba grounds. This is the only bunch of snipe I have heard of for sometime. We are in the doldrums.

An Atchison, Kas., man sends on for inspection by friends here a new target which is affording them some fun in the Sunflower State. This is a target for night shooting. In appearance it is much like the ordinary composition target, except for an elastic band crossing from two hooks let into the sides of the target. These hooks also carry each a bit of fuse paper. The target is placed in the trap, any one of the ordinary traps serving, and before being thrown these fuses are lighted and burn brightly during the flight. If struck by a shot the rubber band pulls the two separate fuses together in one compact flame. This night shooting is said to be great sport. I have not yet seen it anywhere, but some of the country clubs here may take it up. E. HUGH.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.—Since the rain and cooler weather I have been out with a descendant of Grouse-dale trying to enjoy the weather and invigorate myself among the game birds in the vicinity of Willimantic, and with satisfactory success, for the game bag averaged three quail, one woodcock and one partridge a day. For this success we will thank the stars or rather the unusually good seasons since the blizzard, for they have been excellent ones for the birds to increase, multiply and replenish. One of the land owners, with whom I caught a ride, told me that he heard more shooting in the latter part of September than he had since and for a number of days about the Fourth of July; he heard a good many shots to the southward, toward the creek. They were presumably after woodcock, and it's a great pity that any shooter would punish himself and dog so much in those hot days of July for the sake of proving that old Adam has not been thoroughly outbred yet.—C. N. B.

AMONG THE CURRITUCK BAY BIRDS—II.

[Concluded from Page 229.]

I USED that morning a No. 12 Colts gun, and found it worked admirably. The natives here though invariably shoot snipe with a No. 10 bore. As regards the size of shot the standard seems to be No. 8, but I think that it too large for the work, one size smaller, or even two, being better adapted to the task, as the snipe is not a tough bird and is easily killed.

The sun was about an hour high when the sky became overcast with clouds, and one of those sudden storms so common to the North Carolina coast burst upon us. The rain came down in a perfect deluge, and driven almost horizontally by the gale of wind. Now it was that the bay birds came with a rush, and it was something new to me to shoot in the face of a tropical thunder storm. The rain was so dense it was impossible to see the snipe until they were well over the decoys, and it was tough work bringing them down. I had to shoot entirely with my back to the wind, it was utterly impossible to see how to aim facing the blast. The rain came like buckets of water dashed in my face, completely blurring my vision. As it was I made many misses, and only knocked over about one for every two shots. In a few moments the face of the whole country became changed, instead of the level sea meadows with here and there a pond, the scene was reversed, and as the storm died away and the sun burst out his struggling beams showed a vast sheet of water, with only here and there a hillock of sand.

Then ensued some minutes of rest which we all utilized in gathering our game. My setter Jessie saved me many a long chase after cripples. It is a singular fact that a blue-blooded setter hates to retrieve a salt-water snipe. From long generations of hunting the quail, they learn to know that kind of game by instinct, and any bird so different in scent from the quail, or upland game birds, ceases to afford them pleasure. Certainly, Jessie manifested at first great reluctance to touch them, and it was only the result of implicit obedience brought about by thorough training that made her obey my commands.

Unless one forces himself to eat at the untoward hour before sunrise he is certain to suffer for it. Nature abhors a vacuum and shooting at such a place on an empty stomach is sure to be followed by a violent headache; the face becomes flushed, the eyes glassy, and the temples throb painfully. The summer before all my three companions were compelled to stop shooting and be taken back home in the cart utterly prostrated. This time I insisted upon the crowd eating at least a biscuit apiece, so when we knocked off for the morning all hands were as fresh as the proverbial lark.

A count up showed that my pile contained 114 birds to 150 shells fired. Cap came next with a score of 80, while York made a fine showing, it was his first experience with the bay birds, and with 100 shells used he had brought down 57 birds, all single shots.

Tuesday we varied the proceedings by a water trip to the various clubs in the Sound. The Swan Island property is very valuable, so also is that of the Lighthouse Club, and a glance over their register shows they are a set of genial, jolly fellows, sportsmen and gentlemen to the core. Our party is much indebted to the courteous keeper of the Lighthouse Club for many kindnesses. Monkey Island Club is a secluded retreat and is probably the smallest club in existence, having only four members. There have been three new clubs lately formed in this vicinity, the Martin Island Club, the Deal Island Club, and the Ragged Island Club. The two former are fine places for ducks, such as mallard, shuffus, black duck and the like; but the Ragged Island's property is without exception the finest game preserve along the whole Atlantic coast for redhead and canvasback. This lies in Back Bay, adjoining Currituck Sound, and consists of some thirty or more islands, ranging from six acres to a few rods in area. The preserve is about three miles long by one and a half miles wide. The Ragged Islands have been the most famous shooting spot in this section, indeed, if all the tales I have heard of the bags made there are true it is a sportsman's paradise. The shares of this association are held at \$1,000, Mr. C. A. Woodward, a young merchant of Norfolk, is the president.

Returning, we reach our own club about 10 o'clock, nearly starved, only to find Shant gone to bed and nothing in the house to eat, he not expecting us until next day. We then went over to Leon's house, and found the remains of a supper. As hungry as we were, the sight took away our appetites, and we told him we would eat no supper if he would have a smoking hot breakfast for us early in the morning. To this he assented, and we returned to sleep with such aching voids that it tintured our dreams.

We aroused ourselves and went over to Leon's to eat that hot breakfast; to our dismay the whole house was buried in a profound sleep. After hammering at the door that worthy came yawning into the porch, his "gallusses" hanging down his back. He then drawled out he "hadn't no breakfast," and he ushered us into the same table that had already turned our stomachs the

evening before. There lay the greasy ham and the saleratus biscuits. It was eat or starve, we could not go to the blinds in our condition, since we had not eaten a square meal for twenty-four hours. We were like the man who had to eat crow, "we got outside of it, but we didn't hanker arter it."

Getting Shant White to hitch up his team, York and I put out for the blinds, and during the whole journey not a word was spoken. We were too mad. But the bay birds flew beautifully, and kept us working at our guns in a lively manner. I used a No. 10 and 16, and the latter fully answered my purpose in the majority of shots.

After the first rush of birds was over I filled my briar-root, and discovered I had forgotten to bring matches. Calling Jessie, I strolled over to York's blind and found him puffing away at his pipe, the perfect picture of contentment. I noticed a couple of strange men in the blinds banging away like mad. I was amazed, for I knew none of the clubmen had arrived, so I inquired of my companion what it meant. "Why," said he, "they are two visitors that Shant White invited to shoot."

"Who gave him the power to invite people to shoot over the club grounds?" was my natural question. "No one," responded York, "White says he owns a portion of this marsh, and can ask whom he pleases; he invited Burgess and myself to come and shoot here whenever we wish to, saying he would take care of us." "Well," I

wing equal to a seagull's, and they know how to use them; when killed they do not fall, but tumble to the ground. I soon fired my last shell from my No. 10 Greener and seized my No. 16-bore, but I might as well have shot with a horse pistol.

The sun had set by this time, and I killed a few that were directly over my head, but I did not knock over more than one in five shots with the small gun. I stopped shooting before it was too dark to pick up the birds that had fallen in the pond, and just as the wagon drove up I finished my count, having exactly 51 grass plover and a few yellow shanks. Though I built a blind in the same spot soon after, I never killed another plover, nor did any of my companions. The birds simply and mysteriously disappeared. Cap's score during the day was 160 gray ducks and yellow shanks.

Thursday morning all of the party save myself went fishing about three miles up the beach, where a half submerged wreck lay. They caught nothing, but the sun got in its powerful work and as they had splashed about bare-footed they all had blistered feet and ankles. The condition of the men Friday was pitiable. Mac was sick in bed, York had a big swelling on his upper lip, which prevented him enjoying the hugest joke, for to laugh was torture. The skin was cracking on his nose, and he could hardly limp across the room. Cap was used up, his ankles had all the skin burned off by the sun, his face

badly scorched, and his wrists blistered by bites of mosquitoes and bedbugs, and I was scarified by the devilish insects on wrists and ankles. I went to the blinds alone that morning, and had scored over a hundred birds before my friends appeared. The yellow shanks and grass plover had vamoosed, and the graybacks were by themselves. When Shant White dropped me my decoys the sun had just risen, and I was no sooner settled in my blind than three men formed a skirmish about 100yds. ahead of me, and two more stood an equal distance behind me, and they blazed away at every bird that flew over them. By what authority they were shooting on the club's territory I do not know, nor did I ask. I was almost as humble as Uriah Heep by this time. Though I said nothing, I was like the Irishman's owl, and kept up a thundering sight of thinking. The birds flew beautifully, and when my 125 shells were exhausted it was somewhere about 9 o'clock, so I signaled Shant to bring up his cart and take me back to his house. The others remained in the blinds and returned three hours later, with but few birds, as they had dispersed over the feeding grounds.

Early in the morning, and late in the evening, is the best time for shooting, the birds are on the wing then and stool readily. It is a waste of time, labor and patience to sit in the blinds during the forenoon and afternoon, to say nothing of the positive discomfort of sitting under a dazzling sun, unprotected by shade or umbrella.

The secret of making big bags consists in three things, first, good shooting, it goes without saying that the expert handling of the gun is the paramount consideration. Secondly, to keep motionless in the blind until the very mo-

ment you are ready to shoot. A single incautious gesture and the game will swirl to the right or left out of gunshot. The third is, to let the birds pass the decoys, and just as they turn or beat back give it to them. Never, if you can help it, let a bird light among the decoys. One is almost certain to shoot, and the scattering pellets will riddle the decoys as well as kill the birds. Many large scores have been made by members. The club has unfortunately no written record, and he tallies are marked like Rip Van Winkle's score on the wall. As brief as it is, nothing could plainer show what excellent shooting this place affords. The worst score was a member from Washington City, who wrote on the wall under date of May 7, 1890, "I bagged five yellowlegs, and that was all. I made big preparations, and these snipe cost me about \$20 apiece."

Friday all hands were out early, and it being our last day we remained in the blinds until the early afternoon. Cap, who took an all day's shot, closed the day with 106. Both York and Mac did well. I stopped at 113. A final count up showed that the grand total was 1,267 birds. As large as the score is, it could have been easily doubled had we hunted steadily and started out by dawn every morning.

On returning from each shoot the birds were laid side by side belly upward in shallow zinc cases about 3ft. long, 12in. wide, and about 8in. deep, there was only one layer of birds put in each case, which was then fastened and placed in a large refrigerator, and covered with broken ice. In shipping these cases were placed in ice boxes. The birds soon become frozen, and will remain fresh and sweet as long as the ice last, which should be renewed every twenty-four hours. It is indispensable that this is looked to, a change of temperature for even one hour will ruin the birds. We were compelled to order another ton of ice; at least half was lost by melting in transit. Another thing, the birds when packed must be perfectly dry. The slightest moisture decomposes them.

After dark all hands set to work collecting our traps. Mac and I settled with Shant. His charges were ex-



CLUB TEAM TROPHY.

The trophy, made by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, is a punch bowl, 13½ in. in height, 14 in. dia. at the top, and 10 in. at the base. The bowl is decorated with a flock of pigeons and festoons of laurel growing from the top edge, while the stem is divided in sections, where the names of the winners are to be inscribed. On the lower part of the base is etched in floriated letters the inscription, "The Club Team Trophy." The bowl is richly gilt inside, and circling around the lining the names of the competing clubs are etched in harmony with the decorations: The Carteret, Westminster Kennel, Country Club and Larchmont. The cup is now on exhibition in Tiffany's window on Union Square.

rejoined, "I don't see that we clubmen have any rights at all."

"No," said York, "neither Burgess nor I are going to take any stock in this club, we might as well throw our money in a ditch." About noon we knocked off with about eight dozen birds apiece to our credit.

Wednesday evening we drove in the wagon several miles, and seeing some grass plover I placed my decoys in a pond and without any blind I squatted on the edge and awaited developments. The others kept on to occupy their old blinds. Of all the birds in this section the grass plover is the finest, and largest, they do not often come in such numbers as to afford continuous shooting. They are fast flyers, and rarely circle around the decoys, but dart by. I happened to strike the right spot at the right time, and never in my experience did I ever see such a steady flight, they came twenty or thirty a minute without a break. I had some three score of No. 10 shells, and I fired straight along, the birds dropping right and left, and but for my dog I would have lost most of them, for it was useless to chase cripples, one would miss a dozen shots by so doing, and owing to the long shots, fully one-half were only winged and fell into the grass. Jessie lay crouched at my feet motionless, and only at the word of command would she dart like a streak after the bird and drop it at my feet. Owing to my want of concealment all the birds shied to the right or left and every shot had to be taken over 50yds. Just about this time there occurred the most fascinating effect for a sportsman that it is possible to conceive. The birds flew straight from the west, and low in the western horizon was a huge bank of clouds behind which the beams of the setting sun gleamed, changing the mass of vapor into a roseate, golden and crimson hue. The sight was a gorgeous one, and dazzled the eye. Right from this mass of opaline tinted clouds the birds shot out like a dart hurled by a powerful engine. The glare was so strong that the birds could not be seen until within 50yds. It seemed an optical illusion, to see the flash and glancing of wings appear suddenly from the fantastic, colored mist and luminous shade. These grass plover have a spread of

tremely moderate, \$7.50 for board, \$2.50 for boat hire, cart hire and personal attendance. Just then York came in laboring under some excitement and asked me to come over to the other house as there was going to be music in the air, Leon's bill would bankrupt the crowd. It was exactly double the other. I have one beside me now, and will copy the unique production: "Board for Cap and York, \$18; horse and wagon, \$6; three days' labor, \$9; for hire of boat, \$2; one bottle of 'peches', \$1; down to Wash Woods, \$2.60; use of decoys, \$4.50; fishing, \$1.50."

Charging \$9 for personal service topped in the way of extortion anything that ever came under our observation, seeing that both York and Cap cut their own bushes, made their own blinds, planted their own decoys, brought in their own birds. The labor of this worthy consisted in dumping his guests on the ground and then driving off. Even the decoys were not his, I lending York a portion of mine. A highwayman will generally allow his victim to retain enough money to take him back home, but Leon would take his last cent if he could.

Last summer Col. Lewis was at the club and received an urgent telegram recalling him home. It happened on the odd day of the week, the steamboat only leaving on the even days, so the only way to get to Norfolk was by a drive to Virginia Beach. Shant's team was away, and the Colonel applied to Leon to take him to Virginia Beach. Now the regular price for carrying sportsmen to and from the beach to the club is \$2 each way; but this Shylock insisted upon charging the Colonel just five times as much, well knowing he had the guest in his power. Not a cent would he abate; the Colonel paid the bill, but has never been down to the club since. The issue is plain, if this man is allowed to invite guests at will to this club, and to practice such extortion, the Currituck Inlet Association will go to pieces to a certainty. If this man does own the land his house stands upon and the piece of marsh he claims, it should be inclosed within a wire fence, and he be made to keep within bounds.

Many of the shares are held by sportsmen in Baltimore, New York and Boston, and it is a pity their shares should be made as valueless as the paper they are printed upon. And it is hard that an exceptionally fine hunting resort in defiance of all right and justice should be utterly ruined. Either this squatter must go or the club will be bursted insisted of twelve months.

The three sportsmen I took down intended joining the club, but now decline the honor with thanks. I could not blame them.

ALEX. HUNTER.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The open season on quail in Massachusetts begins on Oct. 15, before these lines can have been perused by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. The prospects for quail shooting in that State are fair, but they would be better but for the fact that too many quail have been killed since the law was off on partridge and woodcock. The dog points a bird. The hunter is all on the *qui vive* for a partridge. The bird is flushed, but up goes a quail! In nine cases out of ten bang! goes the gun, and possibly bang! a bird with both barrels. This is done almost before the sportsman has time to think, even if he be a good friend of the conservation of quail. The temptation is great, and the chances for shooting, almost unintentionally, are numerous. A report comes from reliable gentlemen who have been shooting shore birds on the Cape this fall, that it is of no use for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association to put out live quail and partridge on many parts of the Cape for the sake of restocking with these game birds. The farmer's boy is there with his snares, and in some cases the farmer himself. One gentleman declares that he knows of many rods of snares in the vicinity of Marshfield, and of birds being taken in them. He does not care to furnish information to the game protectors that shall lead to the conviction of the guilty parties, for he goes to that neighborhood every fall for shore bird shooting.

The Plummer boys, Gordon and Albert, of the Boston leather trade, had more than their usual luck, at Nantucket, with the shore birds this year. The shot 70 lbs. of birds on their trip. The number of birds was 380 in all, with the biggest score at 283 in one day. The next day after this big shoot not a bird was to be seen at the very place where the great luck was had. The flight had passed.

L. W. De Pass, assistant secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, with Dr. W. B. Cutler, of Boston, and C. W. Hodkins, of Reading, have lately returned from a fairly successful trip to the Cape after shore birds. They report fair flights this fall.

E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, is shooting rather more than usual this fall. Mrs. Gillam is also shooting with him. She is practicing with the shotgun with the determination of becoming a good wing shot. They live in Denham, and go out nearly every morning with their finely trained dogs. The other morning Mr. Gillam rather missed a good shot. A friend invited him the night before to be on hand at 4 A. M. to start for a duck hunt. He was up in season and started to drive to his friend's house. The road he was somewhat acquainted with in the daytime, but in the darkness matters did not look right. He drove and drove, but still did not reach his friend's house. The road did not look right. At last he reached his friend's place by a very roundabout way twenty minutes past four. His friend's wife informed him from her chamber window that her spouse had been gone about five minutes, fast driving would doubtless catch him. Again Mr. Gillam drove and drove till he was tired, and at last he drove home and put up his team. Later he met his friend with seven beautiful black ducks, the result of the morning's shoot. Mr. Gillam has another invitation to a duck shoot.

Two of the most successful local gunners in suburban Boston, as well as two of the best shots, Gardiner Eames, well known as "Gard," and Charlie Davies, have been out several times, with the result of a good brace of partridges each time. The other day they started three birds. One Gard shot. The other two were likely to get away, but Charlie's right barrel nailed one. He whirled and shot the other with his left. But the charge did more. One shot hit Gard squarely between the eyes. It went in so far that it had to be cut out. But Gard kept on gunning as usual. He says that at first he thought that his left eye was gone. "If 't had," he remarked afterward, "I should probably have kept on gunning

but if it had been my right eye, I should have been obliged to have practiced shooting from the other shoulder. If it had been both eyes I should most likely have been obliged to have given up shooting altogether."

Among the late sportsmen to start for the Maine woods and waters may be included Mr. L. Dana Chapman, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, tackle dealers in Boston, with S. C. Dizer, of Prouty & Dizer, of the boot and shoe trade. Late in September they started for the Megantic preserves, with the view of hunting moose in Canada till the open season in Maine, when they designed to make a return trip, via Tim and Seven Ponds.

Mr. E. B. Hosmer, of the well-known grain firm of Hosmer, Crampton & Hammond, of Boston, is looking for moose and deer at the Megantic preserves.

Mr. Herbert C. Leeds finished the trout season at Birch Lodge, Richardson Lake, the guest of Mr. Bayard Thayer. Mr. J. Otis Wetherbee, a well-known Boston lumber dealer, also spent a couple of autumn weeks at that beautiful camp.

Judge Allen, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, made the autumn trout season at Lake St. John. His success was only fair in that much boasted region.

Mr. H. S. Kempton, assistant managing editor of the *Boston Herald*, is making the first and second weeks in October at Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, looking for deer and partridges.

Mr. P. H. Kelly, the well-known Catholic church builder, with his friend Bateman, the architect, were at the Upper Dam for two or three weeks. But they did not have their usual success at fly fishing. The weather was too hot and the water far too low.

SPECIAL.

PENNSYLVANIA QUAIL SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our Legislature some time ago cut off two weeks of our quail season by making Dec. 15 the closing date; the purpose as given was to save the birds from being pot-hunted in the deep snows; but as we have few snows prior to Jan. 1 this was unnecessary. Not content with this the next Legislature cut two weeks off the beginning of the season, moving the opening date to Nov. 1, thus making the time but six weeks, probably the shortest season of any State, and certainly an absurdly small proportion of the year in which to use our dogs and guns; I understood this movement was made by members from a few of the garden-spot counties, Lancaster, etc., who probably hoped thus to save their few remaining birds; but their country assuredly cannot be garden spots and game covers at the same time, and it is doubtful if complete protection in such closely cleaned up fields and pastures would help the supply, while it is plainly unfair to the remaining nine-tenths of the State, which require no such limited season.

It may be said that Oct. 15 found some coveys of quail too small to shoot; yet if the opening date was deferred to Dec. 1 there would even then be an occasional lot of undersized birds, for it is found that now and then broods will be hatched as late as the fall months; but take a normal season, and by Oct. 15 most of the coveys will be found well grown.

The change to Nov. 1 deprives the quail hunter of probably two of his happiest weeks in the season. October is the ideal shooting month, and the last two weeks of it, when the master and dog hardened their muscles and cultivated endurance, when the former, as much as the shooting, enjoyed nature at her best. Even though it cuts off the Christmas shooting for the vacationist and home-comer we will willingly forego December's last two weeks, but for the two cut off at the beginning of the season we say make the season an even eight weeks and restore us again those last days in lovely October.

ONYJUTTA.

MOOSE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a two weeks' moose hunt in Nova Scotia, and am prompted to give my experience. I went to the same grounds that I hunted in the fall of 1890, and found the cow moose signs more numerous than last year, but the bulls scarcer. This I attribute to the unusual hot weather of September. The bulls will not travel much until frosty weather. The trout fishing was fine, and partridges more plentiful than last year.

The first morning's hunt we called up a large bull moose. He stood about 300 yds. off, almost breast on (a trifle quartering), looking straight at us. He never made a bit of noise in coming to the call. Finding he would come no nearer, I fired at him and wounded him badly. The bullet passed through him somewhere, as he was bleeding on both sides, and although we followed him for nearly three miles, we had to give him up.

The next morning we called up another bull, but he would not come out of the cover. We could hear his horns knocking against the trees, and hear him answer, but we never saw him.

Two mornings after I killed a very large bull moose. The largest I have ever seen. We were calling some four miles to northwest of our main camp. That was an exciting morning's sport. It was wonderful what sagacity that animal showed in coming to the call. At one time he stood for fully fifteen minutes without moving, about 600 yds. off, looking straight at us. Finally he moved toward us. We could see his great black body passing through the underbrush and hear his horns striking the trees. At last he came out in an opening about 200 yds. off, and looked in our direction. He made a grand picture as he stood there, with his mane bristling up and horns looming out in the foggy light of dawn. Thinking that as good a time as any, I shot. He ran about 150 yds. and fell stone dead. He was shot through and through. He would easily weigh 1,000 lbs. when dressed. His horns were not so long as one would suppose they ought to be for so large a moose. They spread 3 ft., and the bend of the horns measured almost 5 ft. They are nicely palmated and even. We salted him down where he fell, and the meat filled three large barrels.

That same morning we heard a cow moose give a long plaintive call, and looking in that direction we saw her standing in an open not very far from where we had been calling. She soon passed out of our sight. A cow came up with the bull that I killed. A few days after we called up another bull, but we did not get a glimpse of him.

One could have good sport on these grounds in October,

as the bulls must have come in there by this time. There have been fifteen moose killed that I know of, within a radius of thirty miles of where I hunted, and probably several more that we did not hear of. A bull moose was hauled out past where we camped the last night in the woods. I fear from what I heard that a good many of these moose were snared. This fall I saw four moose and heard two others in two weeks, and last year in three weeks I saw eight and heard several others. We set three log bear traps and baited with trout, but after awhile the bait became soft and the bears took out the bait, failing to spring the traps.

H. W. HAMLYN.

HONOKUS, New Jersey.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

CANADENSIS, Monroe Co., Pa., Oct. 5.—The grouse shooting among the Pocono Mountains has not been a success so far this year. The birds are in good numbers, but on account of the heavy foliage cannot be seen when they are flushed. Rabbits are in large numbers, and on Nov. 1 will offer lots of sport. Every morning the hound runs one or two into the clearing back of this shooting box. There are a few ducks flying now; and once in a while we get a few on Elk's Pond, which is a short distance from here. One bag made on the first day of the grouse season consisted of two woodcock, five doves and eight grouse—a far return for a twelve-mile tramp. The birds are on the hills still feeding on the wild frost grapes, and so are very hard to get at, as the walking is beastly. We are all looking for a hard frost and a good blow to help rid us of the foliage. The trout fishing was very good this year and promises to be better next, as the underbrush along the runs has been cut out.

COLLINGWOOD.

Snow geese first appeared in this vicinity Sept. 28. Hutchin's brant arrived about a week earlier; in small flocks yet and flying high. Canada geese have been flying for three or four weeks. Mallards and teal are coming down from the north in small numbers, although duck shooting has been good around the coulees and slough holes wherever there is any water. Prairie chicken shooting has been very good and there are a good many strong coveys left yet. The indications are good for excellent goose shooting for the next six weeks. Visiting sportsmen of the right kind will be well received and can get good accommodations.

E. T. JUDD.

CANDO, North Dak., Oct. 3.

Have been hunting ever since I could hold an old musket against a tree, but have never seen quail so thick in all my life. Come down and be convinced and satisfied.

H.

DOVER, Oklahoma.

Weather is delightful. Quail are more than plenty. Fishing always good.

TARPON.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Oct. 5.

A SUFFOLK COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

REPRESENTATIVES of the principal sporting clubs of Suffolk county, L. I., have recently formed a game protective association entitled "The Suffolk County Game Protective Association." The objects of this association are the enforcement of the game laws of this State and the preserving and propagation of game and fish in the county of Suffolk.

Special game constables will be placed in various parts of Suffolk county, and the association has determined to take energetic measures to secure the enforcement of the game laws, to prevent the unlawful taking of game birds and the selling of the same out of season.

The directors are: Harry B. Hollins, Alfred Wagstaff, Arthur D. Weekes, Robert B. Roosevelt, and Frederick Edey. Its membership includes representatives of all the sporting clubs on Long Island. Mr. E. H. Moeran is counsel of the association.

Among the clubs represented in the association are the Southside Sportsmen's Club, the Brooklyn Gun Club, the Waverly Gun Club, the Bay Shore Gun Club, the Southampton Sportsmen's Club, the Robins Island Club, the Westhampton Club, the Flanders Club, the Hempstead Club, and many others.

The association has been organized for the same purposes and somewhat on the same principle as the one now so successfully conducted in Connecticut, and it is to be hoped that it will receive the hearty cooperation of the public and the authorities in accomplishing the laudable objects for which it was formed.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

THE officers of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, for the year, are: President and Treasurer, A. C. Collins, Hartford; Vice-President, Dr. N. W. Holcombe, West Simsbury; Secretary, Hon. Geo. P. McLean, Simsbury; Directors: Hon. Geo. P. McLean, Simsbury; Hon. J. C. Chamberlain, Bridgeport; John R. Pitt, Middletown; Francis B. Skinner, Rockville; F. W. Whitlock, Waterbury; Samuel A. Eddy, Canaan; Geo. A. Reed, Chaplin; Z. E. Robbins, Norwich. Executive Committee: A. C. Collins, Hartford; Dr. N. W. Holcombe, West Simsbury; C. H. Smith, Jr., Hartford; A. E. Hart, Hartford, and Geo. P. McLean, Simsbury.

Mr. Collins writes: "Since our organization in 1888 we have successfully prosecuted seventy game and fish law violators at an expense of nearly \$1,400. It costs about \$20 to convict a fish or game violator, or in other words, it costs our \$1 members about five cents for each conviction. If we were furnished evidence it would cost less." We bespeak for the association a cordial support by farmers and sportsmen. The movement is in the right direction. They have hold of the right end of the stick.

LOCKED ELK HORNS.—Mr. E. C. Sloan sends us an interesting photograph of two pairs of elk horns locked together. They were discovered by Capt. David Howard and his son in Pacific county, Wash., and were sold to a Milwaukee purchaser for \$200. The skeletons of the antlered foes were found where the horns were; as Mr. Sloan says, "There was no survival of the fittest here." It was found impossible to separate the two without breaking them.

STILL-HUNTING DEER WITH DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since contributing an item to your paper in regard to still-hunting deer with bird dogs my attention has been called by Mr. J. H. Mayne Campbell, of Toronto, to a very interesting article, by Sir Henry Pottinger, in the February last *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "An Island Deer Forest," Norway. It seems the writer of that article had no luck in "bagging" a deer and resolved to try an "elk dog," a hound, in still-hunting the red deer, and met with success. He labored under very great disadvantages in the use of that dog on that occasion, because the dog had to be handled in the leash by a servant. A dog which the sportsman is compelled to handle in that way in still-hunting deer is better than no dog.

I stated in a previous article that I have for several years been without a dog, yet for two seasons during that time a companion with whom I have hunted deer had a good blooded setter, yet the dog was not well broken for deer and had to be led, and would be continually testing the patience of his master by trying to pass the wrong side of a tree, or under a log when the convenience of his master required him to jump over, or by the chain becoming entangled in brush. A led bird dog, according to my experience, is far preferable to a led hound in still-hunting deer. The bird dog will allow himself, when his master becomes vexed at the pertinacity of his dog, in going where according to the judgment of his master he ought not to go, to be jerked bottom side upward, without whimpering, but the hound, according to my observation, will on every trifling chastisement, when led, cry out at the top of his voice.

Let the sportsman take his intelligent, well-broken bird dog with him once when still-hunting deer and he will never regret the experiment.

H. L.

AMONG THE WILDFOWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, under date of Sept. 24, mentions that there is "something wrong" with sketch No. 3 of the wildfowl series, entitled "Where Ignorance is Bliss." In a few words (with your permission) I propose to explain just what the sketch was intended to convey:

A duck hunter has set his rig on a sedgy point, and, after a survey of the waters adjacent thereto, seeing nothing either swimming or flying, he concludes (the day being perfectly calm) to take a snooze, hoping for a breeze later on. The sedgy grass stands straight, scarcely nodding, so still is the air. A catspaw gently plays among the decoys, 'tis just enough to make them head up, and with the catspaw ruffling the water, a wandering canvas-back takes the opportunity to breast it and investigate, while our friend is sleeping.

From the tone of Mr. Hough's letter I judge he is pleased with these sketches, and I trust that succeeding numbers will meet with commendation from one who is evidently a thorough sportsman, both legally and otherwise.

W. TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

A HOLLYWOOD INCIDENT.—The New York Times tells this little story of an incident at Hollywood Park, Long Branch: "Everything was conducted on a scale of splendor and magnificence that bewildered the native Jerseyman, who began to regard Mr. Hoey as a modern Monte Cristo, with an endless source of wealth. His ambition was to establish the most unique place of its kind in America, if not in the world, and money was not spared to carry out that ambition. Travelers from all parts of the country went to Long Branch to see Hollywood. The proprietor himself was generally seen on Saturday in a suit of the rustiest old clothes and a time-worn hat inspecting his possessions. A small fox-terrier was his faithful companion on these occasions. Very often he was mistaken for one of his own workmen. One morning he caught a sportsman shooting at quail in the woods in the rear of his residence. He pointed to a sign, 'No shooting or trespassing allowed,' and asked the gunner if he had seen it. 'Yes,' said the sportsman, 'but old John won't know the difference.' Hoey was dressed in his rusty suit. He walked up to the young man and said in an off-hand tone, 'That's a fine gun.' 'Yes, I paid \$220 for it. It is one of the latest. You see it is hammerless.' 'I never saw a hammerless gun,' said Mr. Hoey, innocently. The sportsman handed him the gun, with the remark, 'Look out, she's loaded!' 'So much the better,' said Hoey, stepping back and pointing it at the sportsman. 'It will cost \$25 more to get it from the Justice of the Peace. So old John won't know the difference, will he? Now git!' And he got."

A MEXICAN SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.—Mexico City, Oct. 2. —A meeting was held yesterday to arrange the preliminaries for the organization of a shooting club called the Chapala Shooting Club. The object of the club is to purchase grounds for shooting purposes adjacent to Lake Chapala on the Guadalajara branch of the Central Railway. The proprietary members are: R. S. Towne, New York; E. C. Brown, San Luis Potosi; E. W. Gould, Jr., E. H. Whorf, W. A. Frost, A. C. Michaelis, E. W. Jackson, Guillermo Landa y Escandon, Charles Sommer, Daniel Turner, W. H. Keller, Thomas Braniff, R. M. de Arozarena, Geo. D. Barron, E. Harris, H. C. Payne, Mexico; H. A. Vaughn, Guadalajara; S. W. Reynolds, Boston; H. C. Pierce, St. Louis; M. S. McCay, E. V. Sedgwick, San Luis Potosi. Other applications for membership are in hand which will soon be dealt with. Besides the 25 proprietary members, there will be 25 associate members elected. The necessary grounds will be secured forthwith and a club house erected thereon, and boats, etc., will be bought, a committee having already been appointed for the purpose. The lake and district of Chapala abound in game, and the members of the club will have excellent sport there. A hunt will be organized just as soon as the club house is erected. The principal game will be duck, snipe and geese.

LONG ISLAND DEER HUNTING.—The law permits deer hunting on Long Island for the first ten days of October, exclusive of Sundays, but this year hunting was kept up on both Sundays, the 4th and 11th. The number of deer killed can only be conjectured, but it approximated 75.

GAME PROTECTOR KIDD.—In summer and winter, fall and spring, says the Newburgh (N. Y.) *Journal*, Dr. Willett Kidd is a busy man. He conducts a dental business, and at the proper seasons indulges in ice-boating and fishing. Yet as fish and game protector he is industrious as well, all the year round. One of the official's latest victims, in contact with the inexorable game laws, is the young son of a well known and wealthy New York wholesale grocer. This young man has recently been obliged to pay the full fine imposed for a violation of the law in wantonly shooting pretty song birds. Another of Dr. Kidd's latest cases is that of a prominent official down in Rockland county. That gentleman has settled for an infraction of the law, in catching fish in a net in Orange county. He ought to have known better before the act; he certainly does now. New case No. 3 is that of Wm. Rhinehart, an Ulster county market man. He lives at Rutsonville, but is charged with having transported certain game birds out of season from Bruynswick. Both places are located out near the town of Shawangunk. Suit has been brought against Mr. Rhinehart in the Supreme Court for the recovery of penalties aggregating \$250.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—This week there was concluded an important deal in the way of a hunting and fishing preserve. [Some 10,000 acres of land, taking in eight miles of the Merimac River, located in Crawford county, has been purchased by a number of St. Louis gentlemen, among whom we note Judge T. R. Partis, James E. Blythe, D. Able, George Bain, W. W. Withnell, George Burnett and J. W. Bucl. The price paid for the property was \$50,000. It is proposed to spend \$50,000 more in making improvements, and a summer hotel is on the programme. The property is less than 100 miles from St. Louis, and contains an abundance of large game. The quail season has opened with many hunters out, who report an abundance of birds. One hunter reports to us having in one day come across three broods of quail too small yet to fly. It seems as if these young birds must be the result of a second hatching, but if not, the opening season should be Nov. 1 instead of Oct. 1.—ABERDEEN.

PULLED THE MUZZLE.—The Troy Times reports that a Castleton, Vt., boy went out Sunday to pick up walnuts that had fallen from the trees Saturday night, so as to prevent outside parties getting them. He took a shotgun. While picking the nuts he saw a gray squirrel in a tree. He reached for the gun, which he had laid across a fallen tree, and took hold of it by the muzzle. In lifting it the trigger caught on the tree and the gun was discharged. The charge of shot entered his left arm, near the wrist, and ploughed through clear to the elbow, tearing the arm almost to pieces and showing the arteries, muscles and bones. He made his way to his grandfather's house, and from there he was taken home, where the doctor attended.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

IX.

TOM, Tom, a nimrod's son
Sneaked his father's loaded gun;
Out in the field he found a hare,
"Old Betsy" she was fixed for bear,
She pecked his nose, she soiled his clothes,
But still he smiled for he got there.

AZTEC.

X.

A gun crank bought a gun,
For a while he thought it fun
To "target" the same,
Till his shoulder was lame,
And of shot he'd used a ton.

A shooter went out to shoot,
The targets went off with a scoot,
He "held on," "held ahead,"
Wasted plenty of lead,
And missed 'em all, the unlucky galoot.

WATERBURY, Vt.

EPIH AYE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

LEDGE FISHING FOR OUNANICHE.

TO say the ouinaniche is a landlocked salmon, writes Ripley Hitchcock in the *Christian Union*, would seem to relegate him to the rank of his brethren of Lake Sebago and Lake Sunapee and other peaceful waters—an honorable rank, yet inferior to his own. For the ouinaniche, while the naturalists may dismiss him as simply the *Salmo salar*, variety *sebago*, is the result of peculiar conditions. For him, more than most of us, life is a struggle. He lives in the rush and roar of torrents, and seeks his food where no weakling may venture unscathed. At the Main Chute of the Saguenay, where the vast volume of white water roars past Laurentian crags, and at the foot of cataracts on the Mistassini and Peribonca, the ouinaniche is at home. Naturally, he has become possessed of a body like vibrant steel, a tail of incredible size and power, and a dorsal fin which shows above the water as he feeds like a lateen sail. If in all this there lurks the sin of over-emphasis, it will be pardoned by those who know the joy of finding a fisherman's legend founded upon the eternal verities.

I leave to others the discussion of the migrations of the ouinaniche, his exact habits, and the possibilities of his extinction. My own introduction was under circumstances so adverse at first that I seemed on the point of repeating the familiar experience of those who gorge the bait offered to "sportsmen" by the hotel prospectus and railway advertisement. I had "oufitted" at Roberval on Lake St. John,

and, with my two half-breeds, a canoe, two tents, blankets, and a small mountain of supplies, I crossed the lake on an absurd little logging steamer, which finally stopped by the simple process of running aground on the sand-bars a mile off the mouth of the Mistassini. The birch-bark canoe was launched and loaded, and the men bent to their paddles in a heavy rain, which pursued us fitfully at dinner, at our night camp in the dripping forest, and at our waking. The men hung back. "Trop mouillée," was Philippe's constant plaint—my stalwart Philippe, with a face more ferocious than that of any Apache renegade whom I have ever seen in Arizona, and a voice like that of a homesick calf. It was simply one of the questions of will and discipline which are apt to be raised in "the bush," and by good men, too, merely to test a new employer and to determine the chances of an easy-going trip. But the issue was met and settled then and there, and late in the afternoon of the second day, despite rain and four long portages, we reached the magnificent fifth falls of the Mistassini and apparent failure. Not a single ouinaniche could be bribed to take my flies.

It is easy to console one's self with the familiar "it is not all of fishing to fish" when the fisherman stays his hand from mere satiety; but philosophy is more difficult for the empty-handed. It was true that the air of that northern solitude was a tonic, and the cataract itself worth the journey from New York. Yet philosophy and the natural man fought hard for the upper hand as I lay on my fragrant bed of fir boughs, listening to the patter of rain on the tent and the roar of the mighty waterfall close at hand. But in the morning, after more fruitless endeavor here and there among waves which tossed the canoe like the traditional cockle-shell, we landed on a sharply sloping ledge of Laurentian rocks. There I stood braced in a crevice above the water, but not out of reach of waves which leaped up from a troubled sea, and there in that angry flood, where fly-casting seemed a mockery, I found the ouinaniche. There was a sudden tug down under the surface, and at the answering strike a silvery body flashed four feet high in air, and I heard Louis's whoop and Philippe's shout, "C'est un gros, Monsieur, un gros!" "Un gros" the fish certainly seemed to be, as twenty-five yards of line were taken from the screaming reel in the first rush out into the rapids, were another leap was followed by a rush straight in, and then a fit of sulks. So the moments crept on, each second vibrant with suspense, while the gallant fish, now in water, now in air, fought with a courage and tenacity which I have never seen equaled by trout or black bass, nor by a grise in point of endurance, nor hardly, pound for pound, by a salmon. How long this battle royal lasted it would be hard to say. Philippe measured time by his pipe, and he smoked three. At last I was able to strain the ouinaniche toward the ledge where Philippe clung precariously, and in another instant the fish was in the net, Louis was gripping it through the meshes, and both men were scrambling like cats up the face of the rock to a safer place. There we administered the *coup de grace*, and I noted the shapely head, the clean-cut body, with the iridescent greenish gill-markings and dark spots on the silvery sides, and I marveled at the width of the powerful tail and the size of the dorsal fin. No sportsmen could ask finer game, and no gourmet could take exception to a fish whose flesh is more savory than the trout, and less cloying than the *Salmo salar*.

It was off this same Laurentian ledge that I fought and killed all my ouinaniche during those rare days. They were days of moving experiences with ouinaniche which seemed to spend all their time in air, with others which leaped up on the rock beside me, or fought their way far out into the rapids, or "bored" doggedly at the bottom, while the line vibrated as if at strokes of the powerful tail. And all this time I was at a place which would make the fortune of the summer landlord if it were, unhappily, accessible to "summer visitors," and not so far to the northward that even the outpost cabins of settlers are below, and the only human beings to the north are a few trappers and the Eskimos.

TROUT INJURIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I ask for information? While on my last outing in Maine I visited Blanchard Pond in the Dead River region, and there enjoyed one evening's fly-fishing such as I have never experienced before or expect to for some time to come. The trout averaged 14lbs. each, and took my silver doctor and brown-hackle viciously. I have caught speckled trout weighing over 4lbs., but never did any give me battle like these of Blanchard Pond. After supper, as we were admiring our gamy beauties, my guide called my attention to several ugly sores on the sides and backs of all my fish and asking me to explain their presence. I could not, and that is what I am about to lay before you. On turning to my diary I find that the pond is a pretty sheet of some five acres in extent, surrounded by heavily wooded hills and supplied by springs. The water is a clear coffee color and very cold. Along its border long-stemmed lilies grow and are its only vegetation. Curiously enough it has no visible outlet, yet this lake rarely rises or lowers its surface, as can be seen by its shores. The trout themselves were finely shaped, lithe and ferocious, very, very dark in color, with spots almost black, the upper jaw projecting and terminating in a slight hook similar to the salmon. They were apparently in good health except for the sores, and gills, which were very pale or faded. We did not eat these fish, fearing they had some blood disorder. Have you ever met with a similar case in your experience? and if so, please state plainly the circumstances, and thereby help to explain, to me, a very interesting case.

SEDLGE.

[Judging from the hooked jaws we believe that the injuries observed resulted from battles between the males approaching the breeding condition. It is to be noted, however, that leeches cause sores on certain fish, although we have not known this to occur with trout. Another very common cause of injury in the salmon family is the fish louse—a species of lernæan, which fastens itself to the sides, gills and mouth, and causes severe inflammation and ulceration. It has been supposed that the habit of going to sea was acquired through the desire of becoming free from these troublesome parasites.]

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Advt.

FISHING WITH TRAINED CORMORANTS

By CAPTAIN F. S. DUGMORE, R. N. R., Master of the Falconry Club 1878 to 1883.

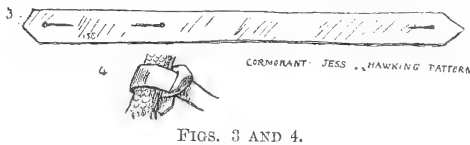
[Concluded from page 232.]

CHAP. VIII.—DAILY MANAGEMENT.

WHEN all your cormorants have been thoroughly trained, and have had say a week's constant practice with plenty of good luck, the wearing of the collar may be dropped except on fishing days, when it must be adjusted immediately after the morning mouthful.

If you keep them in a pen and there does not happen to be among the lot a spiteful bird, a born anarchist or agitator by nature, given to biting his fellows and to making things generally disagreeable all round, no substitute for the collar will be necessary. But if you have no convenient inclosure, or if you find any difficulty in keeping it clean—a paved yard should be slushed down every day—picket your birds by the legs on a grass plot, using leather "jesses" $\frac{1}{4}$ in. broad, somewhat similar to those worn by trained hawks and falcons.

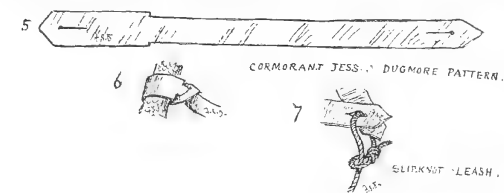
The hawking jess pure and simple (Figs. 3 and 4), ex-



FIGS. 3 AND 4.

cepting that it is cut straight, lightness being no object, is generally used; with a yard long cord, knotted or running-looped at one end, passing through a hole in each jess, in lieu of "leash" and swivel (Fig. 7). But it has one disadvantage; it cannot be quickly removed by gloved fingers.

Consequently I prefer an arrangement of my own (Figs. 5 and 6), the jess being used as a simple slip or running



FIGS. 5, 6 AND 7.

noose, with a stop consisting of a sudden break in the width of the leather to prevent its tightening close round the leg. This can be slipped off in a moment without any difficulty.

Keeping your cormorants thus tethered by the leg to loops on the picketing rope, a whole team of eight to twelve birds can be fed in five minutes instead of twenty, which would be required if collars were habitually worn.

To avoid destroying the grass, as well as for sanitary reasons, the picketing line should be shifted every day, or every alternate day at the very least. With regard to feeding, once a week before a day of perfect rest, the birds should have a "gorge" or full feed. On other days, when fully grown and trained, they should get about a half feed in the afternoon, in addition to a mouthful or so in the morning.

Over-feeding, especially while the bird is wet, may bring on indigestion; for the digestive organs of cormorants are by no means so strong as would be imagined, judging from their exuberantly healthy appetites.

Underfeeding and overwork, together with too much exposure to cold and wet, may bring on cramp of the lower limbs, almost always ending in hopeless paralysis. For indigestion, rhubarb and cayenne pepper or pepper corns, concealed in a morsel of food, are the best remedies. For cramp, cayenne, warm wraps and the kitchen fire.

Either malady, not attended to, will often prove fatal within twenty-four hours; neither need ever occur with reasonably careful management.

For laziness and torpor, thirty drops of the second homeopathic solution of nuxvomica on powdered white sugar, repeated for several days an hour before feeding (in the morning), may effect some improvement.

The best possible cure for a trained cormorant that appears to be seedy or out of sorts (of which drowsiness is the first unmistakable symptom) is a recourse to Dame Nature herself.

Turn the bird loose for a couple of days, without collar, into some small lake or pond containing more or less fish, and leave it to take care of itself.

When a sick bird is under treatment, the collar must invariably be removed, lest it should impede vomiting and cause apoplexy; as also at any time when a bird may be observed trying to throw up a "casting" of fish bones and indigestible skin.

After all the birds are perfect at their work, they should, as a general rule, be used in couples or in threes; both because emulation will prove a powerful incentive to exertion, and because they assist one another greatly under water, the hindmost bird often striking at and capturing a fish that has suddenly doubled back past his leading comrade. (Illustration 1.) They work together just like greyhounds at a coursing match.

Until quite perfect, it is better to work the team all together, so that backward birds may be stimulated by the example of their companions, until all shall have approximately attained a uniform standard of excellence.

To be capable of giving a good afternoon's sport, a working team of cormorants should not consist of less than six good birds, to be used in relays of two at a time, the remainder resting or drying themselves. A team of nine can be worked with great advantage in relays of three. To make quite sure, I prefer a minimum strength of eight; consequently, if nestlings are used, considering that any losses cannot be made good until next breeding season, not less than twelve birds should be procured and put in training. Once trained, any superfluous birds can be kept in reserve without trouble. They never forget their training to such an extent that it cannot be completely recalled in a couple of days.

In districts where wild birds can be readily caught at

any time, the total strength of the team may be fixed at six; their capacity for work is usually much ahead of nestlings.

While these numbers are recommended as placing their owner in a position to be certain of showing sport at any time without risk of failure, I do not wish to dishearten persons who may prefer to go in for the use of cormorants on a much smaller scale, or only as an aid—and a very material aid—to their housekeeping economies. In a favorable locality, a couple of wild-caught cormorants, while costing nothing for their own maintenance, will amply suffice to keep a large family thoroughly well supplied with fish, and that without occupying much of their master's time: given fairly well-stocked waters, of which there is assuredly no lack in America, the two birds will provide daily more fish than a dozen people can consume.

A couple of nestlings, if good ones, will do almost as much; but the smaller the number of nestlings that are put in training together, the less chance there is of any of them turning out exceptionally well. As before explained, each bird assists in the education of his fellows. So that it is well to train more than are required, afterward reducing the strength of the team by judicious drafting.

CHAP. IX.—THE PALANQUIN.

We now come to the means of conveyance to and from the fishing grounds that we intend working. If these are close to home, the trainer and his friends can carry a cormorant apiece on the left arm, the right hand retaining, as a rule, hold, or at least a light touch of the bird's head. This, not only as a precaution to save the carrier's face from possible damage, but to prevent the eager bird jumping off and hurrying prematurely to work directly the water is sighted.

If you have some distance to go by water, with a little assistance the birds may possibly be kept tolerably quiet in your boat. But if an overland journey of a mile or so, or perhaps a long drive, has to be performed, it is quite another matter, and you must have recourse to a cormorant palanquin. (See Fig. 8.)

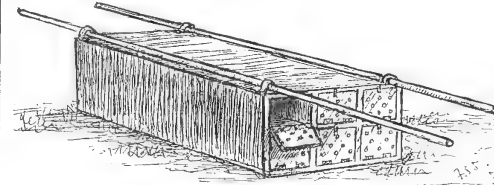


FIG. 8.

This is a rectangular box or hamper, 3ft. 6in. in length from 32 to 40in. in breadth, divided into either six or eight compartments running the entire length of the palanquin and closed at each end by flap doors opening downward. The compartments are in two tiers.

The object of the door at each end is to allow of the bird, which must have no room to turn round inside, being both put in and taken out headforemost; this is indispensable, to save the tail from being smashed. Loops are arranged on the four upper corners of the palanquin, for poles by which it is carried, and as a means of suspending it under the axles or buckboard of a wagon or buggy.

If the palanquin is made of wood, each of the doors must be pierced with several $\frac{1}{4}$ in. holes for ventilation. For the sake of lightness, strong basket-work is preferable to wood. My own cormorant palanquin is made of cane with a wooden floor to the upper tier.

Wood or basket-work, it must be thoroughly washed out immediately after being used.

The birds, each tempted in for the first time or two by a tiny morsel of fish at the further end of its own compartment, should not be kept in the palanquin longer than is necessary; but as soon as practicable after arrival at the scene of operations, should be tethered out by the collar to the picketing-rope, a shady spot being selected in summer, a sunny and breezy place in cold or damp weather.

CHAP. X.—L'ENVOI.

In conclusion, I would add a few words of encouragement to those of my readers who may be induced by what I have written to take up seriously one of the most charming, easy, and economical of outdoor amusements; one, moreover, with which it is in their power, if of unselfish disposition, to afford much pleasure to any number of friends and acquaintances, whom perhaps the hustle and bustle of business leaves without leisure to provide for themselves the active relaxation and unbending that, as a mental tonic, is so much more valuable than mere, dull, passive rest.

They may go ahead in the full confidence that the art is absolutely devoid of the element of uncertainty that attaches to almost all other outdoor sports, such as falconry, racing, gunning, angling or dog-breaking; in each of which, at best, occasional success, alternating with, and oftentimes spoiled by disappointment, can alone be reckoned on with anything like certainty.

The cormorant master is not dependent on a precisely proper amount of ripple on the water, or of flying clouds in the sky, without which the holiday so long anticipated by the fly-fisher may turn out a melancholy blank.

Given the fish, and given the trained cormorants, "a blank day is an impossibility."

A muddy state of the water, or too large an expanse of it, may deprive him of some of his pleasures, by concealing the beautiful evolutions and ingenious maneuvers of the birds, as with snake-like necks and prying eyes they rapidly explore every hole in the bank, the dark recess behind every clump of roots or group of boulders, while traveling up against the river's current; but he can still see each captured fish brought to the surface, adroitly pouched, landed, and obediently surrendered; while he enjoys the proud satisfaction of feeling and asserting man's "dominion over the fowls of the air," not by their wanton destruction, but by rendering their marvellous intelligence subservient to his own. It is sport, too, that can be taken up at one time and temporarily dropped at another, to suit the convenience of the moment; and that without loss.

Unlike hawks, cormorants, when once perfectly trained and well practiced, can be left idle for many months without any permanent deterioration whatever. After being shut up in a yard for a year, and their food hurriedly thrown to them, two or three days exercise will

make them as good as ever they were; though, of course, where their owner has a small isolated lake at his disposal, turning them loose thereon is a more satisfactory way of keeping the birds through a period of idleness.

It is quite possible to use cormorants all through their moult, while scarcely advisable to choose that season to recommence work with birds that have been long idle.

Then it is a great comfort to feel that the cormorants having no intrinsic value and being so easily replaced, an accident such as the loss of a bird or two is not a misfortune of any great consequence; so long as one good bird is left, recruits will almost train themselves; moreover, a disappointment about birds from the April breeding places in the South can always be remedied up to the end of June, or even July, by having recourse to the cliffs of the far North.

I believe nothing is required beyond the advent of some energetic propagandist who would add the performances of a good fishing team to the attractions of a camp-meeting of the American Canoe Club, to enlist so many disciples that ere long cormorant fishing shall become a national and popular recreation of the masses of the American Commonwealth; so to remain long after the present feverish multiplication and increasing perfection of implements of destruction shall have deprived the gunner of any game to shoot at excepting clay-pigeons, and shall have made field trials impracticable for the dog-breaker; unless indeed the same clay-pigeons rubbed over with red herring or aniseed, and sown promiscuously over the competition grounds, can be utilized to display the attainments of his pointers and setters.

The foregoing not very voluminous chapters do not, I think, constitute much of a tax upon the understanding or the memory of the tyro; and yet, as a very old cormorant fisher, I can safely affirm that they contain all the information than can possibly be required. No authoritative text-books on this art exist, so far as I know, in the English (or American) languages. A French pamphlet, written after perhaps half a dozen, days or less out with trained cormorants, by an ardent Parisian (literary) sportsman and old friend of my own, whose trainer was (previously) sent to me to be trained some seventeen years ago, is, I believe, out of print; as is also a chapter or appendix to an excellent work on falconry by another old friend of mine. Both are to me inaccessible at present, my library being thousands of miles away.

But an ounce of fact is proverbially worth a pound of theory; consequently the learner may follow the foregoing directions with the assurance that they do not contain one single word of compilation or imagination, but are drawn exclusively from my own personal experience; and that I do not ask him to do anything that I have not myself actually done.

Once more counselling him to go and do likewise—only more so—I now take my leave of him, with best wishes for the signal success that, he may take my word for it, is at his absolute command.

[The writer has consented to reply to any requests for further explanation that may be addressed to him (under cover to our office) by actual learners.]

MAINE WATERS.

THE Maine trout season closed exceedingly dull. The number of trout taken in Maine waters was probably smaller during the late August and all of September than for many years. Low water was doubtless greater the cause of this ill-success to the rod and reel fisherman than any other. No rain in the Maine woods during the summer and none in September rendered the streams and lakes remarkably low. Such conditions are not favorable to trout fishing, especially when accompanied by weather abnormally hot. Indeed the latter days of September and the first days of October were hotter in the Maine woods than was the average for the same number of days in July. Trout fishing was at a low ebb. Not even the evenings and mornings were crisp and cool as usual in the late September, conditions which bring the trout up to the fly at that time of the year. No active rising to the fly is reported from any of the Maine waters this fall. This dry weather and remarkably low water may also be productive of other results not favorable to the fish, as well as the ruining of the fall trout fishing this year. The trout have begun to seek the spawning grounds as usual. But these spawning grounds are not found where they should be. On the contrary, the water has far receded from them and they are only plats of dry gravel, in some instances, many rods from water sufficient for the trout to breed in. Richardson Lake, one of the Rangeleys noted for its noble trout, was on Oct. 1 fully 18ft. below high water mark, and 14ft. lower than it has been for the past 4 or 5 years at the commencement of the season when the trout usually seek the spawning grounds. The other lakes of the Rangeley chain are nearly as badly off, as indeed are all of the many trout lakes in Maine that are used for the storage of water for the turning of mills below. What is the result of this low water thus far? The trout are on new spawning beds further down the mouths of the streams they have usually ascended to spawn. Giant trout might be seen on these beds on the last days of September. Considerable fly-casting was done over them by excited sportsmen. But they did not rise to any considerable extent. Mr. C. H. Johnson, of the Camp Stewart party, took one on a mongrel fly, partly silver-doctor and partly something else. The fish weighed 6lbs.; a male, with all the usual autumn markings of dark vermillion sides and greatly hooked under jaw. Had the fish been plump, as in the spring time, it would have weighed at least 7lbs. There was nothing in the cavities of the body. The fish had evidently eaten nothing for weeks.

What is to be the result of this low water at the beginning of the spawning season? Later, and before the spawning season is over, the new spawning beds will be under many feet of dark and probably roily waters. The fall rains will doubtless bring up the lakes and streams to the usual pitch. The little trout, if hatched under such conditions, will be in the very teeth of all the enemies that nature has taught the parent trout to seek to avoid for their progeny, by ascending the streams as far as possible to spawn. It does not look as though the trout breeding season of 1891 could be much of a success in most of the Maine waters, and the possibilities of artificial stocking are brought more forcibly to mind than ever.

SPECIAL.

THE HEMLOCK LAKE BASS.

HEMLOCK LAKE, N. Y., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In *FOREST AND STREAM* of Sept. 24 is an article, "Black Bass in Hemlock Lake," which is correct so far as it tells the tale of stocking the lake with bass in 1859. But credit is given to the Lima Club entirely, whereas the movement originated in Springwater with twenty-two subscribers to the paper; then it was sent to the late H. J. Wood, of Lima, who obtained twenty-nine more subscriptions at Lima and Livonia. The original paper lies before me; I have kept it as a memento, my brother, Geo. A. Pierce, keeping the contract as a memento. These bass were the large-mouth or Oswego bass and never became plenty.

The black bass we now get are the small-mouth. They were put in the lake in January, 1871, together with rock bass and wall-eyed pike, by Geo. A. Pierce, N. A. Kellogg, myself and two or three others. I went to Rochester and obtained them of Seth Green.

We had fine bass fishing until two years ago. For two years the poachers have speared them on their beds while they were taking care of their young, thus destroying thousands at a blow; and the hotel keepers, rim leaders in it, then ask their patrons to come and fish in the summer, and wonder fish are scarce.

Last May and June I could see almost any night from my cottage from one to five lights spearing bass. Result: the bass fishing ruined.

The trout fishing is also ruined by set lines and gill nets; but few are now caught, though for twenty years nearly every winter N. A. Kellogg and myself have procured trout fry from Mumford in behalf of Springwater and Dansville subscribers, and stocked the lake. Mr. L. A. Pratt, of Rochester, and Lima and Livonia parties have also put some in. Three years in succession we put in whitefish; a few have been caught by gill-nets. Pickerel and perch were placed in the lake in December, 1883, by A. Southworth, H. S. Tyler, S. G. Grover and others of Springwater. A disease used up the perch a few years since, and they are now seldom caught. Fly-fishing for perch at one time was great sport.

The above is a correct account of the stocking of Hemlock Lake, one of the finest lakes in the State, its clear, deep waters producing the finest quality of fish. It is quite a summer resort; on its shores are about 130 cottages and four hotels. It is seven miles long, one-half mile wide, and about 100ft. deep. Abrupt hills, over 1,000ft. high, rise each side, covered with a forest on the steep sides. Just now the trees are putting on their autumn tints. In the summer there are on the lake numerous steamers, yachts and rowboats, making a lively picture. Alas! the fishing is ruined by the poachers, and that includes many who own cottages, as well as some of the landlords. W. H. PIERCE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—Mr. Frank Lawrence had on exhibition yesterday at Spalding's a magnificent mascalonge lately taken by himself at Tomahawk Lake, Wis. The fish was reported to weigh 32½ lbs., and was a beauty in every way, as shapely as a salmon.

I suppose the worst fish liar and best tackle salesman on earth is Mr. A. Hirth, of Spalding's house here, better known as Papa, or Paw, or old man Hirth. Mr. Hirth could doubtless stop a clock, but he could not stop a street car. Attempting the latter, he sprained his knee, and has had a great deal of trouble with the injury since then. I do not think his conscience can be sprained.

Our friends should by this time be pretty well acquainted with the Mak-saw-ba notables, Messrs. J. P. Card and Billy Mussey, and so I know I shall be forgiven for my regular weekly Mak-saw-ba bass item. This week it is hardly less than wonderful. There were brought into Mak-saw-ba Club house last Saturday 75 bass, nearly all small mouths. Of these Mr. Card had 21, of which 16 were small-mouths, a total weight of over 50 lbs. Mr. Mussey had 15 and Messrs. Holden, Harris, Organ and Kinney also had fine strings. Mr. Kinney took what is thought to be the largest bass ever brought into the club house, a big-mouth that weighed 6½ lbs. Billy Mussey also caught a dogfish that weighed 14 lbs. The quantity of fish being taken out of that narrow, deep stream in Mak-saw-ba marsh is something fairly startling.

The Kankakee Association has a Committee on Protection. It is time this committee should do something. It should delegate a man to visit Mr. Dennis, the State Fish Commissioner of Indiana. It should further take action in getting a warden for that part of the river which lies in Illinois, as all below Mokena does. It seems that an evil exists of which little knowledge has existed, here at least, and that is winter netting. I append a letter from Mr. George Kamper, president of the Vermilion County Association, whom Dr. Bartlett reports as one of the best wardens he has in the State. The latter was written to Dr. Bartlett, and by him referred to President Cole, of the Kankakee Association, from whom I obtained it. It reads as follows:

DANVILLE, Sept. 23.—*Mr. S. P. Bartlett*—DEAR SIR: I have just returned from a three days' fishing trip in the Kankakee River at Mokena, and you can readily believe that I did not fail to inquire into the matter of illegal fishing in that vicinity. I found that during the cold weather there is a great deal of fishing with gill nets, trammel nets, hoop nets and spears, and that perhaps hundreds of tons of game fish (bass, pike, wall-eyes, croppies, goggle-eyes, etc.) are destroyed annually by those methods within ten miles each way of Mokena. I know of course that the Kankakee River Association, which is composed principally of Chicago sportsmen, intend to enforce the law, but have made a wrong start.

I know a young man there named Chas. Helmhaugh, who is a true sportsman and a genuine enthusiast in fish and game protection, who would be the right man in the right place. He lives a mile above Mokena and knows every violator up the river for ten miles. Charlie is enthusiastic enough in the cause of fish protection to have gotten from me a promise that I would come up there any time he might call for me, although that would be considerable of a sacrifice for me to make. The distance from Danville to Mokena is 75 miles, and although trains run it in about two hours the fare of \$4.00 per trip, coupled with other small necessary expenses, causes me to have absolutely no desire to make trips of that kind. I give my time and labor cheerfully, but can hardly afford to give in addition a considerable amount of money for the good of the cause and to principally benefit others.

If the Kankakee Association would make arrangements with Chas. Helmhaugh, they might succeed in stopping the illegal slaughter of game fish, which is being carried on every winter near Mokena.

I am not acquainted with any members of the Kankakee Association and have for that reason applied to you in the hope that you may be able to do something in the matter, feeling that you will be confident that my sole desire is for the good of the cause, trying simply to devise the best possible means for accomplishing the desired end.

Hoping to hear from you in this matter I remain yours, respectfully,
GEO. KAMPER.

The above is very good testimony for Mr. Helmhaugh, and it is very good food for thought for that hibernating committee.

Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the Kankakee Association, and myself expect to run down the Kankakee and look at the fishways next week, thence going down the Illinois River to Peoria, where the State boat Lotus is at present lying, and meeting there Dr. Bartlett and all the jovial crew of that sturdy little steamer for a further trip down the Illinois. Properly made, this would be a pleasant and useful trip, though hurry will spoil much of it for us. The Kankakee is very low, and it is said a row-boat cannot float in one unbroken stretch over 12 miles.
E. HOUGH.

ABUNDANCE OF SALMON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there any foundation for the following story clipped from the *Two Republics* of Mexico City? "This is a great year for big crops. Now it is the salmon crop that exceeds anything in the history of the United States. Puget Sound is reported to be so filled with salmon, making their annual run to the sound shores and the fresh water streams for feeding and spawning, that the steamboats seem to be floating on a solid mass of fish. The paddles kill hundreds of them, and are choked with their bodies. The sound steamer captains describe the run as an unbroken string of salmon thirty miles long, and the water for that distance being fairly alive with them. Neither the oldest inhabitants nor the aged Indians remember such a big salmon run. The result of the enormous run is a big reduction in prices. Usually good salmon sell for 10 to 25 cents apiece, but now at 1 cent each the market is glutted with the finest quality of fish. At Port Williams, a few days ago, two casts of a seine netted over 3,000 fine salmon. Everybody is fishing."—*AZTEC.* [It is true that Pacific salmon have been unusually plentiful during the past summer, prices to fishermen have been uncommonly low, and serious troubles have been caused by the surfeit of fish. The runs of salmon are in direct relation to the amount of rainfall, drought being followed by a scarcity of ascending fish and freshets by increase in the number and size of the incoming schools. Concerning the Alaskan yield Mr. Franklin Booth writes us: "Big catches are reported from Chignik Bay and Bristol Bay this year. Karluk has fallen off from its 1889 record, but still is a good fishing ground." The bays mentioned are on the east and west sides of Alaska Peninsula. Karluk is on the west side of Kadiak Island. The decline here is ascribed chiefly to injurious methods of fishing, but was influenced also by the withdrawal of most of the men in the height of the season. The rivers of southeastern Alaska were unusually full of salmon.]

ALBANY ANGLERS.—Mr. H. S. Ball writes in the *Albany Union*: "The season for fresh-water fishing has about closed. To be sure, there will be many days when lines will be cast after bass and pickerel, but the average angler puts away his tackle long before November sets in. From this time on but little fishing will be done; a few enthusiasts will keep up the hunt, and even when winter comes and the waters are ice-bound, they will be found angling through the ice, a very enjoyable pastime when properly followed. In the vicinity of Albany the season has been only fairly successful. Large catches have been few and far between, while the average weight has been lighter than usual. In the waters some distance away, the usual good reports have reached us. The St. Lawrence, Lake George and Lake Champlain have furnished better records than any time during the past ten years. The Adirondack region, outside of club preserves, is in a woeful state of depletion. Anglers should always look forward to the next season; if the results of the year have been bad, they can be made better. How? By coming right down to easest work, enlisting the services of our fellow anglers, in seeing that the streams and lakes are restocked, and most important of all, seeing that during the closed season these waters are protected from the ravages of the fish hog and fish thief. There is a great deal the angler can do from now on to better the possibilities of next season. He can well afford to put in both his time and money, for the next season will soon roll around again, when by augmented scores and better sport he will be paid for all he has done."

THE ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER continue to display their old-time activity in protecting the St. Lawrence River from netters. A few days since Protector Northrup with assistants made an inspection of the upper portion of the river, and in the vicinity of Fox Island, where several nets had previously been taken, he found and captured 10 large hoop nets, which were burned the same evening at Alexandria Bay. Protector Northrup seems to be a thorough and efficient officer and is continually on the scent for law breakers. Since his appointment on July 14 he has captured 16 trap, 10 hoop and 3 gill nets, besides a number of night lines. It is to be hoped that at an early day the Canadian authorities will see the wisdom of protecting their side of the river as efficiently as the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River do the American waters.

RED DRUM OR CHANNEL BASS.—New York, Oct. 5.—While chumming for bluefish last week with Mr. John G. Prague, he landed a reddish fish, weight 38 lbs., length 4ft. The fish was sent to New York, and quite a dispute arose as to its proper name. The fish had a head like a cod, red back, silver belly and three black spots on each side of its tail. What name is the fish known by in these waters?—P. H. MORRIS. [About New York the fish is called red drum. See plate 125, Fisheries Industries, U. S., where it is styled redfish or bass of the South. Sometimes only one black spot is present on the tail and occasionally several are seen.]

BIG CATCHES.—I was glad to see the article of "O. O. S." in your issue of Sept. 3 in regard to "big catches." When I remember the many good fishing waters I knew 10 and 20 years ago—when I remember the bushels of fish I have seen caught and left to rot upon the shore—and the strings of mother bass caught off the spawning beds, when I realize the fact that to-day those fishing grounds are practically barren and worthless, then my gorge rises, and I should like to see the perpetrators of these outrages "beaten with many stripes."—H. P. U.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—The Big Piney River has become a great favorite for bass fishing, and many fine strings have been taken this fall. Spring Lake, in Illinois, is also furnishing fine sport and big bass. We are informed that seining and dynamiting fish has been carried on all summer in the Merrimac River. What is the Missouri law for, and what have the State Fish Commissioners done to prevent this illegal destruction of fish? The Merrimac River is one of the finest streams in Missouri, and should be full of game fish. Now it is given over to gar pike and catfish.—*ABERDEEN.*

A STRANDED WHALE measuring 75ft. in length and with flukes 15ft. across was cast up on the beach at Ocean City, Md., on Friday last. Hundreds of people have been attracted to the place by the dead monster. A telegram was sent to the National Museum reporting the stranding, and the curator of mammals, Mr. True, went to see the animal in the interest of the Government collection.

OCTOBER BLACK BASS FISHING has improved in the Potomac since the recent rains. A fishing party at Great Falls, D. C., last week took seventy-five bass, among them some 8½-pounders. At Waverton, near Harper's Ferry, and for some distance down the river, fishermen are having excellent sport. Reports from the Shenandoah also are very gratifying.—*B.*

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$2. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 20 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. E. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston. Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nainital, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y. 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 20.—American Coursing Club's Meeting, at Great Bend, Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—International Coursing Club's Meeting, at Merced, Cal.

BEAUFORT RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Champion Beaufort returned to England Monday last on the steamer Taurin. He will arrive in time for the Crystal Palace show on the 27th. Beaufort was in the most perfect health and show condition. His visit to America has improved the dog, if such a thing was possible, and to see him running and playing in the fields with the young ones he has sired he seems as much of a puppy as any of them, and from a distance he can hardly be distinguished from the others. It is to be hoped Mr. Taunton will enter him for competition with England's best that have appeared in his absence, just to prove that he is still the best mastiff living, and the greatest show dog, as he always has been. That he is the greatest stud mastiff remains unquestioned. Mastiff breeders in allowing him to return made the greatest mistake. They prefer to import his get at big prices to use as show and stud dogs, as they always have done when they wanted a sure winner. But he has left some here that we can be proud of. It remains to be seen how they will be used. If American breeders were judges like the English breeders, there would be some hopes for the mastiff here in the future. If they used the same understanding and judgment that the breeders of trotters or of the great milking strains of Jersey or Holsteins, we would not have to go across the water to buy correct ones. If such a dog as Beaufort is and always has been is "guessed at," not judged, the breeders know it. They do not then breed to a dog simply because he has won prizes, but with the object in view of improving their type. The universal request to have champion Beaufort returned there for stud purposes clearly proves they have bred nothing his equal. J. L. WINCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, VT.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.—Franklin Park, Mass., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We would respectfully announce to the beagle men of America that Frank Forest will not run in the field trials this year (1891), as, in the interest of the National Beagle Club, we desire that dogs other than the winners of last year should make a record this year.—*FOREST BEAGLE KENNELS.*

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

ANOTHER pleasant little reunion of Connecticut fanciers took place at this pretty town last week. The show properly opened on Wednesday, Oct. 7, and closed on Saturday evening. There is always a charm about the Danbury Fair show. In the first place there is a delicious sense of freedom from the trammels of red tapism so often encountered at these shows. The managers are obliging, courteous and hospitable, and if the exhibitor does not win a prize it is from no fault of these good people, as the judge must be blessed with considerable firmness of character to withstand their urgent appeals to not withhold this and that prize. "Oh! give them something, come a long way, perhaps, and you know it costs money." Something like this was whispered in my ears repeatedly. Still, it was a pleasant little show, not so many well-known faces there perhaps as last year, not yet so many dogs, but still on the whole quite a fair show. Frank Dole was there and winked the other eye as he told me of his varied experiences among the dog men of England during his summer trip. He had a good string along with him as usual, and after the prizes were awarded he was busy trying to find out how much he had won, as part of the entrance fee, five-eighths of one dollar, was returned to the winner. As there were no catalogues printed it made it difficult to find out who was in it, so to speak.

Dr. Haire, Louis Contoit, W. H. Hyland and other fanciers were present. Mr. Geo. E. Sears worked hard to keep everything going smoothly, ably aided by Mr. Reed, who worked like a Trojan to get the dogs into the ring. The quality on the whole was about on a par with last year, but until this show is held under the wing of the A. K. C., and wins will count, they cannot hope to get the entry they should have so near to New York. This very likely will be arranged for next year, when we shall expect to see a well-organized exhibition. This year the long list of Canadian shows also had a deterring effect on the handlers who had expected to be present. As there were no catalogues, the awards were taken from the secretary's books.

MASTIFFS.

There were no challenge classes in any breed. In the dog class of the above breed three put in an appearance, but neither of them would entice the heart of a connoisseur of the breed. Scipio, getting an old dog now, added another win to his list; never a good dog, he still had better type and a head nearer the standard than Grover, who is long in head and none too good in forelegs and feet, he, however, is deeper in muzzle, better in forelegs and much better in body than Kaiser William, who this time had to be content with vhc. In bitches, Ethel beats Medusa in body, forelegs very much, and skull, although she was shown in whelp and as much too fat as the other was too thin. Puppy prizes were withheld, the only representative would have made a fair greyhound.

ST. BERNARDS.

Three entries. The winner and only one present in dog class was Le Roi, a well bred dog, but whose head was the best part of him. Coat stary, and he might be better on his pins. The bitch class produced two runts, snipy and far from high class. First was withheld, and the judge, unable to tell which was the worst, gave them equal second at the earnest request of the manager.

GREYHOUNDS.

Mrs. Adam Forepaugh showed a fairish one in the dog class in Clyto, who beats Fido in head, neck and fore and hindlegs. Something better appeared in the bitch class with Spinaway to lead off, she beating Topsey in head, shoulders and hind parts. Dr. Knox showed a very fair pup in Nellie, which took the prize in its class.

GREAT DANES.

With the dogs from the High Ground Kennels on hand there was, of course, a good show of this breed. The well-known winner Pascha beating his kennel mate Nero in head, cleanness of neck and body. Tigi, vhc., a savage one, had to be judged in his stall. He was a fairish dog, peculiar in color, a sort of liver harlequin, with drop ears. In bitches Flora Florida, not improving with age, scored over Lucy in head, body and general quality. Queen, a harlequin, getting vhc. She loses in head considerably to the others, being snipy. In Newfoundlanders no self-respecting judge could give any prizes to the brutes shown, although urgently requested and told "it was only Danbury," at which show the opinion seems to prevail that everything goes.

DEERHOUNDS.

This breed showed up well, thanks to Mr. Davison's kennel, his dog Brave scoring well over Douglas in bone, head, ribs and loin. Two eight-months-old puppies were shown in the bitch class, but their names I could not ascertain, the winner beating in ribs, bone and head. These two also took the puppy prizes.

FOXHOUNDS.

Nothing like the entry of last year. Frank, the only one shown, but for his forelegs, which seem to run every way but the straight one, is a very fair hound; so is Bess in the bitch class, a hound more on the American type than the other, stands true in front but was shown in whelp.

POINTERS.

This breed did not show up so well as last year, Dash being the only entry in dogs; he is not a bad pointer, might be better in forelegs and carries his tail high. Bessie was the only one of her sex; she is a bit wide in front, snipy muzzled and also carries her stern too gayly. The puppy shown is snipy, light in bone and was very shy.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Better classes in this breed than any other in the show, about ten being entered and nearly all present. An old field trial friend in Reverdy, now owned by Mr. Bossa, had a sharp tussle with a dog called Rockford, that Frank Dole handled, Reverdy beating slightly in head, ribs and loin. Rockford is a more stylish dog and shows lots of quality, very like old Plantagenet in head, neck and back. Canadian Locksley, although a nicely formed one, has some weakness in hind parts; he, however, beats the young Sir Edward, vhc., in head and front considerably, who in turn beats Count Robert in front and condition, the latter being very thin and out of coat. Planet, bc., is a bit lengthy, but head and front fairly good; the others given c. had faults in head and forelegs principally. Bitches had the winner in Belle, who, though a little short in head, has a nicely formed body and good, straight forelegs, of course more matured than Dr. Haire's promising puppy Nancy, who beats her kennel mate, Lady Likely, in head, bone, rib and loin. Both show a good deal of quality, and are of the type of the well-known Albert's Nellie, who was bred by the same kennel. In puppies the Wild Crow Kennels showed two neat youngsters in Clip and Sterling, the former being a better mover and better in front and body. In bitch puppies this kennel showed a beautiful headed pup in Lorne Lock, and which is also nicely formed otherwise. I could not separate her from Nancy, and I gave them equal first, Lady Likely coming next.

IRISH SETTERS.

Entries small in numbers, but of good quality, Contoit's Shammore being alone in dogs. He is well known from being on the spring circuit. In bitches that nicely formed one, Bessie Glencho, from the same kennel, in good shape, won easily over Sport in color, head, body and general quality. A promising litter of very young puppies was shown in the puppy class.

GORDON SETTERS.

Not a bad lot for a small show like this. Dickmont, a son

of Beaumont, won easily over Nip, who loses in head, markings, bone and coat. Dan, vhc., is too curly-coated. In bitches a pretty little short-headed, but nicely formed bitch in Montine won easily over Feathers, who showed very little tan.

COLLIES.

These classes showed a great falling off from last year's entry. No doubt the entry fee of \$1 instead of free admission had something to do with it. In the dog class only two were brought out, and these were poor ones, one especially so, was pig-jawed and inclined to be prick-eared; and I mortally offended some one by not giving it first, because, forsooth, it had a pedigree "as long as your arm." Old George Helliwell's celebrated reply occurred to me at once—"Next time you enter the dog bring the pedigree and leave the dog at home." The winner was nothing to go into ecstasies over either, as he had a habit of scratching the back of his head with his tail, besides standing wide in front, and with ears that would do credit to an Airedale. Then another weedy looking black and tan one turned up in the bitch class, so first was withheld and a second given. Puppy entries were absent.

SPANIELS.

In the field division two fairish specimens came into the ring. It was a close thing between the Sussex Fidele and the black one, Jet, the former just getting it by a straighter front and better ribs and carriage of stern. In cockers Sanford's Prince Obo is quite a nice red, good height from the ground, straight in front and good type of head; he simply smothered the other two leggy, weedy-looking specimens, one shown with his tail in all its undocked glory. Sambo, a black and white, took second. Some nice little black pups were shown.

BEAGLES.

In the dog class Mr. Scufate's dog, name not given, was awarded the prize; it is a coarse dog, but well shaped, looking a workman all over. Mrs. Knox's Minnie Ginks, a typical looking little backwoods rabbit dog, is too lightly built and sulpy to deserve more than a second, if that, and first was withheld. Minnie's accomplishments, however, lead her to take a backward view of life, for she is an adept double somersault performer.

BULLDOGS.

With the well known champion Harper on hand there may be said to have been plenty of quality in the dog class, he being the only entry. The old dog is improving with age and is even better at elbows than he used to be; he was in nice shape, too. A new one of Frank Dole's, Countess of Norfolk, a bit flat-faced, but well out in front, was the only representative in the bitch class.

BULL-TERRIERS.

The quality class of the show, comparatively speaking. In dogs Topsparkle beats Placid Jim in eye, body and tail; Davison's dog, vhc., is short and chunky in head, but beats either of the other two in front, both being a bit out there. Mr. Dole again claimed all the money in the next class with the well-known Starlight, looking as fat as a mole, and White Matchless, whom the former had no difficulty in disposing of. A fairish pup in Edgewood Princess brought up the rear of the bull-terrier classes.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Not as good a show as last year. Woodale Rifler won hands down, and was the only terrier with pretensions to form in the class. Beauty, winning second, is little if anything better than Rabbi, vhc., both too coarse, cloddy, wide in skull and front. In bitches, Fussie, a little heavy, but not a bad terrier by any means, bit short of coat and coarse in shoulders and head, was the only recipient of honors, taking first, other prize withheld. In puppies two poor ones were shown, and in looking them over afterward, positions I found might well have been reversed, for the winner, Randy Stanley, is very much out in front and bad in ears, though Flirt is short in head and too coarse throughout, but truer on its pins.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

A consignment from the Rochelle Kennels lived things up a little in the terriers. The average Connecticut fancier of this breed has a very old-fashioned idea of what constitutes a black and tan, and consequently the above kennel had everything its own way. In dogs, Rochelle Salts—quite the doctor's dog—was the only one in it, and he is nothing to enthuse over, though not matured yet, just in the hobbled-hoy state; second prize was withheld from a dog showing no tan, whose owner said it was wrongly entered, "should have been in the black terrier class." The well-known Broomfield Madge, light in tan and spoilt in cropping, took the prize in the ladies' division; second withheld, and he given to Nan, more of a big toy than anything else. Rochelle Otero was practically alone in puppies, beating Daisy in head, tan and type. Dot and Tot are two promising little apple-headed toys.

The remaining classes having only one entry in each, it is no use allotting separate space to them in this report. In Yorkshire terriers Gip was not bad in color, but leggy, big head, short of coat. Irish terriers were represented by Biddy Mahone, one of those shown last year, a well made terrier but plain-faced. Dachshunde were well represented by Windrush Rieter, fresh from Canadiana victories. He seems now to be losing that suspicion of weakness in hind-legs. Friday, Frank Dole's "South African" poodle, was alone in his class—he needs a shave badly. Dandie Dinmonts were well represented by King o' the Heather, the noted English winner. He looks ragged in coat and needs attention there. King Charles entries were absent; but one Blenheim, Pearl, was on hand; it was of that breed and that is the best I can say of it, too long-faced, short in ear and out of coat. Dalmatians, Doyle's Cate is not a bad shaped dog, but spots run in too much; they should be distinct. Princess, entered as a Scotch terrier, was changed to the Skye division, possesses a good coat and length, fair head and drop ears. Second was given to a so-called retriever, Jack, too open in coat and bushy in tail; first withheld. Pug prizes were withheld, as the only specimen would make a good small mastiff pup. Some fair little six weeks old puppies were entered and money prizes distributed among them. In toy terriers first was withheld, for with all the scope this class gives to the judge, he could do no better than second for the black Dixie. Mr. Mead showed a nice little Chihuahua, or what looked like one, and another of Mr. Mead's, Leo, supposed to be an Irish water spaniel, but looked more like a liver and white setter, brought up the rear guard of the show in the miscellaneous class, except a Siberian terrier that could not be found.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, G. B. Hefton's Scipie; 2d, Jos. Atchinson's Grover. Very high com., George E. Sears's Kaiser William. Bitches: 1st, Miss L. Lyne's Ethel; 2d, G. B. Hefton's Medusa. Puppies: Prizes withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. B. Houseman's Le Roi; others absent. Bitches: 1st withheld; equal 2d, Arthur Ritter's Ravenswood Juro and Margareta.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Adam Forepaugh's Clyto; 2d, E. Atkins's Fido. Bitches: 1st, L. C. Whitton's Spinaway; 2d, Jos. E. Ellis's Topsey. Puppies: 1st, Dr. Knox's Nellie.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, High Ground Kennels' Pascha and Nero. Very high com., John Henderson's Tigi. Bitches: 1st and 2d, High Ground Kennels' Flora Florida and Lucy. Very high com., Everett Rice's Queen.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Prizes withheld.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, G. Howard Davison's Brave; 2d, D. L. Billings's Douglas. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Davison's — and —. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Davison's — and —.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Tolman H. Bradley's Frank. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Colepaugh's Bess.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Forsythe's Dash. Bitches: 1st, P. E. Roberts's Bessie Girl. Puppies: 1st, Gilbert Orres's Gilbert Orres.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, V. L. Bos's Reverdy; 2d, Frank F. Dole's (agent) Rockford. Reserve, Wild Crow Kennels' Canadian Locksley. Very high com., C. H. Brech's Tim and Dr. Jas. F. Haire's Sir Edward. High com., Louis Contoit's Count Robert and J. Pierce's Planet. Com., Joe Thomas's Jop and J. Pierce's Sng. Bitches: 1st, J. Pierce's Belle; 2d and very high com., Dr. Jas. E. Haire's Nancy and Lady Likely. PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Wild Crow Kennels' Clip and Sterling. Bitches: Equal 1st, Dr. Jas. E. Haire's Nancy and Wild Crow Kennels' Lorne Lock; 2d, Dr. Jas. E. Haire's Lady Likely.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Louis Contoit's Shammore. Bitches: 1st, Louis Contoit's Bessie Glencho; 2d, G. W. Mead's Sport. Puppies: G. W. Mead's litter, no names.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Smith Bros.' Dickmont; 2d, Augusta Hull's Nip. Very high com., Mrs. Tolman H. Bradley's Dan. Bitches: 1st, Smith Bros.' Montine; 2d, B. E. Roberts's Feathers.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Perkins's Fordbrook Star; 2d, Mrs. David Hull's Lethian Prince. Others absent. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, M. H. Crandall's Flirt. Puppies: Absent.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Miss Lynes's Fidele; 2d, H. F. Brownlocks's Jet.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, L. C. Sanford's Prince Obo; 2d, G. W. Mead's Sambo. Bitches: 1st, L. A. Lory's Fidele. Puppies: 1st, Dr. Brownlee's Dixie; 2d, L. A. Long's Daisie. Very high com., E. R. Rickett's Pippin.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, Scufate, Jr.'s dog. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, Dr. Knox's Minnie Ginks.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Frank F. Dole's champion Harper. Bitches: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Countess of Norfolk.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Frank F. Dole's Topsparkle and Placid Jim. Very high com., Howard Davis's Bendigo dog. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Frank F. Dole's champion Starlight and White Matchless. Puppies: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Edgewood Princess. Others absent.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, A. L. Spencer's Woodale Rifler; 2d, W. Storme's Beauty. Very high com., W. H. Hayward's Rabbi. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Hayward's Fussie; 2d withheld. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. E. M. Baldwin's Randy Stanley; 2d, W. Mead's Flirt. Others absent.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Salts; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Madge; 2d, withheld. High com., S. W. Bradley's Nan. Puppies: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Otero; 2d, Jos. Charter's Daisy. Com., S. W. Bradley's Dot and Tot.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, T. V. Jones's Gip.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, F. F. Dole's Biddy Mahone.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Mr. Manice's Windrush Rieter.

POODLES.—1st, F. F. Dole's Friday.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, E. C. Brooks's King o' the Heather.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Entries absent.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, C. E. Knott's Pearl.

DALMATIANS.—1st, John Doyle's Cate.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, John Norris's Prince.

ENGLISH RETRIEVERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, E. G. Thompson's Jack.

PUGS.—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Puppies: Prizes awarded to three in a litter.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, L. Poschsher's Dixie.

OTHER THAN BLACK AND TAN.—1st, W. W. Mead's Nellie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, S. S. Mead's Leo (water spaniel?).

THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the time is now near at hand for the second annual field trials of the National Beagle Club, I will, with your kind permission, endeavor to make clear to your many readers just what this live club has already accomplished and what it proposes to do in the future. I will then leave it to the intelligent breeders and owners of beagles in America whether or not it deserves their influence and support at the trials this November.

To begin with, on April 1, 1890, there was no National Beagle Club and I might, with equal accuracy, say no beagle club at all, for although there was an organization called the American Beagle Club, on the roll of the A. K. C. it was, in all intents and purposes, an inactive member and had been for some time. The causes that had led to its decadence, it is not necessary for me to enumerate here, suffice it to say that one of the principal causes was the apparent lethargy of the beagle men themselves and perhaps also the fact that owing to the nature of its constitution and by-laws it was impossible to hold meetings (which by the way, are the life of any club) and discuss the best methods of procedure.

But to resume. Several prominent owners and breeders of beagles, after vainly trying to infuse some "go" into the American Club, met, respondent to a call from one of their number, at the time of the New England Kennel Club Show in April 1890, at Mechanics Hall, Boston, Mass., and then formed the nucleus of what is now the National Beagle Club. The new club grew very rapidly and prospered notwithstanding the doleful prophecies of the wiseacres who would have it that the N. B. C. was merely a bubble that would soon burst and bring its members into disrepute.

In April, 1891, just a year from its formation, its membership was far greater than that of many clubs who had predicted its fall, and had distributed among its members in the shape of special prizes, numerous silver urns, pitchers, cups and trophies to the value of several hundred dollars, to say nothing of contributing liberal cash specials at many of the leading shows. It did this solely to encourage the breeding of fine show dogs, but not content to have already done more in one year for the breed than had been done before in a period covering many years, it: aped the climax by holding a public field trial for beagles—the first successful event of the kind ever recorded; and this, too, in the face of such opposition and discouragement as would have daunted men of less determination of purpose. But the trials were held, nevertheless, and conclusively proved to the world that beagle trials were as feasible as those of setters or pointers.

This fact proven, the general public began to assume a different attitude toward the club and think that perhaps the club would amount to something after all; the one thing that seemed in the eyes of many to be against them was the fact of their having been refused admittance to the A. K. C. on the grounds that there already was one beagle club as a member.

Many advised a change in the constitution, viz: striking out the clause "The improvement on the bench" and leaving in the "improvement in the field" only, thus practically making the N. B. C. a field trial club; but to this the club would not hear and I think the president voiced the sentiments of all when he said, "The N. B. C. has nothing to take back. This club was formed for the improvement in the field and on the bench of the beagle hound in America, and will enter the A. K. C. with its constitution unchanged if it enters at all."

In February it was suggested by the American Beagle Club that a committee of the two clubs confer at the New York show with a view to amalgamation. The suggestion was favorably received by the N. B. C. and as a result of the conference an amalgamation was effected under the name of the National Beagle Club, the A. B. C. accepting the constitution, by-laws, officers, etc., of the N. B. C., and agreeing to petition the A. K. C. to change the name of the A. B. C. to that of the N. B. C. and accept all officers of the N. B. C. as then elected and holding office.

This was in February last and the events which ha

occurred subsequently are too fresh in the minds of all interested in beagles to need mention now. The N. B. C. stands before you as an example of a successful specialty and field trial club, on the eve of its second annual field trial.

Regarding these trials I will answer as briefly as possible some of the questions which are daily being asked of me, viz: Where are the trials to be held, how shall we get there, etc. The second annual field trials and bench show of the N. B. C. will be held at Nanuet, Rockland county, New York, the week beginning Nov. 23, 1891, and entries close Nov. 1, 1891. The dogs will be run on rabbits and will be judged both on the bench and in the field by Messrs. W. S. Clark, of Linden, Mass., and Pottinger Dorsey, of New Market, Md.

Nanuet is 18 miles distant from New York city, 2 miles from the New Jersey line and 5 miles from Nyack-on-the-Hudson, due west. It can be reached conveniently by four lines of railroad. Station on main line Erie Railroad is Suffern, where a branch runs direct to the place, distance 9 miles; station on West Shore Railroad, West Nyack, which is 2 miles from Nanuet, carriages are in waiting to meet all trains. From the Erie Railroad depot in Jersey City two lines run direct to Nanuet. Trains on Northern Railroad of New Jersey and New Jersey & New York Railroad run almost every hour, fare for round trip \$1.10. Ample hotel accommodations will be found at Nanuet, rates being \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

All dogs entered in the trials will be taken care of gratis by the Rockland Kennels, which is a guarantee of proper treatment, and particular attention will be paid to entries coming by express shipped care "Rockland Kennels" and unaccompanied by owner or attendant. Good, practical handlers will be on the ground for whose services no charge will be made, so that parties desirous of sending their dogs and being unable to accompany them may rest assured that their dogs will have every opportunity given them to win.

Entry blanks, running rules and any additional information may be had by addressing the secretary.

Remember, gentlemen, this will be a gathering of sportsmen from all over the country and that the trials are open to the world. If you have no dog and can spare the time, come yourself and enjoy the fun. All are welcome. In writing address all communications to F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

MELROSE, Mass.

INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB ENTRIES.

The entries for the International Field Trials Derby closed with 23 nominations, of which 14 are English setters, 2 Gordons and 6 pointers. Entries for the All-Aged Stake close Oct. 15. The trials will be held on the grounds at Louisville. Birds are said to be very plentiful, and the trials show every promise of being a success. The Derby commences Nov. 3. The special Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale sent over, of \$25, will in all probability be added to the All-Aged Stake.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

RHULAS (T. G. Davey's), blue belton dog, 15mos., by Down—Scenaiah.
LOU DIDO (Jas. Kime's), black, white and tan bitch, 17mos., by Mingo—Lou Moll.
DICK (S. Holmes's), black, white and tan dog, 16mos., by Tramp—Lulu.
VICK (S. Holmes's), black, white and tan bitch, 16mos., by Tramp—Lulu.
DUKE (W. B. Wells's), black, white and tan dog, 17mos., by Toledo Blade—Cambriana.
ROMNEY (W. B. Wells's), black, white and tan dog, 17mos., by Toledo Blade—Cambriana.
TICKY TACK (W. B. Wells's), black, white and tan dog, 17mos., by Toledo Blade—Cambriana.
DAPHNE (W. B. Wells's), black, white and tan bitch, 17mos., by Toledo Blade—Cambriana.
TOLEDO BELLE (Jas. McGregor's), black, white and tan bitch, 15mos., by Toledo Blade—Baffett B.
SANCHO (G. P. Taylor's), liver and white dog, 17mos., by Toledo Blade—Cambriana.
MANITOBA PET (Thos. Johnson's), blue belton bitch, by Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle.
MANITOBA PATTO (Thos. Johnson's), blue belton bitch, by Duke of Gloster—Flora.
MAY (E. H. Gillman's), bitch.
AMY (F. W. Eddy's), bitch.

GORDON SETTERS.

PENDENNIS (J. L. Campbell's), black and tan dog, 12mos. by champion Beaumont—Cherry Ripe.
CHERRY RIFE II. (J. L. Campbell's), black and tan bitch, 12mos., by champion Beaumont—Cherry Ripe.

POINTERS.

R. K. (W. H. Tighe's), black and white dog, by Sport—Dido.
LUKY DEAL (T. G. Davey's), black bitch, by Luck of the Goat—Midgee.
SAM II. (W. J. Bennett's), black and white dog, 15mos., by Sport—Dido.
ROGER (Herbert M. Kipp's), liver and white dog, 21mos., by Bang F.—Nellie.
CENTRAL BANG (F. W. Shaw's) liver and white dog, 9mos., by Trinket's Cash—Bang.
CARRIE (D. Williamson's) bitch, by Darcy—Sparks.

THE BENCHING AT MONTREAL.—New York City, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I notice a letter from the superintendent of the Montreal dog show in reference to certain delay which took place in the erection of Spratts Patent benching at that show. I am in a position to confirm what the superintendent says in reference to the delay in the despatch of the car from Hamilton. Our representative was put to a great deal of inconvenience, extra trouble and expense on account of this delay. The car was loaded on Sept. 12 and promised by the railroad authorities to be despatched on the 14th, and, as the Montreal show did not open till the 22d, there was plenty of time to send the car from Hamilton to Montreal two or three times over. I beg to inclose copy of letter from the superintendent of the Grand Trunk R.R., which you will see places the cause of delay at the door of the Custom House authorities. At the same time our representative informs me that all our benching was up by noon on Monday, the 21st; there was a little extra benching of a special character which had to be improvised on the spot to suit the requirements of the rather awkward building in which the show was held, which was not completed till Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. We intended having all ready on Monday morning but the technicalities of the Custom House delayed us. As, however, our work was all completed at 4 P.M. on the day preceding the opening of the show we think it is scarcely just to lay blame to our door.—G. G. CLEATHER, Vice-Pres. Spratts Patent (America) Limited. [Copy.] "MONTREAL, Sept. 29.—W. C. Ehrmann, Esq., Spratts Patent: Dear Sir—The delay to the material about which you enquired at my office was owing to the fact that it was in bond. The necessary permit from the Customs, authorizing our agent to manifest the material, was not received by him until the 15th, and then through misunderstanding on the part of Customs authorities the manifest on Montreal could not be prepared until the instructions were corrected. This was done on the 16th, car was forwarded from Hamilton at 7:45 A.M. on the 17th and, as you are aware, arrived at Montreal on the night of the 19th.—J. LAWRENSON, Superintendent.

OUR DOGMEN IN ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have already told some of the readers in sporting papers of my first experience at an English dog show. Now, the second Kennel Club show I was at was held in the Royal Engineers' hall and grounds in Leeds, and it was certainly a grand place for a show, there being plenty of room to exercise the dogs. Under the general management of Mr. T. Ashton, who was a fit man for the position, as he kept moving around among the dogs all the time, the benching was all kept clean. I noticed they kept the attendants continually watering the dogs, and that is something I did not see in any of the other shows in England. Another great help to the show was in having the assistance of the "Hon." Sydney Smith, for he is a hard worker and did all he could to make the show a success; and this was the best managed show I saw. They had nearly 600 entries, and the dogs showed lots of quality. We next visited the Bristol show, held under Kennel Club rules, at Colston Hall, June 23 to 25. The dogs were benched on the second floor, and one had to climb a couple of flights of stairs to get there. They were benched in two separate rooms, and this was one of the old-fashioned shows. Their benching was badly arranged, and being so close together and the light so bad it gave the spectators a poor chance to see what the dogs looked like. They had 648 dogs there, and the quality in some of the classes was very poor. A bad feature of this show was that they did not get out their catalogue until about 12 o'clock on the second day of the show. This made it bad for the reporters, as none of them could do anything until they got the catalogue. I heard a number of them say they were going to leave that night. Now, when they commenced looking over the dogs, I thought I would just see if they could examine 648 dogs in that short time and get up a good report. I went round the hall watching them, and it hurried me to keep up, for it did not matter which end of the dog was toward them, they never thought of taking hold of the chain to get a good look at it. That is something they don't do in England, that is, to get a dog out of the kennel and place him on the ground so you can have a chance to examine him properly. I asked some of the reporters why they did not do this, and they claim they can see all they want to while the dogs are in the ring during judging. I don't see how they can do that, there being from four to five rings in a show, and these rings in different parts of the building. I think there are a number of dogs in a show that the reporters never get a look at, and that kind of work would not suit the boys on this side.

There is one thing I must say, however, Geo. Raper and L. C. P. Astley know nearly every dog in England on the bench and can describe without going to look at them. The above named gentlemen are far ahead of any one I saw in regard to judging dogs. I would rather show dogs under those two than any others I know of on English soil. I think if ever they wanted to get any judges here for all-round judging and at the same time make a change, either one of the above gentlemen would fill the bill. Another good old judge I showed dogs under is George Hellewell. He is better on sporting dogs. The old man is getting on in years, but still has an eye for a good dog. I will now speak about the classes for setters for the Bristol show. The English, Irish and Gordon setters were all in the same class. Pointers are also shown in the same way, light and heavyweights all together. It is no wonder they don't get better classes of setters and pointers in England, and they never will unless they divide up the classes. I have seen more pointers and setters in one of our big shows here than I saw in three on the other side. Next time I write I will let you know about some of the one-day shows I saw.

JOS. LEWIS.

DOG CHAT.

A LEARNED and well-known dog lover in England writes to a friend of ours on several interesting topics. "No doubt," he writes, "they (skunks) can go rabid like all of their genus. Of course it is quite possible for a man to be, in some way, susceptible to a specific poison which a dog may not be affected by, but that poison is not rabies. It is very curious—this immunity business. A mouse is susceptible to tetanus, a rat is not. A house mouse takes septicaemia, a field mouse is quite exempt.... The most humane way to dispose of dogs is (except the lethal chamber as used at the Dog's Home) the hypodermic injection of prussic acid (one drachm, Scheele's acid). It causes almost instant death, and is a far better plan than giving it by the mouth. It is a curious thing that young puppies seem to be able to take more prussic acid and to be longer in dying than grown dogs. I don't know whether others have noted this, but it is my experience."

At the meeting of the National Beagle Club, held Oct. 2, in the absence of Mr. Brooking, Vice-President Power occupied the chair. On motion it was voted to go into executive session. Little business was done beyond voting that the matter of advertising be laid on the table till the next meeting. It was then voted that a special meeting be called for Oct. 17, at 266 Washington street, Boston, at 7 P. M. All members are requested to attend to settle important business connected with the coming field trials.

Mr. Hacke's Barzois, recently imported, were, as our readers are aware, in pretty bad condition when they landed, and they were sent to Spratts Co.'s Kennel to be renovated a little. In our Lexington show report we spoke of the excellent condition of Abreck and Ondaff, two of the consignment, and if Sup't. Brett does as well with the others in his charge he certainly deserves great credit, for he did wonders with these two in the short time at his disposal.

"Get out of this, you nasty tramp, or I'll set the dog on you." "Set away, ma'am. He'll never hatch nothin'. I'm a bad egg."—*New York Sun.*

In the office of the Mayor's Marshal the clerks are over-run with the work of issuing new dog licenses. This is all on account of the dog census that has been taken during the past three weeks by the police of New York city. We are afraid the sight of a dog to a policeman detailed to take this census, three in each district, will be like a red cloth to a bull, for they have had a memorable time of it. Most people in the crowded tenement districts looked upon the affair as a joke and gave all sorts of evasive answers to the puffing policeman who had toiled up many flights of rickety stairs. Half the extra license fees will go to the Police Pension Fund, and as over 2,000 new licenses have been issued, the fund is some \$2,000 the richer, as each license costs \$2. But the men who took the census would rather retire without a pension than go through another such experience. The returns, which are now all in, show that there are 3,387 licensed dogs in this city and 33,116 whose owners have not complied with the law, making in all 36,503 dogs. The owners of unlicensed dogs will receive a notice to step up to the desk and settle. Last year the revenue from dog licenses was \$10,160, but up to this month in the present year \$13,800 has been taken in. New York city differs from other municipalities in that the owner is granted the license instead of the dog, and should the dog die the license does not lapse, but can be transferred to another pet until the year is up. A peculiarity in the census is that within an hour on Oct. 6 Sarah Large, John Small and Peter Short applied for licenses.

At the annual meeting of the New England Kennel Club

the following officers were elected: President, F. Blackwood Fay; Vice-President, F. M. Curtis; Secretary, E. H. Moore; Treasurer, G. A. Fletcher. Board of Governors: F. Blackwood Fay, F. M. Curtis, E. H. Moore, G. A. Fletcher, C. S. Hanks, Col. John E. Thayer, H. A. Harris, Jean Grosvenor, J. N. Newman. Delegate to the American Kennel Club, F. Blackwood Fay. Bench Show Committee: F. Blackwood Fay, F. M. Curtis, H. A. Harris, C. S. Hanks and E. H. Moore. A balance of \$1,100 was reported in favor of the club.

The Columbus Fancier's Club will give a local bench show in December, and hope to recuperate their treasury fund sufficiently to enable them to give a regular show in 1892. There are quite a number of fine dogs owned by members of the club, and they expect, with a little outside assistance, to make a creditable showing.

We hear that the New England Kennel Club will lodge a protest with the A.K.C. against the New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club, of Albany, N. Y., for adopting a designation that conflicts with theirs.

There seems to be quite an enthusiastic feeling among New England sportsmen in regard to the coming field trials of the recently organized New England Field Trial Club. Through the efforts of several well-known sportsmen in Massachusetts and Connecticut the club was formed and officers elected. At the meeting held last Friday, at which there was a large attendance of members, it was decided to hold the trials at Wareham, Mass., game prospects having been reported favorable by Mr. D. A. Goodwin. They will commence Nov. 3. The judges selected for the inaugural trials are Messrs. N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn., and C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I. Mr. Geo. W. Lovell resigned his position of secretary, and Mr. Geo. E. Stickney, the Irish setter man of Newburyport, Mass., was elected in his place. Another meeting will be held Oct. 21, at 2 P. M.

It seems to us, from what we have heard, that a lack of game and the short time allowed for preparation will handicap the club somewhat in the initial effort. However, if suitable grounds can be secured and protected like those in the South, there is no reason why trials held in New England should not be a success. There are two stakes offered, a Derby and an All-Aged. Entry fees in each stake are \$5 to nominate and \$10 additional to fill. The prizes will be a percentage of the entrance fees divided as follows: 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to third. Until Nov. 15 the initiation fee to the club is \$10, which exempts members from further payments till January, 1893.

We understand that it is the wish of several sportsmen in western Michigan to organize a kennel club for the purpose of encouraging the breeding of good dogs for sporting purposes. The idea is, as the members would necessarily be widely scattered, to have those who feel an interest in the undertaking, to send their names and addresses to the American Fish and Game Warden, Kalamazoo, Mich., so that printed matter relating to the formation of the club can be sent to them. The organizers hope to be able to hold dog shows at Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo. Everyone who feels at all interested in dogs should join these pioneer clubs in their locality, for this is the best means whereby the breeds of dogs can be improved in these new districts. The best plan is to hold shows in connection with the agricultural fairs, the expense is lessened, and a larger number of people are likely to see the dogs.

The dog show connected with the Humane Society's fair, at Carthage, Ohio, to be held Oct. 14, promises to be quite an interesting affair. Mr. Eberhart says every one is sure of a "square deal" at this show. We suppose this means there will be no blanks, and the kicker is to be conspicuous by his absence. The entries closed on the 7th, and the catalogues were ready on the 10th, quite a feather in friend Eberhart's cap. Entries number 168, composed as follows: Mastiffs 11, St. Bernards 23, great Danes 8, deerhounds 4, greyhounds 9, pointers 4, English setters 9, Irish setters 5, Irish water spaniels 5, cocker and field spaniels 1, beagles 5, collies 9, bulldogs 3, bull-terriers 5, fox-terriers 7, Yorkshire terriers 2, pugs 20, Italian greyhounds 12, and this is about the largest entry of this breed at any show we remember. "This ain't bad," writes our informant, "considering it is not A. K. C. and no money prizes," and we quite agree with him. Next year the society expects to come into the A.K.C. fold and hold a big show. Mr. F. C. Wheeler will judge all classes.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.) takes up "Highland's" article on Mr. Hacke's recent importation of Barzois very fully, and says, of the remark of this reporter, that it was a great pity that those dogs reached the kennels in such an emaciated condition, "We take leave to say that it is much more than a great pity, it is no less than a cruel, inhuman scandal, and had it happened in this country, if the parties responsible for it had not been prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we should unhesitatingly have denounced the Society to the public as an ineffectual sham. * * * It is a sickening tale of animal misery and human indifference, carelessness and vanity." Now, after this outburst *Stock-Keeper* should have some consideration for our remarks about Prince Regent and Scottish Prince. About black markings in these dogs this journal says "Highland" errs in saying that no single authority is opposed to black. "One of the best known Russian breeders, whose name we quoted at the time we published the Russian standard, gives it as a disqualifying point. We are not aware either that any Englishman has yet condemned black in the ring; on the other hand, we know that Mr. Krehl has given a prize to a black and tan Barzoi, though whether he was justified in doing so or not we are unable to state." They have, however, asked a Russian authority to clear up this question of color. *Stock-Keeper* also wants "Highland's" authority for saying that the Barzoi unquestionably sprang from the Persian greyhound, as they have collected every bit of information on the subject and have nowhere come across this.

Mr. Edward Booth called on us on Monday while on his way to Poughkeepsie, where he takes charge of Col. Ruppert, Jr.'s kennel of St. Bernards. He left the Cloverdale Farm of his own accord, and, judging from the credentials Mr. Moore gave him, Mr. Booth should never find any difficulty in getting a berth with any kennel.

Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey, the secretary of the Spaniel Club, has purchased from Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Ont., the noted field spaniel bitch Rosedale Ruby. The sale was consummated after the Toronto show. On the day she arrived at her new quarters she was bred to Mr. Keasbey's spaniel Beverley Negus. We are glad to see Mr. Keasbey take his bad luck by the horns, for he received a facer when he lost by death three of his best bitches within a few days of each other.

We have so many inquiries for something that will promote the growth of hair on dogs, also rid them of fleas, that the following mixture strikes us as a dressing that will do the business: Take one tablespoonful of powdered sulphur and one pint of kerosene oil, diluted with a gill of warm water. Apply freely, and keep the dog away from draughts. This will also be found a good mange cure, and is very cleansing in its action.

Frank F. Dole, of New Haven, Conn., has purchased all Mr. Sackett's kennel of bulldogs. When we say that this lot includes champion Harper and The Graven Image, Mr. Dole will be found to be equally strong in this breed as in bull-terriers.

Coursing in California seems to take firm hold in popular favor, for we see that over 2,000 people attended a meeting at Ocean View, near San Francisco, two Sundays ago. The attraction was a sixty-four dog stake. The stake was only half run through, and was to be completed last Sunday. Several dogs that ran at Merced last year are competing.

The Birmingham, Eng., dog show will have 228 classes this year. The prizes have not increased in value. The sporting division, always a feature at this show, has classes provided for pointers and setters that have competed in field trials. Judging will be public and commence Nov. 28. Twenty-one judges will pass on the merits of the different breeds, and the list comprises some of the best known names in English dogdom.

Another successful run of the Pennbrook harriers took place from the Wissahickon Inn, at Germantown, Pa., last Saturday. The drag led them over a course of five miles in full view of numerous society people present. The master, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, took part in the run.

It is strange that in a city so large as New York there is no infirmary for the free treatment of horses and dogs. The nearest approach to a public infirmary is the dispensary of the American Veterinary College in West Fifty-fourth street. Clinics are held there twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when horses, dogs and other domestic animals are examined, treated and operated on free of charge. For the year ending February, 1891, 363 dogs were treated. The expenses are borne entirely by the medical staff. Dr. Liautaud being the chief surgeon. The house surgeons are chosen from graduates by yearly competitive examinations. These budding "vets" serve without pay. Aided by subscriptions this department of the college might be made of great benefit to our four-footed friends whose owners are too poor to pay for regular surgical treatment. In the hospital proper the rate of charges for dogs is 50 cents to \$1 per day.

Coursing has come with a rush these October days, the sport being in full swing in England now, and with the opening of the Great Bend meeting next week coursing men in this country will have a good deal to occupy themselves with till snow flies, the great meeting at Merced taking place Nov. 10. It is unfortunate that Mr. Watson's call for the party to go out to Great Bend received such little encouragement, and the project has been given up. Our greyhound men should show a little more interest in the sport; and if Great Bend is too far, cannot we have a meeting nearer home? The dogs should certainly be given a chance this fall.

Mr. Lawrence, of Cambridge, England, has suffered a severe loss in the death of his noted bloodhound bitch Chesterton Duchess II. after whelping ten puppies. She died from blood poisoning.

From *Fanciers' Gazette* we learn that Lord Hawke, the captain of the English cricketing team that is now measuring bats with American players, has entered into a partnership with a Mr. Tom Cadell in establishing a kennel of fox-terriers. The kennel will be known as "Montrose."

The New York *Evening Sun*, in an article on St. Bernard says of Lord Bute: "As a prize dog his record is exceptionally good. He was beaten at Sheffield by Sir Bedivere. The judges at the time declared that in lines and formation Lord Bute was the equal, and in some respects outpointed Sir Bedivere, but lacked color." * * * He was the best dog of his kind in England last year." Why do people write such stuff? Lord Bute's most enthusiastic admirers do not claim he is a good show dog. His ability to begot winners will bring him more lasting renown than any number of prize cards. The same paper gravely states that he stands 36in. high and weighs 247lbs!

It is rumored that Rochester intends giving a show next spring. We heard something about it when up in Rochester the other day, but were also told that it was hardly fair to expect one or two moneyed men in the club to shoulder all the debt incurred by the last show, and until this was paid off another show would not be held.

We see a statement in one of the daily papers to the effect that the Philadelphia Club, at their meeting on the 13th, would discuss the advisability of withdrawing from the A. K. C. We are afraid to say more on this subject, as when speaking jocularly on the subject of the Philadelphia Kennel Club some months since, friend "Hunky Dory" displayed a lamentable lack of knowledge in current kennel affairs and a disposition to look erroneously on the dreary side of life.

Barzois! Barzois! it is all Barzois nowadays. News comes now that the Duchess of Newcastle has just received at Clumber from Russia a consignment of six of this handsome breed.

The well-known bulldog Holy Friar has been sold by Mr. Jack Ellis and finds his new home in Belgium.

Mr. Kennard Milling, of Chicago, Ill., has purchased from Mr. Creep, Lee, Kent, Eng., the great Dane bitch Hecla. She was shipped by Spratts Co. per S. S. Spain, Sept. 27.

When Mr. Reick sailed for Europe he told us not to be surprised if he purchased the crack St. Bernard of England. This he has done. Just as we go to press we received his cablegram, which reads: "Bought Princess Florence, Young Keeper." Mr. Reick must be congratulated for his luck and enterprise, for we know that the former's price was held at something like \$3,000. Both dogs are so well known they need no further introduction this week.

At Merced Coursing Meeting the stakes will have prizes of \$500 to first, \$200 to second, and \$100 to third. Dogs winning two courses save their stakes, and those winning three receive \$25. Surely a very liberal programme.

We hear that a new kennel is to be established within twenty miles of New York city; and the proprietors are now looking for a reliable and experienced kennelman to take charge of it.

A gentleman who advertised some beagle pups recently in *FOREST AND STREAM*, dropped into the office to say that he had over twenty-five answers and sold the whole litter in short order. Among the new kennel advertisements we find this week are the following for sale: Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels, several fine cocker spaniels; J. W. Douglas, trained Irish setter bitch; Poston & Burdell, pair Gladstone's Boy pups; A. Haskell, English greyhounds; C. T. Brownell, Gordon setters; G. Hult, pointer pups; Silas Decker, Irish setter dog pups; G. W. Patterson, several St. Bernards; John J. Biggs, fox-terrier pups; J. R. Purcell, pointers; Bryn Mawr Kennels, trained pointers and setters, and C. E. Bunn, several fine litters of mastiffs. In the stud:

H. V. Jamieson's beagle Valentine. Wants: E. T. Ridgway, a trained English setter, also R. D. Gould.

We have received a code of coursing rules drawn up by the National Greyhound Club. It is handsomely gotten up and should be in the hands of every lover of the leash.

Last Thursday morning the president of the A. K. C., Mr. August Belmont, suffered considerable loss in the burning to the ground of the mansion on Fifth avenue, which he had leased for the season from the Cutting estate. Numerous articles of vertu and valuable paintings were destroyed, and Mrs. Belmont had a very narrow escape of encountering a horrible death, her clothing and hair catching fire as she made her escape. Mr. Belmont was traveling in the South at the time.

The Chestnut Hill Kennels' sensational collie bitch Roslyn Dolly, since her return from England, has whelped a fine litter to Gladdie, the English dog, noted especially as the sire of the crack Setton Hero and Kinton Diamond.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are requested by the Pointer Club of America to give notice through your columns to the owners of pointer dogs that the Pointer Club of America offers a special cash prize of \$100 to the best pointer, either sex, competing in the Central Field Trial Club's trials at Lexington, N. C., said trials commencing Nov. 30, 1891, this special prize to be awarded by our regular judges in any way they think best, either from work done in the regular heats or by a special heat. The competition for this prize is to be confined to dogs belonging to members of the Pointer Club.—**CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB, C. H. Odell, Secretary.**

MOHAWK SHOW.—Gloversville, N. Y.—The Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club have voted to change their dates and begin and end one day earlier, so the awards can all be made and credited in 1891. The present dates are Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1891, and Jan. 1, 1892. "Uncle Dick" is to superintend the bench show, consequently exhibitors may rest assured they will be well used, and that their dogs will receive good care.—**F. B. ZIMMER, Sec'y.**

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Joe M. B. By J. B. Murphy, New York city, for white, black and ticked setter bitch, whelped July 23, 1891, by Mack III. (Blue Dick—Buckeye Belle) out of Nell IV. (Blue Druid—Molly Rake).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Rosebud—Soggarth. J. Keegan's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Rosebud to his Soggarth, Sept. 20.

Verona Nell—Soggarth. E. Cahill's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Verona Nell to J. Keegan's Soggarth, Sept. 25.

Florida Spinster—Pitcher. V. Weik's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Florida Roland to J. Keegan's Pastor, Oct. 8.

Hillside Spinster—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Spinster to their Pitcher, July 18.

Richmond Olive—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Richmond Olive to their Pitcher, July 19.

Russley Joker. Mr. Rathbone's fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, July 22.

Heatherbelle—Bran. Hillside Kennels' deerhound bitch Heatherbelle to their champion Bran, July 22.

Warren Lilly—Pitcher. W. Rutherford's fox-terrier bitch Warren Lilly to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, July 22.

Raby Mixer. Cloverdell Stock Farm's fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' champion Raby Mixer, July 24.

Berga—Hillside Kennels' deerhound bitch Berga to their champion Clansman, Aug. 1.

Nora—Robber Chieftain. B. S. Dering's deerhound bitch Nora to Hillside Kennels' champion Robber Chieftain, Aug. 7.

Rebecca—Pitcher. W. Cushman's fox-terrier bitch Rebecca to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, Aug. 8.

Suffolk Skipshod—Pitcher. W. Rutherford's fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Skipshod to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, Aug. 14.

Hillside Jaunty—Russley Joker. E. Conan's fox-terrier bitch Hillside Jaunty to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joker, Aug. 14.

Warren Sequel—Pitcher. W. Rutherford's fox-terrier bitch Warren Sequel to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, Aug. 20.

Donna—Russley Joker. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Donna to their Russley Joker, Aug. 21.

Warren Selish—Pitcher. W. Rutherford's fox-terrier bitch Warren Selish to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, Sept. 5.

Hillside Leda—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Leda to their Pitcher, Sept. 7.

Verdict—Pitcher. J. A. Logan's fox-terrier bitch Verdict to Hillside Kennels' Pitcher, Sept. 16.

Hillside Sapphite—Russley Joker. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Sapphite to their Russley Joker, Sept. 18.

Hillside Bounty—Raby Mixer. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Bounty to their champion Raby Mixer, Sept. 20.

Hillside Ruth—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Ruth to their Pitcher, Sept. 20.

Freya—Russley Joker. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Freya to their Russley Joker, Sept. 21.

Warren Comely—Raby Mixer. W. Rutherford's fox-terrier bitch Warren Comely to Hillside Kennels' champion Raby Mixer, Sept. 23.

Pluck—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Pluck to their Pitcher, Sept. 23.

Hillside Syren—Russley Joker. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Syren to their Russley Joker, Sept. 23.

Rosa—Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Rosa Campa to their Pitcher, Sept. 23.

Suffolk Riot—Raby Mixer. A. D. Stewart's fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Riot to Hillside Kennels' Raby Mixer, Sept. 28.

Brookhurst Belle—Raby Mixer. J. J. Patterson's fox-terrier bitch Brookhurst Belle to Hillside Kennels' Raby Mixer, Oct. 1.

WHELPES.

Darkness. Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) schipperke bitch Darkness, Sept. 9, five (three dogs), by their Midnight.

Ballyrush. Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Ballyrush, Sept. 17, seven (four dogs), by their Killaloe (Benedict—Breda Florence).

Sunol. L. Gardner's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) English setter bitch Sunol (Gladstone's Boy—Flame M.), Sept. 15, twelve (nine dogs), by his King of the Nobles—Queen Meg.

Phyllis. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Phyllis, Aug. 23, ten (five dogs), by their champion Robber Chieftain.

Brazen. Hillside Kennels' deerhound bitch Brazen, Sept. 6, two (one dog), by their Clansman.

Princess. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Princess, Sept. 7, six (four dogs), by their Pitcher.

Hillside Heather. Hillside Kennels' deerhound bitch Hillside Heather, Sept. 12, three (two dogs), by their Chieftain.

Hillside Spinster. Hillside Kennels' fox-terrier bitch Hillside Spinster, Sept. 13, five (three dogs), by their Pitcher.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.—Do you contemplate visiting Dubuque, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, or any point in the Northwest, the Puget Sound region or the balmy South or Southwest? The Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will furnish you transportation enabling you to safely, quickly and comfortably reach your destination. Its splendid equipment and excellent management have made it a popular favorite. F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

H. M., New York City.—The term blue belton is given to a setter with the blue or black ticking you mention. The blue belton was the strain of dogs that Mr. Laverack prized so highly. Old Moll and Ponto, the original sires of his noted strain, were of that color. There is also a strain called the lemon belton, with lemon ticks instead of black.

L. L., Grand Rapids, Mich.—I want information about a certain kind of hound that I want to get. It is a cross between an otter and a foxhound. They are used here for coon hunting. I have a bitch that is half Kentucky fox and shaggy hound, and she has pups now. I wish you would tell me if you know of any of that kind. Ans. We only know of the shaggy foxhounds bred and owned by Mr. A. B. Whitlock, Sekiton, O. He may know something of a cross similar to that you describe. Write to him.

C. T. N., Kittanning, Pa.—I please give the pedigree of the white and liver ticked pointer bitch Bridget II, out of the imported dogs Jim and Bridget, owned by a Dr. Paddock, of Pittsfield, Mass. 2. Please write me the best points of a pointer, such as head, body, legs, tail, etc., also field work. Ans. I. We can find no trace of Bridget II. in the stud book. 3. We have not space to print the pointer standard, but if you write to Mr. Geo. W. La Rue, secretary of the Pointer Club, 239 Broadway, New York city, he will send you a copy.

F. L. Sharon, Conn.—My hound dog had a swelling under the left eye twice last summer. It discharged each time and the swelling went down. Last Sunday it began to swell again, and last night it started to break. He looks fine and feels well. The place is very sore but is doing well. I don't know of his being hurt or anything to cause it. Please tell me what to do for it. Ans. Without an examination one cannot tell what causes the swelling. It may be due to a small piece of diseased bone or disease of the lacrimal duct. Foment two or three times a day and apply a little boric ointment. If necessary make an opening in abscess larger. Why not consult a veterinary surgeon.

J. L. A. H., Monument Beach, Mass.—Will you tell me what I can do for one of my hounds whose eyes roll in, that is the under lid rolls into the eye so far that the eyelashes and some of the hair below the eye lie in the eye, and when I take my thumb and draw it out it looks white and has a soaked-out appearance. The eyes are sore and the dog has a lot of matter. The dog is entirely well otherwise, and does his work like a good dog. The worms as well as any other hound. Ans. It is due to an inverted eye lid, and can only be cured by an operation. You can relieve the irritation greatly by pulling out the eyelashes and apply frequently with a small piece of sponge the following lotion: Sulphate of zinc, 1 scruple; tincture of opium, 1 drachm; distilled water, 6 ounces.

G., Boston, Mass.—I have a pug dog 4 1/2 yrs. old, who as soon as flea season opens, begins to bite and scratch himself. His skin becomes inflamed and thick scabs form, which, when they loosen, take the hair with it, leaving the skin underneath almost black. The hair grows coarse and "brash" on these spots, which begin at the root of the tail and spread to its neck, also down the tail. He itches and I have tried the different soaps and Spratts mange cure to no good effect. Is it mange or distemper, or some other disease? And what would you recommend that could be used on a house dog? The same dog has a habit when excited of turning and biting his tail and spinning around like a top, growling and hanging on until he brings blood and is almost exhausted. About a year ago he had three such spells in a week, and in the last one he pulled off the end of his tail with 3/4 in. of the vertebrae. No one that I have asked could give a satisfactory reason for such spells. He will start out of a sound sleep and "whirl." A sudden noise, or the fear that he will be hurt or anything that over-excites him, will set him going, and he will say "vrrrrrr" but that was not the case. How can you explain it? Remedy? He has been quiet and is very intelligent, otherwise he would have "passed on" long ago. Is the first a blood or skin trouble? Ans. Eczema, brought on by the irritation set up by the fleas. Have the following dressing well rubbed all over every other day for a fortnight, then wash and repeat if necessary. Coconut oil, castor oil, cotton seed oil and kerosene of each one equal "vrrrrrr." Also give one of the following powders twice a day mixed with food. Precipitated sulphur, sulphate of magnesia one dram, bi-carbonate of potash, half a dram; mix and make twelve powders. The irritation you mention is due to thread worms which are lodged in the rectum, for which inject into the bowel twice daily one ounce of the following extract: Krameria, one dram; tr. of krameria, one dram; water, add six ounces. Also treat for worms again.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE time is now approaching when it will be necessary to fix times and places for the final contests in the revolver championship for the possession of the Walter Winans trophy indicative of the amateur revolver championship of America. No match of equal importance has ever been drawn under more liberal conditions. The utmost freedom from anything approaching a handicap on the best work has been avoided, and in every point the shooter is left free to follow his own fancy and adopt anything which he may imagine or which he knows from experience will assist his scoring. The limitations are few and easy. The distance has been a standard one on the great English range, while in this country shooting with the small arm runs all the way from 12 to 50 yds. indoor and outdoor practice.

The plan of carrying out the finals is a very simple one and particularly convenient for the shooters. Those who may wish to shoot will now send in their names to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, indicating, if they have any, their preference of gallery for shooting. There are several good shooting ranges in this city, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are likely to be other points of contest and in each of those places good gallery accommodation is available. Dates can then be fixed for the several record shoots, of which due notice will be given in *FOREST AND STREAM*. It is the intention to close up the whole series in all the cities, where dates and places may be fixed upon before the holidays; but to do this a prompt start should be made, and to facilitate this contestants should indicate at the earliest date their intention of taking part. The following are the

CONDITIONS.

Open to any citizen or permanent resident of the United States. Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches.

Any trigger pull.

Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand.

Any fixed ammunition.

Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots.

Distance, 30 yds.

Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches.

Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole.

Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by *FOREST AND STREAM* rules.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of FOREST AND STREAM to be final on all points.

Any winner of the trophy shall hold it subject to challenge for a term of two years, after which it shall become his personal property. Upon receiving a challenge the holder shall agree with the challenger upon a place and date for their meeting not later than six weeks from the receipt of the challenge, of which meeting at least two weeks' notice shall be given through FOREST AND STREAM, and the shooting at said meeting shall be under the same conditions as the original competitions for the championship trophy. In case of a failure to agree upon a time and place of meeting they shall be fixed by FOREST AND STREAM.

The trophy shall be deposited in the custody of FOREST AND STREAM at least one day prior to any challenge meet, and if required, holders must give bonds to FOREST AND STREAM for its safe return.

The holder shall not be required to accept a challenge pending the determination of a challenge shoot already under date. In case of any dispute about the right of priority in shooting challenges, FOREST AND STREAM shall determine the order of shooting. All expenses of targets and gallery will be borne by FOREST AND STREAM. Contestants will defray all other expenses.

THE SYRACUSE TOURNAMENT.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 7.—The shooting tournament of the Syracuse Rifle Club opened to-day at the club's new range at Maple Bay. The weather was anything but favorable to rifle shooting, yet the attendance was good for the opening day and the contests were interesting. Considering that the shots were made against the wind the records were good. Most of the entries were Syracuse, Baldwinsville and Camillus crack shots. The club house, which was built by W. S. Barnum at a cost of \$1,000, is perfect in its appointments. The club can boast of some improvements which are unique in the country has, notably electric systems of notifying the markers and of counting.

Among the most successful of the 20 contestants yesterday were Dalley, Leighton, W. Morris, Eggleston, Stillman and Seelye. The following scores show the highest records made on the opening day of the tournament:

25-ring target, possible on three targets 225:	
Dalley.....	67 65 67—199
Leighton.....	71 63 61—195
W Morris.....	65 63 63—191
D Eggleston.....	60 63 68—191
Seelye.....	64 64 62—190
Stillman.....	63 63 62—188

Point target, possible on three tickets 45:	
Stillman.....	12 8 8—28
Dalley.....	9 9 8—26

Man target, possible on three tickets 200:	
Stillman.....	83 84 94—261

Rest target, possible on three tickets 180:	
Eggleston.....	46 48 44—138
Kochler.....	47 43 42—132

Oct. 8.—The attendance on the second day of the Syracuse Rifle Club tournament at the Maple Bay range, was larger than that of the opening day. The spectators were numerous and there were plenty of contestants. Among those who participated were crack shots from New York and Rochester. The records made were better than those of the first day. The scores of the day's shooting are as follows:

Twenty-five ring target, possible on 3 tickets, 225:	
Dalley.....	71 67 67—205
Stillman.....	70 63 64—202
Leighton.....	71 65 63—199
Eggleston.....	67 68 69—199
W Morris.....	65 65 69—195
Bovden.....	61 65 68—195

Point or 3 ring target, possible on 3 tickets, 45:	
Stillman.....	12 8 8—28
Dalley.....	10 9 8—28
Eggleston.....	8 8 8—24
Leighton.....	8 8 7—23
W Morris.....	8 8 7—23

Man target, possible on 3 tickets, 200:	
Stillman.....	83 84 94—261
Dalley.....	78 84 61—203

Rest target, possible on 3 tickets, 180:	
Leighton.....	54 52 51—157
Cargill.....	52 50 53—155
Barnum.....	50 51 48—147
Winston.....	49 49 47—147
Bucklin.....	53 46 46—145

The medal shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club was also held at Maple Bay this afternoon. There was a good attendance and the shooting was lively. In the first class these records were made out of a possible 50: Chase 45, Lefevre 43, Hookway 42, C. Walters 41, Moshe 37, Ashond Ashton 35. Chase was the winner of the gold medal for the first class. Five times he was successful in the record shooting. One must win five times to own the medal. Charles Becker won the prize in the second class and now belongs to him, as he has been victorious five times. Mr. Becker had uphill work in securing the prize, which is in the form of a diamond charm, valued at \$25. He had won four times in succession, and lost in the last shot. The following, the very best men would be found having been pitted against him. He succeeded to-day in defeating Howell, who came here from Port Byron to wrest the prize from him. These were the records made in the second class out of a possible 50: Becker 43, Howell 42, H. Frazer 41, Mowry 41, Petit 38, Finley 37, Holden 37, Harwood 35 and Phelps 32.

THE THIRD BRIGADE SHOOT.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 2.—The fourteenth annual meet of the Third Brigade Rifle Association on the Henselaerwyck range closed to-day. It was a successful shoot, above the average, with good scores, and with the Binghamton shooters once more ahead of the home team. The several matches and the leading scores in them stood as follows:

Match No. 1, short range continuous military match, open to all comers, except as to the first prize, which can only be won by a member of the Third Brigade; 200yds., 5 shots, re-entries unlimited, the aggregate of the best two scores to count; standing and off-hand, any military rifle:

D H Ogden.....	55545—24
M Congdon.....	45545—24
W Meyer.....	45545—24
C Bodensteln.....	44555—23
Col W E Fitch.....	44555—23
W C Gompf.....	44545—23
Capt A. Donner.....	44545—22
Lieut C H Hitchcock.....	44545—22
A H Rennie.....	44445—22
F W Harris.....	44445—22
E S Hoag.....	44445—22
W W Stowe.....	44545—22
Capt Olmsted.....	44445—21
J Murphy.....	44445—21
Capt E V Dennison.....	44445—21
W B O'Connell.....	44445—21
P W Worthington.....	44445—21
Lieut G P Hilton.....	44445—21

Match No. 2, Standard American target, re-entry match (this match was shot from the house and on the 11in. black center), open to all comers, 200yds., 5 shots, standing and off-hand, any rifle, entries and re-entries, 25 cents each, re-entries unlimited, aggregate of the best three scores to count for the first three places, best two scores to count for the last three:

W C Gompf.....	9 10 9 10 10—45
F Mayberry.....	9 10 9 9 45—8
J F Moulton.....	9 10 10 10 47—10
J Bodensteln.....	10 7 8 10 10—45
G Zautner.....	9 9 9 10 10—43
H Parsons.....	10 9 6 8 10—43
H S Cross.....	8 9 9 9 43—4
D E Childs.....	6 10 10 8—42
B T. V. L. r.....	9 10 6 42 9—4
J Newbury.....	9 10 5 10 43—7
A Donnelly.....	7 6 6 7 10—36

Match No. 3, mid-range continuous military match, open to all comers, 500yds., at second-class target, 5 shots, unlimited re-entries allowed, the aggregate of the best 3 scores to count for first 3 places, best 2 scores for all below, position any, any military rifle:

D H Ogden.....	55555—25
C H Gaus.....	55555—25
W W Stowe.....	55555—25
Lieut Hitchcock.....	55555—25
A H Rennie.....	55555—24
S Schreiber.....	55555—24
Gen C F Robbins.....	55555—24
Col W E Fitch.....	55555—24
F W Harris.....	55555—25
G W Harris.....	55555—25
C L Underwood.....	55555—24
E S Hoag.....	55554—21
Capt Olmsted.....	55554—21
J Murphy.....	55445—23

Match No. 4, Carlton match, open to all comers, 500yds., on second-class target, 11-in. carton to count 6, number of shots 15, unlimited re-entries, one score only to count, any position, any rifle:

S Schreiber.....	65565555666665—85
D Geiger.....	66666666655548—85
C H Gaus.....	666555556665—83
F Hein.....	66644444666555—82
F Root.....	66666555555555—81
K L Rowe.....	66656613655550—81
H W Harris.....	66555555666555—80

In the above, Mr. Schreiber leads, although his total score is tied with that of Mr. Geiger, because the latter has one "4" and Mr. Schreiber has not.

Match No. 5, Colt's target revolver match, open to all comers and to revolvers only, distance 30yds., on the Standard American target reduced, 5 shots, unlimited re-entries allowed, aggregate of the best three scores to count, each score to be completed before counting the next shot, off-hand, any position, only allowed, revolver not to exceed 3lbs. in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 8in., open sights, ammunition only, cleaning allowed between scores only, revolvers must not be loaded until the competitor has taken his position at the firing point, the muzzle must always be kept in a vertical position or pointed toward the target:

E Mead.....	8 10 7 8 10—44
P J Anderson.....	8 10 7 8 10—44
C H Gaus.....	8 9 7 8 10—42
J E Parsons.....	8 7 10 10 7—42
E L Howe.....	8 5 8 5 10—36
D L Eddy.....	8 7 5 8 3—33

Match No. 6, Third Brigade team match, open to teams of 8 commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers from an infantry or separate company of infantry in the Third Brigade, R. G. S. N. Y., each team to appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue), and to be certified by their commanders to be commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers in good standing of the battalion or separate company they represent, under the restrictions laid down in Par. 372, State regulations; entrance fee \$1 for each man, distance 200 and 500yds., 5 rounds at each distance, position standing at 200yds., any position at target, at 500yds.; weapon, Remington rifle, New York State model:

W E Fitch.....	44544—21
E V Dennison.....	44344—19
G P Hilton.....	44434—19
J Ronch.....	44444—20
A H Rennie.....	44443—19
G Rommel.....	44443—19

Tenth Battalion Team.	
117.....	116 233

Twentieth Separate Company Team.	
Lieutenant C H Hitchcock.....	54544—20
Sergeant H P Worthington.....	54534—19
Sergeant W W Stowe.....	54444—17
John W. Harris.....	54444—17
T M Congdon.....	54544—23
Corporal E S Hoag.....	44444—20

The prizes in all the matches were the same as every year.	
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BOSTON, Oct. 10.—Following are the scores made to-day, distance 200yds., standard American target, all being re-entry matches:

50 Yards Pistol Cup Match.	
H Severance.....	9 10 10 10 10 9 8 8 8 10—93
J B Fellows.....	9 9 9 10 10 9 10 8 10 8—91
S C Sydney.....	8 10 7 9 10 10 10 10 10 9—91
G L Hosmer.....	85 L A Baker..... 85

*J Francis.....117	J W French.....100	D Martin.....85
*T Warren.....109	M R Barter.....98	H N Haven.....81
F Daniels.....107	J French.....95	R H Woods.....81
W P Thompson.....104	H L Willard.....89	

*Telescope sight.

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.					
D Bayley.....	77	O Moore.....	69	E C Wesley.....	62
A Maynard.....	73	H H Williams.....	63	F W Scott.....	61
E Alson.....	72	E Parsons.....	63	F H Feitel.....	60

A S Hunt.....	72	Pistol Practice Match—50yds.			
H Severance.....	90	L A Baker.....	83	J B Hobbs.....	76
J B Fellows.....	87	C Francis.....	81	D Martin.....	73
G L Hosmer.....	85	M T Day.....	78	A D Stevens.....	70
O Moore.....	84				

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5.—The members of the First Brigade, who are located in Philadelphia, as well as the various shooting clubs, have always found it very hard to procure a place to shoot where they could either practice or enjoy a day's sport without serious danger to any one concerned. This evening at a meeting of the Board of Officers of the First Regiment a scheme was promoted and a committee appointed to look into the advisability of the same, and to communicate with other organizations and solicit their support. The scheme is to raise ten thousand dollars toward buying and fitting up a range where the members of the guard could practice, and also where the various gun clubs could also enjoy a day's shoot. The number of organizations that there is in this town, together with the numerous military companies, would make the expense comparatively small to each one of the parties concerned, provided they would all contribute. It is said that for ten thousand dollars a good substantial range could be erected and ground purchased for the same. There is lots of ground near the city which is easy of access by railroad trains, which could be utilized for this purpose and which would make good safe places to shoot. Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington and Sergeant-Major Harry Mehler, of the First Regiment, have been appointed as the committee, and will be pleased to hear from any military organization or gun club in Philadelphia. A letter addressed to either of them at the Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets, will reach them safely.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 7.—The following scores were made by members at the club's weekly shoot, 10 shots, off-hand, American 25-ring target, possible 250:

D Hencken.....	25 25 25 24 23 23 22 21 20—236
Capt Dewey.....	25 25 25 25 24 23 22 22 21 20—232
J H Kruse.....	25 25 24 24 23 22 22 21 20—232
D Miller.....	25 25 25 24 23 22 22 21 21—232
E Fischer.....	25 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 21—232
C Carrol.....	25 24 24 24 23 23 22 21 20—230
F Soh.....	25 24 24 24 23 23 22 22 20—229
F Brandt.....	24 24 23 26 23 23 22 22 21 19—223
D Peters.....	25 24 23 23 22 22 22 20 19—223
H Selteneich.....	25 23 23 23 22 21 21 20 13—209
J J Devitt.....	22 21 21 21 21 21 21 17 17—200
A Stadel.....	23 22 22 22 20 20 18 17—200

Team and medal shooting will be inaugurated next week.

THEY WON WITHOUT HAVING TO SHOOT.—A very amusing incident happened at the late Baisley meeting. A Scotchman who won minor prizes in the revolver competitions was going round trying to get up an international revolver competition. What he suggested was that teams consisting of two men each (representing different nations) should shoot two entries in each of the revolver competition, the highest aggregate made by a team to win a prize. The Scotchman said, "I have got a Canadian and an Irish team, and asked Mr. Walter Winans to try to get another American so as to get up an American team. Only one other U. S. American could be found in camp, and he had never shot a revolver, so Mr. Winans asked if a Canadian would go. This was agreed to, the Scotchman having the second prize winner as his partner and thinking he had a sure thing in the match. The day of the match Mr. Winans handed out a Scotch and an English and an Irish team, and asked and we will be there to shoot," and walked away. Turning back after going a few steps, he said, "Oh, I forgot to mention my man is the revolver champion of Canada." The match never came off, as several of the competitors had "previous engagements."

HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, of Jersey City Heights, N. J., will hold its second annual prize shooting festival at the range, 15 Miles avenue, Oct. 20 and 27, 1891. Target of honor, open to members of the Hudson Rifle Club only. Ring target, open to all comers, distance 75ft., 25-ring targets. Shooting on this target each evening from 7 to 12.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Oct. 15-16.—Orlando (Fla.) Gun Club Tournament. J. H. Mooney, President.

Oct. 20.—North Side Gun Club of Long Island. Tournament at Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I. Samuel Lyon, Pres.

Oct. 21-23.—Reading's Tournament, Flemington, N. J. Key-stones. Open to all.

Oct. 27-29.—Savannah, Ga., Chatham Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Nov. 20.—South Side Gun Club Tournament, at South Norwalk, Conn. E. H. Fox.

1892.

June 13-18.—New York State Sportsmen's Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Mowry, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

ON MONDAY, Oct. 5, the newly organized Washington Rod and Gun Club gave their first tournament, and had a general housewarming on their new grounds at the National Capitol. The grounds are on the river bottom and adjoin those of the Capitol City Club. The club house is a neat structure and the grounds are well equipped. The programme was originally intended to be open only to shooters of the District, but as several non-resident shooters put in an appearance the events were thrown open to all. Among the visitors were Messrs. Bond, Hartner and H. M. Heflin ("Capron") and Heflin, Jr., of Baltimore, W. F. Stewart, of Galveston, Tex., Neaf Apgar, representing Squires of New York, and Paul North, of Cleveland. Mr. North's electrical trap pull was highly appreciated and gave great satisfaction. The bluecock self-acting traps were used, and as Apgar, shooting in the regular squad, was handicapped at unknown angles, the perfect working of the angler was fully demonstrated. The only prizes in the events consisted of merchandise, as there was no entrance charged, birds only being paid for. In each event six prizes were given, and the aggregate value of the plunder, all of which was contributed, amounted to over \$300. President Geo. S. Atwater was a busy man during the shooting, and the guests of the club left with more than a kindly feeling toward him. All events shot rapid firing system, bluecocks, from one set of ten traps.

No. 1, 25 singles:	
Atwater.....	1101110111011101110110—18
Jos Hunter.....	1011101100111111111111—19
Dick Jones.....	0011101100111111111110—14
Lauvoigt.....	10111111111111111111101—21
Hancock.....	100101010101010001000—9
Rothwell.....	0011010101011111111111—16
Osborn.....	1010101011111111111111—19
Steele.....	1111101111111111111111—21
McCormick.....	1010110111111111111111—18
Gulick.....	1110111111111111111111—21
Wagner.....	1111111111111111111111—25
North.....	11111111111111111111101—20
Wanstall.....	000000100000000000000—8
Oyle.....	1011011111111111111111—19
Osborn.....	1010111111111111111111—19
Bond.....	1010111111111111111111—21
Williams.....	01001000100110001001000—7
Happer, Sr.....	1011111111111111111111—20
Laird.....	1011011111111111111110—19
Copperite.....	010101100010001001001—8
McGruder.....	10111111111111111111101—17
Collins.....	0110101011111111111111—17
Mattigny.....	0110101111111111111110—17
Rothwell, Jr.....	1111111111111111111111—23
Happer, Jr.....	1010011011111111111110—15
Stewart.....	11111111111111111111101—20
Apgar.....	11001111111111111111101—21
Capron.....	1010001011111111111111—21
Gulick.....	1110010111111111111111—21
Wise.....	1110010111111111111111—21
Stubner.....	10110101011111111111101—18
Prucett.....	1100101010101011111111—16
Barr.....	1101101101010101111111—18

No. 2, 30 singles:	
Atwater.....	24
Jos Hunter.....	24
Dick Jones.....	25
Rothwell.....	25
Steele.....	26
Wise.....	26
Hancock.....	24
Wagner.....	23
Lauvoigt.....	22
McCormick.....	18
Osborn.....	23
Gulick.....	21
Lain.....	21
Collison.....	21
Drummond.....	17

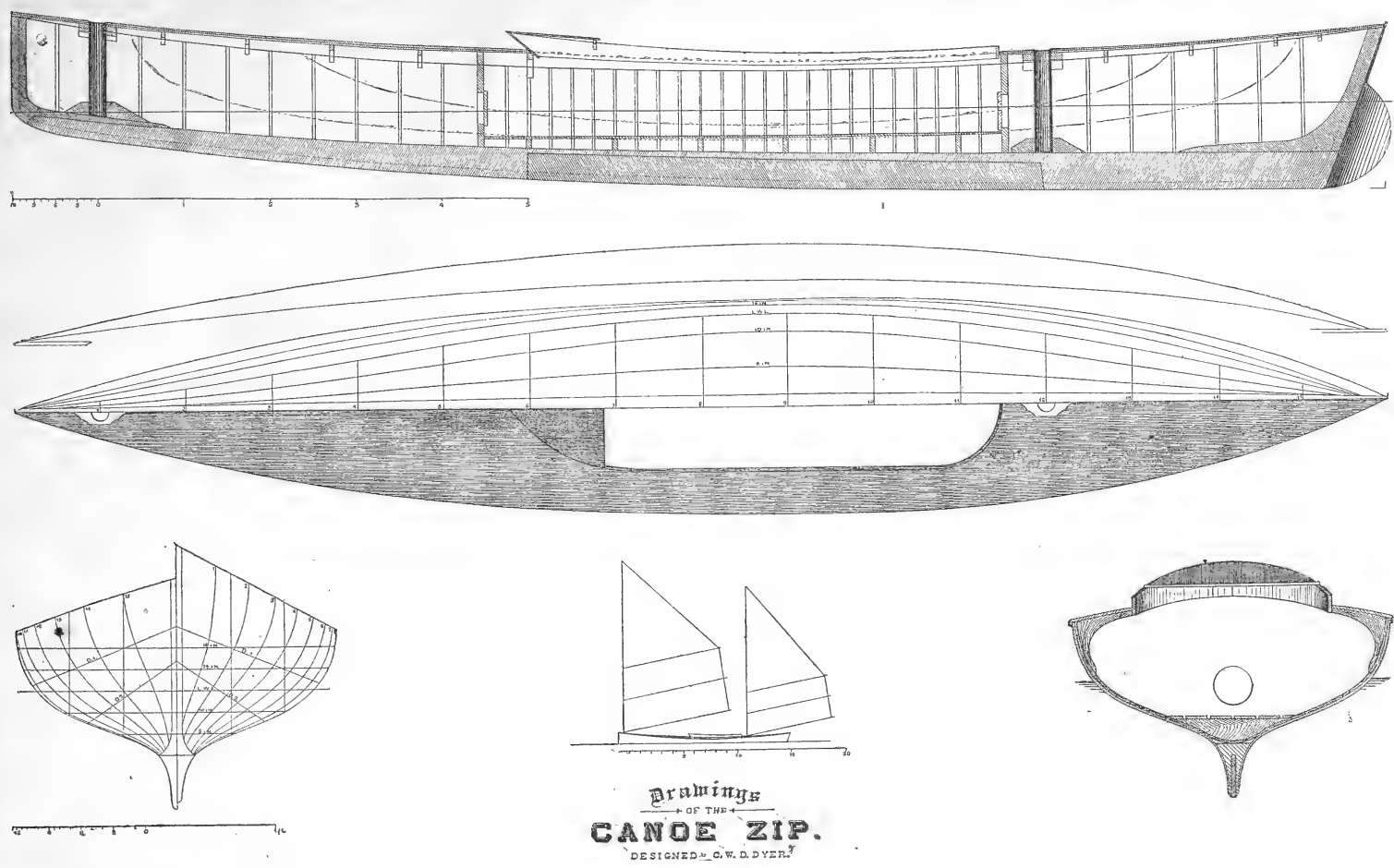
All ties div. except second, which Apgar won on shoot-off.

No. 3, 15 singles:	
Atwater.....	26
Drummond.....	18
Dick Jones.....	23
Rothwell.....	23
Wise.....	9
Wagner.....	28
Osborn.....	28
Mattigny.....	26
Steele.....	26
Hancock.....	21
Lauvoigt.....	23
Gulick.....	26
Stubner.....	18
Stewart.....	27
J Hunter.....	26

No. 4, 15 singles:	
Atwater.....	13
Morris.....	10
Dick Jones.....	10
Rothwell.....	10
Wise.....	14
Wagner.....	14
Magruder.....	7
Trimble.....	7
Osborne.....	13
Drummond.....	6
Apgar.....	14
Carroll.....	5
Webb.....	10
Stubner.....	13
Steward.....	13
Peet.....	7
Prucett.....	10
Seymore.....	10
Soussa.....	9

No. 5, 10 singles:	
Atwater.....	7
North.....	6
Gulick.....	3
Jos Hunter.....	6
Brashel.....	3
Mattigny.....	6
Daw.....	7
Franklin.....	6
Johnstone.....	6
Stewart.....	6
Webb.....	6
Soussa.....	6
Apgar.....	9
Post.....	5
Steele.....	8</

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 8.—The monthly shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club, which is attended on the place this afternoon at the grounds near Blue Road, "Golfing" was the order of the day. The following were the winners:—
 Hole 25: Upson 20, Randolph 20, W. Tamblin 19, Stirling 16, Albert 14, Elworthy 13, Calhoun 15, Watts 18, McNulty 20, Williams 17, Cogswell 17, Silsby 21, Safford 11, Braimard 15, Wherry 19, Curtis 13. For tie on second badge: Upson 2, Randolph 3, McNulty 3. For tie on third badge: Upson 1, McNulty 1, by Randolph, the third, by W. Tamblin and the fourth, by Watts.



PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 10.—An interesting match at live sparrows took place between six members of the North End Gun Club on their grounds, at Frankford, to-day. The conditions of the match were to shoot at 25 live sparrows each man, 20yds. rise and 50yds. boundary, from 3 traps. The birds, which had but recently been caught, were an exceptionally fine lot and darted off like arrows as soon as the traps were pulled off them. A large number of people were present to witness the shooting, who attested their appreciation of the skill of the shooters by frequent applause. The match was closely contested all around, resulting in a tie for first and third honors, which, owing to darkness coming on, could not be shot off.

W H Wolstencroft.....10111110011011110111101—18
W Henry.....10111110110110111011111—18
Wade Wilson.....010111101101110110111—17
J Rothacker.....11100111101101111011010—16
S Richards.....01111010010111110110110—16
J Wolstencroft.....10111100100101101111111—16

WOODSIDE, N. J.—The Woodside Gun Club will hold an open-to-all tournament on the grounds foot of Riverside avenue. The events will be under the expert-amateur rules, shooting to begin at 9:30 A. M. and continue until dark each day. Lunch and ammunition will be on hand. The events, in order, will be as follows: First day, 10 bluerocks, \$1; 15, \$1.50; 20, \$2; 25, \$2.50; 10, \$1; 15, \$1.50; 20, \$2; 25, \$2.50; 10, \$1; 15, \$1.50. Second day, 10 bluerocks, \$1; 15, \$1.50; 20, \$2; 25, \$2.50; 10, \$1; 15, \$1.50; 20, \$2; team shoot, 10 bluerocks per man, teams of two from any regularly organized club, \$2 per team; 10, \$1. Extra events will be arranged to suit the contestants.

MILLER'S LONG RUN.—While shooting at Knoxville, Tenn., in the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J., scored 45 straight Keystone targets, shooting under expert rules and using a 12-gauge Parker gun. This is the longest run ever made under the expert handicap.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Canoeing.

Canoeing. Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

LARGE AND SMALL SAILS.—There is something amusing in the race of Saturday, in which two men who came several hundred miles, had with them the proper canvas for the weather, while men who were but three miles from home had left their largest rigs at their club houses, and had not sail enough. A number of the men who were left behind by Butler and Goddard had large sails home, but could not get them at half an hour's notice. Both the Vesper rigs were fitted with a practical and smooth-working reefing gear, and so were ready for moderate as well as very light weather. Of course if it had come to reefing the boats with moderate-sized standing rigs would have had an advantage over the Vesper sails reefed to the same area; but where a man is going to a distance from his club house for a single race and cannot well take his whole box of sails with him there are certainly great advantages in a good reefing rig.

LIMIT OF WEIGHT OF CENTERBOARDS.—It is a fact that has escaped general notice that the limit of weight for centerboards, which has been in the A. C. A. rules since 1882, has this year been dropped from the rules, and no limit is now to be found in the book. Of late this clause of the rules has become a dead letter, the prevailing fad since Pecowsic's advent in 1886 being for light centerboards. It does not follow, however, that the limit,

60lbs. for total weight of all centerboards, is no longer necessary; already canoeists have learned that too thin a board is a bad thing, and thicker boards are used now than those of even last year. At the same time canoeists are awakening to the fallacy of the absolute rule laid down by some, that all ballast is bad in any canoe, and it is probable that by next season the use of lead in moderation may be quite general. If ballast is to be carried at all, and there is ample proof that it is necessary to some models and under certain conditions, a fair portion of it can be better stowed in the form of a gun-metal board than any other, and knowing the predilections of canoeists for the greatest extremes, it would not surprise us to see a 75lb board put into a 30in. canoe. Just now the tendency in yachting is to sling a very great weight of ballast low down beneath a comparatively shallow hull, as Mr. Watson has done in the Clyde centerboard boats, and as Mr. Herreshoff is doing in a new keel racer. There are extremes enough in canoeing to-day, and in order to prevent any further ones the old limit of weight should be restored for the general purpose class at least.

A NEW CANOE SAIL.—The peculiar battened spritsail devised by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff and used successfully by him on several cat-yawls, has some features which make it specially adaptable to a canoe. A sail of this pattern has just been rigged on the Torment by Mr. Smythe, of the Brooklyn C. C., and was used in the race of Saturday. A somewhat similar sail, with one sprit and battens, was used a couple of years since by Mr. Baden-Powell, but the details differed from the Herreshoff rig.

"GLORIA AZTEC."—The new canoe Aztec, built by T. McWhirter for Com. William Willard Howard, of the New York C. C., made a very creditable showing on Saturday, coming in ahead of all the local boats, and being third in a fleet of 13 starters. On this occasion she was sailed by Mr. Schuyler Schieffelin, his performance being specially creditable from the fact that he had never sailed her before this race.

A CENTERBOARD-KEEL CANOE.

IN this handsome design, for which we are indebted to Mr. C. W. D. Dyer, a Holyoke, Mass., canoeist, now a student at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, the attempt has been made to produce a canoe that, while conforming to the A. C. A. rules, shall be faster and more powerful than the usual type, approaching more nearly the modern yacht models. At the time the design was made, last February, there was no limit on the draft of a canoe, while the centerboard was limited to 60lbs. weight and fixed keel ballast to 36lbs. In order to carry the greater weight, the lead shown in the plans would be fitted with a pin and lifting rod, so as to be raised and lowered, though in use it would be kept housed in the keel. Since the design was made, the A. C. A. rules have been changed so as to limit the draft to 10in., while all limit of weight has been taken from the centerboard, so that if desirable even more lead might be carried. In order to comply with the rule the rabbet has been carried very low, leaving only the required 1 1/4 in. of keel exposed.

The keel being so deep should be of some light wood, clear spruce or even white pine, in preference to oak. The construction is clearly shown in the large section, but the keel might well be made a little deeper and hollowed out on top to the exact curve of the timbers. Toward the ends the timbers would be in two parts each, with heels rabbeted into the keel and deadwoods. The details of construction are very clearly shown, additional particulars being given in the following tables. The sail plan is large, being intended for racing, for which use the bucket cockpit and a 4ft. sliding seat would be put in. For ordinary use the draft is much greater than yet carried, but for open and deep waters this would be no serious objection.

DIMENSIONS OF CANOE ZIP.

Length.....	16ft.
Beam extreme.....	2ft. 6in.
L.W.L.....	2ft. 2in.
Draft.....	1ft.
Freeboard.....	5 1/2 in.
Sleeper bow.....	8in.
stern.....	5in.
Depth, deck to garboard inside.....	1ft. 1 3/4 in.
Crown of deck.....	3in.
Fore side of stem to forward mast tube.....	1ft.
after mast tube.....	12ft.
forward bulkhead.....	5ft. 6in.
after bulkhead.....	11ft. 6in.
fore end of well.....	5ft. 9in.
after end of well.....	11ft. 6in.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations.	HEIGHTS.			HALF BREADTHS.								Diagonals.	
	Keel.	Deck		Deck	16in.	14in.	LWL	10in.	8in.	6in.			
											No. 1.	No. 2.	
0	1 1	2 1 ⁴		0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹	
1	8	1 10 ⁴		3 ⁸	2 ⁶	2 ²	1 ⁴	0 ⁷	3	2	
2	6 ⁴	1 9 ⁷		6 ⁷	5 ³	4 ³	3 ¹	1 ⁷	0 ⁷	5 ²	3 ³	
3	5 ¹	1 8 ⁸		9 ⁸	7 ⁷	6 ⁸	5	3 ¹	1 ⁴	0 ⁴	7 ²	4 ⁶	
4	4 ¹	1 7 ⁴		11 ³	10 ¹	8 ⁷	6 ⁷	4 ⁸	2 ³	0 ⁷	9 ¹	5 ⁶	
5	3 ¹	1 6 ⁸		1 1	11 ⁷	10 ⁸	8 ⁸	6 ²	3 ³	1 ²	10 ⁴	6 ⁶	
6	2 ³	1 6 ¹		1 2	1 1 ²	1 0 ²	10 ⁴	7 ⁷	4 ²	1 ⁴	11 ⁶	7 ³	
7	1 ⁷	1 5 ⁶		1 2 ⁸	1 2 ²	1 1 ²	11 ⁶	9 ²	5	1 ⁵	1 0 ⁵	7 ⁷	
8	1 ³	1 5 ⁶		1 2 ⁷	1 2 ⁷	1 2 1 0 ⁵	10 ¹	5 ²	1 ⁶	1 1 ²	8 ²		
9	1	1 5 ⁴		1 3	1 2 ⁷	1 2 ²	1 1	10 ⁴	5 ⁵	1 ⁸	1 1 ⁴	8 ³	
10	0 ⁸	1 5 ⁶		1 2 ⁷	1 2 ⁵	1 1 ⁷	1 0 ⁴	10 ²	5 ⁵	1 ⁶	1 1 ¹	8 ²	
11	0 ³	1 5 ⁷		1 2 ⁷	1 2	1 1	11 ³	8 ⁷	4 ²	1 ⁴	1 0 ²	7 ⁵	
12	0 ¹	1 6 ²		1 1 ²	1 0 ⁴	11 ⁴	9 ⁶	7	3 ⁶	1 ³	11 ¹	6 ⁷	
13	0	1 6 ⁷		11 ³	10 ²	9 ²	7 ⁴	5	2 ⁵	1 ¹	9 ³	5 ⁷	
14	0	1 7 ⁷		8 ⁵	7 ²	6 ²	4 ⁶	3	1 ⁵	0 ⁶	6 ⁷	4 ⁴	
15	0	1 9		4 ⁷	3 ⁵	2 ⁷	2	1 ²	0 ⁶	0 ⁸	3 ⁶	2 ²	
16	0	1 10 ⁴		0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹	0 ¹	

Stations 1ft. apart, waterlines 2in. apart. All measurements to outside of planking. Heights measured from lowest point keel. Measurements in inches and eighths.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB RACE, OCT. 10.

EVEN Gravesend Bay, one of the few good pieces of water for canoe sailing still left about New York, is not exempt from the whims and vagaries of the wind, and on Saturday last it served the Marine and Field Club rather a poor turn by doing out the breeze very sparingly for the greater part of the afternoon. Although there was wind enough for a race when it finally came, there was a general disappointment over the light weather, as both racers and spectators wished to see the fleet in a whole-sail breeze. Perhaps the most disappointed of all in one way was Mr. Paul Butler, who had brought his new Bee from Lowell, in company with Mr. Goddard with the Vesper, in order to test the new boat in rough water, something that he has not been able to do since she was launched. Gravesend Bay on this occasion was as smooth as it could possibly be, but in the end both canoeists went home tolerably well satisfied, having finished first and second on a fine fleet of thirteen starters, including most of the local flyers. The race was arranged by Mr. Vaux, Whitlock for the Marine and Field Club in order to bring together the leading racing boats at the time when they were in the best possible form—better in most cases than at the meet. Two handsome prizes were offered, the race being open to all canoeists. The starters were as follows:

Wasp.....	Paul Butler.....	Vesper.....
Aztec.....	D. S. Goddard.....	Nesper.....
Eurylda.....	Schuyler Schieffelin.....	New York.....
Bonnie.....	W. S. Elliott.....	Marine and Field.....
Eclipse.....	C. B. Vaux.....	Brooklyn.....
Torment.....	F. L. Dunneil.....	Brooklyn.....
Seabright.....	H. C. Ward.....	Brooklyn.....
Bubble.....	W. T. Winttingham.....	Brooklyn.....
Kismet.....	W. Whitlock.....	New York.....
Guenn.....	C. J. Stevens.....	New York.....
Rival.....	H. L. Quick.....	Yonkers.....
Chingachgook.....	Fred. Fricke.....	Red Bank.....
	Oscar Hesse.....	Red Bank.....

It will be seen that the fleet was a notable one, the principal local boats being present in addition to the two visitors. To make it complete there was needed only Toltec, Tempest, Cricket, Uno, Beta and Lieda. Mr. Schieffelin sailed Aztec in the absence of Com. Howard, Mr. Quick sailed Guenn, Mr. Whitlock his new Bubble, which had just arrived from the builder after some material alterations made since the meet.

Both Butler and Goddard had their large reefing rigs of 140ft.,

but the local men for the most part turned up with small rigs, having left their largest sails at the club houses. The consequence was that nearly all were under-canvased throughout the race.

The course was a triangle of about two miles, the first leg a reach with booms to starboard, then a jibe and a reach to the outer buoy, with a beat home. The tide was running out of the Bay. The wind was light from the north, backing a little on the last round and freeing after the leaders had finished. The course was a very good one, with the exception that the finish line, which was at right angles with the starting line, was laid off to leeward instead of to windward of the home buoy. The consequence was that several boats on the last leg laid up to weather this buoy, as in the first two rounds, when they might have finished a hundred yards to leeward.

At 2 P. M. there was not wind enough to start the race, and the first signal was not given until 3:07:30, the start being given at 3:12:30. Bee was perfectly timed, going over quickly with good headway, while Guenn, Wasp and Seabright followed her closely. The fleet was well strung out from the start, several being far in the rear. The jibe at the first mark was made in the following order: Bee, Guenn, Wasp, Bonnie, Aztec, Eclipse, Chingachgook, Eurylda, Rival, Bubble, Seabright, Torment, Kismet. On the second leg Bee ran so far ahead that she sailed alone. Wasp was pushing Guenn for second place, while Aztec had left the pack well astern. The order at the leeward mark was: Bee 3:25:40, Guenn 3:26:50, Wasp close to Guenn, Aztec, Eurylda, Bonnie, Eclipse, Rival, Chingachgook, Torment, Seabright, Bubble, Kismet.

On the windward work Bee, Wasp and Aztec gained on the rest, the fleet being broken up from this time out into three divisions. Bee, Wasp and Aztec made up the first, some distance astern were Guenn, Eurylda, Eclipse, Bonnie and Torment, while in the rear were Seabright, Bubble, Kismet.

The first round was timed:

Bee	3:38:30	Torment	3:41:58
Wasp	3:39:15	Seabright	3:42:45
Aztec	3:39:55	Bubble	3:43:45
Guenn	3:40:48	Bubble	3:43:47
Eurylda	3:41:10	Kismet	3:46:07
Bonnie	3:41:40	Chingachgook	3:46:12
Eclipse	3:41:53		

The wind was so light that the men were hardly outside the boats, none being fairly on the seal. On the first leg of the second round several managed to wing out, but the leaders sailed with booms both to starboard, as at the start. After completing the first round Rival and Chingachgook withdrew. The order at the first mark on second round was: Bee, Wasp, Aztec, Guenn, Eurylda, Eclipse, Bonnie, Torment, Seabright, Kismet and Bubble. On this round Torment picked up, but the places were otherwise but little changed, the end of the round being thus:

Bee	4:00:40	Eurylda	4:03:15
Wasp	4:01:46	Bonnie	4:08:42
Aztec	4:03:53	Seabright	4:11:50
Torment	4:06:55	Bubble	4:11:51
Guenn	4:07:22	Kismet	4:13:14
Eclipse	4:07:35		

Bubble withdrew, having broken her steering gear. On the next leg the wind was so far aft that most of the boats ran wing and wing. The order was not taken at the intermediate buoys, but was little changed, as the final times show. After Bee had finished the wind came in freer and rather helped the laggards. The finish was timed:

Bee	4:23:35	Eclipse	4:33:33
Wasp	4:27:05	Torment	4:33:05
Aztec	4:30:02	Guenn	4:35:42
Eurylda	4:32:45	Seabright	4:35:20
Bonnie	4:32:55	Kismet	not timed.

This race is the last open event of the year, and marks the ending of the season of 1891. Like the June race of the same club it has proved a success, the two being among the most important events of the year.

"RUNNING THE RAPIDS."—Mr. C. Klackner, of 5 East Seventeenth street, has just published an original etching by the artist Wm. M. Cary (size of plate 30x17in.), entitled "Running the Rapids." It has been dedicated to the "Canoeists of America" and is full of spirit and action. The scene is laid in the Adirondacks, in a rapid of the chain of lakes. Two canoes are seen from the city being on a hunting and fishing trip evidently know how to really enjoy his vacation. The old and trusted guide is kneeling in the forepart of the boat and paddling with all his energy to keep off the rocks as they dash down the rapids. The packs and camp kits being stowed amidships help to serve as ballast to the frail birchen canoe, the guns lying flat on the bottom to prevent accident. They have evidently left an advanced camp, for the morning mists are not cleared away from the mountains, but roll up and take fantastic shapes as they rise and disappear before the heat of old Sol as he climbs the heavens. A flock of mallard ducks have just risen from the edge of the stream, seeming to enjoy and appreciate the fact of their being safe, although in easy range of the occupants of the canoe, who would like to take a shot at them, but dare not while running the rapids. Mr. Cary has had considerable experience in canoeing in the Wild West, at one time making a trip down the Missouri through the Mauvais Terre or bad lands, from Fort Benton down to Bismarck, a distance of 1,800 miles, in a Mackinaw. We would recommend this picture to lovers of sport as well as of etchings, the subject being entirely new and original, nothing similar having ever been placed before the public.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price \$3.99. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price \$1.50.

WINNING YACHTS.

OWNERS of winning yachts will confer a favor by sending to us as soon as possible the records of their yachts for the past season, giving number of starts and prizes, as well as places in each race, and also amounts won.

THE DRIFT OF DESIGNING.—The present tendencies of yacht designing, especially in the smaller classes, are too plain to be overlooked. While beam, and where the rules allow, length also are used liberally, displacement is being cut down, while stability is secured both by beam and low ballast. Depth of body is being decreased, giving a higher center of buoyancy, while the center of gravity is lowered by means of very light construction, giving a higher percentage of ballast to displacement, and by the very low position of the ballast. The smaller keel boats are rapidly approaching the extreme wine-glass section, or the saucer with a deep metal fin, and a still greater extreme is possible in the direction of the new Herreshoff Dilemma, a wide, shoal racing machine, with all ballast suspended deep below the real keel. The same extreme is practicable in the case of centerboard boats, the board being heavily weighted. As yet no harm has been done in the larger classes, the machines being confined to the smaller racing boats, but the general tendency is toward the production of an undesirable type in many classes.

"CITY OF THE STRAITS."—This craft, which was defeated last week by Pappoose, is not a lake steamer or ferryboat, as might be supposed from her name, but a 55ft. cutter of modern type, a compromise model, with lead keel and centerboard. "The City," as she is commonly called, was designed by E. B. Wendell, of Detroit, a very clever young amateur. She would have been much faster had the sail plan and construction of the designer been adhered to, but she was built with the scantling of an old 70-footer, and much overspurred at first.

A NEW 40-FOOTER.—All doubt has been removed as to the fact of a successor to Gloriana being under way. Mr. Herreshoff will build a 40-footer during the winter on much the same lines as Gloriana. The name of the owner is still a secret, but it is stated that he is a New York yachtsman, and not Mr. Morgan.

A SHARPIE CRUISE IN FLORIDA.

THE Kingfisher's cargo is stowed at last, the skipper is making sail, and Ed and Charley are disposing of themselves as comfortably as they can for the day. Be it known that the Kingfisher is a tight little sharpie yawl, built by the skipper, and christened in honor of that writer, whose "Camps of the Kingfishers" have made glad so many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. The little craft is handy, fast and able; has good cabin accommodation for two, and has been tested so well and so often that the skipper has unbounded confidence in her ability to go anywhere or to do anything.

Ed and Charley are two friends from the Hub, who were here some years ago and had such a good time that they have always longed to try it over again. When they wrote to the skipper last February and asked "Can you go?" it did not take long to settle the matter. And the skipper; well, the less said about him the better.

They were off at last, the wind is light but fair, and as speed is no object, we are just as happy as we would be if going faster. Close behind us comes the Commodore in his wonder-said wonder being a Boston-built craft, and of such a peculiar model that some unregenerate scamp (not having the fear of Com. P. before his eyes) has dubbed her the Boston Bean Pot. She is 18ft. long by 9ft. beam, or 9ft. long by 16ft. beam, I have forgotten which, and carries a sharpie.

When just clear of the buoy the wind falls a little and finally jumps out right ahead. It is flood tide, and with a sigh the skipper lets everything go by the run, and picking up the long cypress pole proceeds to drive the yawl against the wind and tide. The operation is not speedy or easy, but it is dreadfully sure, and in due time we arrive at the mouth of the river, where we will be on an easy-going start at a quarter of eight.

It is one of our best days, when everything and everybody seem to have accepted the fact that life is worth living. The boys are busy looking over the guns, overhauling cartridges, tackle and all the thousand and one things which sportsmen take to the woods and waters. At sunset we reach Clearwater, Ed. and Charley going up to see their old friend "Mao Dak," and the skipper and I go up to take a little smoke and, like a good sensible cruiser, turn in early.

An owly morning, but after many pros and cons we start. About 3 miles away is Little Pass, where we are to try the Gulf; before we reach the Pass, however, the wind jumps out of the southwest, and with such a determined and vicious objection that we decide to beat up the bay a while. This course was arrived at after due consideration of Charley's liability to be seasick at the slightest provocation. The wind increased rapidly, first a double-reefed mainsail, then down came mainsail altogether and the little yawl under jib and dandy climbed up to windward in a way to do a sailor's heart good. But Charley's stomach gets unruly, and after some seven or eight miles thrashing we tie up at an old orange wharf and make up our minds to go fishing until better weather.

The wharf where we made our halt is at what is known as the "Powledge Grove," one of the oldest groves on this coast, and still in prime condition. Near here is where the United States military store house stood during the Seminole war. It was a large log structure, two stories high, built against the bluff, which at that point was the high end of a funnel of the great lake in 1848 the old house was stowed full of fish barrels. The grove and sea completely demolished the building and some of the fish barrels were afterward found several miles inland.

After getting everything snug on the yacht, we organized for dinner, and then came a ramble through the grove, and as the wind was still high, with a heavy sea, the fishing gear was got out and the boys had heaps of fun catching many snappers.

The next morning opened bright and clear, with a rising tide and fair wind. After a little discussion, it was voted to try the pass through the Narrows—a passage between the key and the main land, some five or six miles long, and from a few yards to a half-mile in width. It is a noted place for birds, but owing to the very shoal water the navigation is not very good. However, we struck it right on, went through without accident, the boys getting a few birds on the way. Below the Narrows comes Boca Ceiga Bay, which we run through with flowing steel.

At noon we are just inside Pass-a-guille. Here we have a choice of two evils; to cross Tampa Bay at the mouth, where the distance is short, or to go straight to dodge the big swells, but making our time between land longer. We decide on the latter course. Bearing to the east, the wind is light, and the water is calm, passing through a shoal channel which leads us along the edge of flats and by sandbars until we strike Tampa Bay at about two miles from its mouth and at its widest part. As we open out the ship channel past Egmont we make a discovery: the white squadron are maneuvering around Egmont. We are too far to the east to get much of an idea what the evolutions are, but we can hear the roar of the guns, and see some of the smoke.

Tampa Bay is on its good behavior, but when nearly across the wind howls just enough to bring us close-hauled to the buoy off Manatee River, where we meet a sharp tide rip, which makes poor Charley wish he had not eaten so much dinner. He takes it philosophically, however, merely suggesting that we hunt smooth water as quickly as possible.

We are soon in quiet Bay and in quieter waters. We are now below the effects of the freeze of 1889, and the bright green mangroves are more cheering to the eye than the tangle of dead branches that line the shores north of Tampa Bay.

We soon come to Long Boat Lulet, the home of the mullet fishermen. Here we see multitudes of small skiffs, all rigged alike; mast well, and a spruce mainsail, and jib set to stem head. (By the way, that the original cutter rig is still in vogue on the little sea boats, and go anywhere and at any time. It is growing late, and as we clear the middle ground of Long Boat the minds of the party turn on camp and supper. Charley has recovered from his seasickness and wants to stop where there are birds. Cow Key is a good place, so we crawl into a lee, down goes the anchor, and Charley and Ed make our way in the dinghy.)

The skipper snugs up a little and turns in to supper. Meanwhile the wind, which has been veering about from S.W. to N.W. all day, has got well to the northward and now begins to pipe in earnest. "Whew! how cold it is. Can this be Florida?" Supper is ready. Charley and Ed are back with a dozen birds, and an appetite, and the skipper—well the skipper always has an appetite.

Working again, off and away. Twelve miles south is Sarasota, where we stop for dinner and for the boys to call on their old friend "Homosassa Jones;" everybody who comes to the west coast knows Capt. Jones, and "Mother Jones" is as well known through Florida. We find that Capt. Jones has gone to Key West, but Mother Jones is at home, and besides we meet other familiar faces which makes our short stay more than pleasant. While eating dinner the skipper notices the tide rising fast, and consulting a native, finds it is higher than usual and still coming. Whereupon the party conclude to try a run through the "mangroves;" said "mangroves" being a collection of narrow tortuous channels through cown oyster bars, mud flats, etc.

With a good breeze and a free sheet we skim along for some two miles, and then the skipper says "Hard up!" "Keep off!" "Hard up!" and the boys are fairly into the mangrove labyrinth of bushes, snags, deep holes, flats and bars. Here the skipper shows some of the fine touches of Florida navigation; down mainsail and jib, overboard, and with one hand on the nose of the Kingfisher, away he goes. Sometimes picking his way over an oyster bar, sometimes knee deep in the mud and then up to his hips in deep water, and on one occasion he sees open water and says "But what are the boys doing?" Ed is diving his time between the cob pipe and helping the skipper with a pole and Charley, with the Kodak, is in the dinghy picking up the views which he thinks he may want to look at again, and that will please his friends when he once more returns to civilization.

We are soon at Seminoles Point, where the skipper and the cook had a notable fight with the "man who was a rat," where a cracker came aboard and tried to drive out the "man who was a rat" (it didn't work). We make sail here and soon run down to "Webb's." Capt. Webb has been here some twenty-five years and is chock full of stories of the good old times. A pleasant camp on the point, a cheerful camp-fire, with interesting yarns from Capt. Webb, a flash light photo with the Kodak, and we all turn in.

With the sun in the morning comes a sharpie from Carey's Pass; the crew tells us the pass is closed, so we flatten in sheets for Little Sarasota. On the way Ed gets in a fat shot at a flock of ducks; we pick up a round dozen and go on, getting to the pass about noon. Here we decide to make camp, fish and rest. We fill up the afternoon with all it will hold and at 9 P.M. the boys crawl into their nests in the cabin of the Kingfisher, while the skipper rolls in his bed on the camp-fire.

The fire burns low, the skipper gets up, punches the coals together, lays on another log or so and is soon in the land of dreams, but always wakeful and easily roused, he soon opens his eyes and, without moving, scans the circle lit up by the camp-fire's blaze. A soft footfall is heard, another, and out of the darkness steps a man; slowly the man advances to the fire, and when within a few feet the skipper says "Well! that is it!" The man steps nearer and says, "I have walked from Stump Pass (26 miles) and I was never so tired in my life. I ran my schooner ashore above here in the blow last Thursday and I have been to Stump Pass to get

help to get her afloat again. I want to borrow a lantern to go aboard and get some coffee." "All right," says the skipper, "here's your lantern, bring it down early in the morning." Away he goes and the skipper is soon asleep again.

In the morning, after an early breakfast of smothered duck, we are just making sail when down comes the stranger with the lantern. We are soon out of the Pass, and with a very light wind heading south. To-day is a black day for Ed. He was the possessor of a Winchester, a rifle that had been tried and proved, an old friend that he had cheerfully carried on many a long tramp, a companion endeared to him by a hundred recollections. Many a fat deer had he brought down by its aid and many a plump turkey had fallen to its deadly lead. We were running along close-hauled, breeze light, with occasionally a strong puff. Ed was busy trolling for kingfish, when below Carey's Pass we fell in with a school of porpoises; they raced alongside, darted across our bows and out up their monkey shins all around us. Ed makes fast his trolling line, and with the remark, "I'll make you hump," he pulls out the favorite rifle. Taking it from its case he pats it lovingly, wipes off an imaginary speck of dust, slips in some shells and stands at a ready; but now the porpoises seem to be gone—not one in sight—so after a few moments' watch-keeping he has flung the companion slide and turns to his kingfish line. As he becomes busy with his line there comes a long sharp puff, the Kingfisher heels to leeward, some one yells, "Look out for that gun!" Ed turns just in time to catch one fleeting glimpse of the muzzle of his old favorite bound for the bottom of the Gulf. There are sorrows too deep for words; this was one of them. A sad, wistful look came over his face, but no words. Charley and I, knowing they could not help the matter wisely remained silent.

The breeze freshens and we are soon in sight of Stump Pass. Working in just around the point we make camp and prepare for a day's stay. We notice thousands of little fish like sardines, and Charley is soon busy with net and bucket. He quickly has a bucket full, and, selecting his rod, is at work casting in an eddy. The boys have floundered the bait does, and so we point out a strike. Ed is still mourning for the gun, but as he sees Charley struggling with a big sea trout he forgets his sorrow, and, reaching for his rod, is soon in the same fix. Two fine fish are selected for supper, and then the boys catch and unhook until they tire of the sport. There is a camp of mullet fishermen on the opposite side of the pass. The boys take the dinghy and pull over to interview them. They soon return for guns, "ducks," says Charley, and soon the skipper hears them banging away. At supper time they put in an appearance, each with a bunch of ducks and a big smile. And so it goes, we eat, sleep, smoke and fish, and on the third day spread our wings for another flight.

Working inside through the Mangrove Islands, we open out Kettle Harbor, a splendid bay, with a splendid breeze, ducks by the thousand, blue herons, a flock of ibis, schools of mullet. Over yonder is Grove City, but we "don't want no city, ain't lost any." We're looking for fun and fresh air. In and out among the keys, now creeping along through a narrow channel, now over a mud flat, then along some sandy beach, but always happy, contented, peaceful, and always on the lookout for fun.

In the middle of the afternoon we reach Big Gasparilla. The boys want to see the fish ranch here, and so we point out to the harbor. As we near the little wharf we see a small dog. He appears to be dancing a jig; as we get nearer the little fellow runs down on the wharf. He frolics and capers, yells and howls and does all he can to bid us welcome. An old Sicilian sailor who is in charge of the ranch, comes down and apologizes for the dog. "He's glad to see you," says the old man, "I'll know what to do." We tie up at the wharf, and as the boys start to get their guns, there is a fresh water lake near by, and the ducks are in force. In an hour's time the boys return, each with his bunch of ducks, and feeling as proud as if they had never seen a bird before.

After supper we haul out in the bay and get ready for sleep. The skipper takes the top of the cabin, but the boys go for their beds below. They make complaint in the morning of being annoyed with mosquitoes, but the skipper says he didn't feel any.

To-day the wind is ahead and very light, and we only make Captiva Island, before reaching which we cross Boca Grande. In the Pass are some large vessels waiting for their load of phosphate. We pass close to an immense four-masted schooner. As we cross the Pass we see a small schooner, the mast of which the little Kingfisher is small in comparison. South of Boca Grande is Costa, one of the finest islands on the coast. Here is located a Spanish fish ranch. Vessels come here from Havana and load with fish for that market. It looks queer to any one who knows how jealous the Spaniards are of foreigners coming to the coast, to see their vessels come here year after year, without hindrance or restriction, except the usual regulations of the exclusion of native born Americans, filling their holds with the finest fish, while an American fisherman or sponger is caught within three miles of the Cuban coast he is taken, forfeits his vessel and cargo, and is lucky if he gets away alive. But that's a political matter, and I detest politics.

At Captiva we run into one of the prettiest of pretty little harbors. Here is another Spanish ranch owned by Key West parties; but they are very good fellows, and we enjoy the evening snugly in the dinghy up and away for St. James, that Mecca of the tarpon crank.

On our way to St. James we have an amusing incident. It happened in this way, there was a strong breeze, well aft, but as the distance was short we decided to tow the dinghy. About half way the sea got so lively that something had to be done. Ed, who is always up to emergencies, says, "I'll fix it." So he lowers the dandy and the boys and the skipper's painter fasten him above deck on the dandy mast. All right for awhile, but the Kingfisher pitches over one of the short, deep seas, the dinghy hanging nearly up and down, and the following sea rolled right into her. We had a bag of grape fruit and oranges in the boat, with a number of other tricks which had been put there to give us more room aboard. They were one by one sent flying over the side, and the boys were effectively that we never found them afterwards. Whoever has tried to pick up a small boat in a heavy sea can understand the job we had, but we did it, and in a short time we were going along with the Kingfisher, Jr., on the house.

We soon reach St. James, to find but few guests here, and they preparing to leave. It has been a bad winter for fishing, and everyone was disappointed with his luck.

At St. James our party received news that compelled them to change their plans somewhat. We had planned to visit the Thousand Islands, but the female contingent at home had planned a little raid of their own and notified their lords to meet them on a certain date in Washington. Ah, well! Man proposes, but woman decrees. The thing was settled, we had just a week longer, and we thought we could do no better than take a run through Eastern Bay.

Next evening in a furious norther we made sail and filled away for an eight mile run across to Estero, and made the run all right, although Charley got rather white on the last half of the way. We ran into the bay some two miles and came to for the night. Next morning away again south, reaching Hotokey Pass in the evening, and the boys were one by one sent flying over the side. Toward night the weather looked owley, we ran in for a mile or so for a better harbor, found a nice little shell beach, where we landed; and as it was quite cool soon had a rousing camp-fire. After supper and a pleasant day all hands turned in for the night, the boys in the cabin, the skipper on shore.

It proved to be a night of horrors. It was a strong breeze at sunset, and the temperature was in the sixties and cold—talk about Arctic weather, I have been on the Northwest coast of Alaska and in Siberia and I believe I never suffered from the cold as I did that night in Florida. Somewhere in the morning hours the skipper waked and found the fire nearly out. Very reluctantly he crawled out from his blankets, very carefully put on his shoes, also tied up and went for the fire. The wood we used was dead mangrove. It takes the hottest kind of a fire and just the very hottest kind of coals. The skipper tugged along some logs and then commenced to punch up the big bed of coals to provoke a blaze. He was successful, for a good, nice lively coal about the size of a walnut flopped into his shoe and wedged there fast. Great Cesar! what a time! That shoestring wouldn't break and the shoe wouldn't come off without. The skipper climbed out, and I never learned to dance, but he took some steps that time. Finally he sat down, untied his shoe and found a place about the size of a dollar that was literally cooked.

Daylight at last, breakfast is ready, and the boys creep out of the cabin and stand shivering around the fire. Charley gets out his toilet paraphernalia, but it is too cold to use, and after a lick and a promise, we all settle down to coffee. As the day advanced the cool breeze never left us, but the boys and I were as comfortable. The boys take the dinghy and go to the Pass, but find no birds. We visit some settlers on the island, and then finally comes night and we all turn in early to make up for last night's unrest.

Morning, and almost a calm. What wind there is proves fair for the run back, and we take advantage of it and are off. Toward noon a breeze catches us and we work out of the Pass and up for Punta Rasa, reaching the latter place about 4 P.M. We are on the wharf, alongside a little yawl-rigged naphtha launch, the Eteetera, of Hartford, Conn. The boys spent so much time ashore that we lay at the wharf all night.

In the morning, away for the Caloosahatchee. There we find plenty of ducks, but they are so wild that we only get two. We run up the river a few miles and come to mooring again, the boys are getting tired, the mosquitoes plagued them last night. They rig up, however, and start for birds, get back at noon with a few mallards and enormous appetites. After dinner we push for Sword Point—a famous place for sharks, and that evening we tried to coax some of them out of the wet. But they either knew what we were at, or they were not hungry, for not a bite did we get.

That night we have a grand camp-fire on the Point. We try to be jolly, but it is the last night in camp, and the fun is rather forced. We finally roll into our blankets and watch the stars until the sweet, peaceful sleep falls on us, that never comes as it does in camp under the stars; and we know no more until the skipper shouts "Coffee!"

We are soon up and away, first to Punta Rasa for telegrams, then haul our wind for St. James. We find the place deserted, the hotel closed, and everything and everybody with a forsaken look. The mail boat leaves to-morrow, and Ed and Charley are to go to Punta Gorda to take the trunks here for Washington.

The odds and ends are all picked up, the trunks have been hauled to the steamboat office, the "good-bys" have been said, and the skipper makes sail with a heavy heart, for he has not said good-bye to his boys, and the thought will come that it may be for the last time. But life is made up of meetings and partings; there is no time to waste in regrets.

Right here is a good place to say good-bye to the reader. I might tell you of my run up the coast, of the row with the devil-fish, of the squall and the waistropes in Boca Ciega Bay, but the yarn is overlong already. So we will bid adieu, and with a goodnight to all the skipper will go below.

TARPOON.

NEW YORK YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the New York Yacht Racing Association, called for the purpose of listening to the report of the regatta committee for the third annual regatta, held on Labor Day, and for the transaction of such business as would come before it, was held at O'Neill's on Friday evening last.

The meeting was called to order by the president, A. J. Prime. Delegates from the following clubs were present: Brooklyn, Canarsie, Columbia, Harlem, Hudson River, Indian Harbor, Jersey City, Newark, New Jersey, North Shrewsbury, Pavonia, Sing Sing, Williamsburgh and Yonkers Corinthian, 14 clubs.

The report of the regatta committee was then submitted by Geo. E. Gartland, its chairman. Its most salient points follow: After touching upon the number of entries, 150, which was unprecedented in the history of yachting, and calling attention to the fact of the incessant rain that fell for nearly a week before the contest, the gloomy outlook of the morning of the race and the nor-wester that was blowing, preventing a great many starters, the regatta committee are confident that had there been but a whorl breeze there would have been at least 125 starters, the large number of 75 started notwithstanding the inclement weather.

But for several mishaps before the race, such as capsize and breakdowns in the strong wind, there would not have been less than 90 starters. The regatta committee also call attention to the matter of numbers; they have been to considerable expense and need trouble in procuring for their proper distribution to the contestants, and notwithstanding the fact that they took up their position at the starting line over 50 had not procured their numbers and the committee had to delay starting the race until most, if not all, were provided with them. They suggest that the numbers be sent to the various secretaries of the respective clubs for distribution among the contestants several days before the race.

The following are named as the prize winners in their respective classes. Class A—B and C, correct time. Class D—Notus, Com. W. M. H. Rowe, Columbia Y. C., beats Gertrude H. B. Pearson, Jersey City Y. C., 2m. 15s. corrected time. Class E—Carrie Van Voorhees, J. H. Thorne, Yonkers Cor. Y. C., beats Nautilus, Pringle & Haskins, Columbia Y. C., 5m. 55s. corrected time.

Class F—Yawl Bessie, Garret Van Horne, Jersey City Y. C., beats Forsythe, Alex. F. Poe, Jersey City Y. C., 18m. 44s. corrected time.

Class G—Christine, Smith & Chester, Pavonia Y. C., beats Bertha, A. C. Skinner, Yonkers Cor. Y. C., 14m. 52s. corrected time.

Class I—No starters, Charm, E. S. Ketcham, New Jersey Y. C., breaking her boom on her way to the starting line.

Class J—Henry Daurer, Theo. H. Rogers, New Jersey Y. C., beats Henry Daurer, Dougherty & McCabe, Hudson River Y. C., 21m. 5s. corrected time.

Class K—Pauline B. Charles S. Raymond, Sag Sing Y. C., beats Lizzie B., Geo. A. Bowker, Bayswater Y. C., 3m. 17s. corrected time.

Class L—Ges So, Capt. Joe Elsworth, Jersey City Y. C., beats Torment, W. Honquont, Kill von Kull Y. C., 8m. 37s. corrected time.

Class M—Gracie, J. H. Stevenson, Kill von Kull Y. C., beats Harry C. W. T. Porter, Harlem Y. C., 9m. 55s. corrected time.

The committee called attention to an anonymous protest against the yawl Bessie, claiming that she had been improperly classified by the committee with cabin sloops, and should have been classified as a cabin cat. The committee of course could not consider this was a singular proposition to classify a boat carrying a jib, mainsail and boom as a cabin cat. It after the fact, inspired by the rules was allowed but one sail only. If after the fact, inspired by the protest emanated from Mr. A. F. Roe of the Forsythe, belonging to the same club as the yawl Bessie. Mr. Roe was present at the meeting, and spoke at considerable length in support of his position, and asked that it be referred to the executive committee of the association. The regatta committee then asked leave to be excused, and the executive committee, and so referred it. A recess was taken, the executive committee meeting and upholding the report of the regatta committee.

Mr. Roe then gave notice of an amendment to Rule I. of the racing rules of the association relating to classification, inserting between class G and class I, class II, all yawls. This is a good move, and the association would do well to adopt it, creating a special class for yawls. We cannot recall any club where they have a special class for yawls, they having to sail against sloops, and are generally rated when so doing at seven-eighths of their measurement.

The committee in their report also call attention to a protest by the Henry Daurer against the Only Daughter, sailing in Class 7, in which the former claimed that "going down before the wind I, mainsail and boom, and one of the crew of the Only Daughter caught my main sheet and held it, at the same time trying to put me on the Can Buoy."

It would seem from the evidence that the Only Daughter started over three minutes after the Daurer and passed to leeward of the latter outside the Narrows, and seemed to have got well clear of the latter when the Daurer came up and covered the Daughter, putting her boom across the latter. The alleged foul, it is claimed, occurred just above Buoy No. 9, near the Hospital Island.

The committee notified the respective parties for the protest to appear before them, and on their appearance examined them concerning the alleged foul. Their report concerning the foul is as follows:

Your committee carefully considered the testimony as submitted and concluded to ask for affidavits from the respective owners bearing directly on the point.

In accordance with a resolution of the committee, the respective owners were requested to furnish affidavits to Mr. Gartland, chairman of the committee, at his office, on or before Sept. 24, 1891.

Before the expiration of the time fixed your committee received affidavits from the members of the crew of the Henry Daurer, in which they swore that one of the crew of the Only Daughter took hold of the mainsheet of their boat at or near Can Buoy No. 9, and thereby almost forced their boat to foul said buoy. On the other hand, the crew of the Only Daughter presented affidavits, and each member positively swears that he did not touch any part of the Henry Daurer, nor did he see any one on board the Only Daughter touch any part of the Henry Daurer, nor in any way interfere with or foul her.

Your committee further report that after full and thorough consideration of all the evidence in the case, they have determined to and have dismissed the protest of the Henry Daurer and awarded the race and prize in Class 7 to the Only Daughter, she having beaten the Henry Daurer 22m. 59s. corrected time, over the course.

The committee also attach a statement of their receipts and disbursements and conclude by saying that they trust that at the next regatta instead of 150 entries there will be that number of starters.

The entertainment committee having charge of the steamer Cygnus also submitted their report, showing a net balance to be paid to the credit of the association of \$50.77.

A motion to give a special pennant to a yacht winning in her class three consecutive times, that had been laid on the table at a previous meeting, was taken from the table, and on being voted on was lost.

There seems to be a sentiment that the association is growing too large and old for champion pennants and a great many seem to think they should be done away with altogether, and that prizes are all that are necessary.

After an appropriation of \$300 was made to buy prizes the meeting adjourned.

The regatta committee will procure the prizes at once and present them to the winners at a subsequent meeting of the association to be called for that purpose.

BEVERLY Y. C. 183D REGATTA.

THE 183d race of the Beverly Y. C., a sail-off for champion pennant, was sailed on Oct. 3, the contest being closed and the winner of the race was the boat named Violet, but as the latter had been sold out of the club it was a walk-over for Violet, and she took things easily, starting after second class in order to keep out of the way. A fresh southwester was blowing. Defiance and Hanley's Torment, just round from Boston, were on hand to sail over course, though not in race. Mist started under single reef, Violet with three, all the others with two.

Anonima, a new boat, came out of the club on Friday and was crossing the line on the port tack at least a minute at the start by windward and took first place, Surprise being second, while Torment was beating Defiance. Mist was doing well, but not well enough. Off the point the wind lightened and Surprise shook out reefs. Anonima did so later, but made a mess of it, getting in.

Surprise is right on the line in the class, and was found to be 14in. into first; she took out ballast that night in order to get back. After the race Anonima protested her length, and she protested Anonima's (who has very recently been twice measured on protests, with same result).

Course No. 1, distance 10¼ miles, wind S.W. strong, but growing lighter.

FIRST CLASS. Length. Elapsed. Corrected.
Violet, G. H. Richards..... 27.06 2 24 32 2 14 48

SECOND CLASS. Length. Elapsed. Corrected.
Surprise, Jas. M. Codman..... 27.04 2 09 15 1 59 31
Anonima, F. L. Dabney..... 27.01 2 09 38 1 59 38
Mist, G. H. Richards..... 26.08 2 09 58 1 59 33

Winners of championship pennants, Violet and Surprise. Judge, W. L. Jeffries.

CENTERBOARDS.

THE council of the Y. R. A. has undertaken to consider whether or not it is best to place any restrictions on the weight of centerplates or weighted centerboards. This will no doubt be a very difficult matter to handle, if a determination to limit the weight is arrived at; but for our part we think that either centerplates must be allowed without restrictions, or their use must be forbidden altogether. So far as the weight is concerned, we can only see that an advantage can be gained in one way, and that advantage can, we think, be placed in raising and lowering a portion of the board weight cannot be an advantage, except in an indirect manner. We can suppose that a 10-rat like Dora has a centerplate of 1 ton 10cwt., and that when the plate is lowered the center of gravity is also lowered, say, as much as 0.75ft., and this would then be her condition of greatest stiffness; or, in other words, she would be able to carry her canvas more effectively with the plate down than she would with it up. We cannot imagine any point of sailing a yacht where this would not be an advantage so far as the means of propulsion are concerned. If the centerplate would be inconsiderable when before the wind, and if it meant a greater advantage, so far as speed is implicated, to reduce the immersed surface by lifting the plate. At any rate it would be a very small matter one way or the other, and it can safely be claimed that, so far as speed is concerned, there is no advantage in being able to lift a centerplate.

There is, however, any more than it would be an advantage to lift a portion of a yacht's ballast—say take it from round the heel of the mast and place it round the mast on deck. If the centerplate, fitted with a fixed keel shaped like the centerplate, and otherwise in every other respect like the yacht with the movable centerplate, would be on equal terms, provided the question of draught of water is not introduced. This latter question is really at the bottom of the centerplate.

No doubt some courses would not be practicable for yachts with fixed keels if the draught of water were made to equal that of a yacht with her centerplate lowered to its most effective depth. Looking at the matter from this point of view, if really serious, the difficulty would correct itself if courses were so laid out that yachts of any extreme draught of water could sail round them. No doubt there are a great many objections to increased draught of water and irregular keel bearings for taking the ground or docking; but these would not be so formidable as at first sight they appear to be, nor, indeed, need the fixed keel boat be the exact equal in draught of water and in contour to the centerplate yacht to be her equal in stiffness and speed on any point of sailing. We, therefore, are inclined to think that the practical objections to a centerplate—the increased difficulty of construction and the bother of working it—will always decide the question in favor of the fixed keel yacht for choice, as it can be shown she may be made the equal of the centerplate yacht on all points of sailing.

There is another aspect of the case we have not looked at yet. Supposing it can be proved that there are very considerable advantages to be derived from the use of a heavy centerplate, it is a question in any known way to be given to the fixed-keel yacht, is it a right principle to bar the heavy centerplate? This is a matter we have very grave doubts about, and it raises a question which cannot be got rid of on hand. The main excitement of yacht racing, or the sport, are those of speed and maneuvering, and convert sailing into a sporting point of view, no checks should be interposed which will prevent these qualities being enjoyed in their grandest state of perfection. We should also look at this question from a still broader view. We for many years strived to get the restriction on centerboards removed, but the subject would not for a moment be entertained at last when the contests for the America Cup seemed to be becoming annual events, and when the public saw our fixed-keel yachts beaten year after year by the centerboarders, it gradually dawned upon the British yachtsman that the centerboard might have something to do with our successive defeats. It was then declared that we could never hope to regain possession of the America Cup until we were allowed by our rules to sail centerboard yachts. But even with all this before our eyes, the proposal to remove the restriction on centerboards aroused a very angry opposition of the personal kind similar to that which was common when the restriction was spoken of disrespectfully. However, the restriction was at length removed. It cannot be claimed that the attempts to take advantage of the removal of the restriction have been very great. But it would seem that we are really at last finding out how a centerplate can be used to advantage. Whether this discovery is being made or not we do not make it already pointed out, to say decisively. But what we do think is most extraordinary is the fact that it is being proved that any advantage can be got out of the centerplate, a proposal should be made to forbid the employment of the means by which the advantage has been gained. This, from an international point of view, is very blind policy, just as it is from a sporting point of view.—Field, Oct. 3.

THE ROBERTS' BOILER.—The Roberts Safety Watertube Boiler Co. reports a very prosperous season, the boiler having found favor wherever it has been tried. The sales to date reach a total of 368 boilers.

SARACEN.—Messrs. Stewart & Binney have sold the second Saracen to H. S. McPherson, and at the same time have sold the original Saracen, once the Jack and later Lorelei, for Mr. Morse to A. P. Loring.

LLOYDS REGISTER.—The supplement to "Lloyds Yacht Register," containing a number of alterations since the large book was issued, has just been sent out.

OLYMPIC Y. C.—The first regatta of the new Olympic Y. C., of South Brooklyn, was sailed on Oct. 11, the courses being 20, 14 and 9 miles, on New York Bay. The wind was very fresh, Nellie W., Irene and Mizpah losing their topmasts. The times were:

FIRST CLASS, SLOOPS 26 to 32ft.
Start. Finish. Corrected.
Nellie W., E. W. Woodman..... 12 14 15 2 37 20 2 21 25
Mizpah, C. Sieghammer..... 12 13 50 2 39 40 2 21 50
Vesta, H. Rendell..... 12 15 50 2 45 00 2 29 10
Crickett, R. Rendell..... 12 15 20 2 48 15 2 26 55
Eddie, D. E. Demont..... 12 15 25 2 48 30 2 26 55
Deer, Oscar Reed..... 12 12 50 2 49 30 2 24 15
Albatross, J. Hobart..... 12 14 40 Did not finish.
Swallow, C. Kline..... 12 13 30 Did not finish.

SECOND CLASS, CABIN CATBOATS 20 to 25ft.
Start. Finish. Corrected.
Village Belle, Capt. G. Minett..... 12 18 10 2 59 05 2 59 05
Irene L., George Hanks..... 12 18 40 Did not finish.

THIRD CLASS, OPEN CATHOS OVER 16ft.
Start. Finish. Corrected.
By By, Commodore Dugan..... 12 27 15 2 04 30 1 45 40
Arrow, George Simpkin..... 12 27 15 2 04 30 1 45 40
Maggie, P. Conklin..... 12 19 35 1 52 21 1 52 21
Harry, C. Olm..... 12 29 35 2 03 20 2 03 20

FOURTH CLASS, OPEN ROUND-BOTTOM BOATS.
Start. Finish. Corrected.
Lillie H., Stephen Howard..... 12 20 00 1 41 05 1 15 05
Frolie, F. Boland..... 12 20 30 Did not finish.

AMERICAN MODEL Y. C. FISHER CUP.—On Oct. 3 and 10 two more races of the series were sailed for the Fisher Cup, the times being:

THIRD CLASS—THIRD LEG.
Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.
Electra, J. Pfeiffer..... 3 55 12 4 21 31 0 26 19 0 26 17½
Marjorie, H. Fisher..... 3 55 50 4 22 43 0 27 13 0 27 11½
Anna, J. C. Meyer..... 3 57 00 4 31 30 0 34 30 0 34 30
Jennetta, G. W. Townley..... 3 58 00 Rar. aground.
Jennetta, G. W. Townley..... 3 58 32 Withdrew.

THIRD CLASS—FOURTH LEG.
Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.
Electra, J. Pfeiffer..... 4 14 55 4 30 40 0 15 45 0 15 39½
Marjorie, H. Fisher..... 4 14 45 4 31 45 0 17 00 0 16 55½
Jennetta, G. W. Lyon..... 4 15 10 4 33 08 0 17 58 0 17 56
Anna, J. C. Meyer..... 4 15 30 Withdrew.
Star, G. W. Townley..... 4 15 30 Withdrew.

Electra was disqualified for sailing stake on last turn, giving the race to Marjorie, who won from Jennetta by 2½s. Wind N.W. The next leg for the Fisher cup will be sailed on Oct. 21. On Oct. 17 several yachts of the Philadelphia M. Y. C. will be at Prospect Park for informal races with the home craft. On Election Day the second and third classes will race.

LARCHMONT Y. C. FALL RACING.—Although the season has nominally closed at Larchmont the sailormen are reluctant about giving up the racing, and on Oct. 3 two races were sailed, one by the 25ft. class, for the Wetmore cup, the other a private match, without allowance, between the centerboard and schooner Viator. The courses were around Hempstead mark and Center Island Buoy, 22 miles; and around Hempstead mark and Matinecock Buoy, 13 miles. The wind was very light from N.E. to N.W., the start being made at noon. Clara gained on the Viator from the start, but the wind fell so that neither could finish. The probability of a race for the Wetmore cup, for the third and last race were Nameless, Needle and Alma, the last a new-comer in the class, owned by Mr. Chas. Olmstead, Atlantic Y. C., Nameless won very easily, Alma giving up when 20m. astern at the outer mark. The times were:

NAMELESS. Start. Finish. Elapsed.
Nameless..... 12 11 43 3 54 11 4 42 38
Needle..... 12 11 30 3 59 29 4 48 03
Alma..... 12 12 27 Withdrew.

Nameless has been sailed in most of her races this season by Com. Oswald Sanderson, of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, who has made an excellent record for her. She has scored 10 prizes, including the Wetmore cup, to 14 starts.

STEAM YACHT RACING.—The damaged Norwood will not be ready for a race for three weeks, but in the meantime Mr. Hearst has left for California, while his yacht Vamoose will be shipped by steamer for San Francisco in a short time, so that there is no probability of a race. Her engines and wheel will be removed and the hull cradled on the deck of a vessel. On Saturday Vamoose was at the station of the American Y. C., where she made several exhibition runs. A course of one mile was measured off by the wire used for the Norwood's trial on the Merrimack River last year, and Vamoose covered this distance four times, the result being:

First mile (against tide)..... 2 50 Third mile (against tide)..... 2 30
Second mile (with tide)..... 2 30 Fourth mile (with tide)..... 2 35

She would have made her fourth mile in 2:20 or 2:15, but was partly over the course her stuffing box of the steam steering gear blew out. She was immediately stopped and a tiller and tackles fitted, after which a second trial was made, the time being 2:35. On her return to Brooklyn she was steered by the tiller and tackled, narrowly escaping a collision with a ferryboat in the East River.

Later—Vamoose will remain in New York until spring, and will be ready to race Norwood at any time.

PAPPOOSE AND CITY OF THE STRAITS.—On Oct. 8 a private match, 10 miles to windward and return, was sailed on Lake St. Clair between the keel cutter Pappoose, formerly of Boston and now owned by Davenport Galbraith, of Erie, Pa., and the compromise City of the Straits, of Detroit, the stakes being \$500 per side. The wind was strong from N.E. at the start, both yachts carrying lower sails only, with one reef in mainsails. "The City" fell by 1m. 8s. over the line. Some time after the start by an accident to her halliards. At the outer mark Pappoose had a lead of 5m. The run in was made under spinakers, "The City" carrying a clubtopsail and Pappoose a jibheader. The official times were:

PAPPOOSE. Start. Finish. Elapsed.
Pappoose..... 11 32 25 3 39 47 3 39 47
City of the Straits..... 11 31 20 3 06 04 3 06 04

Pappoose received about 38s. allowance, winning by 5m. 35s. She has thus met and defeated two of the crack yachts of the Lakes, Merle and City of the Straits, leaving the final question of the championship between her and Yama.

A NEW RACING MACHINE.—On Oct. 9 a new and curious craft was launched from the Herreshoff shops at Bristol, a 25-foot, 10-ton, 10-hp. Herreshoff and named Dilemma. The hull is 3ft. over all, 25ft. long and 4ft. 10in. deep, with a bow similar to Glorians. The depth of hull is moderate, but the main keel is hung a steel plate, nearly rectangular in shape, to the bottom of which is bolted a cigar-shaped mass of lead. The steel plate weighs 883lbs. and the lead about 2 tons. The rig is a simple mainsail and jib, with no bowsprit. Of course the yacht has no cabin, merely a large cockpit.

CONQUEROR.—The Conqueror case is still before the courts, where it promises to remain for a long time, but a new turn was given to affairs by the fact that last week, when an armed force of United States Marshals boarded the yacht at Erie Beach, and drove the Customs Inspector on to the dock. The marshals now hold the yacht, representing Mr. Vanderbilt, and he can retain the use of her by giving bonds while the case is being tried.

AWA—EMMY C.—Mr. Chas. E. Cameron, of the Newark Y. C., has sold his sloop Emmy C. to another member of the club, and has bought the centerboard cutter Awa, designed by Burgess. The sloop, 17½ft. beam, and 6ft. draft. The Newark Y. C. is one of the 64 sailboats and the new purchase will make an important addition to the fleet.

ST. GEORGE.—The steam yacht St. George, Mr. E. J. Wythes, arrived at San Francisco on Oct. 10 from Philadelphia and Vancouver, B. C., on a cruise around the world. She is a very handsome auxiliary, with steel frame and inner plating completely sheathed with teak. Her length is 200ft., beam 32ft.

KILL VON KULL SWEEPSTAKES.—The race of Oct. 3 between Bon Ton, Ges So, Torment and Shore House was declared off on account of a mistake in the course, and was resailed on Oct. 10. Ges So winning, with Shore House second.

A NEW YACHT CLUB.—A yacht club has been organized at Stevens Institute, Hoboken, with the following officers: Com., J. W. Gilmore, '94; vice-com., A. A. Dal Molin, '94; rear-com., A. G. Kolstede, '94; fleet captain, H. E. Hall, '94; treasurer, W. W. Ward, '95; meas., A. Church, '94. The club has adopted as its pennant a blue-pointed burgee with a Stevens pin.

CORONET, schooner, has been sold by Mr. Bateman to J. D. Wing, of New York.

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W. R. L. D. writes to know of a good bear country in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan or Georgia.

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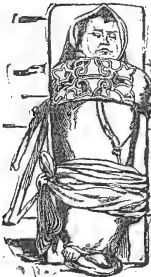
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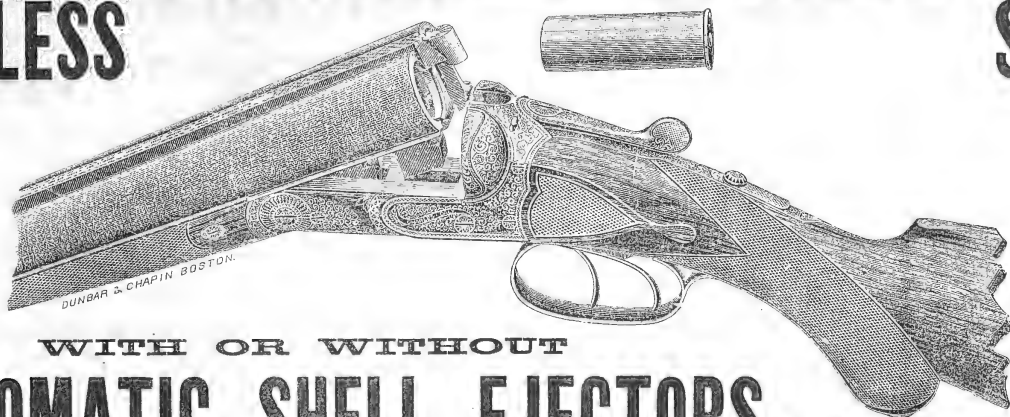
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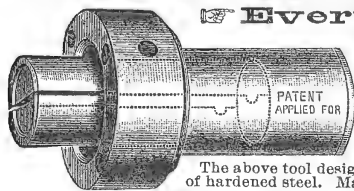


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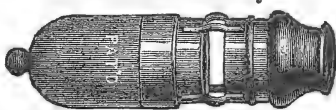
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VOL. XXXVII.—No. 14.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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ARE KENNEL INTERESTS ADVANCING?
RELAXATION from business cares leads many men to take up some hobby which, in nine cases out of ten, has in it some element of sport. A love for the gun naturally leads to the ownership of a dog, and the possession of one often paves the way for another, until a kennel is formed. Then the breeding that necessarily follows entails either the selling or giving away of the produce, their training for the field, and so on. All this is continually increasing from year to year; new kennels devoted to the breeding of high-class field dogs are cropping up in every direction, till the capital invested in field dogs must be treble that of a few years ago.
A glance through the list of the entries of the Eastern Field Trials stakes, in our kennel department, will show that some of our brightest business men and shining lights in the social world are devoted to field sport.
The English setter has long held the first position in the minds of many sportsmen, but the signs of the times show that the pointer is also receiving that care and attention at their hands which their fine qualities entitle them to. The success of the pointer in the trials last year was very marked.
Specialty clubs have been formed within the past few years devoted to the improvement of the several breeds they are interested in. The Irish and Gordon setter clubs are working hard to bring their favorites prominently to the notice of sportsmen and to induce them to lay out money for their proper education for the field.
The present year has seen the largest and most successful dog shows ever held in this country. With few exceptions and contrary to past experience the show committees have been able to show a balance on the right side. This is due to a great extent to the increased interest taken by the public in dogs. The daily papers

have devoted columns of space to chronicle the merits of the exhibition in their towns and have educated the general public to a desire to see what a good dog looks like. In former years the shows would generally have been passed over with a brief paragraph.
We Americans have always been renowned for our go-aheadness, and in the matter of dog breeding this trait is very apparent, for the prices that Americans have paid for dogs of the best field and show qualities have astonished the world. A few years since \$1,500 for a St. Bernard was looked upon as the acme of extravagance. Now, however, it is a very ordinary sum to pay, when we find that Sir Bedivere cost \$6,500, Scottish Prince \$5,500, Prince Regent \$3,000, Lord Bute \$4,000, Watch \$4,000, Hepsey \$3,500, and only this last week Princess Florence was purchased at about \$4,000. No argument that we can advance can better prove the growing interest in kennel affairs in this country than this very tangible one of dollars and cents.

YACHTING STATISTICS.
THE tables and figures which we print this week on another page are, we believe, a novelty and, although far from complete, serve to bring out clearly a particular phase of yacht racing, one that is quite important, though perhaps hardly interesting. While one would hardly expect to derive from dull columns of figures the amusement and excitement afforded by a lively discussion of the question of measurement or type, or the inspection of a new design, there is at the same time much to be learned from such a compact digest of yacht racing as our figures present.
Had it been practicable to have carried our researches still further, to have included the many smaller clubs which are on the whole just as important as the few larger ones, and to have summed up the smaller classes as we have the larger, there would have been much more ample data for our conclusions; but such a summary would have involved almost endless labor. The figures as they stand show that the season, though by no means a brilliant one in popular estimation, and marked by no special features such as yachtsmen have become accustomed to through the America Cup races, has nevertheless afforded a very fair amount of sport in the larger classes, more by far than in the two preceding years.

Outside of the 46ft. class there have been no yachts whose performances have been specially notable. Even the presence of Constellation and Volunteer among the larger schooners has failed to spur either class to any remarkable displays, and the latter class has certainly retrograded, so far as sharp, keen racing is concerned, since the days when Grayling, Sachem and Sea Fox were out under racing flags. At the same time, the general racing among the schooners shows a great improvement on 1889 and '90; on the New York Y. C. cruise, and in the races in the East, a very fair turnout of schooners has been seen, and some very good races have been sailed. In the singlestick classes, also, although there has hardly been a race of note outside the 46ft. class, there has been a very promising amount of general racing. In the 46ft. class the racing has been something phenomenal; over fifty separate events have been open to the class, though some have not filled and some have been decided on the results of other races; at the same time our list includes thirty-seven days of racing.

A peculiar feature of yacht racing is the sympathy which exists between widely different branches of the sport, an international race between a few large yachts leads directly to an increase of general racing in all classes; and similarly a season of general racing in the classes included in the tables is accompanied or followed by renewed activity among the smaller boats that make up the great total of local racing.
This season has been a specially active and prosperous one among the yacht clubs in all parts of the country. Not only has the local racing been close and keenly contested, but very material evidences of general prosperity are visible in the shape of new club houses and basins, and of new yachts. The two years, 1886 and 1887, when the victories of Mayflower and Volunteer followed that of Puritan, were notable ones in yachting, as the interest and enthusiasm awakened by the success of American yachts found vent in the establishment of new clubs and the strengthening of old ones.
The cessation of international racing was seriously felt in 1888 and 1889, and its disastrous effect is still evident;

but the condition of yachting in those years has brought in a new factor. The clubs, both large and small, have awakened to the necessity of helping themselves, of exerting all the influence they possess for the encouragement of racing, and this season has witnessed a general effort in this direction. While many specific attempts can now be pointed out as failures, there still remains a large balance on the side of racing in 1891 as compared with 1890, and even more if the figures were given for 1888 and 1889. This balance may be credited largely if not entirely to the active work of the clubs through their regatta committees, and whether the good results are due solely to the special measures adopted, or as is more probably the case, in a great part to the general agitation of the subject which preceded these measures, there is every reason for satisfaction at the favorable showing, and every inducement to continue the same line, especially as the indications of renewed business prosperity give strong hopes of more building and racing next year.

The great influence on yachting of the financial condition of the country which is popularly summed up in the term "Wall street," is generally recognized, but at the same time yachtsmen do not consider how differently this factor acts in its upward and downward movement. A panic or business depression in Wall street is instantly and disastrously felt in yachting circles, but it is not always the case that prosperity in the "street" will be immediately apparent in yachting. Men cannot race yachts unless they have money, but a great many can and do have money without the idea occurring to them to expend it largely in yacht racing rather than in other directions. In order that yachting shall reap the full benefit of good times when they do occur it is necessary that the sport should be kept prominently before the public by some such means as international racing.
While as yet there are no brilliant promises of new and large boats for next year, everything points to a prosperous season in yachting at large, if not in the few large classes, and a continuation of the present work by the clubs will in all probability bring about still more satisfactory results. What is most needed, however, at this time, is the resumption of international racing for the America Cup, if the holders are willing to throw it open to the world on such fair terms as those originally indicated by its donors; if not, for some other trophy which shall bring American and British yachts together in friendly contest.

SNAP SHOTS.
COL. WALTER L. STEELE, whose pen name of "Wells" was familiar to readers of this journal, died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore last Friday, aged sixty-nine years. Col. Steele was President of the Pee Dee Manufacturing Company of Rockingham, N. C. He was a member of Congress from North Carolina a few years ago, and was one of the most influential men in the State. He was a graduate from the University of North Carolina, and recently had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him. Col. Steele was a type of that large class of busy men, who in later life take up again the field sports of their youth to find in them relaxation from workaday life; and he possessed in an unusual degree, perhaps, the happy faculty of extracting genuine enjoyment from field experiences which really had in them little of "moving accidents, by flood and field." His pleasantly written letters to the FOREST AND STREAM contained no exciting accounts of "hairbreadth's escapes"; rather were they the relations of uneventful and even commonplace happenings; and being such they reflected the experiences of nine-tenths of us, and as frequent comment gave assurance, were for this reason well received.
Readers of the October Atlantic have a treat in the story "Gran'ther Hill's Pa'tridge," told by Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, and if the Atlantic reader be also a FOREST AND STREAM reader of Mr. Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop" sketches, he will find an added pleasure in the story because of familiarity with the characters.

Another national park has been provided by the President's proclamation setting apart 1,250,000 acres of land in the White River Plateau in Colorado.
ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE ADIRONDACKS IN 1853.

A STORY TOLD BY PAUL SMITH.

THERE was a period of Adirondack life and adventure which might be called its prehistoric era, meaning a time before Mr. Murray, or Mr. anybody else, had written historical romance about it and it had become fashionable. In those Acadian days hunters, amateur and professional alike, lived in the woods in primitive style, and shared the same fatigues and the same humble fare. The whole kit was carried in a canvas bag, waterproof coverings either not having been then invented, or not being, as now, in common use.

The outfit for an expedition, or tramp, comprised the following articles: A frying-pan, a kettle, a ladle for melting lead for bullets, tin mugs (forks and spoons were a luxury), hard-bred, coffee, flour and sugar, and the indispensable salt pork, with pepper and salt in a bit of newspaper. All these and some rope went in the canvas bag. One of the party carried an ax. The hunter had his large-bore rifle on his shoulder, and in one of his numerous pockets caps, and in another bullets of his own molding, some lead and a mold. In his belt was a large sailor knife, used for skinning deer, dressing trout, and for purposes of the kitchen and table; also a hatchet and a tin mug. Slung at his back was a blanket or rug, and his dress was a flannel shirt with numerous pockets, corduroy trousers, large heavy boots, and a slouch hat. A powder flask and haversack completed his equipment. The haversack contained fishing lines, book of flies, a flask, matches, slippers, an extra shirt, and a few toilet articles. In a special pocket was a compass and a whistle. There were no dogs in the party. Dogs were introduced later. In those days Poll Smith's way of putting it expressed the whole matter: "I tell ye, boys, a feller must be able to endewer grief that goes on these ere excursion parties."

In that golden age, deer could be seen and sometimes shot from the porch of old Martin's tavern at Saranac Falls. Martin was Poll Smith's father-in-law. This came after. But who was "Poll" Smith? No one can ask who has once "interviewed" the sleek landlord of the fine hotel on the lower St. Regis. "Poll" went into the woods one winter, many years ago, and "got out" the timber of which that hotel is built, with his own hands. At least so "Poll" says. But in the palmy days of which I am speaking Poll kept a little place on Loon Lake, where the humble table was laid in the kitchen, and the venison and trout, of which there was always plenty, were transferred direct from the spider, or rather from the frying-pan, to the plate of the guest by the hands of Poll's excellent mother. The hostelry itself was a shabby 10ft. tenement, of two rooms and the kitchen in the L part, unpainted, and full of cracks, and the prospect from the front porch was of a field of charred stumps planted with potatoes and a root fence, for the foreground, and some ghostly bleached and blasted pines in the near distance. Within sight were no lakes, no mountains, no romantic glens, nor savage forest; in short there was no inducement, outside or in, to make you stay another day at that inn, or to come again, however modest the price of entertainment. Yes, there was one, and that was Poll Smith.

And in those days Poll, I mean Mr. Apollos Smith, "went a-huntin'" for a living. He was glad of a chance to go as guide, and to provide boats and food, charging each man one dollar a day. For this moderate pay he would follow a blaze line through the forest, or row or carry across, or sit watching for deer until the black flies ate him up; at evening he would put up the shanty and cover it with bark, haul and cut wood, strip the hemlock boughs and fry the flap-jacks; and then perhaps paddle half the night with a jack-light of smoking fat-wood that his "folks," i. e., the party he was then conducting, might see the ghost of a deer and hear him stamp and whistle. I say Mr. Smith would do all these things for that small price, but truth compels me to add, not unless he could get no one else to do the hard work. For Poll (I beg his pardon, Mr. Smith) was to be most firmly believed when he said he "always was a lazy man," and he was at his best when, stretched at full length with his feet to the fire and smoking his pipe, he saw somebody doing the work, while he talked. Tall and strong and handsome, with a slouch or lazy-streak in his gait, a fine face and the hands of a gentleman, he was every inch a Yankee, but of the best type. The charm was in the merry twinkle of his blue eyes and his fine white forehead. His forehead has since extended its domain quite over his head, and has gravely compromised the occiput. His yellow hair thinning upon the cranium fell upon his cheeks and chin into a long soft beard, which he pulled and stroked as he talked. His laugh was rare but hearty, and his musical voice had a tone of gravity and seriousness which reprieved any untimely mirth.

One night is well remembered, when a heavy rain had drenched the canvas bag and spoiled its contents. There were no flapjacks, the flour was a soggy lump of dough. Blank were the looks at supper time. The air was sultry and heavy. Midges were in great force, and the hateful smudge had been lighted in order to keep them off. Now, the midge, or punky, has made a vivid and lasting impression upon my memory. He is a most pertinacious and voracious blood-sucking fly, stealing upon you unperceived in foggy, misty clouds of millions, and of a size so minute that the meshes of the finest broadcloth open to his entrance as wide as a barn door.* The only means known to prevent his insidious and irritating attacks is the smudge—i. e., a fire of green wood smothered with turf—which, filling eyes and lungs with its pungent smoke, blinds or suffocates midges and men alike. The undergraduate of Harvard was in misery by reason of his wet cowhide boots, which, his feet being swollen, refused to come off, and must be worn to bed. "Say, Poll," in a tone of despair, "did you ever know any one who had a decent home who was fool enough to come up here twice?"

"I tell ye, boys, it would astonish yo' to see the folks

that come up into these yere woods every summer a-huntin'." I don't believe there's the half on 'em knows what they come for anyway. Now, there was a Mr. Sulloway come up here last summer to my place from Philadelphia. Some of my friends sent him up to me; told him to be sure and git me to go with him if he could. Wall, I never knowed just who the man was that sent him, but that man had better not come up to my place and let me find him out. I should go for him, boys, bald-headed. It would jest ha' made ye laugh to hear that Mr. Sulloway talk to me when I used to call him Mr. Sillyways. "Oh, pray, Mr. Smith, don't pronounce my name in that way. I once had a very serious quarrel," says he, "with a member of the club I belonged to because he addressed me familiarly as 'Silly,' but it was finally healed up between us by his voluntary admission in the presence of several prominent members and mutual friends that the expression was in very bad taste."

"Wall, it takes all sorts to make a world and after all there's jest sich. But Mr. Sulloway, I'll allow he beat any circus I ever went to. He was the tastiest man about himself you ever see. He had a little knife with scissors into it to pare his finger nails and little tweezers to pull out his eye winkers, and he had tooth pickers and a comb and brush for his mustache, and another comb with a point on it to part his hair, and no end of such knick-knacks; and all them things had to be toted round with him wherever he went to. Why, boys, he come up here to go into this 'ere wilderness with one of these yere Saratoga trunks, such as women carries, as big as a covered wagon, and I had to back that there trunk through these woods and over the carries and away up the St. Regis River and across the St. Regis ponds and down the Raquette and home agin. And you wouldn't never guess the things that he had into that there trunk. Why, it was amazin'. The first day out, when we was crossing Rainbow Lake, he stopped and hauled up the little canoe we'd fetched along a purpose to carry the trunk, and he opened her and took out a little pink umbrella with a top on it about as big as my hat. He saw me lookin' at him out of the corner of my eye and says he, 'It's very light and easy to carry, Mr. Smith, and this sun is extremely dazzling to the eyes.' He had a great long bag made out of flannel that he used to creep into at night with a string to pull up at the mouth of it. He said that was to keep the insects out. Why, he used to dress himself up in the mornin' to go a huntin' in these yere woods jest the same as if he was a goin' to a ball. There was a looking-glass set into the inside top of the trunk and he'd put the cover up and fix a little cross-legged stool in front and then he'd open a case with a gold top to it, and some gold bottles, and take out his razors, and he'd shave his chin and slick his mustache and whiskers with pomade and part his hair in the middle and rub perfumery into it, and put on a clean biled shirt and a stand-up collar and wristbands, and then he pulled on to his legs a pair of long leather cases with little buckles on the outside edge, and a purple necktie for his neck with a breastpin into it, and a red velvet waistcoat with pearl buttons. And then his coat! You ought to see that velvet coat. He had two of 'em with big metal buttons with dog's heads and deer's horns, and guns and powder flasks stamped on to 'em, and as many as forty pockets. There was so many of them pockets he could never find nothing when he wanted it. It used to take him more than an hour to get inside of all them clothes mornin's, and then he'd put over his shoulders a powder horn on one side and a telescope on the other; and he had the master great knife that ever you see that he used to buckle around his waist. The blade was as much as 2ft. long, and covered all over with engravings, and the scabbard to it was all crusted on with gold and sich like. He never drewed it but once, for use. I'll tell ye how that was. Ye see he had a most beautiful shootin' iron, but Lord! he couldn't hit nothin'. He used to say it was because the boat wasn't steady. That umbrella of his'n would scare any four-footed beast on airth, and when he did get a shot and I rowed him on to as many as ever I see to one man) he took the buck aguey and shook so as he couldn't draw a bead on one of 'em. One day I see a young fahn that had strayed away from its dam and I rowed him close up and he fired and wounded him somehow so that he sot right down on his hindquarters. 'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Sulloways, there's a chance to blood that there big knife o' yours. Do put that poor little critter out of his misery. It's too bad. I'll put ye ashore.' 'Dear me! What is to be done, Mr. Smith?' 'Catch him by the ears,' says I, 'an cut his throat as quick as ye can.' So he drewed out that there scymetar and stepped ashore just like Columbus discoverin' Ameriky, and he went at the critter to try to catch ahold of his ears, and the fahn he kep' a dodging his head away, and there he stood in front of the little beast with that big cleaver in his hands till I couldn't help laughing. And when he'd got ahold of his ears and was just listen up the battle axe, the little critter opened his mouth and baad right out at him. 'Oh! Mr. Smith. Did you ever hear such a piteous sound? I can't do it, Mr. Smith.' 'Wal,' says I, 'Mr. Sillyways, you and me'd better go home, your feelin's is too tender to go a-huntin'.'

"He was the moderatest softest-spoken man that ever you encountered. Mild as a May mornin'. But he was the master sot critter that ever I took a-huntin'. Things had to be jest so or he couldn't go nowhere nor do nothin'. At last it got to be nip and tuck between me and that there trunk. It was death or life. The fust crisis come when we tried to run the rapids of the Raquette. The canoe got away from us—wall, somehow—and the last we see of it that ere canvas-roofed trunk was a-rushing down among the rocks and whirlin' round and round in the eddies like a caravan of raging tigers. Bimeby we passed it stranded on a rock right in the middle of the stream. Waal, we had to hev a reg'lar Boston town meetin' about it. I argueyed that it warn't no use tryin' to save it. But he took on so about it that next day I waded out and brought the cargo ashore. We discussed the question pretty well that time, but there was a division of the house and the ayes had it.

"After that Mr. Sulloways and me was done. I was the sickest of him I ever was of any man I ever took into the woods. One day I see my chance. I showed him a deer standin' in a medder. He was dressed out, Mr. Sulloways was, in full tog that mornin'. He had his sword on and the telescope on his side, and a fresh biled shirt and diamond studs and the umbrella and everything. There was a place where the water was all covered over with

this floating morss and grass and stuff and looked just like land, so I rowed right up to it. 'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Sulloways, is your chance. You can't hit nothin' from this little shaky boat. I'll put ye on terry firmy.' He had his eyes on the deer, and as soon as we touched the bog he stepped right out. 'Look out! Look out where you're a goin' to!' I sung out. But it warn't no use and down he went. There was a mountainous splash and a scream. More'n four acres of the stuff shook and swashed around, and the black mud bubbled up out of the hole just like ink. The deer, he blowed his whistle and h'isted his flag and departed. For as much as a minute there was an awful silence, and I thought the mylennium had come, and then I see his head all trailing with slush a comin' up. I caught hold on to him by the collar and hauled him into the boat. He was the blackest looking cuss that ever you p'inted at. 'Oh! oh! Mr. Smith!' says he as soon as he could catch his breath, 'this is tremedose, this is perfectly awful. I beg you to take me home at once.'

"Wall, boys, that was the last of Mr. Sulloways' huntin'." Poll knocked the ashes out of his pipe, pressed it down with his finger and pulled at it until it smoked. "Some nice men has been up here sence, that he knowed and recommended, and I hear that he always gives me a first-class certificate of character; so it's all right."

"Do you suppose he'll ever come up here again?" inquired the Harvard student.

"Wall, no, boys, I guess Mr. Sulloways had about all he could endewer."

ZAB. BOYLSTON ADAMS.

THE SAC AND FOX OPENING.

SATURDAY, Sept. 19, at 3 P. M., I got my daily paper saying that the Sac and Fox Reservation was to be opened for settlement on the 22d at noon. It took me an hour to fix my business so that I thought it was reasonably safe; and at midnight I went east on the train heading for Guthrie in light marching order—two blankets, a change of underclothing, an extra flannel shirt and a .45 Colts six-shooter. Changed cars at Newton, and at 2 A. M. Monday morning in a train of twenty passenger cars rolled into Guthrie. The town was boiling full of people, so Bruff (my companion) and I hunted a bed and finally had to pay 50 cents to sleep on a table in my blankets.

We were up at 7 Monday morning, and I managed to get a team at \$7.50 a day. Bruff engaged a driver and guide, who said he knew every foot of the surrounding country for 100 miles, but got lost after we came to the second fork out of Guthrie. I got a third man to go with us and bear a third of the expense. Bought grub till Bruff declared that he was not going to set up a grocery store out there. The guide had a fry-pan and coffee-pot; and away we went eastward at noon.

At 10 A. M. Tuesday we were on Deep Fork, a stream dividing the Kickapoo Reserve from the Sac and Fox. It was only four miles west of the Government town site (Chandler). About 5,000 people in wagons, on horses and afoot were assembled, strung along the creek for miles. The creek was a deep ditch with a little water at the bottom of it. One could cross anywhere on foot; and the people cut down the bank and made half a dozen crossings. Many more would have been made, but no one dared cross and make the going out place for to cross the water made you into a "Sooner," or to be plain, you would be in the Sac and Fox before it was thrown open by the Government, and that debarred you from taking land or lots.

I found the crowd of men that I had been hunting. They had a good crossing made, and though there were 1,000 wagons in line I was squeezed in as fourth from the ford, much to the disgust of a pompous old land agent with mutton chop whiskers and a high-priced and high-colored whisky nose. The colonel swore and yowled, but his team was shoved up and I was shoved in. At 11 a land agent man blew a horn and lectured to about 1,000 about a town that he and his directors were going to start on a certain school section. It was to enrich us all. So we hollered hurrah! and all forgot him and his town. I believe he got a negro and a prohibitionist to follow—on the ground that colored and cranky people would have a fair show.

At 11:50 A. M. 300 horsemen were at my ford on the west edge of the water. All the horses crazy. Men ditto. I put my driver in the carriage and told him to drive across and never mind me, for there was such an excitement that I was afraid of a jam in the narrow cut. I expected to see people killed right there, so I stood at the ford by a jack oak, ready to climb if the crowd got too thick.

At 12 "boom," went a distant cannon, a bugle sounded, and as the cannon sounded "Meddler" Bill Tilghman's sorrel race horse sunk his hindfeet in the bank and landed at one grand spring 20ft. into the promised land. He was gone like a sorrel flash for a race for the banner claim; and the horsemen were across and gone too in two seconds. Then came a noise of crashing trees, of horses' hoofs, of guns going off, shouts. Then a roar, as thousands of wagons commenced to cross. At our crossing the first wagon (a road cart) got jammed crosswise by the second going up the further bank, and it was literally pulled to fragments in two seconds. The driver knotted up his traces, jumped on his horse and disappeared like a flash, without a word of protest. My carriage crossed. I ran through the water and piled in as it ascended the bank, and off we went through the jack-oaks. I grabbed the reins, and the first thing I saw was niggers and white men on foot, men on horses, men on mules, men in road carts, men in buggies, men in and on everything, streaming east like maniacs, through the woods. A white man and a nigger took the first claim at the crossing. They were disputing as I passed them about who was there first. I know the white man was there first, for I saw him drive his stake, but it's not my funeral. His name is Henry Garris. Then I passed a broken buggy, then four or five. Then a horse with a broken or dislocated leg, saddle on, rider gone on to seek his fortune. I drove slowly, four in a top carriage and a camp outfit make a big load. Hundreds passed me, but at 1 o'clock I was camped in a nice open oak grove 200 yds. south of the Government town site. It was a tract of 320 acres, surrounded by soldiers and U. S. marshals, and was being laid off into lots by a large force of surveyors. Men were still running around like mad cats hunting claims. As Bruff and I didn't want any we got dinner and ate it.

I will now, that I have got my breath after the first

*To excitable and impressionable natures the midge is to man what the tsetse of Central Africa is to dumb beasts; but in the pages of some veracious historians of the Adirondacks—who write, it would appear, chiefly in the interest of hotel keepers and guides—no larger space is given to him than might be reasonably claimed for a creature so minute as to be nearly imperceptible to the naked eye.

run, describe the land. It is a gently rolling country, well watered, 10 per cent. jack oak ridges and sandy, poor soil, 40 per cent. open, park-like timber—big trees 10 to 20 in. in diameter, post oak, hickory, black walnut, sycamore and many other kinds; no pine or cedar; trees full of acorns and hickory nuts and black walnuts; grape vines full of fruit; tangles of raspberry vines; plum thickets occasionally. Then there is 50 per cent. of bottoms along the creeks, meadows with grass 4 ft. high, and good water anywhere, all over the town site included, notwithstanding the newspaper lies. And now comes the best—lots of whitetail deer, lots of turkeys in every creek bottom, quail everywhere, squirrels, oh, my! Fish plenty, sunfish, bass and channel cat, in all the creeks that have deep holes. You can catch them with anything for bait. I fished with a piece of quail, squirrel and beef liver, and they bit all the same. Wednesday afternoon I borrowed a shotgun and killed twelve quail. I could have killed many more, but my cartridges gave out. Thursday I bought half a deer for \$1.25—about 40 lbs. Thursday afternoon I saw a man with a buggyload of young turkeys, 75 cents; squirrels, 10 cents; teal ducks, 10 cents. They sold readily.

The hickory and black walnut trees are loaded with nuts. Woods are full of acorns and Indian hogs eating them. The country has a pleasant, homelike look. It seems queer to see no houses in it. I am told it is bad for fever and ague in the summer. It ought to be, for such a paradise ought to have some drawbacks to it. I saw an Indian cornfield that will yield 60 bushels to the acre. It had not been well tended.

The town site was to be opened Monday noon, Sept. 28, and meantime about 5,000 of us camped around it, mostly on the south side of it, three-quarters of us without tents; and I had a real good time. Sunshine, nice grass under trees to camp on, lots of dry deadwood and something new to look at everywhere. I have lived in the West so long that I knew a great many of the people and could get a saddle horse whenever I wanted one, so I rode around for miles away from camp. I took no land. Am going to wait for the opening of the Cherokee Strip and then try for a piece that I want. One can find a quarter with less timber and more open farm land there.

Monday noon came at last and then we made another rush for lots in Chandler. With a roar like a mighty tempest 5,000 people ran in on horseback and on foot to grab for 2,400 lots; and, of course, some got left. I got a lot, not one of the best, but good enough for me; I am a very common sort of man. I filed on it Wednesday. The town has a good location, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Water is good and plenty on the town site. It is on a slight elevation, but reasonably flat on top, and is sure to be more healthy than if it were on a level creek bottom. It is sure to be a good town and may be more than that.

There was no one seriously injured in either of the two rushes except one woman, Daisy —, whose horse fell, and she got run over accidentally—she is going to get well I heard. I saw a few list fights, but they resulted in nothing more than a black eye. No murder, no stealing, except a few horses. I think that the order can be attributed to the good sense and executive ability of Judge Allison and his corps of twenty-three U. S. deputy marshals. Allison had to act as dictator for a few days; and I can say, as an impartial observer, that he did as well as a man could do. He gave a few snap judgments; may have hit it wrong in one or two instances, but he had a lot to do and was kept very busy. The Governor (Mr. Steele) and the other officials deserve great praise for the smoothness with which this thing went off.

I left for Guthrie Thursday and came home Saturday. I saw many good business openings in Chandler, and they are there yet. I am a Kansas man and would hate to leave here and go even to the Garden of Eden, so I came home to my big windy plains where we raise wheat and county seat fights; and was as glad to get home as I had been to go away. If you want further information in regard to the Sac and Fox I will give it, but you had better go to Guthrie and go to Chandler and see for yourselves. W. J. DIXON.

CIMARRON, Kan.

Natural History.

HOW TO COLLECT BIRDS.

(Concluded from page 228)

HOW TO STUFF A BIRD SKIN.—There is far more art in stuffing a bird skin properly than in getting the skin off the bird, a skillful taxidermist being able to make a good specimen out of a skin which has been badly torn or otherwise abused, while an inexperienced operator will naturally make a poor specimen out of one that has been properly prepared for him. The most essential of all things, in the way of material, is a good quality of raw cotton, that with a long staple or fiber being necessary.

The orbits (holes from which the eyeballs were removed) should first be filled, a smoothly rounded, elastic wad being inserted in each, with the smoothest and roundest side outward. This is best done while the skin is reversed and the first thing after the preservative is applied. A moderately compact, elastic roll of cotton, free from irregularities and about the thickness of the natural neck, is then inserted through the neck and pushed forward until the end of it can be grasped by the fingers or a pair of forceps within the mouth, where it should be firmly held until the forceps are withdrawn, when the anterior end within the mouth should be carefully pushed back so that when the bill is closed no part of it is exposed.² While a pair of long forceps is usually used for inserting the cotton through the neck, a far handier tool for the purpose is an ordinary knitting needle, around which the cotton may be deftly twisted and shaped, while the smooth needle can be much more easily withdrawn than can a pair of forceps. This same needle may also be used for shaping the eyelids, by pushing from the inside the wad of cotton which fills the orbit, and is convenient for other purposes.

The next step is to take a wad of cotton and manipulate it into an oval, loose or fluffy ball, as near as possible the size and shape of the original body. Insert one end of this into the opening of the skin beneath the end of the neck roll, which should be carefully raised and held while the body stuffing is worked beneath it; then taking hold of the edge of the incision, first on one side

and then on the other, push the cotton into place, or else by holding the cotton gently pull the skin over it. A single stitch about the middle of the incision is sufficient to close the opening, but even this is not necessary.

Should the bird be of medium or large size, the leg bones should be wrapped with cotton (or whatever material has been used for stuffing), so as to give the thigh its proper shape.

All birds with long necks or tender skins should be stiffened by wrapping the neck stuffing as well as that of the body around a wire or stick. If a wire, it should be sharpened at both ends, the anterior end being forced through the anterior portion of the head and the opposite end through the root of the tail. If a stick is used, the anterior end may be blunt and fitted into the cavity of the skull, or it may be sharpened and forced into the bones of the palate or anterior portion of the head. All water birds (especially ducks and small waders), as well as doves, trogons, *Caprimulgidae*, and other tender skinned birds should be thus strengthened.

Now comes one of the most important, and in some respects the most difficult, parts of the whole operation—the shaping or “making up” of the specimen. No matter how faultlessly the bird has been skinned, or even stuffed, if badly “made up” it will be a bad specimen, while on the other hand many defects of either skinning or stuffing may be hidden by careful manipulation at this important stage of the process. To do this properly proceed as follows:

Take a thin sheet of long-stapled raw cotton (the thinner the better, if it only holds together and will stand the least strain) of sufficient size to entirely inclose the bird when wrapped around it. Lay this on the table in front of you, with the fibers running toward and from you; lay the bird carefully on this, on its back, with head to your left.³ Fluff up the long, loose feathers on each side until the thumb and forefinger can be placed beneath them and then gently press the sides beneath the wings together, just as you would squeeze a wounded bird to kill it, only the pressure need not be so strong. Then bring the wings up against the sides in a natural position, allowing the feathers of the sides to fall or lay over them, and adjust the wing-tips beneath the base of the tail. Lay the feet in a natural position, spread the tail as much as may be desired, and touch up the plumage wherever there is any disarrangement of the feathers. When the specimen has been thus properly shaped and smoothed take up one edge of the cotton and lift or wrap gently over that side of the bird and hold until the opposite edge is brought up and lapped over it, drawing less where the circumference is greater and more where it is smaller—the main object being to have the cotton envelope fit as exactly as possible the contour previously given to the specimen. Care should be taken to see that the feathers of the abdomen overlap and cover the incision and that they are held thus by the cotton envelope. The cotton about the head may be twisted around the point of the bill, so as to keep it closed, but it is better to first close the bill by passing a slender needle and thread through the nostrils and tying beneath the lower mandible.⁴ This had best be done immediately after the neck filling has been inserted.

Different collectors, however, have almost as many methods of wrapping skins. One of the best, and perhaps easier to follow, as well as more satisfactory in its results, is the following, practiced by Mr. C. W. Richmond, of Washington, whose specimens are particularly admired for their fine shape and smoothness.

After the incision on the abdomen has been stitched together,⁵ the feathers arranged and the legs crossed, the skin is ready to be wrapped. For wrapping, physicians' absorbent cotton is the best. Take a strip of this about three times as wide as the diameter of the bird's body, and, finally arranging and smoothing the feathers on the under parts, lay the sheet of cotton over the bird, which should be held, on its back, in one hand, between the thumb and forefinger to prevent the wings getting out of place. One end of the cotton should be brought over the head, and the bird then placed on the table or skinning board, belly downward, resting on the cotton. Any excess of that portion of the cotton which has been brought over the head may be removed, the plumage of the back arranged, and the corners of the cotton sheet brought up over each wing, taking care that they bind somewhat firmly at the shoulders, so that the wings will be kept in the proper position after the opposite edges of the cotton have been lapped and blended together. The two posterior corners of the cotton sheet should then be brought together over the rump, to hold the tips of the wings in place. Care should be taken to have the sheet of cotton of uniform thickness, otherwise the skin will present, after drying, irregularities of contour, corresponding to the varying thickness of different parts of the wrapping. It is very important to avoid drawing the cotton too tight and thus squeezing the skin too much, a very common and very serious fault with many collectors, an undersized skin being far more objectionable than one which is overstuffed, for the reason that the defect is practically irremediable.

After the bird has been wrapped the wings may be properly adjusted, care being taken to have the tips even with one another and not crossed or overlapped. In fact, at this stage the skin may be so manipulated that any desired degree of smoothness and regularity of shape may be given it, practice being of course required before the beginner can become really proficient. The finishing touches should then be given, and the skin laid aside to dry, the last thing being to see that the feet and tail are properly adjusted.

The proper wrapping of a specimen, as described above, simple as it may seem, is one of the most difficult of all things connected with the preparation of a bird skin, and requires some patience as well as considerable practice. Some experienced collectors and taxidermists, though

² Many taxidermists, instead of passing the cotton along the throat to the mouth, push the end of it into the cavity of the skull, and fill the throat with bits of loose cotton passed through the mouth. This is a very good method, especially if the head is bent so that its axis exposes at more or less of an angle with that of the body, specimens thus prepared being far easier to mount than those which have been made with the axis of the head continuous with that of the body.

³ If the operator is left-handed the position should of course be reversed.

⁴ Thick, short bills (such as those of grosbeaks) cannot thus be kept closed, but this may be done by sticking a pin (not too large) through the extreme anterior angle of the chin into the under surface of the upper mandible.

⁵ As mentioned before, it is not absolutely necessary to sew the edges of the incision together—in fact, many good collectors dispense with this entirely.

able to make first-class specimens in their own way, never become expert in it, and consequently do not adopt this method. If the beginner can learn, however, to make up his skins in this way he should do so, since there can be no question as to its advantages, the most important of which are that specimens dry much quicker than when put away in a paper cylinder, hold their shape better, and when dried are all ready for packing. The only serious defect is the danger of wrapping the skin too tightly, thus making it “undersized,” alluded to above as a very common fault with those who have adopted this method. This may be avoided by first taking the circumference of the bird before it is skinned by means of a paper band or hoop just wide enough to hold the wings up against the sides (as recommended previously), and then putting this hoop around the stuffed bird before the cotton is wrapped around it.

Very large birds should never be stuffed to their full size, which would involve unnecessary waste of space—a very serious thing when traveling. Just enough cotton, tow or excelsior, or whatever is used for stuffing to keep the opposite sides of the skin from coming in contact with each other is sufficient, the neck, however, and the thighs being stuffed to nearly, if not quite, the natural size.

Large birds with very long necks or legs should also have these members folded or doubled over to economize space in packing.

If the tail has peculiar markings which cannot be satisfactorily seen unless it is spread, they can be easily displayed by the following very simple process: The base of the tail having been properly cleaned by cutting out the wedge-shaped piece which projects into the middle portion, removing the oil-gland, etc. (as described before), pass a needle and thread from one side of the base to the other, across the intervening angle, and then tie the thread after it has been drawn sufficiently tight—the tighter it is drawn of course the more the feathers will be spread apart at the end.

The primaries can be spread for a similar purpose by passing a sufficiently small sharpened wire through their stems, near the base, and separating the individual quills to the desired distance from one another.

Birds with crests should have the head turned so that while the bird lies upon its back one side of the head lies upward, the feathers of the crest being erected and kept in that position until the skin is dry.

Determining the sex of specimens.—The sex of a specimen should never be guessed from the character of the plumage, as is unfortunately very often done, but always by dissection. Sometimes the generative organs have been so injured by shot that this is impossible. Should this be the case, the sex mark⁶ should be wholly ignored or else queried, as circumstances most justify. If the organs have not been injured, the sex of the specimen may be ascertained after skinning by making an incision in the side near the vertebra and exposing the inside surface of the “small of the back.” The generative organs will be found tightly bound to this region (nearly opposite to the last rib) and separating it from the intestines. The testicles of the male will be observed as two spheroidal or ellipsoidal whitish bodies, varying with the season and species from the size of a pin's head to that of a hazelnut. The ovaries of the female, consisting of a flattened mass of spheres, variable in size with the season, will be found in the same region.

A good magnifying glass is of great assistance in determining the sex of small birds, particularly the young, in which the organs are but slightly developed.

Labeling specimens.—The labeling of a specimen is a very important matter; in fact the label is part of the specimen, whose value is in direct ratio to the conciseness of the data inscribed on its label.

While tags have been recommended for temporary use, a permanent label, attached to the specimen as soon as it is prepared, is far better, and should, if practicable, be used in preference. Tie your labels on securely, and do not tie with a string longer than is necessary. Essential data are precise locality, date, sex, and name of the collector, but other items of information may be added if the collector sees fit.

To tie the label to both legs (where they cross one another), is possibly an advantage as making it less easy to tear the label off; but this doubtful advantage is much more than counterbalanced by several disadvantages, which are unpleasantly realized when a measurement of the tarsus has to be made or when one is describing or making a drawing of the specimen. It is recommended, therefore, that the label be always tied to one leg only, preferably the right.

Drying skins.—Skins should be dried before they are packed for shipment, otherwise they may mold. This may be done by exposing to the sun for a short time (a longer time is of course required for larger specimens), or keeping in a warm dry room for the necessary length of time. They should not be dried too quickly, however, as this will cause them to become brittle, and, above all, never attempt to dry them by baking.

Protection against insects.—No matter how well poisoned with arsenic, skins are apt to be attacked by insects, which destroy or disfigure parts not protected by the poison, as the bill, feet, shafts of the quill and tail-feathers, etc. In order to prevent this, the parts liable to such injury should be painted with an alcoholic solution of oil of bitter almonds, oil of red cedar, or some equally pungent substance, and the box in which the specimens are packed should be tight as possible, and tobacco leaves, naphthalene, or camphor placed in with the specimens. An alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate is very effective, but is also dangerous to the health, and its use is not to be recommended unless other equally efficacious substances cannot be obtained. An excellent way to protect specimens from destructive insects is to wrap each one in a piece of paper and gum together all the openings so that insects cannot enter—a drop of oil of red cedar or oil of bitter almonds, a few crystals of naphthalene, or something of the kind being inclosed with the skin.

PACKING SPECIMENS FOR SHIPMENT.

If specimens are not properly packed they cannot be expected to reach their destination in good condition, but it is very easy to pack them in the right way if the following rules are observed:

(1) Never pack bird skins in the same box with geological specimens, stone implements, deer heads, or other hard or heavy objects.

⁶ The signs used to denote the sex are ♂ for male, ♀ for female.

(2) Place the largest birds at the bottom of the box, the smallest on top.

(3) Fill spaces between the specimens with "excelsior" packing or some other dry elastic vegetable substance (not cotton, which is too light, except for small birds alone).

(4) Pack the box quite full.

(5) Line the box, if practicable, with thick paper before the birds are put in.

RECORDS.

The field notes of a collector may be nearly as valuable as his specimens. They should include observations on the habits, notes, etc., of the various species met with, the kinds of localities they frequent, their food, and all matters which concern their life history. These notes may be written either in a book or on separate scraps of paper (preferably the former), but should never be written on both sides of the paper, unless the supply runs short, in which case it will be necessary to have one page of each leaf copied before the notes can be properly utilized.

In addition to these field notes, the collector should catalogue his specimens as they are obtained, beginning with No. 1, and he should have a single set of numbers. The catalogue number of each specimen should be given both in this catalogue and on the label of the specimen itself, and the full data also duplicated in the same manner.

SOME NEW VARIETIES OF BIRD SONG.

LAST summer (1890) was, to me, especially rich in sparrow song; but one of them is in the foreground of my memory, and will always remain there, it was so unique, so sweet in tone and so remarkably distinct in enunciation—and the words were these, *teet, teet, te-dee-dee, sweet*. Not much of a song, you will say; and it was not as elaborate as other sparrow songs; but there was something inexpressibly winning in the tone, the distinctness of utterance and the individuality of this bird's song. I felt as though the bird was a particular friend; I felt as though it was directing its song to me personally.

The first time that I heard it, on the 6th of April, I was awakened by it in the morning, and was struck by the singularity and power of the notes, the middle part of the strain was so different from that of other song sparrows. Usually one cannot distinguish notes in that part; it is simply a rapid trill. In this it seemed to me that the word *sweet* was uttered as distinctly as a human being could do. I heard these strains frequently during the day—*teet, teet, te-dee-dee, sweet*; sometimes after a pause, a second *sweet*, lower, like an echo. As it went further off, I heard repeatedly *te-dee-dee, sweet*; and sometimes I heard, by the same voice, a low, sweet call, *twoe, twoe, sweet*, with rising notes. At night I thought I might never hear it again—it might be a passing thing; but the next day I heard it again and again.

I wanted to see the sweet singer to see if it looked different from other song sparrows; and after some days, while I was at work in my flower garden, he alighted on a trellis near me and sang before me. It was an ordinary looking song sparrow. Two or three times after this I witnessed his singing. I continued to hear it every day for three months.

One day I found a dead sparrow near the house, and feared it was *Te-dee-dee-sweet*, as I called him; but soon after was gladdened by the sound of his voice. Many a time when I heard him I involuntarily exclaimed, "You little darling!" I loved that bird as though it were a pete bird, and enjoyed his song in his natural environment far more than I could if it were encompassed by four walls.

One day I spent several hours at the pine ridge, half a mile from home, and while there was surprised to hear *Te-dee-dee-sweet*. As the summer advanced, he omitted the first two words. Early in July I left home to visit the birds among the hills of New Hampshire. As I sat on my trunk at the door, just before starting, *Te-dee-dee-sweet* sat on the fence before me and sang; and a few hours after my return, a month later, he welcomed me back with the same old song; and right glad I was to find that he was still here. During August we had continuous hot weather, and I did not hear him. I presume he went northward. On Sept. 24 I heard him once again; but he only said *sweet, sweet*.

On July 1, a few days before I went away four young song sparrows appeared in the east garden, and I have no doubt it was the family of *Te-dee-dee-sweet*, for I had often heard him singing in that direction, and I had known that there was a nest in the buckthorn hedge near by. The mother bird had anxiously objected to my trimming the hedge. The young birds came to the edge of the garden within a few feet of the open window where I was sitting. Young sparrows are prettier than the older ones, for though the color and markings are the same, they are much fresher looking, the dark is darker, and the light is lighter, the eyes are bright and the expression youthful. They are not sun-faded and careworn. When I returned, a month later, I saw them in the same place, as fresh-looking as ever. As I sat at the window they appeared on the scene, noiselessly coming out from under the current bushes. They always kept near each other, and seemed fearless, not looking about constantly as older birds do, and when the wind rattled my paper in the window they were not frightened away.

They were almost as playful as kittens, and would, I presume, have been fully so if they had been physically capable of it. They picked up pieces of dry grass, and threw them about, then suddenly whirled around and around, cuddled and fluttered in the dry earth, scattering it over each other's heads, and hopping up frequently climbed the sticks of the peavines and jumped down, then went to picking insects from under them. When I saw them the month before I noticed that they had not the dark spot on the breast. They now had the two smaller spots on the throat, but not the one on the breast. One of them sang *tit, tit, ta-ree* in a weak unmelodious tone. A few days later I saw them on the other side of the house under the grapevines taking shelter from the rain. One of them came up on to the plank walk near the house and looked up at the window. A slight brown spot then appeared on the breast.

Another new sparrow song that I frequently heard was *teet teedle, te-dee*. This was very sweet, but not as powerful and attractive as the other. I once met the bird near the river hedge. It hopped about near me; sometimes looking at me, at I stood still until it flew away. I liked to believe that this was the mate of *Te-dee-dee-sweet*, as it seemed a fitting one.

One moonlight night, happening to be passing an open

window at 2:30 A. M. I heard *Teet-teedle-tee-dee* singing on the hillside, across the river. Then a catbird, at my wharf, sang the most beautiful song that I ever heard from one of its kind, and some of its notes were in imitation of this sparrow. I did not hear this singer after my return. Three times during the first week in October, I saw and heard a song sparrow uttering a long-continued warble like a canary or purple finch. At first I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears; it seemed as though it must be a canary.

Some say that the song sparrow has seven different songs, but I have heard more than that from it. On several successive May mornings, I was awakened by an oriole in the branches of the apple tree close to my chamber window, meditatively uttering his interrupted notes, while diligently searching the blossoms for his breakfast of "species," old or new, it matters not to him, the practical entomologist. I could see him for some time as I lay in bed, and every time that he disappeared from view he said distinctly, *Good morning*.

As I was passing a great buttonwood tree one day I heard a beautiful and unusual song issuing from among its branches, the voice similar to that of a robin but not as loud. I thought it might be a variation of a robin or a red thrush, until finally Lord Baltimore showed his colors. It was the only real song that I ever heard from the *Icterus baltimore*, though I have heard rich and beautiful notes among the varied vocalism of its kind.

I was once listening to the clear, strong warbling call of a rosy finch, when I heard an oriole near by imitating it precisely. The rosy finch straightens itself up when warbling, but I could not see whether the oriole imitated it in this respect. The catbird has a "mounting song," as well as the mockingbird. I have seen it mounting from branch to branch, between its strains, until it reached nearly the top of the tree. Its song was then unusually harmonious.

The note of the bluebird is tender and sweet,

As he flits through the apple tree branches above,

Right early in springtime, your ears it will greet,

Yet he warbles no song but the call to his love.

This is the rule, but last spring there was one exception; while in the orchard I heard a bluebird caroling so rapidly and continuously that for a moment I thought it a purple finch.

Probably most of the song sparrows do come to us in Massachusetts about April first, as reported; but I have seen and heard them on my grounds in the first week in February. The voice was harsh and feeble in the first attempt at singing, but two or three days after it was not so; and on Feb. 27, when there was a perfect concert of bird voices in the river hedge, I heard the full, continued and gleeful warbling of a song sparrow.

Burroughs says that the meadow lark often passes the winter as far north as Pennsylvania, but I hear them in Massachusetts in mid-winter and at all times in the year.

Their usual plaintive strain is *see-ee meee* when hidden in the meadow grass, or *can't see mee* when perched on the ridgepole of the barn, but one cold morning, after the promise of warm weather, I heard one saying in a disappointed tone, *too cold for mee*. I saw one the other day standing on my orchard fence stretching its long legs, flapping its wings and saying *don't you see mee?* Another in the field answered *see? ou?* ("yes" in French, pronounced *we*).

One warm, still morning in the middle of March, I sat at an open window listening to the bird voices in the river hedge. Woodpeckers were hopping in the road, redwings were walking about near them reiterating *ohalee*, English sparrows were calling like distressed chickens, and song sparrows, hunting on the snow in the garden, looked up at the sky and sang; and a full concert was going on in the hedge. Then there was a pause, and I heard a new voice, which at first I thought was a robin, but was soon aware that it was not such a strong, clarion voice. It was clear, flute-like, easy and beautiful; then the notes changed and fell on the air in slow, measured cadences—solemn, sweet, exalted. It was the most moving strain of bird music that I ever heard, yet not plaintive. It reminded me of Burroughs's impression of the fox sparrow's song, which he expresses so beautifully. He says, "I have heard the fox sparrow in April, when his song haunted my heart like some bright, sad, delicious memory of youth—the richest and most moving of all sparrow songs."

I thought my bird must be a thrush of some kind, but did not think the brown thrasher, or red thru-h, could put so much soul into a song, though he is a brilliant executor; but soon after I heard unmistakable thrasher strains and concluded that it must be the same bird, though he must have been in a more gentle and sublime mood than the thrasher usually is. His strain was like this, in words, *tu-lee, tu-till-lee*.

During two or three days last April I sometimes heard a robin, as I thought, in a neighboring field singing in such an unusual manner that I, at first, thought it a red thrush; it said *tudle-ee, tudle-ee*, with rising inflection like a question. I called it a robin, as it sounded much like one, but with a difference. The tone was similar, though more mellow, the manner was more leisurely and the words different. I thought it a robin, but if any other reporter of birds should tell me it was a grosbeak I am open to conviction, as I did not see the bird, and I had seen a rosy glow on a bird of that size, which flew over the river the day before; but that was the only time that I have ever seen anything that I could suspect was a grosbeak. Zangille says it is local, fond of swampy woods.

March 17, 1891.—*Te-dee-dee-sweet* has returned—one blustering March morning lawoke hearing a sparrow voice, yet not distinctly. I thought to myself, wouldn't it be singular if *Te-dee-dee-sweet* should be here again next summer—the next moment I heard distinctly, *te-dee-dee, sweet*.

May 24.—I hear the full song daily—*teet, teet, te-dee-dee, sweet*. The distinctness with which that bird pronounces the word *sweet* is remarkable, so also is the power and sweetness of its voice.

Aug. 17.—*Te-dee-dee-sweet* is still here; I see him frequently, but have not heard him sing for a week or two. I know him when I see him because he has lost his tail feathers, and I saw him singing after he lost them.

Teet-teedle-tee-dee has been here all summer. When he returned in the spring I noticed that his voice was sweeter and richer than it was last summer. There is a beautiful turn or roll in the third syllable of the song which reminds

me of the hermit thrush. The oriole who imitated the rosy finch was here again this summer. He evidently admired the song of his rosy neighbor, learned the part well, and remembered it.

MASSACHUSETTS.

JULIA M. HOOPER.

A NESTING WOODCOCK.—Mr. Chas. Hallock sends us this interesting note, extracted from a letter from a Minneapolis correspondent: "I found a woodcock on her nest there last summer in some hazel brush at the edge of a swamp. I frightened her off her nest by nearly stepping on her, and thus discovered her home. After that I visited her frequently, but never could locate her exactly without a great deal of looking. I have stood within three feet of her, and although I knew within an inch of where she was, she had gathered leaves and grass about her so similar in color to herself that it always took time to get just her lines. I could have done this more easily, but she would always hide her eye behind the stem of a bush, so that I could not see its glitter. One time I actually put my hand on her and stroked her, and then withdrew without her leaving her nest. Think of it, and a woodcock, too!—H. E. P."

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.—The ninth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union will convene in New York city, on Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1891, at 11 o'clock A. M. The meetings will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park (Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue). The presentation of ornithological papers will form a prominent feature of the meetings, and members are earnestly requested to contribute, and to notify the secretary in advance as to the titles of their communications, so that a programme for each day may be prepared.—JOHN H. SAGE, Sec'y (Portland, Conn., Oct. 6).

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchase.—1 Chaco baboon (*Cynocephalus porcaricus*), 15 Rheus monkeys (*Macaca leonina*), 1 sacred monkey (*Simulipithecus entellus*), 2 white-throated cebus (*Cebus hypoleucus*), 1 brown cebus (*Cebus fatiellus*), 2 capromys (*Capromys pilorides*), 1 black-tailed tree porcupine (*Syntherisma melanurus*), 1 Azara's opossum (*Didelphis azarae*), 1 roe deer (*Capreolus caprea*), 4 golden pheasants (*Phasianus pictus*), 2 Reeves's pheasants (*Phasianus versicolor*), 2 ring-necked pheasants (*Phasianus torquatus*), 2 Amherst's pheasants (*Thaumatococcus amherstii*), 1 Peruvian parakeet (*Platygyrrus pennanti*), 1 rose-bell parakeet (*Platygyrrus carolinus*), 4 passerine parakeets (*Psittacula passerina*), 1 black-throated trogon (*Icterus gularis*), 2 Cuban iguanas (*Cyclura nubiola*), 1 puff adder (*Viper arietans*), 2 tree boas (*Xiphosoma hirtellum*), 1 tree boa (*Xiphosoma sp.*), 3 fer de lance (*Bothrops lanceolatus*), 1 deadly snake (*Bothrops atrox*), 1 snake (*Bothrops sp.*), 1 spoo-barked tree snake (*Leptophis inornatus*), 2 rat snakes (*Spilotes corais*), 1 carinated tree snake (*Herpetodryas carinatus*), 1 trunk-necked tree boa (*Epicratis enchiridion*), 1 dusky rat snake (*Spilotes pullatus*), 1 copperhead snake (*Anistrodon contortrix*), 1 diamond snake (*Spilotes erbeninus*), 1 Sackens's garter snake (*Eutania sackeni*), 1 black hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhynchus atmodens*), 1 pine snake (*Pituophis melanoleucus*), 5 common hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhynchus*), 2 alligator snakes (*Ophiosaurus ventralis*), 5 coachwhip snakes (*Basiliscus flagelliforme*) and 4 common black snakes (*Basiliscus constrictor*). Presented.—1 brown cebus (*Cebus fatiellus*), 1 black snake (*Pithecia adansonis*), 1 gray squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*), 1 great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), 1 screech owl (*Scops asio*), 2 golden-crowned kinglets (*Corvus aureus*), 1 night heron (*Nycticorax nycticorax*), 1 rock-meadow bird (*Turdus polyolus*), 1 gray-headed love bird (*Agapornis canina*), 2 albacore (*Albigora mississippiensis*), 1 Agassiz's tortoise (*Xerobates agassizii*), 1 land tortoise (*C. chelonia*), 1 diamond-backed terrapin (*Malaclemys palustris*), 1 striped terrapin (*Chelonia insculpta*), 1 horned lizard (*Phrynosoma cornuta*), 1 green lizard (*Anolis principatus*) and 1 hellbender (*Amphibia alephensensis*). Born.—1 axis deer (*Cervus axis*), 1 Virginia deer (*Capreolus virginianus*) and 20 water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Catton. Price \$2.50. **Wing and Glass Bull Shooting with the Rifle.** By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. **Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.** By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. **Shore Birds.** Price 15 cents. **Woodcraft.** By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. **Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.** Price 50 cents. **Wild Fowl Shooting;** see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A SORA HUNT ON THE JAMES RIVER.

HOW shall I tell about it? What shall I say to my brother sportsmen and to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM? How can I tell them of the fun we had, and of the sport we had down on the James River for ten days in September?

Our party consisted of three—G., M. and Bob. Then, of course, we were taken care of by our genial friend Capt. Proctor, of City Point (long may he live, for there never was a keener sportsman, a warmer friend or a more hospitable man than Capt. J. D. Proctor).

Having shipped our shells by express and our other ammunition, we found ourselves on the morning of Sept. 16, bright and early, fresh and eager, on board the steamer Ariel, at Richmond, Va., bound for City Point, on the James River, the far-famed river of Dutch Gap, Malvern Hill and Drury's Bluff, all familiar to our memories and associated with war times. Arrived at City Point about 10 A. M., we found our hospitable host waiting for us on the dock.

Ho! Oh, my! but it was and no mistake. We were expecting an equinoctial storm in a day or two to cool the air, but nary a storm, and for seven eventful days the sun poured its rays upon land and water and baked and boiled. But we were not to be deterred by Old Sol's rays, and as Capt. Proctor was ready for us with three boats and three pushers, in about two hours' time we started forth to inspect the marshes. Those in the vicinity of City Point are located on both sides of the Appomattox River, commencing about a mile above its mouth, also just above Bermuda Hundred, at which place there is a very fine marsh.

In about an hour's time we found ourselves in the grass and the pushers shoving us through at a fair speed. We had not proceeded far, when the birds began to appear. My man John was an adept, and knew his business thoroughly. Not only is it necessary for a pusher to know the best places in which to find birds, but he must be skillful in marking them down or a great many birds are sure to be lost in the grass.

All of our men were proficient at this, and we scarcely

lost a bird. Well, here we go! I have improvised a seat out of a cracker box, which I find very comfortable. Push, push, push, and we move along. Suddenly the pusher cries, "There goes one!" and up goes the gun and down goes the bird; "there goes another!" and down he goes; "there go two more!" Missed them clean. Then we stop and gather in the dead birds.

In the meantime Captain Proctor's gun is banging away at a lively rate about half a mile away, and the other two guns bang away too. It is fun and no mistake, especially when the tide is high and birds are plentiful.

The rail bird (or sora) is a queer little creature, and all sorts of stories are told about him. It is said that it is not known where he nests or where he comes from. In fact the superstitious negroes insist that they are nothing more than frogs, and point to the fact that before the birds arrive the marshes are alive with frogs, which disappear as soon as the sora arrives. We scarcely saw a frog in the whole seven days' shooting; and we certainly succeeded in clearing out the sora, and there did not seem to be any new arrivals from day to day. Captain Proctor disputes this belief, and says that as soon as they get a good storm there will be new arrivals.

Well, after having our luncheon, we pushed on up the marsh, till the receding waters warned us it was time to "get out," and turned our faces homeward. Upon count-

a bushel or so in case he needed them to keep ahead of us. He seemed to have a favorite place to find the birds, and that was in the woods on the edge of the swamp. We would see him, way off in the distance, standing up in his boat, with a great cloud of smoke in the air, banging away into the bushes, and we found sometimes that he would bag 15 or 20 birds right out of the bushes in the woods. As near as we could find out, when the shooting began the birds began to fly to the woods, and, of course, being rather green hands at sora shooting, it did not occur to us to look for them anywhere excepting on the marshes.

We shot over the Bermuda Marsh three different tides, and at the end of our seven days' hunt found we had bagged a little under 1,200 birds. This is not considered extra sport down in that section.

There is a marsh located about two miles from the mouth of the Appomattox River which cannot be shot over excepting on an equinoctial tide. It is covered with quite a growth of an aquatic plant which bears a yellow flower. It is not a grass, but a regular flowering plant, and at ordinary tides stands too high above the water to push a boat over it. The sora bird lives under this thick growth, and only the highest tides suffice to drive them out of it. We succeeded in having our pushers get us a short distance into this marsh, but no birds were to be seen or flushed. The pusher would take his pushing pole

doubled up with rheumatism, who walks or crawls about with the assistance of two canes, and is known as Uncle Joe. One day the old fellow was slowly making his way through the village street, when along came a white man, a very well-known character in that town, "half-seas over." He was pretty nearly "as full as a goat," and he happened to have his rifle with him, and a crack shot he is, whether drunk or sober. As soon as he saw Uncle Joe seated on the stump he sung out, "I say, Uncle Joe, let me put a potato on top of your head and shoot it off. I will give you 50 cents if I bust the potato or a dollar if I kill ye."

The old negro looked up and replied, "Do you say, boss, you will give me 50 cents if you bust the potato or a dollar if yer kill me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

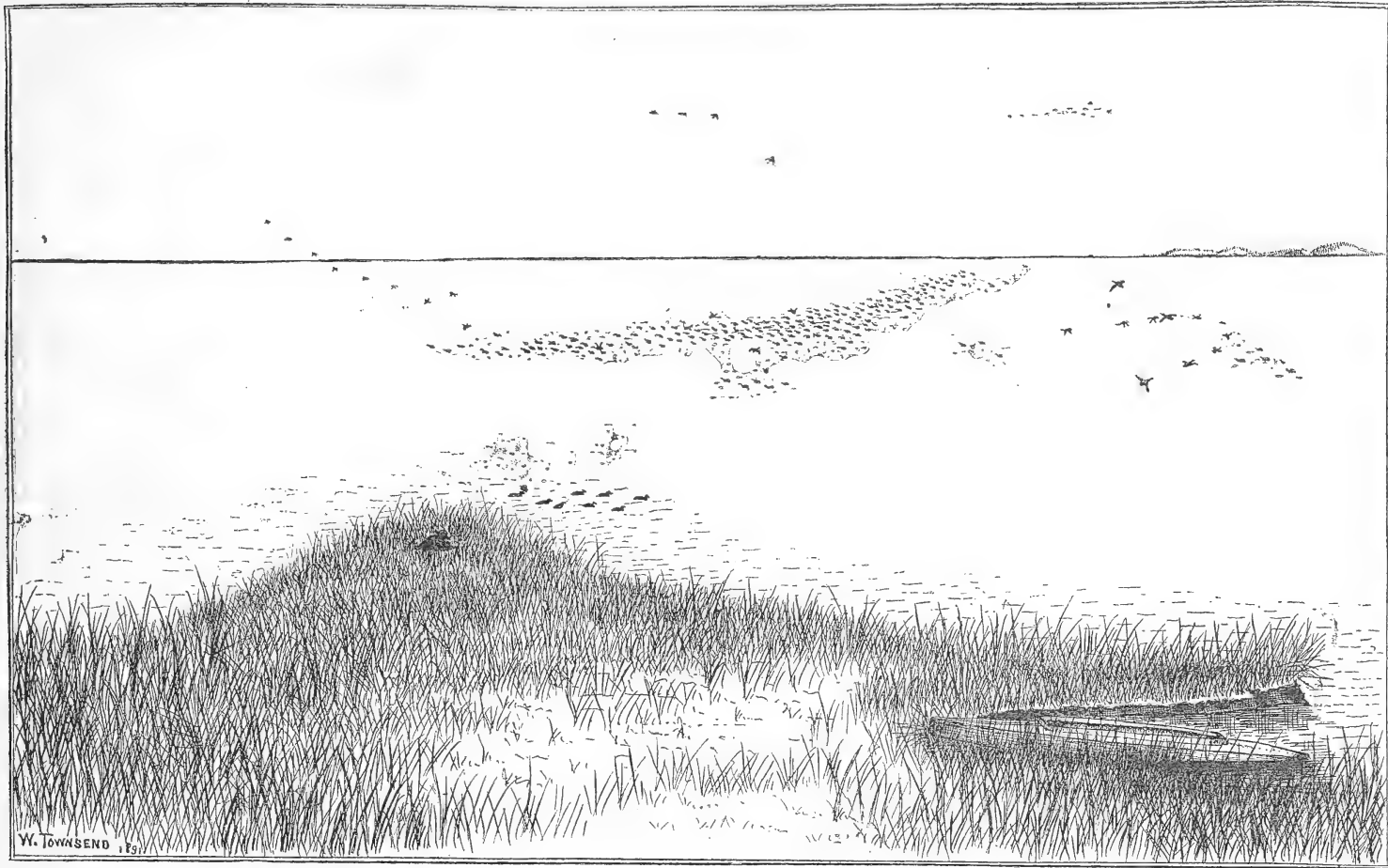
"Well, den, go ahead, boss," said the old man.

The potato was placed on the top of the old negro's head, and the white man staggered off about thirty paces and drew a bead. The smoke and fire shot from the rifle and the potato spun high in the air.

"Well, I'll be shoved!" said Jim, "I did do it, or I'm a sojer!"

He staggered up to Uncle Joe, fumbled around in two or three of his pockets, fished out a half dollar and handed it to him.

The old man seemed very much surprised. It was a



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—VII.

RAFTING FOWL—A FREQUENT AND TANTALIZING EXPERIENCE.

ing up, we found we had bagged altogether 208 birds.

The next day we tried it again, but were not so successful, until we struck a new piece of the marsh and there the birds seemed unusually plentiful. In fact, we shot until our guns were too hot to handle, and when we came home we had about 260 head to the four guns. The next day we concluded it would be a good thing to try the Bermuda marsh, if the tide was high enough to permit us to push over to the marsh. G. and M. tried their luck. Capt. Proctor and Bob said it was too hot and they were too lazy, so they stayed at home.

In the evening, upon the return of G. and M., they reported the birds plentiful and had each bagged about 50 head.

As the tide served at 5 o'clock the next morning, Capt. Proctor routed us out of bed at 3 A. M., and we started up the river in a thick fog and not a breath of air. We had nothing to shape our course by excepting the moon, which shone brightly.

After pulling for about an hour, a dark object appeared before us, which proved to be a lot of lily pads which were on the edge of the Bermuda marsh, and we then found ourselves just where we wanted to be. As soon as it was daylight, it seemed as if the marsh was alive with birds; they were coming up singly and in twos and threes from every direction, and it certainly was the keenest kind of sport. Captain Proctor is an old hand at sora shooting and he seemed to understand the art of getting where the birds were, and thus beat his Northern friends' score completely. It really did us good to see how much he enjoyed "beating the score of those fellows and their \$250 guns with his old plug of a \$10 shooter," as he expressed it.

He seemed to laugh and enjoy it so much that we really did not want to overstep his score, and we therefore let birds go by for fear we would beat him. He killed so many birds that we asserted that he had undoubtedly stored away in a safe place in the swamp half

and bang it into the marsh, and you could hear dozens of birds squawking from every direction. When the equinoctial tides occur the sport on this marsh is superb. Last year Capt. Proctor bagged 176 at one tide, and could have killed twice as many had not his ammunition given out.

All of these marshes are posted and protected and it was only through the kindness of our good friend Captain Proctor that permission was secured to enable us to shoot over them. We were informed that there were quite a number of gunners from Petersburg who had recently poached there and that four of them had been arrested.

At the end of the seventh day, there having been no equinoctial storm and no tides good for anything, the terrible heat still continuing, we decided to break camp and start for home. Bob took with him a box containing 138 sora, packed in ice, which by repacking en route he succeeded in getting home in good condition. We all voted that our hunt was a success and that we would try it again providing we could succeed in getting permission to shoot on the marshes.

There is very good duck shooting on the James River during the winter months, canvasback and broadbills in the winter and mallard and teal in early autumn. The laws of Virginia are so very strict against non-residents that unless one has friends who own the marshes, there is pretty sure to be trouble if one attempts to hunt on the James River. Pot-hunters are especially abhorred by all of the gentlemen owning plantations along the river, and they are very summarily dealt with if they attempt to hunt the ducks.

Before I end this yarn I think I will tell a story. We always used to tell stories, and sometimes a good many of them, every night after we got home from our day's shooting. There is a negro man at City Point so old that nobody knows how old he is—one of those old knock-kneed negroes about 100 years old, all twisted up and

long time since he had seen so much money. He looked at it lovingly, bit it, turned it over, looked up to Jim, and said, "Well, boss, I se sorry I did not git de dollar."

ROBT. C. LOWRY.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—The Sunday exodus of hoodlum hunters from this city into St. Louis county has become such a nuisance to the farmers that the latter have organized, and with the assistance of the sheriff and his deputies, propose to put a stop to the disgraceful acts of these so-called sportsmen. Seventy-five special deputies have been appointed who have been ordered to arrest all persons found shooting on Sundays. Last Sunday, at the stations on the Missouri Pacific and Frisco roads, the shooters were met by the officers and warned not to shoot nor commit any trespass. These hoodlum hunters have been in the habit of shooting everything they came across even to the poultry of the farmers. Cattle, horses and hogs have been shot by these Sunday hunters, but now they will have to stop. In showing the need of a later date for the opening of the quail season it is only necessary to visit Union Market and see the large number of baby quail exposed for sale. Commission men have had to send out notices warning shippers not to send in these small birds, as they could not be profitably handled. The extremely low water in the Mississippi River has left thousands of game fish to die in the dried up pools and sloughs where the fish went when the water was higher.—ABERDEEN.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—A person can take a seat in a palace car at Dearborn Station, any afternoon and go over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without changing cars. The fast express on this line makes at least twenty-four hours quicker time to Los Angeles than any other line, and in fact the Santa Fé is the only thoroughly comfortable route to take. The office is at No. 212 Clark street, Chicago.—Adv.

FIRE-LIGHTING.

FIRE-LIGHTING is practiced to a greater or less extent by a few market-gunners exclusively for gain in the shallow bays adjacent to the Atlantic seaboard. There is a strong general, as well as local, sentiment against the pursuit of water fowl in this manner, and the laws are generally pronounced against it. For this reason it is a rather difficult matter to obtain much reliable information regarding it from those engaged in this calling.

We consequently have but limited knowledge as to the *modus operandi* of pursuing water fowl in this way or its effects. My desire to know something about fire-lighting has been strengthened from time to time, while on my shooting trips, by seeing usually just after dark, certain lights creeping slowly out on the bay, or moving silently along the shores, and which, as I watched them, would often change from dawning brightness to total darkness. It was some years before I had an opportunity to investigate these lights, but it finally came through an experienced bayman whom I had previously employed, and who, at times, went after water fowl in this manner.

The great desideratum in this kind of shooting is the lantern, as on its construction much depends, and I describe it from memory in detail in order that a better idea may be formed of the effect its use is likely to produce on birds. A large light is necessary. A locomotive headlight would serve admirably, for it throws a broad and strong light. A small lantern would be of comparatively little use, for the more powerful and far reaching the rays of light, the better the chance of successfully approaching the water fowl. As not many of the baymen can afford a locomotive headlight the result is a variety of lanterns are used, varying according to the means and ingenuity of the owner. The one my boatman used might come under the head of first class lights. It was about 14 in. wide and 18 in. high, and was made of tin with plain glass on three sides, the back being tin, bright inside and supporting two large reflectors, in front of which were placed two kerosene lamps with large burners.

Tin doors lined with looking-glass were attached to the plain glass sides, thus leaving only the front uncovered. There were funnels at the top to carry off the heat and smoke from the lamps. When ready for use the lantern is securely fastened at the bow of a small boat. The lamps are then lighted and turned low. The boatman rows toward the birds he is in quest of and which may be a quarter of a mile away, resting on some sandbar or feeding along the shore. Canada geese are the birds usually pursued. When sufficiently near for his purpose (it now being quite dark), he turns up the lamps, and the looking-glass doors are opened and kept in place by a wire rod at such an angle as to focus the rays of light in conjunction with the reflectors at the back. Thus there is cast ahead of the boat a broad and far-reaching stream of light. Dark evenings are most suitable, and the water should be smooth. It is desirable that the boat have smooth sides instead of lapstreaks, as the water makes a noise when striking against the latter. The boatman stands or sits at the stern with his gun in readiness and sculls or poles the boat according to the depth of water.

Great care must be exercised in approaching birds, as a careless knock of the oar against the boat may alarm them. After the birds have come within the rays of light, they must be kept covered by it until shot at, for a change from light to darkness will cause them to fly. A thorough knowledge of the surroundings, and judgment in guiding the boat by the direction of the wind, is necessary to prevent getting turned around, or going to the windward, when the birds may scent your approach. Before starting out, it is important to know the whereabouts of one or more flocks of birds. I remember one afternoon, there being every indication of a favorable evening, when 25 Canada geese sat on a sand bar about a mile from where we were. My boatman said, "We will go after them with the lantern to-night." While on our way to them I sit behind the lantern perfectly still with cocked gun, while the boatman, standing upright in the stern with his gun beside him, sculls silently along, the stream of light from our lantern, with its well-defined limits, lighting up for quite a distance the path in front of the boat. Presently he asked in a whisper if I saw the geese; I replied "No, and he pointed out some indistinct specks ahead of us. As the wind was blowing across the boat there was no danger of our being scented. As we approached I did not take my eyes from the geese. They did not appear afraid or suspicious, but acted in the most natural manner possible. One preened its feathers, another rubbed the side of its head on its back, another dipped its bill in the water, of which there was a depth of about 3 or 4 in. on the bar on which they were standing. The rays of the lantern covered the flock, while outside of its limits all was inky darkness. Not the slightest curiosity or uneasiness was evinced by them on the approach of the light. The boat meanwhile approached too near, being within 15 yds. of them, and although they were not standing close together, we were now obliged to fire. Confusion followed the reports; but it was soon still. Those that could do so flew away, leaving seven dead. That we could have gone into their very midst seems probable.

Leaving this locality we headed out from shore in search of a large flock of brant which we had heard when on our way to the geese. We had no difficulty in finding them, but could not get near enough to see them, although we chased them for a long distance by their call, being quite near them at times. These birds swim faster than the boat can be propelled, and I am told are as a rule difficult to approach. Having decided to return, we were silently moving along the edge of the marsh, sweeping the water adjacent to the shore with our light, when a pair of black ducks were observed feeding and piddling in the rays of the lantern. They were perfectly unconcerned, and although the boatman was standing up, they could neither see nor hear anything. They would turn around and lower their heads to the water. I saw no signs of fear or curiosity, and they showed no particular interest in the light. I finally perceived a slight uneasiness, and as we approached nearer they commenced to swim away with their heads up, apparently with a suspicion that all was not as it should be. I think they may have heard us whispering, still they made no attempt to fly until we fired at them from a distance of not over a dozen or fifteen yards.

Several years after I tried an experiment to see how near I could walk up to a flock of common terns (*Sterna hirundo*) with an ordinary hand lantern. They were roosting on the beach. I found I could approach to within about three or four yards of some of them, when they would fly a little way and alight again. This was the result after several trials.

I think the reason I could not approach nearer was that the lantern distributed an equal amount of light in all directions, thus making me visible; had the lantern been so arranged as to cast the rays only ahead, I think I could have walked among them, or at least close to the outside edge of the flock. The above instances seem to show that the only effect was the dazzling of the birds by the brilliant rays of light cast on them from the lantern. This with the absence of any scent or sound sufficient to make the birds suspicious caused them to act in the manner most natural to them. It seems reasonable to infer, that when such a concentration of light is artificially directed at a person, animal, or bird, the same effect is produced as when looking steadily at the sun; in other words, the light is so dazzling to the eyes as to render them incapable of seeing any object for the time being. This seems to me to be an explanation of the effect of the light thrown on the birds from the lantern. Had a noise been made when we were near them, they would have flown away quickly enough, lantern or no lantern.

It seems to me that the principal objection to the use of a light in pursuing wildfowl after dark lies in the fact that such night shooting harasses the birds on their roosting and feeding grounds, which, as any one who has had any experience knows, causes them to forsake such places and seek others where they will be unmolested. Fire-lighting is generally not remunerative, and the men who follow it have much to contend with, both in regard to weather, birds and the law. It is likely to be engaged in by only a few of the bymen, as most of their friends who shoot, being day gunners, are opposed to it, knowing well its evil effect on wildfowl. While I regret that my experience has been so limited, I can still congratulate myself that it has been no greater. I present these notes as a slight contribution to the knowledge of a subject on which little has been written.—George H. Mackay in the Auk.

MAINE WARDENS.

GAME WARDEN "Jock" Darling writes to the *Philips Phonograph* under date of Sept. 26: "In reply to some of the readers of the *Phonograph*, who wish to know what change of heart I have had that induced me to accept an appointment as game warden, I will say there has not been any change in heart, but some change in business, which has been brought about for several reasons. In the first place, I have always believed in protecting our fish and game when it should be, and all the talk that has been made in newspapers and otherwise about my being an outlaw, a notorious poacher, etc., was because I advocated the use of dogs for deer only, and during the open season merely. Some of the reasons for my taking the office of warden I will give: First, I own and run sporting camps for fishermen and hunters, and all the way I have had any business was to allow sportsmen to have guides with dogs to hunt deer, which gave the guides employment at big wages. The use of dogs was against the law, and I had to stand in the gap and do all the fighting. I went to our Legislature several times the past six years and done what I could to have the game law amended, and I have been working hard on a poor man's purse; not a hunter or guide helped me to a cent, but on the other hand they have in several ways worked against me. I found that I was not going to get any help from them and was not able to fight the State of Maine, etc., alone. When the Game and Fish Commissioners with some of their friends came to my camps and talked the matter over I could see no other way to do than what I did. I did not accept the office of warden for the purpose of any unfair way of getting money, as some have insinuated, but to see if I could not prevent some of the wasteful game slaughter that is going on. As soon as my business will allow I shall move in that direction, and I believe that I have already done some good. Not long ago I received a letter from a well known guide at Moosehead Lake; he had seen the appointment of my being a warden and he wanted to know if it was a fact; if so, if I meant business, for, says he, 'we know that with the knowledge you have of the woods, country and hunters, that if you mean business you will make warm work for some of them.' My first move will be to try and induce them not to kill game when it should not be, and if they do I shall get them if possible. One disadvantage most wardens have worked under, they were not posted in woodcraft and had to follow the main traveled roads. Many times the news that they were coming passed along ahead of them, and this may be the case with me, but the chances are that I shall come out ahead part of the time."

A. J. Darling, the veteran hunter and game warden of Enfield, writes to the *Bangor News*: "As many articles have been in print for and against the game laws and the one great interest that we all have, or should have, for our big game interests, as well as fish of all kinds, I will say that I have been a warden for many years and have always tried to use moral suasion on the people. A man that has it in his mind to hunt and fish whenever he chooses, one might as well try to stop the north wind from blowing, as to spend any time talking to him. Never yet in my time have I taken any hush money; but I cannot say that I have not had chances to receive such. I have been in our forests this season and find that the deer are quite plenty all along the line, particularly in the eastern portion of the State; and good, reliable men, who have been in the lumber regions tell me that deer and caribou are plenty all the way from the Passadumkeag stream to the head of the Mattawamkeag and up through Aroostook county, and with fair hunting will surely be plentiful in years to come. I have assisted this season in subduing forest fires that were not set by sportsmen but by inhabitants of Maine. I wish no hunter any harm, but our laws are not severe enough for the man that will kill game when he well knows that it is to be left to spoil where it is killed. I believe it is my duty to look after the best interests of our fish and game whenever I can, whether I am a warden or not; but it is impossible to follow every fisherman and hunter wherever he may travel."

WEAPONS FOR GAME.

DURING the present year a highly interesting book has been published in England, called "Wild Beasts and Their Ways," by Sir Samuel Baker. It contains an account of the large game of which that celebrated traveler and sportsman has had personal experience; and in the opening chapter he gives his opinion as to the best weapons for killing the various classes of animals. Upon the latter subject many first-rate hunters will differ from him, but his ideas are well worth careful consideration, because it is doubtful if any man has killed a greater quantity and variety of large game, and during an unusually long sporting career he has always had ample pecuniary means for trying experiments with weapons of all sizes and patterns. Notwithstanding these facts, Sir Samuel Baker is by no means dogmatic. He says: "It would be impossible to offer advice that would suit all persons. I can therefore only give a personal opinion according to my experience."

"For all animals above the size of a fallow deer and below that of a buffalo, I prefer the .577 express—648 grs. solid bullet, 6 drs. of powder, not $\frac{1}{2}$, as the charge of 6 drs. produces greater accuracy at long ranges. The weight of this rifle should be 11½ lbs. or not exceeding 12 lbs."

"For smaller game, from fallow deer downward, I prefer the .400 express, with from 85 grs. to 4 lbs. of powder—solid bullet, excepting in the case of black buck, when on account of numerous villages on the plains it is necessary that the bullet should not pass through the body. The important question of weight is much in favor of the .400—as great power and velocity are obtained by a weapon of only 8½ lbs."

"The Paradox gun, invented by Col. Fosberry and manufactured by Messrs. Holland & Holland, of Bond street, is a most useful weapon, as it combines the shotgun with a rifle that is wonderfully accurate within a range of 100 yds. The No. 12 Paradox weighs 8½ lbs. and carries a bullet of 1½ oz., with $\frac{1}{4}$ drs. of powder. Although the powder charge is not sufficient to produce a high express velocity, the penetration and shock are most formidable. * * * It also shoots No. 6 shot with equal pattern to the best cylinder-bored gun."

Referring to the pachydermata the main opinion expressed is as follows:

"I do not think that any larger bore is actually necessary than a No. 8 with a charge of 12 or 14 drs. of powder. Such a rifle should weigh 15 lbs. and the projectile would weigh 3 oz. of hardened metal. * * * Such a rifle will break the bones of any animal from an elephant downward, and would take a buffalo from end to end, a matter of great importance when the beast is charging. There are many persons who prefer a .500 or .450 express to the .577 or .400. I have nothing to say against them, but I prefer those I have named, as the .577 is the most fatal weapon that I have ever used. * * * There can be little doubt but that a man should not be over-weighted, but that every person should be armed in proportion to his physical strength."

The following extract from the book may perhaps be of use to those who are in search of the much-talked-about "all round rifle":

"The purchaser should strongly resist the delusion that any one particular description will be perfect as a so-called general rifle. You may as well expect one kind of horse or one pattern of ship to combine all the requirements of locomotion, as to suppose that one peculiar rifle will suit every variety of game or every combination of locality."

There is probably no point upon which so many hunters will differ from Baker as in that of his preference for solid bullets of pure lead in express rifles. He says: "I differ from many persons of great authority in the quality of projectiles. * * * I contend that the smashing up of the bullet is a mistake, except in certain cases when the animal is small and harmless, and when the bullet would be exceedingly dangerous should it pass through and ricochet into some unlucky village. * * * I have frequently heard persons of great experience dilate with satisfaction upon the good shots made with their little hollow .450 express exactly behind the shoulder of a tiger or some other animal. I have also heard of failures which were to themselves sometimes incomprehensible. A solid .577 never fails if the direction is toward a vital part. The position of the animal does not signify * * * as the solid bullet will crash through muscle, bone and every opposing obstacle. * * * If the metal is pure lead, the bullet .577, with an initial velocity of 1,650 ft., a second, will assuredly assume the form of a button mushroom immediately upon impact, and it will increase in diameter as it meets with resistance upon its course, until, when expended beneath the elastic hide upon the opposite side, it will have become fully spread like a mature mushroom. * * *

"I have seen very many instances when the .500 hollow express, with 5 drs. of powder, has struck an animal well behind the shoulder, or sometimes through the shoulder, and, notwithstanding the fatal wound, the beast has galloped off as though untouched for at least 100 yds. before it fell suddenly and died. This is clumsy shooting. The solid bullet of pure lead would have killed upon the spot."

Attention is also drawn to another advantage of the solid bullet: "A hollow bullet from an express rifle will fly into fragments should it strike a twig the size of the little finger. In thick jungle a solid bullet may deflect slightly but it will generally deliver its message direct, unless the opposing objects are more formidable than ordinary small branches." In the above-mentioned .577 rifle the charge of powder is only one-fourth the weight of the bullet, and when loaded in that proportion it is quite possible to obtain regular accuracy with pure lead; but with the loads used in ordinary .45 or .50 express rifles the shooting is irregular unless the bullet be hardened with about one-tenth part of tin. Probably even then it would mushroom in the manner advocated by Sir S. Baker, on account of the much larger proportion of powder. If it fail to do this the bullet might be cast with a very small hollow, as recommended by Mr. Van Dyke.

J. J. MEYRICK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.—The annual meeting will be held in the parlors of the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt., Nov. 4, 1891, at 6:30 P. M. Every member is urged to attend.—HENRY R. DORR, Pres., JOHN W. TITCOMB, Sec'y (Rutland, Vt., Oct. 10).

FUR BREEDING.

A NEW CHANCE FOR SMALL CAPITAL.

I KNOW its as old as the hills, and I say so to get ahead of the critics, but all the same it's new.

I want to know why it is not taken up by some of your numerous correspondents who write to you every little while to know if there is any money in frog raising or gander farming.

These inquirers are nearly always persons with a strong taste for natural history pursuits, residents of the country, and have a little land and spare capital; and to these I would say, why not try fur breeding. Good furs are always saleable, always fashionable and always beautiful, and I think that a person with suitable surroundings and experience could make a fair percentage on a small capital, especially if he added skillful tanning to his operations.

It seems quite essential that the animal experimented with should have a valuable fur, should be prolific, easily managed in confinement and quick to mature.

The most valuable furs then, would naturally claim first attention; but the best of these—black fox, beaver, otter, fisher, etc.—are from animals that are non-breeders in confinement, or are very unprolific or otherwise unmanageable.

Of a lower grade of value are marten, skunk and mink. Marten is always valuable, and is said to be fairly prolific in a wild state; but as a semi-domestic animal I know nothing of it. Skunks are quite manageable in large inclosures, while mink are, as is well known, as easily managed as rabbits and are fairly prolific; so that when the fur is valuable there is good money in it.

In the third grade of furs we may place the common cat and rabbit. Although both are staples in the fur trade, I never heard of any attempts being made to improve them by breeding for fur; that is, by careful selection and management with a view to fur only. In this connection it might be well to note the following facts:

1. The fur is more readily changed by breeding than any other part of the animal.

2. Furs vary in value immensely, according to individual quality. Thus a fine dark mink may be worth a dozen poor light ones.

3. Furs are greatly improved by exposing the animal to cold weather and supplying with abundance of proper food.

4. The size always and the quality often, of furs is greatly improved by castrating the males, which should, of course, be set aside for the market.

If I were to experiment myself I should make some very large cages and try the marten, mink, skunk and common cat, aiming to produce a large, very dark or all black animal in the first three, and in the last named a glossy gray, a richly spotted black and yellow or an imitation of lynx; with cats, however, the color possibilities are unlimited, so that one can in time have anything that may be fancied.

All these animals, unfortunately, are carnivorous, which is an objection, unless the breeder has a fish pond and abundant opportunity of getting and keeping offal.

A herbivore would be much more easily fed, and this consideration brings up the names of the chinchilla of South America and perhaps the little bettongia or mountain kangaroo. Both are said to be very prolific and both are apparently easy to manage in a cage. Experiments have been made with crosses between coyotes and dogs, also, as is well known, between buffalos and common cattle, but with what degree of financial success I cannot say.

This is more a letter of queries than it appears to be. At the same time I must say that in view of the rapid disappearance of our wild animals I believe that the question of fur breeding will in the near future become a very practical one.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

OHIO DEER HUNTERS.

CAMP STEDMAN, Alger County, Mich., Oct. 18.—We have had a good Sunday dinner in our cabin on the little lake—pheasant potpie, baked pike and stewed venison—and now, while enjoying our pipe, will tell FOREST AND STREAM readers about the hunting and fishing. Our party of four—Byron Stedman, Archie Mays, Charles W. Sander and Louis R. Groneweg—are from Dayton, O., and we come to these glorious pine regions every fall for a month's deer hunt. The first afternoon in the woods we jumped a three-prong buck, and Stedman shot him dead, and to date we have killed ten deer.

The Powell Brothers, of Powell's Point, Mich., well known market-hunters, are in camp near us, and have killed forty-one deer. They ship the saddles to Detroit, and leave the forequarters hanging in the woods. What a pity to waste so much good meat! This is the result of the new game law, making the open season for deer so early. Half the venison that is killed thus early is spoiled by warm weather.

A party of hunters from Troy, O., in camp near us here, killed a number of deer. They also killed a gray timber wolf and took the scalp to Au Train and received \$18 bounty from the county officials. The county pays that bounty for every wolf killed. The "loafers," as these wolves are called here, are getting scarce, and it's a good thing, for these wolves have heretofore killed more deer each winter than the hunters.

We have a canvas boat, and yesterday we took it to a small lake that has never been fished. We caught a boat-load of fine grass pike, many of them over two feet long, and we now have a live-box full in the lake at camp, and can have a fish fry whenever we want, and plenty to supply our neighbor camps. The woods are full of pheasant. We intend to hunt deer until the law is out, October 25, then turn our attention to the pheasant.

PINE SQUIRREL.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 19.—A second party of deer hunters will leave here next week to camp a month in the pine lands of Wisconsin, south of Ashland. The party will consist of Charles Wheeler, Ed. Schwind, Joseph Manter, Gustav Sander, Philip Kern and Michael Schwind, and their colored cook. They have three big tents and all other necessary camp equipage, and will take with them provisions and ammunition to remain until the last of November.

Bird shooters in vicinity of this city are patiently waiting for the quail season to open, although every day now some are in the marshes for woodcock and snipe. Snipe

are coming in, and the woodcock are reasonably plenty, fat, and fine shooting. There are but few wild ducks along the rivers. Teal did put in an appearance in September, but mild weather sent them back to the lakes again.

Quail have been abundant for the past three years, and are more abundant now than ever. The coveys are very large, and the birds all full grown and not wild. Reports come in of coveys feeding through the villages, and one or two coveys have scattered through the center of this city of 65,000 inhabitants. A novelty is hearing quail whistling from the tops of four-story houses in Dayton. Pheasant shooting has been fine sport to a few of the hunters who took the field in Darke and Mercer counties. Cold, frosty weather will be welcomed by the hunters and dogs.

BROWN.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

NUMBER FOUR, OCT. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The slaughter of deer the present open season for bounding bids fair to rival that of any preceding year. Since the opening day the woods have been full of pot-hunters. Every stream, lake and pond has its watchers. Bucks, does and fawns are butchered in the water indiscriminately. The towns on the borders of the woods are kept supplied with venison. A number of deer are taken to town, each accompanied by a hunter who claims to own one deer, and when the load of putrid venison is disposed of they return to the woods, kill and take out another load, and will continue to do so to the close of the season. No attention is paid to the law limiting the killing to three.

A hotel proprietor in the town where the game constable resides told me the other day that he had just returned from Long Pond, and says that over seventy deer have been killed in that pond since the open season for bounding. And that one man himself had killed over twenty deer. Five deer have been butchered in the water here to-day. And still the slaughter will go on so long as the bound can find a deer to drive into the water. They will not stop Oct. 20, at least last fall bounding was practiced for a week after the close season. No method of hunting could be conceived more potent for the destruction of deer than by bounding them into the water. The legalization of killing on the deep crusted snows of winter would be protection in comparison. The cruel jaws of the steel trap would be less revolting and more sportsmanlike than this water butchery. With the present game laws on our statute book the only chance for the continuance of deer in the Adirondacks lies in the hope that it may pass into the hands of private individuals or clubs who will regulate the killing to the increase. It is to be regretted that the late purchase of Dr. Webb, of the central portion of the Adirondack wilderness, does not comprise a larger area, as he seems to understand the first principle of deer protection. No bounding of deer will be permitted, and dogs that will follow a deer are rigorously excluded from the grounds. I am glad that Dr. Webb has made his premises an asylum for the much persecuted deer.

MUSSET.

TOPEKA NOTES.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 16.—I see descriptions of the magnificent wildfowl preserves of Eastern gun clubs and of the work that is being done to preserve the wild game, but I fail to see anything that would indicate that there is any man west of the Mississippi River who knows a jack snipe from a mallard or could, except in self defense, kill a bird of any description. More than this, we know of at least two men who can distinguish a teal from a sandhill crane. So to inform the general public that we are alive I am going to give one or two items of what may be news to some.

The West Side Gun Club, of Topeka, has just leased a small lake, known as Lake View, about 30 miles east of here and will put up a club house and make other improvements. The lake is a stopping place for every flight of ducks that goes over eastern Kansas, and great numbers of teal and woodduck breed there. Jack snipe are thick in the marshes surrounding one end of the lake. Black bass abound and, as the lake is on the line of the Santa Fe and there is a station there, I see no reason why the lease should not prove one of the best in the country.

Five of the Topeka boys went down to McPherson county a few days ago duck hunting. Yesterday they wired, "Come down and bring a club. Gun unnecessary."

There is a rumor that the Kansas City people who got beaten in the struggle for Lake View have leased a marsh near St. Mary's, 25 miles west of here on the Union Pacific. It is to be hoped that the rumor is true, as the place is a good one for duck and snipe and is located in a good quail country. If they will keep pot-hunters off the place will be a good breeding ground in a few years.

F. E.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fall flight of woodcock is making its appearance in this vicinity. Hall Waring and myself bagged twelve fine birds on Saturday. Partridge are only fairly abundant and are unusually wild. We believe, however, that one will experience better luck a little later when the leaves are off. Quail are unusually abundant, and will afford excellent shooting when the season opens.

Charley Roberts created something of a sensation in town this morning by bringing in a wildcat, weighing 30lb., which he killed in the mountains back of Boston Corners on Friday night while on a coon hunt.

MILLERTON, N. J., Oct. 19.

J. T. WARING, JR.

We are having a magnificent fall, and our sporting friends are in high glee over the prospects of game, which is in great quantities this year.

G. VAN F.

QUEBEC, Canada.

DUCK SHOOTING FROM STEAM LAUNCHES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it permissible under the game laws of New York to shoot ducks from steam launches in the waters of the Hudson near Sing Sing? Would-be sportsmen are now engaged in this work, using therefor cannon in the shape of 4-bore guns. Surely the birds will be driven from that part of the river if such practices continue. As it is, they are wild beyond the reach of the

ordinary gunner using recognized methods for this kind of game. It seems to me that there is about as much genuine sport in pursuing ducks with steam launches and 4-bore guns as there would be in shooting cows in a meadow. If duck butchery like this is legal, its legalization was got by "pulls" in politics. Westchester's representatives in the State Legislature ought to take steps as soon as they meet their fellows in session to stop this steam launch shooting. They should be asked by name in the public prints to do so, as indeed I venture to say they will be.—W. H. MEAD. [The law as amended in 1887 permits the pursuit in boats on the Hudson below Iona Island. The guns prescribed are such "as are habitually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder,"]

GETTING LOST.—Patten, Me.—I have often laughed to see how quick one will change from sense to nonsense—from a bright man to a pitiful demented object the moment when he first realizes that is really lost. A kind of frightened foolish feeling comes over him at once. The right way then is to consult the heavens. The sun is our best guide stars next, and clouds and the wind will do. The tops of mountains, the course of brooks and lumber roads will do, but to see the sun right in the north at noon looks funny and makes one feel funny. I have looked right at a mountain, long before I was able to recognize it, though quite familiar with it. I once came out of the woods to a neighborhood in a lost condition. There stood two of my neighbors whom I knew; there was the road five rods away; there were the buildings ten rods away. I gazed around without recognizing a single thing except the men. I stepped up into the road, and like a flash the scene was quite familiar.—D.

A HOUSE BOAT HUNT FOR VARMINTS.—W. H. Peterson, cashier of the Middlesex County Bank of Perth Amboy, N. J., and two of the Valentines, of Woodbridge (Bob and Ross), started last Saturday for Baxter Springs, Ark., where they are to join the Perkins brothers, formerly of Rahway. The party will embark aboard a houseboat, 9x30ft., and float down the Neosho and the Arkansas rivers as far as Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, trying up here and there along the route and trying their luck with the various kinds of game which is said to abound in that region. The expect to be back by the 15th of November, and calculate that \$300 apiece will see them through, counting everything.—J. L. K.

SPORTSMEN'S TROPHIES are mounted with decided skill and taste by Thomas Rowland, of this city, whose advertisement appears in this issue.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

SHARKS AND THEIR WAYS.

WHEN Mr. Nye, of New Bedford, attempted to feed a shark with his fingers and in consequence nearly lost them he was acting upon a wrong theory.

Where the story originated that a shark was obliged to turn on its side or back to take its food is hard to say. Like many other popular errors it has been copied by one writer from another, most of whom probably never saw a shark, its origin being lost in the mists of antiquity. Many such legends are current; that of the hoopsnake; the belief that if a person is bitten by a dog and that if the dog afterward runs mad, the person bitten, though it be years before, goes mad also; that the alligator can raise its upper jaw; that the white-headed eagle is a bald-headed bird.

Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well, being too modest, perhaps, to appear among men. But we know that error has no such samples.

As to sharks, the writer has taken many of them, both with hand-line and rod and reel. The dusky shark, the shovel-nose, the hammer head and the nurse shark; often in clear and shallow water, where the movements of the fish could be seen, and he never has seen one of either of these species turn over in taking the bait, but it was taken as other fishes take it. He has also seen large sharks, man-eaters perhaps, taken at sea with hook and line, but they turned no summersaults till they got on deck.

There is much resemblance between the shark and the wolf. Both are voracious, ferocious and cowardly, and seldom attacking any animal capable of resistance, except when very hungry or when emboldened by numbers. Then they both become dangerous. In fishing for channel bass on the east coast of Florida, where sharks are numerous, I have sometimes had them take my bass away while I was playing it; biting off a large fish with as clean a cut as an ax would make. They would sometimes come round the boat in numbers so boldly that we thought best to move away, but I have never been attacked.

An old fisherman on the coast of Florida, who had been in the habit of taking sharks for their oil, and had killed hundreds of them, told me that he thought a shark less dangerous than an alligator, by which animal he had been attacked more than once, but by a shark, never. We had, however, found half of a good-sized alligator in the stomach of a large shark, which shows the enormous power of the jaws of that fish. I asked him whether a shark was obliged to turn over to seize its prey; he said he had never seen it do so, and as the shark lived mostly on fish, he could not catch it in that way, but would starve to death if he had to turn over.

S. C. C.

NEW YORK GAME AND FISH LAWS.—A meeting of the codification committee will be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, to-day, at 11 o'clock A. M., for a conference with Commissioners of other States and the Canadian Provinces respecting the fish laws. The meeting will be a public one.

A LARGE BLUEFISH was taken in the latter part of September at Provincetown, Mass. Its weight was 18lbs. and its length a little more than one yard.

PREPARATION FOR TARPON FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been suggested to me that a condensed statement of what is needed for the pursuit of tarpon, published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, would be appreciated by fishermen intending to attempt the capture of that king of fish. For the tarpon, so lately unknown, his name even being found in no encyclopedia, and in no lexicon except the latest edition of Webster, as an object of sport is now a fixture, and all the fresh-water anglers in the world cannot drive away his votaries. There have been now and then lately bitter attacks upon his pre-eminence, only one worthy of notice, and that from a genial but opinionated old gentleman who shows an enuchlike and petulant envy, which is a tribute to the vigor of his pursuers.

I do not claim any special qualification to supply what I am told is a want beyond successful pursuit of fish for five consecutive seasons and willingness to give the results of my experience. No one has given positive directions or advice except Mr. W. H. Wood and Col. Pickney (Ben Bent), whose charming little book was compiled from what he learned from the former, his personal experience being very brief and not successful.

I assume the fisherman wishes to give four weeks to tarpon.

THE PLACE TO GO.

St. James City, San Carlos Hotel, at the southern end of Charlotte Harbor. This is central. Accommodations are very good. If the fish are biting in salt water, go to Estero Lagoon, south of the harbor. A sailboat can be hired with conveniences for camping. If (as last spring) they are in brackish water, take the steamboat which runs daily, and move all luggage to Fort Meyers, up the Caloosahatchie, and stay there. A return of a day or two for rest can be made to St. James at any time. From Estero Lagoon excursions can be made into Estero, Mulox, Spring and Surveyor's creeks—narrow, deep streams, great favorites of the tarpon and abounding in great jewfish.

COST.

To go and return from and to Philadelphia costs about \$100. At St. James sailboats cost per diem \$5, rowboats \$3, bait about 60 cents. The best plan is to hire a sailboat. The guides should catch the bait, but they cannot be relied on. A small tent is desirable. Two fishermen can be accommodated and share the expense.

I always calculate that my trip of six weeks will cost me, from and back to my home, less than \$400. Expense of fishing is halved with a companion. Board at St. James is from \$2.50 to \$4 per diem. "Camping" (on the boat) costs very little. There is a fair general store at St. James, where supplies can be purchased.

In the matter of tackle, I can only give my experience, which has, however, been satisfactory. I don't want to puff any tackle maker, for there may be many of them just as competent as the one I buy from, Edward vom Hofe. I have but one caution to give, do not experiment with his new ideas, or rather, do not rely on them. Tell him what you want and insist on it that you don't want any changes, and he will give you tackle that you can depend on.

THE REEL.

His Star reel—costing about \$50—is unnecessarily large I think. The reel he sells for \$26 (without case) is large enough and much more convenient. You want a leather guard on it, but you should have a shoemaker put one on of stout sole leather, and have it project over the next reel-bar and not have the dealer give you his short, pulpy "improvement." Be careful not to have the leather so wide as to bind on the sides of the reel. Stout thumb stalls, crocheted at home of heavy cotton cord, are very desirable as an adjunct. A single fish will wear through the kind purchased of the dealers. It required twelve fish (half of them brought to gaff) last March to wear through a thumb stall made for me by a courteous Englishman last year while we were becalmed on the way to Sanibel.

THE LINE.

Hall's bass and tarpon line, 200yds, long, No. 18 (that is 21 thread). If the reel will not take it all, save the excess for splicing. Two balls are needed, and they will make three lines. Twice a week is often enough to dry the line. Soaking in fresh water is not necessary. When a line shows signs of wear change ends.

THE SNEEL.

I must be dogmatic about snells, for every one has his favorite. The one I have at last settled upon as the *ne plus ultra*, and which has produced that repose of mind which comes to him who is satisfied that he has that which cannot be bettered, is this: Have your dealer—Vom Hofe makes them under protest—make two dozen 18-inch lengths of piano wire, divided in links of 6in. each. There must be a ring or swivel (former preferred) at each end of the wire snell. Lash your hook to 6 or 8in. of stout cord—a piece of the soft, heavy cotton snell ordinarily in use is to be preferred, for you might save a tarpon hooked in the mouth—and fasten the cord to the ring on one end of the wire and attach your line to the other end. The object of this contrivance is to lose your shark and save your tarpon. The shark will bite your cord snell close to the hook and escape, and your tackle will be saved, with but a few minutes, at most, expended. On the other hand, the tarpon must swallow the hook, and get it well down in his gullet, to make his capture probable. Then his "shears" play upon the piano wire harmlessly. I had six sharks in succession cut my cord snell inside of half an hour, and saved the wire; and I took three tarpon with one snell, and my companion, who fished after I returned home, tells me he took three more on the same snell, and finally lost it by the line breaking.

THE HOOK.

O'Shaughnessy Nos. 9-0, 10-0 or 11-0—the last preferred.

THE GAFF.

Buy it at "the store" at St. James, unless your boatman has one, as will be likely.

Among the minor matters which will add to the comfort of the fisherman I will mention these: Take with you a half dozen pairs of thin thread gloves as a protection against sunburn. Cut off the fingers, the back of the hand only needs protection. The air at Charlotte Harbor is delightful, and makes one forget that the sun

is very powerful. I have known a case of blood poisoning from sores made by sunburn. Spectacles or eyeglasses of colored glass are useful at times. A rubber air cushion adds greatly to comfort. Vom Hofe has invented a weighing machine, about as large as the hand, which will weigh fish up to 300lbs. with tolerable accuracy. Get 50 to 100 grape fruit from Fort Meyers and stow them under the forward deck of the boat—you will think this the best hint given you. After a week you will not regard an orange when a grape fruit is to be had.

And lastly:

THE ROD.

Here should be economy. The rod should be in a single piece; no joints, with double reel seats and guides. Edward vom Hofe makes one at the moderate price of \$5. The fisherman should buy two and not take the trouble to take them home when he goes North. A rubber butt, such as is used on chairs on smooth floors, should be attached.

Bait and the manner of attaching it to the hook is to be considered where used.

The best time for fishing is in May and extends backward with a diminuendo. Tarpon spawn late in May and throughout June. From the middle of March to the middle of April will suit the Northerner, and he will have good results and be sure of fish.

HOW TO REACH ST. JAMES CITY.

The best train to take is No. 27 of the Atlantic Coast Line, which runs direct from Boston to Jacksonville without change of cars. That is to say, the "Boston sleeper" goes all the way through. Other sleeping cars are taken on at Washington. This train is called the West India Mail, and is more likely to run on time than any other.

Berths in the Boston sleeper should be bespoken at least two weeks in advance. The train reaches Jacksonville at noon, and cars are then changed for Train 27, running from Jacksonville to Tampa. This latter place is reached about 9 o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Plant, the great railroad magnate of Florida, runs a steamer twice a week from Tampa to the lower end of Charlotte Harbor; and my recollection is that the traveler leaving Philadelphia at 7:20 A. M. Friday by the West India Mail, would reach St. James by this steamer Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. This is the preferable way to go and the most expeditious. Those who fear sickness can take the route inland via Lakeland, Bartow and Punta Gorda. Information as to this can probably be obtained at the offices of the Atlantic Coast Line in the large cities.

F. S. J. C.

Florida has few more attractive fishing resorts than Tampa, and beauty of color is mingled here with extraordinary size and grotesqueness of form. In the clear waters surrounding the numerous mangrove islands schools of snappers, grunts, groupers, yellow-tails, squirrel fish, jewfish, porgies, sheepshead, silver perch, channel bass, spots, croakers, kingfish, sailor's choice and hosts of other species not included among anglers' fishes are to be seen at almost any time. The mullet, the cero, the Spanish mackerel and the barracuda are within easy reach, and the tarpon flourishes in all his silvery beauty. If the tarpon fishing should fail to satisfy the thirst for excitement the fisherman need only turn his attention to the great devilfish, a gigantic ray whose disk reaches a width of 20ft. and whose strength is sufficient to tow a whaleboat, or even a vessel of several tons. Elliott has vividly described the dangers and excitement attending this kind of fishing in his "Carolina Sports," and the following graphic account has recently been published by the *Galveston News*:

TAMPA, Fla., Sept. 21.—A party of fishermen that came in yesterday attracted great attention on account of the variety and size of fish brought in by them. All day long a steady stream of sightseers visited the boat and asked the men questions regarding their adventures.

The fishermen brought with them the skins of three magnificent tarpons, weighing when caught from 125 to 200lbs. The greatest curiosity was a fine devilfish. It had a large flat body, with two long flippers extending like the points of a star from its sides. The breadth of the fish from tip to tip of these flippers was just 11ft. 7in. A man could be taken in its huge mouth, as it was 20in. in breadth. From eye to eye the head was 30in. across, the eye protruding on the outside of two big feelers, which are used by the fish in eating, and project in front of the head about 10in. From the point of these feelers to the end of the tail was 11ft. 8½in. The fish was estimated to weigh fully 1,200lbs., but there was no way of getting the weight accurately when the fish was first caught.

The fishermen had an exciting time catching the monster, and it towed their three-ton schooner over an hour when harpooned. It was first seen at about 5 P. M., playing in the shallow water near Egmont Key. Running up, they harpooned it with a lily iron. It at once leaped high in the air, flung itself, and then started with a rush for deep water. The schooner turned with a whirl and was towed along rapidly. The big fish plunged frantically and leaped in the air in its efforts to shake out the iron. It would run straight for half a mile, and then suddenly swing under the vessel, whirling the schooner like a toy.

Fire was opened on the monster with Winchesters every time it appeared above water, but they seemed to make him only more furious. At the fifth volley it turned suddenly and rushed for the vessel. The men were crowded at the side, and the fish struck the schooner just below them, throwing them down on the deck and breaking the collar bone of one of the sailors. The fish seemed to be somewhat stunned by the blow, and floated. Two more harpoons were put into it, and musket balls were fired into its big body. Ropes were then thrown around it, and it was drawn aboard, it taking the united strength of all seven men to get it up.

The eyes are lateral and not at the ends of the so-called "feelers," as intimated in the narrative. The "feelers" are the ear-like prolongations of the front part of the pectoral fins. The devilfish, sea devil or *manta* is among the largest of the fishes, and a good stuffed skin is one of the greatest desiderata in museums. The name *manta* means blanket, and is used at the pearl fisheries off the west coast of Mexico "to designate an enormous fish much dreaded by the divers, whom it is said to devour after enveloping them in its vast wings."

From "Tarpon's" account of his cruise, presented last week in our yachting columns, we have extracted this tribute to the harrytoitiveness of the tarpon fishermen: "On the way we pass several tarpon fishermen patiently waiting for that big fish that they do not get. By the way, it takes a very peculiar man to make a good tarpon

crank. He must be lazy to begin with, and have an unlimited stock of patience, while his bump of hopefulness must be large. I met one man who told me he had been tarpon fishing for five successive seasons, and had not caught one yet, but he thought he should next time. Poor fellow, I wonder if he ever figured out the fun he had lost by not fishing for fish he could catch."

AROUND LAKE MICHIGAN.

It is claimed by the fishermen along the north shore of Lake Michigan that fishing is greatly injured by the bark that is ground very fine by the constant chafing and rubbing of the logs as they are boomed and towed through the lake, becomes water soaked and sinks, covering the food of the whitefish, destroying their spawning grounds and driving the fish away. Tons of this bark can be seen along the north shore of Lake Michigan. At one place I measured, near Epoufette, Mackinac county, an average depth at edge of water of 2½ft., extending back 23ft. and 250ft. in length. Every few miles similar banks can be seen, especially in small coves where the surf is not high enough to wash it away. All along the shore the bottom can be seen covered with this bark. About 17,000,000ft. of lumber passed through the Mackinaw Straits last spring, and this has done great damage. For the past three years logs have been towed through in the shape of slack booms, made by chaining a number of large logs together by their ends and forming an immense circle around the raft of loose logs. In this shape they do more damage to the fishing grounds than the rafts did when the logs were all chained together, and of course could not chafe and rub as the new method will allow them to. In 1889 the fishing along the north shore was better than it has been for a number of years. The fishermen claim that few logs were brought out of the woods on account of the very mild winter, consequently the fishing was much improved.

A great deal of complaint is made about the sawdust that is also driving the whitefish further out in the lake and destroying their spawning grounds. It can be seen washed up on shore for a distance of forty miles from the nearest mills. Whitefish will not remain in waters polluted by sawdust. Occasionally they are found dead floating on the surface of the lake, and in most every instance sawdust is found in their intestines, which, it is claimed, caused their death.

The large fisheries that are carried on in the Great Lakes where tugs are used as the means of driving away the whitefish and causing some parts of the fishing ground to become deserted. When they go out to their nets, which are from five to thirty five miles off shore, and which they do whenever the weather permits, and take aboard their catch which amounts to from 1,200 to 3,000lbs. per day, to save time and trouble the fish are cleaned on the way in, and the offal is thrown overboard, causing the fish to leave immediately. This custom is strictly contrary to law, which requires them to bring all offal ashore and deposit it eight rods from high-water mark. They do save the offal occasionally and bring it ashore in order to avoid suspicion. By depositing one barrel of offal in the water it has a bad effect from 400 to 500yds. in circumference by driving the fish away. The cinders and clinkers that are thrown overboard from the steamers passing through the straits also prove very destructive to whitefish.

Whitefish make their appearance in a body and are very seldom caught in water less than five fathoms, and from that to 90 and 100 fathoms.

Whitefish and lake herring prove the best bait for hook and line fishing. It is cut up in pieces about 1in. square. When this kind of bait is not to be had trout is used with very good effect. A great many sportsmen during the summer and fall months visit the North Shore of Lake Michigan and also the inland lakes for the fishing.

The best months for whitefish are June, July, October and November. They run best in the fall. Trout fishing is generally the best in September, October and November, April and May. They leave the feeding grounds close in shore in the summer and go out to deeper waters where it is cooler. Trout spawn in September and October, whitefish in October and November.

Very little benefit is derived from the fish hatcheries in this vicinity, as the large fisheries from this and other States locate here with their small mesh-nets, as small as 2in., and destroy millions of small whitefish. The law requires 3½in. mesh for pound-nets and 4½in. mesh for gill-nets. I have the names and addresses of two gentlemen who claim they can prove that a large fishery came here from the coast and destroyed tons of small whitefish, that were thrown ashore to rot; as many as fifty could be put in a cigar box at once. The hatcheries would do excellent work if the law were enforced so that these small fish would not be caught. The small fisheries claim that they are not allowed to use a net smaller than is required by law, as they are watched all the time, but very little, if any, attention is paid to the large fisheries, consequently they catch most of the large fish and most of all the small fish, forcing a number of small fisheries to abandon fishing altogether. The spawn has to be shoveled out of the boat very often while returning and unloading their catch. Men claim that they have waded in spawn up to their ankles.

The "pot-gut" or deep water trout are caught in goodly numbers on the banks off Marquette (Lake Superior). They are caught in water from 75 to 80 fathoms. The average length of the fish is 10in.; the average weight is 2½lbs. They are caught every month in the year.

The lake bottom of Whitefish Bay is composed of gravel, sand and rock, mostly sand. The food for whitefish commonly called the whitefish worm is found more abundantly on muddy bottom. The snail or small clam is another important article of food for the whitefish. Millions of them can be seen along the lake shore. They grow to the size of a thumb nail—those eaten by the whitefish are from the size of a small pea down to the size of a pin's head.

From the town of St. Ignace and six miles out is the beautiful Mackinac Island, whose shores are in some places low and in other parts perpendicular from the water's edge. A fine hotel and a number of beautiful cottages are found here. A great many sportsmen spend the summer months on the island fishing and strolling about its shores. Trolling seems to be the principal and most successful mode of fishing, lake trout and mascalone being mostly sought after.

The eel-pout, or what is called around the Soo the losh

is very destructive to whitefish, as are also pickerel and trout. Ten years ago a great number of pickerel were caught in the Soo River and a very few whitefish. Most all the pickerel are now caught, there being very few left, and the whitefish have returned in good numbers.

A great many fish, especially bass, are caught in Mud Lake and Soo River in the summer season by visitors. They troll, using minnows, crawfish, worms, grasshoppers, etc. The principal food for trout in the Soo River is small fish; for whitefish, the snail and whitefish worm. The bottom of the Soo is mud, sand and gravel, flat rock, etc. Sturgeon are caught, and a great many trout eggs are found in their intestines during the spawning season. On the Canadian side they do not allow any kind of fishing from Nov. 1 until Dec. 1, during the spawning season. On the American side fishing is carried on at all times, there being no restrictions. The fishing in the Soo has been decreasing for several years past.

Lake Winnebago, Wis., is a beautiful sheet of water about 36 by 12 miles, with an average depth of from 30 to 40 ft.; bottom rocky and gravelly, also a good deal of mud. Along the Fox River, which is an outlet of the lake into Green Bay, there are about 12 dams, a great number of small fish going over the dams, but none are able to return, as there are no fishways. All fishermen and sportsmen claim that fishways would be a great benefit, as the fish would then be on the increase instead of decreasing as the case is now, and has been for years. The lake is fed by Fox and Wolf rivers and numerous small streams and lakes.

John Roberts and Otte Jorgensen, of Neenah and Menasha, have beautiful places bordering on the lake; they also have a complete outfit of fishing tackle of all descriptions, together with fifteen or twenty boats. They employ guides who are expert oarsmen and fishermen to accompany sportsmen who visit them every season from all parts of the country. A great many small-mouth black bass are taken by the anglers, also wall eyed pike, silver bass, mooneye, or fresh-water shad or herring, which is caught with the fly. For black bass the common shiner or a spoon is used. The largest black bass that has been caught in the lake weighed 5 lbs. 2 oz. The different clubs have offered a reward of \$100 to any one catching a 6 lbs. bass.

The mooneyes are never taken before June; they are caught for six weeks and then disappear. The largest pickerel ever caught in the lake weighed 16 lbs. The pickerel are very destructive to young fish, one having been caught in Fox River with thirty-five small speckled perch and shiners in him. The loach is another great destroyer of young fish. Pounds, gill-nets, fyke-nets and trammel-nets are used in the lake, very few of the latter are used. It is claimed that a great deal of net-fishing is carried on out of season, which is proved by the number of arrests that were and are being made by Mr. C. E. Lucas, fish warden, Fond du Lac, and the great number of nets destroyed.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TAPEWORM IN TROUT.

DURING the course of his explorations in the Yellowstone National Park, Dr. Jordan collected a lot of intestinal parasites from the trout of Yellowstone River and suckers of Witch Creek. The trout parasites appeared first in cysts among the caeca at the hind end of the stomach, later in the liver and viscera, and finally in the flesh of the belly, where they reach a length of five inches. In lakes partly fed by geyser water all the trout contained worms. About one-quarter of the suckers which abound in waters as warm as 80° or more are wormy, and the parasites often exceed one foot in length in the abdominal cavity.

These parasites were sent by Commissioner McDonald to Prof. Edwin Linton for study, and the report upon them was recently published in the Bulletin of the Commission. The subject was of so great interest that in the summer of 1890 the Commissioner requested Prof. Linton to join with Prof. S. A. Forbes of Illinois in the investigation of the life of the Park, the work of Prof. Linton to have especial reference to the cause of parasitism in Yellowstone Lake trout. The report upon the latter subject has appeared in the Bulletin. The trout worms were first mentioned in Hayden's Report on Montana and Adjacent Territory for 1871, and were again discussed in reports by Bradley (1872) and Capt. Jones (1873). Dr. Leidy described the species as *Dibothrium cordiceps*. Prof. Linton found the larvæ "either in cysts among or on the viscera of its host, the trout (*Salmo mykiss*); free, on or among the viscera; beneath the peritoneal lining of the abdominal cavity; or burrowing in the muscular tissue of the body-wall." "This parasite occurs, so far as known, only in the Rocky Mountain trout. I have found it in the trout of Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone River above the lower falls, and in Heart Lake. I did not succeed in getting any fish from below the lower falls for examination. I am told, however, that wormy trout are never found in the river below the falls. It is very probable, however, if careful search were made for them, that an occasional trout in the river and its tributaries below the lower falls would be found with cysts of this parasite. At the Grand Cañon Hotel I examined some trout which were said to have been caught below the upper falls, and found one with cysts in the abdominal cavity and a large larva among the abdominal muscles. In Heart Lake I found the trout not infrequently infested with this parasite, occurring in cysts and free on and among the viscera, but not among the muscles. Dr. Jordan reports that the trout of Riddle Lake, which drains through Solution Creek into Yellowstone Lake, are apparently free from parasites. It may be that this conclusion would have to be abandoned if an examination were made of several of the large trout of that lake."

Prof. Linton found a number of parasites of other kinds in the trout. Spent females were usually found to be most seriously affected. The source of the infection is believed to continue during several months. Prof. Linton believes that the worms are not injurious to man, except as their presence makes the fish distasteful to the palate. Parasites are extremely common in fishes, but as a rule they do not live in man, and their vitality is destroyed by cooking.

The adult stage of the trout tapeworm was found in the white pelican (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*). In this host the life history of the parasite is completed, and the probable cause of the wormy trout is found by Prof. Linton

in the wormy pelican. In the case of similar worms infesting European fresh-water fishes the migrations have been made out as follows: "The eggs develop in the water, where they give rise to ciliated embryos, which bear a close resemblance to ciliate infusoria. These pass into fishes, * * * where they become established in the peritoneal cavity. The round of life is completed in the intestines of aquatic birds, where the eggs are rapidly formed."

One of the remedies proposed for this parasitism of the trout is the extermination of the pelican—a measure which Prof. Linton considers unnecessary and inadvisable. He believes that the increase of visitors will lead to a reduction of the number of deceased trout, particularly if the dead fish are not left on the shore or thrown into the water. The introduction into Yellowstone Lake of the chub of Heart Lake he thinks would be advantageous, since the parasite does not develop in the chub, and this fish would furnish healthy food both for the trout and the pelican, "and with fewer parasites in the pelican would go a diminution in the number of ova disseminated in the water, and consequently a lessening of parasitism in the trout."

FISH OF THE MACKENZIE BASIN.

THROUGH the courtesy of Dr. G. Brown Goode we are able to present some extracts from the answers of Robert MacFarlane, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort St. James, B. C., to Senatorial queries concerning the resources of the Great Mackenzie Basin. The important statement as to the absence of salmon in Mackenzie River will cause surprise, since Pacific salmon are known to occur in Arctic rivers west of the Mackenzie, and have been reported also to the eastward. We expected to hear that the inconnu occurs in the Mackenzie, as it abounds in large Alaskan rivers and is not anadromous. Coming from an authority like MacFarlane these facts will be extremely valuable to ichthyologists.

Fish of Lake Athabasca.—Trout, pike, pickerel, methy and whitefish abound throughout the lake; but I have heard it stated that since the steamer Grahame began to ply in the vicinity of the fisheries of the post and missions near Fort Chipewyan, as well as on Quatre Fourches River, the annual catch of fish has perceptibly diminished.

Fish of Great Slave Lake.—The trout and whitefish are somewhat larger and of rather better quality than those of Lake Athabasca. The inconnu (*Stenodus mackenzii*) abounds in this lake, and also in the Mackenzie and in the Slave River to the foot of the "Rapids of the Drowned," one mile above Fort Smith. Its flesh is much inferior to that of the true salmon; but when taken on the lower Mackenzie and Anderson rivers it is firm and rich, but still less palatable than good whitefish.

Fish of Great Bear Lake.—I have never been to Great Bear Lake, but I know that excellent trout, whitefish and other northern fish are to be had in plenty in its waters. The fresh-water herring (*Coregonus lucidus*) also abounds, it is similar to that of the Mackenzie and equally fine. While a resident of Fort Simpson, Mackenzie River district, we received in March, 1867, a large and splendid trout, weighing, I think, 70 lbs., which had shortly before been caught in Bear Lake, east of old Fort Franklin. The lake is very deep and clear, and ice is said to be seldom wholly absent thereon for much more than two months out of the twelve.

Various Lakes of the Mackenzie Basin.—A thorough exploration of the Mackenzie Basin would probably determine the existence of more than one sheet of water, whose area would fully equal that of Lesser Slave Lake. The Simpson, Petitot and Colville lying to the north of Great Bear Lake; the Pio-Nono and Taché on the west side thereof, and Lake La Martre to the northwest of Great Slave Lake and many of a lesser size, besides those laid down on maps, all contain trout, whitefish, jack and other fish. During winter and also other periods of the season numbers of Indians find subsistence in these waters, as well as on many of the rivers and streams which, among other fish, also contain lots of *poisson bleu* (Back's grayling) of various sizes, and on a few of the former the Hudson's Bay Company sometimes establish fisheries to supplement the food requirements of their northern trade posts. Scarcely any of those lakes, however, are accessible by steam, owing to the obstructions in the rivers, which connect several of them with the great lines of communication with southern Canada.

The best and most generally diffused fish throughout the numerous lakes and rivers of the Mackenzie Basin is the whitefish, and it is quite plentiful, especially in the Athabasca, Great Slave and Great Bear lakes. In weight in these waters it ranges between 2 and 4 lbs., but on some of the lesser, and indeed in several of the smallest fish lakes of the far North, a few are met with which attain to 5, 6 and 7 lbs. and upward, and the flesh is excellent. Trout of a large size (7 to 50 lbs.) abound in the greater, but they are of lesser weight (5 to 25 lbs.) on the smaller lakes. Several speckled trout have been caught on the lower Anderson River. Jackfish of various sizes are plentiful on most of the lakes, and on Clear Lake, which with Lac Manurawee are but a continuation of the western end of Lake Athabasca, they often weigh as much as 20, 25 and 30 lbs. Carp, doré, loche and suckers are present on all the larger lakes, as well as in most of the smaller sheets of water. The fresh-water herring is abundant in Great Bear Lake and also in the lower Mackenzie River, and some were obtained by us on the Anderson River. This is also a fish of fine quality and weighs about 2 lbs. The Loucheux and Hare Indians catch in nets and dry a large quantity in summer for winter use. Some are also thus secured at Fort Norman, while a few are caught up as high as Fort Simpson; the best are, however, taken on the lower Mackenzie. Back's grayling, or *poisson bleu*, abounds in many of the streams falling into the Anderson and Mackenzie, as well as in many others throughout these regions, where it is frequently met with in various stages of growth, from 2 oz. to maturity at 2 lbs. The inconnu, as already mentioned, is numerous in the Mackenzie, in Great Slave Lake and in the Slave River to Fort Smith. It is also plentiful in the Anderson, which is known to the Indians as the river of the toothless (inconnu) fish. The largest specimen of this fish I ever saw was taken on the Anderson River within forty miles of its outlet in Liverpool Bay; I should say it would have weighed about 50 or 60 lbs.; its flesh was white, firm and oily. There are no true salmon in the Anderson or Mackenzie rivers, and yet in most of the

Arctic streams to the westward of the latter and to the eastward of the former they are said to be very abundant.

The Esquimaux who used to frequent Fort Anderson succeeded most seasons in killing one, but seldom as many as two, large-sized whales, which proved of immense value to them as an article of food. They band together and hunt it in the number described by Dr. Richardson in his Boat Expedition. Seals, walrus and water fowl are also taken by the Esquimaux in the way mentioned in the volume. On my first visit to Franklin Bay, on June 25, 1863, and again about the end of the same month, in 1854, we distinctly heard one or two large whales spouting in a lane of open water which appeared amid the ice-covered sea. We found Langton Harbor almost entirely free of ice on each of our summer visits. The daily tides and gales of wind materially help to break up the ice of Langton Harbor and Franklin Bay. The former is more deeply indented to the eastward than a passing boat or vessel would be able to notice. Quite a number of seals and walrus were seen basking in the sun on floating as well on stationary fields of ice.

[The carp above mentioned is probably one of the large members of the cyprinoid family, of which several genera are known in the Puget Sound region and northward; it would be interesting to know what fish is meant. The loche is our burbot (*Lota maculosa*). The doré is pike-perch. The occurrence of pike is known, but we have not heard of pickerel in the region except as another name for the doré.]

THE COMMODORE CLUB.

AT the outing of the Commodore Club, at its beautiful club house on Harmony Lake, Maine, there were some twenty-two members and invited guests present. Among these gentlemen were Mr. John G. Wright, of the Boston wool trade; A. A. Adams, of Boston; G. M. Hamlin, of Bangor, Me.; W. Bullevant, of the Boston leather trade; Judge W. V. Kellen, Dr. Rowe, Superintendent of the Boston City Hospital; Robert Morville, W. F. Lawrence, J. W. Ricker, H. M. Stephenson, W. K. Browne, R. Brown, of Peabody; W. Shaw, of Peabody; Mr. Clark, of Peabody; R. B. Howland, of Amesbury; W. Buffington, of Boston; Thomas Walker, of Warren, Me.; H. C. Fuller, of Hartland, Me.; Mr. Coffin, of Stoddard, Lowering & Co., Boston; W. H. Souther, of Boston; Mr. Nelson, of Milford; Charles Hall, of Boston; Charles Gallagher, of the Boston School Committee, and Mr. Jacobs, of Peabody. The well supplied table of the club house was amply supplied with guests, but as for fresh game and fish from the waters of the lake there was a lack of supply. The weather was so warm, and had been so warm all the season, though it was then in the early October days, that the black ducks had not begun to come into the pond, and as for grouse, only a few could be found by the closest hunting.

Some of the party that was at the club house before the first of October, tried diligently for trout and landlocked salmon in the lake, but the weather was too warm, and but few trout were obtained. But the members of the club are charmed with the location, and they propose to try and help the fishing. They will restock with all the landlocked salmon and trout that they can get. They are strongly in favor of keeping the little fish till old enough to take care of themselves, instead of turning them out the first year, or about as soon as hatched, as has been the case heretofore in many of the waters in Maine. I understand the Maine Fish Commissioners are also in favor of the same policy in the matter of restocking hereafter. It is feared that the fry, turned out as soon as free from the sack, can only fall a prey to other fish, while if they are retained till they are a year old, they will have attained sufficient strength and caution to be able to escape from their enemies.

Mr. John G. Wright, a prominent member of the Commodore Club, has fished during the past year in the famous Loch Leven, in Scotland, and he is a thorough believer in restocking of our lakes and streams with trout and salmon. He says that Loch Leven is only about the size of Harmony Lake, Me., and that each year some 28,000 trout are taken out of its waters. The trout taken are all carefully weighed and recorded, and such is the result. Small trout are immediately returned, since nothing but fly-fishing is tolerated, and the fish are not liable to great injury in being hooked. Restocking is what keeps up the fishing in that celebrated lake, and Mr. Wright believes that the same might be done in Maine waters. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley is of the same opinion.

SPECIAL.

BASS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in this week's issue, "Shall the Adirondacks be Stocked with Bass?" is timely; and I shall watch for the answer it is sure to bring forth, as it is a question I am much interested in. With some twenty others I have cottages on the shores of East Canada Lake, fifteen miles north from here, but fully in the Adirondacks. The main lake is some two and a half miles long by half a mile wide and is 165 ft. deep for considerable distance; it was a famous salmon lake until ten years ago, when fishing through the ice and rapidly increasing pickerel finished them. Several attempts have been made to stock the lakes with black bass, but with little success. A few have been seen, and two weighing over 3 lbs. each were caught this past year. There are any number of yellow perch, but they are a nuisance. Three years ago I wrote to Commissioner R. U. Sherman, giving him the particulars; and he advised trying lake trout again, which, with the protection we now give the lake, and its being a deep water fish, he thought would soon stock the lake. Therefore we put 50,000 in June, 1890, and this past spring the same number. But your editorial casting doubt on trout being ever successfully planted in pickerel waters makes me anxious to learn what the experience of your readers is.

I have just filled out application for 50,000 lake fry and frost fish for food fish, but shall not send it on to the secretary of the Commission until I see what answers your article brings forth. There is no use of our going to further trouble and expense if the experience of those who have tried proves that trout will not live in waters where pickerel have once got a foothold.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 16.

M. S. NORTHRUP.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 14.—When Warden Buck started in on the work of getting the fishways put in along the Kankakee River, he was promised a new fishing outfit by the fishway committee, provided he had all the fishways in before fall. When Warden Buck left this field of activity for another, he served notice that there was a fishing outfit due him, as all the ladders were in except the one at Mokence, on which, he said, work was commenced. Later he wrote to President Cole, from Marseilles, and said that the fishway there was all in but the cover, and would be the finest on the river. At the time Mr. Buck left the warden business, he told me that he had not been paid his April salary, and also that he did not like the way the Fox River Association had acted about getting another and cheaper warden for the winter work in the Fox Lake district, toward which work he had helped raise funds. Mr. Cole saw these latter statements in print, and said they were not accurate.

"Buck expressly agreed to work in April as he did," said Mr. Cole. "I told him that we had not any funds for that time, and explained that there would be some work later for which we could pay. It would not, I think, be just for the association to pay that as back salary. As to the winter warden's work, neither Buck nor any one else has been chosen for that, and so far as I can learn he only raised \$2 toward that fund."

To let these former statements go uncorrected would hardly be just to the Fox River Association or to Mr. Cole, who has had the handling of the wardens of this part of the State in charge. We will now see about the actual condition of the Kankakee fishways, as shown to Mr. Cole and myself, both of the fishway committee, in the trip which we took last week for the express purpose of inspecting all the Kankakee River dams. I regret to say in advance that the facts were not so flattering as we had thought, though evidently the work had been well laid out, and in some places well finished. In plain English, and with a rude regard for fact, the actual case is that instead of there being seven working fishways finished on the Kankakee River, there is only one finished, and it needs some improvement. This is what President Cole and I found, as will be set forth at more length.

We started in on Wednesday morning, Oct. 7, at Mokence. Work had not been started on the fishway here at all, though we were told the contract had been let. Mr. Fred. Duryee, that kindly-souled sportsman whom everyone who goes to Mokence knows, told us that he would look up the delay and try to get the work started. Later he wrote Mr. Cole and said that the delay was over that old injunction of the railway against the dam owners. As the railway and the dam owners had both signed a stipulation allowing the way to go in, the wherefore of this is not plain. Mr. Cole will try to learn from Mr. Wooster, agent for the owners, what the trouble is. Mr. Duryee thought the way would be in this fall. In the name of all conscience, why was it not in long ago? Do the dam owners and their agent know that this delay is illegal, and that they are subject to fine for it? The association has been quiet and courteous all along, but an unexplained and abrupt stoppage of all work such as this delay is, impresses one as being wrong treatment of those who have been always courteous and fair. Let high water come, and the work must be over a full year, and the spring run balked again. We found the water lower than it has been for years, and the contractor on the fishway could put it in with perfect ease. When everything is so favorable, why this delay? Another trip to Mokence seems necessary. But let it be set down here that that fishway goes in.

At Mokence there is a choice little shooting club of Chicago men, only ten in all, whose box is about a mile and a half above the town. There are some nice woodcock covers near by. The club killed 78 woodcock this summer. Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Geo. Marshall, Mr. Bird and other familiar names are members of this club. Its keeper is Chas. Heimbaugh, mentioned favorably earlier as a candidate for association warden. With Mr. Heimbaugh we were well impressed, and since our return have sent on a petition for his appointment as a State fish warden, which we hope all Mokence will back. We wished also to have him appointed a game warden, and here we struck one of the incongruities of our gilt-edged law. The Illinois fish laws are good. The Illinois game laws are vile as any well could be. A fish warden can act all over the State, and he can arrest without warrant. Moreover, the governor can appoint as many fish wardens as he likes. Under the law there can, on the other hand, be only three game wardens, one for each of the three largest cities. Our attorneys tell us that these wardens can not, under the statute, deputize their powers. Only a game warden can see or seize illegal game, and before he can search he must swear out a warrant. This amounts to barring the whole country district of Illinois of all game wardens. I know that State Game Warden Pipino, of Quincy, has taken steps to appoint Mr. Harlan, of La Salle, a deputy game warden, but I should doubt the powers of the latter. Under these circumstances we advised Heimbaugh to consult with his county sheriff, and to circulate a petition, which we sent to him, for his appointment as a deputy sheriff, with the special duty of following game law cases. In this way a game warden can be created who, with proper warrant, can act within the limits of his county. As fish warden, he can go anywhere and arrest without a warrant. Will the next sportsmen's legislative committee reflect on the wisdom of this innocent little clause in the fish law?

We hired a boat at Mokence for a week, and at noon on Wednesday left the owner lamenting on the bank in fear that he would never see his boat again. Heimbaugh went a few miles down the river with us, for some word about a seining party of which he had heard. He took his dog along with him, and in the afternoon we were fortunate enough to find a corner of the river where there were plain signs of woodcock on a little wild rice flat adjacent to a thicket. We sketched around here for a few moments and got five beautiful woodcock, two of which Mr. Cole and I had for breakfast next morning.

The row down the river was delightful. The Kankakee here is a wide and lovely stream. We did not fish any beyond a few casts just after dinner, but passed water which had the day before yielded a fine lot of bass to a local fisher. It was a half-hour after dark, however, when we pulled into Aroma, or Waldron, only nine miles below Mokence, after leaving Heimbaugh half way to walk back, he having learned nothing of the seiners at Chris, Cal. where we ate lunch.

We struck a good country hotel, Miller's, at Aroma, and passed a glorious night in sleep. In the morning we went to the dam, meeting there Mr. Beardley, agent for the mill owners. We found the fishway here of no earthly use. Mr. Beardley promised to extend it 8 or 10 ft. at the bottom, and to dig out a good pool at its foot, and to set the chute at the top down flush with the top of the dam, and to cover all the upper part of the fishway, so that spearing could not be done quite so easily. It seems that Warden Buck had told them to set this chute down into the dam, but they had not done it. He had supposed it was all right. Really, it was all wrong. Aroma fishway, as we saw it, was about as good as a piece of tin pipe bent over the dam, not touching water at either end, and perfectly dry inside. High water, of course, will help this way, and if Mr. Cole's directions are not slighted, it will do. A trip will be made to see that they are not slighted.

From Aroma to Kankakee is five miles pull, all in back water, but down a stream wide and noble, edged with banks a continual shifting scene of beauty. The Iroquois River joins the Kankakee just below Aroma. As we looked on the clean, well-timbered banks of the stream, so similar to those of the Illinois River, we could not help wondering at the separation in name of a stream one in character. The actual facts of history will show this wonder well grounded. The Kankakee and the Illinois would have one name to-day had there been one discoverer instead of two. Père Marquette ascended the St. Jo River in Michigan to the Portage Prairie, near South Bend, Ind., where he carried over, three miles, into the Kankakee. He gave this stream the name by which the Indians called it. He probably also named the Iroquois River. He left the Kankakee River somewhere near Aroma, and did not descend to the junction of the Kankakee and Des Plaines rivers, which the maps show as forming the Illinois. Meantime, 'Sieur de La Salle, descending the Des Plaines River, far out of character and inferior to the Kankakee, came to the greater stream and called it Illinois, after the Illinois or Illini tribe of Indians, the one explorer not knowing of the other's discovery. The Illinois and the Kankakee are one stream, a long, varied, beautiful and noble one. From Mokence to the mouth of the Des Plaines, and even further down, the bed of this stream is nearly solid rock, and the banks are bluff and well wooded for the most part. The marshy character which follows through Indiana has here altogether disappeared.

We reached Kankakee town at 10 A. M. The fishway here is a poor affair, though the mill owner said it was located by Commissioner Bartlett. It should be out by the side of the mill, where the fish would naturally run, and not concealed behind the mill and under the bridge which covers the raceway. A fishway should show good light through the top, as a fish will not run up into a dark hole. Some light comes into this way, but it is located altogether wrong. Buck's idea, of a wing of masonry run out into the stream, has helped matters here. The mill owner said that in the spring he would show Mr. Cole fish going up this way. Little more could be done than to pray that this might be so. We urged that the way be kept clean, and passed on.

The river being so very low, we hired a team here to take our boat below the shallows, which we were told ran down for ten miles. On our way we met a farmer and transferred to his wagon, he putting us down at 4 P. M. twelve miles below Kankakee. Even here the stream was shallow, though brawling and rapid as a trout river in places. By dint of occasional wading we got down into the backwater of the big Wilmington dam, and soon the water grew so deep that the push-paddle could not be used. A head wind detained us, and it was an hour after dusk when, tired and hungry, we got into the little river hamlet of Custer Park and put up for the night at a sort of fishing resort hotel run by H. D. Little.

Before leaving this day's record I should add that we found three more fishing clubs at the little village of Aroma. The chief of these is the Lafayette Fishing Club, of Lafayette, Ind., once a body of 14, but in these days of depleted waters much fallen off. In the cosy little club house we found Messrs. J. J. Cumberston, J. S. Ewry, J. P. Wagner, John F. Bruff and W. D. Hiller, all good men and true, who are hoping that the fish ways will help them next year. The Waldron Fishing Club is made up now of a half dozen railway conductors who come to their box here for some sport when they can. The Star Club, of Cincinnati, O., once a strong body of men, has now much disintegrated. We will hear of them further down the river. Their neat club house shows in the timber across the river from the village. Mr. S. D. Phillips, of Lafayette, has, I understand, put up the new building on the raceway which we heard was to be used as a club. Thus we may see the whilom glory of the Kankakee as a fishing stream even in other lands. Another thing about Aroma, and this for Heimbaugh and for Warden Kamper of Danville. The chief of the men who are doing the seining near Aroma is Jack Stansbury. Catch him and you stop the seining.

Custer Park is about 6 miles above upper Wilmington dam. The river here is fairly straight, very wide and deep, a veritable inland sea, yet with bold high banks. We got a good start and made the upper dam early in the morning, though delayed in getting a team to take our boat around the dam.

We found the upper dam an immense affair, 17 ft. high. But here, thank fortune, is the best fishway, and indeed the only one now complete on the river. This way had just been finished by the carpenters, after the model left by Buck, and the work had been done in an honest and workmanlike manner. At the top of the way the earth had been left uncut on the comb of the dam, so that only a small hole was left, apt to be clogged.

Sending the team on ahead with the boat, we walked on down, a half-mile or so, along the ruins of the old canal which the State of Illinois built for the grain-carrying trade in the anti-railway days. We found the canal between us and the fishway when we got down to the lower dam, but in spite of a gang of surly workmen who were repairing this dam, we fished a boat out of the ruined old lock, paddled over with a board, and found an abbreviated washboard intended as a fishway. This way was wide enough and well made for strength, but it was quite a short at the lower end. The steps had no cups at the ends, this not essential, but desirable.

At Wilmington village Mr. Cole found the agents in charge, and they promised to clear away the top of the

upper fishway and to build out the lower end of the way in the lower dam. They seemed very pleasant about this, and we think this will be done. At any rate, the worst difficulty on the river is overcome. Upper Wilmington dam is an absolute barrier. No fish can ascend it at any stage of the water. It is a comfort to think that there is a good fishway there. Through its 6 ft. of width must pass every fish that goes up the river from this region. These two dams have no mills on them, and are kept up now for speculative purposes. Speed the day when they are taken out!

A mile below Wilmington we put in our boat and made good time for a while, till we ran hard and fast upon the "riff" above what is called the "old State dam above Kelly's." Over this we dragged and got to a ruined dam and a lockway now fallen into dilapidation and decay. Here we studied for a while, hardly caring to risk shooting through the race, as the low water made the rocks conspicuous. At length we unlashed our boat on the comb of the dam, threw her bodily over into the river below, tossed the stuff in again after we had regained possession of the craft, and so fared on again, joyful. It was now only a half-mile to Kelly's, and Kelly's is—well, it's Kelly's, you know.

M. L. Kelly is a State fish warden, one of the best and most interested in the State. Besides running his farm, he keeps a little fishing place, which latter is known to many in Chicago and elsewhere. The fishing at Kelly's is the best below Mokence. The river there is very wide and rocky. For fly-fishing this is the best point on the stream.

There is a State dam at Kelly's, a low affair, often well covered in the spring. The fishway in this dam is a howling farce, and how it came to be called a fishway is a mystery. It is a straight cut through the rock, below the top of the dam, it is true, but without a single defined step or resting place for a fish. The water through this cut would be a plunging torrent instead of a broken descent. Capt. Leighton, engineer in charge, will be notified by Mr. Cole, and as he has expressed a willingness to put in any way desired, this will probably be corrected soon. But I must defer the rest to next week. E. HOUGH.

THE TAIL FLY.

THE trout season was nearly over, and I had not wet a line. The thoughts of running water, whispering leaves and bright sunshine, made the noise, smoke and heat of the great city too much to bear with patience; so I got out the rod, overhauled the fly-book and dreamed that night of catching the big fellow beneath the bank where the stream bends and runs under the roots of the crooked birch.

Twenty-four hours after I got out of my berth in the sleeper of the Chicago & Northern at half-past four; and a moment later two young chaps followed, rubbing the sleepy seeds out of their eyes. Breakfast over, we mounted the wagon and started for Johnson's ranch, twenty-seven miles away. The joints of our spines squeaked before we reached it late that evening, and a sleep more like a trance than anything else followed supper, which was dispatched in short order.

The next day was awfully hot, and I spent most of my time watching the shadows on the lake in front of our cabin, eating, and as the dorky said, "jus' restin'." Johnson's ranch consists of two log cabins, one of which is occupied by the family and contains the dining-room; the other is used by the fishermen for living and sleeping. In front is the beautiful lake Wabie Leibeniss or White Eagle. The big pines cast long shadows on the smooth grass in front, and a little to the left stand the frames of the abandoned Indian home, and three curious graves near by tell the oft-repeated story of the vanishing shadow of the red man. Camp life in the woods with the sting of uncomfortableness drawn—the first and only time I ever saw it done.

The second day the two young men started out for bass, and as they were to pass near a tent left standing near some good trout fishing I joined them. When we reached the tent we discovered that some ginseng root diggers had jumped the tent, but they had another and there was room enough, so the old guide and I took the trail for the stream, where he had a dugout hid away. The day passed pleasantly. There was trout enough to satisfy any reasonable person, although none were large; but on the other hand there were no fingerlings. The old man dressed the fish instantly, and put them away in the shade on some moss. Those fish kept better than any other I ever saw, and I vote it as well worth the extra bother. The old guide growled at the time required to land a fish, and once remarked, "He know'd where a trout lived that ud fix that dum switchey thing so it ud be no fuder bother."

That day did me good. I saw my old friends the jay-bird, the woodcock, swallow and hawk. Laughed myself sore at the porcupine the old man ran the dugout over; his awkward attempts to reach the shore, his head covered with green shiny moss, was a comic show all by itself. Then as the shadows grew long we walked back to camp, and wound up the day as all pleasant ones end, with the supper, the big fire, the pipe, and the stories which latter were quite good told by the "shang" diggers with their soft Kentucky accent.

The next morning after breakfast I asked the guide where the rod-smasher lived. He laughed, and Yankee-like answered by asking if I could bear disappointment well. I said I could do so, but liked success better. "Well," said the old man, "right below us is a dam, and there is a little good fishing in the back-water; and at the upper end is the big one. He won't always bite; in fact not often; but you will see him anyway; and go home with something broken if you hitch on to him." "Come on," I said, "that will be good fun anyway." So we walked a short distance to where he had a flat-bottomed skiff. Fishing toward the head of the back-water I caught some nice ones. After a while the old man came alongside some small dead alders. He caught one and let the boat swing about with the slight current. I knew in an instant this was the place, but cast out my line the same as usual. There was no time lost. He was at home and hungry; and that white swirl and the solid dead tug at the line set me wild. And I yelled out, "Get away from the brush, hurry up! Get out into the middle, keep away from that bunch of grass; keep away! Confound it! There, now, see what he has done!" He had run quite around that one bunch of grass, and my line would hardly run out at all, while he yanked his head savagely from side to side. Zeep went the reel. He was away on a rush. The grass

had pulled up and was floating on top. That was his game. Either the dead alders or the grass; and the last time he tried it he started the grass and it pulled up. The guide sent the boat into deep water, and five minutes later slipped the net under him, and it lay on the bottom with not a kick left in him. His mouth backed up the old guide's story of his many fights, and I was more pleased to get him than I would have been any other fish in the stream. He was the handsomest fish I ever saw, both in color and shape, and that is saying a good deal. His weight I do not know, but he measured 7 in. around the thickest part.

The "shang" diggers had the head of a pickerel on a post near their camp which, when a whole fish, weighed 16 lbs., and the young men who came in with me caught as many as they could carry out from one of the lakes. Every person I saw at Johnson's caught trout a plenty, and some who came early caught enormous strings. All the waters about are clear and particularly cold. Here there is a good place to go for good fishing, good food, good beds and good water, good fellows and a good time. Go with a party of four; reach Ellis Junction Tuesday. Wagon runs that day and no other. PINK EDGE.

MAY BE YOU'VE NOTICED.

I CAUGHT A string of beauties
Up on the North Fork to-day
The finest trout that were ever pulled out—
But the Biggest One Got Away!

And down in the mill-pool meadow,
The boys that were making hay,
With forks and rakes killed 3,000 snakes—
But the Biggest One Got Away!

And so I have heard of liars
Since Ananias's day;
There are just a few that receive their due—
But the Biggest One Gets Away!

C. F. Lummis, in Puck.

Fishculture.

THE TENCH IN MISSOURI.

THE tench is a European fish, and one of the best of the carp family, to which it belongs. To the angler it is well and favorably known, being possessed of game qualities and firm flesh of excellent flavor. In Europe it becomes torpid in winter and ceases to feed. The species is very prolific, a female containing 297,000 eggs being recorded. The eggs are small and of a greenish color. In 1877 the Fish Commission imported several varieties of tench from Europe—the king or Hungarian, the common and the gold tench. These were kept in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore. In the spring of 1888 a few tench were brought to the Carp Ponds in Washington. The growth of the fish has never been satisfactory, and no impression was made upon the waters to which they were introduced. Late in December, 1889, Commissioner McDonald sent twenty-three tench ranging from 3 to 10 in. in length to the recently established Neosho Station in Missouri. Here they were placed in a pond and were not seen again until the middle of the following April, although the water was clear nearly all the time. On May 2, 1890, a female spawned, but the eggs were not discovered and the young fish were not seen until long after hatching. In the winter of 1890-91 the brood stock continued active, and at spawning time in the spring of 1891 they were very healthy. At the present time Superintendent Page has 25,000 fingerling tench awaiting the fall distribution—the first unqualified success with the fish since its importation. The warm, clear waters of southwestern Missouri have furnished the conditions eminently suitable for the tench, and the region will profit by the introduction of a valuable and extremely hardy food fish.

CALIFORNIA SALMON HATCHING.—At the Baird station the fishing and egg-collecting from the first run of fish continued until Sept. 20, and nearly 3,000,000 eggs were secured. The run was several days shorter than usual. The eggs were remarkably large and healthy, and the loss in handling was much smaller than heretofore. The first lot was shipped to the California State hatchery at Sisson, Sept. 29. The State cooperates with the United States Commission in developing eggs and distributing the fry in its own waters.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. *Kennel Record and Account Book.* Price \$3. *Training vs. Breaking.* By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. *First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds.* Price 50 cents.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Seventh Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chobot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Nov. 10.—International Coursing Club's Meeting, at Merced, Cal.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB ENTRIES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

COUNT GLADSTONE (Adolph Dill's), black, white and tan dog, Oct. 29, 1889 (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
CORSAIR (E. O. Damon's), black, white and tan dog, 4 yrs. (Dan Gladstone—Haldee).

COUNT W. (N. Wallace's), black and white dog, July 7, 1889 (Count Noble—Jennie III.).
MAUD (N. Wallace's), black, white and tan bitch, April 21, 1890 (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).

HARRY C. (Greenfield Hill Kennels'), black, white and tan dog, 3 yrs. (Roderigo—Countess House).

EVE (Herbert Merriam's), black and white bitch, June 28, 1889 (Gus Bondhu—Royal Spot).

DAISY HUNTER (Joseph H. and John A. Hunter's), orange and white bitch, April 9, 1887 (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

FLIGHT (Wm. McKenman, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch, April 26, 1889 (Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward).

EDGE MARK (Francis S. Brown's), black, white and tan dog, 3 yrs. (Skidmore—Flo Maclin).

PEG WOFFINGTON (Francis S. Brown's), black, white and tan bitch, 2½ yrs. (Ben Hill—Nora).

COUNT ERIC (Edward Gray's), black, white and tan dog, Aug. 30, 1887 (Count Noble—Fannie W.).

JOY (Geo. J. Harley's), black and white dog, June, 1889 (Paul Gladstone—Gypsy).

SAM R. (Geo. P. Jones's), black and white dog, February, 1889 (Dash Bryson—Daisy's Hope).

DOVONAV (F. J. O'Connell's), black, white and tan dog, 3 yrs. (Bob Gates—Fannie Gladstone).

DICK BONDHU (W. W. Tirus'), black and white dog, April, 1886 (Dashing Bondhu—Duchess Primrose).

CIGARETTE (J. I. Case, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch, 3 yrs. (Royal Rod—Clara).

ALBERT'S DUCHESS (Dr. John Hartman's), black, white and tan bitch (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton).

NAEMKE PHILIP (E. W. Durkee's) orange and white dog, Jan. 6, 1889 (Roy Mouch—S-dlebags).

LOU NOBLE (B. Ridgeway's) black, white and tan bitch, 2 yrs. (Count Noble—Alphonse).

TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock's), black and white dog, Jan., 1889 (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen).

TORY PETRONELLA (F. R. Hitchcock's), black, white and tan bitch, March 13, 1889 (Roderigo—Belle of Bridgeport).

TORY MAY (F. R. Hitchcock's), black, white and tan bitch, April, 1889 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

GUENN (Blue Ridge Kennels'), black, white and tan bitch, 2½ yrs. (Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward).

COUNTESS RUSH (Blue Ridge Kennels'), black, white and tan bitch, 3½ yrs. (Count Noble—Belle Ward).

GOSSIP (Blue Ridge Kennels'), black, white and tan bitch, April, 1888 (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont).

DAD WILSON, JR. (J. Shelly Hudson's), black, white and tan dog, April 14, 1888 (Dad Wilson—Litt).

DOLLY HEILL (J. Shelly Hudson's), black and white bitch, April 27, 1889 (Ben Hill—Dolly S.).

BLADE (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), black, white and tan dog, May 24, 1889 (Toledo Blade—Lula C.).

ANTEVOLO (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), liver and white bitch, Sept. 11, 1889 (Count Noble—Trinket II.).

NATALIE II. (Bert. Crane's), black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 13, 1887 (King Noble—Natalie).

WAGTAIL (O. W. Donner's), black, white and tan dog, 1890 (Roi d'Or—Belle of Piedmont).

ATLANTA (L. W. Smith's), black, white and tan bitch, 2½ yrs. (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).

JOE LEWIS (J. O. H. and F. H. Denny's), black, white and tan dog, 19 mos. (Count Noble—Fannie).

FINGAL (Edm. H. Osthaus's), black, white and tan dog, March 21, 1889 (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).

TOP MARK (B. M. Stephenson's), black, white and tan dog, 3 yrs. (Gath's Mark—Burd Helen).

PANSY BLOSSOM (W. H. Wallace's), blue belton bitch, 3 yrs. (Rockingham—Pansy).

RUPERT (J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, April 3, 1889 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

ORLANDO (J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, April 30, 1889 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

FOLLY (J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan bitch, March 13, 1889 (Roderigo—Countess House).

U. S. DAN (J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, January, 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

ANDY (J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, March 15, 1889 (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).

ROBESPIERRE (J. M. Avent and Royal P. Carroll's), black, white and tan dog, 1890 (Roderigo—Ollie S.).

BETTY S. (Highland Kennels'), black, white and tan bitch, 5 yrs. (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

LEMONES (J. E. Dager's), lemon and white dog, March 21, 1889 (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).

POINTERS.

BOUNCE (G. W. Amory's), dog, February, 1887 (Bob—Sal).

GROUSE (C. C. M. Hunt's), liver and white dog, 2½ yrs. (Mainspring—Swain's F'y).

WILD DAMON (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), liver and white dog, 1½ yrs. (Damon—Flora).

MONTY (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), liver and white bitch, 2 yrs. (Tory White—Lapford Pearl).

CROXIE WISE (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), lemon and white bitch, 3½ yrs. (Croxeth—Young Beulah).

MAID OF KENT (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), liver and white bitch, 2 yrs. (King of Kent—Hops).

MARQUIS (Ed. H. Osthaus's), liver and white dog, Aug. 26, 1889.

DON-FIS HEL (W. R. Fishel's), black dog, July 26, 1888 (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang).

DUKE OF HESSEN (Hempstead Farm Kennels'), liver and white dog, 6 yrs. (Luck of Hesse—Blarney).

GRAPHIC VI. (Wm. Manone, Jr.'s), liver and white dog, 3 yrs. (Graphic—Daisy II.).

DASH (Watkins Moorman's), orange and white dog, 4 yrs. (Marks—Sappho).

FRANK (A. L. Sanford's), liver and white dog, Sept. 13, 1888 (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cute).

PEPPO III. (Jas. L. Anthony's), liver and white dog, May 26, 1884 (Priam—Meally).

FLAKE OF FLOCKFINDER JR. (J. R. Purcell's), lemon and white bitch, 3 yrs. (Flockfinder—Ion).

NICODEMUS OF ION (J. R. Purcell's), liver and white dog, 2 yrs. (Jack Swivel—Ion).

JUPITER (J. R. Purcell's), liver and white dog, 2 yrs. (Tom Bowline—Belle C.).

RAZZLE (G. Lee Knapp's) dog (Dexter—Seldom).

CHAMPION STAKE—SETTERS.

CHANCE (J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, 1885 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

ANTONIO (J. M. Avent and Norvin T. Harris's), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

DAISY HOPE (W. W. Tirus's), orange and white bitch, 4 yrs. (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. E. Dager's), black, white and tan dog, May 20, 1888 (Roderigo—Lillian).

SUNLIT (California Kennels'), orange belton bitch, 5 yrs. (Sportsman—Sweetheart).

POINTERS.

RIP RAP (Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels'), black and white ticked dog, 3 yrs. (King of Kent—Hops).

TRIBULATION (B. M. Stephenson's), liver and white dog, 3½ yrs. (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow).

IRISH SETTER TRIALS ALL-AGED STAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following are the nineteen entries for the All-Aged Stake in the Irish setter trials:

DUKE ELCHO (Dr. Wm. Jarvis's), Elcho, Jr.—Maid.

EDNA H. (Dr. Wm. Jarvis's), Elcho, Jr.—Romaine.

COLERAINE (E. B. Bishop's), Fingal III.—Aveline.

FINGLAS (E. B. Bishop's), Fingal III.—Aveline.

ONOTA DON (F. L. Cheney's), Chief—Bizreena.

JESSIE JONES (C. P. Hubbard's), Lee Grouse—Magg.

SEDAN (Michael Flynn, Jr.'s), Chester D. Herald—Nancy.

JIM BEATTY (R. E. Lutz's), Lee Grouse—Lew.

CLAREMONT PATSY (F. H. Perry's), Frisco—Nellie IX.

SPINAWAY (G. G. Davis's), Chief—Tyrrill's Nellie.

SILK (G. G. Davis's), Chief—Gypsy Maid.

LIMERICK (C. T. Thompson and W. H. Child's), Glenelcho—Nora.

PICKENS (F. F. Capers's), Tim—Florida.

ROCKWOOD (C. T. Thompson's), Desmond II.—Luray III.

INCHQUIN (J. J. Scanlan's), Chandon II.—Iowa.

BLUE ROCK (G. E. Gray's), Muskerry—Nancy Lee.

HOPE (G. E. Gray's), Brian Boru, Jr.—Biddy.

READY II. (Max Wenzel's), Red Dash—Ready.

IRISH RANGER, JR. (W. T. Irwin's). G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

PHILADELPHIA WITHDRAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the withdrawal of the Philadelphia Kennel Club from the American Kennel Club will no doubt be the subject of discussion by the sporting papers and among dog men generally, it is not inappropriate that I, as president of the club and as the one who prompted this action, should give some of the causes which impelled us to this separation. I have always appreciated the almost unlimited field of usefulness of an institution such as the American Kennel Club *ought* to be, but when I saw, as I have seen, and as every one who has read the sporting press must have seen, that the club was being run not for the interest of the dog but for those of a few men who live in New York city or near thereto, I became satisfied that this society which had been conceived in good for the dog had resulted in the injury of the cause.

The American Kennel Club *should* be governed by the delegates from the several clubs which compose it, and each delegate should in its deliberations have an equal voice with another, and when our delegate informs us that not only once or twice, but time and again that his voice is never heard, and that all of the proceedings of that organization are "cut and dried" before the meetings, I think every man of sense will agree with me that a proper respect for our club and for ourselves justifies us in refusing to send such delegates to such meetings. This "cut and dried" business has been a cause of complaint for a long time, and when the A. K. C., or rather the "clique" that runs it, deliberately laid upon the table, without a reason, a report of a committee favoring the recognition of our field trials, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and I brought it to the attention of the club with the result mentioned.

I don't complain about the refusal of the A. K. C. to recognize our trials, but to the "manner" in which such refusal was made.

I think that I can truthfully say that the Philadelphia Kennel Club has done as much as any other for the development of the dog, and when a committee of the A. K. C. favorably reported the recognition of our trials it would have been at best scant courtesy for the A. K. C., or rather the "clique," to give the reasons for their action. I know of no law to compel them to give reasons, nor do I know of any which compels self-respecting men to be humiliated by men whose chief and only aim seems to be to fight a few members who have dared to question their methods.

The Peshall business has been simply disgusting, and should have been ended long ago, but with that we have nothing to do, except to suffer with others the humiliation that such a matter inflicts. I mention this as one of the many things that have disgusted our members and have compelled us to take the course we have taken.

What the dog men of this country need is an American kennel club (not a "clique" organization), wherein each club shall have equal voice and in which the only object shall be the development of the dog and not the personal ambitions or passions of the officers. I could give many other reasons for the action of our club, but the gist of them all is that the American Kennel Club has ceased to represent the several kennel clubs of which it is composed, and has outlived its day of usefulness, and we have nothing to gain and all to lose by connection therewith under its present management; and that by its unmanly action toward the report of its committee recognizing our field trials and its continued disregard of our delegate it has forfeited our respect. We have not taken this course with any degree of pleasure, I can assure you. We have been *driven* to it, and I express the sentiments of our members when I say that if the A. K. C. will so conduct itself as to fulfil its mission and will select for its officers men who will do their full duty we will be only too glad to renew our association with them.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.

FRANCIS S. BROWN.

NATIONAL BEAGLE TRIALS.—Nanuet, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been intimated to me that certain members have expressed themselves as believing that my dogs would have an advantage in the coming trials, for the reason that they were being worked over the trial courses. For the benefit and information of such members I will say that their impression is entirely erroneous. Nanuet is completely surrounded with the most excellent hunting grounds for rabbits, in fact so much so, that the folly of believing my dogs would have any advantage will, I think, be very clearly demonstrated on the ground in November, much better than I can do it on paper in October. Notwithstanding this, I have given positive instructions to my trainer to absolutely avoid certain districts which are adjacent and particularly well adapted for the trials. This very point that is now raised was one of the most prominent objections that I realized in suggesting Nanuet as a suitable place for the trials. While I presume the advantages to myself referred to were the most natural inferences with those unfamiliar with the situation, I feel called upon to make this statement in the interest of true sport and good fellowship.—H. L. KREUDER.

AN APPEAL TO LOVERS OF ST. BERNARDS.

THE following letter received from the editor of the English kennel organ, *Stock-Keeper*, speaks for itself:

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On behalf of the noblest association of the handsomest breed of dogs, I beg you to do the service of printing the inclosed appeal for subscriptions. I feel confident that a nation so distinguished for generosity and sentiment as America, would be hurt at not being asked to help.

EDITOR.

"An Appeal to all St. Bernard Lovers, Breeders, and Exhibitors—Our attention has been drawn by a leader in the *Daily Telegraph* to the sad intelligence that the St. Bernard Hospice is languishing for lack of funds. This institution, from which the dogs take their name, was founded in Switzerland over nine hundred years ago, by Saint Bernard of Menthon, a native of Savoy, 'whose kind heart, being deeply touched by the dangers to which travelers journeying in winter-time over the Mons Jovis were exposed,' led him to establish cells for a dozen monks on the mountain, to which was added a guest-house for belated and invalidated wayfarers, and it is distressing to hear that the unobtrusive and inoffensive fraternity who can claim so splendid an historic record of doing good are impoverished, and need help. The monks of St. Bernard are bound by their vows to give gratuitous shelter and food to all wanderers who seek their hospitality, but in modern times the convent, during the summer, had been a favorite resort for tourists, among whom English and Americans predominate. Notwithstanding all the revolutions brought about by the railways, it is estimated that at least twenty thousand persons, chiefly belonging to the peasant class, find their way every year over the St. Bernard; and the normal expenditure of the hospice is never less than fifty thousand francs, or two thousand pounds sterling per annum. A variety of causes seems to have led to the dwindling away of the annual revenue, and the consequent drifting of the entire institution into financial embarrassment. In England and America descendants of the brave dumb animals which assist the holy brethren in their humane task have become the favorite companions of a vast number of dog lovers. To the hearts of these owners and admirers who take a pride in the well-being of their canine friends we appeal on behalf of their less fortunate relations in their cold home at the monastery. For the sake of the faithful dogs and the monks we beg for contributions which shall help to keep the roof over their heads, and preserve an institution which has rendered such great service to humanity in the past, and is now in danger of being lost to future lost travelers for want of financial assistance. We shall be glad to take charge of contributions from St. Bernard men, and of all dog lovers, rich and poor, in America and Great Britain who will wish to assist in helping so good a cause. Subscriptions may be addressed to the Editor of the *Stock-Keeper*, 169, Fleet street, E. C."

For the convenience of subscribers in America, the *FOREST AND STREAM* will be pleased to acknowledge any contributions to this fund and forward the same to the English *Stock-Keeper*.

DELIBERATE AND HASTY JUDGING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Since in most of the reports of the shows of the last Canadian circuit by the various journals, this one included, expressions were used which seemed to imply that the judging was not done rapidly enough, such as "judging delayed," "judging hanging on," etc., it may be well to examine just what there is in it all.

It will at once be agreed that, if possible, judging should commence at the hour appointed and not be postponed without good cause; while the dogs should be brought before the judge as rapidly as possible. But all this may be done and still the judging will take perhaps two full days at a show with 250 to 350 dogs, unless several judges are employed, even with present methods of judging.

The expense of a single professional judge is considerable, and the employment of several would bankrupt many a show.

Last year the judging was delayed at Toronto owing to lack of promptness on the part of one of the judges, but he improved in more respects than one this year; and the rest of the shows did their judging without more delay than was unavoidable from the circumstances. The dogs were got into the ring and from it fairly rapidly, and the judges all worked steadily, and some of them very long hours. The judging of some of the specials at Toronto was late in beginning, but with this exception I am at a loss to see wherein there was ground for the complaints. By doubling the entry fee one or two more judges might be employed, but exhibitors do not want to pay that price for more expeditions judging. Montreal might with advantage have had one more judge, but that show grew in proportions from its first conception too rapidly to permit of this, and besides being a first venture, the management did not like to risk too much and perhaps kill all future shows by having a big deficit.

But behind these complaints of "judging delayed" there seems to be a belief that less time should be taken in determining the standing of the dogs shown. It is against this feeling we must contend, I am satisfied, if the best interests of good judging are not to suffer. If any judge is led to feel that unless he pushes through his work at a certain pace he will be subjected to criticism, it follows that there will be the temptation to "scamp" his work and place the awards in some fashion, whether after deliberate examination and consideration or not.

What is to be gained by determining the awards a few hours earlier? Exhibitors get their curiosity satisfied and the press gets the reports a little earlier; beyond that there is absolutely no gain and much loss.

The haste to learn how a dog is to stand has no good basis, and the reports to the press are exactly in the same position. As to the loss: The general public like to see the winning dogs, but they like better to witness the process of determining the awards when they have a fair opportunity. The space around every judging ring is crowded. If any management would erect a separate building for judging with an area large enough to permit the dogs to be freely moved, and surrounded by a gallery, a great and popular step in advance would be taken. Toronto could do this, and would make money by doing it, I am convinced, and the same would apply to other shows.

Now, what I have been persistently contending for is more systematic, thorough and therefore more deliberate judging; and while in the case of several of the judges there has been an improvement in this respect on the last Canadian circuit, I hold that all would be the gainers if there was still more thoroughness. It would take more time, but all who saw such judging would be instructed. The reporters, moreover, could then take their notes chiefly while the class were in the ring, see them as the judge himself sees them, and not as they lie tired out on the benches. Reports thus furnished dealing with the dogs as they stand and move would be infinitely more satisfactory. It is rather hard on a judge who has examined a dog in the ring, walked, trotted and galloped him, to have some reporter a day later look at the dog in his stall and there only, and write boldly that the dog should have been placed differently.

Kingston furnished the best place to judge dogs I have ever seen. A long space of fully 20 yds. was available. Seats were placed around this and some of the best society of the city sat watching the judging for hours. In such a place there is a chance to group dogs in similar positions, to exercise them in any fashion, and in a word to make as thorough

an examination as any man can desire. People are interested in this; exhibitors can see differences in the dogs for themselves, and the judge can do his best, which he certainly cannot and does not under the cramped condition of most judging spaces.

Judging, to serve its highest purpose, should be a series of object lessons, a source of clear instruction to those who exhibit and to the general public.

As a matter of fact I do not hesitate to say that the judging at the recent shows, which was most deliberately done, over which most time was spent, was better and gave more satisfaction than when it was pushed more rapidly, even when the same judge officiated at different shows.

By the way, at our fall shows the dogs could in most cases be well judged in a large space adjacent to the show building and surrounded by a high fence.

Not to occupy more of your space, Mr. Editor, I suggest that the best interests of the kennel world will be served by thorough judging by eye and hand, and that the press will assist in this matter by encouraging judges to take plenty of time to do their work, and reporters to come to their conclusions chiefly while the dogs are in the ring.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

WE occasionally hear of persons burying puppies as a means of disposing of them, and the common impression is that the act is the result of simple brutality. This is not the exact truth, as the practice is one of those singular evolutions of superstition that so often crop up. It is an old superstition that it is "bad luck" to kill cats, either as cats or as kittens, and the ancient idea was that burying alive was not killing! From this original superstition as applied to cats, the idea spread that puppies should be killed the same way. It is somewhat difficult to exactly define the character of such an act, as it is not brutality pure and simple, and in these days of "faith cure" it is not wise to characterize any outbreak of superstitious folly by any strong term. The kennelman who buries puppies alive and the mother who sees her child sink away in the clutches of typhoid or scarlet fever, refusing medical aid, come very near together.

The English correspondence of the *Fanciers' Journal* and the London *Stock-Keeper* mention a proposed rule of the English Kennel Club designed to make the club the court of final appeal, and its embracing some provisions of some "Arbitration Act," neither party giving any particulars as to the provisions of this act. It would appear, however, that the act is substantially the same as provided in many of our States for a voluntary and decisive arbitration between disputants, and apparently, the English Kennel Club proposes to require of all exhibitors that they accept the decisions of the club under this act. If this is correct, the objection to the proposal is very obvious. All such arbitrations are based on the theory that the arbitrators will be entirely un-biased, while a majority of the cases the Kennel Club decides arise on indictments brought by the Club itself for transgressions of its own laws. This directly contravenes the spirit of all law on the matter, English as well as American. Several hundred years since, a King of Scotland was himself excluded from sitting in judgment on one of his barons, in a case wherein the King was interested.

If the Kennel Club confines its authority as a final court to cases arising between other parties, the Club itself in no way being a party to any question involved, the requirement of exhibitors agreeing to their authority, is quite proper, but in such cases only. Criticisms by an American on official acts of Englishmen savor of impertinence, but precedents in England are so apt to be allowed much weight here, that it is well to consider in advance proposals there as well as those made in our own country.

A recent number of the *Fanciers' Gazette*, of London, has an article by Dr. Stables on the vexatious variations his name receives, such as "Dr. Gordon's Stables," etc., quite a humorous flavor being given by the statement that he once received a letter addressed to "The Manager of Gordon Stables," to which he replied that the energy of Mrs. Stables and his own efforts, had managed to keep him in that position himself. However, the point striking me is the final one, wherein Dr. Stables explains his surname by saying that an ancestor took the name of the French family Stables, which easily degenerated into "Stables." A hasty reader will be apt to take this as a very specious explanation, if not a fiction pure and simple, but there is nothing in the least unlikely about it. Historic French names, that came into England with the Huguenots, have undergone most wonderful transformations. "Mullins" is taken for Irish to the root, whereas it is only the English butchering of one of the proudest names of French history, "De Moulins." "Mushet" is a survival of "Montfitchet," "Death" of "D'Athe," etc. Nothing is to be wondered at in the etymological horrors of a people who can turn "Cholmondeley" into "Chumley" or "Belvoir" into "Beever," fairly matched from north of the Tweed by such Scotticisms as Mingis, Sinkler and Stinson, renderings of Menzies, Sinclair and Stevenson.

A very terrible story recently appeared about a child being frightfully bitten by a mastiff bitch and her pups in Wheeling, W. Va., and I am pleased to be able to turn some light of simple fact on the matter. As the result of some inquiries, I find that the child was playing with the puppies, whose play grew rough, the child screamed, kicked or otherwise hurt one or more of the puppies, who howled dismally, when the bitch rushed out and attacked the boy. Altogether the story is very much like that reported from Camden some years since, and is just one of those deplorable accidents that will occur as long as dogs and children run together without constant supervision, which, of course, is the natural order of things. And as long as the "general utility" reporter retains his "pernicious activity," such incidents will be seized on and magnified, every horror painted in rivalry of a conflagration, and every scrap of common sense carefully eliminated. However, extraordinary and unforeseen results from natural conditions do not make a rule of action any more than the reporter affords foundations for accurate history or studies in polite literature.

One characteristic of dogs is constantly forgotten in treatment of them. Every breed, except the decidedly delicate ones, can stand cold itself very well, but only exceptionally tough breeds can stand cold accompanied with wet. Keep your dog dry and zero will not hurt him; let him get wet and kennel him so and weather at a freezing point puts him in great danger. It does not hurt a healthy man to work in the rain all day, but to lie down in wet clothing invites the most serious consequences. Therefore, if your dog becomes wet in cold weather, dry him the natural way, by exercise, but dry him before you kennel him.

THE ONLOOKER.

Advertisement.

THERE IS JUST ONE PAPER IN THIS country that is in the front with its *Dog News*. If you want the news, all the news, when it is news, presented in an interesting way and readable all through, you must have that paper in your mail box. For name and address see our outside front cover.

CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.

THE show held by the Humane Society of Ohio, Oct. 13 to 16 was quite a success, 130 entries being catalogued. Mr. Frank C. Wheeler, of Cincinnati, O., judged all classes satisfactorily. The following is a list of

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, F. C. H. Manns's Chapple; 2d, H. Moehli's Master. Bitches: 1st, C. W. Bell's Mademoiselle. Puppies: 1st, C. H. Strauss's Dan; 2d, J. A. Bovis's Queen.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, Major J. C. Guilford's Obeho; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Columbian Knight; 3d and very high com., Cincinnati Zoological Garden's Marvo and Swiss Saul. Very high com. W. Stribley's Hector. Bitches: 1st, E. B. & O. W. Pfau's Narka. Puppies: 1st, A. Urreth's Cincinnati; 2d, G. Fox's Chequasset Lucretia; 3d, J. H. Lucke's Queen City Bell. Very high com. S. Wheatfield's Royal W.

ST. BERNARD.—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Cincinnati Zoological Garden Kennels' Zurich Hector and Swiss Saul; 3d, S. Wheatfield's Vinco. Very high com., R. W. McGregor's Chamounix. Bitches: Prizes withheld. Puppies: 2d, E. M. Mayer's Unnamed.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Puppies: 2d, W. Seymour's Rover.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, J. C. Linerman's Fritz; 2d, J. N. Van Dyke's Hans; 3d, H. Baremyer's King. Very high com., Cincinnati Zoological Garden Kennels' Duke. Bitches: 1st, C. Fleischman's Herta; 2d, Rookwood Kennels' Columbian Nell. Puppies: Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. L. Anderson's Jeff. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Columbian Nell; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Columbian Daphne.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, C. Fleischman's Jack. Bitches: 1st, C. Fleischman's Lady Bird.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Master Rich. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Miss Rare. Puppies: Dogs: 1st and 2d, Rookwood Kennels' Salvatore and Kentucky Blue; 2d, E. P. Roger's Romeo. Very high com., G. R. Vanderburg's Yampa. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Wild Isle. Puppies: Dogs: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Salvatore; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Columbia Daphne. Bitches: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Wild Isle.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Miss F. E. Turner's Dixie; 2d, J. H. Law's Pride of the Kennel; 3d, F. Weinheimer's Jounny. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Law's Mel.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st and very high com., Wallingford & Biddle's Ben Hur and Kentucky Dash; 2d and 3d, Joe B. Fenley's Count B. and Dash B. Very high com., F. Weinheimer's Dick Cambridge. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. A. Querner's Nell Q; 2d, Wallingford & Biddle's Lucille Hill; 3d, J. H. Law's Maggie P. Puppies: 1st, Joe B. Fenley's Beauty B.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Henry Pohlman's Major C; 2d, T. Hanna's Peter H. Bitches: 1st, Wm. J. Walsh's Queen; 2d, J. P. Heister's Beauty Belle.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Meadowthorpe Ladd; 2d, E. Reising's Grover.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Hall & Rockwell's Irish Pat. Bitches: 1st, Hall & Rockwell's Biddy. Puppies: 1st, Hall & Rockwell's Hunter.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, H. H. McKee's Sir Walter Scott. Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' What Not. Puppies: Dogs: Ancient and Modern Kennels' Young King. Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' What Not. OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, Newton Abbott Farmer.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' King of Obos. Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' I Say. Puppies: Dogs: 1st and 2d, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Woodland Pete and Woodland Duck. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Busy and Lady Obo. Puppies: Dogs: 1st and 2d, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Woodland Dick and Woodland Duck. Bitches: Ancient and Modern Kennels' Bell's Girl.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, E. L. Fox's Dan; 2d, C. L. Hummler's Levi; 3d, A. J. Fox's King William. Bitches: 1st, E. L. Fox's Jennie. Puppies: 1st, A. J. Fox's King William.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott; equal 2d, J. Heekin's Heekin's Bruce and C. A. Christman's Ben; 3d, C. A. Christman's Mack. Very high com., Cincinnati Zoological Garden Kennels' Bob. H. G. Cragg's Sir Kenneth. High com., A. Holz's Shep. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Christman's Lady Bruce. Puppies: 1st, C. A. Christman's Juliet.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 2d, A. S. White's Buck.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Wm. J. Bryson's Duffin. Puppies: Dogs: 1st, R. Buchanan's Frisco. Bitches: 1st, Geo. Barkau's Lady. Puppies: 1st, H. M. Caldwell's Fay of Bagdad; 2d, Geo. LeBoutillier's Queen.

FOX-TERRIERS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Henry Lackman's General Grant. Bitches: 1st, E. C. Reidinger's Blenton Lucy; 2d, H. Lackman's Lucky Belle; 3d, Wm. Lee's Vic. Puppies: 1st, F. Reting's Stormy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Geo. B. Marshall's Babe. **YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.**—1st, Jas. Farley's Teddy. Puppies: 1st, Jas. Farley's Teddy II.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, J. A. Roersch's Midget.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier. Puppies: Dogs: 1st, C. L. Connor's Dixie; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby; 3d, A. Holz's Dick. Bitches: 1st and equal 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mabel E. Fannie K. and East Lake Virgie; 3d, Mrs. M. S. Fogg's Lilly Fog. Very high com., H. S. Woke's Floozy. Puppies: Dogs: 1st, G. Hagen's Grif; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Hustler. Bitches: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Peggy Pryde; 2d, Miss M. B. Martin's Lady B'jou; 3d, C. L. Connor's Cora Hope.

FRENCH POODLES.—Puppies: 1st, C. F. Widman's Paris; 3d and very high com., Mrs. Steiner's Miss Lucy and Miss Tippy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Englehardt's Prince E; 2d, Dr. L. S. Anderson's Don Pedro. Bitches: 1st and very high com., J. S. Rockwell's Lavender and Flora; 2d, 3d and very high com., J. Englehardt's Challis, Victoria and Jewell. Puppies: 1st and 2d, J. Englehardt's Rick and Spot; 3d and very high com., J. S. Rockwell's Petro, Tot and Bob.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, A. Metingers Koko (Japanese pug); equal 2d, G. F. Tippenhauer's Hans (Dachshund) and Jake.

Best kennel pug, Eberhart Pug Kennels; greyhounds, Rookwood Kennels; collies, C. A. Christman; English setters, Wallingford & Biddle; cockers, G. Ball; Italian greyhounds, J. Englehardt. [The report arrived too late for insertion this week.]

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The meeting of Oct. 17 was called to order at 8 P. M., President Brooking in the chair. Minutes of last meeting accepted. The report of the treasurer, as follows, was read and accepted: Balance on hand, \$30.61; amount due the club, \$42.50; total assets, \$73.11. The following were admitted to membership: W. H. Ashburner, Yeaton P. O., P. A.; and F. F. Ogier, Cleveland, Ohio. Votes were placed advertisements in three special papers. The following nominations were made for the January election: For President, O. W. Brooking, W. A. Power, H. L. Kreuder, W. S. Clark, H. V. Jamison, F. W. Chapman, and B. S. Turpin. For Vice-Presidents (3), B. S. Turpin, H. V. Jamison, W. S. Clark, W. A. Power, H. G. Nichols, A. Parry, O. W. Brooking and H. L. Kreuder. For Secretary and Treasurer, O. W. Brooking, W. S. Clark, H. V. Jamison and F. W. Chapman. For Executive Committee (3), H. V. Jamison, H. G. Nichols, O. W. Brooking, Wm. H. Child, N. Rowe, Geo. Laick, Geo. P. Berry, H. L. Kreuder, F. W. Chapman, W. S. Clark and H. W. Lacy. Meeting adjourned at 11 P. M. F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

Boston, Mass.

WRONG PEDIGREE.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In your issue of two weeks ago I see, under the head of Visits, etc., that the Roscroft Kennels had bred their bitch Forest Dora to Mr. Gamble's Grover (Count Howard—champion Daisy Foreman). I don't wish to say who is at fault, Mr. Osborn or Mr. Gamble, but if he will look into the matter I think he will find that Grover is by Warwick Albert out of champion Daisy Foreman, and not Count Howard, as he claims.—JAS. E. HAIR.

DOG CHAT.

THE World's Fair dog show will be held about June 12, 1893, and entries will close about May 20. The show will be held in stock buildings that are 50x300ft. in size, and the dogs will be their first occupants, so that everything will be perfectly clean. There is any amount of room, as there will be about fifty of these sheds or buildings at the manager's disposal. It only remains now to choose a manager and judges in whom exhibitors on both sides of the water can have full confidence.

Mr. E. B. Sears had his grand Wyoming Kennel team of St. Bernards on exhibition at the Worcester County Agricultural Fair. The team was composed of Sir Bedivere, Philimmon, Jr., Hepsy and Lady Wellington.

It is said that some fine collies arrived on the S.S. Umbria last week but diligent inquiry has failed to elicit any information about them beyond the fact that one is called Lady Macdonald and supposed to be worth "a pile."

It is not often that a dog's value increases so rapidly as the one under notice. It seems Mrs. Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch, the celebrated singer, was patting a strange dog, when the animal swallowed a \$50 ring which Mrs. Kellogg held in her other hand. The prima donna at once commenced negotiations for the purchase of the dog, which she succeeded in securing for the moderate sum of fifty cents. The dog now has a value which its outward appearance would hardly denote.

The prizes to be given at the New England Kennel Club and Poultry Association's dog show at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 5 to 8, are \$7 and \$3 in the regular classes. Kennel prizes of \$10 will also be given for the more important breeds. The club has a guarantee fund of \$1,000, and held at that time, the show should meet with good support, especially as the popular superintendent of the W. K. C., Mr. Jas. Mortimer, will don the ermine.

The A. K. C. has on the market a breeder's certificate which breeders are asked to purchase. It is intended as a protection to purchasers of dogs, and to accompany every transfer of the animal as a means of identification.

We have received a picture of Dr. Wartenburg's great Dane Tyras, which he advertises in our business columns. Tyras's color is a rich tiger brindle, and from the description which his owner sends us, for the convenience of any intending purchaser, he must be a handsome animal. We shall be pleased to show his letter to any who may feel interested.

Another of the stud books arranged by Mr. Hugh Dalziel and published by Messrs. Upcott, Gill & Co., of London, is that devoted to the St. Bernard. The compiling of such a work entails endless trouble and pains. The book also includes a list of the principal shows where classes for St. Bernards have been provided, and with these are the prize lists, making an invaluable reference record for the breeder.

In another column will be found the entries for the All-Aged and Champion Stakes in the Eastern field trials to be held next month. Compared with last year, there is an equal number of setters, 44, but pointers show this year an entry of 17, as against 11 in 1890, a gain which the success of the pointers in last year's trials fully indicated. Our principal breeders are well represented, and sportsmen will also find new names among those who have entered dogs, showing that, like bench show exhibiting, the field trial element is daily drawing new recruits. The entries are very representative, aspirants for honor being entered from many different States. The Champion Stakes show an entry of seven, the same as last year; the setters as usual predominating. The judges so far selected are Messrs. H. B. Duryea and Arthur Merriman, who officiated last year, the third judge has not yet been chosen.

Mr. W. A. Coster, well known to all sportsmen as the secretary of the Eastern Field Trials Club, has been recently requested to officiate as one of the judges at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's trials, and will accept, in company with Herbert Merriman, of Weston, Mass., another well-known sportsman. These two gentlemen acted in the same capacity last year, and this is the truest proof that their decisions met with approval.

Here is a good suggestion we find in the *English Field*. The writer says that his Irish terriers persistently ran away when walking them out. Recently he bought a little bitch, perfectly broken, and such is the influence of her good example that his dogs when in her company can now be safely trusted either walking out or hunting.

We have received a very neat catalogue issued by Mr. Charles E. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill., describing the merits of his kennel of mastiffs. At the head of the kennel stands Ormonde, whose breeding is of the very best, and the list of matrons in the kennel will at once strike the eye of the mastiff men as showing a variety of blood of the right sort.

It is not often the case that a weekly journal has the opportunity to retail a piece of important news before the great dailies, but *FOREST AND STREAM* led the way in "Dog Chat" last week in reporting the purchase of such a notable dog as the St. Bernard Princess Florence. It was an important purchase, and a much needed one, for it is to the female portion of the breed that we must look for the improvement of the St. Bernard and other breeds as well, in this country. The example Mr. Reick has set in not being daunted by a large price for a St. Bernard bitch, we trust will be extensively followed by others. In a recent article in one of the English kennel papers we read that they, the English breeders, should not bewail the loss of their good St. Bernard dogs when the Americans allowed them still to retain such animals (naming several noted bitches, among them Princess Florence) as still remained. It has been our contention all along, and both privately and publicly have we urged that bitches of known and proved superiority should be imported. We have all the stud dogs that can be profitably used, but until we follow the blood lines more closely and import the producing matrons, we shall gain very little by the outlay of such large sums as have been paid for St. Bernard dogs this year. When urging this argument we are generally met with the reply, "I won't run the risk of giving such prices for a bitch." In view of recent sad events, is it any more risk to import high-priced fruitful bitches than to pay such large sums for stud dogs? In only one case, of late, has a high-priced bitch (Plevna) succumbed to the inevitable before her due course was run.

Princess Florence is well known to St. Bernard breeders, and as Sir Bedivere is the king so may she be termed the queen of the breed. Whelped in 1888 she is now coming into her prime. Before she was nine months old she had earned her right to championship honors, a dignity no other St. Bernard has attained at that age. She has not been extensively shown, and only then at the best shows in England. At that early age she had won the St. Bernard Club cup for the best of her sex, and has given both Philimmon and Sir Bedivere close rubs. In a letter from Mr. Chapman he told us that she weighed over 200lbs., and her bone and height, 32½ in. at shoulder, is far beyond the average for one of her sex. Following out the policy of obtaining all the

Prince Regent blood he can secure, Mr. Reick has selected the very best of this noted sire's get and the one that gave him his early reputation. Young Keeper, as his name denotes, is a son of the grand-headed smooth champion Keeper, and will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the smooth ranks, now that Watch has gone. Princess Florence's departure from England on the 24th of this month per S. S. Aurania, together with Young Keeper, will prove a great loss to the English St. Bernard fraternity. Through the New York St. Bernard Kennel, New York will now be able to hold its own in future competitions for team prizes, and we trust that the owner will show as much judgment and care in suitably mating Princess Florence as he has shown in his purchases.

Mr. Geo. V. Glazier, of Salem, Mass., has been appointed chairman of a committee which seeks to have an obnoxious law repealed relating to the keeping of bloodhounds in Massachusetts. He has forwarded to us an extract of the law, which is as follows:

Massachusetts Acts of 1886, Chapter 340.—An act concerning the keeping of dogs known as bloodhounds: Sec. 1. No person shall keep or have in his care or possession any dog of the species commonly known as bloodhounds, or any dog which is or has been classed by dog fanciers or breeders as Cuban bloodhounds, Sicilian bloodhounds, German mastiffs or great Dane, boarhound or Ulmer dog, he said dog in whole or in part of said species, unless the same be kept for exhibition solely, in which case said dog shall be at all times securely inclosed or chained, and shall not be allowed to be at large, even though in charge of a keeper, unless properly and securely muzzled. Sec. 2. Penalty. Sec. 3. Dogs to be removed or killed.

Mr. Glazier is now collecting evidence with a view to have this law abolished in so far as it affects bloodhounds, a breed he is conspicuously interested in, and asks for information from those who know the breed as to its disposition, nature and qualities. Such a law certainly savors of ancient blue laws and bigotry, and no doubt is begotten of the absurd superstition in relation to these dogs engendered by the more or less sensational tales of old slave-hunting episodes, and not of nineteenth century experience. Outside of the so-called "Uncle Tom's Cabin bloodhounds," which have no earthly title to the name of bloodhound, the true English bloodhound is comparatively scarce in this country, being confined to a few kennels, of which Mr. Winchell's is the principal one. In conversation with that gentleman we have always heard him speak highly of their disposition. The bloodhound proper is a dog that does not make friends with the first one who pats his head, and as such is to be praised, but after acquaintance, from what we can gather, man has no more faithful friend or companion. A savage bloodhound like a savage mastiff or dog of any breed should be closely guarded, or unless very valuable to breeding interests, destroyed; but to enact such a law as this is, we think, an unpardonable discrimination to one of the noblest and on occasions useful breeds of dogs we have. We should like to have the opinion of Mr. Winchell and other breeders or former owners of dogs of this breed on the subject, so that Mr. Glazier may be fully prepared to carry out his intention. Concerning great Danes, also mentioned in the act, the breed is comparatively common, and no greater refutation of their savagery could be advanced than a sight of the ring at one of the New York shows, when the High Ground Kennel turns in a dozen of their dogs to romp together.

One of the latest acquisitions to the St. Bernard fancy is Dr. John W. Dunlop, of Clare, Mich., who has named his kennels the "Clare City Kennels." They are situated on a charming elevation on his farm of sixty acres, watered by a beautiful stream fed by never-failing springs. A spacious mansion is now in process of construction, and beautiful lawns are being laid out and orchards planted, the whole to cost when completed upward of \$50,000. Among the latest additions to the kennel is Bonnie Doon (Ben Lomond-Capitolia), who will probably be bred to Lord Bute and should produce something of merit. He has also purchased of H. F. Littlefield, Lake View, Worcester, Mass., that excellent brood bitch Beulo (16,000), served by the typical young dog Guy. Also two perfectly marked youngsters, Prince Clare and Moxie, which the Doctor says "are making excellent improvement" in the Michigan climate. The Doctor is taking up the breeding of St. Bernards not so much for the profit as the pleasure and recreation to be derived from it, his aim and object being to produce stock that will make its mark. Dr. Dunlop will be a welcome addition to the already large list of St. Bernard breeders.

The New York *Herald* suggests that British dog owners shall participate in the World's Fair dog show in 1893, and their correspondent on the other side has sounded English exhibitors on the subject, and they express themselves as favorable to the idea of having the different specialty clubs select a certain dog and bitch as types of the breeds to be sent to America. These clubs to pay the expenses of the dogs to New York and back, while the Chicago management—i. e., the Mascoutah Kennel Club, for we hardly think the World's Fair people would trouble themselves so far, if they identify themselves with the big show—to pay the expenses of transportation from New York to Chicago and return. The plan is a likely one, in the suggestion, and would no doubt enable our breeders to get a look at the best specimen of many breeds wherein we are lamentably behind the times. As Colonel North is sending his race horses, a draft from his noted greyhound kennel would give a great boost to coursing and greyhound interests; some typical Newfoundland and the different breeds of terriers would also serve to arouse greater interest in these breeds. Our suggestion of International Produce Sweepstakes would also tend to a friendly rivalry that would be bound to serve a good purpose. The matter of judging is the only stumbling block to the English side of the question.

Dropping into the A. K. C. headquarters the other day Secretary Vredenburg said very seriously, "Do you know I've just come across the best St. Bernard stud dog in the country?" We, in our innocence, answered that we knew of one or two good dogs in that line too. "Oh, well," he said, "my dog beats them all. Do you know a dog called Sir John, shown in the novice and puppy classes at Toronto, and entered as registered in the Canadian Kennel Club?" "Yes," "Well, the dog is 15mos. old and entered as by champion Sir Charles. Sir Charles was burned at Columbus, O., show in 1887." We confessed that certainly Sir Charles was a wonder and remarked that it was about time the C. K. C. had a stud book published on proper lines. The secretary of the A. K. C. protested the award and has refused to recognize the award as a record.

A new sanitarium near London, under the direction of Dr. Sewell, the celebrated English canine "vet.," has been established. Here are separate wards for each dog disease, a surgical operation room, dissecting room, bath room, kitchen and separate exercising grounds for each division of the institution. Dr. Sewell last week demonstrated the fact that veterinary science applied to dogs developed points incredible to the general public. A valuable fox-terrier bitch was in danger of death in consequence of her inability to bear pups to a collic. The Doctor succeeded in performing the Cæsarian operation, and the bitch rapidly recovered. It is said to be the first operation of the kind known.

The Menthon Kennels have bought of Mr. J. J. Lynn, Port Huron, the young rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Martin, by Canada's Merchant Prince (8,327) out of Blaz

(9,010). Mr. Croskey has been lucky in picking up this promising young bitch, and she will be bred to Lord Bute.

We hear from Peoria, Ill., that a pug well known a few years ago joined the silent majority some little time since. This was champion Little Toby, half brother to the ill-fated champion Lord Nelson. Both of these dogs were bred in Scotland. At the same time another old-time importation went the way of all flesh, Lady Flossie, dam of Miss Whitney's Thunder, Tiny II., Midget Lord and other winners.

We are asked to correct the statement that the pug Curtis won third at Ottawa. Curtis won first in the open dog class.

The action taken by the Philadelphia Kennel Club is sure to cause considerable comment among members of dogdom. This club is one of our oldest kennel organizations, and includes members who are at all times active as exhibitors or sportsmen in the field. The principal ground on which the resignation is based is the shelving of the recommendation of the committee appointed by the A. K. C. that winners of field trial stakes held by clubs, members of the A. K. C. should be recognized, and two wins in an open to all stake should constitute a right to the title of field trial champion in the eyes of the A. K. C. This would have allowed the winners of the stakes of Philadelphia Kennel Club trials to compete for specials at shows given for dogs with best field trial records, etc. The question just lies in a nutshell: Should the winners of stakes in P. K. C. trials be put on a par with winners of stakes at other trials where the competition is open to all. That is a matter for the A. K. C. to decide. One member of this committee put it to us this way: "Well, the stakes are open to all, for the membership in the P. K. C. is open to all." But that is not the way to look at it. The fiercer charges brought by the president of the P. K. C., that the proceedings at the A. K. C. meetings are "out and dried," should be investigated and the charges sustained or refuted. The moral standing of the A. K. C. demands it, made as it is seriously in print by an important club like the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Interviewing the secretary of the A. K. C. on the subject we were told that Mr. Child, the P. K. C. delegate, said to him after the May meeting that "if those resolutions were not adopted the club would resign," and no answer was made.

Through a mistake in the secretary's book we credited the Wild Crow Kennels with the ownership of the first prize winning English setter puppy, Clip, at the Danbury show. The pup belongs to Dr. Hair, of Bridgeport, Conn.

There is likely to be a rumour about the unauthorized entering of Mr. Little's Clumber Newcastle in the Ottawashow without his knowledge. Of course the circumstances may be subject to explanation on the part of the Ottawa people, but such loose methods should certainly be looked into and Mr. Little in exposing it has done the proper thing at the right time. The question arises was there a reason for it and why was it done?

The secretary of the A. K. C. is now preparing a certificate for the use of breeders who intend to exhibit at the World's Fair show, for which a fee of 50 cents is to be charged. This will be submitted at once to the World's Fair people, and when passed will be for sale. These certificates will be available at once, so as to avoid the rush that will inevitably occur in the A. K. C. office when entries for the show are about closing. It will be seen by this certificate that the rule about a dog winning two prizes at a kennel club show being eligible for registration will not hold good; the dog must be eligible to registration through pedigree alone. This will to a great extent affect the representative character this international event should have.

Mr. W. B. Robinson, who recently bought out the Ashmont Kennels, has had the hardest kind of luck lately. Ben Franklin turned out a brute as regards temper and bit his wife and a stranger so that he had to destroy it. Then his neighbors summoned him on account of the dogs barking—result, a \$10 fine, and as it this was not sufficient, a few days after Ashmont Juno was poisoned. Then last week Ashmont Alice, by Imperial Chancellor, also fell a victim to the poison fiend. The reason that the latter bitch's death is most unfortunate is the fact that she had been served by that wonderful headed dog that created such interest at New York in the spring, Ingleside Maximilian, and as she was a most suitable bitch to breed to him it means a great loss both to Mr. Robinson and the fancy. He is doing all in his power to find the guilty parties, but this is not an easy matter. The analysis showed the poison used to be phosphorus. Mr. Robinson will, we are sure, have the sympathy of his fellow breeders in his troubles.

Among the new advertisements this week we find that the following have dogs for sale: J. H. Miller, well-trained beagles, foxhounds, pointers and setters; James Berry, trained pointers; G. A. McGillivray, St. Bernards and bull-terriers; Geo. H. Stubbs, pointer pups; Handsome Brook Kennels, cocker spaniels; University, Miss. great Dane; F. M. Bennett, trained Gordon setter; M. T. Mason, pointer pups; Mrs. A. Girt, pointers; Rochelle Kennels, black and tan terriers; Strebor Kennels, pointer pups; H. Northwood, fox-terrier pups. In the stud: H. Northwood's fox-terrier Painter. Wants: W. B. Palmer, red cocker spaniels.

Dr. Joseph L. Hancock says in the *American Naturalist* that his attention has recently been called to the work on "Organic Evolution" by Professor Eimer, page 114, to a paragraph in which he seems unable to account for the dogs in Constantinople carrying the tail upright. In speaking of the subject he says: "But the reason why these dogs begin to erect the tail and carry it upright, while the ancestral jackal, like the wolf, carries it hanging down, is not so easy to discover, although the fact could scarcely be explained as a case of adaptation." "I beg to offer a provisional explanation of this phenomenon, and also to take exception to the latter statement—that it cannot be explained as a case of adaptation. While my observations were not made at Constantinople, the dogs accompanying the several tribes of Indians observed in the western United States, [the words dog and wolf are used synonymously in this note] some of which are tamed wolves, or are directly descended from the wild American wolf known as the coyote, offer opportunities of study which brought me to a realization of this subject, which may be summed up in a few epitomized remarks. As the dog becomes domesticated it is prone to use the tail as an organ of expressing mental states, especially those of emotion, for example, the wag of the tail expressive of delight, or sudden dropping of the tail between the legs at some disappointment or fright. The ancestral or wild wolf carries the tail hanging down, because that position (the tail being especially bushy and large in the wild animal) would be less conspicuous and more compatible with life in a free state of nature, or, as it were, to better elude detection. A family of wolves playing together undisturbed occasionally carry their tails curled upwards. By degrees the tail acquires naturally the upright position as a result of coincident evolution of the mind of the wolf incidental to domestication, and moreover thus instancing the slow adaptation of the appendage as an organ of expression. The cessation of natural selection in the domestic dog would give to the tail greater freedom of motion without detriment to life; and artificial selection perfects the caudal appendage into many diverse shapes. Still greater influence is exerted by certain expressions of the mind

by that appendage, tending to keep it up, and by the influence of heredity, transmitting those tendencies. The muscles correlatively become strengthened and developed, and the erect position ultimately passes into an apparently fixed character in some varieties of the dog." This explanation is excellent and satisfactory, but how about the curl of the tail of the pug—not to speak of the pig? Artificial selection perhaps.

Mr. Everett Millais, whose name is familiar to most fanciers in connection with his efforts to down the demon distemper in shows and kennels, met with a most painful accident while working in his kennel. His knee was badly smashed and the internal synovial membrane has been injured. To an active man like Mr. Millais the twelve-month sentence of enforced rest that we are told this will entail must be particularly irksome, and Mr. Millais has our sincere sympathy.

There are several interesting notes of English news that must wait till next week for lack of space.

Through the *Fanciers' Gazette* we learn that Mr. H. Bows, in far-away Salt Lake City, Utah, has purchased the St. Bernard Lady Rose from Mr. H. O. Milnes. She has been shipped by Spratts Co.

We draw the attention of sportsmen interested in beagles to the announcement in our business columns of the National Beagle Club field trials. This enterprising club has struck the right trail and is running on a hot scent, and from all we can hear with few, if any, obstructions in the way. Entries for the trials close Nov. 1, with a fee of \$5 per dog, and as the special prize list is sure to be considerably augmented the next few weeks, owners of beagles will find it quite worth their while to spend a week at Nanuet, N. Y., to say nothing of the pleasure to be derived from the sport they are sure to have. We saw last week two persons from that neighborhood who say that hares are very plentiful, so that there will be none of the tiresome experiences of last year among the fastnesses of Hyannis and the swamps and stone walls of Salem. All men who know Mr. Kreuder can rest assured their welcome to his place will be hearty and we do not think that the most inveterate kicker will for one moment think Mr. Kreuder will seek to gain any advantage to his own kennel, rather would it be the other way. We are sorry to hear that his best entry, Fanny K., having been mated to Racer, Jr., on the late circuit, will be unable to take part in the fun. The following specials have been donated: Mr. H. L. Kreuder offers \$5 each for kennel of four or more making the best average in trials and on bench; \$5 each for the best pair (dog and bitch) making the best average in trials and on bench; \$5 each for the dog and bitch with best voice; only members of N. B. C. to compete. F. W. Chapman offers a suitable piece of silver, value \$5, for the best beagle, sired by champion Bannerman since 1888, in the trials. Open to the world and donor not to compete.

Professional judges in England who are at the same time dealers and breeders, are very properly getting some hard knocks in English kennel papers. We do not see how the two vocations can run well together and keep the confidence of exhibitors be the judge ever so conscientious. We were told some curious instances of this sort of judging by those who have been over there the past summer.

It is rumored that early next year the St. Bernard Club will join forces with the Greyhound Club for the purpose of holding a specialty show. The Pet Dog Club, although they had raised a guarantee fund among themselves, have decided not to hold a show this fall as proposed, the other specialty clubs having shown little interest in the matter.

BARZOI DISCUSSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:
My attention having been called to the London *Stock-Keeper's* "round up" of my article on the Barzois (lately reported) in a Philadelphia contemporary, I would state to those who are interested in the breed that I have endeavored to answer it logically, and have put forth such questions as I think both deserve and will elicit a reply from those who are considered authorities on the subject in question. Considering the Imperial Society had issued the standard for Barzois, it seemed more than strange that any one would arrogate to himself the right to disqualify a dog for color, when no such question was raised or discussed by the society making the standard.

As the subject of color is a question of vital importance, I hope all lovers of the Barzoi will closely follow the discussion in the *Stock-Keeper*, and so be able to determine for themselves the vital point now agitating the admirers of the breed.

HIGHLAND.

COURSING AT GREAT BEND.—*Special to Forest and Stream.*—Great Bend, Kan., Oct. 21.—Dogs here from California, Maine, Colorado and Illinois. Forty-six entries in All-Aged Stakes, twenty-two in Puppy Stakes, being the largest entry yet, and of fine quality. Mr. Grace, of California, is an able judge. Everything smooth, weather pleasant, running now progressing in the All-Aged Stake.—E. HOUGH.

WHEN OLD JACK DIED.

WHEN old Jack died we stayed from school (they said
At home we needn't go that day), and none
Of us ate any breakfast—only one,
And that was papa—and his eyes were red
When he came around where we were, by the shed,
Where Jack was lying half way in the sun
And half way in the shade. When we begun
To cry out loud, pa turned and dropped his head
And went away; and mamma she went back
Into the kitchen. Then for a long while,
All to ourselves, like, we stood there and cried;
We thought so many good things of old Jack,
And funny things—although we didn't smile.
We could only cry when old Jack died.

When old Jack died, it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us; that some face
That we had loved to fondle and embrace
From babyhood, no more would condescend
To smile on us forever. We might bend
With tearful eyes above him, interlace
Our chubby fingers o'er his mane and trace,
Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might send
The old balloo up for him, whistle, hie,
(If sobs had let us) or as wildly vain,
Snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he had not replied;
We might have gone down on our knees and kissed
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain
Deaf, motionless, we knew, when old Jack died.

When old Jack died, it seemed to us, some way,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained
Even unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last sad tribute there; while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board fence and deigned
To sigh "Poor dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, because
For love of them he leaped to lick their hands—
Now that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws,
And o'er his grave, 'way down in the bottom lands,
Wrote "Our First Love Lies Here," when old Jack died.
James Whitcomb Riley.

RUN THE DOGS ON THEIR MERITS.—New Market, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your last issue the following announcement made by the Forest Beagle Kennels: "We would respectfully announce to the beagle men of America that Frank Forest will not run in the field trials this year (1891), as, in the interest of the National Beagle Club, we desire that dogs other than the winners of last year should make a record this year." I, as a member of the N. B. C. fail to appreciate the magnanimity exposed in the above announcement. Why should one that carried off the colors in a little skirmish, be recognized as a great hero? Bring him out and let him have a chance to have his colors lowered or elevated, and if you don't care for your dog's record, you need not be so thoughtful of the club's interest.—A CLUB MEMBER.

OTTAWA SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to correct the statement made in your last week's issue, to the effect that our late show was a financial failure, as such is not the case, and next year Ottawa will be found as usual, one of the fall circuit. I would also like to state that the cocker spaniel Cora II. was not hanged as stated in some of the sporting papers, but died from natural causes.—ALFRED GEDDES, Supt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Prairie Queen II.—Ormonde, T. Huston's (Macomb, Ill.) mastiff bitch *Prairie Queen II.* to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde (Victor Hugo—Cambrian Princess), Sept. 15.
Echo—Ormonde, B. R. Morse's (Ridgely, Ill.) mastiff bitch *Echo* to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde (Victor Hugo—Cambrian Princess), Sept. 17.
Fanny A.—Ormonde, F. S. Osborne's (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch *Fanny A.* to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde (Victor Hugo—Cambrian Princess), Aug. 3.
Lady Colney—Ormonde, C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch *Lady Colney* (Beaufort—Toole) to his Ormonde (Victor Hugo—Cambrian Princess), July 17.
Gertrude F.—Ormonde, W. C. Gunn's (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch *Gertrude F.* (Tarkenton—Druidess) to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde (Victor Hugo—Cambrian Princess), July 9.
Eadgyth—Ormonde, C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch *Eadgyth* (Baldur—Elgiva) to his Ormonde (Victor Hugo—Cambrian Princess), July 6.
Flossie P.—Black Duke, John Pascoe's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Flossie P.* to Luckwell & Douglas's champion Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Aug. 31.
Vick—Black Dufferin, Wm. Forbes's (Silsburg, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Vick* to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), July 30.
Gracie—Black Dufferin, J. Whilcker's (Windsor, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Gracie* (imported Raven—Keady) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), July 19.
Gypsy—Black Duke, Wm. Belcher's (Georgetown, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Gypsy* to Luckwell & Douglas's champion Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), July 17.
Marquitta—Black Dufferin, J. G. Jorgensen's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Marquitta* (champion Black Duke—Lady Nell) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), July 14.
Jet—Black Duke, J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Jet* (champion Obo II.—Shadow) to Luckwell & Douglas's champion Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), July 13.
Maggie B.—Black Dufferin, W. Rice's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Maggie B.* (champion Bob, Jr.—Jealousy) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), July 12.
Rosedale Bess—Black Dufferin, J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch *Rosedale Bess* (Beau—Shadow) to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Sept. 16.
Queen Bendigo—Streatham Monarch, John Moorhead, Jr.'s bull-terrier bitch *Queen Bendigo* to his Streatham Monarch, Oct. 6.

WHELPED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Hallam Queen. Morey Kennels' (Fairfield, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch *Hallam Queen* (champion Ruby Mixer—Richmond Queen), Oct. 11, five (four dogs), by their Vendetta (New Forest—Ebor Nettle).
SALES.
Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Liberty II. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped December, 1886, by Count Gladstone out of Glen, by Kingston and Bancroft Kennels to G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.
Loss of Kingston. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 23, 1891, by Kent's Rex out of Liberty II., by Kingston and Bancroft Kennels to W. H. Warts, Lowell, Mich.
Count Frontenac. White, black and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 4, 1891, by Grouse out of Liberty II., by Kingston and Bancroft Kennels to J. W. Fitzsimmons, New Westminster, B. C.
Gypsy. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped 1886, by Kingston and Bancroft Kennels to J. W. Fitzsimmons, New Westminster, B. C.
Wardley Nell. Black, white and ticked English setter bitch, whelped July 15, 1891, by Soapy Sponge out of Sinful Pride, by H. Northwood, Martin's Ferry, O., to Mr. Naylor, Niles, O.
Frank Northwood. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped July 15, 1891, by Soapy Sponge out of Sinful Pride, by H. Northwood, Martin's Ferry, O., to Chas. Howe, East Liverpool, O.
Wardley Dart. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped July 15, 1891, by Soapy Sponge out of Sinful Pride, by H. Northwood, Martin's Ferry, O., to John Watkins, East Liverpool, Ohio.
Wardley Dandy. Black and white fox-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1891, by Painter out of Barrowby Shitty, by H. Northwood, Martin's Ferry, O., to L. W. Breck, Kingston, Ont.
Grinaded. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped March 10, 1891, by Ormonde out of Eadgyth, by C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., to B. F. Miles, Paxton, Ill.
Ormonde—Edmet whelped. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 24, 1891, by C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., to W. F. Dean, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Ormonde—Eadgyth whelps. Fawn mastiffs, whelped March 10, 1891, by C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., to Anna H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., and a bitch to E. Taylor, Edward Station, Ill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. K., Burlington, Ia.—Can you furnish me with a score card of bull-terriers and pugs? Ans. According to Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog" the score of points by which bull-terriers should be judged is as follows: General appearance, 5; color, 10; stern, 2; feet and legs, 3; body and chest, 10; head 15; total, 50. Pugs—General appearance, 5; color and mask, 15; tail, 5; legs, 5; body, 5; eyes, 5; muzzle, 5; skull, 5; total, 50.
H. E. P., Lake George, N. Y.—I write to Mr. C. G. Davis, 1538 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. for a standard of points issued by the Irish Setter Club. 2. White on throat or chest to a small extent does not indicate a lack of true breeding. 3. Owners of stud dogs naturally desire to breed to bitches whose pedigree is authentic. 4. In your case you could not register the pups unless you can show an authentic pedigree for three generations on both sides.
J. M. Kitt.—Is it possible to register a pup by a non-registered dog, grand sire and dam registered? Ans. Yes, if the dam's parents are also registered. We have so many questions of this sort that we reprint the rule of the A. K. C. on this subject: "Registry in the American Kennel Club Stud Book can be made only under the following conditions: 1st. Where sire and dam are already registered, or are directly descended from dogs already registered, in said book; 2d. Where dogs possess an authenticated pedigree extending back three generations; 3d. Where dogs (not eligible under the provisions as above required) having won not less than two first prizes in the regular classes at any show or have been placed at any field trial recognized by the American Kennel Club."

HARPER MANGE CURE.—Roalindale, March 6, 1891.—M. S. P. Williams, D.D. Sir—I used your mange cure according to directions and the dog is getting well rapidly. It is almost magic in its cure. Very truly yours, J. E. MORTON.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

In this city the Revolver Club, which holds its meetings at the Schuetzen Range in St. Mark's place each Saturday evening, is taking a lively interest in the championship match, and a whole batch of records will come from that organization. The gallery has been arranged for both rifle shooting at 100ft. and for revolver shooting at 20yds. In laying out the range the requirements of the two sorts of practice have been carefully attended to. In rifle shooting a dark range with the light thrown brightly on the target is the best possible arrangement. In revolver shooting such a plan is calculated to embarrass the shooter very much. With the small arm an open, freely lighted range is the best plan for good scores. The revolver bullet travels best in the open, because the shooter can see just what he is doing. Shooting a rifle is largely like looking through a surveyor's instrument, and if the light is good on the object fired at the best bead can be drawn upon it. Among some of the New York Revolver Club men the feeling is in favor of an afternoon of score making on the Cypress Hills open-air range of the club. This, it would seem, was like putting a handicap on their efforts, since with a date announced in advance all risks of weather would necessarily be taken by the shooter.

The entry list for the match is still open, and for information of all who may be interested the conditions are annexed:

CONDITIONS.

Open to any citizen or permanent resident of the United States. Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches. Any trigger pull. Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand. Any fixed ammunition. Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots. Distance, 20yds. Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches. Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole. Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing.—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by FOREST AND STREAM rules.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of FOREST AND STREAM to be final on all points.

Any winner of the trophy shall hold it subject to challenge for a term of two years, after which it shall become his personal property. Upon receiving a challenge the holder shall agree with the challenger upon a place and date for their meeting not later than six weeks from the receipt of the challenge, of which meeting at least two weeks' notice shall be given through FOREST AND STREAM, and the shooting at said meeting shall be under the same conditions as the original competitions for the championship trophy. In case of a failure to agree upon a time and place of meeting they shall be fixed by FOREST AND STREAM.

The trophy shall be deposited in the custody of FOREST AND STREAM at least one day prior to any challenge meet, and if required, holders must give bonds to FOREST AND STREAM for its safe return.

The holder shall not be required to accept a challenge pending the determination of a challenge shoot already under date. In case of any dispute about the right of priority in shooting challenges, FOREST AND STREAM shall determine the order of shooting. All expenses of targets and gallery will be borne by FOREST AND STREAM. Contestants will defray all other expenses.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. A perfect autumn day greeted the large gathering of riflemen, and as the shooting conditions were good fine scores were made in most of the matches. Sydney, Francis and Severance took the lead in the cup matches, and Lee, Daniels and Francis in the other matches. Following are the scores made to-day, all being re-entry matches, 200yds., standard American Rest Match.

J Francis.....	112	F W Chester.....	104	J W French.....	95
J R Munroe.....	110	E R Stover.....	103	H N Have.....	91
W P Thompson.....	110	A H Ballard.....	99	D Martin.....	86
W Peters.....	108	J French.....	98	W S Newton.....	84
D F Gunn.....	105				
All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.					
H L Lee.....	78	M T Day.....	76	E R Stover.....	72
A Maynard.....	78	D N Winn.....	75	D Martin.....	70
N B Mason.....	74	L A Baker.....	74	W S Newton.....	69
O Moore.....	76	A S Hunt.....	72	J B Hobbs.....	63
Military Match, Creedmoor Target.					
Adit J A Frye.....	42	M T Day.....	40	J H Lathrop.....	37
L W Swan.....	42	B A Lenfest.....	38	Maj F H Briggs.....	33
A M Whitte.....	41	F H Fettel.....	38		
Fifty Yards Pistol Match.					
J B Fellows.....	89	S C Sydney.....	85	D N Winn.....	76
G L Hosmer.....	88	M T Day.....	84	A M Mann.....	75
C Francis.....	85	A D Stevens.....	82	E R Stover.....	74

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 14.					
Fitzsimmons.....	25	25	25	24	24
Miller.....	25	25	25	24	23
Liehl.....	25	25	24	24	23
Fischer.....	25	25	24	23	22
Hencken.....	25	25	23	23	23
Vorick.....	25	25	22	21	20
Kruse.....	25	25	24	23	22
Carragher.....	25	24	23	23	22
Peters.....	25	24	23	22	20
Capt Dewey.....	25	24	23	22	20
Rogers.....	25	24	23	22	20
Sadler.....	25	23	23	22	20
Kerut.....	25	22	21	20	19
Seltenreich.....	24	23	23	20	18
Devitt.....	23	23	21	21	18

J. H. KRUSE.

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 17.—The eighth sharpshooters' match of the season was shot at Creedmoor to-day. The weather was fair, with a light wind. The scores, possible 50, 5 shots each, at 200 and 500yds.: Cavalry Match, Troop A: F. C. Coudert 45, E. A. Thompson 42, C. M. Baldwin 43, H. V. O'Donohue 43. Infantry Match, Seventh Regiment: H. V. Warren, Co. K, 44; J. D. Foot, Co. F, 43; C. C. Brown, Co. I, 42; E. C. McEwen, Co. C, 42; J. Wright, Jr., N. S. Spink, Co. E, 42; A. S. Jordan, Co. C, 42; W. M. Hasted, Co. B, 41; A. Bostwick, Jr., Co. B, 41; A. W. Trotter, Co. E, 42; A. Bertrand, Co. C, 42; G. S. Towle, Co. D, 42; B. M. Dunn, Co. G, 45; H. Coburn, Jr., Co. C, 45; D. L. Williams, Co. G, 44; D. C. Meyer, Co. C, 44; J. E. Scully, Co. B, 43; G. J. Weaver, Co. I, 43. Twenty-third Regiment: E. J. Kraft, Co. D, 44; W. H. Stokes, Co. H, 43; J. T. Warren, Co. K, 47; H. M. Field, Co. E, 45; F. A. Wells, Co. B, 47; N. S. Spink, Co. E, 47; C. W. Simmons, Co. A, 47. Thirtieth Regiment: E. W. Lotz, Co. G, 48; W. Donaghy, Jr., Co. H, 46; J. McNevin, N. C. S., 47; G. E. Constable, Co. F, 46; G. W. Cowen,

second Smith 8, third Virden 7.

to accommodate an secretary-treasurer-elect respectively of the American Canoe Association. These officers are making a tour of the Eastern clubs, and the Springfield club, because of its size and prominence in the association, was honored by the first visit. The president, left on the 9:35 train west, and will visit the Rochester club next. Capt. Emil Knappe presided, and short speeches were made by the visitors, while music was furnished by the Springfield Banjo Club, three members of which are also enrolled in the canoe club. F. A. Nickerson also favored the company with a few of his characteristic songs and recitations. Before leaving Com. Winnie announced the appointment of E. H. Barney as a member of the regatta committee for the coming year. There were at the table besides the two guests: Capt. Emil Knappe, Dr. H. E. Klee, E. H. Barney, F. A. Nickerson, E. H. Hall, W. C. Marshall, J. M. P. McGowan, P. M. Gallagher, P. J. Norton, John Leshure, M. Surridge, H. D. Bangs, H. B. Heath, J. C. Sargent, Henry Robinson, J. G. Reed, L. W. White, W. B. Hodgdon, F. C. Sargent, W. H. Parks, C. A. R. Eason, R. C. Cooley, W. C. Gunn, W. F. Parsons, R. F. Warren, J. C. Kemater and E. N. Richards.—*Springfield Republican.*

COOPER'S POINT Y. C.—The open race of the Cooper's Point Y. C. on Sept. 28 resulted as follows: First class cabin sloops, Nance wins, with 7 starters; second class open cats, Bonnie Jean wins, with 4 starters; third class open cats, King wins first prize, Clark second prize, with 6 starters; fourth class tuckups, Louisa wins, with 4 starters; fifth class tuckups, Annie wins, with 4 starters; sixth class open cats, McGinty wins, with 4 starters; the Louisas also wins the Commodore's Cup in the sail-off Oct. 3. Wind light S.W., with a waning ebb tide, and it was agreed by the sailing masters that the regatta committee steamer should anchor as a lower turning mark in case the leading boat could not reach the regular mark. This was done with the above results. Bonnie Jean, Riverton Y. C., made the quickest time over the course, and did some fine sailing. The little double ender McGinty was the feature of the race, being third to turn the lower mark. She is fine-lined and as slippery as an eel. The Nance, Corinthian Navy, the smallest cabin sloop on the Delaware, save the Lark, cutter, Trenton Y. C., did splendidly, her large clubtopsail drawing nicely close-haul d. The Louise did phenomenal sailing. Soon after the start on the sail-off race she was a man overboard by the line parting. He was picked up, and yet she won by 6m. The Annie wins a purse of \$200 and her prize. The King sustains her well earned reputation as a prize winner in the C. P. Y. C. and the Clarke, last year's champion in the same club, did remarkably well, winning second prize. She was handled by fleet captain Tiarks. The regatta committee were Commodore W. Kinsey, W. Cook and Capt. R. W. Wilkins. The Hild, cabin sloop, also had a spirited race, and the Clarke, Eckman and Burton sailed a photo race. Clarke wins. I mention these races to show that, although it blew almost a N.E. gale, the racing season for us is not over, although the Philadelphia boats are nearly all out of commission.—POINTER.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—The new winter quarters of the Massachusetts Y. C. will be at No. 15 Hayward Place, Boston, where a very comfortable club house has been fitted up. The summer stations at Roe's wharf and Dorchester have been closed.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF SAN FRANCISCO.—This active club closed its season on Oct. 17 with a reception at the club house, Tiburon. The club has one of the most attractive burgees in the yacht list.

BRUNHILDE, schr., J. J. Phelps, has just been chartered to the Board of Trade of one of the West India Islands. A colored crew came up last week and is now fitting her out at Tebo's wharf.

SULTANA, steam yacht, T. L. Park, was at Southampton at last arrivals, from Antwerp. She was in dock for overhauling.

CANOE-YAWLS AND CANOE-YACHTS.—The canoe-yawl during the past season has been very much to the fore in the Solent races. First, the Spruce, and later the Torpedo, both light displacement craft of what is known as the "Oxford" type of yawls, have raced against the fleet of crack 1/2-rating yachts, and frequently have competed successfully. Many of these yachts are provided with lead keels of about 1/2 ton weight, so that the battle has been one of differing types. It has usually been when sailing on a reaching wind that the canoe-yawls have proved their superiority. Both these boats were built by Mr. Theo. Smith, Medley, Oxford. The latter made her passage by sea from the Thames to the Isle of Wight. Her owner, Mr. Walter Stewart, will probably be known by name to most canoeists, as the designer and sailer of the Churn canoe, which twice won the £500 challenge cup of the R. C. C. The competition between these widely different types is another proof of the suitability of the Y. R. A. rule of measurement, as L. X S. A. rating appears to have classed the boats very fairly together. Thus far it seems quite reasonable to assume that canoes and canoe-yawls might fairly be raced together under the same rule. As before mentioned in these pages, the rating of a canoe of 16ft. with 112-3/4 ft. of S. A.—the R. C. C. limit—is 3, and provided canoe form and the other definitions of a canoe-yawl (R. C. C.) be retained, and this rating not exceeded, we can see no reason why all the R. C. C. races should not be made "open to canoes and canoe-yawls not exceeding 3 rating."—Model Yachtsman and Canoeist.

PAPPOOSE-CITY OF THE STRAITS RACE.—Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19.—Noticing the account of the Pappoose City of the Straits race in your paper of Oct. 15 I thought it no more than fair to the City to say that Pappoose gave the City 1m. 33s., instead of the City giving her 23s., thus beating the City 3m. 24s. instead of 5m. 35s., as stated. The accident to the City occurred when both yachts had gone about 8 miles on the first leg. The middle peak balliard block gave way, leaving her with the gaff dropped for five minutes, all this time the heavy sea driving her to leeward. We believe this mishap cost her the race, as it certainly delayed her more than the length of time she was beaten. She showed her speed going free by gaining on Pappoose 1m. 5s. coming home.—E. B. W.

ATLANTIC, schr., has been sold by E. C. Homans to C. B. Secley and W. H. Marshall, of the Larchmont Y. C., through Hughes' agency. The yacht was put in commission this spring, and partly sold, but, on examination, a part of her quarter was found to be rotten from water which had found its way in from careless laying up. She was dismantled and laid up beside Sachem in Northport harbor, where she has laid all summer.

UTOWANA.—W. W. Durant has cabled from Cowes to J. Beaver Webb, the designer of Utowana, that the yacht went through the recent gale in a most satisfactory manner, though losing her jib boom and damaging the steering gear. She is now at Cowes, after calling at Fayal, Madeira, Gibraltar and Lisbon.

WHIM, schr., Mr. Jennings, has recently been hauled out at Wingham's and her planking stripped off. The oak dead-

woods and the greater portion of her frames of backstake and oak, as well as much of the planking, also oak, are entirely rotten and a general rebuilding is necessary. The yacht was built as late as 1885, and has been in commission for the greater part of the time.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. O., New York.—If you will send your address we will answer by mail.

J. B., Missouri.—The bird of which you send us wing is the broad wing hawk (*Buteo latissimus*).

J. K., West Gardner, Me.—The Maine deer season will close Jan. 1. Write to Capt. C. F. Barker, Rangley, Me.

H. W. C., Stockbridge, Mass.—Try the makers of loading tools, whose addresses you will find in our advertising columns.

S. T., Philadelphia.—We know of no recent work on game reports; the FOREST AND STREAM files contain notes on scores of them. 2. Use the larger caliber for large game. 3. The 12-gauge will kill the further. 4. The powders now in market are not recommended for that use.

J. E. B., Oswego Falls, N. Y.—1. Will you kindly inform me through your valuable paper if wild rice lives from the root or does it grow each year from the seed? 2. How old are pointer dogs when they get their nose? Ans. 1. It grows from the original stock, as other grasses. 2. He should point, naturally, when from six to ten weeks old.

F. A. K., St. Anthony's Park, Minn.—On opening the crops of two pintail ducks, I found the small seeds in one and the large pieces in the other. Will you answer in next issue what they are? Ans. Through the courtesy of Dr. Merriam we have the identification of the grass seeds by the botanist of the Agricultural Department as belonging to the tall prairie grass or switch grass (*Panicum virgatum*). The small tubers have not yet been made out, but efforts will be made to determine them. The grass is thus described in Dr. Vasey's report on "Agricultural Grasses and Forage Plants of the U. S.," 1889, page 28, and the plant is figured on plate 16: "A tall perennial grass, 3 to 5 ft. high, growing mostly in clumps in moist or even in dry, sandy soil, very common on the sea coast, and also in the interior to the base of the Rocky Mountains. This is a good and prolific grass if cut when young; when ripe it becomes harsh and unpalatable. It forms a large constituent of the native grasses of the prairies, particularly in moist localities. It is said to be cultivated in some parts of Colorado, and with very satisfactory results."

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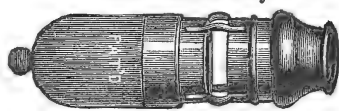
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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 15.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.

Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

90 per cent. of the seals killed by pelagic hunters sink and are not recovered. It is safe to say, therefore, that in years of successful poaching the actual number of seals killed is fully 500,000. As this practice has been continued for a great many years a very small amount of calculation will serve to show that the number of fur seals inhabiting the Prybilov Islands must have been fully up to the estimates mentioned in Mr. Palmer's address. Pelagic sealing is undoubtedly the most wasteful of all methods of taking the fur seal, and the present legalized method of driving is likewise very destructive to seal life. The remedies proposed by Mr. Palmer and others, to stop the killing in Bering Sea, drive only killable seals, and proclaim a close season, must certainly recommend themselves to every one interested in the future of the fur seal.

BROWN TROUT VS. BROOK TROUT.

THE Caledonia Fishing Club has a singular experience on its hands in its leased waters of Spring Creek. The creek has been liberally supplied for the past two or three years with brook trout fry, and yet the most expert fly-casters have noted a marked decline in the catch of *fontinalis*. The usual enemies of the brook trout were charged with the destruction of the fish; but Mr. Annin has discovered that the brown trout is the real culprit, or at least one of the most active enemies of the brook trout. By setting a large-meshed gill net in the creek he caught a 6lbs. brown trout, whose stomach was filled with brook trout. An 8-pounder, taken later, had captured a brook trout 6 inches long. Mr. F. P. Brownell caught a brown trout last May weighing 11lbs., and Mr. Annin is convinced that examples weighing 15lbs. exist in the lower part of the stream, near the Caledonia hatchery, from which the brown trout was introduced into the neighboring waters. The brown trout grows very large, is a powerful fish and a voracious feeder; it is feared that it will soon exterminate the smaller, but more beautiful, brook trout unless kept rigidly in check, if not, indeed, removed entirely from brook trout waters. The brown trout is a magnificent fish, and a decided acquisition to Eastern waters, which have no native black-spotted trout; but if it should unfortunately clash with the interests of the fly-fishermen, there will be "trouble in the camp" at once. The Caledonia Fishing Club will try to exterminate the brown trout in Spring Creek before they commit any fatal damage. The problem of selection of fish suitable to a given region is a grave one, and well worthy of serious study before introducing a predatory species. We invite free expressions of opinion upon this important subject.

SNAP SHOTS.

WHILE deer hounding on Long Island is limited to the first ten days of October, the still-hunting period extends to Nov. 1, the law in this respect being identical with the general statute. Four baymen who had clubbed a deer to death with their oars in Champlins Creek, Islip, on Oct. 17, were haled before a justice for having killed game out of season; but were quite properly discharged. The Long Island deer area is so limited and the hunters are so multitudinous that prudence dictates a revision of the existing law in the direction of a more restricted season. The codification bill of last winter provided for a five years' close time. Such a clause, we trust, will be contained in the amended law. This failing, those interested in the game might prevail upon the county supervisors to enact special ordinances, as they are empowered to do.

In a suggestive note last week Mr. E. E. Thompson wrote of the breeding of certain wild animals for their fur, and of the possibilities of profit, as well as of pleasure to those whose tastes incline to natural history. It goes without saying that we have not learned to use to best advantage many of our natural resources of this character. On the contrary, the history of man's relation to the brute creation shows in numerous instances that species have been foolishly exterminated, which, with moderate foresight and recognition of their economic value, might profitably have been conserved for the benefit of the human race. It was not until the buffalo was all but extinct in this country that any intelligent effort was directed to determine its adaptability to domestication and to furnishing a substantial contribution to the country's food supply. A writer in the

London *Spectator* has just pointed out that by domestication of some of the species of large animals now wild, a valuable addition might be made to the meat food resources of mankind; and curiously enough he selects as a fit subject for experiment in this direction an African species which now seem doomed to meet the fate of the buffalo in America. This is the eland, one of the largest antelopes, whose flesh no less an authority than Lord Randolph Churchill has pronounced to be "peculiarly excellent, having in addition the valuable property of being tender immediately after the animal is killed, which makes it much appreciated in Central Africa, where the meat is usually as tough as shoe leather and nearly as dry." In size the mature eland is as large as a two-year-old short-horn; it is hardy, can live on scanty fare, and when given good pasturage puts on fat; it is quite tame, is easily domesticated, and can be acclimatized. Specimens have been reared in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, and also on English estates. "It seems to be a waste of the resources of nature," says the *Spectator* writer, "to allow these fine creatures to be exterminated, as they soon will be, in our new African empire. Why should we not save the eland, the harmless antelope, the koodoo, and other large African antelopes from extermination—and even try to rear some in England? The experiment may be recommended to some of the noble owners of parks and chases who have already done so much to preserve our own deer and wild cattle from extermination. America has allowed the bison to perish. Shall we not take warning, and preserve for our own use the splendid African antelopes which, within the memory of man, were a thousand times more numerous than they are to-day?"

Among those who visited this city last Thursday to attend the conference of Fish Commissioners and others, relative to international legislation, was Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, Agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, and well-known to scores of visitors to Canada, because of his never-tiring courtesy to anglers and sportsmen. Mr. Gregory was here to represent the Dominion Government and expressed himself as being greatly disappointed that the session should not have been prolonged, so that he might lay before the committee the special measures toward securing which their influence was desired. Mr. Gregory tells us that the deer from Maine are invading Canada in ever-growing numbers without heed of boundary lines and import duties; and are now found in sections where they have not been known for many years.

It is a pleasure to record the work done by the Anglers' Protective Club, of Rangeley, Me., in replenishing the fishing resources of the Androscoggin Lakes and tributary waters in Maine; and we trust that the report given in our angling columns may call out substantial recognition from residents of other States who go fishing in Maine lakes. The work of the association has been intelligently conducted; the Maine Fish Commissioners are in co-operation with the Rangeley people; and sufficient has already been accomplished to warrant public confidence in the movement.

We printed the other day a note from Mr. Verner de Guise, of Mahwah, N. J., reporting his complete success in rearing English pheasants. The publication has brought to Mr. de Guise numerous letters, which show that the subject is one of wide interest; and it is probable that within a year these birds will have been introduced into the game covers of widely separated sections of the country. The Tuxedo Park managers have been successful with their birds this year.

The Hon. "Buffalo" Jones, late of Kansas, now of Camp Cook, Neb., sailed from this port last Tuesday, having in charge ten of his cross-bred buffaloes, which he is conveying to Liverpool there to grace the park of Mr. Chas. Leland. Mr. Jones, it is said, will receive \$1,000 apiece for every one of the animals delivered in good condition at their destination. These buffaloes are a cross between the buffalo and the domestic cow; but it is difficult to distinguish them from the pure buffalo.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

FATE OF THE FUR SEAL.

WE publish in our columns a very important paper by Mr. William Palmer, taxidermist of the National Museum, who went to the Seal Islands last year to obtain a series of skins of walrus, seal, sea lion and other animals of the Prybilov group for the Museum collection. His observations are those of a trained naturalist, and deserve the closest attention on this account, and because of the importance of the subject treated. The address was read by the author before the Biological Society of Washington, and was discussed by Doctors Dall, Gill, Bean and others. It was stated by Dr. Dall that the estimates of the seals on the islands were greatly exaggerated. In his opinion a million of seals never were gathered on the rookeries at one time, and the diminution now apparent to every one is due chiefly to the number of young males legally killed. He recalled the fact that in the early days of the industry fur seal skins were worth only 12½ cents each; but about 1867 the fur became fashionable and the business was more carefully managed. At first the principal market was found in China, and the European demand was very small. The invention by Raymond of a machine for preparing the skins revolutionized the industry. Dr. Dall attributes the present decline chiefly to the excessive killing of young males: there is not now a sufficient number of males on the breeding grounds to maintain the species. He admits that the method of driving referred to by Mr. Palmer is also very destructive. The excessive destruction of males began in 1872, and has continued to the present time.

It is evident that the number of seals on the Islands must have been much larger than Dr. Dall is willing to admit when we consider the enormous number killed within the last few years in Bering Sea. For the last three years the skins sold by poachers averaged fully 50,000 a year. It is generally known that most of these are females containing unborn young. The actual destruction of seals, on the basis of the returns, is 100,000 yearly; but besides this it is well known that from 50 to

The Sportsman Tourist.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE NEPIGON.

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

ON my second trip to the Nepigon, the finest trouting waters in the world, an eventful incident occurred which came near sending me to the portals of an unknown world. It happened while I was in camp at the lower end of Pine Portage, and has so impressed itself upon the tablets of my memory that the mere mention of that famous stream reproduces it again in all its startling reality. Hoping it may prove of some interest to the gentle angler, if not to the general reader, I will outline it as briefly as possible.

It was late in the afternoon of a most charming day, when the azure sky was resplendent in fleeces of gold and crimson, the atmosphere deliciously balmy and all nature rejoicing, that with a light and happy heart I started with rod and net in hand to seek some unexplored waters in the rapids below Robinson's Pool. Leisurely I threaded my way along the old worn trail, through tangled forests of sombre pine and hemlock, tamarack and balsam, with sylvan notes of birds in aureate hues and rosy tints greeting me from bush and brake. Ever and anon a butterfly in gossamer wings of violet velvet and spotted silver, a creature to brush the dreaming eyes of a poet, fluttered in the dancing sunbeams; flowers rich and rare, like treasures of silver and gold, nodded in the waving grasses; mosses and ferns so daintily delicate and multiform came into pleasing review at infrequent intervals, while as if to excite idle curiosity, a tiny field mouse, startled by noisy foot-fall, peeped with wide and wondrous eyes from beneath some friendly leaf. So fascinated was I with all these delights of forest and pathway that for the present the capture of radiant trout, with the rhythm of revolving reel, was in abeyance. Soon the sounds of roaring rapids dashing its way through huge masses of broken rocks and massive boulders fell upon the ear in tones of moaning thunder, while the white waters that leaped in one unbroken sheet o'er the ragged falls roared and raved like the terrible winds of a western cyclone.

If the walk through the whispering forests with their waving tops in golden glow, the impish play of dancing shadows, the entrancing melody of beautiful birds and the grand music of torrent stream was rapturously impressive, far more attractive were the magnificent pools, Hamilton's and Robinson's, as I admiringly viewed them from the eminence above, being pictures in dazzling settings of glimmering gold and leafy green, of such rare and bold poetic beauty that nature only could present.

Down in the deep, translucent waters, as I carefully picked my way along the rugged embankments, I could here and there see poised by rocky crevice or granite boulder the quivering *fontinalis* in his shapely outlines, too beautiful indeed to fall a victim to the lure of artificially wrought fur and feather. I cared not then to coax this lovely idol of the icy waters to the feast deceitful, so strolled along in the laughing sunshine and grateful shade, under the pure blue sky, drinking in new life and strength with every step, as I intently looked for the unexplored pool, the Utopi in dream of the gentle angler who seeks the hermit trout in his spangled robes of vermilion dye. In such delightful exploring your years are forgotten, often your maladies, and even your white hairs are no longer in remembrance. It is a happy jaunt, and thrice blessed he who loves the angle, for it brings him in deep communion with the charms and loveliness of nature. "Ah! no copyist of the old masters can render his original upon the canvas as faithfully in every line and hue, or with expression so perfect and speaking, as it pleases God here to translate his own works in the engravings of this marvellous page!"

"Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors."

My ramble soon brought me to Robinson's Falls, a beautiful sheet of water that tumbles and rages into seething foam, and then my perspiring walk along the tumultuous rapids commenced. It was over immense piles of shattered and terraced rocks, that glittered in the sunlight like blocks of silver; by rude unfashioned tracts along hilly sides; through dense forests of cedar, balsam and spruce that defiantly crowded to the very edge of the roaring waters; all uniting in investing the landscape's continual pagentry with a nameless charm that made me forget my weariness and sporting desire, and

"A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undream'd shores."

At last, after much exertion, I came to a pool hemmed in by immense blocks of stone, so lonely and lovely in fleck of pearl and sapphire as the slanting sunbeams fell athwart it, that you'd declare it the isolated retreat of some naiad queen. Against its walls of adamant the rushing waters, which sparkled like a garle of jewels, were churned into masses of foam that beat and beat in vain, for this ideal pool firmly retained its rippled beauty unmolested, despite the fierce assaults of the tireless and violent current. I was more than charmed with this deep and secluded basin, and as access to its shimmering waters was comparatively easy, at once clambered down to the edge of the roaring river, in which I found an immense rock, as if placed there by Titanic hands, and which appeared to command the complete limits of this picturesque pool. It was 2 or 3 ft. from the shore, and 6 or 7 ft., I thought, from top of the bank, and as it seemed to me an easy jump, undaunted made the leap, alighting upon my feet with a terrible jar that shook my entire system. The distance was much greater than I had carelessly calculated, but as I was unharmed it mattered not. What a lovely little sheet of protected water it now appeared, and so artfully concealed by crescent shore and iron-faced cliff that no angler could wish a more inviting isolation. You could gaze and gaze again into the limpid waters, as if expecting some fair nymph with seraphic eyes and golden locks to arise to the crystalline surface and greet you with an entrancing song of the murmuring surges and the ever tossing foam.

My admiration of this hidden retreat in the golden glow of a declining sun was arrested by the enthusiasm of the angler reasserting itself, and then I soon had my fly dancing on its rippling surface, where it met with such an instantaneous and savage response as to almost throw me off my balance. Fortunately I hung the spotted redcoat, and at once ascertained that I had a foeman worthy of my steel. His strength, activity and strategy gave me a world of pleasure, and after a gallant battle of about five minutes I had his spangled sides pressing the narrow meshes of the net. He seemed to be all of five pounds, and was as magnificent a specimen of the *Salvelinus fontinalis* as ever beautified a dimpling pool. It is needless to detail the enjoyable trouting I had here, as that is not my purpose in this letter, but will simply state that for about an hour I caught trout with my little Chubb rod as fast as I could hang and kill them, for at nearly every cast I had a royal rise, and frequently two would break at the same time for the tempting fly. It was a regular preserve, and I am confident I could have taken fifty that evening if time and inclination had permitted.

After securing eight of the iridescent beauties, I discontinued the sport and prepared to thread my way over the tortuous route to camp. Turning and facing the shore rock from which I had jumped, I was greatly astonished at its height, yet still thought I could reach its top without much trouble. Throwing my trout and landing net to the bank, and inclining my pole, which I had not taken apart, against its surface, so I could easily procure it when on shore, I leaned against the precipitous rock, which gave me an angular position, and then reaching up for the top was amazed, after most strenuous efforts, to find that I could not grasp it by a foot or more. No wonder my jump to the inviting rock had so jarred me, for the distance was fully eighteen inches more than I had reckoned. Here was a situation not at all pleasing, for I was satisfied if I escaped from my unfortunate position, it would be by some means other than climbing the flinty surface of the cliff, as that was just then impossible. I might leap for the edge and manage to reach it with outstretched hands, and probably pull myself up; but if I failed, down into the rapid current I would assuredly go, between the shore line and the huge rock upon which I was standing, there being in the intervening space fully three feet of water, as I have before stated, and deep enough to drown. I keenly knew the danger, and concluded I would not just then attempt it, and only when necessary as a last resort. I looked along the precipitous shore to see if there were any chance near, where a sudden plunge in the icy waters would carry me to some low or shelving rocks that I could scale in safety. The roaring rapids, as they take their sinuous way with a swiftness over and against the sharp-edged blocks of gray granite, gave me no encouragement, as it would be fatal ever to be engulfed in its seething foam. From this dread element I turned painfully away. All this time I was consoled by one thought, that of my comrades in camp, who would surely search for me on my non-appearance.

I finally sat down upon the weather-stained rock, with my legs dangling over its inner side, and while looking at the smooth surface which confronted me, endeavored to evolve some method of escape. Nothing, however, offered. Had there been a crevice in the rock I could have utilized my fishing rod for a peg or two, but sad to relate, it was unfortunately smooth as ice. Even had the rock upon which I stood disclosed a seam on its inner surface that I could also have used to advantage, but it was not only unwrinkled, but as flinty as the Egyptian Sphinx. Turn to which way I would, escape was shut off at every point in view. I was completely trapped, and that only by a few inches of intermediate space. It was not only provoking, but apparently hopeless. I was now fully satisfied that unless my comrades rescued me I was a prisoner for the night. Being in an untrodden and almost inaccessible part of the rapids, a night search, it struck me, would evidently prove futile. The pangs of hunger and the chilly night air I could endure, but they would assuredly rob me of much vitality and probably unfit me for any desperate undertaking with a view to my escape the next day. Nothing, however, was to be gained by despondency, so arising from my position, I turned and faced the raging waters and then watched the shadows as they lengthened on the purple hills, the clouds as they glowed with the sunset red, the gray twilight as it deepened into night. Soon the moon, a pale curl, was observable in the west, while the jeweled sky displayed its twinkling lights, a cool breeze sprang up that awayed the luxuriant forest to a moan. It was night, and the nocturnal rambles were now abroad. The flight of a night hawk, the sweep of a whippoorwill and the quivering wings of a bat gave some animation to the wild scene, while the far-away hoot of an owl fell in dismal notes upon the ear. Turning to the shore, I noticed shrub and bush alive with ephemera, while many insects of grotesque shape, as unlike the creatures of sun as though from the Stygian world, were darting about as of in pleasure or rapine bent. Then came resonant sounds from

"More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet heads and dragon scales adorned."

Under other circumstances I could have enjoyed this living night world that alone belonged to the moon, to the deer, to the darkness, and reveled in the spangled heavens, or the foaming rapids of the wild and picturesque river, but as a prisoner on that fated rock I was in no mood for the poetry either of the skies or of the earth. During all this time I clung to one hope—my companions, every one of whom I knew would leave no stone unturned to solve the mystery of my absence.

The air gradually grew colder and the wind increased as the night wore along and soon the heavens took on a haze, and the gray spots on the fleecy clouds began to deepen. The twinkling stars, the companions of my vigils, were gradually being blotted out, until finally the Pleiads were alone left, and soon they also, seemingly weary of their loneliness, disappeared from the firmament. A storm was evidently brewing, as "a looming bastion fringed with fire" in the dreary west revealed, and, as if my position were not already sufficiently uncomfortable, was also to make me feel its cruel wrath. Back and forth upon the circumscribed space of that iron rock I stamped and beat my body with active hands to keep myself from the chilly influence of the terrible night air. Oh! how slowly the weary hours dragged along, and with what a solemn refrain the rushing

waters beat as they plunged against the solid blocks of ragged granite in the bed of the roaring river.

The moon had vanished behind the dark mountains, withdrawing her little delicately-curved golden horn as if to blow a trumpet warning of the future. A glance at my watch, by the flash of a match, told the midnight hour. Thankful was I, indeed, that the gray of dawn would soon greet me from the eastern hills. "Would the storm which was fast gathering break ere then and chill me to the marrow, and would my companions find me in this wild spot?" were questions of vital interest just then to me. "Ah! what's that, a shout? Thank God," I cried, "I am saved!" Already they are scouring the woods and stream and will assuredly rescue me from my unfortunate position. I yelled aloud in response, but, much to my surprise, it remained unanswered. Now I could see the flash of their torches gleaming through the dark forest as they carefully wandered along in their eager search. Anon another shout reached me, to which I again replied with stentorian lungs. Still no welcome answer came. How eagerly I watched the bright light of a blazing torch, and with what mathematical accuracy I measured its distance, as it moved. Fortunately it came toward me and again I shout with a frenzy born alone of despair, and still no response. Ever watchful of the moving light along the bald and jagged summits that hemmed me in, I soon discovered that it was now departing from me. Again and again I gave a frenzied shout, but alas! The torch light was fast fading in the distance and my companions, whose hearts I knew were true as steel, were deploying in fruitless fields.

It now dawned upon me that their halloo was from the windward, and therefore easily heard, while mine, on the contrary, could not prevail against the strong breeze which was gradually increasing, and also the terrible roar of the rapid. I must confess I grew somewhat despondent, yet still was cheered by the thought that the early morning would find them again actively on the search.

Everything was now wrapped in deep gloom, with the chaos of commingled phantoms of things of the night. The heavens were like a funeral pall, the forests groaning a dirge-like lament with a long drawn piercing moan, as the winds swept fiercely through them, while the water with its weird roar dashed itself to threads and flakes of foam as it swirled along its sinuous and rocky bed. My brain was keenly alive to every change in the elements, while my feet and arms were beating in union with the stormy cadences of the wild, plunging rapids. A thousand fantasies assailed me in that dismal darkness, with the terrific beat and bend and twist of crashing trees; even dread despair laid his cold hands upon me, and led me to think of the world beyond. Would my attempt at escape by the surging rapids, among those sharp protruding rocks, result in my entering the Halls of Valhalla or was I to find enduring passage with Charon, the grim ferryman of the Styx. "The flat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day, have no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear, as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of those whose loving smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed fellows." After all, why shrink from life immortal,

"Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear.
Nor joy nor grieve for things beyond our care,
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tread;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end."

My moralizing on the Stygian ferry was suddenly relegated to oblivion by a pitiful howl, as if from a wolf, that fell acutely upon my attentive ear. Soon I heard the stealthy footfall of the prowling beast at the edge of the cliff, and then I saw the fierce gleam of his flashing eye and the ugly glimmer of his sharp teeth.

Ah! he is feasting on my beautiful trout, the odor from which doubtless attracted him to the spot. I preferred that he should dine upon them rather than upon my anatomy, though I was positive I could master him if he dared attack me upon my rocky pedestal. Little did I think the lovely princelings of the pool were to assuage the hunger of a savage wolf. It aroused my animosity to ascertain that these highly-prized darlings with the dotted jackets were fast disappearing in the rapacious maw of this accursed animal, and I therefore dearly longed to be where I could give him a fierce battle for the spangled spoils.

My rod, which I had unjointed and put in its sack ere nightfall came upon me, I untied, and taking out the first joint and butt, put them together, and then placing thereon my Frankfort reel, had a slung shot heavy enough to brain any animal of ordinary size. Being thus armed, I stood on the inside edge of the rock and waited and watched with faithful patience in hopes of getting in a fatal blow upon the purloining wolf—for such I took it to be—should he come near the edge. At last I was rewarded, for the crafty animal in his gluttony had nosed one of the trout near the brink of the cliff, and just as his gleaming teeth were about to close upon the radiant fish I gave him such a swinging blow with the reel that he staggered and fell with a howl of pain, his head and forelegs hanging over the ragged edge of the rock. Quick as a flash, I fortunately grabbed one of his legs in that cimmerian gloom, and giving it a sudden and energetic yank, the apparently senseless animal involuntarily slipped from the cliff, striking the water with a splash and a yelp, and was soon dashing down the torrent never again, I hope, to feast upon a *fontinalis*. Although my hands were crimsoned with gore, and my situation a desperate one, I smiled to think that the little Chubb rod was doing double duty, taking trout at one end, slaying wolf at the other, both sustaining and defending life. Trifling as the sanguinary incident was, it revived my drooping spirits, giving me an assurance that I might possibly succeed in fighting the battle for my release.

I had become very cold by this time, it requiring the most active exercise on that flint rock to restore me to any degree other than severe suffering. In addition to this, a dense blackness with "ragged rims of thunder brooding low" had now settled all around me and to such an extent that it became impossible to see even the inner shore line or the edge of the rock upon which I stood. Soon the heavens were rent in twain by a blast of lightning that seemed to fly like a dazzling shaft of flame from the north. It was almost instantly followed by a crash of thunder, ear-splitting as the explosion of a park of artillery. This was the signal for the elemental war, for upon its heels came violent winds that made the forest howl in some stirring lamentation, while the heavens were alive with lurid flashes, accompanied by peal after peal of deafening thunder that found its counterpart in the roar and rush of the wild waters of the singing river. It was a spectacle to call for the hand of Dante or Milton.

"Compared to these storms death is but a quail,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calm;
Darkness, light's eldest brother, his birthright
Claims o'er the world!"

"All this clangor and crash was like unto the denizens of a thousand forests that were flying before the roar of a tornado among the trees, every savage beast raising its own savage cry as it went," and with such a horrible clamor as to make you shudder at the unknown forces that fracture mountains wild and shake the very earth. Rain was now the next element I had to contend with, and that would soon come marching along "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim," deluging the land with its copious showers.

Oh! how I prayed for the dawn that I might make some rash attempt to escape, even if it proved unsuccessful; for my position was becoming unbearable amid the terrible wrath of the elements that so enveloped me. I struck a match to look again at my watch, and was rejoiced to learn that it was nearly 3 o'clock, and that but a short time would elapse before the welcome gray in the eastern sky would appear. This gave me some slight hope, and my courage rose accordingly. Would the sombre clouds break and drench me with their cold showers and chill me to the marrow, or, like the roving wolf, was I to follow its fatal course adown the frantic stream in any maddening attempt I might make for escape by the wild and riotous rivers. My mind was now strung to the utmost tension, ready for any desperate struggle with the coming dawn, yet reason held me in abeyance and whispered "Wait;" and then my companions in camp came in mental review, and prudence again enthroned itself.

In these high latitudes during the summer solstice Aurora begins to brighten the eastern horizon as early as 3 o'clock, though a few stars, the eternal jewels of the night, may still twinkle. Yet the black pall, which now enveloped everything, would doubtless delay the herald of light. Oh! how I watched over the eastern hills for the first glimpse of dawn, cold, hungry and exhausted from the night's vigil amid the wild roar of the elements above and the raging river of seething foam below. I, of course, was somewhat nervous from intense anxiety, though at no time was I completely demoralized.

After a tiresome watch, which seemed hours, the gray dawn began to streak the eastern belt of the horizon, and then it gradually commenced to lighten the silent earth and creep along, as I thought, at a snail's pace. The summits of the hills appeared in sombre shade, with here and there clusters of pine and balsam looming up in the air, as it were, and framed like pictures in fading mist. A burden of leaden damp, with all the warmth, the glories of color, and lovely bits of landscape disenchanted by the universal pall. No sunlight, like angel spears, flashed along the heavens or over the earth. The tumultuous gods with their roar of thunder, their vivid lightning and their crape-like clouds sweeping like spectral armies, were in absolute control. It was a dawn of grief so human in its sadness, so melancholy in its aspect, and yet so fraught with hope, that I dared not anticipate any realization from it other than of success, and with that feeling patiently awaited the first glimpse of coveted morn. At last the triumph of day is fully assured, and I now see outlined my painful surroundings. All this time the reverberations of thunder and the glare of lightning continued, yet the threatened rain had not fallen. With serious intent I take in every foot of shore line, looking like the drowning man for even a straw to cling to. As I view the huge bulwarks of stone at the head of the pool, against which the water is dashing with desperate violence, my eye is gladdened with the sight of a small sapling, one end of which is rapidly vibrating on the surface edge of one of the huge blocks of nature's masonry. Like lightning it flashed upon me that if this were secured it would pave my way to freedom. It was hope's precious pearl, and, though it was about 30ft. away, I immediately commenced solving the problem as to its possession. As I was well up in natorial skill, I was confident that, with a dive from the rock and a few bold strokes the prize would be in hand. The great danger was cramp from the icy water, and probably the resistance of the current, which, however, was not so strong but that it could be overcome by unusual strength. The well-worn axiom that "he who hesitates is lost" came just then upon me with full force, and determined me to make the attempt, let the result be what it would.

"Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

I at once unrobed in the frigid air that almost numbed me, and quickly taking position on the edge of the rock, made a desperate dive, which alone must have covered fully 20ft., and on rising to the surface chilled to the very marrow, made a few bold strokes and gained the rock completely exhausted and exceedingly cold. It took but a moment to dislodge the quivering sapling, which was about 20ft. in length, and then placing it at right angles with the current, set it afloat with a directing aim that would surely bring it abreast my prison rock. However, I did not wait for it to reach the position desired, fearing that some untoward turn of the current might drift it into the rapids below, so I again sprang into the water, and having the current with me, soon overtook the slender spruce and had it abreast the rock, which I quickly mounted, with my teeth chattering and my limbs shaking as if in palsy. A rub or two of the dripping water from my trembling body and I began with unsteady hands to complete my toilet. I

assure you I was somewhat akin to a small iceberg when I started to robe myself, but the task once completed and an actual dance or two upon the rock with rapid beating of arms around my body, I was soon in a fervent glow, and felt recuperated to a degree that not only surprised but comforted me. I now took the sapling, which appeared to be perfectly sound, and which had doubtless found its way into the stream from the heavy wind of the prevailing storm, and placing it in position against the shore rock, had an inclined bridge which readily opened the way to freedom. After throwing my rod upon the bank, I took hold of the infant tree, a pearly path to me, and with apparent ease reached the shore with a breast so overflowing with joy at my timely escape that language would feebly express it. I fully realized how exquisite is pleasure after pain.

"That's my joy
Not to have seen before; for nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my delight."

Looking around for my landing net and rod, I was agreeably surprised to find that the banqueting wolf had left untouched four of my magnificent trout. These I strung upon the crocheted branch of a maple, and then securing my tackle, started on my tortuous tramp for the trail and camp. Little did I heed the warring elements now that I was free and could with King Lear exclaim:

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Your cataracts and hurricanes spout
Till you have drenched our steeples."

Once over the steep rocky ledges I struck directly for the well-worn path, which I soon reached, and then I had about three-quarters of a mile of easy walking, which I was sure to make before the threatened rain began to fall. As I progressed with a happy heart, I could see in the far west the dark clouds pouring down their floods, which were gradually approaching, and would, I opined, soon be upon me. The deep-toned thunder had now subsided into a mere mutter, while the electrical flashes were scarcely visible upon the inky clouds. Jove had about expended his ammunition, satisfied to conclude his grand battle with pacifying showers to the parched earth. I hurried along with flying footsteps, and ere long had the satisfaction of seeing the silent tents under which I reposed in restful slumber my warm-hearted companions, who were doubtlessly worn out with their night's anxious search. It was really an impressive sight in the gray of that dark and quiet morning, with the white surges of the cataract in their front leaping and then driving along the grassy edges of the roaring stream, with the foliated trees swaying and moaning to the relentless storm. Nothing living was astir. Yes, there is the leap of a spangled trout in the eddy of the falls, and still another by yonder bush that laps the swift flowing waters. Here comes in view the freebooter of the fields, a sparrow-hawk with his feathers ruffled to the swift breeze, scouring along the rugged shore in search of some affrighted game, and as if in defiance of the storm, a solitary woodpecker is beating a tattoo from some hollow tree near by, while

"The loon's weird laughter far away."

comes plaintively upon the ear. There stands the giant rock breaking the foam of the falls, where but "yester morn" I lured several of the speckled *fontinalis* to the banquet of the flies. Just beyond, on the rocky shore, a tiny wild flower or two is struggling into beautiful life from a granite crevice, and as if awakening under the first caress of day, some delicate mosses, bathed in gemmy dew, are rejoicing in the companionship of these crimson-hued buds; while the grasses which sparkle in beads of moisture run riot in the virgin forest so solemn in mantle of green.

So enthused was I with the magnificent beauty of this picturesque panorama, particularly with the swirl and foam of the rapid river, as I overlooked it from the eminence I had reached, that I stopped to drink my full of the entrancing landscape which the wild stream, in its solid walls and serrated shores of aspiring pines and hemlocks, presented.

But a few moments ago, while on my prison rock, its inspiring grandeur was so inappreciable to me that I could see nothing but hazard of life in its charming rapids, its foaming cascades, its leaping cataracts or its dimpled pools. Now beauties the most fascinating and romantic were peeping out and confronting me from every side. It is really the conditions under which you view nature that gives it true value, for it can only be fully enjoyed with a happy heart.

Having satisfied, for the novice, my love of matchless nature, I took up my tramp and entered camp as a troubadour, singing "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home." The wild wind took up the cheerful refrain and wafted it to the ears of the sound slumberers, who awoke and listened to the familiar voice in ecstasy of joy, for a moment or two, and then "Old Ironsides," as "our boys" called him, sang out in stentorian voice: "I'll be blanked if he hasn't turned up."

And then from the tents came pouring anglers and Indians, who immediately surrounded me with wondering eyes and gaping mouths, as if I were from the pearly gates of that kingdom where sceptered angels sat as princes. After a few minutes of speechless surprise their tongues flew into active play, and then all talked at once, creating a perfect babel of sounds. Tom, the nimrod of the party and my canoe companion, feeling that the happy event demanded some kind of celebration, brought out his double-barreled shotgun and let a few charges reverberate with a Fourth of July hurrah, while the cook, an *Afriqué*, also enthused, gathered up the frying pan and toasting fork and beat a reveille that went gleefully along with the whistling winds of the forest and the music of the roaring waterfall. I really felt as if I had achieved some heroic feat and was receiving the plaudits of an admiring audience, when in fact I had only escaped from a very foolish venture which freely exemplified the necessary warning of the old adage, "Look before you leap."

"Now, boys," said I, after I had fully recovered from the royal welcome, "give me something to eat and drink, for I am as hungry as a famished wolf and as dry as if I had crossed a burning desert; and then I will relate the night's peril I have passed."

Of course the preparation for the feast was at once made. The hastily prepared meal was soon spread upon the table. After I had satisfied, in a measure, the pangs of my rapacious maw, I commenced the recital of that perilous night with every eye riveted upon me and every

ear an attentive listener. When I had reached the adventure with the prowling wolf, Joe, the half-breed, who was waiting upon the table, interrupted me by saying:

"No wolf—Indian dog."
"Very like a wolf?"
"Yes. Half wolf, half dog."

"All the same, wolf or dog, he is blotted out, and will no more purloin the angler's hard-earned trophies from the crystal pools."

The interruption concluded, I continued till I had related my dive and swim for the coveted sapling, when Tom declared, "Nobody but an insane man would ever have attempted such a foolish feat in such an icy stream, and you are only here to relate it from the fact that your natal star was a lucky one."

The narrative being concluded with my timely escape, I turned to "old Ironsides" and requested an account of the night search they had made for me.

He stated by way of preface, that they did not grow uneasy at my absence till near bed time, for frequently when a distant trip from camp is made it is sometimes quite late before the party returns. Waiting patiently, he continued, till 9 o'clock, and I not then appearing, the entire camp started out with pine torches on the search. They carefully scoured the woods and the river, when they could approach it, until they went fully a mile beyond Hamilton's pool, but in searching they never once thought of then going to the big rapids, for that is never invaded by anglers, being too difficult a path for piscatorial pleasures, and therefore neglected.

It was long after midnight before they returned, and then it was only to snatch a few hours of needed repose that they might recommence the search in the coming morn with renewed vigor, when they intended to follow the river closely from camp. They had shouted as they hunted, and as a result some of the party had their vocal organs so disorganized that if, like little Tommy Tupper, they had had to sing for their supper, they would doubtless have retired with unsatisfied stomachs.

After "Old Ironsides" had finished his brief outline of the search, he solemnly arose from the table that had been cleanly swept of its toothsome food, and beckoning for the little brown jug proposed the health of the angler who never looked before he leaped, but who fearlessly dove and swam in icy currents, that he might retrace the unlooked leap.

Tumblers containing the necessary fluid were clinked and quickly emptied, and then Tom, amid the rain which was now falling, and which necessitated a retreat to cover, proposed three cheers and a tiger for the fortunate Piscator. These were given with a vim and vigor, and the "Night of Peril on the Nepigon" passed into the reminiscence I have here related. ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI.

Natural History.

FATE OF THE FUR SEAL IN AMERICA.

Read before the Biological Society, of Washington, D. C., Oct. 17, and illustrated by lantern slides.

THE present condition of the Alaskan fur seal islands is but another illustration of the fact that the ignorance, avarice and stupidity of man have succeeded in reducing an overwhelming abundance of animal life, that by careful and considerate treatment would forever have been a source of immense wealth, to such a condition that it becomes a question of great moment to devise means to prevent its extermination and adopt measures to restore its former abundance.

In 1867 the United States purchased of Russia for \$7,200,000 all of the territory known as Russian America and now as Alaska. At the time it was expected that it would prove a paying investment. Great tales were told of the fabulous wealth that was there in the shape of lumber, coal, precious metals, etc., and but little stress was laid upon the fact that fur seals were found in abundance upon two small islands, but nowhere else in North America. Now, after the experience of over twenty years, what is the result? Alaska itself pays almost nothing into the national treasury; in fact it takes over \$200,000 yearly to support its management, while the two little islands of St. Paul and St. George, with a direct yearly expenditure of less than \$20,000, have almost returned to the National treasury the large sum paid for the whole of Alaska. The net income from the seal islands for the past twenty years has been in round numbers \$6,000,000. The net income for the next twenty years, based on the bids of the new company holding the lease, would be over \$20,000,000; but the actual amount will be less than a million unless stringent measures are taken to prevent a further decrease of seal life and to provide for better methods of management.

It will be seen by this that the preservation of seal life on the Pribilof Islands is really deserving of the utmost consideration and that a proper enforcement of the best means and measures is demanded even from a purely business point of view.

Rainy, foggy and cold nasty weather is the rule on the islands, and to this fact is greatly due the residence and abundance of seal life during the summer. Wherever a rocky slope extends into the sea, there the seals haul out and form a colony. On St. Paul's there are nine of these places, the smallest having a sea margin of 750ft., while the largest, that at Northeast Point, is 15,850ft. in length. On St. George's there are five with an average sea margin of only 700ft. The average width is 100ft. The seals on the islands are divided by name into four groups, or divisions, which are well known to everybody there. The male seals of seven or eight years old and upward are known as bulls, and are the only males large and strong enough to maintain a position on the breeding grounds. The female seals are known as cows, while the young seal of the year is called a pup. The male seals one year old and upward are called "holluschickie," or bachelor seals, and it is from the ranks of these that the killable seals are taken. The breeding grounds are known as rookeries. In 1874 Mr. Henry W. Elliott, as the result of two seasons' work, estimated that there were on the rookeries 3,193,000 breeding seals and young. Last year, as a result of another survey of the rookeries on the same basis, it was found that less than 1,000,000 breeding seals and young were left.

About the end of April there appear about the islands a few old bull seals; these gradually increase in numbers

until by June 1 all have arrived and occupied positions on the rookeries. This is only done as the result of continual fighting and bellowing which is kept up incessantly. About June 10 the cows arrive and by the middle of July they have all landed on the rookeries.

Soon after the cow lands, sometimes the same day, she gives birth to a single young, and in the course of a week or two returns to the sea to procure food. For this purpose they travel from 50 to 100 miles west, southwest and northwest of the islands, where they only too readily fall a prey to the seal hunters, who have learned to await their arrival at these places in Bering Sea.

While the fur seal is a quiet, shy and easily alarmed animal, it has several peculiar habits which are taken advantage of by the seal hunters and render its capture almost an easy matter. Fur seals are commonly seen scratching themselves while at the surface of the water. A seal having satisfied its hunger, and desiring to rest, will ascend to the surface, and with only the tip of its nose and a small portion of its back, with now and then a flipper out of water, will sleep, though in a rather fitful manner, or with closed eyes it will roll over and over, keeping its body in a continual slow motion, with one flipper gently beating the water and bending its body in every conceivable position. I had many splendid opportunities of observing this habit of the seals. On one occasion I waded out until I could have touched with my fingers a fur seal floating on the surface. With its eyes closed it rolled over several times a minute, at the same time bending and twisting its body into every possible position, using one of its fore flippers as a paddle, and occasionally scratching itself with a hind flipper. I stood thus for more than fifteen minutes, and could at any moment have easily killed it. But suddenly, as it was slowly drifting to leeward of me, its great eyes opened, a look of astonishment seemed to pass over its face, and in an instant with a great plunge it had disappeared below the surface, only, however, as is the habit of the fur seal, to rise again a few yards away, take a last look at the strange object that had alarmed it and again disappear, this time for good.

It is to this habit of the fur seal that the success of the pelagic seal hunters is due. On a calm day hundreds of the seals may be seen on the surface engaged in this manner; the poachers are provided with canoes, mostly manned with Puget Sound Indians, who stealthily paddle up to the unconscious seal from leeward, and shooting it through the head immediately attempt to prevent its sinking by catching it with a pole armed with hooks. It is known that from five to nine of the seals out of every ten that are struck sink before they can be reached, so that the waste of seal life by the pelagic seal hunters is from 50 to 90 per cent. But there is to be added to this statement another fact. The greater number of the seals captured in the waters of Bering Sea are females which are on their way to or have left their young on the rookeries while they are seeking food. As it is a well-known fact that a mother seal will only suckle its own young, and that the young seal is unable until it is several months old to procure its own food, it necessarily obtains that the death of the pup follows that of its mother in a short time. The numbers of dead pups about the shores of St. Paul's began to attract my attention about the middle of July last year. On Aug. 2 I stood on Zoltoi Beach and counted 17 dead pups within ten feet of me, and a line of them stretched the whole length of the beach. Many of them starve to death on the rookeries, but by far the greater number sink in the deep water along the margin of the rookeries.

But pelagic seal fishing is not the only cause of the decrease of seal life on the Pribilof Islands.

Probably an equal cause is the unnatural method of driving seals that has been followed on the islands since the first seal was captured.

The mere killing of seals as conducted on the islands is as near perfection as it is possible to get it. They are quickly dispatched, and without pain. One soon recognizes, as in the killing of sheep, that in the quickness and neatness of the method lies its success, all things considered.

But the driving is a totally different matter. I doubt if any one can look upon the painful exertions of this dense crowding mass and not think that somewhere and somehow there is great room for improvement. It is conducted now as it always has been; no thought or attention is given to it, and with but one exception no other method has been suggested or even thought necessary.

Each day during the season, which lasts from June 20 to Aug. 1, there are three killings; one on St. George, one at the village of St. Paul, and another at Northeast Point, St. Paul.

I have marked on outline maps of the islands the extent of some of these drives, which are as follows: Monday from the Reef, Tuesday from Lukannon, Wednesday Toltoi, Thursday at Half-way Point (the drive being brought from Polovina), Friday at Zapadnie (when the water is smooth the killers go by boat to Zapadnie, but in rough weather the seals are driven to the village), Saturday and Sunday drives are made up from some of the places driven from earlier in the week, or a number of small drives from several places are united. At Northeast Point drives are made commencing at one end on Monday and continuing round wherever enough seals can be found. On St. George drives are made from each rookery in succession, the killing ground being just below the village. Some of these driving trails are from a quarter to a mile long, but the longest, from Zapadnie, is five miles.

The fur seal is utterly unfitted by nature for an extended and rapid safe journey on land. It will progress rapidly for a short distance, but soon stops from sheer exhaustion. Its flippers are used as feet; the belly is raised clear of the ground, and the motion is a jerky but comparatively rapid lopp. When exhausted the animal flops over on its side as soon as it stops moving, being unable to stand up.

The drives are conducted in this manner. As soon as it is light, which is between one and two in the morning, several natives make their way between the seals hauled out near a rookery and the water and cut out as large a drive as possible. As it is the habit of the seals when alarmed to get as far as possible from any strange object, it follows that they are easily driven in any direction by simply walking behind them waving the arms and making a noise. The character of the ground over which the seals are driven is in many places utterly unfit for the purpose; up and down the steep slopes of sand dunes,

over cinder hills studded with sharp rocks, some places being so bad that they are avoided by the people themselves; but the seals have been driven over the same ground for many years, and on some of the hills deep paths have been worn by the passing of tens of thousands of seals. No attempts have been made to remove the rocks or to lessen the difficulties of the passage, and the seals are still driven pell-mell over huge rocks and down steep inclines, where many are crushed and injured by the hurrying mass of those behind. When the drive reaches the killing ground it is rounded up and left in charge of a man or boy to await the killing, which begins at 7 A. M. A pod of perhaps sixty seals are then cut out of the drive and driven to the killers, who with long wooden clubs stun those seals that are of proper size and condition by a blow or two on top of the head. The seals that are not killed are then driven away by tin pans and a great noise, and while in an excited and overheated condition rush as fast as it is possible for a seal to go into the icy-cold waters of Bering Sea.

It will thus be seen that these seals are subjected on an average from two o'clock in the morning until ten, to a long drive over very rough ground, then to a dense herding where they are continually in motion and crowding each other, thence to an intense excitement on the killing ground, and finally in a condition little better than madness rushing into icy cold water. Uncivilized and partly civilized man has no pity for dumb brutes, and as these drives are conducted entirely by the natives, who prefer indolence in the village to the discomforts of a drive in the fog and rain, it follows that the seals are often driven much faster than they should be and absolutely without thought or care. But this is not all. The seals that are spared soon haul out again near a rookery, and perhaps the very next day are obliged to repeat the process and again and again throughout the season, unless in the meantime they have crawled out on a beach to die or have sunk exhausted to the bottom. The deaths of these seals are directly caused as I shall explain, and as far as I am aware it is mentioned now for the first time.

A seal body may be said to consist of three parts, an inner, which is the flesh, bones, etc., a ring of fat surrounding this of from one to four or five inches thick, and then the skin which carries the fur. I think it will be readily seen that a forced drive for a long distance over rough ground, up and down hills and over and among huge boulders and fine sand, with a subsequent herding, and then after a most violent exercise a sudden bath in icy cold water, must of necessity disturb that equilibrium of vital forces which is essential to the good health of any animal. It is known that the stomachs of the fur seals on the islands contain no food, and that in all probability many of them have fasted for several weeks. When driven into the water the seals are weak from two causes, the drive and lack of food; before they can secure food they must rest, and rest is only obtainable at the expense of that most vital necessity of these animals, their fat. I remember looking with great curiosity for the cause of death of the first dead seal that I found stranded on the beach. Externally there was nothing to indicate it, but the first stroke of the knife revealed instantly what I am confident has been the cause of death of countless thousands of fur seals. It had been chilled to death; not a trace remained of the fat that had once clothed its body and protected the vital organs within. Since the day that it had escaped from the drive it had consumed all its fat in the effort to keep warm, and nothing remained but to lie down and die. I opened many after this and always discovered the same, but sometimes an additional cause, a fractured skull perhaps. I have even noted those left behind in a drive and watched them daily with the same result in many cases. At first they would revel in the ponds or wander among the sand dunes, but in a few days their motions became distinctly slower, the curvature of the spine became lessened; eventually the poor brutes would drag their hind flippers as they moved, and in a few days more become food for the foxes. In every case the fat had disappeared.

It will be seen also that by this driving process the two or three-year-olds, which are the only ones killed for their skins, are culled out almost completely from the seals which visit these islands, and therefore that very few male seals ever reach a greater age, consequently there are not enough young bulls growing up to supply even the yearly loss on the rookeries, much less to provide for any increase.

It should also be thoroughly understood that until a cow seal is three years old she is but a cipher so far as a natural increase of the rookeries is concerned, and that a male seal must be at least seven or eight years old before he can possibly secure a footing on the rookeries. During these three and eight years they have to run the gauntlet of the poachers. If they escape the driving—and this seems impossible—they have their natural enemies to encounter, sharks and killer whales, so that taken altogether nearly everything is against this increase.

During the eight years minority of the few male seals that have escaped their enemies it is safe, I think, to assume that at least four summers were spent in getting an experience of the drives. Does any one think that they were then capable of filling their proper functions on the rookeries?

But some one is not satisfied with the accidental landing of the seals on the beaches from whence they can be easily driven. Along the sea edge of the rookeries are many small outlying rocks, on which the young male seals congregate in large numbers and survey the rookeries from which they are disbarred by their inferior size and strength. An old bull seal will suffer himself to be slaughtered rather than yield an inch of his chosen location. The cows are so timid that only the greatest exertions of the bulls prevents their being stampeded, while as to the "holluschickie" the sight, even the scent, of a man or strange object will drive them pell-mell instantly into the water.

The natives have been provided with whistles, and when a boat finds itself near a rookery (and a pretense for its presence is easily found) good use is made of them with a consequent confusion among the seals and a probable increase in the next morning's drive. And yet a stranger on the islands is bamboozled with the information that his presence a few yards from the village is fraught with great danger to the company's interests.

The breeding seals on the rookeries represent the principal of the sealing industry, while the quota of 100,000 skins taken annually for the past twenty years is

the interest on the principal. Owing to poaching and the effects of driving and culling, the principal has become seriously impaired, so that it is no longer possible to pay this large rate of interest. The work on the islands has been directed entirely to collecting this interest at any cost. The principal was left to take care of itself.

The decrease in seal life began about ten years ago, before then it was an easy matter to secure 100,000 skins a year from St. George's Island, the rookeries near the village of St. Paul and at Northeast Point. The rookeries at Polovina and Zapadnie were then never driven from. But ten years ago it became absolutely necessary in order to secure the full quota of skins to make drives from these places, and the custom has been continued since, to the great injury of the seal business.

But these drives from Polovina and Zapadnie and the decrease in seal life seem to have been carefully concealed from the Government and others interested in the welfare of the seals, in fact it has been strongly put forth in the reports of the Treasury agents in charge and elsewhere, that the seals have actually greatly increased in numbers; but a comparison of the sketches alone in Mr. Elliott's "Monograph of the Seal Islands," made in 1873-4 and 6, with the actual condition of affairs at present on the islands will convince any one that the opinions and reports of political appointees are almost worthless when dealing with the fate of the fur seal.

How can it be otherwise? Their tenure of office exists only with that of the Secretary of the Treasury; with every change of that office new men who know nothing of seals are sent up, and these men are entirely dependent on the seal company even for their passage and board while there. All visitors to the islands are regarded as interlopers and meddlers.

It may be interesting for a moment to compare the management of the Russian side of Bering Sea with our own. Dr. Stejneger, of the National Museum, who has spent several seasons on the Commander Islands, assures me that instead of decreasing the fur seals there are actually increasing in numbers. A comparison of the Russian ideas of seal management with our own will readily show the reason. The necessity for great care in the driving and management of the drives seems to be a fixed fact in the minds of the Russian officials and natives of the Commander Islands, while on the Pribilof Islands not the slightest interest is taken in the matter. On the Russian side the natives are firm in the belief that their interests lie in the proper care of the seals, consequently when a drive is made it is composed of many small drives carefully selected and slowly driven, so that the large and small seals unfit for killing are gradually weeded out, and when the drive reaches the killing grounds it is composed almost entirely of killable seals.

On the American side, on the contrary, the seals are driven as fast as possible, the only ones weeded out being those too weak to go further, while of those rounded up on the killing ground by far the greater number are allowed to escape. Out of a drive of 1,103 counted by me only 120 were killed; the rest were released. On the Russian side it is a settled fact that the islands and seals belong to the Russian Government, and that the company taking the skins has only certain restricted rights for that purpose; but on the American side it seems to be a settled fact, at least in the minds of the company's people, that they own the seals and the islands, while the duty of the Government is to collect the tax and appoint agents to subserve the interests of the company only. The natives are utterly dependent on the seal company for their support, and while having a very vague idea that somehow the Government is a big thing, they naturally look to the company for everything affecting their interests.

Sealers have no doubt about the fate that would be their lot if caught poaching on the Commander Islands or within three miles of their shores, and accordingly have given them a wide berth; but they have heretofore done as they pleased about the Pribilof Islands and even on the rookeries. In the absence of the revenue cutters the islands are utterly defenseless and liable at any time to be raided.

I have only touched lightly upon several questions of the sealing industry and have by no means exhausted the subject, but enough has been said, I think, to show that if an industry which eighteen months ago was expected to pay the Government a net profit of over 2,000 per cent., and is, besides, a great natural exhibit, the only one of the kind America can produce, is to be saved, reform is necessary. For twenty years the fur seal has been the spoil of politics and the victim of the poacher. Inexperience on the one hand and avarice on the other have well nigh ruined the industry in American waters.

There are then two chief causes of the decrease of seal life on the Pribilof Islands—poaching in Bering Sea and the driving and culling of the seals on the islands. The remedy is simple. 1st. No seals should be killed by any one at any time in the waters of Bering Sea. 2d. All seals driven on the islands should be killed, none should be driven and again allowed to enter the sea.

These remedies are not new. Nearly twenty years ago Capt. Daniel Webster, whose knowledge and experience of sealing are second to none, said, pointing to the drive, "Every one of them should be killed, none should be allowed to return to the water," and gave reasons which while unsupported by evidence then, and which in view of the immense abundance of seal life seemed absurd at the time, are now beginning to be accepted as true.

There should also be a close time for at least five years to allow the rookeries to be replenished, and then by careful management by a bureau and employees of the Government, trained in the knowledge and care of animal life, a rich and profitable industry will be saved.

WILLIAM PALMER.

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, Washington, D. C.

A WOODCOCK IN BROOKLYN.—A woodcock flew into the new Brooklyn Post-Office building last Friday, was killed by a workman and was sent to be stuffed for Col. Booth, the superintendent.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—A person can take a seat in a palace car at Dearborn Station any afternoon and go over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without changing cars. The fast express on this line makes at least twenty-four hours quicker time to Los Angeles than any other line, and in fact the Santa Fe is the only thoroughly comfortable route to take. The office is at No. 212 Clark street, Chicago.—Adv.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Ness-muk." Price \$1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the Book of the Game Laws.

AMONG THE WILDFOWL.

THE sports of an outdoor life are many; and fortunate it is that there is such variety, for each one of us may choose that which best suits his taste. Wildfowling has its devotees, and we will ask that you spend the day with us in our blind among the brown sedge grass. True, 'tis not a perfect day for ducking, rather too calm; but the air is crisp and cool, and those "sheep-

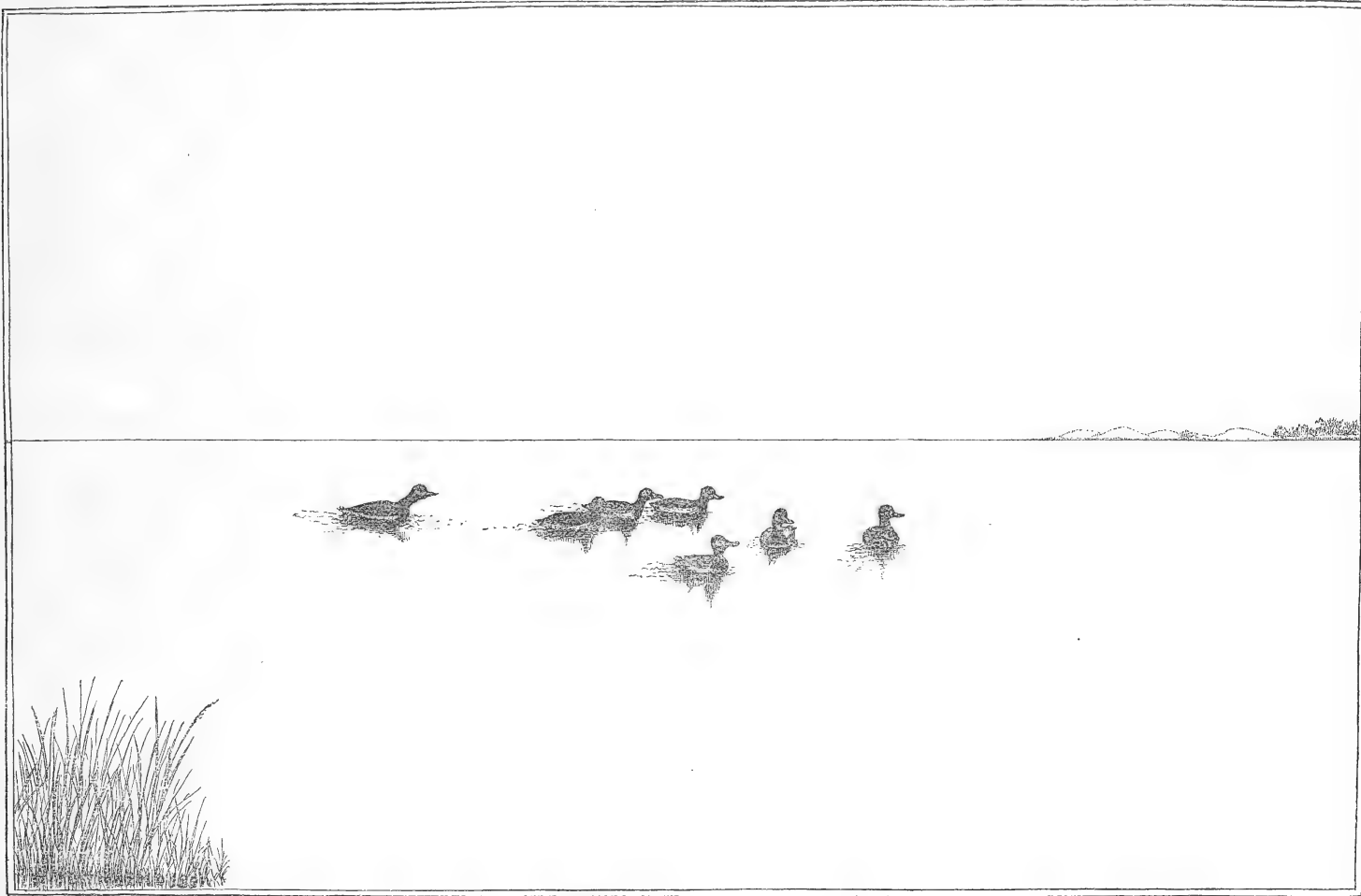
too late—an elegant shot too. Now keep your eyes peeled, there are more where he came from and they will soon be along. There! take him! Bang! Splash! among the decoys, "a clean kill." Stand up and stretch your legs, while I fetch him. If we let him drift like enough the gulls will tear him badly before he comes ashore. By the way, did you ever know a dead duck will drift the way he is headed almost every time? I have not always found it so myself, but some of the old baymen will swear to it. Down! Quick! Here they come; little suspicious, eh! I wish we had a larger show of decoys. Keep still! they are swinging in again, see 'em set their wings. No! off again, evidently not satisfied yet. Now look out! they mean business this time. Now! and as with outstretched necks, fluttering wings, and feet thrown forward they bunch over the decoys, we let them have it. Did you ever cripple a shelldrake? Well, of all the flouncing and spluttering I ever saw they make the most. Knock one out of a flock and the moment he strikes the water he will flounce around like mad for a moment, and then sit motionless as though paralyzed with his sudden fall. The instant you show yourself, however, presto! he's under, and it takes lively work to stop him. At times he will have as many lives as a cat, and unless you hit him just where he lives he will carry away a pile of shot in his tough old carcass. Come! let's take up and get home. We've had enough

Many a time, and oft, have my friend Albertson and I sent our compliments from Shell Point and the Goose Box, below Salt Cove, as well as other choice spots in the Great Back Bay, from our heavy 10-bores, in the shape of 1½oz. No. 4 shot, backed by 5drs. powder, to a wary canvasback—heard the "biff" of the shot as they struck him amidstships, saw abundant feathers floating down the wind, and heard the "tchuck" of the quarry as he struck the water, as dead, apparently, as ever duck was killed—only to see him right himself up out of reach, discover where his trouble came from and forever disappear from view! Mr. Townsend has evidently been there, and is to be congratulated for so truthfully depicting the scene and giving such moderate utterance to his sentiments as "You Son of a Gun." GEORGE MCALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

WISCONSIN GAME.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 22.—From all sides come pouring in reports of the flight of the wildfowl, good, bad and indifferent. Water is undeniably very low. Without doubt this will materially injure the shooting on migratory birds, as they will follow the Mississippi more closely in their southward flight.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—VIII.

BROADBILLS—A TRIFLE SUSPICIOUS.—"WHAT DO YOU FELLOWS SAY? SHALL WE TRY IT?"

skins" floating up in the northwest sky may give us a breeze ere long and set the ducks to moving. There is often hard work in ducking. Cold weather makes the fingers numb, and in the old days of muzzle-loaders the putting on of percussion caps was often a difficult as well as a painful task. Oh, those "old days" and "old guns." Who does not remember what a trouble it was to load, when after a day's sport, the barrels were so foul with constant firing that the wads could hardly be driven home? We used a 12lbs. 10-gauge muzzle-loader then, made by John Mullins, and to drive the charge home effectually we had a stout hickory rod, at least 8in. longer than the gun barrels, and with this, no matter how foul the gun became, we generally succeeded in driving the charge down. While the breech-loader does away with all these impedimenta and enables one to be more at his ease, still the "old boys" with their "old guns" used to "get there," and there was just as much delight in "downing" the fowl then as now. In a snug blind on some sedgy point, how soul-satisfying it is to lie at full length and hear the wind piping through the reeds and grass, to sniff the salt breeze and see the scurrying clouds flying overhead, and now and again feel the thrill of success as a good shot makes the blood bounce through the veins. It is worth all the rheumatic pains and aches of later years. Well, if not all, at least most of them. The Doctor tells me that my gunning for ducks, lying out in blinds in all sorts of weather, laid the foundation of my rheumatism. Be it so. I've had lots of fun. Here comes the breeze at last, and there goes a bunch of broadbills—one can always tell them as far as he can see, for they fly compactly, rarely scattering or stringing out like other fowl. Whisht-t-t! I didn't see him until

for to-day, and to-night you can lie between the sheets and dream it all over again; you will hear the whispers of the wind in the sedge, and see the quivering foam flakes clinging on the edges of the blind, even sniff the brine-laden breeze, and in the morning take the train for town with the record of another bright day, carefully treasured in memory's note book for future reference. WILMOT. The many and valuable features that appear in rapid succession in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM deserve the warmest commendation from its readers. Such versatility and enterprise must touch a responsive chord in its army of sportsmen readers, and it emphasizes the fact that their favorite journal is still well abreast of the times, and although its years of adolescence are past it is still full of energy, virility and ambition to excel. No one feature that has enriched its pages in recent times—and it has furnished many that have contributed to the writer's pleasure and benefit—has furnished us so much entertainment as the sketches of Mr. Townsend, "Among the Wildfowl." We desire our thanks to go on record not only to Mr. Townsend for the admirable truthfulness and suggestiveness of his sketches, and for the labor of preparing them, but also to FOREST AND STREAM for placing them before its readers. They are admirable in their conceit, and to gunners of experience among the sea fowl of the coast of Virginia and North Carolina, they appeal with all the force of personal experience and serve to recall vividly many a pleasant day and thrilling experience. They are all true to life, but the one in issue of Oct. 1 came home with more force to me than any of the others. I have turned to it time and again and as often enjoyed a hearty laugh.

A party of three leaves to-morrow for Marquette, where they will spend a few days among the Puckaway canvas, redheads and bluebills. Messrs. Chapman and Atwell have recently returned from their annual trip to Minnesota, where they had royal sport with the snipe and duck. Chickens they report as being very scarce. Recent shooters from Poygan Lake report the flight just on, but the birds very hard to get at, owing to the low water. Last Monday morning I saw a magnificent string of at least 100 jacksnipe, to say nothing of a large bundle of ducks, bluebills, widgeon, butterballs, etc. The snipe were being borne upon the broad shoulders of Louis Aner, who, with his party, spent Sunday at Pewaukee, where his shooting box is situated. One sometimes sees amusing things even on "blue Monday." As I left the St. Paul depot for my office on the morning of the 19th, an object just in advance of me arrested my attention. It was a tall, thin youth clad in the height of fashion. His short overcoat allowed the wind (which by the way was anything but springlike) to gambol with the many folds in his trousers. From one shoulder there depended a dainty russet bag such as a lady might carry on a shopping excursion. Over the other shoulder was borne a tiny .22cal. Flobert rifle, while in his hand he proudly carried a string of four rabbits. Considerable activity is being shown among the shooters in Oconomowoc just now. While in that city last week I heard of several very fair bags of woodcock having been made lately. L. J. Stone of that place has lately returned from Sioux City, Iowa, where he has been during the two weeks past. Quail are quite plentiful there,

and the Missouri River bottoms are alive with snipe. In one afternoon, in company with Mr. Frank Kimball, his brother-in-law, Mr. Stone killed 31 quail, while the afternoon following they bagged 64 snipe and a number of ducks. Oconomowoc has lost its crack shot, as Mr. Stone has removed to Chicago this week to engage in business with his brother, Mr. Percy F. Stone, well known among that city's shooters.

On Sunday last, with two friends, I visited a tiny lake at the further end of a long drive over heavy roads. I refrain from mentioning any names, as this lake (which is more of a pond than a lake) is a particular favorite of mine. We made an early start and arrived at daybreak. An engagement called us away in season to reach home at 1 P. M., but before we left we had collected a handsome bunch of birds, nearly all mallards. Of fifteen birds I knocked down I could secure but ten.

I have promised myself that when the sun goes down next Saturday night it will find me happily located inside my Protean tent on the bank of —. I came very near mentioning the place, which for lack of substitute name, we will call — Lake.

I also know of a very choice bit of snipe marsh, which I hope to have time to run over early next week. It lies upon the west shore of Bark River, some seven miles from town.

Mr. Doolittle, of the Northwestern Mutual Life Ins. Co., of Milwaukee, has to-day returned from Koshkonong Lake, where he has been stopping at the Black Hawk Club House. There are thousands of ducks on the lake, but it will take rough weather to put them in motion. There is a weak spasmodic flight morning and evening, but during the interval the birds bed out in the open water, where they cannot be approached. Mr. Doolittle brought in some forty ducks, five canvasbacks among the lot. Ex-Gov. Hoard and son are now spending a few days at the Black Hawk club house. GREENHEAD.

OUR MOOSE HUNT UP THE OTTAWA.

HAVING read in the October *Harper's* Mr. Ralph's charming account of his moose hunt near Mattawa on the Ottawa, we were so badly attacked with the desire of going and trying our luck that we found there was no cure but to go, so just dropped business and everything else and went, and as our experience may be of interest to the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, we tell the story of the trip, how we went, and what we saw.

On the evening of Oct. 31, 1890, Mr. E. and the writer took the 9:15 train on the Hudson River R. R. for Morristown, where we arrived at 10 the next morning; and crossing the St. Lawrence River by steam ferry, we reached Brockville, Ont., Canada? Yes, that we knew for there stood the Custom House officer waiting for us. We soon found they had heard of the McKinley bill, for his greeting was, "What have you got, gentlemen?" and upon our answering "Only our guns; just going for a little hunt," he replied, "Any ammunition?" "Yes: 50lbs." "Well, gentlemen, fifty per cent. duty on that, and you will have to go up to the Custom House with me and have your guns appraised, as you will have to pay duty on them also. New order, just out." We went and found we were the first victims at Brockville under the new rule of collecting twenty per cent. duty on all sporting implements brought into the country, and which they keep. Formerly the duty was returned when one recrossed again. Arguing was of no use, so we paid. After dinner at the Revere House, and meeting its genial proprietor, Mr. John Bain, who is a good man to know when up this way, and who did all in his power to start us right, and whom we wish now to thank for his courtesy, we left Brockville at 3 P. M., making close connections at Carlton Junction with through train on Canada Pacific for Mattawa, our object point, where we arrived at 11:50 P. M., making the run from New York in about twenty-seven hours. The ride was a pleasant one on the C. P. R. R., thanks to the fine service of the road. Every one—engineers, brakemen and conductors—were all, it seemed, either hunters or fishermen, as we were regaled all the way up with stories of forest and stream. At Mattawa we were met by stage from the Ottawa House, whose proprietor, far-famed (around there) Mr. Peter O'Farrell, had furnished much amusement for Mr. Ralph and Frederic Remington, as set forth in the account of their hunt in *Harper's*. The stage, like its owner, was an odd affair, the like of which we had never seen before—a long, low body with low top of sheet iron, which rattled and banged while riding over the frozen ground like mock thunder in a theater. Upon asking the driver why it was made of iron he replied, "Because O'Farrell did not want it to break when the stage turned over, which it did very often." This reply made us cling to our guns the tighter; but we soon reached the Ottawa House without accident, and were glad enough after our long ride.

Sunday opened cold and raw. Slight fall of snow during the night gave promise of a good tracking snow. After breakfast, when seated around the stove in the "office," we were selected by listening to the talk that we had made a wise selection by coming to Mattawa, as several sportsmen had just returned and nearly every one had been successful in getting a moose; and as for deer, they were everywhere. Mr. P., a New York lawyer, had shot a big buck from the steamboat going up the river only a day or so before. Our hopes ran high, and during the day we engaged two Indians, Peter La Clair and Joe, at \$10 each per week; and good guides they proved themselves to be, willing and clean, and they knew their business. Our tents and supplies were furnished by a firm who make a business of outfitting parties in addition to their general store. In doing this we found we had made an error, as they charged us with everything, but on our return only gave credit for a little that was returned; but perhaps it was an error on their part. Camping utensils can be purchased reasonably at Brockville, and the Canada Pacific make no charge for sportsmen's baggage.

We were to go up the Ottawa to a point where Peter said we would be sure to find moose; and Monday morning found us after breakfast waiting on the dock for the engineer to thaw the ice out of the boiler. About nine we got off, with full cargo of supplies and goods, for the lumbering camps up the river and the Hudson's Bay forts, away up in the wilderness, the goodness knows how far. The river is a noble stream with a swift current and with rapids every few miles. The steep rocky banks on each side are covered with small pines and cedars, the timber having been cut off years ago. Four miles above Mattawa

we reached the first rapids, where we leave this steamer for another, and walk across a narrow point to the one in waiting, while freight is run over on a flat car on tram way, a much easier way of making a portage than the old style of carrying everything over in packs. We made four of these portages on the way up; and it was well along toward night when we reached Seven-League Lake, a name given to an expansion of the river where there is little or no current. Going up this lake some 10 miles, with the help of a boat from the steamer and our canoe, we soon reached camp. Just back in the woods a little way from the water we found a logger's shanty, of which we took possession, and soon had a fire going and frying-pan and coffee pot on.

After an all-day's ride on the river, plain, old-fashioned fried pork and coffee was not so very bad. We had a call from an Indian, and to judge from the jabbering of French-Canadian-Indian carried on between him and Peter, they must have been old friends. Peter said the man told him that he had been hunting, but had seen no moose, so the best thing for us would be to go further up the river. By getting an early start in the morning we could reach the end of the Long Sault at the head of the lake, where we could take the narrow-gauge road that runs up some ten miles to Lake Temiscaming, another expansion of the river, as near there he knew of a place where we would be sure of finding moose. As our canoe was too small to carry us all and our duffle, we engaged the Indian to come at 4 the next morning and take Mr. E. and the scribe up in his canoe. What a night we put in at that place when the fire got low! It was cold enough to freeze one, and besides it was the first on the trip in the woods. We were glad when we saw Peter putting on the teapot and getting ready for breakfast, even if it was half-past 3—a little earlier than we had been getting breakfast of late. On turning out and going to the door of the shanty we seemed to be looking at a picture of bygone ages; for at our feet a few rods off on the shore of the lake we could see in the dim light one of the Indians bending over his canoe, turned bottom up, stopping a leak with a birch bark torch to warm the pitch, which he then pressed into place again with his thumb. Soon everything was packed and loaded in the canoe, for these Indians move quickly, and we were off up the lake. It was a nasty morning, cold and foggy, and it was very uncomfortable being cramped up in the bow; but it almost made a fellow feel warm to see that Indian paddle, he only stopping once in about five miles to give us a shot at a muskrat swimming along shore. But even the longest and coldest rides have an end. At a little past 7 o'clock we could hear the roar of the Long Sault, and soon were at the landing. We were told that there was good deer and partridge shooting just across the river; and in fact we learned that deer can be found all along the river with little trouble. About 10 o'clock our train started. The freight comprised barrels of pork, beans and beef, axes, pikes and poles for the lumbering camps, bags of shot and supplies of all kinds for the Hudson's Bay forts, hundreds of miles up the river, some we saw even going to the fort on Lake Abitibi, just south of James Bay. This freight was being rushed up for fear the river would freeze and travel cease. On leaving the end of the Sault the road follows the river, and the views from the car were very fine even in winter; it must be charming in the spring and fall.

The road is built on a very narrow gauge, the cars look almost like playthings and are pulled by a funny little dummy engine, which at times is not strong enough to pull the train over the grades; a conductor said it was a common thing to get stuck on a grade and then have to fill the boiler with a pail from the river. But we made the trip in safety and arrived on time, if there was any stated time of arrival, for by 11:30 we were at Gordon Creek, the last stop on the road. The "town" consists of freight shed and tavern; but it is a place of much importance, as it is at the foot of Lake Temiscaming, another expansion of the river, at the head of which, some sixty miles up, are located some very promising silver mines, reached by steamboats from this point. Good muskallonge, bass and pickerel fishing may be found in the lake.

Stopping only long enough here to arrange the packs, we were soon pushing our way up the river bank and back into the woods to the spot where Joe said we were to find the moose. Reaching the top of the hill, a fire was started at the foot of a dry stub and dinner was soon under way. While the guides were busy with this we had a chance to look about. And such a view as lay before us. The sun was shining brightly on the snow, making it a dazzling white, covering the mountains as far as the eye could reach, while at our feet rolled the noble river, which we could see for miles winding in and out. Rapids foam-crested, glassy pools and eddies followed each other in regular order, rushing on and on until the river was lost in the St. Lawrence many hundreds of miles below, a wild stream, but used as the highway for the great stretch of country away to the north and west.

But views and rivers were forgotten when dinner was announced, even though it only consisted of fried pork, bread and tea. With pipes alight we again took the packs and struck into the woods, this time following an old logging road. As we left the river behind we found more snow, some six inches, so walking was not bad and we had enough snow for tracking. To me that walk was one of the most interesting I had ever had, for at every few yards would be seen tracks of deer, martin or fisher. The woods seemed to be alive with game, but never a thing did we see, save one lonely red squirrel. Following this road for some two miles we came out on a beaver meadow. (Petersays) "Shantymandie turn into old beaver and makes meadow." "A little back from this we made camp, as Joe said we were close enough to the brûlé, where we were to hunt.

Leaving the guides to make camp we took a fish line and went to find a trout stream they said was near, in the hope we could change the pork diet to one of fish. We found the stream, but no trout; but along the banks saw many tracks of deer; and some much larger than the rest we put down as being made by a moose: so we returned to camp with bright hopes for the morrow. The men had up two tents, ours heated by a small folding sheet-iron stove, which we found worth its weight in gold.

After an early breakfast the next morning we were away into the woods, Joe leading, followed by the scribe armed with a Winchester .45-60 carbine, Mr. E. and

Peter following, the former carrying a .44-70 half magazine Winchester, the guides only carrying their axes and the lunch. The day was one in a hundred for our purpose, high wind and a melting snow, so we made no noise. We had not left the camp but a mile or so behind when we came to a track of moose, but made the day before; and we decided to look for a fresher one. Soon we came to where the snow was all mashed down flat and much cut up with tracks, and around which were some fresh droppings. Then the fun commenced. The guides acted like a pair of setters, working back and forth, and in whispers reported that three moose had made a bed there last night and must be very near by. Joe and I circled off to the left, and the others to the right; and we had hardly lost sight of them when crack, crack went Mr. E.'s Winchester. Joe shouted, "Moose, moose, shoot, shoot!" but just then my foot went into a hole and I went into the snow. Recovering myself and running a few yards, I caught sight of a streak of something going through the trees; and let drive, but the "something" did not stop. All this time I could hear a regular Fourth of July over Mr. E.'s way, and running up a few yards more I saw my first moose standing perfectly still. I could see all but the head, which was behind a tree. As I was within 100 yds. I stopped and, aiming just behind the shoulder, fired. It gave a jump and went out of sight. Slipping in another shell, I ran up to where it had been and found quite a lot of blood on the snow. All hands coming up, we followed the trail and within a few yards came to a big buck down in the snow. Looking him over, we found that one ball had cut a furrow across his nose and another had gone through his heart; but, much to my regret, this last shot was on the right side; and as I had shot from the left I knew it was not my bullet.

While Mr. E. and I were looking him over the guides had discovered that there had been three in the bunch and all had been hit. And sure enough, for there were two tracks leading away, and both leaving blood marks behind. Following them up a ways we saw a yearling calf going like a streak, and as it had stopped bleeding we did not shoot but let it go, for the Indians said it would no doubt get well as it was not hit hard. Though we followed the other track until late in the afternoon we could not get a sight of the moose again. Talking it over on the return to the dead bull, the guides said we had come upon a bull, cow and yearling calf all lying down and perhaps asleep; that Mr. E. had killed the bull and hit the calf, while I had shot the cow through the hump on the back. How did they know that? Because they saw where she had brushed against a tree and there was blood on both sides of the trail. Am glad I did aim a little high, as knowingly I would not kill a cow moose. On returning to the bull the guides set to work cutting him up, and we wished for a Kodak that we might get that picture, the great wicked looking beast, the Indians and the two cold and tired, but happy hunters, for now the excitement was over, we soon found how cold and tired we were. Cutting off the hindquarters, head, hide and tongue, the former we left hanging to a tree, and were off for camp, which seemed much further than it was in the morning. But a good supper of moose steak put us in shape in short order and we thought it was the very best meat we had ever tasted even if Joe did put on enough pepper nearly to take the roof of one's mouth off.

After supper we turned in and knew nothing until morning, though the fire went out and it must have been very cold in the night, as we found everything frozen stiff, even my boots. This made still-hunting out of the question, had we desired to hunt; we therefore decided to pull out for home. The guides went out to bring in the meat, and by the time they returned we had everything ready to start. The return to the river was without interest, and just as night fell we were again at Gordon Creek, where we passed the night at the tavern, price \$1 per day. Friday we found it raining when we turned out and it continued all day. Train came along about seven and we were soon again on the steamer going down the river. On board we met Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of Ottawa, who had been on a farm up on Lake Temiscaming for a month fishing and shooting, and they promised us, should we come again next year, a deer every day, and trout and partridges without number, cream, fresh eggs and butter from the farm, and a good time all around. We live in hope that the day will come when we can enjoy these good things with them.

Though we kept a sharp lookout all the way down for deer, we saw none. The captain of the steamer we met at the dinner or middle stop said one swam across the river as he came up, but as they had no gun on board they did not get it. We reached Mattawa at dark, left again at 3:20 Saturday morning, and arrived at Brockville at 1:30; and taking the train again at Morristown at 3:30, arrived at Grand Central Depot at 7 A. M. Sunday, and our moose meat with us also.

The trip was a very pleasant one, the people we met did all they could to help us out, and without doubt we were lucky in finding the game so soon; but we are convinced that this is a great game country, and another could have nearly as good luck. As for expense, there is very little outside of railroad fares, and for about \$60 one could get a two-weeks' trip. As to being easy of access there is no question, for I do not believe we had to walk five miles from the time we left New York until we reached camp. A party of four or five can make very liberal terms with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and it is indeed a pleasure to travel on that road. NIAGARA.

A STORY OF WOLVES.

"DID you ever see a wolf?" asks a friend of mine. Yes, more times than once. The first time was in this wise. We were boys together, Johnson and myself, born in the same neighborhood, strapped with the same piece of leather in the red schoolhouse that topped the hill, behind which was a pond in which we bathed and swam together; gathered beechnuts into the same basket, shot partridges in the same woods, and last, but not least, trapped wolves and other game, honestly dividing the proceeds between us. It was winter, the snow 2 ft. deep in our settlement, which was in the Province of New Brunswick. Wolves were plenty, and Johnson and myself were doing a good business trapping them. On each was a bounty of \$10 and each skin was worth \$3 more.

One Sunday morning after Johnson had made himself ready for church he thought he would examine one of his traps set in the edge of the woods near his father's field. Putting on his heavy boots, and without gun or axe, he

strolled across the field. When near the spot, the rattling of the chain by which the trap was fastened quickened his pace; and behold a large wolf was in the trap. Johnson saw at a glance he was slightly caught by the end of his paw. Now he soliloquized, "If I go back for the gun he may succeed in getting free before my return," for the brute was making frantic efforts to free himself. The bounty \$10, skin \$3, it would not do to miss him. Being a fine athlete, Johnson made a bound for the wolf, catching him by the throat. In the meantime the wolf had cleared himself from the trap. Then came the tug-of-war in that 2ft. of snow. The struggle was short and furious. Johnson held his death grip, sometimes on top and again underneath the brute, both so covered in snow it was difficult to distinguish wolf from man. The wolf at last was overcome, kicked and choked to death by his powerful antagonist. Johnson did not attend church that day, for his Sunday clothes hung in tatters; besides there were some ugly scratches from the sharp claws of the now dead game. "I never will try that again, Mack," he said to me, "I thought myself a match for almost any wild animal of these woods, but this fellow was a bigger job than I reckoned on." Johnson was but 17 years of age and I was 16. That winter was my first experience with wolves.

Five years later, I was working in the logging woods at a place called the Narrows, head of Grand Lake, in Maine. The second evening after our arrival at camp the most of the crew had turned into their berths, the cook only was outside the camp door, when he called, "Boys, I hear a dog howling across the lake." I had seen a wolf track that afternoon, and knew the kind of dog across the lake. We were all outside the camp in a few seconds. The moon was full and bright, and the wind asleep—not a sound but the howl of the wolf. Soon another and another gave tongue, until the recruits numbered a dozen or more. "Boys," I said, "those devils are up to some mischief; they are old acquaintances of mine. Listen!" One would think pandemonium had broken loose. They had discovered a deer at our water hole. Over they came, the hills echoing and re-echoing their cries, making the night hideous with howlings.

The startled deer rushed by our camp, with wolves in close pursuit. It was an unequal match. The poor animal found they were closing with him; and ran back to the lake, the merciless pack at his heels. Again he made for the woods, and in a clump of thick cedars they took his life. There was but one gun in our crew and that was not loaded. We did not enter into the scuffle. Not one of the men but myself had ever heard or seen a wolf before; and none of us had desire for a nearer acquaintance. The next morning we visited the spot. After killing their game they had dragged it out on the ice; and so completely demolished was the carcass that scarcely a vestige remained. H. P.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Four Uticans, and the writer was fortunate enough to be one of them, spent the last three days of the season when it was legal to hunt deer with dogs at Henry Paul's, in the town of Wilmar, on the southern edge of the Adirondacks. As the 18th inst. was Sunday, of course the dogs were not put out, but we took a stroll as far as Mill Creek Lake, three miles distant. On our arrival we found that two hunters from a neighboring resort had preceded us and killed a deer which they had already dressed and hung up. The day was bright and warm, and the pretty little lake nestling at the foot of the mountains, and the brilliant colored foliage of the trees which covered the latter from base to summit, formed a picture of rare beauty. We were loth to leave the spot, and passed the greater portion of the day there enjoying the beauties of nature.

The next day was a counterpart of its immediate predecessor as far as the weather was concerned, but we spent it in a very different manner. Soon after daybreak every one in the house was astir and an early breakfast was had. Then we were assigned to runways on the West Canada Creek, and the proprietor of the house and one of his men started out on the mountains with five hounds, which were placed on the tracks of deer. It so happened that a party from Kreitzer's near Morehouseville was hunting on the same territory that we were.

In the Kreitzer party was a man from Cold Brook, Herkimer county, and it transpired that he was assigned to the same runway that one of our party had been. The two hunters met on the runway, and agreed that if either killed a deer it should be equally divided. During the forenoon a doe came over the runway ahead of one of Kreitzer's dogs, and safely ran the gauntlet of the Utican's rifle and the Cold Brook man's shotgun. Later, however, Paul's dog drove a fine buck into the creek at the point, and it was killed by the Utican, although his companion, who was very excitable and got his shots mixed, first filled the animal's hide with bird shot. A pole was cut and used in carrying the buck to the spot where it was decided to leave it until the day's hunt was over. Subsequently the pole, on which a few twigs remained, was thrown into the Stillwater and it slowly floated down stream. A little after noon the hunter from Cold Brook caught sight of an object in the creek, which he mistook for the head of a buck swimming in the water, and at once opened fire on it. Shot after shot followed, until more than a score had been fired and his ammunition was exhausted. He then persuaded the Utican to shoot three or four times. Still unsatisfied with the result, the excited hunter upon the arrival of two other members of the party, who had been attracted by the fusillade, endeavored to borrow their guns to continue the attack. When his request was refused he excitedly exclaimed:

"Well, if you won't shoot, the deer is dying anyway."

"Where is the deer, in the creek or in the woods?" queried one of the new comers.

"Why, in the water. Can't you see his horns?" replied the Cold Brook man.

"Great Scott! that is the brush on the pole we threw into the creek," exclaimed the Utican, who had killed the buck, as he burst into a roar of laughter, in which all but the excited man joined. It was some time before the latter could be thoroughly convinced that he had been shooting at the brush instead of a deer's head.

Another member of the Utica party had a shot that day, the first he ever had at a deer. He was stationed on

an island at the head of the Chestley Stillwater, and between 10 and 11 A. M. beheld a magnificent buck walking leisurely down the stream and coming directly toward him. Biding his time until the buck had come within eight rods of him, the Utican fired one barrel of his shotgun, and as the animal bounded into the air he endeavored to discharge the other, but in vain. The hammer fell again and again with a dull thud, and the shell stubbornly refused to explode. The deer, after nearly running over the hunter, escaped into the woods, and the latter sat down and tried to decide whether it would be better to throw his gun into the creek or take it home and get the lock fixed.

As Oct. 20, the day when the hounding season closed, was dark, cold and rainy, none of us cared to spend a great deal of time out of doors.

From the time the season for running deer with dogs began until it ended, the cervine animals had but very little rest in the West Canada Creek country. Over 70 deer were killed. George Dorn of Albany shot the biggest buck of the season, at Morehouseville. It weighed 236lbs.

An unusually large number of deer have been seen this fall in this part of the woods, and also in the vicinity of the State reservoirs on Black River. The Trenton Falls Lumber Co. is engaged in blasting rocks on the West Canada Creek above the Stillwaters, to enable it to float logs, and in the Woodhull and Moose River country heavy blasting is being done on the line of the Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad. Old hunters think the deer have been driven out by the noise, and that this accounts for their being plentiful on the outskirts of the Wilderness. There is a growing sentiment among the guides that both hounding and floating, or jacking, should be abolished.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 24.

PORTSIA.

DEER IN WISCONSIN WOODS.

CHICAGO, Ill.—For the benefit of your Chicago readers I will write a short sketch of a deer hunt on which I went in October of 1890. The impression is generally held here that to hunt deer it is necessary to go a long distance from home, and that even then the deer are few and far between. My object in writing of my experience in the lumber region of Wisconsin is to dispel these ideas.

Our party consisted of Mr. Willard, Mr. Dixon Bean, Mr. Thatcher and myself. We left Chicago Friday, Oct. 17, on the Wisconsin Central at 5 P. M. and reached Phillips, Wis., at 5 A. M. next morning. Friends at Phillips had already located our camp and had engaged an experienced hunter with his dogs and a cook. I have since learned that our hunter named Eaton has killed more deer than any other man in that part of the State. Upon our arrival we immediately set out for camp, twelve miles through the pine forests on the Big Elk River. During the logging season cabins are built by the lumber men for the accommodation of the cutters and when the lumber is all cut in a given vicinity the camps are deserted and new camps located in another portion of the country. Our camping grounds were made in one of these abandoned camps, and were very picturesque as well as comfortable. Our beds consisted of straw thrown upon the floor and a large blanket placed upon it, and to a tired hunter such a couch under the circumstances answers as well as the regular made article.

After breakfast we tramped across the country through the slashings and windfalls to the river. Our stations were assigned us by Eaton, and he confidently assured each and every one of us that a deer or perhaps many would come down the runway each man guarded. In my eyes, my runway looked particularly inviting to deer, and I could not see how they could resist the temptation to come up and get shot.

I examined my rifle very carefully to see that everything was in working order, and then gave myself good advice as to how I should not get the buck fever at the critical moment. After straining my eyes and ears for at least two hours for the sound or sight of a deer, I at last heard in the distance the deep melodious baying of the hounds. At times the sounds drew near, and then again they seemed but a mere echo. My runway was particularly free from deer, and I amused myself by bringing my rifle to bear upon an imaginary deer some distance up the runway, and it is needless to say I brought him down at the first shot. I watched and waited in vain, and thought deer shooting excessively tame compared to duck hunting.

My discouragement received a sudden check when I heard two sharp reports of a rifle, and my spirits revived when I thought that perhaps the deer was not hit and would come my way after all. My excitement was intense, and I could not resist the temptation to abandon my runway (an unpardonable sin) and make my way through the forest in the direction of the shooting. In a short time I came up with several members of the party and gazed upon the first fallen prize—a fair two-year-old buck, weighing, so Eaton said, about 150lbs. I rejoiced with my friends over our success, but was a little disappointed to learn that Eaton had shot the buck.

After returning to camp we rested, and about half-past one again made our way through the woods to our respective stations. Our spirits were all at a very high point, due to the success in the morning, and each felt sure of shooting a deer before nightfall. We found plenty of tracks, which seemed to me to be very old, but Eaton assured us that they were quite fresh.

The entire afternoon was passed away without our vigilance being rewarded, and we returned to camp foot-sore and weary from our long tramp, but hoping for better success the next day. Like genial Micawber, we had hope and faith to buoy us up.

We arose next morning at 4 o'clock and after a hearty breakfast set out for the positions already assigned us by Eaton. We were not in our positions more than an hour when the hounds were heard. They drove a deer down a runway watched by Mr. Bean. His aim was good and at twenty rods the deer fell in its tracks.

The next day we pulled stakes and set out for Smith's camp, which was a logging camp about three miles from our own. A logging camp consists of several log houses, one is used as a sleeping apartment, another as a dining room and another a barn, etc. The sleeping apartment is particularly interesting to a new comer. On each side are arranged bunks similar in appearance to the interior of a sleeping car. The men sleep two in a bunk, and during the cutting season Smith's camp will accom-

modate about 75 men. The men are mostly Norwegians and Swedes, and as a rule are tall and well-made. Their clothing is made up of materials of many colors and the wider the stripe and larger the square in the materials the prouder the wearer. They seem to love bright colors and nine out of every ten wear heavy red socks pulled up over the trousers. The effect may not be very harmonious in coloring from an æsthetic point of view, but the general appearance is very pleasing to a tenderfoot. They rise at 4 A. M. and work until sundown and retire about 8 o'clock, all work and no play being the rule at the logging camps.

Over the stove in the sleeping department are branches of trees suspended from the ceiling; upon these the men hang their socks to dry and to warm them up before putting them in use the next day. Having no ventilation these cabins are so close that it is with great difficulty I could breathe the foul atmosphere. When the order for all lights out was given I sighed for my soft bed at home and wondered if I could sleep a wink during the night. But being very weary I found no difficulty in sleeping; and in my calm repose killed more deer than the mightiest hunter could have slain in a lifetime. We were called at 4 o'clock, and that day we were fortunate enough to shoot another deer, making three in all.

On the fourth day, when I took my lonely watch I was heart-sore and weary. My hunting boots were stiff and hurt my feet, and altogether I voted deer shooting a failure. My spirits revived when I heard the baying of the hounds and I forgot for the time being my misery and kept a sharp lookout over my district. I was on a high point on the river bank, which commanded a view of the opposite shore with considerable territory back of it.

In a short time I was overjoyed to see in the distance a doe coming at a break-neck pace down the runway toward the open with the dogs slowly gaining upon it. I stepped behind a stump and breathlessly awaited its arrival. My nerves were steady, and the much-dreaded buck fever seemed to have no power over me. This being my first deer I naturally felt a wave of excitement pass over me, and I settled down to business. When the doe got within easy range I took a good steady aim when she rested upon the ground and fired. The ball was well directed and I was delighted beyond measure to see her fall. I shouted for joy and regardless of the swift current I forded the stream and looked with pardonable pride upon my first deer. My companions soon came up and I was congratulated upon my success. In a modest way, I think, I increased the distance at which I shot about ten rods. We returned to camp, and I concluded that deer shooting was far more interesting than bird shooting. We now had four deer to our credit, and all of us felt very happy.

Mr. Thatcher left our camp that afternoon to visit a friend camping three miles down the river from us. He returned to our camp the next morning, and we saw from his smiling face, as he came toward us, that he had succeeded in killing a deer. He related his experience, and was quite positive that the buck he shot was the largest ever seen in that portion of the country. It weighed when dressed 186lbs. Mr. Thatcher was of the opinion that the buck always remained in the stream because his antlers were so large that he could not get through the woods with them with any comfort. It was said that Mr. Thatcher fired his entire magazine at the buck and yet but one shot struck him. Mr. Thatcher explains this by saying that all the shots were directed at the same spot and made but one hole. We had our opinion regarding this point and annoyed the gentleman by expressing it.

Our party succeeded in killing seven deer, and being gone but one week we considered our success as phenomenal. I hope my article will reach some who are ignorant of the fact that such rare sport is within such easy reach, and I can recommend Mr. Eaton as a good hunter and a splendid shot. The trip will repay any one fond of outdoor exercise, and is comparatively cheap.

SAM R. JENKINS.

STREAM LAUNCHES AND HUDSON RIVER DUCKS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue of your paper I noticed a letter from Mr. W. H. Mead complaining of certain sportsmen in Sing Sing shooting ducks from a steam launch off that place. It certainly is unsportsmanlike and the law allowing them to do so ought to be repealed at the next session of our Legislature. It to the gunners of Sing Sing is a well-known fact that the law was changed in 1887 simply to allow this family the privilege that they now enjoy, by a certain resident of that district, then a member of the Legislature. These men have been known to steam by a gunner who had sighted a flock of ducks, and was sculling upon them in a sneakboat (a fair and sportsmanlike way of shooting duck, and one that embodies more labor than the steam launch shooters care to employ), and shoot among them, thus robbing the hard-working gunner of his sport. One of these men spends most of his time in scanning the bay with a glass, and as soon as a flock of ducks arise he is after them at once. Is this fair to the gunner who employs fair means and plenty of hard work in trying to get a shot? How many shooters are there living on the banks of the Hudson below Iona Island who can afford to hunt ducks in steam launches? I dare say you can count them on the fingers of one hand. Individuals who are fond of sport and have very limited means to enjoy it with are generally set down as pot-hunters, while the rich individuals who sport fine guns, etc., are sportsmen. I ask the readers of this paper who are the pot-hunters in this case: the poor gunner who employs fair and legitimate means in approaching his game, and is satisfied if he kills two or three ducks, or the wealthy individuals who employ steam launches and 4-bore guns and are never satisfied no matter how many they may kill.—SNEAKBOAT.

MR. E. M. MESSENGER, of the Bromfield House, Boston, last week gave a very interesting lecture on the scenery of Alaska, the mode of life and customs of its inhabitants, illustrated by the stereopticon from pictures taken by himself during a recent four-months' visit to that and other portions of the country. The views, embracing a large variety of subjects, were of unusual excellence, while those of the icebergs and glaciers may be especially mentioned for their clearness and brilliancy.

THE IDEAL MANUFACTURING Co. report that after delay due to exhaustion of their first edition they have been unable to supply handbooks, but that these are now ready.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

OTTAWA, Kan., Oct. 22.—Last Sunday I witnessed the first large flight of geese and cranes in this part of the country. Finer weather than this could not be wished for and the woods are full of squirrels. Quail there are, also, but the law protects them for about ten days yet and I think it has been pretty well observed this year. Although there are not so many birds as there were last year, there ought to be enough to go round. Ducks will probably be very scarce this year because the streams and ponds are so low that they could not find feed.—F. B.

During the past two weeks the coots, ducks, etc., have been quite plentiful and the gunners have had good sport. One man killed 67 in a day in Ipswich Bay. During the last storm there was quite a flight of yellow-legs, beetle-heads and grass birds. I know three men who shot a bushel of grass birds in one day and 60 yellow-legs and beetle-heads on another trip. E. F. LOCKE.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Oct. 16.

GUNS AND LOADS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your edition of Oct. 8 an article by "S. F. A." regarding feather-weight guns, etc., wherein he claims that it is necessary to use 3½drs. of powder in a 12-bore gun, and that the recoil is so great in an arm weighing even 7½lbs., that a bruised shoulder is the result, which is more than carrying a cannon. I formerly had the same notions as to the necessity of a heavy charge of powder to do good work, and carried an 8½lbs. No. 12 gun, loaded with 3½drs. of powder, and it certainly weighed a half hundred at night. My attention being called to the feather-weight I purchased one on trial and loaded with 3drs. of Schultze powder. The result was a heavy recoil and a bruised shoulder. I at once reduced the load to 2½drs., and the result was marvelous. No recoil, great velocity and long range. I easily killed partridge at 50yds., and can do good execution at any ordinary shooting distance. Let "S. F. A." load a gun for what it is built to carry, and he will not have bruised shoulders nor complain of inability to bring down his game. I would not carry an 8½lbs. gun if it were made a present to me.—W. F. B.

BEAVER DAM DUCK CLUB.—Memphis, Tenn.—The great influx of northern wild fowl, now swarming at Beaver Dam, Duck Lake, gave earnest zest to the eighth annual meeting of that clever organization last week, and a letter from the faithful keeper, Andrew Jackson Bounds, says the fall flight is now fully on, with mallards, teal, sprig-tails and gray ducks. The beautiful and dainty wood ducks are still abundant. The old officers were re-elected as from the genesis of the club: Dr. R. W. Mitchell, president; Col. A. C. Treadwell, vice-president; W. A. Wheatley, secretary and treasurer; M. L. Seldon, George Gilham and J. A. Austin are the executive committee; housekeeper, Mrs. Victoria Bounds. New cooking and heating stoves were bought, with full culinary outfit, and from the gorge of moss, jonkapis, coltsfoot and periwinkles abounding in Beaver Dam, excellent sport is in sight. Much of this duck food was planted by the club, and much more has grown from deposits of seeds and bulds by the two last overflows, filling the lake with vegetation.

WORCESTER FUR CLUB.—The annual grand hunt and dinner of the Worcester Fur Company will be held tomorrow, Oct. 30. Headquarters will be at the Bay State House. The hunter's horn will sound at 5 o'clock on the morning of the hunt. The start from the hotel will be at 6. Carriages will be in readiness to convey hunters to the grounds. The meet will be at Heywood farm at 7 o'clock. The annual dinner will be served at the Bay State House at 7:30 o'clock on the evening following the hunt.—E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES, Sec'y.

BUFFALO FOR ENGLAND.—Ten of Buffalo Jones's buffalo passed through this city last Monday on their way to England. They have been purchased for the private park of Mr. Leland, of Liverpool.

AN ISLAND ON THE COAST OF MAINE, stocked with deer and other game, is advertised for sale in another column.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE ANGLER'S PROTECTIVE CLUB.

RANGELEY, Maine.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This Association has been in active operation for the past two seasons under the title of the "Franklin County Fish and Game Association." The name has been changed as indicated above, as the old name implied that the interests of the Association were confined to but a portion of the lakes and streams embraced in the Rangeley or Androscoggin Lakes region, while its object is to preserve and propagate game and fish in all the waters of this system. The season of 1890-91 was too far advanced when our hatching house was finished to enable us to obtain any spawn from this region. We obtained, however, from Messrs. Stanley and Stilwell, the Fish Commissioners of the State of Maine, some 40,000 spawn of the landlocked salmon, hatched in our troughs a large percentage of the spawn, and fry were turned into streams tributary to Rangeley Lake in June, 1890.

During the season of 1890-91 we were again indebted to the Fish Commissioners of this State for a supply of salmon eggs and hatched some 12,000 fry. We took also from this neighborhood about 250,000 trout eggs, of which not less than 225,000 were successfully hatched. Of the salmon 4,500 were placed in Toothaker Brook, emptying into Cupsuptic Lake, 2,500 into Whetstone Brook, a tributary of Kennebagog Stream, 3,000 went to Kennebagog Lake, 3,000 to Parnachenee Lake, 500 to Dodge Pond and 500 into the stream emptying into Smith Cove, Rangeley Lake. Of the trout 40,000 were placed in Whetstone Brook, 20,000 in

Witham Brook, a stream emptying into Mooselookmeguntic Lake near Camp Bemis, and the balance, 165,000, were placed in Smith's Cove Brook, Haley Pond Brook and Niles Brook, tributaries of Rangeley Lake. It has been the aim of the managers to distribute the young fish in different localities, suitable for their development, and in proportion bearing some relation to the interests of those contributing to the funds of the club.

It is our desire to conduct during the coming year one or more ponds on lands to be owned by the club in which we may keep young trout and salmon until they are a year old and thus more able to care for themselves. For this purpose we need about \$500, and special subscriptions are solicited from the friends of the Association. For the coming season we expect to be able to make temporary arrangements for keeping our fish in a private pond, under our own control, but it is eminently desirable that we should own our own ponds as soon as possible.

It is proper that we should acknowledge here the uniform courtesy and generous support which we have received at times from the Commissioners of the State of Maine, Messrs. Stanley and Stilwell. We also desire to extend our thanks to the Phillips and Rangeley, Sandy River and Maine Central Railroads for generous financial aid in the past.

We urge the members of the club to call the attention of the friends to this meritorious work, to solicit aid from those interested in this region, either as residents or visitors during the summer season, to subscribe liberally toward the construction of the ponds, and to see that those in arrears for their annual dues make prompt payment of the same to the treasurer; Mr. Arthur L. Oakes, Rangeley, Franklin county, Maine, to whom all remittances should be addressed.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON, President.

ARTHUR L. OAKES, Secretary and Treasurer.

SANDUSKY BAY WHITE BASS FISHING.

THERE is no portion of the great Lake Shore route which so interests the traveling public as the ride from Marblehead Junction to Venice—a distance of five miles—across the Sandusky Bay. I think the majority of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are familiar with the name, at least, as it has been the favorite route for years to the islands of Lake Erie. Aside from the varied and pretty scenery and the enjoyment of the ever-refreshing lake breezes the average traveler seldom thinks of the life at the bottom of the bay, or cares about the depth, the width, the length or the changing currents; but an angler is anxious to learn more about this broad sheet of rippling water. He wonders whether the channel is deep and winding, if the water is always clear and fresh, or if the bay is shallow and covered with marsh grass, subject to change according to wind and tide, and whether any one has ever tried to steal from its inviting eddies, deep holes and shallows the cunning black bass, the savage pike, the timid sauger or the often welcome, but greedy, "pan fish." Some time ago my business called me in the immediate neighborhood of this bay and I questioned the shore farmers as to the fishing with hook and line, and kind and quantity of fish caught in the many pound nets leading from the shore. Their experience as anglers were not very flattering, but I was respectfully referred to Mr. John Robinson, a fellow townsman, whom I learned was a native of this vicinity and had the reputation of being the most successful fisherman "in all the country round about." "Why," said one of the pound fishermen, "he can make more tempting varieties of bait out of a red and white piece of cloth than all the spoon manufacturers in the land." I promised to see him when I returned home. John Robinson is a detective, quiet, unassuming, of very striking appearance, and his manner is characterized by the nameless charm which shows itself when you ask, "Do you enjoy fishing with the spoon?" He was the last man I would select as being an admirer of the rod and line. An engagement was very quickly made. "Meet me at the depot at half past three Wednesday morning and I will show you something not found in books." I was there on time.

Many stories have been told about the great quantities of white bass caught in the tributary rivers of the bays of Lake Erie; even the venerable Judge Potter informed me that a long time ago he stood upon a Maumee River dock, and with the barb removed from the hook filled barrel after barrel with silvery white bass and never touched a fish with his hands. "Simply dipped them out."

The anglers along the Maumee have been listening to these exciting stories for years, and until but recently has the Judge's experience been verified in Sandusky Bay.

A short distance from Marblehead Junction the Lake Shore crosses a drawbridge, and all trains stop a moment going east and west before going over. It was at this draw we were to do our fishing. "Now, we use no minnows," said Mr. Robinson. A small spoon was tied at the bottom, a foot above a hook with a narrow piece of white cloth, and another above this, with a fourth hook tied to the sinker. In the channel around this draw, and in fact between the trestle work where the water runs freely in and out, since the 20th day of June to the present—the 30th day of September—the water has been at times literally alive with white bass. Thousands can be seen sporting at morning, noon and evening, a continual stream going in and out for hours at a time, now chasing a frightened perch, following a crippled fly, darting here and there with lightning rapidity. "And has all this been going on for months," I said, admiring the picture, "and, too, in sight of some of the best anglers in America?"

At the first cast hundreds of these handsome fish darted right and left after the moving, deceiving bait. Often two, sometimes three, and occasionally four bass were caught at a cast. The fish would swim in schools, and, as if tired of moving in the same direction, would suddenly disappear but to make the water foam at another point.

Mr. Robinson, by actual count, landed 305 white bass, weighing from a half to a pound each. As for myself, there are a few readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who would "wink the other eye" if I named the number caught; but suffice it to say when the noon train stopped at the draw, homeward bound, I should not have refused assistance, had it been offered me, to get on the coach. From casting and hauling in fish my arms were lame for a

week after. It was the richest treat I ever had the pleasure of enjoying, and even greater catches have been made by expert fishermen during the closing summer months.

The bass are not always in sight during their sporting movements, but they are there and ready to take the spoon. They readily took a minnow, and the deeper fished the larger the bass. Many lake pickerel were caught during the past month.

Capt. Jerry Dewey, of Cleveland, who received his graduating lessons in capturing large fish from Col. Edwards, landed a pickerel that supplied one of the largest hotels in Sandusky, and half an hour after he caught the fish there was not enough money in Sandusky county to purchase it. There has not been a day since the middle of June, so the bridge tender informed me, but that great schools of white bass were sporting around the stone-filled piers and trestle works; and, contrary to some fishermen's signs, the stronger the wind blew from the east the greater number of bass appeared in the openings, and any person familiar at all with the rod and line could catch more fish than they could carry in a short time. This fishing has not been equalled in years, and has only been enjoyed by a few who were familiar with the facts.

By accident I had the pleasure of meeting the Izaak Walton of Port Clinton, a Lake Shore, Ohio, town, the genial angler W. M. Montgomery, and after listening to my wonderful white bass story, he raised his hands and moved them toward me and blandly said, "That ain't anything. You fellows don't know what fishing is. I can take you to a place where black bass are so plentiful that if you are an expert at handling a landing net you can just dip them out, so to speak. The territory extends for many miles, never been fished with hook and line, and is to-day the finest black bass fishing grounds in the United States."

I readily accepted the invitation to accompany him. He named the day. I was there; and if the reader can stand another exciting fish story I will tell you something about the "greatest large-mouthed black bass fishing grounds in the world," in a later issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. J. E. GUNCKEL.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

THE LAMPREY EEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can you tell me whether the common lamprey eel of our American rivers is fit for food, as is his European congener. If so, whether at all seasons or only a certain period of the year. And also, whether any particular method of preparation is necessary.

E. W. GREENOUGH.

SUNBURY, Pa.

[The great sea lamprey (*Petromyzon marinus*), which runs up our rivers from the ocean during the shad season from March to June is edible and may be obtained in the markets of many large cities. Those who like lampreys prize them very highly, but the demand for them is very limited in most localities. Along the Connecticut they are held in high favor. Many New England families formerly salted the fish for use in winter. The mode of taking this eel is singular and is based upon the curious habits of the species. The apparatus used is a pole about 6ft. long, with a hook in its end, or a shorter piece of iron terminating in a hook. The lampreys ascend the streams in schools and build nests of stones heaped together by fastening their suctorial mouths and drawing the stones into heaps. As the fish are found in shallow water their capture is easily accomplished; they may even be taken readily by the hands, the fishermen wearing mittens to prevent the fish from slipping from their grasp. In Germany and France lampreys are cooked in earthenware jars with vinegar and spices. In early days in Europe they were drowned in wine and afterward stewed. In New England, after being salted for a few weeks, the eels are fried, and are said to be very palatable. The lamprey has a cartilaginous skeleton and there are no ribs, so that after the removal of the "backbone" in dressing the whole of the flesh can be eaten.]

INTERNATIONAL FISH PROTECTION.

A MEETING of representatives of different sections of the United States and Canada, who came together in response to an invitation sent out by Mr. A. D. Stewart, secretary of the Ontario Game and Fish Commission, met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, last Thursday. Those present were: Messrs. H. M. Smithers, of Washington; R. U. Sherman, E. G. Whittaker and Robt. B. Roosevelt, of the New York Codification Commission; Henry C. Ford, of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission; G. H. Welschour, of Pittsburgh; E. G. Blackford and L. D. Huntington, of the New York Fish Commission, and E. P. Doyle, Clerk of the Commission; Frank J. Amsden, of the Cheaper Food Fish Association; J. M. Skinner and G. H. Strough, of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River; A. D. Stewart and G. A. McCallum, of Ontario; J. U. Gregory, of Quebec.

R. B. Roosevelt was appointed chairman and A. D. Stewart, secretary. After some discussion as to the precise line of effort, it was voted to confine the effort to securing proper uniform fish legislation for the Great Lakes. A sub-committee of nine was appointed to meet and draw up a report to be submitted to an adjourned meeting to be held at call of the chair. The sub-committee will meet on Nov. 10, at Rochester. It is made up of the following: Messrs. H. W. Smith, A. C. Ford, Henry Burden, J. A. Henshall, G. A. McCallum, F. J. Amsden, R. U. Sherman, Dr. Parker and J. U. Gregory.

BLACK BASS EAST OF THE ALLEGANY DIVIDE.—Portsmouth, O., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 15th I noticed Mr. Poindexter would like to know who introduced black bass in the waters east of the Allegheny Divide. Mr. Thomas Schreiber, of Wheeling, W. Va., placed 14 bass and 9 catfish in the tank of a locomotive and sent them to Cumberland, Md., where the bass were thrown into the river and the catfish into the canal, in the summer of 1853. From them has sprung our fine bass fishing.—G. B. LEARY.

A FULL ROE SHAD was caught last Tuesday at the mouth of the Great Wicomico River. Mr. Noel, who is in the oyster business, says it is the first time he ever knew of such a catch in those waters in this season.—Baltimore Sun, Oct. 24.

TROUT AND OLANANICHE.—One of the handsomest displays of trout and olananiche (winnish) ever seen in this city is now on exhibition at Wm. Mills & Sons, 7 Warren street. These fish are among the largest that were taken by Messrs. Chas. A. Bryan, Jas. Rice, Jr., D. N. Coats, Lody Smith and D. Willis James, Jr., members of the Springfield Fishing and Game Club, while at the club's newly opened paradise for sportsmen on Lake Amabelish, Canada, during the two last weeks in June of this year. The specimens of brook trout are certainly beautiful and range from 4lbs. to 6lbs. in weight, and of the olananiche (famous landlocked salmon from the Lake St. John region) equally fine examples from 5lbs. to 4½lbs. in weight.

A LARGE BLACK BASS.—Richmond, Ind., Oct. 19.—Inclosed find outline dimensions of a bass caught in Cedar Lake, Starke county, Ind., Aug. 10, 1891. Although it was in "dog days," when no sensible fish would so far demean himself as to be inveigled, yet he was a willing victim to a dancing frog at the end of a line. When taken from the water he weighed 7lbs. 2oz. by steel yards. I have him nicely mounted and suspended in my office. —W. T. DENNIS, Fish Commissioner. [The outline referred to represents the fish to have been 6in. deep and 22in. long. The weight brings it close to the limit of size in northern waters, and makes it a splendid trophy of angling skill.]

Fishculture.

COLORADO TROUT AND WHITEFISH.

COLORADO with its six thousand miles of streams and its numerous beautiful lakes, is one of the very best fields for the artificial propagation of fish in this country. It may truthfully be said that nearly all of the waters of the Centennial State are the home of the black-spotted trout, which is indigenous, and many thousands of rainbow trout and Eastern brook trout have within the past few years been liberated, and are shining in several of the mountain streams and lakes. The most beautiful, and probably the largest specimens, of the black-spotted trout, are to be found in the Gunnison River, in the vicinity of the Black Cañon, where it is not an uncommon thing for a good angler to take them weighing as much as 3lbs. each.

The native trout are preferred to either the rainbow or speckled brook trout by many of the veteran anglers of Colorado, among whom Senator Teller probably is the most prominent and best known. Another very good fish, usually known as the Rocky Mountain whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni*) is found, I believe, only on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, notably in the White River. It reaches a length of a little more than a foot, and a weight of about 1lb. It spawns in October and November, entering the small tributaries for this purpose. Judge France of Denver, the well-known writer and angler, is a great admirer of this little fish, and speaks kindly of it in his delightful book recently published, "Mr. Dide, his Vacation in Colorado," as follows:

"These whitefish were the first we had taken, although they are quite plentiful in the stream. (White River) and are sometimes an annoyance to those who are seeking trout only. Why they should be a source of vexation to any one is a mystery. The fish is beautiful in contour, more slender than the trout, has a delicate mouth, rises eagerly to the fly, and its meat is delicious. Break a Brazil nut in two, and the firm white kernel will remind you of the meat of the whitefish when it has been properly cooked. They are good fighters withal, though they do not break water when hooked as readily as the trout. To my mind the complaints have in them somewhat of affection, unless one is indulging solely in the science of angling."

As will be seen, Judge France has quite a weakness for the whitefish, and I understand is taking steps toward introducing them in some of the waters nearer Denver. This is an excellent move, and the artificial propagation and distribution of the mountain whitefish would be well worth trying.

JOHN GAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HUDSON RIVER SALMON PLANTING.—Mr. A. N. Cheney has selected a stream in Vermont (one of the headwaters of the Hudson) to receive a planting of 5,000 yearling salmon by the United States Fish Commission. It is Green River, a tributary of the Pattenkill, at a point near the village of Arlington, 2½ miles from the line between Vermont and New York.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 20 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.

Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

Jan. 21 to 25.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec. Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.

March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.

April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirtieth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.

Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

—.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Nov. 10.—International Coursing Club's Meeting, at Merced, Cal.

THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.

GREAT BEND, Kas., Oct. 19.—The man with the dog that can catch every rabbit that jumps up is here, and the dog, as usual, is in the shed just around the corner of the Morrison House. The man who is going to have justice, or knock the props out from under heaven, is also here. The man with the long slender greyhound with four toes off is here, and so also is the man with the condensed and portable greyhound which has lost a set of ribs in a barbed wire fence. Likewise we have with us the gentleman whose phenomenon was unfortunate enough to meet physical disfigurement just before entering in upon an easy course of glory, nor is he absent whose dogs are not in condition, but could win the whole shooting match if they were. Dogs of haughty lineage and inborn toe nails mingle with the plain blue cooking dog with no coronet but a kind heart. Then there are dogs which are fit, which are in condition, which are greyhounds, noble ones, the pick of America's possessions, no doubt. These in quantity and quality surpass those of any previous year. From San Francisco, from Maine, from Colorado, from Illinois, from all over Kansas, these contributions to the fame of the American Coursing Club have come and it is a pleasure to see so good a lot together in this old accustomed rendezvous. The dogs as a class improve yearly. The men stay about the same. The horses degenerate. There are horses here which have been nursed tenderly into an old age far beyond the natural term, simply for the purpose of hiring them out during the coursing meet. The most genuine enthusiast in coursing is a Great Bend liveryman. He fosters the sport at about five dollars a foster.

In past years the desire of the American Coursing Club was to interest the California men and to get some California dogs here. The little visit of some of the club members to the Merced meet last fall has borne good fruit, and now for the first time we have a Coast contingent. The judge of the meet, Mr. John Grace, reputed to be the best practical field judge of greyhounds in the West, comes from San Francisco, thanks to the wise action of the executive. Mr. Cronin, a wealthy Frisco man, sends on two good ones, Kaskaden and Chicopee Lass, the latter runner-up to Sam Nash in the Merced meet. J. J. Edwards handles these dogs and nominates them, as also one of his own, Walnut, of unknown parentage, but bred on Haggis's great ranch in California of alleged good blood. P. F. Canavan handles for Mr. Chas. S. Wieland, another liberal San Franciscan, three dogs—Examiner, entered in the All-Age, and two puppies, entered here as Morning Call and Chronicle, though one of these was run at Merced, I hear, as Charlie Wieland.

From his farm at Poland, Me., Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, N. Y., sends out by his handler, McGregor, a pair for the All-Age, Highland Warrior and Old Stone. The latter is said to be imported. He is a fine-looking brindle and white, reported never to have seen a jack. He is very eager of appearance and would be popular if fit. He is said to have had 25 miles a day for three months, but this cannot possibly be true, as he is not specially hard.

Denver sends down Dr. Johnst. Gower with Baronet and Queen Belle, and Mr. T. W. Bartels with Pearl of Pekin, Monk Bishop and Irish Lass. Of these Pearl of Pekin should do as well or better than any.

Mr. Alfred Haigh sends out Master Glendyne, a Trales dog, from Cable, Ill., and Mr. John Russell, of the same place, has along the old black cable bitch Bar Maid.

Mr. C. G. Page, now of Chicago, has no dog along, but nominates two of Mr. Lowe's exhaustless Lawrence Kennel. Emporia, Kansas, has in only two entries, Dr. Foncannon nominating Brilliant and Salvador.

The Lawrence contingent is exceptionally strong, socially and caninely speaking. Mr. H. C. Lowe has located his breeding kennels there for some time past, and I understand that some of the Lawrence gentlemen present have interest in a few of his breeding. Mr. Frank L. Webster, a bright journalist of Lawrence, and his friends, Messrs. S. T. Field, S. C. and J. P. Usher, W. L. Bullen, H. W. Hayne and R. C. Moody, are all on from Lawrence. The string of Lawrence dogs, including Master Peter, Liberty and Lancashire Lass, which ran last year, is a fine one, Lady of Fashion is as stylish and attractive a bound as ever was seen here. She is by Lord Neversett—Partera, as is also Comedy and Master Neversett. Prince Charlie is by the same dog out of White Lips, the old-time favorite here.

Mr. Luse, of Great Bend, has the black freak Lady in Black, the scarcely less freaksome Lady Barton, his good wolf-dog Lanaradzo, the winner Lord McPherson, and the brindle bitch Little Thought Of, some of which will be remembered as very close to the tail gate of the runnings last year. Mr. Luse is quite a stand-by of the club, and his enthusiasm is not purely selfish. This year the winner of the All-Age will have cause to remember Mr. Luse very heartily, for that gentleman has offered to the greyhound earning that place a fine trophy, the Luse Silver Cup. Terms, winning stake to be by same kennel two years in succession to own, stake to be run down absolutely. This handsome trophy will add greater interest to the chief greyhound event of America.

Much valued is the presence of Mr. J. Herbert Watson, of New York, a gentleman not apparently of vaulting ambition, but who has vaulted high none the less in esteem of the club within one easy year. Mr. Watson brings only a dog, a Greenick puppy, Royal Crest, and this one he had the misfortune to see badly cut on a barbed wire yesterday, the scalp having to be sewed up for some inches. Mr. Watson, as the emissary of the National Greyhound Club, brings yet another cup, a tasty silver one, for the absolute winner in the Puppy Stakes. A still further fraternal gift from the generous Eastern organization is a silver medal, not yet completed, to go to the winner of the All-Age.

Messrs. Price and Royce, of Topeka, who now own about all of Mr. Allison's old Trales stock, and some new dogs also, have on a good line of Glendynes and Trales. Other dogs, some of interest, make up the most notable collection that ever graced the Cheyenne Flats.

The usual preliminary business meeting was held to-night, Vice-President Watson in the chair, Mr. Heizer absent. On motion the secretary declared elected unanimously to mem-

bership, Dr. John Gower, of Denver; Mr. Chas. Wieland, of San Francisco; Messrs. J. P. Usher, Jr., S. C. Usher, Frank Webster and S. T. Field, of Lawrence, and Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, N. Y. There were elected honorary members Mr. John Grace, J. J. Edwards and P. F. Canavan, of San Francisco, and Mr. B. Hayman, of St. Louis. The National Greyhound Club rules were adopted, barring the registration clause for this year. Messrs. C. G. Page, A. C. Schermerhorn and Ira D. Brougher were appointed field marshals. Mr. Brougher has made a good club secretary the past year. The old reliable Arthur Massey is again to act as slipper. The drawing of the dogs began nearly at midnight. It was found that 46 entries were made in the All-Age, 38 being the largest previous entry. There were 23 entries for the Great Bend Derby or puppy stakes.

The running will be as formerly, on the old Carney ranch, but it will not be the same old place. If it is good to be missed, Mr. Carney should be happy in his present home in Portland, Oregon, for there is simply a lament that he is not here. The ranch house stands silent and smokeless on the hill. There isn't going to be any annual press dinner this year, and Louise and the Shetland pony will not be in line.

Tuesday, First Day, Oct. 20.

The day was fair and warm. The line started from the club house at 10:15. The Cheyenne bottoms were wet this fall and the grass is high. A long walk was had before a hare was started. The brace down in the first round of the All-Aged Stake was

BELLE—QUEEN.

a good slip. Queen did it all in speed and the little work. Belle tripped to no merit. Queen killed in air and won.

LADY ALICE—BLACK BESS.

On a long lead-up, Lady Alice was the better, and also turned and killed. Bess was gaining, but too late. Lady Alice won.

TROUPE—MASTER PETER.

One hare unsighted. The walk was long. Master Peter became bad in the slips, sulking, and the brace was taken up, temporarily.

PRINCE CHARLIE—FLEETFOOT.

Fleetfoot was keener than Charlie, and dragged him, Charley not at all cleverly broken to slips. One hare was unsighted. The party took lunch.

TROUPE—MASTER PETER.

These now got a good slip on a fine hare, well sighted. Master Peter forgot his slouching, sulky gait, and showed great quality, running up, doing all the work, and a lot of it, quite alone, and killing after a hot course. Troupe was pointless. Master Peter won.

PRINCE CHARLIE—FLEETFOOT.

These got a good course. Charlie led and did the work for a quarter of a mile, placing Fleetfoot, which scored and killed, but too soon. Prince Charlie won.

BARONET—LADY OF FASHION.

Lady had all the superiority in the run up to a demon hare on the short grass. The hare led for the hills, and though Lady drew close, little work was done. No kill. A course of over a mile. The judge spoke well of Lady. Baronet was pointless. Lady of Fashion won.

LADY ILIFF GLENDYNE—WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

The beating was now on the short grass near the bluff by the old red barn. Here Mr. Carney had planted all his phantom jacks, marked and guaranteed. Ever and anon one with a brass ring in its nose and a blue smoke wreath in its rear arose and flitted for the hills. Mr. Grace said these were faster than any hares he had seen in California, and some of them he did not think could be caught by any two living greyhounds. This pair, however, killed a hare not quite so good as the best. Will-o'-the-Wisp shot in ahead and scored for a half mile. Lady drew by and was rapidly cutting down the lead, but killed too soon. A pretty course. Will-o'-the-Wisp won.

QUEEN BELLE—BAR MAID.

Maid went up, and went wide on a squat, but regained well. Queen got possession, but there was exchanging, after a little of which Bar Maid began a series of exhibitions of the most flagrant sorts of running cunning. Queen, none too fast, was honest and killed. Queen Belle won.

LANARADZO—VAN RICHARD.

Lanaradzo ran up, but lost to Richard. A bruising course to the hills, three-quarters of a mile. Van Richard won.

COMEDY—BRILLIANT.

Comedy, very fast from slips, got the run-up and two points ahead of Brilliant before the tremendous hare started the procession for the hills. Little work done then and no kill. Comedy won.

MONK BISHOP—CHICOPEE LASS.

Lass led up, very quick and clever, with plenty of work for 300yds., Monk helping very much. Lass worked the closer and killed. She is a very eager and clever worker, though not guaranteed to stay. This was the neatest course of the day. Chicopee Lass won.

LORD MCPHERSON—LADY R.

McPherson led up, and at 300yds. turned and held second place in the procession, the hare a very good first. Lady was placed, but fell out of it. Lord McPherson won.

PEARL OF PEKIN—BABAZOUN.

Two hares sprang, and a bad sight. Babazoun, much favored in the sight, ran up, but went wide and placed Pearl. They exchanged. Babazoun fell heavily, Pearl appearing then in the lead. Babazoun drew in, but later Pearl gave him a go-by, and worked the closer to the end of a three-quarter mile course. The kill was in a gully and unseen. Pearl of Pekin won.

VERDURE CLAD—LANCASHIRE LASS.

A very fast jack. Verdure led up and scored distinctly. Lancashire Lass showed ahead as the hare straightened for the hills, but did no scoring. Verdure drew by later, the Lass not running strong, but showing less determination than was expected, as she is usually so good. Verdure Clad won.

Dolly and Lady in Black went in, but found no hare. The runnings for the day were declared ended. At this time it does not seem possible to finish the running of both stakes within the week.

Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 21.

The line left the club house at 10 A. M. The weather was very pleasant. A crowd of 1,000 or more, very unruly toward evening, impeded the sport to some extent. The hares were found in good numbers in the afternoon on the grazed ground near the hills. Seventeen courses were decided, the Puppy Stakes being nearly finished for the first series. The sport, as sport purely, was good. The best display of coursing ever seen here for evenness and pluck was shown by Dolly and Lady in Black, in the All-Age. The finest individual performance ever seen here was that of the puppy Royal Crest.

Running was continued in the first round of the All-Age:

DOLLY—LADY IN BLACK.

Lady passed when they straightened after an imperfect sight, and was faster to the first turn, also wrenching. Dolly seemed to gather speed, and when placed held to a turn. Dolly and trading of points followed for each dog now. Dolly

then forging ahead for a quarter of a mile, for the bulk of the work closely assisted by Lady in Black. The scoring then became rapid and constant, both the little bitches working admirably close. Their staying was wonderful, for the hare was very fast and strong. The kill was in corn. Dolly had the course in hand toward the close. Dolly won.

KATHLEEN—MASTER GLENDYNE.

Kathleen ran up and killed the hare, which had a hindleg down, within 100yds. Master Glendyne was outside, crowding to get in, but it was over too soon. Small test, and the dogs should have gone again. Kathleen won.

LADY BARTON—IRISH LASS.

Lady a length ahead in a tight run-up, turned and worked to five points ahead of Lass. The latter, placed, did little, Lady drawing by and working in her close style, ran up eight points more and turned the hare to Lass's kill, the latter, however, of some merit. Lady Barton won.

MAJOR GLENDYNE—HIGHLAND WARRIOR.

One hare was unsighted, but a good slip and sight on another followed. Highland Warrior, the Maine dog, had never seen a hare, and did not know what was wanted, and was startled to find his collar jerked off from him, leaving him alone in the middle of the Cheyenne bottoms. Major closed rapidly, and Warrior grasped the situation, thereafter cheerfully endeavoring to get a look in over a very long and bruising course, but falling out when placed. Major led for three-quarters of a mile. Warrior soft and unconditioned, moreover not handled understandingly in the last two days here, showed great pluck and followed. Major ran the hare to a standstill, and reaching for it, turned to Warrior, which killed. Major Glendyne won.

LIBERTY—PUZZLE.

Full sisters, both owned by Mr. Lowe, Mr. Page naming the latter. The slip was short, the dogs being excited. Liberty, favored by the hare, ran up, turned, wrenched and killed in 100yds. Pretty short work, but perhaps enough. Liberty won.

LITTLE THOUGHT OF—LITTLE CLIMBER.

A long course. Little Thought Of led up and did the first work, but Climber drew by and was quite the better for a half mile. Little Thought Of got one go-by, but lost on the turn. Climber now took it up and, showing wonderful staying quality, followed hard to the hills, Little Thought Of losing interest. Little Climber won.

WALNUT—PRINCE RUPERT.

After lunch these dogs, which found no hare when first down, went in again and got one soon. Prince, favored by the hare, ran up, going wide on the turn. Walnut, now placed, followed carefully on the bank of a wet strip. Prince, going by him, making straight for the hare. Walnut got one go-by, but lost, Prince working the truer and closer, placing Walnut to kill. Prince Rupert won.

LADY GRACE—GIRL'S FAVORITE.

One hare badly sighted, and Girl broke away, but was taken up. Two more hares got off unsighted. When slipped, Girl did it all, Grace only placed for scant work, the score being 16 to 5. Girl's Favorite won.

MASTER NEVERSETTLE—OLD STONE.

A tremendous course. Old Stone justified the hopes of seeing a good greyhound proved in him. It is a pity he was not conditioned. He seems certainly, however, to have coursed before. His showing was good, though he could only lose against so fit a one as the Kansas one. Old Stone had the run-up, and for three-quarters of a mile was the faster, working handsomely, but could not stay on his form. At the mile Master passed him and cut down the lead. The hare then turned and came directly back from the hills for which it was making, Master now in the lead. The course passed through the line of vehicles. The California dog, Morning Call, carelessly held by a boy, broke away, ran in and killed the hare, on which Master could not close. Old Stone was pluckily following close and showed good quality. Mr. Canavan was fined \$5 for allowing his dog to escape, which fine he promptly paid. Master Neversettles won.

P. D. Q.—EXAMINER.

Colorado against California. Examiner, the Coast dog, ran up and did the work over a sharp course of one-quarter mile. P. D. Q., placed, picked up the hare in his stride. Examiner won.

This closed the first round of the All-Age. Running was now begun in the Puppy Stakes, or

GREAT BEND DERBY.

A grand lot of youngsters, and they showed themselves as killing as their elders. In the 22 entries there are some good ones. The first down were

MORNING CALL—STARLIGHT.

The former is one of Mr. Wieland's, of San Francisco. Starlight was given by Mr. M. Phister, of Cincinnati, to Mr. Luse, and is better than she looks, she not being in especial form. Starlight is by Norwegian out of Buenretiro. Starlight was thrown out by the slips hanging, but drew up, and in one-quarter mile had won a go-by and a lead. Call also scored, but was again passed by the fawn, which held to a kill of merit. Starlight won.

ROYAL CREST—LAPLANDER.

Two hares ran, the slips holding back Laplander. Royal Crest went up and placed Laplander as he came up. Royal Crest is now a long and rather lathy-looking one, and cannot be called in condition, being, moreover, still fresh from a wire cutting. He, however, showed his Greentick blood, and set the crowd cheering, for he turned close as a monkey and had speed and grit beyond belief. He had all the work to do. The hare was very fast, and on the hard short grass Crest could not reach it. He, however, coursed it in noble style alone for a punishing run of over a mile. He ran the hare dead and picked up. Mr. Grace, the judge, as he came back, said, "That is the grandest puppy in America. If mine, \$1,000 could not buy him." Certainly he did not look capable of the grand work he showed here. Royal Crest won.

VAN RICHARD—CHRONICLE.

The California puppy Chronicle went out. Van ran up sharply, led well, scoring fast, giving Chronicle only placed points till toward the close, Chronicle, then drawing in, killed too soon for his own good. Van Richard won.

VAN PETER—LAVINIE.

Little choice on run up. Peter first to turn. Lavinie scored two go-bys, Peter three and led ahead to the hills, putting a fast hare to earth. Van Peter won.

EMPORIA LASS—BRITTON YET.

Neither was too fast or too honest. Lass led up, turned and wrenched. A long course followed along the edge of the hills, Lass, the better plainly and crowding the hare, which took to earth. Emporia Lass won.

BOB HOOD—BLACK PRINCE.

In a twisting lead up Prince was the better, but Bob then did it all, working close to a kill of great merit. Bob Hood won.

BELLE BARTON—TWISTER.

Belle held by the slips, Twister favored, but after they were both placed to score Twister showed faster, and held ahead in the exchanging, turning the hare to Belle, which picked it up, dropped it, Twister then killing. The latter

is a White Lips puppy, only 13mos. old. Belle was point-
less. Twister won.

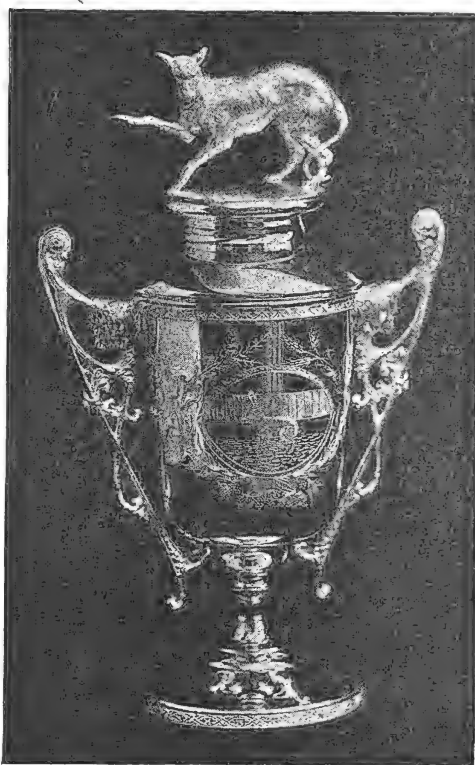
Salvator and Blue Maid ran a good course, even points, undecided, and were taken up.

Viola and Gallant Boy went in and a long heat in the high grass on the wet bottoms raised no hare that was sighted. It growing late the running was declared closed for the day. A successful and pleasant day's sport.

Thursday, Third Day, Oct. 22.

Weather cooler. A very early start from town was made, but the first pair did not go down till 9:25. The sport to-day was more like ploughing corn than coursing, as the hares proved very scarce in the middle of the big pasture where most of the time was spent, only 14 courses and 2 byes were gotten off, and that by dint of late work. Mr. Grace cannot be complimented too much as a judge. He is a good rider, prompt, pushing, and moreover, a judge of coursing. His decisions have been unimpeachable, and if the club can get him next year, it should by all means do so. That may not be possible, for Mr. Grace finds the iron soil of these plains harder to ride over than the Merced springy footing, and the hares extremely "long." To-day the hares were very strong, in nearly every instance leading the dogs close to the hills, whether that meant a mile, a mile and a half, or even further. Some grand courses were consequent, and the class of coursing seen was good. The pasture in which most of the beating was done is 1,950 acres in the clear without fence.

The American Coursing Club is a private concern, supposed to be made up of gentlemen, but in the crowd on the grounds to-day an ignorant spectator might have gathered wrong impressions, as a goodly mob of hoodlums and semi-hoodlums were present. The colored "gemman" who occasionally shows up and runs the affairs of the day was on hand, and also several vehicles adorned by toughs who carried imposing Kansas jags. The order was not good. In days coming a better system must be adopted and enforced, or the gentlemen of the club must see the pleasantest features of



THE D. C. LUSE CUP.

their sport ruined. An admission fee of 25 cents was charged, and some paid it, many free citizens whipping past the gate keeper. There is talk of getting some sort of a lease on these grounds. If that be done, a regular fence and gate should be established, and an admission fee of at least \$1 charged. That would bar out the worst of the mob. A line of 100 breeders would be worth more than the 600 or 800 disorganized people who spoiled the pleasure to-day. It is hard to see what the club gains by the presence of the mob, which spoils sport, but does not add to it. The day must come when all this will have to be faced and settled. The last of these meetings will be disgraceful and dangerous, and the condition of things was not far from that to-day.

Running was continued in the Derby:

SALVATOR—BLUE MAID.

This was the undecided in the Derby first round yesterday. Two hares were unsighted. On the next, Salvator fell an awful cropper in the run up, and squealed with pain, rolling clear over. Blue Maid was much the faster, and rolled up a score of thirty points, unchecked, though Salvator came stronger at close. The hare went to earth, and Uncle Bobby Smart pulled her out, placing her in the crate with Blue Maid, which made no further effort to damage her. Blue Maid won.

VIOLA—GALLANT BOY.

Viola not well sighted, Boy went up fast. Viola, placed, could not hold for a point, and the White Lips puppy, unaided, made a grand course for one only 13 months old, crowding the hare to the hills, where it escaped in weeds. Viola beaten pointless. Gallant Boy won.

ORPHAN BOY—VANNESS.

Orphan first up, but favored by hare. Vanness drew by, and outpointed the other distinctly in the exchanging to the bluff, Boy then coming stronger. An unseen kill was made in weeds. Vanness won.

LIVING YET—VAN'S GENERAL.

Living Yet better in run-up, but thrown out by the hare. Van scored, but the other led with one point to the good, and increased this by a clean go-by. No kill. Van's General nearly quit. Living Yet won.

ALL-AGE STAKES—Second Round.

The first rounds in both the All-Age and Puppy stakes were now finished. In the second round the first pair found no hare for a long time. Going in to lunch, the crowd became boisterous. Some foul disobeyed the reiterated injunction which forbids smoking on the grounds and threw the stub of a cigar in the grass. It flared up, and had it not

been promptly stamped out the fire would have run wild in an instant, ruining the ranch for the season and putting an end to the American Coursing Club. The miscreant was not found. Some day the club will learn to make rules and enforce them, but this may be at the cost of a shocking lesson.

After luncheon Dr. Q. Van Hummel proceeded with his greyhound auction, as advertised, he offering to sell Babazon. Verdure Clad and four of their puppies. Mr. Canavan, auctioneer, was unable to get a bid on any of them, so none of them were sold.

QUEEN—LADY ALICE.

A short course. Alice ran up, was better and closer. Queen killed. Lady Alice won.

MASTER PETER—QUE BELLE.

Slouchy Peter, the most unattractive of Mr. Lowe's attractive string, suddenly woke up at sighting the hare, and threw large gobbs of cold alkali dust into the countenance of Dr. Gower's Denver bitch. Peter was very fast, and had a long score to the good when the hare as usual straightened for the hills. Que Belle, which certainly was not in condition, but apparently sick, then unexpectedly found strength, but could not cut down the lead. Kill unseen. Master Peter won.

PRINCE CHARLIE—VAN RICHARD.

Van Richard announced withdrawn. Prince Charlie ran a bye with Babazon, and had no difficulty in making a blooming spectacle of the latter. Prince is Lord Neversettles—White Lips, and shows the clan of the latter.

LADY OF FASHION—CHICOPEE LASS.

Mr. Lowe's most beautiful, though not perhaps his best bitch, now went down with the California bitch, Chicopee Lass. The latter showed a very fine drawn, graceful, eager little bitch. The Lass was much the faster up, and turned beautifully close, an ideal coursing greyhound if she can do this often. She passed Lady of Fashion at will on straight go-by, placing her for about all she got, and staying phenomenally. She was fresh and keen still when the hare, a big white-tail, went to earth, Lady being well worn out. The score was the almost incredible one of 53 to 7. Chicopee Lass won.

We are not familiar enough with the California dogs. I should have stated, to be correct, that Chicopee Lass is a litter sister to Sam Nash, which ran up to Al Farrow, winner at Merced meet last fall.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP—LORD MCPHERSON.

A bruising course, the longest yet run, and a close one, though the hare was too fast for much scoring. Will o'-the Wisp ran up and scored ahead of Lord McPherson, seeing fast. McPherson took it up, and with only 4 points against 6 went ahead toward the close, but could not cut the lead. No kill. Will-o'-the-Wisp won.

COMEDY—PEARL OF PEKIN.

Mr. Lowe's Comedy is by Lord Neversettles—Partera, and is thought good. She had a nail off to-day. Pearl of Pekin is St. Patrick—Daioy Dublin. She looks a beauty, fine drawn and trim. Honors were even up to the hare, but Pearl had the speed of it when they straightened. Comedy really had the first turn, but the hare favored Pearl, who placed it to Comedy. Comedy tripped and killed handsomely, but too soon. The score was 8 to 6. Pearl of Pekin won.

VERDURE CLAD—DOLLY.

Verdure led up and earned her 6 points ahead. Dolly turned once, got a straight go-by and killed, too soon. Score, 12 to 5. Verdure Clad won.

KATHLEEN—LADY BARTON.

Kathleen is another of the California dogs. Lady Barton is one of Mr. Luse's last year winners. Kathleen ran up and turned, Lady turned, Kathleen turned twice, assisted, doubled close and killed neatly. Kathleen won.

MAJOR GLENDYNE—LIBERTY.

Major Glendyne drawn, his foot being disabled in his first course. Liberty ran a bye with Belle, one of Dr. Shaw's twin bitches. They got a tremendous hare on pumping course, no kill.

LITTLE CLIMBER—PRINCE RUPERT.

Climber, nominated by Mr. Page, is really Mr. Lowe's property. She is by Lord Neversettles out of Partera. Prince Rupert is by Lord Neversettles out of White Lips, and is also owned by Mr. Lowe. Prince Rupert led up, and left Climber in possession but briefly when placed. He took the hare by himself over a most punishing course, perhaps two miles, allowing Climber nothing. The score was 18 to 8. Prince Rupert's performance was admirable. Prince Rupert won.

GIRL'S FAVORITE—MASTER NEVERSETTLE.

Girl's Favorite is the Emporia nomination, and is by Trales, an American C. C. first, out of Bessie Lee, Mr. Luse's winning bitch of three years back. Master Neversettles is by Lord Neversettles out of Partera. Little choice in the twisting run up, but Girl's Favorite far the better when both extended, placing Master. A merry course then to the close, Girl picking up the hare in her stride, then falling with it. Girl's Favorite won.

EXAMINER (A BYE).

This was run off with Dr. Shaw's Dolly, the other twin, a good hot course.

It was now nearly sundown, and the running closed. The second round of the All-Age was now completed.

Friday, Fourth Day, Oct. 23.

The start was at 9:35. Weather pleasant till afternoon, when the heat was oppressive. A rattling morning's work was run off, 9 courses before lunch, 11 and a bye after lunch, or 21 in all, the hares being more abundant.

To-day the crowd was orderly and pleasant, only one incident marring the enjoyment. Van Hummel's handler, a specimen of the exceedingly fresh dorky, who has made himself a disgusting nuisance throughout the week by his forwardness, fell foul of Arthur Massey, the slipper. As Arthur was trying to slip the dogs in the bye race which closed the day, this fellow ran his horse ahead after the hare, yelling as usual. Arthur called out to him, "Here, nigger, come back there, nigger!" This offended the "gemman of honah," and he later had words with Arthur. The latter made up to smash his head, when the negro, before he was approached within 20ft., reached in his hip pocket and pulled out a knife. Judge Grace stood ready to catch his hand, but others interrupted in time. Arthur Massey was unprepared to administer the correct treatment to the ruffian. I mean he was not heeled. The necessity of the slipper of the American Coursing Club going heeled in order to be safe is one which must be a trifle humiliating to the club. Should the committee allow this ruffianly handler on the grounds to-morrow, it will have established, in a brief and easy way, the fact that the club has no respect for itself whatever. This I do not fancy will be the case.

GREAT BEND DERBY—Second Round.

The work began just nicely at the second round for the puppies.

STARLIGHT—ROYAL CREST.

Crest ran up fast on a fast hare, worked out his six points, then doubled them up to twenty, placing Starlight, which could not hold. On soft ground Starlight showed to front, but wrenched only feebly. Kill not seen. Royal Crest won.

VAN'S RICHARD—EMPORIA LASS.

Richard first up, Lass not sighted well. When scoring began Richard was much the closer. Lass a bit cunning and unable to hold when served the hare. At the hill Lass drew by on speed and turned twice, but could not cut down the lead. Lass killed. Van's Richard won.

VAN'S PETER—BOB HOOD.

Peter ran up, turned twice, placing Bob, which killed, 100yds. Van's Peter won.

TWISTER—BLUE MAID.

Twister had the lead up and scored his six points ahead, then doubled up four more, leading for a half mile. Maid was placed, scored twice, and Twister then led to hills. No kill. Twister won.

GALLANT BOY—VANNES.

Boy first up to the turn, but went wide. Vanness, very quick and handy, held for ten and a half points ahead. Boy drew by clearly, but lost again, and they traded for a time. Vanness the better, Boy ahead at close. Boy killed. The full score was 27 to 19. This was a most punishing course, probably two and a half miles in all. Hare and dogs were both at a standstill. Gallant Boy lay down on the hare he killed. Vanness won.

LIVING YET (a bye).

This, a merry go with Lavinie for running mate, closed the second series of the Derby.

ALL-AGE STAKE.—Third Round.

In the All-Age the running last evening was also nicely stopped at the end of a series, running now beginning in the third.

LADY ALICE—MASTER PETER.

Peter held in the slips, but yet ran clearly first in the lead up of 50yds. Alice was close and picked up place at the second turn. Peter drew by, and was much the faster, cleverly handling his hare for a half mile. Alice was placed and scored, but lost on a go-by. On the line to the hills trading was easy, both staying. No kill. Score 10 to 4. Master Peter won.

PRINCE CHARLIE—CHICOPEE LASS.

Chicopee's short tail attempted to curl with eagerness. She was badly punished in the work of yesterday, and Edwards, her handler, said she had only one leg to run on. With this one leg she was swift as a hawk. The slip was a bit short, though the grass was high. Chicopee ran up, turned, and with mouth wide open for 15ft. of her stride, glided up and killed within 75 or 100yds. Rather slender work, and many judges would have said no course, though Mr. Grace's theory is that work after the slips are off must count. Chicopee certainly showed speed and cleverness. Chicopee Lass won.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP—PEARL OF PEKIN.

This course brought out the most admirable individual performance of the day. There was really not much difference in the lead to the swerving hare. Will perhaps first up, but he went very wide on the turn, though scoring later. Pearl then handled the hare beautifully, and cut down the lead, going by Will. She had four points the lead when she picked up the hare and apparently killed. The hare, however, again started. Pearl then ran past, scored as she liked alone to nine points additional and killed. Her performance was remarkable. Pearl of Pekin won.

VERDURE CLAD—KATHLEEN.

Kathleen was one of the good array of California dogs still in it. Kathleen ran up and turned twice ahead of Verdure. The latter, placed, worked cleverly and evened things in the first quarter mile. Kathleen took a go-by out of Verdure, and handled the hare, a terrible customer, along the edge of the hill, and scoring after the first three-quarter mile, which has been the exception on these hill demons. No kill was seen, though later a man said he found the hare dead, and Kathleen nearly dead. Kathleen won.

LIBERTY—GIRL'S FAVORITE.

One by one Mr. Lowe's dogs had been going out, and now he lost another. Liberty was first up, and earned five points ahead, placing Girl, which rolled up an equal score. The hare struck the hard road, and here Girl wrenched it from side to side, Liberty falling out of it. No kill. There was not much to spare between them before they struck the road. Girl's Favorite won.

PRINCE RUPERT—EXAMINER.

In the opinion of "Greyhound" (Mr. J. R. Dickson), of the *California Spirit of the Times*, Examiner was not thought in perfect condition when he left San Francisco, but had run well so far through the meet, and now dismissed another of Mr. Lowe's candidates. Examiner ran up and turned to five points ahead. Rupert was close and clever, but in a quarter of a mile of it Examiner drew by twice. Rupert helped honestly to the close, and killed on the hard ground over which the hares usually escape. Examiner was leading chiefly. Score 13 to 9. Examiner won.

During this course Mr. P. Canavan, riding after Examiner, was thrown by his horse stumbling. He landed on his expansive stomach, which saved his life, though it cost him his wind for some time. He woke up calling "Examiner wins" and sure enough he was right about it.

GREAT BEND DERBY.—Third Round.

The winning puppies had to repeat their races to-day in spite of the heat.

ROYAL CREST—VAN RICHARD.

Mr. Watson's Greentick puppy had become a favorite. He was not, however, in hard enough condition to repeat to-day and did not make so good a showing. Crest ran up and turned, and honors were easy for the next three corners. Richard drew by, rolling up a formidable showing for a quarter of a mile. At the foot of the hills Crest drew by, not scoring. No kill. Van Richard won.

VAN'S PETER—TWISTER.

No merit in the lead up, both dogs at fault for a moment. Twister scored five points ahead, losing to Peter, which worked very keen and close on the twisting hare and killed to merit. Mr. Lowe's last puppy was now out. Van's Peter won.

VANNES—LIVING YET.

Living Yet a three-points run up, and three turns, then eleven points total ahead. He appeared the superior in the later turning, well assisted. This was a punishing course of over a mile, and the hare left the dogs, which got at fault and ran about for a time unsighted. Living Yet won.

ALL-AGED STAKES.—Fourth Round.

In the next course Mr. Lowe saw his last dog, Master Peter, go out of the running. Mr. Lowe has been unfortunate, several times coming near winning, but not winning. He brought the handsomest specimens of greyhound seen here this year, and has always brought good ones, fine ones, albeit perhaps carrying a trifle too much flesh. His bitch White Lips, carried back to Greentick blood (say Royal Crest), would get him some puppies which would win. Of course, Mr. Lowe would not hear to this, but he might well do so. Of stud greyhound material in this country we have next to nothing that is first-class, though of bitches there is a plenty of grand ones. Mr. Lowe's White Lips puppies showed well here. Many think White Lips the best greyhound that ever stood on these grounds, considering type, blood and performance. Would not a shade of closer-turn-

ing quality bring such puppies out winners? Mr. Lowe comes nearer to his ambition every year, and that, I believe, is to breed a dog which can go back to England and win in one of their large stakes. He has had his eye on a dog in England this year whose blood suits him, but whose get is not yet determined.

MASTER PETER—CHICOPEE LASS.

Chicopee led up and turned twice ahead. Peter, placed, evened the score. Chicopee raced by, and then showed superior, staying beyond belief, and moreover scoring, to her own kill. She has been called a "park dog," a "whippet" and the like, but her performance here showed her far more than that, for quarter dogs have no business with such hares as these after a mile of work. Chicopee Lass won.

PEARL OF PEKIN—KATHLEEN.

A grand course between grand performers. Pearl led up and turned twice. Kathleen promptly cut this down, but could not stay the pace. The dogs passed a wire fence, which stopped the horsemen, but Pearl could be seen clearly in the lead and scoring in fine style. Both bitches are white, but Kathleen has black ears. By this it could be seen that Kathleen killed, her head showing dark as she turned to the hare. Pearl of Pekin won.

GIRL'S FAVORITE—EXAMINER.

Examiner led up and earned his six points ahead, and led quite speedily for half a mile, putting the hare to earth, and leaving Girl practically pointless. Examiner won.

GREAT BEND DERBY.—Fourth Round.

By the rules, Living Yet having had one natural bye, was not entitled to another, and so went in against the top dog left above her on the card. The pair was therefore

VAN RICHARD—LIVING YET.

Living Yet ran up and turned, showing a great burst of speed, though where he got it after his late hot and long course no one could tell. Richard, when placed, could not hold before him, and the hare went to earth with the score of 5 to 3. Living Yet won.

Mr. Luse named this puppy "Living Yet" in no view of a juncture like this. The puppy was sickly and was long expected to die, but bung on to life. Every morning Mrs. Luse would ask, "Is that puppy dead yet?" and Mr. Luse would answer, "No, he is living yet." This grew from a byword to a name, which latter Mr. Luse thought to-night was not a bad one.

Van's Peter a bye. This closed the day.

Saturday, Fifth Day, Oct. 24.

The start was at 10 A. M. Weather still glorious. Not a large crowd was present, but it was cheerful and orderly. The colored member of the executive committee, self-appointed—the same "gemman" that wanted to use his cutlery on the slipper—was conspicuous by his absence, and a vast quiet reigned over the Cheyenne plains.



THE NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB DERBY CUP.

ALL-AGE STAKES.—Fifth Round.

CHICOPEE LASS—EXAMINER.

The gritty bitch that wore the red collar showed as game as any that ever gazed through any collar. Her feet were torn raw. The training of California does not fit a dog for this cast iron soil. In spite of all this Chicopee Lass ran up for two points, turned for a third, and then led the white a merry bout over the level to hill, placing him once for a turn and a wrench. The hare straightened with Examiner in the lead, but on the hillside the Lass drew straight by and led over the crest of the bluff. No kill. Score 8 to 1½. Chicopee Lass won.

PEARL OF PEKIN (a bye).

Pearl of Pekin was thought a certainty for first, being much less punished by earlier work. In the bye with Monk Bishop she did not perform, and as the judge remarked, the latter would have won had it been a course, as Pearl was a bit shy, and apparently not warmed up to it. This was a trifle startling, as her earlier work had been grand.

ALL-AGE STAKES.—Sixth Round and Final.

CHICOPEE LASS—PEARL OF PEKIN.

It was a question of feel for the Lass. It seemed cruelty to let her run, but cocaine and her native sand kept her going on them. The bitches made a pretty picture, both being bright and eager in slips, and fine-drawn elegant hounds. Unfortunately now occurred a mishap to mar the perfection of what might have been a perfectly pleasant course. The hare was started in rather high grass, and the crowd happened to be gathered close about, having just come through a gate. At the slip the hare was right among the horses, and amid great confusion numbers of horsemen rode after the dogs as they doubled through the crush. Chicopee Lass went up as swift as a falcon and took away the run-up and the turn. Pearl got in four points, serving the hare to Lass, which then added two turns more to her score. At this point J. J. Edmunds, nominator of Chicopee Lass, was riding through the crowd following the course, and the hare doubling sharply, Pearl ran into Edmunds's horse, striking sharply and yelping with pain. The judge did not see this accident, the crowd being in the way at that moment. Pearl continued gamely, but Lass drew by her like an arrow and killed. Score 10 to 4.

Chicopee Lass won the All-Age.

At once upon the rendering of the decision, Mr. Bartels, owner of Pearl of Pekin, announced a protest, on the ground that his greyhound had been ridden over by his opponent (Rule 26). This was referred to the executive committee for action during the business meeting in the afternoon.

Much discussion arose over this last course, Mr. Bartels standing on a literal construction of the rules and making claim for the first place and the money. Others disinterested could only see that this rule was meant to cover merely the case of brutality in intentionally riding down an opponent's dog, which latter was not attributable to Edmunds in the least. This being the case, it became merely an accident of the field. The weight of opinion ran decidedly in this direction.

As to the relative merit of the two greyhounds, as they ran to-day and as they ran in this course, there was not the slightest question possible. Had the hare ever gotten out to live longer, Chicopee Lass would have beaten Pearl of Pekin in a style simply hollow. Mr. Bartels may think this accident a misfortune, for now he can still believe that Pearl of Pekin was as good to-day as she was yesterday, and this may be some comfort for him, though no disinterested coursing man who followed these runnings could think it for a moment.

Meantime there had been run the

GREAT BEND DERBY.—Fifth Round and Final.

LIVING YET—VAN'S PETER.

Another surprise was in store here. Living Yet was thought sure to win the Derby, but he could not do what he did yesterday evening. Peter ran up, and gave Living Yet what little he had. The latter drew by, possibly on the inside, as the hare straightened, but both dogs struck a wire fence cruelly hard, and the hare went to earth just beyond.

Van's Peter won the Derby. At the closing of the day's work Mr. D. N. Heizer, the president of the club, made a neat address, felicitating the members upon the success of the meeting, and particularly upon having secured so perfect a judge as Mr. Grace. In this latter Mr. Heizer was not only complimentary, but correct. With all due deference where that belongs, Mr. Grace is the best judge ever seen here, and doubtless the best in America, as he is universally held on the Coast. Much of the pleasure of success of the meet has been due to him, and there is not one of us fit to criticize a single decision that he made. I venture to say that nothing has helped this club more than to see coursing done as it should be done. Very appropriate is the remark that that rough diamond Uncle Bobby Smart made, "The judge has given me his picture, and by—I'm going to frame it, so I can sleep in the same room w' an honest judge." Cheers were given for Mr. Grace, for Arthur Massey, "the best slipper in America," for Mr. Heizer, and lastly for Chicopee Lass. That nery brute deserved it as much as any man.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the club was called at 4 P. M. at the Morrison House, President D. N. Heizer in the chair. The secretary's report was read and approved, and the disbursements of the treasurer also approved. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. John Grace, of San Francisco, for the able manner in which he had discharged his duties as judge of the meet. A vote of thanks was extended to the press. Routine committee reports followed.

Mr. Bartels formally protested the decision in the final course of the All-Age, Chicopee Lass—Pearl of Pekin, claiming first for Pearl of Pekin, on the ground that she had been run over by the handler of Chicopee Lass. Referred to the executive committee, who asked time to collect evidence as to the facts. Later on, after hearing much unpleasant and unfortunate "kicking," the committee decided that the protest could not be allowed. Mr. Bartels offered to compromise and Mr. Edmunds refused. The latter made affidavit on request to the effect that the collision was pure accident. This closed the matter and Chicopee Lass goes home to-night a winner of first, where on her showing she honestly belongs.

Election of officers followed with the following results: President, Dr. N. Rowe, Vice-President, Dr. S. J. Shaw, of Great Bend; Secretary, Mr. Ira D. Brougher, of Great Bend; Treasurer, Mr. J. V. Brinkman, of Great Bend. Executive Committee, Mr. D. C. Luse, of Great Bend; Mr. H. C. Lowe, of Lawrence, Kas., and Mr. C. G. Page, of Aurora, Ill. Grounds Committee, Messrs. Dick Taylor, A. C. Schermerhorn and D. C. Luse, all of Great Bend.

Votes of thanks were extended to Dr. N. Rowe for his annual \$100 cup purse; to the National Greyhound Club, of New York, for the handsome trophies offered to the American Club; to Mr. D. C. Luse for his fine trophy cup.

Much discussion has been on of late relative to a possible international coursing meeting, to be held on these grounds in 1893, a 64 dog stake, 32 English and 32 American nominations, £10 entry, £500 guaranteed, £700 to first, £500 to runner-up, £100 each to next two, and £10 each to the next four. Mr. J. Herbert Watson, of New York, was earnest in agitating this, and moved for a committee to work to that end. It was finally decided to leave the appointment of this committee to the incoming president. In 1893 sporting events will be larger than any we have ever seen in America at turf, trigger or leash. In 1893 this great meeting can be held and held successfully. One member of the club, Mr. R. R. Pri-e, of Topeka, guarantees \$500 toward it and thinks the Santa Fe road will add \$500. The purse can be raised. Is it too much to say that this must be and will be?

In the evening the California party started West. Mr. Grace takes with him for entry in California events one of Mr. H. C. Lowe's beautiful young greyhounds, Prince Rupert. "He comes out of the best kennel in America," said Mr. Grace, "and there is not as fine a one on the Coast." Dr. G. I. Royce and Dr. S. J. Shaw are planning and may go on to Merced meet. It is proposed to trade years with California, Merced meet being brought bodily to Great Bend next year, and vice versa. Of this more later, and let us hear from our good friends of the Coast. This is how California came to what it calls the East and what we call the West, and showed us how to course. Colorado and Kansas, we may be sure, will not grudge her the honors after the smoke of battle, or rather the alkali dust of these same Cheyenne Flats shall have cleared away.

The following is the

SUMMARY.

ALL-AGE STAKES.

First Round.

Ira D. Brougher's (Great Bend) f b Queen (Arkansas) b	beat	S. J. Shaw's (Great Bend) f b & bdl b Belle (Trales Hummingbird).
Traveler—Mary Anderson		
Price & Royce's (Topeka, Kas.) b & w b Lady Alice (Joe Burnside—Humming Bird)	beat	Alfred Haigh's (Cable, Ill.) b & w b Black Bess (Spiddell—Alice).
H. C. Lowe's (Lawrence, Kas.) bdl d Master Peter (Lord Neversett—Partera)	beat	D. H. Halladay's (Great Bend) bdl d Troupe (Trump—Miss Blue).
H. C. Lowe's w & b d Prince Charlie (Lord Neversett—White Lips)	beat	J. H. Gower's (N.S. Denver Col.) b & w d Fleetfoot (Gladstone—Ticler).
H. C. Lowe's w & f b Lady of Fashion (Lord Neversett—Partera)	beat	J. H. Gower's w & bld d Baronet (St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin).
H. C. Lowe's bdl & w d Will-o'-the-Wisp (Lord Neversett—Partera)	beat	Price & Royce's w & b b Lady Hiff Glendyne (Trales—Lady Graham Glendyne).
J. H. Glover's f b Qne Belle (Blondie—Browne)	beat	John Russell's (Cable, Ill.) b & w b Bar Maid (Charles Boyle—Alice).
Dr. Van Hummel's (Kans. City) bdl d Van's Richard (Babazon—Verdure Clad)	beat	D. C. Luse's (Great Bend) f & w d Lanardo (Trales—Dick's Darling).
H. C. Lowe's w & f b Comedy (Lord Neversett—Partera)	beat	T. F. Foucaumon's (Emporia, Kans.) w & b b Brilliant (Briton Still—Elfrida).
J. J. Edmunds's (San Fran.) w & b b Chicopee Lass (Chicopee—Lily of Killarney)	beat	T. W. Bartell's (Denver, Colo.) w & bdl dog Monk Bishop.
D. C. Luse's w & bdl d Lord McPherson (Trales—Dick's Darling)	beat	S. J. Shaw's w & bdl b Lady R. (Lord McPherson—Jessamine).
T. W. Bartell's w b Pearl of Pekin (St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin)	beat	Dr. Van Hummel's r d Babazon (Briton Still—Fascinator).

Dr. Van Hummell's bdl b Verdure Clad (Greentick- Couillon)	beat	H. C. Lowe's bdl b Lanca- shire Lass (Lord Neversett- le-Partera)
S. J. Shaw's w & bdl b Dolly (Trales—Humming)	beat	D. C. Luse's b b Lady in Black (Trales—Dick's Dar- ling)
J. J. Edmonds's w & b b Kathleen (Killarney—Calve- reen)	beat	A. Haigh's w & b d Master Glendyne (Trales—Little Lady Glendyne)
D. C. Luse's f b Lady Barton (Trales—Dick's Dar- ling)	beat	T. W. Bartlett's w & b b Irish Lass
Price & Royce's w & bdl d Major Glendyne (Trales— Little Lady Glendyne)	beat	N. Q. Pope's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) w & bdl d Highland War- rior (Balkis—Cassandra)
H. C. Lowe's bdl b Lib- erty (Lord Neversett-Par- tera)	beat	D. G. Page's (Aurora, Ill.) w & bdl b Puzzle (Lord Nev- ersettle—Partera)
D. G. Page's (N. S.) w & bdl b Little Climber (Lord Neversett-Partera)	beat	D. C. Luse's bdl b Little Thought Of (Trales—Dick's Darling)
H. C. Lowe's w & b d Prince Rupert (Lord Neversett- White Lips)	beat	J. J. Edmonds's b d Wal- nut
T. F. Foncannon's b b b Girl's Favorite (Trales—Bes- sie)	beat	R. Smart's (Ellinwood, Kee.) b b Lady Grace (Trales —Miss Smart)
H. C. Lowe's bdl & w d Master Neversett (Lord Neversett-Partera)	beat	N. Q. Pope's bdl & w d Old Stone (Oresto—Bouncing Bessie)
Chas. Wieland's w d Ex- aminer (Snowdrift—Lady Emma)	beat	Dr. J. H. Gower's w & f d P. D. Q. (St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin)

Second Round.—Lady Alice beat Queen, Master Peter beat Que-
bec, Van's Richard beat Prince, Charlie, Chicopee Lass beat
Lady of Fashion, Will-o-the-Wisp beat Lord McPherson, Pearl of
Pekin beat Comedy, Verdure Clad beat Dolly, Kathleen beat Lady
Barton, Liberty (a bye) [Major Glendyne withdrawn], Prince
Rupert beat Little Climber, Girl's Favorite beat Master Never-
sett-Partera, Examiner (a bye).

Third Round.—Master Peter beat Lady Alice, Chicopee Lass
beat Prince Charlie, Pearl of Pekin beat Will-o-the-Wisp, Kath-
leen beat Verdure Clad, Girl's Favorite beat Liberty, Examiner
beat Prince Rupert.

Fourth Round.—Chicopee Lass beat Master Peter, Pearl of Pekin
beat Kathleen, Examiner beat Girl's Favorite.

Fifth Round.—Chicopee Lass beat Examiner, Pearl of Pekin (a
bye).

Sixth and Final Round.—Chicopee Lass beat Pearl of Pekin and
won the championship.

The conditions of the All-Age Stake are as follows: Open
to the world. For thirty-two or more all-age greyhounds.
Entrance fee \$10; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of en-
trance money and cup (\$100 cash) donated by Dr. N. Rowe;
also a solid silver cup, donated by D. C. Luse, owner of
American Coursing Kennels; cup to be won twice by the
same kennel; to be withheld if stake divided; also a silver
medal, donated by the National Greyhound Club, of New
York city; the runner up 50 per cent. of the remaining en-
trance money; third and fourth, 25 per cent. each of the
money remaining after second division.

The names, positions and winnings of the winning dogs
are as follows: First, Chicopee Lass, \$330 in cash, the cham-
pionship of America, the Luse silver cup and the National
Greyhound Club medal. Second, Pearl of Pekin, \$165 cash.
Third, Examiner, \$28.75 cash. Fourth, fifth and sixth,
in order, Girl's Favorite, Kathleen and Master Peter, \$9.50 cash
each, of which winnings 12½ per cent. is retained by the club.

Chicopee Lass, first, is a 45lbs. white and black bitch
(Chicopee—Lily of Killarney), 4 yrs. of age, still perfectly
true and of great dash. Her quality lies much in her per-
formance, though she is muscled right and has room to
breathe.

Pearl of Pekin (St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin), runner-up is
only 20 mos. old, about 50 lbs., white, and much of a grey-
hound.

THE GREAT BEND DERBY.

First Round.

D. C. Luse's f b Starlight (Norwegian—Buenavento)	beat	Chas. S. Wieland's w & b b Morning Call (Dan B.—Lady Emma)
J. H. Watson's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) b d Royal Crest (Greentick—Royal Rate)	beat	D. C. Luse's b d Laplander (Trales—Dick's Darling)
Dr. Van Hummell's bdl d Van's Richard (Babazoun— Verdure Clad)	beat	Chas. S. Wieland's b & w d Chronicle (Dan B. Lady Emma)
Dr. Van Hummell's r d Van's Peter (Babazoun— Carmire)	beat	D. C. Luse's f b Lavinie (Trales—Dick's Darling)
T. F. Foncannon's r b Em- poria Lass (Lord McPherson —Tennie)	beat	J. Russell's bdl and w d Britton Yet (Prince Trales Glendyne—Busy Bee)
J. V. Brinkman's w & bdl d Bob Hood (Lord McPherson —Jessamine)	beat	J. Russell's b & w d B'ack Prince (Prince Trales Glen- dyne—Busy Bee)
H. C. Lowe's w & b d Twis- ter (Lord Neversett—White Lips)	beat	Richard Taylor's b & w b Helle Barton (Trales—Thor- na)
Robert Smart's bl b Blue Maid (Tom Sayers—Daisy)	beat	T. F. Foncannon's bdl d Salvator (Lord McPherson— Tennie)
H. C. Lowe's w & b d Gallant Boy (Lord Neverset- tle—White Lips)	beat	Dr. Van Hummell's bdl b Vance (Babazoun—Verdure Clad)
Dr. Van Hummell's r d Vance (Babazoun—Ver- dure Clad)	beat	S. J. Shaw's b d Orphan Boy
D. C. Luse's w & f d Liv- ing Yet (Trales—Dick's Dar- ling)	beat	Dr. Van Hummell's r & w d Van's General (Babazoun —Verdure Clad)

Second Round.—Royal Crest beat Starlight, Van's Richard beat
Emporia Lass, Van's Peter beat Bob Hood, Twister beat Blue
Maid, Vance beat Gallant Boy, Living Yet, a bye.

Third Round.—Van's Richard beat Royal Crest, Van's Peter beat
Twister, Living Yet beat Vance.

Fourth Round.—Living Yet beat Van's Richard, Van's Peter a
bye.

Fifth and Final Round.—Van's Peter beat Living Yet and won
the Derby first.

The conditions of the Great Bend Derby are as follows:
For 16 or more greyhounds, 18 months old or younger. En-
trance fee \$5; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of entrance
money, \$30 cash, donated by the Morrison House, Great
Bend, and silver cup by the National Greyhound Club,
of New York city. The runner-up 50 per cent. of the remain-
ing money, and one-fourth of \$50 donated by citizens of Great
Bend; third and fourth, 25 per cent. each of money remain-
ing after second division. Affidavit of age must be made by
owner.

The names, positions and winnings of the winning dogs
are as follows: First, Van's Peter, \$107.50 cash and the Na-
tional Greyhound Club Derby Cup. Second, Living Yet,
\$53.75 cash. Third, Van's Richard, \$13.40 cash. Fourth,
fifth and sixth in order, Vance, Twister and Royal Crest,
\$13.40 cash each, of which winnings 12½ per cent. is retained
by the club.

Van's Peter, winner of the Derby first, is a compact grey-
hound, perhaps 47 lbs. weight, red fawn, a consistent per-
former. He is by Babazoun—Carmine. His dam must be
good.

Living Yet, runner up, is a white dog, about 45 lbs., im-
pressing one as rather lathy-looking, but is a flashy, snappy
performer. He is of Mr. Luse's favorite old strain, Trales-
Dick's Darling.

A few pedigrees of dogs entered have not been given.
Some are unknown, and a few not handed in are not obtain-
able at this notice.

E. HODGKIN

PHILADELPHIA WITHDRAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a delegate to the American Kennel Club I feel obliged
to make some reply to the untruthful and impertinent
sneal that the disgruntled president of the Philadelphia
Kennel Club makes in the last issues of the sporting papers.
In the first place he suggests pulling down a structure
which he claims is run in the interests of a few men living
in New York city and that has injured the cause of dog
breeding. Certainly no organization could be founded on
broader or more liberal principles than is the A. K. C. It
remains with the kennel clubs spread throughout the land
to correct any mismanagement, and the Philadelphia Club,
if they see anything wrong, as they claim, should retain
their representation and endeavor to correct it.

Compare the status of dog breeding now and before the
organization of the A. K. C. and will any one posted breeder
say we have gone backward?

Will the president of the Philadelphia K. C. explain in
what way the New York city men have gained any more
through the A. K. C. than have those living outside? Un-
fortunately many of us residing within easy traveling dis-
tance to New York are serving as delegates for distant clubs
through their urgent requests, but so far as I am concerned
I accepted the position with reluctance, and only on condi-
tion that the club I represent would advise my action on
important questions. I was not advised how to vote in the
matter of the Philadelphia club's field trials, and no clique
or other delegate in any way influenced my vote. To me the
question was too ridiculous to be worthy of serious consid-
eration. The Philadelphia club might with equal reason have
asked recognition for wins at a family bench show arranged
for the dogs owned by members of their club.

It seems to me in this instance that the "clique shoe" is
on the other foot, and that the Philadelphia club were try-
ing to take advantage of the representative body of all other
clubs to gain a point which I very much question if they
would have been willing to extend to the other clubs had
similar requests followed.

I would gladly resign my appointment as delegate to see
an active member of the club I represent take my place, but
I am told such is not practicable. If the Philadelphia club
sees a remedy for the present method of representation, by
all means return to the fold and present it. As to the "cut
and dried" proceedings of the A. K. C. and the inability of
their delegate to get a hearing, that is absolutely untrue.
I have seen none of it, and having attended all of the meet-
ings for more than a year, I have always had my say when I
wished it, and if the representative of the Philadelphia
club has not found a hearing he must have sadly lacked
gumption.

The Philadelphia Club may have been one of the parents
of the A. K. C., but their action in this matter, together
with the letters of their president, savors strongly of their
having reached their second childhood. "The Peshall busi-
ness has been simply disgusting." So say we all of us, but
why, oh why, didn't their delegate suggest some practical
and dignified plan of terminating this very "humiliating"
affair, instead of joining issues with this other disgruntled
boy in the conception of a clique bugaboo, the membership
of which they assert are furthering their own ambitions
and passions." The field trial ambitions of the Philadelphia
Club fortunately were a mouthful a bit too large for the
majority of the delegates to the A. K. C. to chew, and for-
tunately again, with all due respect to the Philadelphia
Club's delegate, he could not be heard sufficiently to poke
his down our throats in spite of our better senses. The
officers of the A. K. C. are active in its interests. Had they
not been they would not have received their present dis-
tinction.

In every organization that I have been a member of I have
found that the real work, usually unpleasant and thankless,
has fallen upon a few, but I am sure that those now bearing
the brunt of the dissatisfied minority, who lose no oppor-
tunity to publicly vent their abuse, will gladly step down
and out whenever the satisfied majority are desirous to have
them do so.

I am sorry the A. K. C. has lost the co-operation of the
Philadelphia Club, but if their feelings are truly represented
in the letter of their president, they have outgrown their
usefulness, and we can better spare them than not. In spite
of all dissatisfaction the kennel club grows. Never was it
stronger in membership and finances than it is to-day. It
cannot be easily destroyed. Its improvement is but a
question of unselfish co-operation which is extended to all.
H. T. FOOTE.

DISPOSITION OF BLOODHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your "Dog Chat" you refer to the act of the Massachu-
setts Legislature in passing the act of 1886, Chap. 340, in
reference to keeping a bloodhound and also ask my opinion
of the bloodhound, as to his general disposition. That
such a law as this could have been passed seems strange to
me or any one who has ever seen or been familiar with a
pure bred bloodhound.

Certainly the laugh is on the learned Legislature of 1886
then, for there was not an English bloodhound in America
at that time. The first kennel that was ever shown in this
country was in 1838 at the Westminster Kennel Club's
show by Mr. Edwin Brough, of Scarborough, England. But
the makers of the Massachusetts law are the same as ninety-
nine in a hundred that visit my kennels to see the blood-
hounds. Their first remark would be, "Are those blood-
hounds? They don't look as I thought they would. Why,
they cannot be a cross dog." The bloodhounds would be so
pleasing and plead to be petted that before they were aware
the children and ladies were caressing and petting them.
How can it be otherwise, his breeding association and the
care he has received from association with the oldest fam-
ilies is stamped plainly on his deeply-wrinkled solemn face
and deep-set eyes. They speak a majesty and pathos which
at times is startling.

The breeding of certain strains of the old English blood-
hound has been kept as pure and extends as far back as the
time of William the Conqueror, and breeders boast of it as
they do of their own.

The general appearance, disposition and intelligence of
the bloodhound are the strongest proofs of this assertion.
Their appearance at the New York dog show was a revela-
tion to the American public.

He probably got his name by his use in the past in track-
ing wounded game, and his unerring scent. When once
laid on any trail he knows that one trail and no other, no
matter how many times the trail is crossed and recrossed.
In 1888, when Mr. Brough exhibited his kennel at New York
I was fortunate enough to become associated with him and
to retain all but one of his team. Since then they have been
shown at most of the principal shows from New York to
San Francisco, and at all of these shows there has not been
a hound shown or imported, with one single exception, that
did not come from or trace back to us. In quality and
number of dogs I can say I have stood second only to Mr.
Brough in England, usually having thirty or more on hand.
During the summer months it keeps one man occupied most
of the time to show the dogs to visitors. They will all bear
me out in my assertions that they never saw a cross blood-
hound at my kennels, and that they and their children
handled them with the greatest freedom. Further, I will
say of all I have bred I never had one but that any child or
lady could pet and handle at all times, even when eating, or
that it was not perfectly safe for them to go into the kennel
where they had puppies, if I was with them. That I cou-

sider the greatest test of any dog's disposition that can be
made. I should make one exception to the above, I did
have a very fine blooded stud imported whose disposition had
previously been spoiled by confinement and his keeper. I
soon disposed of him to a party in Dakota, where he ran
with a pack of hounds and had the greatest liberty; here he
became one of the best natured dogs.

Another point for the bloodhound. Where have most of
the dogs gone that I have sold? Not surely to people who
want a savage, dangerous dog. They have mostly been
bought by the same class of people who own them in Eng-
land; have been taken into the families of the wealthy as
companions, and by ladies as house pets. Mr. Glazier prob-
ably can get letters from some of these parties which would
have some weight. I would like nothing better than to
have the honorable body visit my kennel with their good
ladies and children, and I would assert that before they had
been there long the ladies and children would be petting and
caressing them the same as other people.

About the time I commenced breeding bloodhounds I was
at the kennels of Mr. E. H. Moore, of Melrose, Mass. He
laughingly gave me his experience in court the year before.
It seems some one was bitten by a dog. The owner was
sued for keeping a bloodhound. Mr. Moore and other ex-
perts testified the dog was not a bloodhound, nor had the
slightest resemblance to one in any way, and more than that
they did not know of one in America.

Another instance will show what they know of blood-
hounds in the South. I sold the very fine specimen Jack
the Ripper to a lady in Jackson, Miss. This is a terrible
name for one of the most gentle and affectionate dogs I ever
bred. She entered him at the New Orleans dog show last
winter as a bloodhound, but on his arrival they denied that
he was a bloodhound, and put him in the miscellaneous
class. Poor Jack! Imagine his feelings in being called a
mongrel and put among them; but his revenge came when
he was brought before the judges, who, not content with
giving him the first prize and pronouncing him the best one
in America, but in addition awarded him the much-coveted
special prize for the best dog or bitch of any breed in the
show. Afterward Jack made the rounds of the shows, and
still remains unbeaten. I am pleased to say he has passed
into the hands of Mr. Geo. W. Glazier, of Salem, Mass., with
several other fine ones. Among them is Belhus, one of the
most famous man trailers of England. I have also imported
for him from Mr. Brough's kennel the fine bitch Benison,
which he secured on the 15th inst. Besides her, he has a
very promising young one, sister to Victor.

One of the most powerful arguments that could be used
for the repeal of the section relating to bloodhounds would
be to have a committee visit Mr. Glazier's kennels with their
wives and children, and if then they do not find them the
most affectionate, gentle and pleasing dog they have ever
seen, I will then agree with them that the law is right as it
stands.

J. L. WINCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, VT.

LORD CLOVER'S PEDIGREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am sorry that the owner of a pug dog named Lord Clover
should be thrown into such a state of excitement by reading
anything in the "Prize Pugs of America and England." My
first impulse was to send him a prescription for a sedative;
but as time often works more wonders than drugs, I hope
he has returned to his normal state of mind.

I have four different pedigrees of this pug. One published
by Messrs. Hudson and Gillivan, the former owners, one in
the A. K. C. Stud Book, one written by the present owner,
and one compiled by me from the best information I could
obtain at the time. I find no two of these pedigrees agree-
ing, and am still inclined to think the one compiled by my-
self is correct, and if I should publish another edition of the
book I would not change or extend it unless I had more
proof than has been furnished me.

The present owner claims that the dog's grand dam on
the maternal side is champion Little Dorset. Will he kindly
furnish me, through your journal, with her English Kennel
Club Stud Book number? Also the E. K. C. S. B. number
of Nelly, if she has one? I have examined the English Stud
Book on several occasions to find these two bitches, but have
so far failed, except Nelly as the dam of Lord Clover; their
numbers would assist me.

M. H. CRYER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26.

COLLIE CLUB SPECIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now is the time to begin to get your dogs in condition for
the early spring shows. The Collie Club announces the
following specials for the Westminster Kennel Club's bench
show:

The Collie Club trophy, a silver cup, value \$500, for the
best American-bred collie, exhibited by a member of the
Collie Club; the silver club medal, value \$20, for the best
stud dog; silver club medal for the best collie dog under
2 yrs. of age bred by a member of the Collie Club; silver club
medal for the best collie bitch under 2 yrs. of age bred by a
member; a bronze medal, same die as the silver medal, for
the best collie in novice class exhibited by a member. Also
a grand collie sweepstakes, open to all, entry fee \$5; \$50 added
to the stake. Blank forms of entry with conditions, etc.,
may be had from the secretary of the club. Entries for the
sweepstakes close Nov. 15.

J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec'y.

No. 82 HILLSIDE AVENUE, Orange, N. J.

BARZOIS—PSOVOI.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up to date I have refrained from emitting any judgment
on the subject of the controversy re the Barzoi. I did not by
any means want to be styled an "authority," and to have my
name indiscriminately used for the support of this or that
"sharp" business purpose. At present I am ready to answer,
as far as I am able, any questions your readers may ask me
through the medium of your esteemed organ.

I protest against the use of the terms "Russian wolfhound"
and "Barzoi," by which the variety introduced in England
and America is generally designated. The first name has no
meaning whatever, and the second is a generic name, used
throughout Russia to designate any breed of coursing hound.
I venture to propose the use of the term "Psovoi," literally,
"thick-coated," used in Russia to designate the breed which
has lately appeared in the show rings of England and
America.

LIEUT. G. TARNOVSKI.

MERV, Transcaspien Province, Sept. 25.

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD FUND.

WE sincerely trust that, for the reputation of American
generosity, our breeders and lovers of St. Bernards
will respond to the call for funds published in our last issue.
This benevolent institution is in danger of ceasing to exist,
and it should be the care of every St. Bernard fancier to con-
tribute whatever he can afford to keep alive such a time-
honored institution. Mr. Croskey has started the ball, let
it roll up a goodly sum.

Editor Forest and Stream: I see by your valuable paper
that the monks of St. Bernard are in need of funds. In-
closed you will please find ten dollars, which please forward
in the name of Lord Bute of the Menthon Kennels. Every
lover of the St. Bernard should open his heart and give
something, if it is only \$1.—KNOWLES CROSKY.

"Lord Bute."

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL CLUB ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is the list of entries to the All-Aged Stake of the first annual trials of the United States Field Trial Club. There are 25 setters and 30 pointers:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PAUL BOO (Richard Merrill's), black, white and tan dog (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).
DAISY HUNTER (J. H. and J. A. Hunter's), orange and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).
THE CORSAIR (E. O. Damon's), black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Haidee).
MINNESOTA (Paul H. Gotzian's), black, white and tan bitch (Mook of Furness—Lady Fayette).
MARK'S MACK (W. L. Taylor's), lemon and white dog (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle).
NANNIE G. (P. E. Gregory & Bro.'s), black, white and tan bitch (Bryce—Dora Gladstone).
NORLE COUNTY (S. A. Elliott's), orange and white dog (Mae D.—Lady Mac).
FERNZI (H. J. Smith's), black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
CIGARETTE (J. L. Case, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch (Royal Rod—Clara).
BLUE DUKE (Geo. W. Earhart's), black, white and tan dog (Blue King V.—Blue Queen V.).
DIX (J. R. Hayes's), orange and white dog (Dom Pedro—Fannie).
LULA HILL (Wm. A. Hinesley's), black, white and tan bitch (Ben Hill—Nora).
DONCASTER II. (St. Mark M. Mundy's), black, white and tan dog (Doncaster—Louise Gladstone).
LOR NOBLE (B. Ridgeway's), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Alphonse).
COUNT RODRIGO (Wm. C. Kennerly's), black, white and tan dog (Rodrigo—Lady Gladstone).
BEX W. (P. J. Wielig's), black, white and tan dog (Don Gladstone—Charlotte C.).
FINGAL (E. H. Osthaus's), dog (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).
SIMONIDES (N. T. Harris's), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Gladys).
LEMONS (J. E. Dager's), liver and white dog (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).
JOE R. (H. T. Smith's), black and white dog (Count Rodrigo—Fry Noble).
DON'S NELLIE (H. J. Gleason's), black and white bitch.
DON OF ALMA (A. J. Gleason's), black and white dog (Dan Foreman—Don's Nellie).
CRICKET GLADSTONE (R. M. Riley's), orange and white bitch (Rush Gladstone—Quail).
COUNTS RUSH (Blue Ridge Kennels'), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont).
BONNIE BOYDHU (Geo. A. McLean, agt.), black, white and tan bitch (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bonduh).

POINTERS.

BOUNCE (G. W. Amory's), liver and white dog (Bob—Sall).
BERTRALDO (Hon. J. E. Guinotte's), liver and white dog (Coruerstone—Bessie Buford).
ROSALINE WILKES (Hon. J. E. Guinotte's), black and white bitch (Ossian—Fannie K.).
BLACK WONDER (J. H. and J. A. Hunter's), black dog (Ike—Bang Bang's Pride).
DON FIS HELL (U. R. Fishel's), black and white dog (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang).
NASO BOW OF THE ELMS (Paul H. Gotzian's), liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow).
REX (Mrs. Geo. A. Castleman's), liver and white dog (Mainspring—Dell).
NUTWOOD (James Board's), liver and white dog (Ossian—N—the E.).
JOE H. K. (J. H. Kerr's), black dog (Joe Pape—Nan).
DONOVAN (J. M. Vaughan's), liver and white dog (Creep—Pearl).
PEARL'S FAN (Louis Stuchmer's), liver and white bitch (Luck of the Goat—Pearlstone).
MCMAUS'S ALONE (Thos. Ward McManus's), black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
MCMAUS'S HERO (Thos. Ward McManus's), black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
MCMAUS'S WISH BONE (Thos. Ward McManus's), black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
MCMAUS'S COUNTESS WANDA (Thos. Ward McManus's), black bitch (Black Joe—Dianorah).
JOE'S ACE (Thos. Ward McManus's), black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
BLACK JOE JR. (Thos. Ward McManus's), black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
PROMOTION (Dr. John R. Daniels's), liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Belle).
FRANKLIN (J. L. Adams's), liver and white bitch (Robin Adair—Blossom).
THELMA (F. E. Willard and E. P. Hilliard's), liver and white bitch (Lord Graphic—Minnie Ha Ha).
JOE (R. B. Morgan's), liver and white dog (Gascon—Cannie).
HOPS II. (Ossian Pointer Kennels'), liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Hops).
MANTON (Munson and Scudder's), black and white dog (Luck of the Goat—Clary).
PAXICO (A. J. Gleason, agent), liver and white dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).
KING ROBIN (Ed. Rowland's), liver and white dog.
PICKWICK (McGuffin and Madison's), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Marguerite).
LA GRIPPE (C. C. Weaver's), liver and white dog (Ralph—Brown's Mudge).
BEN A. (Dr. D. W. Yandel's), black and white dog (Stoddard—Jet II.).
INDEX (R. P. Daggett's), liver and white dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).
MAGGIE (John F. Shipley's), bitch.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

IT seems a pity that the articles by Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, headed "Fancy Free," now appearing in the *Stock-Keeper*, should not have ornamented some journal of wider pretensions. True, some lover of dogs with a soul above the pettiness of the usual round of doggy matters, may draw in a breath of satisfaction with the reading of such charming descriptions, wherein humor is ever present and buoyancy always absent; but still, the bits of quaint moralizing and the sound views of life deserve a wider and more permanent medium. Certainly I cannot remember anything in any of our leading magazines—*Harper's*, *Century*, etc.—as charming as these fresh bits of life.

Are you not somewhat mistaken in your inference that doggy interests are advancing, as demonstrated by the high prices paid for St. Bernards? Any moderately prudent business man dreads a "boom" as a great evil, and his course is to make as much money out of it while it lasts, and to lose a little in the revolution as is possible. A very wise manufacturer once said to me, "I hope—(his manufacture) will never get to \$50." "Why?" I asked. "Why, because when it gets to \$50 I will be so over-sold that when it gets to \$50 I will be bankrupted." Is not the present absurd price of these dogs of the nature of the very worst sort of boom? You may say that business principles do not apply to questions of "fancy." Well, so much the worse, fancy then becomes fashion, and imagine, if you can, hoop

skirts or microscopic bonnets being counted as assets. That there will be a turn in this maniacal boom is as certain as fate. Either purchasers will grow weary of paying preposterous prices, or owners will become tired of such expensive fads. In either event the bottom will drop out of the "boom," and not a few of the boomers will fall through the hole.

It would be totally foreign to the spirit and purpose in which "Notes and Notions" have always been written to take any part in any disputes, acrimonious or personal in their character, and therefore "The Onlooker" does not intend to discuss the invited quarrel as to the withdrawal of the Philadelphia Kennel Club from the American Kennel Club. But doggy interests are paramount to any question that can ever arise as between any doggy organizations, and it is well to point out the courses in which such a dispute should run to do the least mischief, or, perhaps, even the greater good. In addition to specific ground in the rejection of certain proposals affecting field trials, the Philadelphia club arraigns the American Kennel Club on the ground of cliquism, incompetent and discreditable management of public affairs. Now the charge of "cliquism" is one very easily made, and its proof generally difficult, the difficulty lying in the fact that if there is a clique existing, the members of it take excellent care that no definite proof of their collusion is permitted to escape. Therefore the charge can only be sustained by general evidences, inferences and indications in the vast majority of cases, and, therefore, it is incumbent on the American Kennel Club that in any defense they may make to the charge of cliquism, they do not shelter under the mere letter, avoiding the spirit. This very difficulty in proving a charge of collusion or conspiracy is one of the reasons why such a charge is so often accepted, when another charge, capable of definite disproof, is disregarded. The American Kennel Club can well afford to disregard such charges coming from private individuals, either privately or through the press; but they cannot afford to pass them by as insignificant when brought by so weighty a body, practically the entire dog lovers of Philadelphia.

THE ONLOOKER.

DOG CHAT.

OWNERS of field dogs which they desire to run in the Free-for-All Stake in the coming Central Field Trials, must remember that the entries close Nov. 1. The stake is open to all pointers and setters regardless of previous winnings, and those sportsmen who pride themselves in the possession of dogs noted for endurance as well as speed should not let this opportunity pass of winning \$1,000 and lots of glory. Entry fee is \$50, with \$50 additional to fill.

Col. C. H. Odell, secretary of the Central Field Trials Club, informs us that at a special meeting of the club, held Oct. 17, the following gentlemen were elected members: H. B. Hollins, C. O. Iselin and Wm. L. Davis, all of New York city; John K. Garnett, Savannah, Ga.; Dr. S. W. Battle and J. S. Churchill, of Asheville, N. C., and N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn.

Sufficient entries and subscriptions have not been made to enable the Gordon Setter Club to hold the Gordon setter field trials this year. If owners of Gordons generally had shown an interest equal to the Irish setter men, and come forward with their dogs and money, the trials could have been held; but it cannot be expected that a few will again bear the expense and trouble as was the case last year.

As a result of the Hamilton show and a feeling that he must own a good dog, Mr. Andrew Murdoch, the vice-president of the H. K. C., has recently purchased the Irish terrier bitch Rugby Norah from Mrs. N. Carthew, of Hartford, Eng., a well-known exhibitor on the other side. *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) says: "Through her parents, Rugby Mike and Rugby Silko, she combines the blood of champions Pagan II. and Bachelor. Norah is a stylish terrier of a nice size, with a good coat of the orthodox color, quite free from white. Her toe nails are black, small ears perfectly carried, a good front, straight legs and a well-formed body. Norah is game and an admirable companion. She was a winner in the open and second in the novice class at Chelmsford, second puppy and three specials Manchester, second Gloucester, third Darlington." Norah has been bred to Ben IV. and will be brought out to her new home next February.

Mr. Chas. H. Mason's address is now 310 West 116th street, New York.

There seems to be no end to the virtues and accomplishments of the Mexican hairless dog. Besides having the power to hypnotize the panther, as gravely related in these columns some time since, we now hear that he is *facile princeps* as a cure for rheumatism. Let him lie against the affected part, and the heat from his body will draw the pain so quickly that the hottest mustard plaster will burn itself out with envy.

Dog shows are increasing the interest taken in dogs in Canada, and besides the notable ones recently held, shows have taken place at Barrie, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Halifax, N. S.; Victoria, B. C.; St. John, N. B., and other places.

Those who fancy the coming breed of Barzoi or Psoroi, as Lieut. G. Tarnowski calls them, will be interested in this Russian gentleman's letter explaining the true meaning of the misnomer Barzoi. The breed has not become so general in this country but that the name Barzoi can be dropped and Psoroi substituted. Lieut. Tarnowski is an authority on the breed and a Russian, and should therefore be able to put us on the right track in this matter. When we have seen a letter written by this gentleman on the breed we shall most likely have some further interesting communications to make.

Mr. J. C. Crugom, of Milwaukee, Wis., has had the misfortune to lose by death, through pneumonia, his valuable pointer bitch Dolly C. This bitch, with only six weeks' preparation, won second in the All-Aged Stake at Bicknell, Ind., when she was 15 months old. On the bench she won first at Chicago last spring in heavy weight bitches, and we remember speaking favorably of her in our report. Mr. Crugom is not disheartened, for he has two Duke of Hesse pups and a sister of Dolly C. that are very promising, and is enthusiastic over a brace of English setter dogs by Gath's Mark out of Paxie Maid, which are two of the "finest," and of course are not for sale.

The Elmira (N. Y.) Poultry and Pet Stock Association will hold their second annual dog show Jan. 21 to 25, 1892. Mr. C. A. Bowman is the secretary. After the next meeting full particulars will be given out, but it is expected that the prize list will be on a basis of \$7 and \$3, and a large number of cash specials will also be given.

Sheepdog trials seem to have become quite popular on the other side, several having been held during the past month. The one at Rhayader, Wales, was a most successful gathering, although the time allotted (ten minutes) to pen the sheep was too short, considering the difficult grounds to be traversed. One dog, a cross between a collie and a bobtail, did some very good work in his exhibition after the trials, having lost the prize through having one bad sheep. He was the best trained dog on the ground, working entirely by

whistle, and his creeping and the way he answered every sound of the whistle is said by the *Stock-Keeper* to be extraordinary. The specials were puppies given by Mr. C. H. Wheeler, the noted collie breeder, and a very good plan, too, to disseminate collies of pure breeding among the farmers and shepherds. Some trials were also held at Rhyl, Wales. The entries were very large, 40 being entered in the Tidal Stakes. The sheep used were a wether, a ewe and lamb, a contrary enough trio in all conscience. The time allotted to pen was ten minutes. One performance in the Local Stake was especially noteworthy. Gett, an old-fashioned silver-gray, had a trio that was very wild, one fell, another broke right away, and they all took to water, but still he penned this difficult lot in nine and a half minutes. Taking three sheep like this across a bridge to pen is no easy matter, as those who have been accustomed to the contrary ways of of these "lamb-like" animals will testify. The trials which our Collie Club intend to hold next year will, we trust, result in a new interest in breeding for work. At present, as might be expected, the entries in these trials on the other side are chiefly either cross breeds or dogs of indifferent lineage, very few dogs known to fame on the bench taking part.

Mr. W. C. Reick, who purchased Princess Florence during his short stay in Europe, returned on S. S. Gasconne Monday last. Meeting him on the dock we found him loud in the praise of the Princess. He says she is just as "pretty as a picture," and that unlike the first sight of many animals with a big reputation, his expectations were more than realized when he saw her. The price paid must have been a stiff one, as Mr. Chapman, it is said, had been offered \$5,000 for her. Mr. Reick was not impressed by any of the dogs over there now, with the exception of Salvator Rosa and Young Bute. The former cannot be purchased, and Young Bute is held at too high a figure. How Alta Bella came to beat Princess Florence is an enigma, explained perhaps by the fact of the latter's poor condition at the time, for Alta Bella is described as very faulty in hindlegs. Princess Florence weighed 197 lbs. when Mr. Reick purchased her. She will arrive with young Keeper, a pup, on the Aurania next Sunday or Monday.

The intelligence of the collie has once more been brought to notice through the brave work of a dog of this breed at a fire in Covington, Ky., the other day. The fire broke out at 5 o'clock in the morning, in a one-story house occupied by a widow and her four children. The animal was permitted to sleep in the kitchen, and sometime after the fire had broken out he managed to reach the bedroom adjoining, and jumping on the bed, barked and scratched at the face of his mistress until he aroused her. Both the rooms were now in flames, and another moment's delay would have been fatal to the entire family. The mother managed to reach the front door, and her screams aroused the neighbors and then she fell to the floor, overcome by the dense smoke. In the meantime the faithful dog had dragged the two young children from the bed in which they were lying half dead from the smoke and had pulled them to the door, where they lay when the neighbors arrived and found the dog, half smothered with smoke, barking at the other two children. The dog was badly scorched, but would not leave the house until the family were all safely outside. The house and two others adjoining were destroyed. But the crowds attracted to the scene were more anxious to see the dog than the ruins. And yet some people will say a dog is a nuisance in the house.

Our readers will find that in another column our Hospice Fund has commenced in earnest. It does not happen very often that dog lovers particularly, are called upon to subscribe to any charity so nearly allied to a certain breed as this of the Hospice of the St. Bernard. We are sure that every owner of a St. Bernard, or at least he who makes of his dog a companion, will, in imagination, when patting its head, discern a mute appeal in the eyes of his favorite, and we trust that few will be able to withstand it but send on their dollars to this office, where they will be acknowledged and forwarded to the English *Stock-Keeper*, which started the fund. Winter is close upon us and when the weather is cold and bleak the knowledge that your mite may have contributed to the saving of one poor life in the snowy passes of the Mount St. Bernard will be a comforting reflection indeed.

The following is a copy of the notice sent to the secretary of the New Jersey Kennel Club to appear before the Advisory committee:

[COPY] NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Mr. George L. Wilms, Sec'y N. J. K. C., Jersey City, N. J.—Dear Sir: You are hereby invited to attend the meeting of the Advisory committee, to be held Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 3 P. M., at the office of the American Kennel Club, where an opportunity will be afforded you to show cause why the New Jersey Kennel Club should not be proceeded against, under Article IX, Sec. 1 of the constitution of the A. K. C., as per notice sent you per registered letter Sept. 18, 1891. You are also requested to produce the books of the New Jersey Kennel Club at said meeting. Yours truly, A. P. VREDENBURG, Sec'y. (Per registered letter.)

We are informed that no specific charges have been formally preferred against the N. J. K. C., and it is doubtful if they will be represented at the meeting.

The noted bulldog Forceps, after many rumors, has at last definitely changed hands, Dr. Benison having sold this good bulldog to a Mr. Weston Bell.

Talking of bulldogs reminds us of a visit we had from Mr. Frank F. Dole last week. He is having the usual experience of those who breed these "hangers on." His bitch Queen Adelaide, recently imported, after whelping in good shape, lost the whole litter with the exception of one. As these were by the celebrated dog King Lord, the loss is a severe one. This dog is one of the best in England, his record at Edinburgh show (Scottish Kennel Club) being first in under 45 lbs. class, special for best in open classes and the Berrie cup. Friend Dole tells us, however, that he plucks up courage by taking a look at the splendid litter of seven that the noted dachshund bitch Janet, which Mr. Mannie imported through Mr. Dole, has whelped, and which are doing well in his care. The pups are by the great Pterodactyl, the crack dachshund now in England. Mr. Dole has just purchased from Mr. Wright the bull-terrier Ben Battle, that won third at Toronto show last month. Ben may find his home in California before long. Mr. Dole has also sold Edgewood Fancy to Mr. Wright.

The New Jersey Kennel Club, at a meeting held last Tuesday evening, decided to hold a dog show, and claimed the dates Feb. 16 to 19, 1892.

The trials of the New England Field Trial Club will be held at Assonet, Mass., instead of Wareham, as first proposed. Assonet is 42 miles from Boston on the Old Colony Road, and 8 miles from Fall River, Mass.

Our advertising list is increasing weekly, showing that advertisers with dogs for sale appreciate a good medium. Among the new ones this week we find that C. H. Gengenbach has pointers for sale; Box 179, pair pointers; Fairmead Kennels, Great Dane pups; O. H. Randall, pointer pups; E. H. Bragg, beagles; C. E. Glass, English setter pups; Dr. Lordy, Gordon setter pups; D. H. Lockwood, Irish setters; C. T. Brownell, Gordon setter pups; C. F. Kent, trained foxhounds, etc.; F. W. Proctor, Irish setter; Jos. Crugom,

English setter pups; Box 386, black cocker dog; J. E. Hills, black field spaniel dog; E. C. Hanford, mastiff pup. Wants, E. T. Bradway, pointers.

Another crack St. Bernard for America. Mr. Reick, the owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, has just purchased the great stud dog Refuge II, from Mr. Robson, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England. This is a very important purchase, for Refuge II is considered about the best stud dog in England, having won the stud dog medal at the Agricultural Hall, London, this year. His head, bone and size are said to be enormous. Besides being the biggest St. Bernard in England at present, he is also the best-headed son of old Plinlimmon. These qualities he transmits to his stock, and he is the sire of many winners. Refuge II is by Plinlimmon out of Recluse, and was whelped April, 1886. His addition to Mr. Reick's kennel will be a valuable one for breeding purposes, and will make his team very formidable on the bench. Mr. Reick is making an enviable record as a plucky St. Bernard buyer.

We draw attention to the publication, *Portraits of Dogs of the Day*, advertised in our business columns. The October number is particularly interesting. One subscriber writes: "Enclosed find one dollar for October number, which sent at once, as they are too nice to wait for long." The *Portraits* are for sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

In "Club Member's" letter last week on the beagle trials the words reading "magnanimity exposed" should have read "magnanimity expressed."

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Diana of Naso. By G. Cushman, Southboro, Mass., for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 15, 1891, by Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Tempest) out of Nady of Naso (champion Nick of Naso—Tempest).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Peggie II.—Bonsor. W. A. Williams' (Memphis, Tenn.) pug bitch Peggie II. (champion Joe—Tody) to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor, Oct. 1.

Penrice Girl.—Bonsor. Howard Kennels' (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Penrice Girl (Penrice—Vic) to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor, Sept. 28.

Queen.—Bonsor. Rev. B. V. Hervey's (Granville, O.) pug bitch Queen (champion Kash—Nellie) to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor, Aug. 27.

Too Sweet.—Bonsor. W. A. Williams' (Memphis, Tenn.) pug bitch Too Sweet (champion Kash—Peggie II.) to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor, Oct. 14.

Flossie.—Kash. Mrs. J. V. Newton's (Toledo, O.) pug bitch Flossie to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Aug. 21.

Nellie.—Kash. J. W. Pitts's (Binghamton, N. Y.) pug bitch Nellie to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Sept. 9.

Maple Grove Luath.—Randolph. Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Maple Grove Luath (Clifton Hero—Sparkle) to J. A. Long's Randolph (Archibald—Petunia), Oct. 12.

Carrie R.—Bang Graphic. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Carrie R. (Meteor II.—Carrie) to G. Falloon's Bang Graphic (Rancho—White Rose), Sept. 28.

Lillian P.—Ben Hill. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Lillian P. (champion Dad Wilson—Gathli) to his Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Oct. 5.

Pearl of Tempest.—Dad Wilson. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Pearl Tempest (Ben Hill—Tempest) to his champion Dad Wilson (Cambridge—champion Dido II.), Sept. 12.

Ida Gathli.—Dad Wilson. Northwood's (Martin's Ferry, O.) English setter Ida Gathli (Mark—Dell) to J. S. Hudson's champion Dad Wilson (Cambridge—champion Dido II.), Oct. 5.

Creed Gladstone.—Dad Wilson. F. Milhaus, Jr.'s (Wooster, O.) English setter bitch Creed Gladstone to J. S. Hudson's champion Dad Wilson (Cambridge—champion Dido II.) Oct. 9.

Lord Bute.—F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lord Bute (champion Save—Sabrina), Oct. 7.

Lady Nellie.—Woodbrook Sultan. F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Nellie (Leo—Lore) to his Woodbrook Sultan (champion Beauchamp—Kron), Aug. 23.

Mountain Queen.—King Regent. O. W. Volger's (Buffalo, N. Y.) rough St. Bernard bitch Mountain Queen (Burns—Lady Valentine) to his Mountain Queen's King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), Sept. 28.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Cilver Queen. A. C. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Cilver Queen, Aug. 17, four (two dogs), by his Bonsor.

Golden. E. C. Hookway's (Wooster, O.) pug bitch Golden (champion Kash—Peggie II.), Sept. 3, five (four dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Bonsor.

Lady Ruby. Wm. Stuke's (Mt. Sterling, O.) pug bitch Lady Ruby, Aug. 25, four (two dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Bonsor.

Bessie Marshall. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Bessie Marshall (Ben Hill—Tempest), Sept. 13, eight (five dogs), by his champion Dad Wilson (Cambridge—champion Dido II.).

Riga. F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) rough St. Bernard bitch Riga (Othello—Bessie Bayard), Sept. 14, nine (four dogs), by his Woodbrook Sultan (champion Beauchamp—Kron).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Mack's Juno. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 1, 1890, by Rex Morgan out of Fleet, by W. B. McCloud, Hyattsville, O., to C. W. Hughes, Fostoria, O.

Monarch. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1891, by Bonsor out of Cilver Queen, by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., to L. Lamb, Clinton, Ia.

Legal Tender. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1891, by champion Kash out of Nun Nicer, by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., to Wm. Marx, Cincinnati, O.

Tracey. Fawn pug bitch, by Mrs. Peabody, Union Furnace, O., to F. C. Rochester, Logan, O.

Susie Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 2, 1886, by Gladstone out of Jessie Turner, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to W. G. Neale, Lexington, Ky.

Duplicate. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 23, 1891, by champion Dad Wilson out of champion Bohemian Girl, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to J. S. Hutchinson, Shreveport, La.

Woodbrook Victor. Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped June 13, 1891, by Princlimmon out of Nun Nicer, by F. E. Lamb, Baltimore, Md., to J. J. Davis, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Woodbrook Lina. Orange and white rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 18, 1891, by Princlimmon out of Nun Nicer, by F. E. Lamb, Baltimore, Md., to C. Coutts, Chicago, Ill.

Ben Hill. Dolly's whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 9, 1891, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to F. J. O'Connell, Coal Grove, O.

Dad Wilson. Daisy Cambridge II. whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 21, 1891, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to N. H. Jones, Athens, O.

Dad Wilson. Bohemian Girl whelps. English setters, whelped June 23, 1891, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., a lemon and white bitch to W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss., and a black and white bitch to E. H. Light, Lynn, Mass.

Lord Bute. Clydesdale Nell whelps. Orange and white rough St. Bernards, whelped Aug. 3, 1891, by F. E. Lamb, Baltimore, Md., a dog each to A. H. Moore, Colmar, Pa., and H. R. Granger, Catonsville, Md., and a bitch to J. R. Teague, South Framingham, Mass.

PRESENTATION.

Josef M. White. black and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 23, 1891, by Mack III. out of Nell IV., by J. B. Murphy, New York city, to T. T. Greene, Port Royal, S. C.

SALMON REARING at Craigs Brook, Me., is meeting with noteworthy success. At last accounts the number of fry held for this purpose was about 265,000, all of these but about 30,000 are Atlantic salmon; the rest are principally atlantic salmon and Loch Leven trout.

RUN THE BEAGLES ON THEIR MERITS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The announcement made by the Forest Beagle Kennels in a recent issue of your journal savors very strongly on the one hand as a "free ad." and on the other of "we're afraid." If a dog should win once in poor company, when some of the competitors he would have met had to be withdrawn for obvious reasons, it does not seem to me that such a dog is entitled to much honor or glory or that it is in any way in the interests of the National Beagle Club that his owners should refuse to run him. I expect to start a beagle or two in the coming trials to be held at Nanuet, and if there is one dog more than another that I should like to meet in competition that dog is Frank Forest. I do not believe it will make one entry (bar his own) difference whether he is entered and starts or not. May the best dog win and win on his merits.—BEAGLE.

EUTHANASIA—HAPPY DEATH.—New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having recently seen a good deal of correspondence in your columns as to the most humane way of destroying dogs, and as you refer to it again in "Dog Chat" this week, I thought I would give you my experience. I find that prussic acid is undoubtedly the best agent to use, and if administered hypodermically it causes almost instantaneous death. Here in America it is most difficult to obtain a strong solution of the acid, that usually sold in drug stores is too weak. This, I think, accounts for so many of your correspondents differing as to its action. Such a powerful poison ought only to be handled by competent persons.—T. G. SHERWOOD, M.R. C.V.S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

R. F. H. Lowell, Mass.—The conjunctival membrane on the eyes of my 7 months English setter puppy appears to be abnormally extensive. It also seems to be unusually fleshy in character and near the center of the outer deriphery there is a small rather having the appearance of a cyst. At all times the lower part of the membrane is bloodshot, as if inflamed, although I am not certain it is the source of any pain. A pus-like matter forms in both eyes frequently during the night. It gives the pup that old and mournful appearance that we sometimes see in the sunken eyes of old dogs. A veterinarian told me a couple of months ago the membrane could be removed and that sometimes it was necessary to do it. Can you form an opinion as to the advisability of such action in this case and if it should be done, whether now or later. I am inclined to think it interferes somewhat with the dog's vision, as he apparently sees things "crossed." In looking at me, for instance, his eyes seem directed to a point several feet to one side, generally to the right. Ans. I presume by the conjunctival membrane you mean the "haw," or membrane nictitating a third eyelid. It is the membrane one often sees passing over a dog's eye. If this is the membrane that is affected the enlargement can easily be removed. Try the following lotion first: Sulphate of zinc, one scruple; tincture of opium, two drachms; distilled water, six ounces. Apply to eyes frequently with a piece of sponge.

W. J. H., Guthrie, Ky.—I have a St. Bernard bitch, eight months old, that passes large quantities of short flat worms. Will you please let me know what to do for her. Ans. Give, after eighteen hours fasting, two scruples of powdered arsenic nut and four grains of santaline. Two hours after give dose of castor oil. Repeat powder in a week.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Oct. 27-29.—Savannah, Ga., Chatham Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

Nov. 3.—Blauveltville, N. Y. See announcement.

Nov. 26.—Canajoharie, N. Y. Gun Club Tournament, Thanksgiving Day: live and clay birds; open to all. T. C. Pegnim, Sec.

Nov. 26.—South Side Gun Club Tournament, at South Norwalk, Conn. E. H. Fox.

1892.

June 13-18.—New York State Sportsmen's Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Mowry, Sec'y.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

With the coming on of the season for indoor work with rifle and revolver the interest in the revolver championship increases. Already a number of galleries have applied for designation as places for the record shoots. So far as possible their requests will be complied with, as this will accommodate the shooters to the widest degree without in any way establishing any preference. Any open range, with good light and sufficient ventilation, will give a shooter all the advantages he can ask. There are no tricks of the wind to study. There is no long line of shooters each starting the next and giving clouds of smoke just as the inopportune moment. When records are made they ought to represent just what the shooter could do at that time. His score will be free from any flukes or fluctuations due to outside influences.

Mr. N. P. Leach, the "Stanstead" of FOREST AND STREAM, has kindly volunteered to manage for us any competition in which Ohio shooters and others may participate, at the special range of the Creedmoor Cartridge Company, at Akron, O. The range there is an excellent one, and the Creedmoor Company have been so much interested in the revolver match that they have been holding a series of preliminary shoots. It would not surprise us if the winner were to be found very near that spot. As Mr. Leach has been authorized to represent the FOREST AND STREAM, for contestants convenient to the range, correspondence with him is invited.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE SHOOT.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Oct. 21.—Col. Chase, as State Inspector of Rifle Practice, put through the regular day of test with some passably good showing in some directions, but generally the scoring was disappointing, especially for a Massachusetts range. The match opened at 9:30 o'clock, the 200yds. range being covered. There was a strong breeze blowing across the range at this time, but the men were assisted in holding by the protection afforded by trees created at the firing point.

There was more or less poor marking, and several shots were challenged, yet the distance was covered on time, and all hands withdrew to the 500yds. range.

The shooting chances had improved here, for the wind had dropped, the sky became overcast, and during a portion of the time a light rain—not enough to disturb anybody—fell.

Scores at this distance should have shown great improvement over the 200yds. range, but the record don't show it. While the shooting was fair, it could easily have been made excellent if any sort of coaching had been done. But one team on the ground was really well handled, and that team pulled up because it was handsomely and intelligently directed.

There were but few visitors, and the absence of military officers was noticeable.

Col. Chase was ably assisted by Maj. Briggs, 1st Brigade Staff, and Lieut. L. O. Garrett, Naval Battalion. Lieut. Parker, 1st Infantry, was present as mustering officer, and Assistant Surgeon H. L. Chase, 1st Battalion Artillery, was present as the medical director.

Besides the team matches, all competitors (excepting distinguished marksmen competent, first, for the two highest aggregate scores by sharpshooters of record took place with this result: First Prize, Private B. Denrick, Co. F, 8th Infantry, score 61; second prize, Private G. G. Bradford, Co. A, 2d Cadets, score 60.

Also, for the three highest aggregate scores for first-class marksmen. They resulted as follows: First prize, First Sergt. N. Hill, Co. D, 2d Cadets, score 60; second prize, Private J. D. Fowle, Co. G, 5th Infantry, score 60; third prize, Corp. C. W. Facey, Co. B, 5th Infantry, score 59.

Then there were prizes for the four highest aggregate scores of the junior classes, which were won as follows: Corp. F. E. Gray, Co. A, 6th Infantry, 59; Sergt. H. A. Harvey, 5th Infantry, 53; Adj. J. A. Frye, 1st Infantry, 52; Lieut. L. O. Garrett, Naval Battalion, 52.

Other individual scores were: Major Hinman, 1st Brigade, 61; Capt. W. H. Bean, Co. G, 6th Infantry, 51; Private W. W. Tolman, Signal Corps, 1st Brigade, 55.

2d Regt of Infantry.		6th Regt of Infantry.	
200yds.	500yds.	200yds.	500yds.
Lieut Sterling.....	26-52	Bugler Killam.....	30-59
Lieut Boutham.....	28-60	Corp Gray.....	31-59
Major Southam.....	29-54	Corp Cutler.....	26-55
Sergt Stevens.....	29-55	Corp Boardman.....	27-45
Sergt Adams.....	30-54	Corp Paine.....	28-58
Sergt Beards.....	31-57	Pvt Koueh.....	32-54
Corp Owens.....	28-56	Bugler Murphy.....	29-52
Pvt Searns.....	24-51	Sergt Farrell.....	21-47
Capt Whipple.....	31-60	Pvt Mackintosh.....	25-45
Pvt Caddigan.....	28-55	Lieut Gibson.....	31-61
Pvt Hines.....	27-55	Corp Howard.....	32-60
Pvt Bridges.....	29-59	Sergt Mills.....	21-46

1st Regt of Infantry.		1st Corps Cadets.	
200yds.	500yds.	200yds.	500yds.
Sergt Baudoin.....	29-58	Pvt Conn.....	32-60
Sergt Russell.....	30-59	Pvt Bradford.....	31-60
Sergt Edgerly.....	31-60	Pvt Langton.....	31-57
Pvt Vint.....	30-57	Pvt Paine.....	28-58
Adj. Frye.....	24-52	Sergt Parker.....	23-50
Corp Gibbs.....	29-57	Corp Churchill.....	26-53
Corp Bradley.....	26-51	Sergt Pond.....	25-54
Corp Fuller.....	28-56	Mus. Macfarlane.....	25-52
Pvt Blake.....	30-59	Sergt Baker.....	26-53
Pvt Bates.....	27-53	Pvt Portal.....	21-48
Corp Huddellon.....	32-58	Sergt Wells.....	14-42
Corp Slocum.....	25-53	Pvt Thayer.....	17-44

Eighth Regiment of Infantry.		Second Corps of Cadets.	
200yds.	500yds.	200yds.	500yds.
Capt Murray.....	24-50	Pvt Hull.....	0-27
Lieut Hilliker.....	33-60	Corp Cummings.....	28-56
Sergt Edgerly.....	30-57	Sergt Hill.....	32-60
Lieut Parnham.....	30-46	Pvt Worthen.....	33-55
Lieut Whitten.....	31-49	Corp Smith.....	28-57
Pvt Hickey.....	30-59	Capt Baker.....	24-50
Lieut Conner.....	29-59	Corp Robertson.....	26-55
Corp Higgins.....	27-53	Pvt Edwards.....	30-47
Lieut Sisson.....	26-56	Pvt Kincaid.....	24-43
Pvt Sturtevant.....	27-55	Sergt Ropes.....	25-52
Pvt Dimmock.....	32-61	Corp Bruce.....	24-46
Lieut Hussey, staff.....	24-53	Sergt Symonds.....	30-58

Fifth Regiment Infantry.		Naval Battalion.	
200yds.	500yds.	200yds.	500yds.
Lieut Adams.....	31-51	B M Dillaway.....	23-45
Pvt Lombard.....	32-59	Sergt Merrill.....	27-56
Pvt Fowle.....	30-50	G M Sweet.....	27-49
Pvt Grant.....	27-54	B M Sears.....	24-50
Pvt Phillips.....	27-54	Lieut Brown.....	25-47
Pvt Pagnier.....	27-54	Lieut Garrett, staff.....	25-52
Corp Facey.....	26-59	Sergt Cobb.....	24-51
Pvt Perkins.....	31-59	Cox Goodwin.....	24-45
Sergt Launsbury.....	28-55	Lieut Bingham.....	25-52
Pvt W F Fowle.....	29-52	Lieut Carey.....	26-51
Sergt Howe.....	24-55	G M Carter.....	24-46
Lieut Edes, staff.....	31-60	Sergt Brinckerhoff.....	18-47

9th Regiment of Infantry.		Cavalry Team (Carbine).	
200yds.	500yds.	200yds.	500yds.
Maj Donovan.....	18-44	Pvt Martin, K.....	21-49
Lieut Breen.....	21-48	Corp Wood, K.....	13-37
Sergt Morris, L.....	24-54	Sergt Monahan, G.....	20-45
Sergt Rice, L.....	22-48	Pvt Cox, K.....	21-49
Capt Joubert, F.....	17-47	Lieut Ganley, M.....	24-46
Lieut Hunter, L.....	25-54		
Sergt Taylor, K.....	22-49		

Pvt Jackson, D.....		Corp Kates, F.....	
200yds.	500yds.	200yds.	500yds.
Pvt Finnick, D.....	16-37	Corp Sabine, F.....	23-47
Lieut Shaw, F.....	22-49		
Sergt Herrig, F.....	9-35		

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 21.—The following scores were made in the shoot for 25 medals:

D Miller.....	25-25	24-23	22-21	23-26
Schlicht.....	25-25	24-24	24-23	21-23
Fitzsimmons.....	25-25	24-23	23-22	21-24
Fischer.....	25-25	24-24	24-23	22-19-23
Hencken.....	25-25	24-24	23-23	21-19-23
Brandt.....	25-25	24-24	23-23	21-20-23
Kruse.....	25-25	24-23	23-23	21-20-23
Varick.....	25-25	24-23	23-23	20-18-25
Capt Dewey.....	25-25	23-23	23-23	20-18-23
Seltenreich.....	25-25	23-23	22-20	19-19-21
Katencamp.....	23-23	23-20	20-20	18-17-20
Carragher.....	23-23	22-20	20-20	18-17-20
Forkel.....	23-23	22-20	20-20	18-16-23
Stahler.....	23-23	22-20	20-20	18-16-23

Miller won 25 medals, medal. Kruse second class medal, Seltenreich third class medal.

Team shooting followed among the members present between teams captained by "Dave" Miller and Tom Fitzsimmons with the following result:

Miller's Team.		Fitzsimmons's Team.	
D Miller.....	23-26	T Fitzsimmons.....	23-26
G Schlicht.....	23-26	E Fischer.....	23-26
F Brandt.....	23-26	G Varick.....	23-26
Capt Dewey.....	22-24	J Carragher.....	21-27
H Katencamp.....	21-23	H Seltenreich.....	22-25
J H Kruse.....	240-1380	D Hencken.....	232-1364

The club's representative ten men team are getting in readiness for the season's work.—J. H. Kruse.

A GALLERY COMBINE.—An invitation has been sent out to all the local clubs of New York and New Jersey to send delegates to a meeting to be held at the Excelsior ranges, 76 Montgomery street, Jersey City, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11, to perfect arrangements for the league contests. The plan as outlined is to arrange a series of matches for teams of five or ten men, preferably the former, from each of the clubs in the two States, each team to shoot a house and home match with each other team. If five men teams are decided upon there will probably be best two out of three matches on each range. Each club will pay a given amount into the treasury at the commencement of the series, to constitute a fund for the purchase of prizes. The following clubs have been invited to take part: Essex Amateurs, Puritans, Newark, North Wards, Orientals, Independents, Oakland, Howards and our Owns, of this city; Excelsiors and Equables, of Jersey City; Hudsons, of Maroon; Friday Nights, Standards, Leitz, Hermanns and Millers of Hoboken; Zettlers, New Yorks, Empires, Turtle Bays and Harlems, of New York.

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 22.—Henry Cox, a farmer of Hempstead, applied to Justice Cullen in the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, to-day for a writ of mandamus to compel Charles P. Robbins, State Inspector of Game Practice, to discontinue the use of the Creedmoor rifle range. He swore that he used the land adjoining the range for pasturing horses. After the range was established he had to keep them in during the day and let them out at night. The place was dangerous because of stray bullets went over the embankment in the rear of the range. He had leased the land to three different persons, but they all refused to renew their leases. In 1886 the land owners received compensation up to that date, but when the range passed into the hands of the State they refused to accept the compensation. Judge Advocate-General Jenks said that Creedmoor was not dangerous. The court took this view and said that the remedy was for the relator to apply for an injunction to restrain the person in charge of the range from using it.

NEW ORLEANS.—A somewhat peculiar condition of affairs exists in East Feliciana parish, in this State, as may be judged from the complaint that the Parish Superintendent of Schools makes to the School Board of the habit of boys, even in the lower schools, going there armed with revolvers. He insists that this is a bad custom, that boys ought not to carry pistols, and that the teachers should prohibit them from doing so, and makes the following suggestion to the School Board in his official report: "Carrying pistols to school should be positively forbidden, and any teacher knowingly permitting it should be dismissed. If people see fit to allow their boys to go on in this uncivilized manner they should not be permitted to carry weapons to school to cripple the children of other people." The board favors the proposition, and the revolver will no longer be regarded as a necessary branch of the curriculum in the East Feliciana public schools.

CANADIAN RIFLEMEN.—There is much talk in the Dominion over the prospect that the next year's team is to be commanded by a petty political potentate of some sort, but not a shooting man. The Canadian *Millie Gazette* is most outspoken about it. Than such a step as this nothing could be better calculated to discourage the body of riflemen in the ranks or of officers over them to better themselves in the art of accurate shooting. There are plenty of methods of tacking hippodrome junketing members on to a team without exalting them to the captaincy.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WILLIAMSPORT, INDIANA.

WILLIAMSPORT, Ind., Oct. 14.—The third annual tournament of the WilliamSPORT Gun Club closed yesterday. The meeting passed off pleasantly under the management of W. L. Slater; Thos. Harvey referee. Weather fair, American Shooting Association rules, ties divided, unless noted.

First match, 6 bluebirds, 16 and 18yds., 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:
Lew Allen.....111101-5 Martin.....110011-4
D M Kirtley.....10111-5 J Gay.....01010-3
S Gay.....10100-3 Atkinson.....01000-2
Thompson.....01110-4 Hatke.....01111-5
Cadwallader.....00010-2 Wilson.....01011-5
Tus.....00010-2 De Hart.....01001-3

No. 2, 10 Peorias, 16 and 18yds. rise:
Allen.....010101010-6 J Gay.....111110111-9
Kirtley.....111110111-9 Atkinson.....110100011-6
Cadwallader.....011110010-6 Titus.....010101100-6
Hatke.....111110111-9 Wilson.....111111011-9
Epperson.....010101010-4 J Hart.....011101111-8
Madara.....110101010-4 Thompson.....010101101-8
S Gay.....11111010-8 Dottenstein.....001011101-6

No. 3, 15 bluebirds, 15 and 18yds. rise:
Allen.....0101010101111-10 Martin.....01001110100-8
S Gay.....111111111010-13 Wilson.....01111111011-13
Hatke.....101110111111-13 Cadwallader.....000101101011-8
J Gay.....0101010101011-10 Atkinson.....110101101010-10
Kirtley.....11110101011-10 De Hart.....010001101111-10
Thompson.....11011111011-13

No. 4, 5 live pigeons, 20 and 25yds., 8yds. boundary, American Shooting Association rules, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:
Thompson.....11111-5 Atkinson.....10001-1
Madara.....1011-4 Hatke.....11111-5
Wilson.....11101-4 Titus.....11101-4
Cadwallader.....11000-2 J Gay.....01010-2

First divided, Titus second on shoot-off.
No. 5, 5 single and 5 double bluebirds, 16 and 18yds. rise:
Allen.....10101 10 01 00 00-5 Cadwallader.....
Kirtley.....10011 11 11 10 10-10 der.....0010 00 10 01 10-6
Stokes.....00101 11 10 01 10-10 Wilson.....1111 11 11 01 01-12
Martin.....11001 10 10 10 10-8 Titus.....11001 10 10 10 10-7
Thompson.....1111 11 11 01 11-14 Hatke.....1011 10 10 10 10-9
S Gay.....1111 11 00 10 11-11

No. 6, 12 bluebirds:
Wilson.....11 Atkinson.....8 Titus.....11
Thompson.....11 Martin.....9 De Hart.....7
Allen.....5 Stokes.....9
Cadwallader.....5

No. 7, citizens' purse \$75, 20 bluebirds:
Thompson.....1111011110001111-16 Hatke.....111011110011100111-15
Hutton.....10001101010011111-13 Titus.....1010101101110100-13
Allen.....1101111000110100-13 Atkinson.....11001001100011011-11
Brown.....0101110111111111-17 J Gay.....10111011110001101-14
S Gay.....101111001100110111-14 Kirtley.....1001011001110010-11
Wilson.....1011111101110111-17 Stokes.....1001011101110111-14
Cadwallader.....1111011101110111-17 Newkirk.....110101010101010-10
der.....111100011001010101-11 Martin.....01000111011010000-10
De Hart.....100110101100011000-10

No. 8, 7 live pigeons, 28 and 26yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:
Wilson.....111111-7 Stokes.....011011-5
Brown.....11100-3 Titus.....001010-1
Thompson.....11110-5 Newkirk.....11111-5
Cadwallader.....000100-0 S Gay.....010111-5

No. 9, 12 single bluebirds:
Madara.....10 S Gay.....9 Brown.....10
Thompson.....8 Stokes.....6 Cunningham.....6
Cad.....5 Titus.....6 Park.....9
Wilson.....12 W Thompson.....6 Hatke.....10
Weber.....6 Martin.....8

No. 10, 10 single bluebirds:
Thompson.....9 Titus.....10 Hunter.....
Wilson.....9 Messner.....4 Park.....
Weber.....5 Martin.....6 Harvey.....3
Hatke.....6

Second Day.

No. 1, 9 single bluebirds:
Wilson.....7 S Gay.....7 Ho'tenstein.....
Park.....7 Hatke.....7 Epperson.....6
Thompson.....8 J Gay.....6

No. 2, 12 single bluebirds:
S Gay.....7 Park.....9 J Gay.....7
Wilson.....12 Hatke.....9 Titus.....8
Thompson.....12 Epperson.....7

No. 3, 10 single bluebirds:
Wilson.....9 Epperson.....5 J Gay.....7
Park.....9 Hutton.....7 Titus.....5
Thompson.....10 S Gay.....6

No. 4, 15 single bluebirds:
Wilson.....12 Titus.....8 J Gay.....11
Allen.....12 Hutton.....10 Madara.....10
Epperson.....7 Thompson.....13 Hatke.....14
S Gay.....12 Park.....10

No. 5, 5 live pigeons:
S Gay.....00100-1 Cunningham.....00101-2
Wilson.....01011-4 Epperson.....01101-3
Thompson.....01011-3 Park.....11101-3
Hatke.....11001-2 Newkirk.....01011-3
Madara.....11110-4

No. 6, 15 single bluebirds:
Thompson.....11 Titus.....9 Epperson.....8
Allen.....12 J Gay.....13 Park.....13
Wilson.....14 S Gay.....9

No. 7, 15 single bluebirds:
Thompson.....11 Park.....15 Titus.....12
S Gay.....9 Wilson.....12 Epperson.....10
J Gay.....8

No. 8, citizens' purse, 25 single bluebirds:
Geo Rice.....001001100011011001011-13
Wilson.....101011111110110101011-19
Madara.....000100111101110110100-15
Thompson.....11111111111111111111-24
S Gay.....111111011101100110011-18
Titus.....111001010111111101001-16
Allen.....10101011010111111111-18
Park.....10110000101111111111-18
J Gay.....1111111010110111011001-17
Martin.....1010101110001101010101-13

No. 9, 5 live pigeons:
Thompson.....01110-3 Wilson.....10110-3
Madara.....00011-2 Hedrick.....11001-3
Park.....01111-4

No. 10, 10 single bluebirds:
Madara.....7 Hutton.....8 Stanton.....6
Green.....6 Titus.....6

No. 11, Green shoot:
Little.....00010001-3 Pitcher.....111101001-7
Green.....10111011-8 Jo Rice.....01001010-5
Harvy.....01010001-4 Yeager.....00010101-3
Marla.....01010001-2 Ker.....11111010-8
Stephenson.....00010101-4 Geo Rice.....00101000-2

Tie on first at 6: Kiger 3, Green 4.
This closed the tournament with everybody feeling good. One hundred loaded shells were donated to Wilson for best average of first day, 99 out of 112; a box of cigars to Thompson for second best average, 92 out of 112; a handsome silver cup to Thompson for best average second day, 95 out of 111; a keg of powder to Parks for second best average second day.

W. L. SLATER, Sec. and Treas.
J. DE HART, President.

CHICAGO TRAP SHOTS.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside, Ill., Oct. 6.—Chicago Shooting Club, American Association rules:
M J Eich.....2212122111011011-18 HKL'm'n'2111221212221111-20
Hutchson.....1111111111111222-19 GK'm'n'21122121112211212-20
Hamline.....0111102011022212-16 Mussey.....21122102102101211-18
A Water.....111021221211210-18 W Willard.....1111100112001220-15
Wadsworth.....2112122121212102-19 Hoffman.....1111200112111111-18
Ehlers.....011212101211211-18

By the Chicago Shooting Club's handicap L. M. Hamline gets 3 birds, W. Mussey 3, Dr. J. M. Hutchinson 1, Henry Ehlers 2, A. J. Atwater 2. Making 6 ties for medal on 20: Henry Kleinman, Geo. Kleinman, A. J. Atwater, W. P. Mussey, Dr. J. M. Hutchinson, Henry Ehlers. Will be shot off in next club shoot.

Match at 25 Peoria blackbirds:
M J Eich.....011010101011111111-20
George Kleinman.....10011110111111110111-21
A J Atwater.....00111110011111111111-21
L. M. Hamline.....10001010100101010-8
C E Willard.....10110110111001111111-19

Oct. 9.—The Gun Club of Chicago, 10 live birds, Illinois State rules:
L C Willard.....122111111-10 Nick Ford.....1111301101-8
F E Willard.....220121212-9 C F Templeton.....101221212-9

Same day, 20 Peoria blackbirds:
L Willard 0111111111111111-18 N Ford.....1101100010010000-6
F E Willard.....101001101111111111-14
C F Templeton.....10110110111001111111-19

Oct. 10.—Pullman Gun Club, 10 live birds, Illinois State rule, for club cup:
Wm Dallyn.....1120022122-8 Jim Finn.....02122102-8
Ike Watson.....22222222-8 C Seuth.....00220221-7
A Torkington.....220202121-7 Mike Wolf.....1120021-8
C Williams.....0020300102-4 A Schuster.....102200012-8
Geo Watson.....012100212-6 R Runstien.....22120112-8
E G Edwards.....012100212-6 E C James.....01212121-9

Ties on 9 for medal: Gardner, 22-8; Inguld, 210-2.
Pullman Gun Club vs. South Chicago Gun Club, American Association rules:

South Chicago Gun Club..... Pullman Gun Club.....
Templeton.....222201212122-14 Dallyn.....11200212212212-13
Larkin.....20212122122222-13 J P Watson.....222222222222-11
W Reeves.....11102111111111111111-10 W Torkington.....111012122200-10

Willard.....10221210012021-11 Williams.....0020300102-4
Marsh.....112220212221-13 Geo Watson.....0121000222122-11
Fogle.....11202100222222-10 Gardner.....2121210212212-13
Willard.....122221222222-15 Finn.....022122102222-13
E I Reeves.....202022220202-9 Seuth.....0020222102122-11

Oct. 13.—Practice shoot, American Association rules:
H McMurphy.....21112111011111111121211-29
C E Willard.....011111212011111111111123-0-26
T Marshall.....21111121210111111111111121-26
Pumphrey.....1112121121122111020112121-20
Dr Miller.....122121211211111111212111-26
R Heikes.....112121211-10 Gardner.....1210210110-7
A Thomas.....22102221-1

Twenty-five Peoria blackbirds:
McMurphy.....0010101111111110-
Heikes.....1111101011111111111111-22
Willard.....0101010110010011111111-16
Marshall.....11111011101111111111-24
Pumphrey.....10110110110110111111-20
M J Eich.....01010110111111111111-20

Oct. 14.—The Chicago Gun Club, American Association rules:
L Willard.....221121021111112222-18 A Reeves.....2212212111112101-19
F Willard.....0121211022102222-16 B Fogli.....02101210221022102-14
Dr Larkin.....2121111121021021-17 E Marsh.....2121212211212020-18

Same day, 30 single Peoria blackbirds:
L C Willard.....001101011111111110001010-18
F E Willard.....010101010111111111111111-16
M J Eich.....010101010111111111111111-20
A W Reeves.....112111110111111111111111-25
Ed Marsh.....110101010111111111111111-18
Arnold.....01010101010101011111111111-13

Oct. 16.—Fort Dearborn Club, American Association rules:
Dr J M Hutchinson.....122111212111-15
Geo Hoffman.....0101012221-4
W P Mussey.....21102-4 11102-4 0121-4 11012-4
C B Dicks.....11122-5 11121-5 1122-5 0123-4
M J Eich.....2011-4 11110-4 0111-4 1111-5
Capt Anson.....20221-4 2122-5 01221-4 2110-4
R O Heikes.....11122-5 2111-5 2111-5 2121-5
Dr M Hutchinson.....1111-5 1111-5 1111-5 1022-4
M J Keller.....10121-4 2111-4 1111-5 1221-5
C E Willard.....11111-5 11101-4 11021-4 11110-4
O Von Lengerke.....02000-1 00200-1 01010-1

In shoot-off in first shoot, C. B. Dicks and R. O. Heikes div. first, Capt. Anson and M. A. Keller div. second.

In shoot-off in second shoot, C. B. Dicks and R. O. Heikes div. first, R. J. Hutchinson won second.

In shoot-off in third shoot, R. O. Heikes won first, M. J. Eich and M. A. Keller div. second.

In shoot-off in fourth shoot, R. O. Heikes, M. J. Eich and M. A. Keller div. first, W. P. Mussey won second.

RAYLE HIGG.

THE INTER-STATE LEAGUE.

THURSDAY last, the day upon which the fourth of the Inter-State League contests came off, was one of the most unpleasant days imaginable for trap-shooting. A cold northeast storm was in progress, and rain fell continuously throughout the entire day. Despite the inclemency of the weather fully 150 enthusiastic sportsmen were gathered at John Erb's shooting range to witness the contest. The rules of the League allow no postponement of the affair had to be run off. At 11:15 A. M. Referee Hugh Goodwin called the first squad to the score, and C. M. Hedden leading off, scored a dead bird for the Newark, and the match was under way. From start to finish the contest was an exciting one, the leaders kept close enough of the weather fully 150 enthusiastic sportsmen were gathered at John Erb's shooting range to witness the contest. The rules of the League allow no postponement of the affair had to be run off. At 11:15 A. M. Referee Hugh Goodwin called the first squad to the score, and C. M. 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Schooners, 1891.

				CLASSES..		Over 100 Ft.		90 to 100		80 to 90 Ft.		70 to 80 Ft.		Under 70 Ft.		Number of Starters.	Wind, Weather and Water.												
				Constellation, C.B.	Palmer, K.	Fortuna, K.	Merlin, C.B.	Volunteer, C.B.	Mayflower, C.B.	Iroquois, C. B.	Marguerite, C.B.	Eneone, K.	Rebecca, C.B.	Quickstep, C.B.	Viator, K.														
Nos.	Date.	Club.	Meas. and Class.	Dis- tance.	L.W.L.		97		89.6		88.7		86.6		80		80		75	70	65	62	Over 100 Ft.	100 Ft. Class.	90 Ft. Class.	80 Ft. Class.	70 Ft. Class.	Total.	
					106	104																							
1	June 6..	Larchmont, spring.....	S-C.	20													1					2	2	l, Clear.....	Princess 2.				
2	June 16.	Atlantic, annual.....	S-W.	38										180								1	1	2	l, Clear.....	Gevalia, s. o.			
3	June 18.	New York, annual.....	S-W.	53										180								1	1	2	4	s, Stormy, rough.	Dauntless lost masthead, w; Gevalia, w.		
4	June 20.	Seawanhaka, annual.....	S-W.	32																		1			1	l, Clear.....	Miranda, only starter, w.		
5	June 20.	Larchmont, m.....	S.	20																				2	2	l, Clear.....	Princess, 1.		
6	June 23.	Eastern, annual.....	S-W.	32										1			1					2	2	4	m, Clear.....	Triton, w; very fluky race.			
7	July 4...	Larchmont, annual.....	S-W.	20																				3	3	m, Clear.....	Lotus 2, Tempest 3.		
8	July 7...	New Rochelle, annual.....	M-W.	32													1						2	2	2	l, Rain.....	Viator protests Rebecca, not allowed.		
9	July 11..	Riverside, annual.....	S-C.	17																		1		1	1	l, Clear.....	Nirvana sails over.		
10	July 22..	Eastern, special.....	S-W.	35										1									3	3	3	m, Clear.....			
11	Aug. 4.	1st run to New London.....	S-W.	63	1	2	18.0						1	1	2	w		18.0				4	1	3	4	2	14	s, Rain, rough...	Norseman 3, Intrepid 4, Phantom w, Fleur de Lys w, Sylph w, Clito w
12	Aug. 6..	2d run to Newport.....	S-W.	37				1	1	2	3	1	2	1	3		1					3	2	5	3	2	15	l, Clear.....	Dauntless 2, Intrepid w, Montauk 2, Phantom 4, Fleur de Lys 5, Lydia 2.
13	Aug. 7..	Goelet Cup.....	S.	38				6	5	1	d	3	2	4												6	m, Clear..	Volunteer and Gracie in collision.	
14	Aug. 8..	3d run to Vineyard Haven	S-W.	37	1	4	3	2				1	3	1	2		1	2				4	3	4	2	13	l, Clear.	Dauntless 2, Crusader 4, Phantom 3.	
15	Aug. 10.	Special race.....	S-W.	32				3	4	2		1	3	2	4		1									9	f, Clear.....	Dauntless w. Special race Vineyard Haven.	
15a	Aug. 10.	Special keel class.....	S.	32				2	3							1										4	f, Clear.....	Dauntless w. Special prize for keel class.	
16	Aug. 11.	4th run to New Bedford.....	S-W.	34	1	2			1	2		1					18.0				2	2	1	1	6	l, Clear..			
17	Aug. 12.	5th run to Newport...	S-W.	37	1			2	1								18.0				2	2	1	5		s, Clear, rough...			
18	Aug. 18.	Newport, m.....		20										1									1		2	m, Clear.....	Private match with Huron, cutter. No allowance.		
19	Aug. 19.	Newport, m.....		20									2	1									2		2	f, Clear, mod. sea	Private match.		
20	Aug. 22.	1st run.....	S-W.	10						1	2												2		3	l, Foggy.....	Marblehead to Eastern Point. Sea Fox 3.		
21	Aug. 25.	2d run.....	S-W.	64				6		1	3					2									6	f, Clear, mod. sea	Isle of Shoals to Boothbay. Peerless 4, Sea Fox 5.		
22	Aug. 26.	3d run.....	S-W.	23						1	2				3										5	l, Clear.....	Ram Island to White Head. Sea Fox 4, Peerless 5.		
23	Sept. 7..	Larchmont, m.....		20													1							1	2	s, Clear, rough...	Private match with Clara, cutter.		
24	Sept. 8..	Eastern, fall.....	S-W.	35						2	3			1											3	l, Clear.....	Very fluky wind.		
25	Sept. 12.	Larchmont, m.....	S.	20													2						1	2	2	l, Clear....	Private match.		
26	Oct. 3..	Larchmont, m.....	S.	20													1							2	2	l, Clear.....	Private match.		
Starts.....					4	6	8	7	7	11	8	10	10	3	6	9										123			
First Places.....					4	1	2	2	4	6	2	6	3	2	6	4													
Second Places.....						2			1		1	1	1	2															
Sail Overs.....								1						2			3												
Total Places.....					4	3	2	3	4	7	3	7	5	2	6	4													
Total Prizes.....					1					2	5			4	4	2	1	4											

S. Seawanhaka rule. C, Classed by corrected length. W, Classed by waterline length. s. o, Sail over. g, Grounded. d, Disabled. w, Withdrew. n. t, Not timed. p, Disqualified, with or without protest. m, Private match. l, Light wind. m, Moderate. f, Fresh breeze. s, Strong wind.

Thursday's run, the second, was little like the first, barely half the distance, in clear warm weather and through smooth water; but a number which would have made the whole cruise under such conditions had been left behind in the trying run of the opening day. With Volunteer and Merlin added, however, the schooner fleet was nearly complete, though Sea Fox did not show up as expected. Constellation had sailed ahead for Newport, leaving an easy victory for Palmer in the class, after a slow and uninteresting race. Fortuna came alongside of her old rival Montauk for the first time in two years, though it is longer than that since either has done any real racing. This time Fortuna won very easily, coming in 45m. ahead. Volunteer and Merlin sailed a close race with less than a minute between them; but as the two were half an hour astern of Mayflower their work attracted but little attention.

Mayflower's performance was equal to that of the previous run, as she easily ran away from the whole schooner fleet; the first time that she has at all justified the expectations of her admirers since the change from cutter to schooner rig in 1889. This year, with a good owner and under a skillful skipper, she has sailed in better form than in any year since Gen. Paine owned her. Marguerite rather turned the tables on Iroquois, while the two kept well clear of Eneone. Quickstep had no real antagonist, and was forced to sail alone.

The great race of the year for the schooners is the Goelet cup, and although a cup is provided for the sloops and cutters as well, the prominent feature of the day has always been the schooner racing. It is for the Goelet cup, and over the two courses off Brenton's Reef, that the most famous schooner races of recent times have been sailed, and the honor of heading the class for the year, held successively by Montauk, Grayling, Sachem and Sea Fox, has been won here. Even the presence of Volunteer, Mayflower, Puritan and Priscilla in the single stick class failed to detract from the performances of Sachem and Grayling sailing side by side with them. This year, sad to say, the schooner racing was, so far as the numerous spectators were concerned, a mere incidental attraction, the great event of the day being the race of the 46ft. class. This was in part due to the reappearance of Gloria for the first time since her successes in June at New York; but it was also due to the slow working of the schooner division through the windward portion of the race.

With only a moderate breeze, and starting a few minutes after the smaller boats, the schooners were soon astern as the little fellows chased out to windward, and the movements of the big boats were doubly slow in comparison. Marguerite led the fleet for a long time, Volunteer being second and Iroquois third. In cruising trim, and with some weight aboard, Mayflower had done well both in light and moderate weather, but unfortunately the tradition that a yacht must strip to the ceiling for a race was too much for the judgment of her skipper, and she was completely cleaned out in the morning. The result was that she lagged astern through the early part of the race, and made but a poor showing all day, being beaten on even time by Iroquois. The latter sailed the race of the day, saving her time on Volunteer in the windward work.

It was at the end of this first leg, when Volunteer had taken the lead of her class and was well head of all but Iroquois, that the memorable collision with Gracie occurred. Although Volunteer lost some time in the actual collision and was obliged to sail the remaining 21 miles with a great rent across her mainsail, the whole strain coming on the leach rope, she did her best sailing after the accident. Iroquois chased her hard all day, and the ownership of the \$1,000 cup was only decided by a close measurement of each boat depending on some dozen seconds.

The third run, to Vineyard Haven, amounted to little, as the wind was light and fluky, in part a drifting match. Mayflower beat Merlin and Phantom easily, while Marguerite was over an hour ahead of Iroquois and Eneone. The special race in Vineyard Sound fared better in the matter of wind, there being plenty to spare all day, a fresh southwest breeze, much the same as the Vineyard Haven race of 1889 was sailed in. Dauntless, Palmer, Fortuna, Mayflower and Merlin were classed together, while

Marguerite, Iroquois, Eneone and Quickstep made up a second class. In addition a prize of \$200 was up for the four keel boats. Dauntless, Palmer, Fortuna and Eneone. Mayflower again defeated Merlin, beating her on elapsed as well as corrected time, the larger boats being well astern. Marguerite was 11s. ahead of Iroquois, making a very even race, but both were beaten, on elapsed, on allowance by little Quickstep. In the keel class the small boat, Eneone, won easily.

Mayflower now left the fleet, and only six schooners made the run to New Bedford, Iroquois and Quickstep each sailing alone. Volunteer sailed against Merlin but was badly beaten. The last run, from New Bedford to Newport, was under similar conditions to the first, though only half as long, with a strong head wind and rough water. Unfortunately the fleet was so small that the racing was without interest. Constellation sailing alone, Fortuna and Merlin against Iroquois, while Quickstep sailed alone. This practically ended the class racing of the season, as the runs of the Eastern Y. C. cruise were limited to Volunteer, Mayflower and Eneone.

To sum up, it was a matter of course that Constellation should win in her class, her only important antagonist being Palmer. Fortuna sailed in rather hard luck, having no classmates, and the pretty little Quickstep was in the same position; so neither had any chance to make a record. Had Montauk continued the racing, there would have been some interesting fights between the two ancient adversaries. What Volunteer might have done had she been ready a few weeks sooner and sailed the entire cruise, is a matter of speculation; but she sailed enough to show that she is in a probability as fast under two sticks as she was under one, and that the alterations of hull and rig have been successful. The chief point in the 90ft. class is what Mayflower did do, which was to make the best showing of the year in the schooner classes. The result should be gratifying to her owner and skipper, as they have proved that the old boat was and still is a fast one.

In the 80 ft. class Marguerite takes the prizes; but Iroquois has done exceptionally good work, better than her record shows on its face. In the hard race of the first run she made the best showing of the whole large fleet; in the Goelet cup she missed the great prize of the year by a few seconds only, beating three larger rivals on elapsed time; and in the Vineyard Haven race she almost tied her chief competitor, both being beaten on allowance by a much smaller boat. The chief point about her is that she was designed for sea-going; she has done some remarkable work in deep water, spending nearly every winter in the West Indies and about the Florida coast. Her reputation as an exceptionally fine cruiser is established beyond question, and yet, with her regular crew and sailed by her owner, she has this year succeeded in hurrying a number of yachts which are in every sense racing boats. The cruise was followed by two private matches off Newport, in one of which Marguerite defeated Iroquois by 3m, and in the other she defeated the cutter Huron, of 65ft. l.w.l. The cruise of the Eastern Y. C. in the latter part of August was a rather quiet, family affair, the schooners racing on but three of the five runs. Sea Fox took part, but won nothing; Volunteer won the three runs and first prize, Mayflower won two seconds and one third. The high gave her second prize, while Eneone, through one second and one third, took a third prize. The first and third races were short and of little importance, but the second, of 64 miles, in a fresh breeze and open water, lacked only starters to make a stirring race. The Larchmont fall regatta was a failure, all that finally came of it being a match between Viator and the cutter Clara, the latter finally being disabled and withdrawing. The fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. was also of little interest owing to the calm and fluky weather. The season was finished by a couple of quiet matches off Larchmont between Viator and the old Rebecca, now owned in New York again.

Since the season closed there has been a ripple of excitement among yachtsmen over the change in ownership of the big Constellation, Vice-Com. Morgan, who built her in 1889 having sold her to Mr. Bayard Thayer, former owner of Pappoose and present owner of Sayonara. It is well known that Mr. Thayer has been

anxious for some time to build a large yacht and visit England, and now that he has Constellation there is every probability of his doing so.

It is too early to forecast the prospects for schooner racing in 1892, but the outlook thus far is favorable, even more so than last year. What is needed in most classes is not more new boats, but no more new ones and more racing among existing craft. In the smallest class, under 70ft., there is now but one boat, Quickstep, with any pretensions to speed, and of course there can be no racing until something is built to beat her; but in the principal class, the 90ft., there is already a very fine fleet, Volunteer, Merlin, Sea Fox, Grayling, Mayflower and Sachem, enough to make very good racing if all would start.

Already the usual rumors of new yachts are afloat, but yachtsmen have heard the cry of "vol!" so often that they are a little incredulous until they see the keel laid. The loud promises of new nineties and 65-footers which were made last fall were not realized, it is needless to say, and when one hears the same stories now he may be pardoned for a little doubt. At the same time one yacht then mentioned has become a certainty, as the final signing of the contract took place in New York last week. Mr. Gardner has designed her, for Mr. L. M. Clark, of St. Louis, and she will be built by W. B. Coggeshall, of South Boston. She is a keel craft, 90ft. l.w.l., 19ft. beam, and 13ft. draft, with a forward overhang that will be fully up to date. Another 90-footer is talked of for Mr. Bloodgood, who has been negotiating with the Herreshoffs. It is also a fact that a number of yachtsmen have of late been looking at Quickstep with a view to something to beat her, as she offers a most convenient size of boat for both racing and cruising, and it is not unlikely that one or more additions may be made to the class this winter. Next week we shall take up the larger single stick classes.

NEW YACHTS.

THE present time is the duller of the year in yachting, and until later in the winter; but at the same time there is now a fair promise of new yachts, both sail and steam. Mr. J. Beaver Webb has in hand a small auxiliary for E. M. Fulton, for whom he designed the Gadabout two years ago. Mr. Gardner has lately formed a partnership with C. D. Mosher, the designer and builder of the Buzz and Norwood, an engineer who has made a special study of high-speed yachts, and the two are now at work on a 75ft. craft for W. B. Coggeshall. She will be built by Wood, of City Island, the hull mainly of mahogany, and will carry quadruple expansion engines of 600 H.P. They have in hand also a design for Mr. C. A. Postley, former owner of Resolute, schr., for a cruising steam yacht of 140ft. The design for the Clark 90ft. schooner has been sent to the builders, Lawley & Co., and the yacht is now being laid down. The 55ft. cutter for Mr. Bullock will be built during the winter. Mr. A. Cary Smith has been very busy this season with large steamers for passenger use, but he has just completed a design for an auxiliary steam yacht of 116ft. l.w.l. for an American yachtsman now in Japan. The yacht will be built of wood. He is now at work on a design for a 90ft. schooner. Mr. H. J. Gielow has just placed a contract for a steam yacht of 95ft. over all, 78ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. draft. She will be built by Fulton & Sons, Seldenberg, of New York, and will be schooner-rigged. At Herreshoffs' the frames are out for a new 46-footer, the owner being unknown, though she is credited to Mr. Bayard Thayer, owner of Sayonara and Constellation. The boat will be an improved Gloria. Messrs. Stewart & Binney have an order for a new fisherman, an enlarged Carrie E. Phillips, for the same owners. The original boat has just been sold to Provincetown parties for \$8,000, or but \$1,500 less than her cost four years ago, and she has proved a very profitable vessel. The new one will be 97ft. l.w.l., 25ft. beam and 12ft. 6in. draft, and will be built by Storey, of Essex. Mr. Waterhouse has recently designed a cat yawl for the Lakes, to be 37ft. over all, 29ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. draft. The single-hander for Marblehead Harbor will be 30ft. over all, 20ft. 10in. l.w.l., with jib set to stemhead

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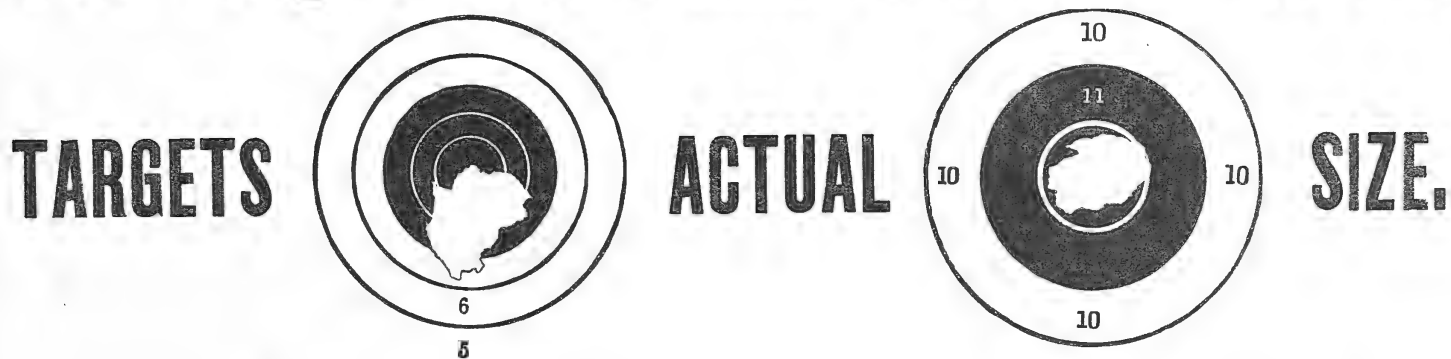
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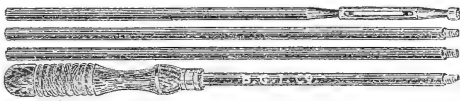
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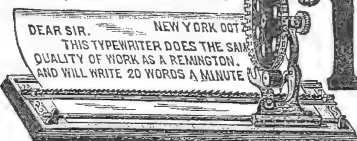


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STOCKING YELLOWSTONE PARK WATERS.

IN our columns of Nov. 13, 1890, we announced the planting of 70,400 yearling fish of the salmon family, by the Fish Commission, in the waters of the National Park. It is gratifying to learn that this experiment, in continuation of the work accomplished in 1889, has been eminently successful. Commissioner McDonald sent Prof. B. W. Evermann to the region last summer to ascertain and report upon the results of the planting, and has received a communication to the effect that specimens of brook, Loch Leven, rainbow and black-spotted trout were found in the stocked streams, and all of them in excellent condition, showing that the surroundings are favorable and the future of the fish promising. Information was obtained from Mr. Elwood Hofer that he had discovered trout in Nez Perce Creek Oct. 9. These are the Von Behr or brown trout (*Salmo fario*). The brook and Loch Leven trout, which were planted in 1889, must have spawned in 1890, for yearling fish of these species were collected by Prof. Evermann. The high temperature and mineral character of the water of Twin Lakes apparently proved fatal to the whitefish brought there from Horse Thief Springs, Montana, and the Yellowstone River contingent probably fell victims to the voracious trout which abound in that stream. In the fall of 1890 Shoshone Lake received a plant of about 24,000 lake trout from Northville, Mich., and Lewis Lake was supplied with about 12,000 lake trout and 3,350 Loch Levens from the same station. The Loch Leven trout were found in goodly numbers in Heron Creek, a tributary of Shoshone Lake, and Mr. Hofer saw trout rise in Shoshone, Oct. 7, about 75 yards from the shore. The evidence of successful planting and of conditions favorable to the growth and multiplication of trout and salmon in the Park waters is conclusive, and we trust that the work will be regarded as no longer experimental, but practical, and will be pushed with renewed vigor.

CARP IN CALIFORNIA.

NEARLY two decades ago, and five years before the United States imported the fish from Germany, Mr. J. A. Poppe placed five small carp in one of his ponds at Sonoma, Cal. Nine months later (May, 1873) his stock had grown to 16in. in length, and 3,000 young were obtained from the first breeding. The fish were sold to farmers throughout the State, and some were shipped to Central America and the Sandwich Islands. The increase of the species, especially in the marsh or "tule" lands, was remarkable, and the demand continued steady. Now a reaction appears to have set in, and a most unjustifiable style and amount of abuse is being heaped upon a really valuable food fish, which has also long held a worthy place among the anglers' favorites in countries wherein it was best known. The qualities which led to the action of the Government in behalf of carp acclimation were the following:

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7. Ability to populate waters to their greatest extent.
8. Good table qualities.

These properties still exist and no amount of unreasonable prejudice can alter or reduce them. When we are told that the carp is a kind of sucker and "sucks the roots out of the banks of the ditches, causing the banks to wash out," we are bound to reply that California is noted for the variety and size of its suckers, but the carp is not one of them. The habit referred to is not observed in the carp and the real culprit must be sought in some other direction. It is gravely asserted also that the food of the ducks and other wildfowl is consumed by the carp and the game birds are deserting the marshes in consequence. Again, it is charged that the salmon and trout waters are being invaded and the eggs devoured on the spawning beds. Carp in water having a summer temperature of 54 degrees would be about as untimely as oranges on the tundra at Point Barrow. We shall next hear that the carp has utterly destroyed the salmon industry of Alaska and driven the seals out of Bering Sea. As a matter of fact, California has many native fishes of the carp or minnow family, some of which swarm in the irrigating ditches, while others inhabit trout waters, and certain of these are known to be very destructive of eggs. In the Pit and McCloud, for example, may be found a large species of *Ptychochilus*, known as the Sacramento "pike," which is really a giant minnow, growing to a length of 5ft. This, or something like it, is probably the fish for whose sins the carp is now suffering in the estimation of many good people of California. Before passing final judgment on the subject, send some of the cold water carp and the burrowing nuisance to some one who knows the fishes of the State for identification. Dr. Jordan, at the Leland Stanford, Jr. University, will settle all doubts for you; and FOREST AND STREAM will take pleasure in aiding investigations of any sort into the habits of fishes.

SNAP SHOTS.

WHAT is to be done when a fish which ought not to be caught and which one does not wish to catch, perversely insists upon being captured, whether or no, and actually forces itself into one's possession? That was the question that stared Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, full in the face when he was fishing for trout at Tadousac one fine day of the past season. The trout were lawful game, but salmon, in the same waters, forbidden fruit. It was then with a sigh of sincere and unfeigned relief that the angler saw a hooked salmon after a bit of magnificent play break away with the hook and parted leader. But satisfaction was changed to dismay when the leaping fish came with one grand vault after another directly for the boat and at last lay stunned and helpless in the canoe. Mr. Gregory promptly solved the problem by regaining his fly, and assisting the fish back into its element, there, like the patriotic orator, to sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish.

The celebrated North Pond, or Hebron Pond, case has just been settled finally by a decision of the Connecticut Supreme Court, which Dr. W. M. Hudson sends us and

we print to-day. The facts in brief are these: North Pond was formerly open to the public, and the people of Hebron were accustomed freely to fish in its waters. Years ago Mr. P. W. Turner, a manufacturer, came into control of the flowage of the pond and of all the land surrounding it, whereupon he claimed also to control the fishing, and for twenty years he has succeeded in preventing any person's fishing without permission. The residents of Hebron did not surrender without a bitter and prolonged legal fight for what they claimed were their fishing rights in the pond; and after failing to sustain these rights, they finally appealed to the courts to lay out a highway to the pond, thus giving the public free access to it. The petition was granted, and the highway laid out. Mr. Turner appealed from the finding of the committee, and on the contention that the road through his property to the pond was not a public necessity, carried the case up to the Supreme Court. The decision just handed down reverses previous findings, and sustains Mr. Turner. The case is an involved one, as are most of those wherein riparian rights are involved.

The British soldier in India who wants to go shooting, is permitted to do so only under a somewhat complex and it might be thought irksome system of regulations. No shooting party may consist of less than three men, and one of the three must be able to talk in the vernacular of the district, but no matter how fluent may be the linguist of the party, they must not converse with any native woman. One of the most important of the restrictions, as outlined in the *Asian*, is that which forbids shooting animals regarded by the natives as sacred or entering upon certain sacred localities. There is posted in each barrack room an official list of such animals and places. It is a pity that for the sake of the game supply we have not a liberal number of sacred localities in this country.

The pith of the decision just rendered by the Connecticut Supreme Court, respecting the constitutional character of the law forbidding the export of game, is contained in these words: "It being conceded that the State, under its general police power, may lawfully prohibit the killing of the game birds in question it may, of course, control such killing and the times and purposes thereof. It may lawfully enact that they may be killed, and sold and held for sale only for domestic consumption. The State in the exercise of its power, instead of prohibiting the killing altogether permits the person killing them to acquire only a qualified right in them, namely, the right to appropriate them to his own use and the right to sell or transport them for domestic use."

The discovery of one or more wild deer in the woods of eastern Connecticut has awakened considerable excitement in the vicinity, and every man and boy possessing a gun is reported to be on the warpath. Whereupon Mr. John H. Gould, of New Haven, suggests that a fund be raised for the purchase of deer to be put out in Connecticut woods, where he thinks with protection they will undoubtedly thrive, multiply, and in the future furnish fun for a host of sportsmen.

Among the good things in store for FOREST AND STREAM readers will be a series of papers by Mr. Charles Hallock descriptive of the shooting and fishing attractions of the eastern counties of North Carolina. Mr. Hallock sailed via the Old Dominion Line yesterday, for Norfolk, Va., whence under commission from this journal he will proceed by canal and sound, for an extended tour of observation and investigation, the results of which will be given timely publication.

The note in our shooting columns of the "battue" of English pheasants at Tuxedo Park the other day has a decidedly foreign flavor and might have been clipped from an English journal. It records a phase of shooting which will be common enough in this country ten years from now, for confirmation of which fore-telling consult Vol. LVII. of the FOREST AND STREAM.

By the death of John B. Clarke, editor of the *Mirror and Farmer*, New Hampshire fish and game interests have lost an influential supporter. For many years Mr. Clarke was president of the New Hampshire Fish and Game League, in the work of which he took active part, and to it contributed substantial aid.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SMOKE WREATHS.

IT is, as you see, a very ordinary brier-wood with an amber mouthpiece. The amber has been broken off and rudely mended with the brass shell of a cartridge. The leather case is scratched and worn, and its velvet lining is faded. Just an old brier-wood pipe. But then you remember Aladdin's lamp was old and battered so that no one guessed its wonderful power. As the magic lamp was only for its possessor, so this old pipe unfolds its secrets only to me, its owner.

I am not much of a smoker, and I use my pipe but seldom. It is smoked oftener by others, who never get an inkling of its magic properties, but think of it simply as a sweet one which they enjoy.

But when I light it, and the curling wreaths of blue smoke float gently upward, while the subtle influence of the tobacco soothes the senses, then it is that it becomes, to me, different from other pipes. On those same curling wreaths of smoke I am carried away to other days and scenes, some of which are separated from the present by long intervals of both time and space—to places and times when the old pipe was my companion and in the smoke come visions which, while ever changing, are replete with vivid pictures, familiar forms and well-loved faces. Wild scenes most of them are; mountains, forests, lonely lakes and rushing rivers. Places where the cry of the loon, the tread of deer, the splash of leaping trout are the sounds which mingle with the voice of the wind in the pines trees. And the faces—three there are which come oftenest, and one is more often a reality than an illusion, though in the smoke I see it again by my side in the woods and by the streams; the sweet face of a woman into whose dear eyes God grant I may look for many years to come. And the other two—one, a younger brother whose love of nature is the same as mine; the other, the best friend a man ever had, and like another older brother in the affection I bear him.

Other faces there are, some of which have the copper tint of the aboriginal races, but all, except the first one, are far away under the blue skies of New England, many miles from our home on the shores of Lake Michigan.

As I touch my match to the tobacco I have in mind a stanza from Whittier, who above all others is the poet of New England, of her history, her traditions and her people.

"Wildly round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold."

The lines run through my mind, and they and the magic of the pipe form in the curling smoke a picture.

On the shore of a lonely lake in the wilderness a giant pine stands alone near the water. Some of its branches are bare and dead; some are clothed with the living green. Beneath the pine tree is a small tent gleaming white in the twilight, and in front of it a camp-fire is burning merrily, throwing out a grateful heat and cheerful light. Back of the camp is the forest, through which many and many a mile intervenes between the little tent and the nearest settlement. In front is a strip of hard, white, curving beach, stretching for half a mile around the water; and the sand is covered with the tracks of deer; a larger hoof print shows where a moose has come out to quench his thirst. Across the placid surface of the lake in which the dying sunlight is reflected, the purple peaks of a mountain range are sharply defined against the amber sky. To the north a stupendous mountain rears its lofty summit far above the timber line, its black sides showing the white scars of avalanches which occurred no man knows when. A birch canoe is drawn up on the beach and a rod and rifle lean against the tent. The carcass of a deer hangs on the pine tree, its antlers showing it to be a buck. By the fire two men watch the light fade from the western sky. The one an Indian, the other a white man, and there is no other within many miles of them. For days they have been voyaging down from the head waters of the stream, their frail canoe borne onward by the flood till at last they pitch their tent under the big pine tree on the sand beach. It is late in the afternoon when they land, and after preparing the camp they go out in quest of game. It is a warm, glorious Indian summer day, and as they paddle across the pulsing water, the canoe, now empty of its burden, leaps forward like a thing of life. Across the lake they go and in among the shadowy islands near the inlet.

The white man in the bow places his paddle carefully by his side and takes his rifle. On they go through winding channels where great trees overarch the dark water, and the shores are bordered with grasses and lily-pads. Here and there a maple in its autumnal splendor adds a splash of gaudy color to the sombre evergreen forest. The minarets of the firs and spruces sharply cut the sky and the peace of the dying day is over all. The Indian's paddle is as still as death as he sends the canoe along through this beautiful, silent land. Hark! a stealthy tread is heard in the bushes, but nothing is visible. Then a snort from the hidden buck proclaims that his keen nostrils have apprised him of lurking danger. It is useless longer to look for him, and again the canoe steals forward.

The daylight is fast growing dimmer among the islands, but as the hunters emerge from them into another pond there is more light. This sheet of water is even more lonely than the lake on which the camp is situated. It is smaller and the mountains approach more closely, their dusky slopes hem it in on all sides. How still it is, as if the solitude had never before been disturbed nor the bosom of the lake kissed by gliding prow. As the view first bursts upon the sight it is like a revelation of nature. The eyes of the white hunter search every rod of shore and behind him two other eyes are on the alert.

No word is spoken; both men sit motionless but the arms of the Indian are working from the shoulders; the blade is not lifted from its element. The canoe, apparently without propulsion, goes on ward like the shadow of a cloud across the water.

Suddenly it stops,

"Nol-ke nah-za-ket," whispers the Indian in his own tongue. "There is a deer over there."

Yes, on the opposite shore can be seen a moving red body, but so far away that but for the motion it might be mistaken for a dead spruce top. Once more the canoe steals forward, but though it moves swiftly there is not the least suspicion of a sound. The rifle is cocked and ready. The distance rapidly decreases and the deer can be plainly seen. It walks along the shore, turns toward the woods and disappears behind the windfall. Has it gone? Is there to be no meat in the camp to-night? The same gliding motion of the canoe continues, and eyes are strained for the reappearance of the game.

Ha! there it is coming toward the shore. It stops, gazes out across the water, and the canoe ceases to move. It lowers its head to eat and again the silent boat is in motion. The deer is apparently restless; will it remain in sight till the rifle is near enough to speak? Then further up the shore another deer comes out to drink and eat the succulent lily pads. The first one is now standing knee deep in the water drinking. It lifts its head and looks toward the canoe, and then turns toward the woods. It is a buck, and as he turns, a few swift, strong strokes send the light craft swiftly, but just as silently, nearer to him. He is now headed directly away from the hunters and presents a poor mark, but there is no time to lose. The rifle is brought to the shoulder, and as the antlered head is turned to take another look at the strange object on the water, the sharp crack awakens the echoes, and at the sound the buck drops in his tracks. Reverberations bound and rebound across the pond from one mountain to another. The second deer gives one hasty, startled glance, and with prodigious leaps seeks the cover of the woods. Another cartridge is thrown into the barrel, but it is not needed, for when the canoe reaches the quarry it is found lying amid the grass in the edge of the water, shot through the neck, dead.

"Good shot. Not much time to lose that time," is the brief comment of the Indian as he takes his hunting knife and prepares to dress the animal.

In a short time the work is done, and then with the fatigue of the day forgotten, the game is placed in the canoe, the bow is pointed campward and the paddles are wielded by arms into which success has infused new life. It is after the return, and the fire has been rebuilt and preparations made for the night, that we see them sitting by the blaze. Two loons out on the lake and the deer tracks in the sand are the only signs of life. The light fades away and the night comes. The soft, black shadows creep out from under the hemlocks and spruces, and gradually envelop all things in their sombre covering. Through the branches of the pines above the tent the moon floats slowly upward and the stars begin to twinkle in the sky.

The silence is broken only by an occasional remark, sometimes in the soft, musical language of the Abenaki, sometimes in the more sonorous English. More wood is heaped upon the fire, and as the warm flame leaps into the air, dissipating the darkness in one small circle, but making the outer blackness more intense, they sit and smoke.

And one of them is smoking an old brier wood pipe.
W. A. BROOKS.

THE RED SHANTY CLUB.

AN account of a week spent in a permanent camp, on the shore of Barnegat Bay, may interest some of the readers of the "good old paper." The first week of August, 1891, will long be remembered by four "camping cranks," who had fun galore in a tight little shanty built on stout piles driven into the salt meadow.

Everything having been collected, on the morning of Aug. 1 the duffle was packed on board the crack naphtha launch Neptune, owned by the writer's father, and we started down Toms River. The wind was blowing hard southeast, and when we got out in Barnegat Bay we caught it fast and furious. A few minutes sufficed to wet us to the skin, our oil-skins being spread over our duffle. The Neptune, 25ft. over all, and a staunch little craft, rode the heavy seas admirably, and we made the run of 7½ miles in one hour and twenty minutes, with a heavy yawl in tow, having water barrels on board.

The shanty is painted red, hence the name of the club, which, by the way, is a close corporation on account of the shanty being 8x12ft. in size. We soon had things snugly fixed. Two of us had bunks, one over the other, and the other two fellows had one cot and the other the floor. But we had good beds—after we had appropriated enough salt hay for mattresses.

We spent the ensuing week fishing, crabbing, swimming, and last, but really it ought to be first, eating.

If any dyspeptic wants to find a good appetite let him spend a week or two near the salt meadows; the salt air and the peculiar smell of the black salt mud will make him want to eat a cow raw. *Mem.* White potatoes boiled in salt water have a remarkably fine flavor.

Business compelling our return to office and shop, on Aug. 11 we reluctantly broke camp, resolved to spend a whole month next summer in the "Red Shanty."

BROADBILL.

TEXAS TURKEYS.

WITH very little ceremony in preparation, but with ample of everything that was substantial in the way of camp fare loaded into our wagon, we mounted to the seat about 10 o'clock, and bidding a merry good-bye to the ladies, went off down the road on our way to the hunting ground on the river, leaving all care behind; and living in the present were boys again. After following the public road for a while we turned off into the chaparral, and taking a trail reached the river about 2 o'clock.

We rested in camp until late in the afternoon, and then started out in separate directions to sit around and listen for turkeys to fly up to roost. My old friend and I went together. Just about dusk we heard one gobble away off, but too far to reach him; so when it became dark and it was useless to wait longer on our stand, we started back to our camp about one-half mile away through the woods. The timber which skirted the creek was so narrow on the side which we were traveling that we felt certain if any turkeys were roosting on the creek we must pass under them. We moved cautiously, expecting to see one at any time on the roost. When about 200 or 300 yds. from camp I felt my companion pull me; and he pointed ahead into a large tree. I knew what it was at once. Who that has hunted the magnificent game can

ever forget? That form was unmistakable, so plump, so graceful, so erect and keenly alert to all surroundings, it poised on the limb in a nonchalant attitude, clearly outlined against the horizon, while we below were obscured by the shadows of the trees. I saw at a glance that it was a nice gobble, and raised my gun to bring him down. My companion whispered "Wait," and then cautioned me that I must not mistake a large grapevine running parallel with him for his head and neck and shoot that. Although I felt confident that I could see distinctly, still I waited to take a good look, and being satisfied of him, drew a bead on his head and neck and fired. Out he rolled, and the fall was a heavy one, echoing through the woods far and near. We ran to him, neglecting to look about for others in the trees, as we should have done; and they commenced to fly out, quite a bunch leaving us. We went into camp, and soon retiring to bed, slept the sleep that can only come to those who live out of doors.

Long before daylight next morning we were up sitting around a merry crackling fire drinking coffee and waiting until it should be time to start out to hunt them on the roost. When we started each went in different directions. This time I was all alone. Going up the creek near to where we had been the evening before, I sat down to listen and wait. It was quite dark under the trees, but the sky was lit by myriads of twinkling stars. The stillness was oppressive; not a voice of animal life to break the quiet, all nature seemed hushed in sweet repose. The witchery of the scene was contagious and I caught the inspiration. Sweet spirits, voiceless and unseen, hovered near, and the atmosphere, heavy-laden with perfumes of early spring blossoms, breathed into motion by the plants and flowers. The large forest trees towering majestic, silent and stately in the shadowy background, were massive columns in an enchanted castle in which I, the sole occupant, was musing all alone. How small I seemed and how grand the surroundings, brought thus face to face with nature. How weak was I and all mankind compared to this. Where is the use of the perpetual struggle going on the world; the strong trampling down the weaker; the rich man's continual strife to accumulate more riches; the poor man's ceaseless struggle for bread? What care I, living in this enchanted garden, for stocks or bonds, or for panics or crises? Who would not lay aside the jealousies, the heart-burnings and follies of society to abide in these surroundings?

My reveries were interrupted here by the twittering whistle of the redbird, the first tiny herald of the approach of morning. Soon his note is answered by another, and another, and then taken up by all the feathered tribe of the woods. Then sound multiplies sound in gradual volume, until all the world seems to be awaking from its slumber. Soon the god of day gives one shy peep—like a lazy boy from his bed—over the surrounding hills, probably to ascertain if the little stars were still watching. But they were not; the timid little things had long since said their good-night and hastened away to hide. Thrown back on the curtain of mist and darkness which so recently enveloped the world, and with one bound the sun springs out full, robed in the grandest of his habiliments and sheds a smile over the whole world. His coming dispels my dreams—for dreams vanish with the stars—and as I have not heard any gobbling I rise and take my way back to camp. Soon the others come in, my Richmond friend with two nice turkeys, but both hens. Our host would not hunt except to pilot us about, he did not even carry his shotgun with him from the house, for he said he wanted us to have a good time and do the shooting.

We passed the day pleasantly around the camp resting and fishing. For dinner we had fish and the breast of turkey cooked as steak, which was delicious.

For the evening hunt we planned to cross the river and hunt in the broader bottom of the other side, hunting the turkeys at night while on the roost. It was too late in the season to do this successfully, as the leaves had all come out thick on the elm trees, making it hard to see them at night. We went a mile above camp to a shallow ford and crossed over the river, waiting until it became quite dark, and started down the bank of the stream. We had poor luck, scoring out quite a number, but killing none for quite a while. When about opposite to our camp and we had been scattered out into the woods for some time, I came upon my companions standing close together and holding a whispered conversation about something in a tree which attracted them. One of them said he thought it was a turkey, but the other said it was a bunch of moss. I guessed what it was, and solved the problem by firing into it, and not waiting to express an opinion on the subject. Out rolled a turkey. My friends were teased of course. This was all we killed, and being near to camp we waded the river and turned into camp and beds.

The next morning was our last in camp, and we arose early, as usual, and went out to our stands. My host and I went together again on a stand, when, just before it was light good, there opened up quite near us an old gobble, who was joined in a chorus by others. I went to the roost, which was quite near, as quick as I could, and after looking around soon located the tree which contained the leading spirit of the flock. It was hard at first to see him, but when my eyes became accustomed to the surroundings I located him and brought him out. Just before I fired my friend shot one about 30 yds. from me with his rifle, but did not get it. After I had fired and was looking into the tree for others which I could hear but not see, my friend came running up to tell me to go to some others not far off. He did not know the tree which I had killed one out of was full of them. Out they all went and left me with only one. That ended the prospects for that bunch, but before I picked up my gobble to leave there came one from down the creek and went whirling through the trees. As it passed I fired and brought it down with a broken wing, but it got away although I gave it a second barrel at long range, knocking it down. When we got back to camp my other friend was there with a fine gobble.

We broke up our camp and started home that day. It was Saturday and we felt that we had enough game for one short hunt.

The next day our host took us back to Beeville in his hunting wagon; we had enjoyed our hunt to the utmost but were willing to go home. On our way in that morning we had no idea of shooting anything, for besides having had hunt enough, it was Sunday, we were all inclined to respect the dog. But who can withstand temp-

tation? The best of us will yield when the tempter comes. A villainous coyote crossed the road directly in front of us and looked at us saucily. It was so like a "dare." Of course, he didn't stay there long, but moved off of the road to let us pass and stopped on our right about 150 yds. off. I grabbed my gun and a buckshot cartridge, and jumping out of the back on the opposite side told the others to drive on, which they did without halting, and the wolf's gaze was attracted to the hack and its occupants. I fixed my gun and ran in a stooping position toward him until I was within 100 yds., then rose and fired, turning him over. It was a splendid shot. Is it any harm to kill a coyote on Sunday?

We reached home that night, having killed twelve turkeys and one wolf, not counting small game, bringing with us the recollection of a delightful hunt. We said good-bye to our friend and host at Beeville regretfully, and trust some time to join in another hunt as pleasant.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

S. D. CALDER.

IN NEW YORK CITY WILDOODS.

VAN CORTLANDT, New York City, Oct. 25.—In these last autumn days, those who like myself are fortunate enough to enjoy them up here must feel as I do—a great longing that many more of the inhabitants of the great city might be privileged to inhale the pure air of these hills and revel in the glad sunshine of departing summer. A glimpse only of this fair country would be necessary to induce a long ramble, such as we had to-day, across fields and deep into the woods—the woods of New York city—for on this northern boundary, away from the limits of noisy, paved streets, there are generous, wood-covered hills, with many grand old trees, running brooks and little lakes. The birds have been very silent of late, and scarcely visible, so it is almost startling to find that every coppice and all the woods are filled with the songsters of bygone days. They are here gathering their clans for a journey to the south and tarry by the way to feast on the abundance of bright berries that adorn almost every shrub. The silver birches have already shed some of their foliage, but are scarcely less beautiful, while the light let in from above permits them to see their graceful lines reflected in the mirroring pools. Thrifty squirrels are busy everywhere laying in winter supplies, and in a shady valley is the moss-grown rocky home of a chipmunk's family. First acquaintance with him recalled the days of boyhood when the discovery was made that chipmunks liked whistling and in that way could be coaxed from their holes in the stone wall. This chipmunk has the same tastes. He was brought out to-day and sat contentedly listening to the melody from puckered lips, until his eyes began to close, and the other fellow suggested that the whistle had made him tired, thus demonstrating the human qualities of the chipmunk. The sun has sunk low as we return, tinging the sky with rich color that indicates another day of radiant warmth. This may be followed by a bleak gray day or two, but even these melancholy days have a beauty and great poetic charm all their own.

CHEM ESOR.

Natural History.

THE PORCUPINE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Since I sent in some notes on the porcupine last winter, hinting strongly that it was a nuisance, there has been published a good deal of correspondence concerning this prickly animal.

Mr. Jack thinks the porcupine is not especially noted as a trespasser on man's domain. Here his observations differ from mine most widely. Leaving out my experience in the State of Maine, which was mostly in the deep woods, I have seen ten porcupines within inclosed fields for every one I ever saw in the woods. The injury to the horse, the raid on the hen house, and the mingling with the turkeys, mentioned in my former letter, all occurred not less than a half-mile from any woods. Dr. W. L. Macdonald, of Boston, who lives two or three months each summer on his farm near here, has killed one or two around his house every season for the last six years. In June, 1877, I saw one enter the open front door of the house of R. P. Colpitts, of Elgin, about 9 P. M., one evening—the house was in the center of a good-sized milling village. A young man (Mr. Henderson) of Forest, Me., told me that he had killed two in the act of gnawing their way into his house. Every year I see evidences of their ravages in the buckwheat fields around here, and the crops of two men, Messrs. McAlary and Belyea, whose farms abound in rocky ledges, are materially injured by them.

Mr. Jack does not think that they girdle and kill trees. Though I had seen trees barked, gouged and partially trimmed by them, previous to 1887 I never had seen more than a half dozen small trees that they had girdled. But in the bouldery country adjoining the Chiputeticooc lake (that is the place for porcupines) there are hundreds of large trees bearing such unmistakable signs of having been killed by porcupines that "he who runs may read." I have seen where they had gnawed the bark off a space of 4 ft., extending clear around a hemlock tree that would "top" 12 in. at a distance of 30 ft. from the ground. The gnawing would be above the first branches, but the tree would be as dead as Julius Cæsar. I saw yellow birches, spruces, beeches and elms that had been similarly treated, and one big malformed beech, about 18 in. in diameter at the butt and 30 ft. high, had evidently been used by them as a boarding house, it was completely denuded of bark "from the lowermost root to the topmost bough," as the dorky said. This was at the head of Spruce Mountain Cove, Spedunc Lake; and any one who visits that place can easily see all I have described in the way of tree mangling. It was there that I made up my mind that the porcupine was a nuisance and did much damage to Maine timber.

"The Drummer" says that the flesh of the porcupine is good for food, and that alive he is an interesting pet. As to the latter, I think it is a case that would justify the use of the much overworked *De gustibus* proverb; but if it is a question of taste with which I am not disposed to quarrel. I don't think I would have to overtax myself much to find nine hundred and ninety-nine animals that would seem more desirable to me in that capacity. I never tasted the flesh of the porcupine, but almost any

one around here can tell you "that it tastes just like mutton," though you will search long and diligently before you find a man that will plead guilty to having eaten it in any quantity or even to tasting it at all. Week before last Dr. Macdonald, mentioned earlier in this letter, killed a large, fat porcupine. His nephew has a "squaw-man" living on his farm, who assists him in the farm work, and the man begged the Doctor to give him the carcass. "He had often eaten porcupine," he said, "and it was good—it tasted like lamb." The Doctor told him to take it home and dress it, but to save him a small piece. Next morning the Doctor asked him how the "lamb" went. "The devil," he said, "could not eat that particular porcupine, it was so strong, but taken in small quantities it might be blanked good medicine for cholera. His wife couldn't go it either," he added, "and they gave it to the cat and dog and they didn't appear to care about it." Now, there is a saying that "anything is chuck to an Indian," and a diet at which a squaw and her dog and cat turn up their noses does not seem to me extra desirable for white people. "Jacobstaff," in his recent letter to *FOREST AND STREAM*, sums up the porcupine about right in my opinion. Though I am sorry to be obliged to differ in my views from Mr. Jack, a man who is much my senior in years and woodcraft, and whose writings have given me so much genuine pleasure, I have tried to show that my opinions are not loosely or hastily formed, and that the conclusion to which I have come is not without some show of reason.

MCDONALD'S CORNER, N. B.

L. I. FLOWER.

THE FEEDING HABITS OF SHARKS.

DURING the summer of 1887 there were in one of the aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission at Woods Holl, Mass., three sand sharks, each about three feet long. They became very tame, taking chunks of fish, or whole fish of convenient size, either alive or dead, from the hand, just as a dog will; but one had to be careful of one's fingers, as it mattered not to the sharks whether they took fish or flesh. There was never, to the writer's knowledge, a tendency on the part of these fish to turn on the back to take food, nor could one imagine a necessity for so doing under the circumstances.

In a large walled tidal pool outside, however, there were several large sharks, about six feet in length. These were fed with fish taken from a pound-net close by. When the fish were thrown in the sharks quickly gorged themselves with the dead and with the injured ones which could not swim well; but they did not seem expert at catching the active ones, with which the pool was well stocked. They would dart after them, sometimes rolling completely over, but the fish were generally able to escape by darting close to the wall and into some woodwork supporting steps arranged around the pool. It is probable that the sharks would have had better success in the open water, as they were unable to move very swiftly for fear of striking a wall. As they were not fed regularly, they sometimes became very hungry.

The writer took much interest in watching them and found that, at times at least, they look quite as much interested in him. At all events when at high tide the water was on a level with the step on which his feet rested, the sharks would come up so close, turning on one side and smiling so benevolently, with a "come-in-out-of-the-wet" expression, that he was fain to get up a step higher, as a matter of precaution at least. Whether they were but asking in their way, as other fishes do, to have some fish thrown them or whether they were thirsting for human blood can only be conjectured. They were not of the so-called "man-eating" kind. It was inferred, however, from those observations that their actions in taking food were, and would likely be, controlled by the character or the position of the prey. There is nothing more probable to the writer than that in attacking a larger fish, a school of fish, or a man, they would come up beneath to prevent escape, and considering the position of the mouth nothing seems more probable than that they would at times turn on their backs. It is a mere question of expediency, however, and not necessarily a fixed habit. For an object of small size it would not be necessary.

WILLIAM P. SEAL.

"FATE OF THE FUR SEAL."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the editorial column (p. 285) of your issue of Oct. 29, under the caption "Fate of the Fur Seal," commenting on Mr. Palmer's interesting paper, several statements which I never made are mistakenly attributed to me. As I have been accessible here at any time since the paper of Mr. Palmer was presented to the Biological Society, it would have been better for the gentleman who undertook to report my remarks on a subject of so much importance, to have submitted his version to me before sending it away for publication. The misunderstanding of a word or phrase so easy in hasty notes of an off-hand discussion may, and in the present case does, entirely change the statements so modified.

For instance I said that "Mr. Elliott's estimate" (not "the estimates") of the number of seals "on the rookeries" (not "on the islands") was "a gross exaggeration," a fact which cannot be controverted, since his estimate, one seal to every two square feet, depends upon a physical impossibility.

I said also that in my opinion "there never were three million seals (not 'a million') on the rookeries; three million being Mr. Elliott's estimate, taken in round numbers. I said that 'in 1866' (not 'in the early days of the industry') I purchased first-class fur seal skins at 12½ cts. apiece, that being the price at which they were sold by the Russians. The point of this observation lies in its application to the oft repeated statement that as Mr. Palmer says 'little stress was laid upon the fact that fur seals were found in abundance' at the time of the purchase of the Territory by the United States. No stress could reasonably have been laid upon it, since 100,000 seals would at that time have been worth only some \$12,500, which would have hardly paid for the trouble of taking them. Of course, almost immediately afterward, this was no longer true.

I did not say that "the diminution now apparent to every one is due chiefly to the number of young males legally killed," nor did I attribute "the present decline chiefly to the excessive killing of young males." Such has never been my opinion. What I did say was to intimate that after the killing in the open sea (the most important factor in the diminution), the second factor was

the killing of too many young males rather than injuries caused by driving; the latter being a view much insisted on by Mr. Palmer.

Again, I did not credit Raymond with the invention of the machine for removing the coarse hair, which machine is of English origin. What Raymond of Albany did was to invent a method of dyeing the underfur.

But I have said enough to show how incorrectly I have been reported. This is not the time, nor your excellent paper the present place for me to discuss the details of a question now under a quasi-judicial investigation. The matter is too complicated and the factors concerned are too numerous to be handled hastily or in *ex cathedra* fashion. The testimony which will be brought before the commission which is inquiring into the subject will doubtless throw much needed light on all the many sides of the question, which can then be discussed with proper knowledge and due consideration.

WM. H. DALL.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, Oct. 31.

THE ANTICS OF A TAME JAY.

AMONG the birds which my children raised this year is one which gives us more pleasure than I ever expected. It is a bluejay, and he is the most cunning plumed fellow you can think of. I had to clip his wings because he would not stay in a cage, but likes to hop and flutter around the house. He is not afraid of the dogs, will hop around and about them, sit on the head of a big bloodhound and yell at the top of his voice just for mischief. He defies all the chickens if they try to take some food away from him. I suspect his terrible war cry scares them. He will sit on our shoulders and hands and beg for food, but as soon as his appetite is satisfied he takes what more are offered him and hides it away in some nook. Sometimes he will put it down in my vest pocket or under the collar of my outing shirt. Water he likes exceedingly well, and shows signs of disgust if without his regular bath; and lo! how he will jump in when the dishpan is filled with the fresh, cool liquid—drink, dive, splutter and yell for joy. Then out he goes to the sunny lawn and lies down on one side first, spreading the opposite wing, then he turns over to spread and dry the other one. He will also take dry sun baths in the same manner.

If nobody is around he will perch on a chair on the porch and sing; and he can sing right well in a low voice, imitating other birds. His efforts to talk are also remarkable. Everybody in the house loves him, but we have to keep out of his reach everything that glitters and is not too heavy for his strength. This, of course, is the inherited vice of the corvine tribe, and the only complaint I can raise against him. The ladies don't like him to enter the house, as he will leave marks of his existence. But taking it all around, I can highly recommend to lovers of pet birds to raise and tame a young bluejay, as it will certainly be a source of great pleasure to them.

CINCINNATI, O.

D. W. D.

A BLACK CHIPMUNK.—Some ten years ago three specimens of black squirrels, or what I considered common "chipmunks" dressed in black, were brought me during the months of October and November for mounting. Save in color I could distinguish no particular wherein they differed from the "chippies," which are so abundant in Maine; in fact the lateral stripes were almost discernible through their black coats. From that time till the present month I have not encountered another, but within a week I have caught one, which I now have caged. Its coat is as black and glossy as possible, and I can distinguish no indication of the side stripes, as I am quite certain I could in the previous specimens. Is it probably a case of melanism or may it be a separate species or variety, or are there two types of "chippies," the normal and the black, as there are the red and gray types of mottled owls? Will some one kindly post me through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*—J. C. MEAD. [This is clearly a case of melanism, and a very interesting one. Dr. Allen, in his monograph of the rodents, states that melanistic examples of the striped squirrel or common chipmunk are rare. He mentions a skin of the collection in the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoology from Norway, Me., which is intensely black throughout excepting a narrow white streak on the breast. He notes also that Dr. Adams has met with several instances of melanism in this animal in New Brunswick.]

ENGLISH PHEASANTS AT TUXEDO PARK.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Last Thursday, Aug. 29, the Tuxedo Club held their experimental battle of English pheasants. It was in every way completely successful. Six guns came to enjoy the morning's sport in magnificent weather, and by mid-day 100 out of the 120 birds turned out had been accounted for. The members of the club are so pleased with the result that it is proposed to hold battles every week next season. Their stock this year was supplied by the pheasantry at Mountain Side Farm, Mahwah, N. J., but it is their intention (as they have a most capable rearer in J. Ainsworth) to have a small pheasantry of their own for the future, to supply a portion of their requirements, and for that purpose have kept back a small head of birds. The cocks flew splendidly, and it speaks columns for the accuracy of the six well known sportsmen who enjoyed the fun that so many birds were bagged. It only remains to congratulate the club sincerely on the success of their spirited endeavors to permanently introduce this game bird on a large scale, and to offer them every good wish in their efforts in this direction in the future—G.

AN UNFORTUNATE NEST BUILDER.—Cincinnati, O.—Two years ago we had in a bush in our garden the nest of a little yellow warbler (*Dendroica aestiva*). The bush was so near the porch that we all enjoyed watching the little things while building. One day my son remarked that he had not seen the birds for a day or two, and by peeping into the bush he found the male bird dead at the entrance to his nest, hanging by the neck, entangled in a long human hair, which he had woven in with his other building material. You can imagine how sorry we were for the sad fate of our lovely little neighbor.—D. W. D.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Gloss," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Ness-muk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

WEAPONS FOR GAME.

[Concluded from page 270.]

I HAVE succeeded in making a .45 express shoot solid bullets of pure lead weighing 270grs. quite as accurately as the longer hollow bullets of the same weight by using powder about as slow-burning as the Hazard FG instead of the English No. 6 grain, reducing the charge from 125grs. to 110grs., and putting a thick lubricated felt wad under the bullet in order to diminish the suddenness of the blow of the powder gas upon its base. The grooves in this rifle had only one turn in 48in., and I doubt if good shooting could be made with a much quicker twist unless the lead were hardened or the quantity of powder reduced.

The two facts in Baker's observations upon rifles which seem to me most worthy of note are:

1. He is not willing to sacrifice accuracy for the sake of a very flat trajectory. He objects to even 3dr. of powder over the usual 6drs. charge, because the latter "produces greater accuracy at long ranges." The proportion of powder in his .577 rifle is only one-fourth the weight of lead. This, with the No. 6 grain made for rifles in England would give rather more than 1,600ft. a second muzzle velocity, which would mean a trajectory about 2in. high up to 100yds. and about 10in. up to 200yds.

2. Baker's experience has not made him in love with very small bores. Few living men have killed as much large game, and he is known to be an excellent shot at both running and standing objects. His hunting has been chiefly in localities remote from civilization, where the game would be approachable within comparatively short ranges. For years together he has shot in order to provide food for large numbers of camp followers, and must therefore have had immense practice in stalking.

With all this we do not find him stating, as that "a little bullet is sufficient when put in the right place."

For anything not larger than a fallow deer (which is about the size of the Virginia deer) the least powerful rifle recommended is a .40 with 85 to 110grs. of powder. For such game as the moose, wapiti, caribou and grizzly bear, the advice practically amounts to, "Use the most powerful rifle you can handle with efficiency." And this seems to be on the ground of humanity as much as of safety to the hunter. When an animal struck properly in the shoulder gallops 100yds. before falling, the shooting is called "clumsy." "Do not wound, but kill outright."

While saying that men should be armed in proportion to their strength, he himself prefers a .577 of 12lbs. weight. Doubtless this is because he is, or at least was when in his prime, far superior to ordinary hunters in physical power. For men of average strength who may desire to try the system advised by Baker of large gauges and solid bullets of pure lead, I imagine there could not well be better weapons than the American .50 95 or .50 110 repeaters, with bullets of about .350grs. A .50-95 Winchester which I tried at 100yds., with only the short 300-grain bullet, carried very accurately, and although only about 8½lbs. weight, the recoil did not seem more than that of an ordinary shotgun. Even with a 300-grain solid bullet it might be found to have plenty of penetration, but I have read that it is not liked by American hunters.

The .40-110 rifle of the Winchester Company has probably been tried by many hunters upon the ordinary small deer, though I have not seen the results mentioned in any American paper. For my own use I would prefer the .40-82-260 on account of its superior accuracy, and cannot understand why Baker likes the .40 express for antelope shooting. A very good express of .40 or .45 gauge will rarely put several successive bullets into less than a 10 or 12-inch circle at 200yds. The part of a black buck antelope's chest which must be hit in order to insure killing quick is, as Baker states, not more than 4in. square. I have killed numbers of those animals and know from experience that it is often impossible to stalk nearer than 200yds., and they are frequently too wild to allow of even that. If, therefore, an express rifle be used, many antelope will inevitably escape with broken arms or badly torn wounds at the edge of the chest, unless the hunter make up his mind (as he ought) never to fire at any animal which he judges to be more than 100yds. distant. Even at this range, if the game be facing the hunter, a shot which, with the .40-82-260 would be accurate enough to hit in the center of the breast, would, with the express rifle, sometimes let the animal escape with the shoulder joint smashed in pieces.

The hollow bullet is certainly advisable for this kind of shooting, because it not only stops in the antelope's body when it hits, but when it misses it is so knocked out of shape on striking the ground that it is not liable to ricochet to dangerous distances. With the hollow as large and deep as in the factory-made bullets, although they are hardened with one-tenth part of tin, they are not satisfactory in their action unless hitting nicely behind the shoulder or in the breast. If fired at game running straight away they make a disgustingly torn wound in the quarters and do not penetrate to the vital organs. When express rifles were first used in India the most absurd accounts were written in the newspapers of their wonderful effects, by sportsmen who had given them a limited trial. The bullets were stated to travel without any perceptible curve up to 200yds.; to either penetrate three feet into an animal's flesh or knock him three feet backward; to either drop tigers on the spot or paralyze them so that they could neither charge nor run away.

I soon bought a single breechloading .45, carrying 110

grains of powder with a 280-grain hollow bullet, and tried it upon a couple of black buck, one at 120 and the other at 130yds. Each was killed in his tracks and I thought the rifle perfect, except that shooting at a target had shown it to be unreliable beyond 150yds. Shortly afterward I was sent on a seven weeks march in charge of more than 600 army remount horses, with a corresponding number of natives to lead them; and then I accidentally discovered the want of penetrating power of the hollow bullet. At one of the camping grounds several of the mussulman grooms (called syces) came to my tent and asked me to kill for their food "a wild bull" which they had found in the neighborhood. I thought it might be a bison or buffalo, so took the express rifle and accompanied them to a field covered with a crop of a leguminous plant called dhall, 5 or 6ft. high. Some animal completely hidden in it was making a kind of grunting and moaning noise. So to obtain a better view I mounted a piece of ruined mud wall about 5ft. high and watched. In a few minutes a bull nyghai raised his head above the dhall 50yds. distant and I instantly fired at the root of his ear. He fell, apparently dead, but when we went near he jumped up and galloped away. I followed at a run and found him in a field of sugar cane half a mile further on. As it was impossible to move through these without alarming him, I walked round the edge of the field and at last saw the lower part of his neck through an opening in the canes 60yds. distant. I fired at the spine, when he ran a few yards into a thicker part of the crop and stopped. The blood could be heard pouring upon the ground and in a few minutes he fell. I then sent the mussulmans in to "halla," or make him lawful to eat, by cutting his throat before life was extinct.

When skinned I found the first bullet in fragments at the root of the ear, the base resting on the bone, which was slightly cracked but not driven inward. The second bullet had struck the spine without even fracturing any part of the bone, but one piece of lead flying downward had cut open the large blood vessels of the neck.

There were numerous wounds on the skin, showing that he had been driven out of a herd by another bull. The nyghai, being as closely related to the ox as to the antelope tribes, is not eaten by Hindoos, owing to religious prejudice. A full-grown bull is about 14 hands high, with large dense bones and a hide so thick that it was formerly used by the natives for making shields.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

J. J. MEYRICK.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME REGIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago I made reference to the game regions of North Carolina. This letter is written for those readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* who have requested fuller details.

There is unusually good shooting this year in the territory. Birds are plenty, squirrel and coon are numerous, and deer and bear are familiar sights to any visitor. Sportsmen who have first-class dogs, and who can cope with the discomforts which must necessarily confront the northern visitor, unacquainted with the peculiarities of the soil-tilling Carolinian, should visit the Albemarle section.

Good shooting can be had within fifteen miles of Norfolk, and there sport combined with comfort can be procured. Geese, duck and swan are plentiful in Linkhorn and Lynnhaven bays. Deer and bear can be found in the Dismal Swamp. Partridges are plentiful along the eighteen mile line of the Norfolk, Albemarle & Atlantic Railroad, from Norfolk to Virginia Beach. A train leaves Norfolk at 6 A. M., returning at 7 P. M. The sportsman should leave the train at London Bridge or Oceana, and walk to Virginia Beach, a distance of only a few miles. The country is open and a guide will not be needed. Dinner can be procured at the Princess Anne Hotel at any time of the year.

If the sportsman cares to enter the Virginia desert immediately north of Virginia Beach in quest of deer, bear, wild cattle or hogs, a guide and cart can be procured at Drinkwater's. The guide is an absolute necessity to a stranger, the cart a luxury one cannot well do without. The Dismal Swamp, too, with its plethora of wild game, is within easy distance of Norfolk, Snowden, Indian Creek and Hickory Ground, on the Norfolk & Southern Railroad, can also be made in a day, and it is at those places where the birds are found in larger coveys than at any other points in the United States.

Sportsmen who wish to go further south and yet wish conveniences impossible to procure in a private house should go to the hotel at Elizabeth City, Hertford, the Edenton, Avoca, Pantego, or Belle Haven (P. O. Belport). All of these places are in North Carolina, and are on the Norfolk & Southern Railroad. At Elizabeth City the grounds are good for snipe, squirrel, deer, bear and fox. At Edenton turkey are more plentiful than at any other point, unless I except Avoca. Hertford affords excellent sport for the bird shooter. Belle Haven is noted for deer and at Pantego one can find abundance of birds. Beech Ridge, ten miles from Pantego, offers very attractive partridge shooting. Guides can be obtained at all these places, and good horses will be furnished at moderate prices. At Pantego last week Sam Shavender, who appears to have been built after sketches by "Porte Crayon," drove me eighty-two miles with the rain pouring torrents in eleven hours, changing horses but once. For this service he charged me but \$5.

There are but few farm houses I can recommend to any visitor. The ordinary Carolinian farmer has a fear of strangers, and to them, I dare say, he is not an overcordial host. The visitor is largely to blame for this apparent lack of hospitality, for he is usually very critical, and at times unpleasantly sarcastic. Breakfast is seldom served before 9 o'clock, and supper at an hour equally inconvenient to the sportsman. The table is hardly up to my idea of "what's what," though usually better supplied than that of the average Northern farmer. Private houses which rank closely with the hotels, and ones which I can recommend any one to, are as follows: Station agent Eber-edge, Indian Creek; W. L. Northern, Hickory Ground; and Mr. D. Sier, North West, Virginia; C. R. Van de Car, Movock; Milton Snowden, Snowden; Dr. Shaw, Shawboro; Mark Gregory, or J. W. Snall, Okisko; and James Towe, Chapanoke, North Carolina. Of course, even Northern sportsmen are well aware that at Currituck the best points for wildfowl are controlled by clubs, but Mrs. Nettie Midget, whose address is Coinjock, Va., controls some very good ones, and she is the only party who can accommodate sportsmen.

There are a few marshes in North Carolina which are for sale, but I would not advise any one to purchase until the game laws of the State are adjusted properly.

For shooting wildfowl in Carolina waters a No. 13, 8lbs., 30in., or a No. 11, 9lbs., 36in. gun is the best, the heavier the weight in the breach the better. With proper handling one can do all the execution which opportunity may afford. For shooting turkey I believe a rifle is the only proper instrument to use, as well as in killing bear and deer, though many use a shotgun loaded with buck-shot.

The shooting for birds commences Nov. 15, though I believe that January is a better month, from the fact that at that time the cover stalks have been broken down by the cattle which are turned into the fields about Dec. 1. The birds are found within a few yards of underbrush or else in the numerous ditch rows which cross the fields. Pointers are of very little use. A large share of the work is done in the ditches, which are full of briars, creating labor fatal to the delicate-skinned pointer. The birds rise singly, and a favorite form of ditch work is for two hunters to follow the ditch from each side, dropping the birds as they rise.

The lovers of bear and deer hunting can find the best sport on the Alligator River. This is unknown country to most sportsmen, as one must be prepared to rough it in every sense of the word. The Alligator River can be reached only on Tuesdays and Fridays. The sportsman must leave Norfolk, via the Norfolk & Southern, at 9:45 A. M., and at Elizabeth City take the steamer Lizzie Burrus for Fairfield and Alligator River landings. On application to Bill Basnight, East Lake, N. C., the sportsman will be notified when to come, though I will say January is the best month for bear, as at that time they take to the gum trees, which are full of juicy berries. Mill Tail and Whippin's creeks undoubtedly afford the best opportunities for the bear hunter in the Alligator River region. Deer may also be found there, though the records made at Belle Haven this year compel me to recommend that place over all others.

Most lands in North Carolina are posted, but this is chiefly for the purpose of keeping off the negroes, who with a gun in their hands are as dangerous as a cask of dynamite. Permission to shoot can be obtained of any owner by any gentlemen. FRANK A. HEYWOOD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Heywood's article in your valuable paper relative to game in North Carolina, stating I would give any information relative to Avoca, has caused a considerable number of gentlemen to address me letters of inquiry. While it is pleasant to commune with the sportsmen of other sections, said letters are absorbing much more time than I have to spare, and as my business calls me away frequently, causing much delay in rendering the information asked for, I will with your permission place where your many sporting friends will see what I am writing to individual inquiry.

First, Avoca is nineteen hours from New York city and easily reached. Fare from Norfolk \$2.70 instead of \$3.70 as stated in article alluded to. At Avoca is the House Dukinfield. Board \$10 to \$14 per week.

As to game, you will find attached to the property ten thousand acres of protected shooting lands, well stocked with deer, turkeys, birds and squirrels, foxes, etc. Geese and ducks are about four hours' run below us, but easily reached. The birds this year are in great abundance, large pea fields offering best of cover and feeding ground. Deer are plenty and easily found within 1½ miles to 4 miles. Turkeys are more plenty than for years, there being great quantities of beech, hickory and oak nuts. There were 28 seen in two flocks two days ago by parties at work on my plantation. Squirrels are plenty and on good dry grounds for hunting. Mr. Todd, an amateur, killed two gobblers, one with each barrel, as they rose, aggregating 43lbs., last spring, 1890.

In Salmona Creek, near the hotel, you have a nice stream for boating. It is well filled with North Carolina speckled perch and big-mouth bass, that are game and take live bait or fly. Tom Webb caught 84lbs. aggregate at two successive fishings, with common hook and line and live bait, this season. W. R. CAPEHART.

COONS IN "BANKS'S HOLLER."

IN the southern part of "York State," fifteen or sixteen miles above the Pennsylvania line, some twenty five years ago, a group of about thirty houses, a blacksmith shop, tavern and grocery store, situated at the intersection of two main roads, constituted the village of P—V—. The inhabitants were of that kindly class of people who considered themselves superior to none and equal to all. Neighborly feeling prevailed, and old and young, rich—if there were any—and poor, associated on the same level. The grocery store on one corner and the tavern on the other were the principal resorts of the men folks, when their day's work was ended, for an hour or two's social gossip before bedtime. Then the frequenters dropped out by ones or twos for their several homes, for bedtime was an early hour, and 9 o'clock usually saw the proprietors putting up their shutters for closing, except in the amusement season, when sleighing parties and protracted meetings were in vogue. Then the nights were enlivened by the jingling of old-fashioned sleigh bells and the good-natured hilarity of sleighing parties on their way to some distant farmhouse to spend the night in dancing to the tune of "Money Musk" or whatever the fiddlers chose to give them by way of music, until hard cider or mayhap a secreted bottle of something stronger got the better of the leader or of both of the musicians, when, if there were none in the party who could or would take their places, it broke up and returned home to a late breakfast and the duties of the day.

When the protracted meeting season was on, which, designedly or otherwise, usually came after dancing parties began to lag, footsteps were turned toward the old red school house a little further up the road on the hill, where, night after night, the circuit preachers, elders and deacons held forth with all their might and eloquence to re-enthuse the good people of the town and surrounding country in the work for their spiritual and moral welfare, and bring back to the fold such as had so far strayed away as to be considered backsliders. Aside from the good that was done, this made excuse for beaux and sweethearts to meet oftener, and for them the season was too short.

There were some congenial characters in the commun-

ity whose tastes inclined a sportive way, and among their favorite pastimes of hunting, fishing and trapping was "coonin'." Hardly a night in the season passed that the baying of Silas Larkum's black hound was not heard among the buckwheat and cornfields or the woods and hollows of the low surrounding hills. Other dogs, probably as good when alone, frequently added their voices to the night's concert; but old Don was acknowledged by all to be their leader, and it was said that he never struck a trail that he did not find the end and his master the coon.

One night in the latter part of September the door of the tavern opened and Hank Bender, a tall, handsome woodchopper, entered with an axe and lantern, followed by a young spotted hound, and after a glance or two around the room he set his axe in one corner, and drawing one end of a long bench a little nearer to the big box stove, whose sides now gave out a ruddy glow, for it was a cool night, inquiringly remarked as he sat down: "Guess Sile 'nd 't'other fellers ain't bin round yet?" To which the portly landlord, who bore the name of Askem, replied, "No, but I bin expectin' on 'em every minit. Sile said he'd be here 'bacut half-past seven 'n' it's most that naow," glancing at the clock which hung on the wall above a small looking-glass and a row of bottles and glasses behind the counter.

A lean individual, whose presence Hank had not noticed

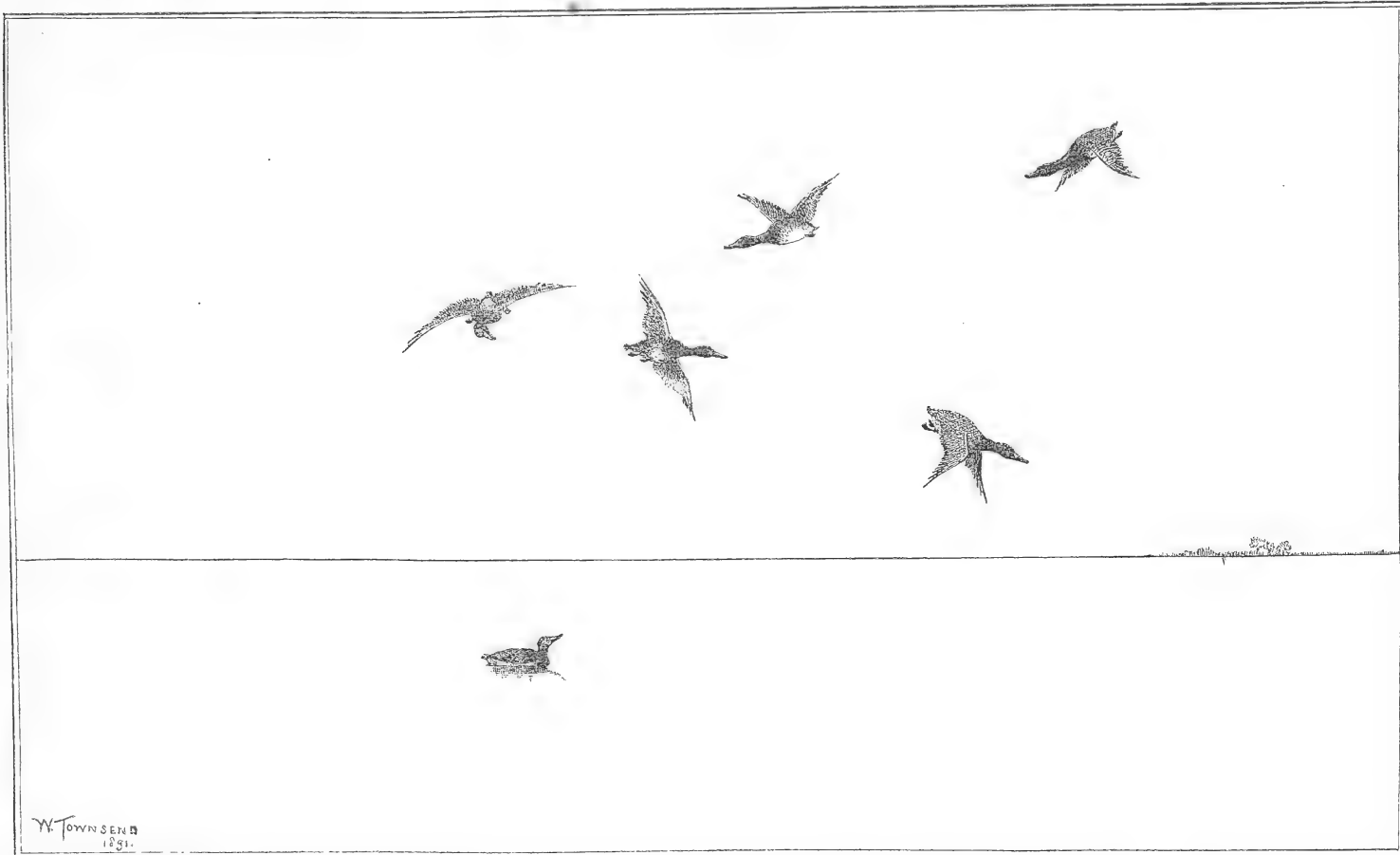
Sile he thought they had "better be gittin', for it's a mighty good night, and 'f we don't git coons to-night we won't never." Then they took note of their equipments, which consisted simply of Hank's axe and lantern and a campaign torch carried by Joe, who reminded Sile that he had his "pipe 'n' tobaccker 'n' a pocket full o' matches, 'n' guessed he'd take a smoke," which was a signal for the rest to do the same; and then the quartette filed out, leaving the landlord and Pete to comment on the questionable pleasures that induced men to go "skivin' raound thro' the woods at night after coons."

Along the road the party proceeded, the lantern throwing out magnificent shadows of moving legs, for Joe would not light his torch until they were in the woods. Up the hill, past the school house and down the other side a half-mile further they went, until they came to bars which opened into a lane leading a short distance further, where it ended at the corner of a cornfield and at the foot of a wide hollow through which a small creek ran. The dog knows their duty and without any orders commenced to hunt while the rest sat down to await the result of their investigations. The night was dark, except for the stars, which gave a faint light, and the moon would not rise until near daylight so Sile said.

"Wal, I don't care about no moon 's long 's we got this," said Joe, patting the handle of his still unlighted torch and for want of something better to say. Hank

baying and waited for the hunters to do their share of the work.

It was the duty of some one to climb the tree, Joe volunteered his services, and as the rest were willing he handed his torch to Jim, doffed his coat, and cutting himself a stout club, gave a glance upward to locate the lower limbs, spat on his hands, and grasping the tree with both began to "shin it" in so adept a manner that he soon reached the bottom branch and drew himself out of sight in the foliage. At Sile's suggestion Jim gathered twigs and wood to build a fire, which, by the time Joe was well up the tree, was burning brightly. They now waited patiently for some report from Joe, and had not long to wait, for he soon shouted, "Here 'e is!" "Which side?" inquired Sile. "Upper side, I haint got to him yet," returned Joe, as the scraping of his boots and clothes against the bark of the tree told that he was still climbing. "Look out, now," came from the tree, "Git round further up hill. There; that'll do now. Hank, he'll fall jist about where you be. Are ye ready?" "Yes; let 'im come," shouted Sile. "All right; look out." Whack. "Darn ye!" Whack. "The dum cuss!" Whack. This time the club struck something soft. Whack, crash, rattle, "There 'e comes." Thump. Don and Jack were in the right place, and so was the coon. For three or four minutes pandemonium reigned supreme, but the dogs, aided by Sile's club whenever he could strike with-



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—IX.

A CRIPPLED CANVASBACK MAKES A GOOD DECOY.

until now, and whose equilibrium was almost upset by the movement of the bench, having recovered his balance, inquired, "Where be ye goin' to-night, Hank?"

"Well, I d'no where we'll end up, we made it out to go over to Banks's holler first; Bill said the coons 's workin' on his corn, 'nd judgin' from the way they bin eatin' on it, there's a passel on 'em there; then we'll likely get over the ridge into Widder Hodge's woods 'nd down past Dilmore's cornfield 'nd so on through the big woods home. But ye can't never tell where ye'll get to. Sile 'll go wherever his dog 'll take 'im 'nd that might be clear down to Millport."

"Sho! wal, ye got a long tramp ahead o' ye, 'n' I'd rather it 'ed be you 'n' me. Fer my part, I'd rather sleep 'n go runnin' raound the woods in the dark, breakin' my shins 'n' legs over stumps 'n' logs 'n' sich. I don't see no fun in sich kind o' fun no way. Why don't ye hunt daytimes like decent folks?"

"Oh, git out, ye don't know what fun is; 'nd don't I hunt daytimes, too? But there's more fun in coonin' 'n ye'll ever see 'till ye go, besides ye can't hunt coons in day time, 'nd ye see things in the woods at night 't ye don't see in the day time, too; 'nd it's kinder bewilderin' to know jist where ye be sometimes, 'nd then it's fun to hunt yer way out, 'nd ye have more fun talkin', for folks talk different, 'nd the woods smell different, 'nd the trees 'nd the bresh look different, 'nd—well, there's more fun in it anyway."

"Wal, everybody to his taste. That's Sile, I guess," returned his listener, as the tramping of half a dozen feet was heard outside. A moment later the door swung open to admit Sile with two companions and the coon dog Don, a short-bodied black half-hound, whose battle-scarred head had lost almost every vestige of hair and one eye.

"Wull, Hank, ye'r on time," said Sile, who, like his dog, was short-bodied and stoop-shouldered, and who loved to hunt, fish and go coonin' more than anything else. "Me and Joe here was jist sayin' 't we might have to wait on ye, but I'm glad we won't."

"Well, ye won't have to wait any, for I'm ready," replied Hank.

drove his axe into the log on which the rest were sitting and refilling his pipe sat down to listen quietly for the first warning from the dogs.

So still was it now that the sniffing and the rattling of the corn stalks could be heard as the dogs worked their way through them, now far away, now nearer. Once Don came back so near that Joe thought he had given up the hunt, but continued past until he was so far away that nothing could be heard of him. Thus the time passed, until even Sile began to grow doubtful, when a short, quick bark gave notice that one of the dogs had found scent. "That's Jack," said Hank. Jest wait a little," said Sile, as the young man Jim arose. "Don 'll git 'round there purty soon." Another bark a little closer and then the young dog came nosing along past the hunters and disappeared in the corn. Soon the barking became more frequent and then stopped for a few minutes, until a long-continued howl caused Sile to get up and say, "That's Don, and he's struck the track ahead o' Jack." "How d'ye know that?" jealously inquired Hank. "How d' I know; why, coz Don won't never speak 'f there's another dog ahead o' him. What 'd I tell ye?" as Jack gave tongue again, by which his position was known to be in the rear. Don's baying now became regular, and Sile, picking up the lantern, started to follow, leaving the others to get along as best they could, stumbling and falling over rocks and stumps, until Don's voice changed to a quick succession of yelps and then settled down to long and continuous baying. Then Sile stopped and waited for the rest to come up, remarking, "He's got 'im treed, and ye needn't hurry."

"Jack's got another one," said Hank, unwilling to deprive his own dog of his share of the honors, as he continued to give tongue, but in the same direction that they were going. "Mebbe," said Sile, "but I think he's on the same track, we'll see."

Joe now lit his torch and they got along more comfortably, climbing a tall fence and following the direction of the sounds into the woods a few hundred yards, they came upon both Dan and Jack sitting at the foot of an ordinary-sized hemlock. Then the dogs ceased their

out hitting a dog, soon made the battle a short one, and as Hank snatched the still panting beast from the young dog's jaws and held him up to the light he pronounced him "a ol' sollaker."

The fun was not yet ended, for while they waited for Joe to descend, his voice came down, "By gosh! here's another on t'other side; I can't reach 'im, 'n' 'll have to shake 'im out. Git further down. Now wait, I got to climb down a limb 'r two." The scraping of boots and rattling of loose bark and twigs was heard, accompanied by some puffing and blowing, until Joe set foot on the branch that held the coon. Joe had descended further than he thought he would have to, and his boots and part of his legs were now visible in the light of the fire. As his body was lowered and he peered out into the darkness, the eyes of the others followed the direction, and the young man who held the torch exclaimed, "By gum! I see 'im; there he is. See?" pointing toward a bunch which began to move slowly toward the outer end of the limb. The hunters now had every advantage, for they knew jist where to place themselves. Joe crawled out as far as he dared to, and began a lively shaking, but the coon clung tighter. The man could not reach the animal with his club, and to go further was to endanger the breaking of the brittle hemlock. If he had a long pole he thought he could reach the coon and punch him off. There were poles enough to be had for the cutting, but Joe was out of reach of the longest that could be handled. However, Hank selected a tree sapling, and having cut and trimmed it, Jim bethought himself that he might climb far enough to hand it to Joe, but he made Joe promise that he would not commence the punching until he was safely on the ground again. The idea seemed good enough, and after much labor, during which the coon exhibited more patience than any of the others, Joe was in possession and Jim had returned to the ground. Now Joe carefully poised his weapon, pushed so hard that he nearly lost his balance, and missed. After several efforts more carefully managed, he succeeded in giving the beast a dig in the ribs that made him snarl and partly let go and hang by his fore paws, vainly striv-

ing to recover his lost hold, until another dig knocked him completely off, and he fell, catching on to a lower limb for an instant, then dropped to his death.

Joe reached the ground in time to view the dead animals, as Sile laid them out side by side near the fire; and he felt no little satisfaction in the knowledge that his share in the honors was not small. "Tell ye what," he said, "them fellers looked mighty big up there, 'n' when I hit that first one he jumped right at me, and if I hadn't give it to 'im good we'd a had a tussle." His next move was to get out his pipe, which he filled and lit at the torch.

"Well," said Hank, as he picked up half a dozen large chips from a pile of his own making, where he had been chopping here on some previous day, and threw them on the fire, "f we 're goin' to find 'em 's easy 's this I ain't goin' to hurry," and he threw himself on the ground the better to enjoy his smoke. Sile and the rest were disposed to follow his example, and as they reclined in peaceful comfort under the soothing influence of the weed, too comfortable even to talk for a while, the flickering glare of the fire on their faces and the surrounding trees and bushes made a fantastic and effective tableau.

Is it not the memory of such scenes and short periods of restful comfort that go with the greater hardships of hunting, be it for coons or more worthy game, and the happy consciousness of having accomplished a little more than was expected, or nothing at all but the uncomfortable feeling of tiredness which gives excuse to make comfort out of it by stopping to rest awhile that makes the sportsman's life a happy one? Who does not sometimes wish to be alone that he may light his pipe and draw up to the fire of a long winter's evening for no other purpose than to dream over his past hardships and bring back the little comforts that he got out of them, and does not time so soften the hardships that he can see a little comfort even in them?

By the time Sile's pipe was so far smoked that he had to pack the ashes down in the bowl with the end of his middle finger, the fire needed poking and the spell was broken by Joe, who asked Sile "how many coons he ever ketched." "Well, thet's purty hard to tell," returned Sile. "We ketched forty-nine with Don last fall, and I never kep' no count afore, and wouldn't then 'f t'other fellers hadn't bin countin' 'em up one day. Thet's 'bout the best fall's huntin' 't I ever done, and I bin huntin' coons twenty year 'r more. We got seven out o' one tree once."

"Gosh all hemlock! Must o' been a good tree fer coons," said Joe, "where 'd ye do that, Sile?"

"Wull, 'twant a hemlock, but an oak, and 't was 'bout nine 'r ten year' ago. Two on 'em was old ones and 't'other five was young ones, and they was all o' one family 'f none on 'em got away," replied Sile, who seemed to want to let the matter drop. But Joe pressed him for the story, and as Hank wanted to hear it too, he continued: "There was a feller over in Big Flats 't had a coon dog 't everybody was a talkin' about, and I wanted to go huntin' with him, so I made it up with Pete Hawkins 't lived over that way to go over some night and see him. One afternoon Pete come 'round with his boss and wagon, and said he had everything fixed for a hunt that night, and he'd come to take me over. We started 'long about 4 o'clock and got over to the flats about 7. Pete drove 'round to the tavern and put up his boss; and the feller was there, 'n' we went in and took somethin' and talked dog and hunt for a while, and then we took sumthin' more, and the feller he got to tellin' us where we was goin' to hunt that night and where he'd bin huntin' before and how many coons he'd ketched 'round that part 'f the country till I began to think 't we was goin' to do all the huntin' in the tavern, and I said we'd better take sumthin' more and be goin'. Wull, the feller 'd 'bout winded himself and was satisfied, so we went over to his house a little ways 'f'm the tavern and got his dog. Don ain't much for han'some, but he's a beauty 't what that one was—'bout half bulldog and 't'other half nothin', leastwise, I couldn't tell what 't'other half was. The feller said he was half hound; Pete said he was a cross between a bulldog 'n' a barn door. I didn't say nothin', we got started purty soon. We stopped at another feller's house and got him and an axe 'n' lantern, and then struck 'cross lots 'f'm there for a cornfield and a big woods and let the dog go. He wasn't gone more'n five minutes till he set up the alfredest yellin' ye ever heard in one place, and the feller didn't know what to make 'f it hisself. I thought he'd holed a skunk, but the feller said he wouldn't notice nothin' but a coon.

"Well, we hurried up and found the dog barkin' up a big oak tree. We built a fire and Pete clum up, and purty soon he hollered down that he seen 'em and they was coons; he didn't know how many. So when we was ready he knocked one out and the dog grabbed it and killed it before we could git to him. Pete knocked another down and the dog killed that, and another one, and all three on 'em was young ones 'bout half grown. Then Pete told us to look out for the next was an old one, and the dog didn't git away with that as easy as with the young ones, but he had a regular bulldog way of grabbin' 'em, and he soon finished him. Pete kept it up till he knocked out two more young ones and an old one, and said there wasn't any more and he guessed he'd come down. I never seen a dog behave hisself so beautiful. He didn't let one get away, and when he got a grip on one it was a goner."

"How 'd ye count for gettin' 'em all up one tree?" inquired Hank.

"Wull, I s'pose they was feedin' on the acorns and the dog run in on 'em so sudden they didn't have time to run," said Sile. "We got four more that night, but we didn't git 'em all at once and had to cut down a big hem— There's your dog!" exclaimed Sile, as he was interrupted by the baying of Hank's dog, which had stolen away while Sile was telling his story. They were all on their feet and listening now.

Don pricked up his ears and as if ashamed at being outdone by his younger companion soon slunk out of sight into the darkness. Jack continued to give tongue at irregular intervals, moving slowly away into the denser woods; and after Hank had kicked out the now dying fire and Joe and Jim had picked up the two dead coons, they started to follow the direction of the sound. Their course took them through the level woods a short distance, then down into the hollow toward the creek. Jack's voice leading them slowly on until he reached the bottom, when he became silent. After listening a while,

and as Jack was not heard again, Sile declared that he had lost the trail in the water and he moved on, the rest following him, until they came to the creek, where he stopped and listened again. Jack could be heard now as he nosed along the bank trying to find the lost trail. Hank encouraged him, but all in vain, until he was ready to give up; but at that moment the deeper voice of Don broke out loud and musical further up the stream and on the other side, and Jack broke away to join him. When he found the trail again he gave joyful notice of his discovery, and the baying of the two made the woods ring and echo back the glorious sound so musical to the ear of the hunter. After a long chase and as the trail became hotter, and finally ended, when the dogs seemed to be moving no further, Sill said: "He's treed, boys, come on."

The eastern sky was silvery gray when Jonas Askem opened the door of his tavern to go out and take down the shutters of his bar-room windows. He heard voices coming down the road, and listening, he recognized them as belonging to Silas Larkum and Hank Bender. By the time he had the bars down and the shutters set up in their accustomed places the party were within speaking distance, and stepping to the edge of the broad porch he bade them a cheerful good morning, and inquired, "Wal, boys, haow 'd ye make out?"

"Got five," said Sile, nodding toward the ringed tails of as many skins which Joe and Jim held up to view. "Wal, ye done well, but I wish ye'd brought me one a' the carcasses, and I'd had my woman bake it. Tell ye what," he said, as a new thought struck him, "Next time ye git any, 'f ye'll bring 'em to me, we'll git the folks together and I'll give ye all a coon supper, and we'll have a slashin' old-fashioned dance."

"All right," said Hank, who was more than pleased with the proposition, "ye shall have 'em inside of a week. What 'd ye say Sile?"

"We'll git 'em," returned Sile. Then they divided the skins and separated, Joe and Jim each taking one to add to those they already had at home, as they said, when they got enough they intended to 'make buffalo robes out of 'em.' And Sile the rest, for Hank cared for nothing but the fun of the hunting.

J. H. B.

WILD RICE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On returning from my vacation and on looking over some of the numbers of FOREST AND STREAM which had come to hand during my absence, I found in the number dated Sept. 3, an article on wild rice, signed by Mr. E. Hough. As the old saying is, "One story is good until another is told," I thought possibly my experience in planting wild rice in the fall might be of interest to some of your readers. Last fall I gathered about six bushels of wild rice at Rice Lake, Ontario, Canada. I took the same with me to Lake Nipissing and planted it, about the middle of September in one of the marshes in South Bay. On my return there this fall I found (to use the words of Mr. Hough) the result simply amazing. I found rice growing abundantly over the entire marsh, thousands of yards away from where any had been sown. How it spread itself in this manner is a puzzle to me. Formerly the marsh was full of a sort of joint grass of which I don't know the proper name. I planted the rice wherever I found an open hole in this, and very much feared that the joint grass would choke it out, but instead of that the rice has choked out the joint grass, and there is scarcely any of it left. I also planted some in several small creeks, and in every case it did well, except in one place where the bottom of the creek was clayey, and where in spring there must be rather a swift current.

Unfortunately, I fear that the pains I have taken to improve the shooting in South Bay will be useless, as the Indians, who are a curse to the entire lake, obey none of the game laws, and this summer there were four or five families of them who camped in South Bay until September. During this time they were shooting the ducks, both young and old, and the result was that when I arrived Sept. 8 I found the ducks scarce and wild. When the place is let alone till the season opens, there is very fair shooting during September. Most of the ducks breed there, consisting of black duck, wood duck, pintails, green-wing teal, bluewing teal, and little sawbills. For some reason the fall ducks do not visit the bay. NIPISSING.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 2.

GOSSIP OF GAME AND GUNS.

THE quail season should open Oct. 15 in Pennsylvania, simply because those two weeks in October are the halcyon days of a true sportsman's life; the clear bracing air is an exhilaration itself, with gun and dog, neither too hot nor cold to traverse hill, dale, swale, covert or field, and warm enough to bask in the bright sunshine, and to enjoy the crystal waters of some spring and lunch, smoke and compare notes with the hunting friend, and rest or dream the waking dream of beautiful creation all around. One such day is worth a week or more of plentiful shooting in chilling, raw, blustering and (for some years in my experience) rainy November, or the whole two weeks of freezing, icy December.

And what folly; woodcock July 4, squirrels Sept. 1, grouse Oct. 1, wild turkey Oct. 15, quail Nov. 1; that is Pennsylvania game law. A woodcock shooter may respect the law in July because he finds nothing else to shoot; the men who can shoot squirrels in September and fight mosquitoes will shoot anything. Can the true sportsman hunt grouse and woodcock in early October and refrain from full-grown early quail? For example, from Oct. 1 I have been training one of my dogs on grouse, the covers adjacent to fields I find the best localities while the leaves are yet on. An occasional woodcock occurs, but quail are abundant. The other day a grouse flushed near me, which I heard but failed to see. On hunting further with dog well in, he stiffened and a bird rose through dense foliage. I was almost sure I had heard the thud of the dead bird, and sent the dog to retrieve. But neither he nor I could discover it. Then it struck me that probably my imagination only had done what my gun had failed in. So I advanced further along the line of flight, again the dog stiffened, the bird flushed, and this time the whistle (wings or throat) told the tale; but Schulze "did the rest" this time. I was hunting grouse, but was more than pleased when the dog brought a plump, brown wood-

cock to hand. In twenty-five years of quail and grouse shooting I had never raised woodcock in that cover.

Further on, in passing a cornfield, I flushed another woodcock, realizing too late that it was not a quail. After that I flushed a bevy of large quail, and they took the same cover which I was just about to quarter for grouse, and now also for woodcock. The quail were rising constantly, and twice more I let the woodcock go without proper salutation, and finally lost him. My dog now became disgusted and took to chasing, concluding no doubt that if his master was merely fooling and not shooting, he ought to catch a few birds himself. And the master, too, was disgusted and wholly demoralized, almost badly enough to sacrifice honor and law, and shoot a lot of those full grown, plump quail, on which my dog had become staunch last year—its Derby. At two score and ten the 9lbs. gun grew heavy; at three score and a few over I find an 8½lbs. arm very heavy; I trust the 7lbs. hammerless will ease the balance of my shooting, which will be most likely confined to quail on practically level country.

I was tempted with the 6lbs. or 6½lbs. 16-gauge, but was dissuaded by the experience of others, with 2½drs. powder, 1oz. shot, my charge for small game, and with wood powder, a 6lbs. gun might have been better. In the near by and by I may wish 7 were only 6.

I have but rarely, in twenty-four years, found woodcock in any number in October or later, this year is quite an exception, for they are almost numerous enough to induce special hunting for them.

In all parts of Pennsylvania from which I have had reports quail are said to be abundant; but this year there are some of the latest broods I ever saw or heard of. On the 10th inst. my dogs stood a very large brood, which were evidently hatched within a few days only, and I have at least three broods on my place which will not be fit for shooting at the end of the season, at least not for me, for half and three quarter flutters can not, unless maybe in midsummer, send the thrill of happy anticipation through the true sportsman.

JUNIATA.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me coincide with your correspondent "W. F. B." on "Guns and Loads." I have shot a good many gray squirrels and ruffed grouse in the course of my life, with a 12-gauge gun, and 2½drs. Hazard or Dupont powder, 1½oz. No. 6 shot, and one good Eleywad on powder. The above are both hard "birds" to kill, but I seldom failed if I held right.

I never shot "crookery," but think the present tendency is to overload. I never wanted a gun to kick me, I preferred that the energy should be expended on the game.

We have had a warm and delightful autumn, and the colors on the hills are just fading into a sombre brown. The maples and chestnuts have about shed their leaves, and they are showering down to day from the elms in the village, but the oaks will keep their colors up a few days longer. I have done no shooting myself for two years, I cannot hear the bark of the squirrel, or the rustle or drum of the grouse, and desk work and spectacles have nearly spoiled my vision for the woods. Well, I have no right to repine, I have had many a happy day in them, first with my brother, and since with my sons, but I fear I have fired "my last shot."

VON W.

THE SPORTSMEN'S JOINT.

GO into any village and a place will be found where the hunters and fishers gather to exchange tales of mighty hunting episodes or big strings of fish. It is natural for sportsmen to meet together where they may converse on the topics of the times and discuss relative merits of weights and gauges of guns, breeds of dogs, quality of powder, durability of bamboo and lancewood rods, and a thousand other points of no earthly interest to the vast majority of mankind, but of profound concern to men of the rod and gun. A village is indeed small where a few congenial spirits do not meet on long winter evenings to converse on deeds of the past and prospective events.

We are favored here with a host of hunters and fishers, and also fortunate in possessing a man, who, while he is engaged in the gunsmith business, is interested heart and soul in chickens, dogs, guns and the trap. Henry Waruf's store is always open to the sportsmen of the world, and a mighty concourse of choice spirits is an assured thing.

Among those who habitually linger through the winter evenings and are always at all call are Will O'Byrne and Abe Francoise, of the Horseshoe Kennels; Will Locher, the fancier of foxhounds; Thomas, the chicken breeder (game preferred); Jake DeKam, the mighty hunter; Ira Johnson and brother, small talkers but good listeners; Charles King, who speaks very little, but always about "my boat," and Reddy Clement, the only man who can catch thirteen bass on the same fly. Waruf presides, or at least we let him think he does as he runs the ranch, and if any of the gang gets a notion that he don't, the proprietor challenges him to the work room in the rear where the boxing gloves are donned and some one gets polished off.

In addition to these many others drop in, but not so regularly. Mr. Wirtz, who has hunted all over the West; Ben O. Bush, who'd rather hunt than eat his game; Chas. Williams, the light-weight; Dr. Gibbs, the "has been"; Charlie Crosby, who travels and therefore can hunt only one day out of the seven; E. H. Ranney, the marvelous Kankakee duck shot; Fred Clough, the truthful James of the joint. Occasionally David McDonald, the druggist, appears, he is a true friend of the dog. Pete Appeldoorn was formerly in the mold, but of late he is rarely seen, having joined the matrimonial alliance.

Mr. Luker, from the great State of New Jersey, is a good sinner and a marvelous story teller; the thrilling recital of how he ran a mile with a 200lbs. buck on his shoulder and escaped from a huge panther is worth going a mile to hear. His salvation rested in the fact that he had a huge chew of navy plug in his mouth, and by ejecting the irritating juice into the catamount's eyes when it followed too closely he came through with a whole skin. The narration is brilliant, and will bring tears to the eyes, as I presume the tobacco juice did to the catamount's.

We must not forget Theodore Shide, who was with us well and hearty less than a year ago, now laid with the great majority. A gentleman by nature, and of pleasing

manners, he will always be remembered as one worthy of our highest regard.

In our informal meetings, six evenings in the week, there are many others who should be mentioned here, and several there are, new comers, who recently joined our growing gang, but space forbids my saying more.

Then there are the dogs galore, which infest the store from every corner of the city. They are all of the best breeds, and would in themselves supply a bench show with prize winners in any class from a beagle up to the size of a pointer or setter.

Let us wish for a long existence of our sportsmen's resort, the prevaricator's roost, as it has been termed, and may all committees have a place of meeting as open for the lovers of rod and gun.

SCOLOPAX.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 30.—Our ducks are not here this fall, everything is too dry. Horicon Marsh, in Wisconsin, is the only one near here offering much shooting now. Dr. Buechner, of the Horicon Club, must be meeting good shooting, as he has been up for a week. He got 16 mallards in an hour one morning this week, as the club keeper reports.

A few snipe are in around the Calumet country, but George Kleinman, who lives there, kills them about all before they have a chance to light.

In Barton county, Kan., last Monday Mr. D. C. Luse, of Great Bend, and myself found a great abundance of wildfowl on the shallow lakes of the Cheyenne Flats. With no decoys and poor pits we killed 30 ducks and a goose without much trouble. If we had been prepared to work them properly we could have had splendid shooting, as there were thousands of ducks. Two drawbacks to sport exist there, the rafting up of the ducks on the wide ponds and their habit of clearing out entirely from the smaller lakes when disturbed. With plenty of guns to keep them going, the fun would be fast and furious there. I was surprised to find most of the birds bluebills and ringbills, though greenwing teal and mallards were also numerous.

Western Kansas is alive with quail, and I longed to have a quail hunt, but of course could not. No attention is paid to the law out there. The season opens Nov. 1, but the law seems to read that no one can shoot quail except on land owned by himself. This latter clause may or may not be worth observing, but the Nov. 1 date was of course a bar for any one who knew the law, as very few of the residents do out there.

Chickens are a poor crop this year in Barton county. Rush county is much better.

Mr. D. C. Merrill, of Milwaukee, is in Chicago to-day, on his way to Bicknell trials, Indiana, where he has a dog entered. Mr. Merrill is just back from Colorado, where he and his Milwaukee friend, Mr. Nunemacher, were very successful with the black-tail deer. They were in Delta county, on the D. & R. G.

Illinois, Indiana and Ohio all have an unusual abundance of quail this year. Mr. Frank Place and three friends bagged 137 quail, 2 grouse and 1 woodcock in one day, 12 miles below Warsaw, Ind., last week. Mr. Place says he never saw quails so thick. Most of that country is posted, however.

Two gunshot accidents in Illinois this fall. At Dixon fourth annual tournament C. R. Ken accidentally shot H. Treffer in the face, some of the shot penetrating the nose and passing into the mouth. This happened Oct. 29. On Aug. 28 a yet more unfortunate affair transpired, in that it was fatal. Fred Bowers accidentally shot Joe O'Dowd, of Centralia, Ill., the wounds resulting in death. "Public sentiment," says the correspondent, "is very strong against Bowers, this being the third person he has shot by carelessness."

Hennepin Shooting Club has a fine large new cabin boat accommodating 35 guests, now on the club preserves on the Illinois River.

E. HOUGH.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX HUNT

THE interest manifested in last season's Western Massachusetts Fox Hunt was phenomenal, as shown by the unusual number that participated and the large addition made to the membership. There were more than a hundred names added to its roll. This was due no doubt to the fact that the place of meeting had been changed to Westfield. With an enlarged field for action and with its many other advantages, the change was a most favorable one for the club, and it is to be hoped that the grand success of last season will be repeated again this year. The club members are making due preparations for their annual hunt, Nov. 11 and 12. Thus far not a fox has been disturbed in these particular localities. Even the farmer boys have not as yet in any way disturbed reynard, but all are anxiously waiting for the grand hunt of the 11th and 12th.

It is desired that all sportsmen will be promptly upon the grounds the evening of the 10th, as the hunt will begin promptly at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when the hunter's horn will be sounded and the hunters in twos will start for the grounds selected. The return will be made in season for the evening's spread at the Gem Opera House, where the members of the club with their friends and visiting sportsmen will enjoy the banquet provided as in previous hunts, and which has always proven one of the enjoyable features of the occasion.

WORONOCO.

WESTFIELD, Mass.

ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER.—The party which left Perth Amboy, N. J., Oct. 17, for a hunting trip along the Arkansas River in a house-boat (see FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 23) had to abandon the latter soon after leaving Baxter Springs, Ark., on account of low water. They are now in camp on the Grand River, Indian Territory, about seventy-five miles from their stranded boat, in a beautiful game country, and are taking things easy.—J. L. K.

NORTH DAKOTA GAME.—Grand Forks, N. Dak., Oct. 31.—Returned yesterday from Devil's Lake with an immense bag of geese. Birds moving south gradually and last night it turned cold, wind northwest, some snow and sleet. Saw no redheads or canvas, but plenty of mallards and gray ducks, some yellow-legs and black-breast plover.—PINK EDGE.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—Oct. 31.—The St. Louis Fish Commissioners have announced that after Nov. 9 they will be ready to distribute young fish. They have a large supply

of young bass, croppie and German carp. The members of the King's Lake Club had their annual coon hunt last Saturday night on their grounds at King's Lake. Some 50 members of the club participated in the hunt, headed by Major Caruth. Ten coons were taken, being the greatest number for any of the previous hunts. Last Sunday "Big Lake," a famous hunting ground for St. Louisians, was burned. The lake is a slough which in dry seasons is covered with rank vegetation and is the home of thousands of rabbits. The fire caught from burning brush, and as the flames swept over the bottom they put in motion vast droves of rabbits, which beat a wide path in their escape to the uplands. Along with the rabbits were occasional coons and opossums, and following all came a mass of moccasin snakes on their way across the railroad tracks. The novel sight was witnessed by many people. The area burned over was about eight square miles. Fishing in the Merrimac, Gasconde and Big Piney has been excellent. The water is low and clear.—ABERDEEN.

BEAVER DAM.—Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 27.—Three members of Beaver Dam Duck Club on Thursday last bagged sixty-seven teal and mallards there in about half the day, and the ducks were in prime condition. They decoyed to the club's fleet of tame puddle ducks, who called them down perfectly. But for a dence fog the bag might have been doubled, as the feed beds hold the ducks within Beaver Dam Lake. Beaver Dam Lake is in Tunica county, Miss., on Louisville, New Orleans & Texas R. R., 43 miles south of Memphis, Tenn.

CONNECTICUT WOODCOCK.—It seems to me that the abolishing of summer woodcock shooting is bearing good fruit. The birds are becoming more plenty than formerly. A friend and myself killed 21 in a couple of days this week.—WM. M. HUDSON.

NON-EXPORT GAME LAWS UPHELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Herewith I inclose a decision relating to the constitutionality of Connecticut's game export law. The chief point in the decision of the Supreme Court of Errors is to the effect that game killed within the State is not an article of commerce:

Edgar M. Geer, New London, was caught by Game Warden Robbins sending birds by boat to New York. In the trial he set up the defense that the complaint was insufficient, and also that the law was unconstitutional. The case went by appeal through the City Court of New London, the Court of Common Pleas and the Superior Court, Geer losing each time. The Supreme Court sustains the lower court, so that not only is Geer finally convicted but, a much more important fact, the game law prosecutors are sure of their ground in their efforts to check in the future what is a very serious drain on the revenues of the State. The full text of the decision follows, the other judges concurring:

STATE VS. EDGAR M. GEER. } SUPREME COURT OF ERRORS.
SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
Opinion of the Court.

SEYMOUR, J.

The General Statutes, Section 2,530, provide that "every person who shall buy, sell, expose for sale or have in his possession for any purpose, or who shall hunt, pursue, kill, destroy or attempt to kill any woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, calliope partridge, or grouse, shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, and on the first day of October, the killing or having possession of each bird or squirrel shall be deemed a separate offense * * * shall be fined not more than twenty-five dollars," etc.

Section 2,546 provides that "No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail, for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State; or shall transport or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond its limits."

The defendant is prosecuted for unlawfully receiving and having in his possession on the first day of January, A. D. 1889, with force and arms and with the unlawful intent to procure the transportation beyond the limits of this State certain woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail, killed within this State after the first day of October, A. D. 1889, against the peace and contrary to the form of the statute.

He demurred to the complaint because: (1) The allegations contained therein do not constitute an offense in law. (2) Because in the complaint it is not alleged that said birds were killed for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State.

It will be seen from the section of the statute above quoted that it is unlawful to kill or have in possession for any purpose, woodcock, quail or ruffed grouse between the first day of January and the first day of October, to procure the transportation beyond the limits of the State. It is also unlawful to have them in possession with intent to procure their transportation beyond the limits of the State, if killed between the 1st day of October and the 1st day of January, regardless of the question whether they were killed for the purpose of conveying them out of the State. In other words, if they were lawfully killed, *i. e.*, between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1, and without any intention of conveying them out of the State, can they be lawfully received with the intent to procure their transportation beyond the limits of the State?

In 1882 an act was passed as follows:

Section I. "No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail, for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State."

Section II. "No person, corporation or company shall transport or convey beyond the limits of this State any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail killed within this State, or sell or have in his or their possession any of such birds with the intention to procure the same to be conveyed or transported beyond the limits of this State any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail within this State, or sell or have in his or their possession any of such birds with the intention to procure the same to be conveyed or transported beyond the limits of this State."

Section III. "The reception by any person, company or corporation within the limits of this State of any quail, woodcock or ruffed grouse for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that the said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of carrying the same beyond the limits of this State."

Section IV. "Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding sections shall be fined not less than seven nor more than fifty dollars and costs of prosecution." Public Acts of 1882, chapter 102.

It is evident that under the act as originally passed the complaint would have been good and sufficient.

It is claimed by the defendant that under the act as revised no offense is committed unless the birds, by him held for transportation, were killed for the purpose of being conveyed beyond the limits of the State.

He says that the word "such" in the provision of section 2,546 against transporting or having in possession, with intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any of such birds killed within the State, means woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail killed for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State.

As already suggested that construction involves a change in the law from the original act, which expressly forbade any person to have in his possession with the intention to procure the same to be transported beyond the limits of the State, any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail killed within the State.

It seems to us evident, also, upon the face of the statute as revised that the word "such" was used only to obviate the necessity

of repeating the words "woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail," and that to carry its force and operation further, so as to include the purpose for which they were killed, would not only be unnatural but dangerous as a precedent for construction in view of the terms of the original statute.

We cannot believe that careful revisers would have undertaken to change the law without some more definite indication of such purpose.

Then again when the words "such birds" are used in the very next line of the section, it is evident that they are used to take the place only of the words "woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail," as if it read the reception by any person within the State of any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said bird or birds were killed within this State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond its limits; otherwise we should have the absurd provision that the reception by any person within the State, for shipment to any point without the State, of any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail killed for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said birds were killed within the State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond its limits. That is, the fact that they were killed for transportation shall be *prima facie* evidence that they were killed for transportation.

The words "such" in both sentences refer to the same antecedent.

It is plain enough that the revisers intended not to change, but to condense, the sections of the original statute, and the language should be construed in the light of such intention. We conclude therefore, that the complaint is sufficient.

We see nothing in the decision of *Commonwealth v. Hall*, 128 Mass., 411, to which the defendant refers us, inconsistent with our conclusion.

The object of the act therein involved was to protect the game in that commonwealth and not in another. And a construction confining its force to birds killed therein was to be expected in the absence of controlling words to the contrary. All the reasoning in that case may certainly be held sound without impugning the reasoning upon which we arrive at our conclusion in this. But in this view of the matter another question arises. The defendant further demurred to the complaint "(6) because section 2,546 of the general statutes is unconstitutional in so far as it may be construed to forbid the transporting from the State of birds having possession of such birds with intent to procure such transportation to another State, birds described therein, which birds have been sold to parties in such other State, and have begun to move as an article of inter-State commerce. And (4) because it is made to appear in said complaint that the defendant is guilty of having sold such birds to parties in such other State, by the defendant in the markets of this State as merchandise and commerce and had begun to move as an article of commerce."

In short, the defendant insists that the statute, as construed by us, is unconstitutional as restricting inter-State commerce, and refers to *Robbins v. Shelby Taxing District*, 120, United States, 468; *the Daniel Ball v. United States*, 10, Wall, 560; *Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company v. Husen*, 95, United States, 469; *State v. Saunders*, 19, Kansas, 127; *Evans v. Evans*, 140, 23, Pacific Reporter, 115; *Territory v. Nelson*, id., 116, State ex rel. Corwin v. Indiana & Ohio Oil, Gas, etc., Company (Indiana) 22, Northeastern Reporter, 778, and *American Express Company v. People (Indiana)* 24, id., 759.

In *State v. Saunders*, 19, Kansas, 127, *Supra*, the court says it seems to be finally settled, among other things, that no State can interfere with the property of another State in the transportation from one State to another, or through a State of property which is or may be subject to inter-State commerce. That a law which prohibits the catching and killing of prairie chickens may be valid, although it may indirectly prevent the transportation of such chickens from the State to any other State; but a law which allows prairie chickens to be caught and killed and thereby to come into the State for traffic and commerce, and at the same time directly prohibits their transportation from the State, is unconstitutional and void.

Without stopping to consider the construction which was given to the constitutional provision under discussion by the earlier commentators, except to suggest in the language of Judge Story (*Story's Com. Vol. 2, p. 511*) that a very material object of its adoption was to prevent the States, which export and import their game, from the levy of import and export duties on them by the latter, an object which was shown to be important by the experience of the States during the confederation period, we feel constrained to hold the provision of the statute to be constitutional. It being conceded that the State, under its general police power, may lawfully prohibit the killing of the game birds in question, it may of course control such killing and the times and places where it may lawfully be made. It may also prohibit the killing and sold and held for sale only for domestic consumption. The State in the exercise of its power, instead of prohibiting the killing altogether, permits the person killing them to acquire only a qualified right in them, namely, the right to appropriate them to his own use and the right to sell or transport them for domestic use.

The birds in question never become articles of commerce within the meaning of the term contended for by the defendant. They become private property of a qualified character.

The law limited the purposes for which they might be killed and become private property.

The difference between property of this sort and the ordinary private property of commerce is obvious.

The appellate court assumed that the Kansas court above referred to, that game which the law allows to be caught and killed, thereby necessarily becomes the subject of traffic and commerce, meaning interstate commerce, appears to us unsound.

If the proposition were true then the conclusion that a State law interfering with such commerce would be unconstitutional might pass unquestioned. But we cannot acquiesce in a decision which would deny the power of a State to limit the right to kill, sell and hold its own game by any provision short of the absolute prohibition without thereby transforming it into that species of property the transportation of which from the State it is unconstitutional to prohibit.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 23.

A. C. COLLINS.

THE CHATHAM ASSOCIATION.

WE have before called attention to the rapid progress made by the Chatham Fish and Game Protective Association, of Chatham, N. J., this combination between land-owners, farmers and sportsmen. The Association is largely made up of Newark and New York owners of estates and farmers in Morris, Essex, Union and Somerset counties, in the towns of Millburn, Livingston, New Providence, Sterling, Chatham and Hanover.

It will be observed that this territory is in the upper Passaic Valley. The land-owners have very generally joined in this association, and sportsmen therefore will wisely take notice that the regulations granted associations of this character will be thoroughly observed. By the New Jersey statutes every member has the powers of a constable and can make arrests for shooting in this territory. The association is strictly limited to members of the association and land-owners.

In addition to the protection afforded by the new powers given members, the association has had appointments made of special constables by the township committees of the respective townships. In most instances these are farmers located in every part of the territory. They have also employed special game wardens who will be constantly on duty during the open season of November and December. The association has been at large expense in stocking these extensive grounds with game birds, and has wisely limited the number that can be shot by members. It is proposed to prevent the destruction of the birds as has been done in the past by indiscriminate shooting.

It may not be known by non-residents of the State of New Jersey that in addition to the heavy fine inflicted for trespassing, that the law empowers the seizure of the trespasser's gun, and the destruction of their domestic fowl and animals, breaking down of fences and damage to growing crops to the extent of thousands of dollars. And in addition to this, roughs in the guise of sportsmen have inflicted serious personal injury upon farmers who objected to trespassers.

The association has ample financial capital, has retained counsel, and among the members are many prominent lawyers. Therefore, no question exists as to the decisive steps that will be taken in case of any infraction of the law in trespassing upon their grounds. They have advertised in several papers offering large rewards, in addition to the fines levied for trespass, for evidence that will lead to conviction of any one trespassing.

We heartily endorse the position taken by the association, as in this way only can game be protected and preserved, and again become abundant in the vicinity of large cities and towns.

JERSEY BLUE.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Oct. 31.—Game prospects hereabouts are fair. A good many ducks are killed in Raritan River and bay, and quail and rabbits are reported plentiful, though woodcock have been scarce.—J. L. K.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION EXHIBIT.

MUCH interesting work is now being done in Washington by the several Government departments in preparing the great collective display of the U. S. Government for the World's Columbian Exposition. Captain J. W. Collins, the representative of the U. S. Fish Commission, in charge of the preparation of the exhibit of that bureau, informs us that his exhibit will be the most complete historical representation of the fisheries ever put before the world, although it will be the first of its kind displayed to the American public.

As boats and vessels were the basis from which the fisheries were developed, Captain Collins has undertaken to show these in a historical series, beginning with the fishing shallop of "ye olden time," and showing the successive steps to the type in use at the present time, which will be represented by a model of beauty and grace, as produced by Edward Burgess in his fishing vessel, the *Fredonia*.

Already ten full-rigged models have been prepared, these including an authentic representation of the old-time Marblehead fishing schooner, the *Pinkie*, a type of vessel used during the '50s, another during the '60s, and others during the '70s, and the pioneer of the new deep-draft fishing vessels, the Fish Commission schooner *Grampus*.

One of the interesting features of the display will be a series of the food and economic fishes of North America, including the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific, and the Great Lakes and interior river fishes. The work of making new moulds and casts of fishes is being done by Mr. Sherman F. Denton, who uses a certain glue compound for the casts. The secret of this compound is known only to himself, and produces a product that cannot be readily broken like plaster of Paris. This feature is of peculiar importance, since considerable difficulty has already been experienced in transporting casts made of plaster of Paris, because of their liability to break.

Already about 125 casts have been prepared, as well as papier maché casts of larger species, such as sharks, etc. Two most interesting fishes were received at the exhibit not long ago, being additions to the fish fauna of the United States. One of them, the escolar, while known to inhabit the Mediterranean and the waters of the warmer climates, has never been found in abundance, but is highly prized as a food fish at the Canary Islands. The second is the opah (*Lampris guttatus*), the first specimen ever recorded as having been taken in American waters. This is a very beautiful fish, an inhabitant of the Gulf Stream. Its colors are brilliant, the fins and edges of the belly being a beautiful red, its sides a silvery white, and its back and head from a deep to a light blue, with white spots radiating in all directions from the eye. It will thus be seen that its general coloration is that of the national emblem, though Capt. Collins is disappointed that there are more than forty-two spots on the blue field. Both of these fishes were taken on the La Have Ridge by American fishing schooners, and much credit is due to the thoughtfulness of the captains of these vessels in bringing them to port.

The fishculture section is under the direction of Mr. W. de C. Ravenel. Thus far all of the historical apparatus has been brought together, put into shape and packed ready for shipment. There will also be included in this section models of the principal hatcheries in use by the United States Fish Commission, more particularly the representative stations for each of the important fisheries.

It is proposed to show at Chicago a model hatchery in full operation, with jars of eggs of the different species of fish that can be obtained while the Exposition is open, while the process of hatching other fish will be shown by means of artificial eggs.

Our attention has also been called to the proposed plan for the live-fish display. Ample provision has been made for the accommodation of the most extensive exhibit of aquaria ever established in this country, in one of the buildings connected with the fisheries department. Mr. W. P. Seal, the well-known aquarium expert of the U. S. Fish Commission, is in charge of this work, and it is as well to recite what he has to say on the subject:

"The building designed for the aquarium is a polygon, about 135ft. in diameter, having a central rotunda 60ft. in width, in the middle of which will be a pool 26ft. in diameter, surrounding a mass of rugged moss and fern-covered rocks, from which streams of water will ooze and drip to the reeds and rushes in the pool below, where gorgeously colored fishes will disport.

"Surrounding the rotunda, under a glass roof, run two lines of aquaria, separated by a gallery, or corridor, 15ft. wide. The inner line of aquaria, ten in number, will have glass on both sides, one of which will front on the rotunda, and the other on the gallery. These tanks will have a depth of 7ft. of water, the bottoms running down on an incline from each side to about 2ft. below the bottom of the glass, which will be 5ft. high. The diameters of these tanks will be about 10ft. They will be from 15 to 60ft. long, with a capacity of from 7,000 to 28,000 gallons, or a total of over 90,000 gallons, weighing more than 350 tons. The outer line of aquaria, forty in number, will have glass in the front only, the backs being of slate, and what is known as 'slope-back' in design. The glass in these will also be 5ft. high. The width of this series of tanks will be 3ft. at bottom and 6ft. at the top, the length from 5½ to 11ft., the capacity varying from 900 to 1,800 gallons, with a total capacity of over 50,000 gallons. The entire series of aquaria will contain 140,000 gallons of water, weighing about 600 tons.

"Fifteen tanks will be devoted to marine species. These will have a capacity of from 900 to 14,000 gallons, or a total of about 40,000 gallons. The entire amount of sea water in circulation will be nearly 75,000 gallons. The

pumps and piping for this part of the exhibit will be constructed of hard and soft rubber, wood and glass. Two pumps will be made in duplicate, to provide against accidents, though but one will be used at a time. Every effort will be made to provide for any possible contingency in this respect. It is expected that the building will be completed a year before the opening of the exhibition, thus affording ample time for deliberately and methodically establishing satisfactory conditions, and for the transfer of the plant and animal life, so that when the exposition opens there will be one of the most wonderful displays of the kind ever presented to mortal eye.

"Among the fresh-water species of large size that will be displayed will be the Atlantic and Pacific salmon, the masacalonge, the lake trout, the sturgeon, the spoon-bill catfish, the great Mississippi catfish, the long and short-nosed gar, the alligator gar, etc. Smaller species will include all the species of trout, the whitefish and other lake fishes, the basses, carp, buffalo and other Cyprinidae, catfishes, sunfishes, eels, etc.

"Of the larger salt-water fishes there will be represented sharks, dogfish, skates, rays, torpedoes, the goosefish, striped bass, drums, grunts, sheephead, porgies, tautog, flounders, bluefish, squeteague or weakfish and many others.

"Smaller species will be represented by sculpins, sea-robbins, toad-fish, sea-ravens, puffers or swell-fish, mullet, blennies, gobies, sticklebacks, pipe-fish, sea-horses, as well as many Mexican, South American, Asiatic and European varieties. There will also be Octopoi, commonly known as devil-fishes, and possibly cuttle-fishes, but these latter are difficult to transport in good condition when living. The same may be said of the jellyfishes, but attempts will be made to exhibit them at Chicago, with some hope of success. Of the lower forms of life, generally, there will be representatives of the mollusks, anemones, starfishes, sea-urchins, holothurians or sea-cucumbers, corals, etc.

"There will be a wonderful showing in the aquaria of algae, or sea weeds. The exquisite foliage and wonderful coloring of these plants cannot be described, but must be left to the imagination. It may be stated, however, that the colors range through the various shades of yellow-brown, green, red and purple, some species displaying the most exquisitely beautiful hues. The fresh waters will also be represented by natural growths of the great variety of their plant life. The magnificent lilies of our ponds will be seen from their other aspect. We are familiar with them in the ponds of our beautiful parks; but to see them from beneath the water, with the fishes dispersed among them, as never before displayed or even attempted, will be one of the novel and interesting features of the Exposition.

"Outside of the Fisheries Building will be a series of ponds illustrating methods of pond culture and the possibilities in the practical and ornamental use of aquatic and semi-aquatic plants; the question of having in these ponds an exhibition of manatees, seals, sea lions, etc., has been under consideration.

"The time is near at hand when the great cities of the country will vie with each other in the establishment of great aquaria, for the wonders of the waters are fast becoming objects of popular, as well as scientific, interest, and our growing wealth and leisure cannot be devoted to projects of greater interest.

"The experience at Chicago will thus be valuable in affording a basis of practical knowledge which will be available for the general information."

THE BIG TROUT OF THE STONE DAM.

IN the summer of 1890 it was my good fortune to spend a couple of weeks with two companions in camp at the forks of the Magalloway, about four miles below Parmachenee Lake. In the last few years I had met a number of anglers who had been in that region, and each and every one had sung the praises of the pool at the old stone dam on the Little Magalloway, and told, as only anglers can, of the number of two and three-pound trout taken at this pool, but they added that there always remained the giant of the waters, whom many had seen, a few had hooked and had with him a few moments of anxious and expectant pleasure; but none had been able to become intimately acquainted and to place their hands upon his gleaming sides. I had heard so much of this talk, that the one spot on earth, or rather water, where I longed to cast my fly was that stretch at the old stone dam on the Little Magalloway.

It is needless to say that as soon as we got camp well fixed we made a call at the old stone dam, which is about a mile up the Little Magalloway from the forks. A glorious morning's walk over the trail past Sunday Pond brought us to the stone dam. The sun was just giving the pool its early morning greeting as we reached it. It was indeed an ideal spot, and if beneath its rippling surface the patriarchs of the trout tribe were taking their morning swim and were ready for breakfast, I also would sing its praises. Joining our rods, we commenced casting the fly from the head of the pool; and at the first cast they were ready for business. We caught a goodly number before they stopped rising to the fly. They were nice, fat, handsome fellows, from a quarter to three-quarter pound in weight, and made glorious sport on a light rod, as we frequently took two or three at a cast. We did not get any of the old "busters," but I, too, saw the father, nay the grandfather, of the trout of the Magalloway.

I had hooked a good half-pound trout, and it had made a gallant struggle for life and freedom, but the constant spring of the rod was too much for him, and he lay upon his side at the top of the water; and I was slowly reeling him in, when a giant trout rose directly beneath him, opened a pair of monstrous jaws, slowly brought them together again, and my half-pound trout disappeared from view as would a two-inch shiner in the mouth of a 5lb. bass. What happened next I do not know, for I lost my head, had "buck fever," or something else, and the boys said I jumped about two feet in the air and gave an awful "yank." The first thing I realized was that my trout was in the air, and I had a glimpse of a fan-like tail as it disappeared from view. Perhaps it will be best to drop the curtain on the next few moments. Suffice to say that every angler has had some such experience and can picture the scene for himself and I sincerely hope he can do it justice. I cannot.

For the next few days by common consent that pool was my property, and I spent at least an hour there every day. I was there in the early morning before the sun was up, and at night when it was so dark I could not keep

the trail by Sunday Pond—and climbing windfalls after dark is not pleasant traveling. I cast upon its waters flies of every size, shape and color, from tiny midge to large and gaudy bass fly, and when these failed I descended to bait, the abused angle worm, wood grub, a strip of fish, the fin of a trout, and live bait from a two-inch shiner to a half-pound chub. Many a handsome trout did I get, but not one glimpse of the old patriarch of the pool until the last day of our stay.

I was making my farewell visit to the stone dam alone, and was idly casting a fly upon its waters, and was just ready to reel up and leave, when, throwing my fly in the rapids near the dam, it was taken by a small quarter-pound trout and I commenced to reel him in. But he was a gamy little fellow and was darting here and there as quick as a flash; and the thought struck me, why not try him for a bait? But no, I will never be guilty of piercing the sides or lips of a lordly trout and using him for bait; but as this is my last cast, and I can see that you are lightly hooked in the lip, for the gaudy wings of the Parmachenee-belle can be plainly seen, you may take one run down through the pool, and if you do not get away I will gently release you and you shall go free. I drew the line from the reel to give him all the play he wanted; and down to the center of the pool he went, and there he stopped for a few playful darts this way and then that. Then he started again down the pool, until I had all the line from the spool and thought it about time to reel him in. But I could not start the reel, and still he went. I involuntarily struck and raised the tip, and for an instant a big fin showed above the water and I knew I was fast again to the old patriarch of the waters. What a predicament. There I stood on a rock at the head of the pool with one of Chubb's little 4oz. "Raymond" rods in my hand, not a single turn of the line upon the spool of my reel, and 140ft. away, hook-d with a No. 8 Sproat, was the giant trout of the Magalloway. There was one thing to do, and I gave him the butt. Whether the little rod was too much for him or he concluded he had gone that way far enough I do not know, but he turned and started for the head of the pool diagonally from me, and I had time to get a goodly lot of line on the reel; and then I took a good long breath. It is useless for me to attempt to describe the battle that followed. How long it lasted I do not know; but it was down the center, forward and back, cross over and all hands round and repeat, until at last he lay upon his side and was drawn across the landing net, and I had barely strength to lift him from the water. What a big one he was. Four, five pounds; yes, we will call him a six-pounder; as handsome in form and as brilliant in coloring as a half-pound trout. And why should he not be, this cannibal of the waters, who would refuse every kind of bait or fly and would have naught but his own beautiful spotted tribe, his relatives or perhaps his own children. But you have had your last one, you old rascal, and the other trout can now swim in peace.

To understand the "subsequent proceedings" it will be necessary for me to describe the stone dam. This was not made by man, but was a natural ledge, running clear across and extending up the river for perhaps a couple of rods; but the fall was mostly in the last rod before the water fell in the pool below, somewhat more than half-way across, when the water was at its usual summer height the ledge protruded from the water. This was worn smooth by the action of the water, and formed a flat table-like surface with rounded sides. The water upon each side of this ran with the swiftness and force of a race-way; but with care and a cool head it was possible for one to wade and jump to this rock without having the water come above a pair of high boots. Directly below this ledge, and jutting into the pool, were two large rocks, which could be reached from the ledge by a little careful wading, and from these rocks a good caster could reach all the best parts of the pool below. It was from this rock that I had been casting and upon which I now stood with my prize; and I wanted to get to shore with the fish soon as possible. Grasping the net above the trout, I crept to the ledge above and attempted to cross to the shore; but I was so weak I could hardly stand and hold the fish. With my first step the water nearly took my feet from under me; and I realized that I must rest before I could cross in safety. I therefore lay the landing net down upon the ledge with the big trout in it, and the handle pointing up stream, and stepped upon the frame in such a way that the fish could not get out. I had hardly straightened up when I heard a grating on the ledge, and just caught a glimpse of a long handle as it swung or rolled into the water. The moment the full force of the current caught it my feet flew out from under me and I sat down with a "dull thud," and the only reason why the ground did not shake was that I only weigh 130lbs. and there was no ground there to shake; it was all rock.

The current was fast drawing me in; I was wet all over before I could manage to grasp a protruding rock and drag myself out to look for my landing-net and fish. The frame had caught in the rocks and the handle was playing shuttlecock on top of the racing water. Quickly grasping it, I began to raise the net; and as I did so the big trout came to the top of the water, some little way below, and with a dash was carried to the pool beneath. As he reached the more quiet waters of the pool and lay upon his side, he gave one "spat" with that giant tail, which was plainly heard above the roar of the waters, and disappeared from my view forever. No, not forever. Many a time during the past winter, as I have sat by the open fire, my feet upon the fender, watching the fantastic shapes the blaze would assume, have I seen the handsome form of that monstrous trout, and the scene at the old stone dam was all before me. And many a time in my dreams have I fought that battle over again and have been awakened by the "spat" of that fanlike tail as the trout disappeared from view—only to find that the noise was made by the alarm clock.

I told my companions that day that I had not got the big trout, that I had slipped into the water and was now ready to go home. From that day to this I have never told the story of the big trout. It was a very sore spot in my memory (and I had another one somewhere else) for many a day, but time works wonders. The sportsman only remembers the pleasure of a trip, the trial and discomfort are forgotten or are made light of; and now I am enabled to look back with some degree of pleasure and think of that royal battle with the monstrous trout of the big pool at the old stone dam on the Little Magalloway.

OMPOMPANOSUC.

THE DAMS OF THE KANKAKEE.

HOLYOKE, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 22 there is a letter from E. Hough concerning fishways on the Kankakee. He writes of the Upper and Lower Dams in Wilmington and cries "Speed the day when they are taken up." As I had the honor of building those dams and the connecting canal, and spent some sixteen years along the banks of that river, and certainly caught my share of bass and pike perch when I was there, I feel that I know as much about that river as Mr. Hough concerning the obstructions to the movement of fish from the Illinois to the Kankakee marshes.

The Upper Dam has a fall of 15ft. and not 17ft., and I have seen bass ascend even that dam in high water. Mr. Hough says that these dams have no mills upon them and are kept up now for speculative purposes. He ussd his eyes to little purpose when he was there, for the second dam supplies power to the electric light works, to the White Cloud Flour Mills, to machine and wagon shops, and to a large paper mill. Negotiations are now progressing for sale of power at the upper dam, and when so used employment will be furnished to thousands; and surely the general public will derive more benefit from such development of new industries than it can from the catching of a few fish by anglers at Kankakee or Momence.

Now I would ask of the **FOREST AND STREAM** what is to be gained by the erection of the fishways at these dams so long as Chicago pours its sewage down the Des Plaines and Illinois? How far do bass and pike and pike-perch migrate? Do they descend the river any lower than the deep pools wherein they winter? Will not these fish spawn just as freely at the head of each reach or pond as though they ascended to the headwaters? If they do get safely through all these fishways and ascend to the Indiana marshes; and if no Illinois angler can fish within half a mile of these dams, when will the Illinois man get his innings? Must he wait until a few fish that have not been caught in Indiana are whirled over these dams to the rocks below?

We have an expensive fishway here in Holyoke, built by us some years ago at a cost of \$30,000, and so far as is known no shad nor salmon has ever yet got to the top of the stairs. We have the black bass, but he does not ascend the way either. Nothing but eels care to go up. The fishways on the Kankakee dams will prove as useless as the one here. Fish are scarce at Momence, not on account of the dams below, but solely for the reason that there are ten fishers where there was one twenty years ago. For ten years after the large dam was built the fishing ten miles above was better than was ever before known, and even now, notwithstanding the number of the fishermen, there are more fish than were there before that dam was built, the reason being that the deep and long pool caused by that dam increases the number of the spawning beds, and secures safe retreats during the winter and furnishes more room for the smaller fish, which are the natural food of the game fishes. Let these dams remain. Put up more rather than destroy the present ones.

E. S. WATERS.

THE BAY OF QUINTE SEASON.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Oct. 26.—The angling season, which is virtually closed here, has been a fairly successful one. Black bass were more than usually numerous, as also were pickerel (*doré*), many of which ranging up to 8 lbs. were taken, but maskinonge were scarce, although more numerous than last year. A numerous party of Americans, chiefly from Newark, N. J., including Mayor Hughes, of that city, and Mr. G. W. Snyder, of Peck & Snyder, New York, were among the latest visitors to our Bay, and had, I understand, good sport among the bass.

The largest whitefish ever caught in these waters was taken in a seine last week at Point Ann, near the city. It weighed 9 lbs. 1 oz., which I can verify, having seen it weighed.

At Hay Bay, which is a favorite fishing ground for maskinonge, the sport is still being prosecuted, and with good success, as is narrated in the following extract from the *Napanee Beaver* of Saturday last: "Mr. Wellington Loys, who was in town on Tuesday, states that at present the maskinonge is unusually plentiful, and that General Davies, of New York, and his nephew, Mr. David Clark, of Ogdensburg, had caught fourteen in the past seven days. On Tuesday the General and Clark caught one weighing 35 lbs. This large fish was hooked in the side, but by some means the line had become wound about his gills and he was captured after a hard fight. The General in September last succeeded in catching eleven in nine days. He is 82 years old, and for the past seven years has made one and two visits a year to this favorite resort. Although an octogenarian, he is as active as a man of 65, and bids fair to enjoy many seasons yet at Hay Bay."

The deer hunting season opened on the 15th, and the parties who went out early are now returning. The records so far reported are: 10, 4, 3, 1, 0. Several parties are yet to be heard from.

Small game, such as ducks, ruffed grouse, plover, snipe, black and gray squirrels, have been more plentiful than usual.

R. S. B.

LONG LAKE FISHING.

FROM a body of water yielding but a minimum of food fish, Long Lake, in the northern part of Cumberland county, Maine, is developing into as good an all-round fishing region as one can ask for. For nearly ten years it has afforded excellent bass fishing, no very large fish, but plenty weighing up to 2 lbs., and this feature has added materially to the number of summer boarders seeking the locality. In 1881 "fifty odd" white perch were introduced from Winthrop Pond in Leeds; they have thriven beyond all expectation and a catch of 75 to 150 from the steamboat wharf at North Bridgton is no unusual occurrence. They will bite anything from a bare hook to live bait or flies, and afford rare sport for those who do not care to battle with more gamy fish. From earliest history the lake has always contained landlocked salmon, but they had become so depleted and demoralized by spearing that it looked as if their total extinction was but a matter of time. After a while a new sentiment sprang up and an attempt to restock was made; many thousands of young fry were turned into the tributaries

and flourished exceedingly well until they got to be 6 or 7 in. long, and then they fell prey to the brook fishers, who either mistook them for speckled trout or caught them for what they really were without even giving thanks to those whose efforts they were upsetting. Finally it was decided to get certain brooks set aside for restocking purposes, and all fishing in them prohibited. Such an act was accordingly passed by the Legislature about three years ago, and the results have been very gratifying; for instance, during a certain week in September last anglers fishing off the mouth of Rogers Brook (one of the closed streams) caught five "landlocks" weighing from 1 lb. to 5 lbs., and two "red spots" weighing 1 lb. and 1 lb. 9 oz. respectively—probably as many as have been taken in Long Lake with hook and line in twenty years before, so really it looks as if the way to restock this lake is to place a perpetual close time on its feeding streams.

On Crooked River the Commissioners are again operating their weir and have already 200 or more fine landlocked salmon awaiting the time when they will be delivered of their spawn. The great mass of the fish have been kept back by exceedingly low water. It is said the river is full of them and if there should come a few heavy rains probably the catch will be unusually large.

NORTH BRIDGTON, Me.

J. C. MEAD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[Concluded from page 274.]

AT Kelly's is located the Moire Antique Club, of Cincinnati, eighty-four members strong, president, W. H. Hughes, Chief of the Cincinnati Fire Department, a rugged but pure diamond of a man. As to how the Moire Antique Club got its name, that is another story, but as a club it is a corker. To get at this cosy fishing house the members have to travel all the way from Cincinnati to Chicago and then down again this far. Such is the fame of the Kankakee. Just now the jolly crowd on hand were not having much luck, but they were not troubled by that fact, and slept of nights and fished of days just the same. A good old club is the Moire Antique, though only four years of age. It is built of the fragments of the old Star Club, of Aroma. In its constitution there is embodied a clause which makes the club also a benevolent institution, and it is found that these slight monthly dues serve to hold the club together. A meeting is held the first Friday of each month. The House Rules of the Moire Antique Club are simple, and insist only that no gentleman shall throw bones under the table or step on the tail of the club cat. An officer of the day is appointed regularly, and it is his duty to clean the fish. Any member doing illegal fishing is fined \$5. (Why not expelled?) I am promised further acquaintance of this genial lot of men, and only wish I could take space to write more fully of the club here.

And so for Kelly's. Hey for Kelly's! Would we could all live at Kelly's, where the river talks among the rocks. At Kelly's, with careful Mrs. Kelly and Kelly himself, the two grown-up daughters Kelly and Essie Kelly and Baby Kelly and Kelly's chickens, Mr. Cole and I would fain have lingered. But not a minute even for fishing. It was evening when we got in, and the next morning we left, taking our boat by wagon to Lorenzo, the local station on the A. T. & S. F. Railway, whereto one disembarks for Kelly's. Time was now growing short, and we could not finish the trip by river. We shipped our boat back by rail to Momence, and are gratified later to learn that we didn't altogether knock the bottom out of it.

Good-bye, then, to Kelly's, and a short run by rail up to Joliet, along the Des Plaines, whose junction with the Kankakee is only five miles below Lorenzo. At Joliet we met a very lovable, genuine sportsman and angler, who fishes at Kelly's and helps with money when the warden needs it. With him we spent some moments all too brief, and asked him to watch that fishway, and promised to come down fly-fishing next spring. Then we took the Rock Island train, 35 miles to Marseilles, where our last dam is located. This is really on the Illinois River, but is above the main breeding grounds, and so is essential to be well provided with a fishway.

It was here that Buck had spoken of the way as all in but the cover. Barring the sides, bottom and steps, we found this description correct. The cut had been made, deep down through the comb of the dam, and the slope for the ladder was displayed. The cut was a good, deep, honest one, not in the dry end of the dam, but over a pool 10 ft. deep. We saw that this dam, the most important on the stream, and the highest and hardest, barring Wilmington, would finally be supplied with a good and durable fishway, and at this Mr. Cole gave a long and hearty sigh of relief, for the trip had thus far been rather an unsatisfactory revelation to him.

We talked with Mr. McIvor, the contractor in charge of the repairs now going on upon Marseilles Dam, and found him a thorough workman, and luckily, moreover, of wide experience in building fishways in Canada, where they don't have our loose Yankee way of looking at fish and game. Mr. McIvor promised to put in the way here within the week, as his lumber had now arrived, and we left feeling satisfied that this would, indeed, be the best way on the stream when completed. Mr. Cole is to be notified when it is done, and another trip will then be made to make certainty certain. These fishways must go in, and be absolutely known to be in.

It was now dark on Saturday evening, but we concluded to run on down to La Salle, and see something about the Illinois Valley Association, the vigorous protective society of which earlier mention has been made. Readers will remember reports of work by Warden M. D. Green. It was at the office of Warden Green that, after some search and running around, there finally assembled the little crowd which earnestly talked protection into the wee small hours. Warden Green is known now as a hustler. In Mr. H. L. Watlington, the association attorney, I think I see a lawyer who knows some law, and in Mr. N. W. Duncan there is distinguished the quiet and earnest man, thoroughly and unselfishly interested, who is much to be sought after in all this sort of work.

I can not stop to more than mention this good body of workers. Membership 35, and it will grow. They average about one conviction to every member. They have been successful in most of their work, and have come out boldly with the black flag, declaring that all seining, all netting, all illegal fishing shall be stopped on the Illinois River above the Copperas Creek Dam. They don't go on the supposition that they may lose under that miserable

corporate dam clause in Sec. 6 of the fish law, but on the theory that they may win, and are going to win. Anyhow, they will fight, and so more power to them, for men and not idlers. They have posted notices that they will prosecute all netters and seiners, 1 in., 2 in., or any other sort, found above the Copperas Creek Dam, and have declared for a joined issue to test Sec. 6. Attorney General Hunt, replying to Dr. Bartlett's letter, says that clause will have to be tested in the upper courts, though he is not clear that the sportsmen's interpretation of the law will hold. It will have a chance to hold, or break, for the Illinois Valley Association will go right on after all the netters clear down to the big dam. If this be bad law, make the most of it. It will tie up the seining, anyhow, and meantime the pondering cango on just as well. Some folks always have to hustle while the other fellows ponder.

Mr. Watlington was anxious to get the support of the Chicago Swan Lake Club, whose grounds are not far below La Salle, and promised to come up to Chicago, so that he and I could go and see Mr. John Stockton, of that club. I explained as best I could the relation of that club to their club keepers, the notorious market-fishers, Frank and Tim Woods. To this Warden Green listened with more interest than conviction. He evidently did not like the idea of market men for club keepers to sportsmen.

One point of law I learned of Mr. Watlington that evening, which was brought out in a damage case brought against Warden Green. Ordinarily, the State cannot take an appeal if its prosecution does not hold. The State cannot appeal in a game law case. In a fish law case it can appeal. The fish law is good. The game law is no good. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has accomplished little or nothing in the improvement of the game laws, so far as I can learn. But it has killed a pile of pigeons, gentlemen.

Oct. 15.—To-day Mr. Watlington writes me from La Salle:

I am forced to postpone my run to your city until Saturday morning. One reason is that I will in all probability have to go to Putnam to prosecute some illegal fishers from Senachwine Lake, as we have information that fishing is being done there at night with an illegal net. Greene and posse go to-night to raid them. Our committee have determined to suppress all seining, e. c., after the 22d inst. Green has circulars printed notifying all parties that prosecutions would follow violations of the law. No news of importance.—H. L. WATLINGTON.

Oct. 16.—And now comes a letter from Warden Green at La Salle, date of yesterday. It is interesting:

I express you this P. M. a couple of black bass, one of which please send to President Cole. The fish I bought this morning from Woods brothers, of Senachwine, and are a part of a haul I saw them take with a seine. They caught about 3,000 lbs., of which about 300 lbs. were game fish, and none of the game fish of any size were thrown back. This is the way they keep the contract you spoke of while here. Mr. Watlington will call on you Saturday, and I will have something written up for **FOREST AND STREAM** by that time.—M. D. GREEN.

Well now, I have something to write up for **FOREST AND STREAM**, and I want the Swan Lake Club men to read it. The fact is that club is being victimized by its precious keepers, and it ought to know it. It is bad enough for a good club like this to have market-hunters and fishers for keepers under any circumstances. It is worse to have to strain the law to an unsportsmanlike interpretation at least so as to allow these men to fish with quast and questionable legality. It is worse yet to have to pay money, a bribe, to these men to get them to put back into the water all game fish they take in their questionably legal seining and netting. It is worse yet, worst of all, and certainly humiliating to a club member of any self-respect to learn that these same men, bribed to be decent, doubtless bribed to be lawful, are showing their employers a sample of their honorableness. Verily, all is fish that comes into the Woods brothers net, Swan Lake Club and all! How does the club like that and what will it do?

There is only one thing for it to do, and that is to join the fight which goes on to test Sec. 6 of the fish law; join the Valley Association and lend a hand to stop all seining and netting, bar none, Woods boys, club keepers and all; join the work to test that Sec. 6, and if necessary ruin it and replace. Swan Lake Club cares little for fishing. It wanted that Senachwine marsh, and it wanted the Woods boys on its side and not against it. I cannot believe, however, that men like these are not sportsmen all the way through. I cannot believe that they will see themselves fooled and laughed at by men whom they hire. I cannot believe that when they understand the situation they will hold back from the remedy. I do believe that they are sportsmen and will wink at nothing unsportsmanlike in any line. I do believe that they will finally unite and say, "Here, this thing must stop, even though the Woods boys go, even though the lease goes with them. We'll shoot clean-handed or we will not shoot at all!"

At present I do not think Swan Lake Club understands all these circumstances. Mr. Watlington and I will have a good talk with Mr. Stockton, and this will duly be set forth.

Oct. 17.—Meantime the fight has gone on hotly on the lower Illinois. Dr. Bartlett has secured one \$50 fine against the notorious leader of the market fisher's league, Smith, and will follow this with prosecutions in other counties, probably making Smith weary before he quits. The big damage suit against Dr. Bartlett I do not hear from. Smith did, however, get a \$250 judgment against the sportsmen's representative in Beardstown county. This case was appealed. One suit will follow another in the courts there, but the sportsmen of the Beardstown Club have no cause yet to be discouraged. Thank Heaven, we are having a fight, anyway. It's this pondering that eats up armies, men and measures.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—Earlier I have paid some attention to the little differences between State Fish Warden Green, of La Salle, Ill., and the Swan Lake Club, of Lake Senachwine, and have tried to adjust these differences by showing that the club was not responsible for any lawlessness of their keepers, the Woods brothers, but had really paid the latter to return to the water all bass and other game fish they captured in their netting, the latter supposedly legal. Mr. Green sent up some bass which he said he saw taken from the net by the Woods boys. This looked bad for the latter, and I wrote sharply about the relations of the club with these marketmen. The strictures would be quite just on the facts, but first let us get the facts. It is called to my attention that the club paid the Woods boys only to return

bass captured in the creek and narrows, not in Senachwine Lake. It is further stated that the bass Warden Green saw taken were netted in the main lake. I hope this covers all the facts. We should be absolutely just and impartial, even with the Woods boys, and I hope this closes the matter out, so that the white-winged angel of peace will get a chance to hatch out a good understanding between the Swan Lake Club, Warden Green and the Illinois Valley Association. I am glad to state that the predictions as to the feeling and position of the Swan Lake Club were exactly accurate. This club will neither foster nor sanction lawlessness, even by its own keepers. It has, as a club, proved this to the Illinois Valley Association by means of its late hearty financial support in the protective work, and its cordial assurances of sympathy and assistance morally. Speed the time when, out of this timely agitation, the day will come of absolute prohibition of nets and seines on the Illinois and all its waters. Let Swan Lake work for that.

E. HODGKIN.

ST. LAWRENCE PICKEREL.—Mr. Channing Brittain, of Brewster & Co., this city, received one day last week two pickerel, weighing together an even 25lbs., which came from the St. Lawrence River. They were taken by Mr. Geo. F. Hill of Clayton, and the incident of their capture illustrates the style of fishing they have near Clayton. Mr. Hill went out in the afternoon, with Henry Webber as boatman; and within three hours from leaving the house caught these fish and shipped them to his friend in New York.

NORTH POND FISHING RIGHTS.

PHINEAS W. TURNER (Hartford District, October Term, 1891.
vs.
SELECTMEN OF HEBRON. (Supreme Court of Connecticut.)

Opinion of the Court.

ANDREWS, C. J.

On the 16th day of May, 1888, the selectmen of the town of Hebron laid out a public highway in that town over the land of Phineas W. Turner, which layout was approved by the town at a town meeting held on the 6th day of June following.

On the 2d day of July Mr. Turner made application for relief in the nature of an appeal from the doings of the selectmen in laying out said highway to the superior court in Tolland county, alleging as a reason for said application that the said highway was not of common convenience and necessity. In the Superior Court a committee was appointed pursuant to the statute, section 2,701 of the general statutes, to hear and determine said application, and to make report thereon. The committee heard the parties and made their report to the court. Mr. Turner remonstrated against the acceptance of the report, but the court overruled the remonstrance, accepted the report, and dismissed the application of Mr. Turner with costs. From that judgment he now appeals to this court, and assigns various reasons of appeal.

The statute above cited provides that "if said committee shall find that the highway is not a common convenience and necessity, said court shall set aside such layout thereof; but if they shall find that such highway is of common convenience and necessity . . . the application shall be dismissed with costs."

The said committee, after setting forth the facts at some length, concluded that the highway was of common convenience and necessity in the case; and on these facts the law is so that all members of the unorganized public have the right as against the plaintiff to fish in North Pond except the part owned by the plaintiff as aforesaid, then the committee are of opinion and find that the laid out way is of common convenience and necessity. But if on these facts the law is otherwise, then the committee are of opinion and find that the laid out way is not of common convenience and necessity.

The only question we propose to consider is whether or not the law is so on the facts stated that all members of the unorganized public have the right as against Mr. Turner to fish in said pond.

North Pond is a natural pond situated in the towns of Hebron and Lebanon. By deeds which were confirmed by the colonial legislature the title of said pond and the soil beneath it became vested in the proprietors of said towns, much the larger part in the proprietors of the town of Lebanon. This part by sundry conveyances came to Abigail Bosworth in the year 1773. There is no record on the town records, or probate records, or other record that the title of said land ever passed from said Abigail; and so the committee find that the title of said land "never passed from said Abigail Bosworth to any person or persons, but the same has become lost and abandoned." Of that part which once belonged to the proprietors of Hebron a portion has come to and now belongs to Mr. Turner, and the remainder, so far as the records disclose the title, still belongs to that town.

In 1865 the plaintiff became the owner of all the land surrounding the pond. He raised the dam at the outlet so much that he thereby raised the water of the pond 7½ ft. The present area of the pond is 188 acres, of which more than one-fourth is covered by such raising of its waters. The plaintiff applied the water of the pond to use in manufacturing, in which he employs 120 persons. Prior to the time which the plaintiff became so owner, and from time immemorial, all members of the great unorganized public, both near the pond and remote from it, whenever and wherever disposed so to do, fished in North Pond at a master's right at all seasons of the year, in boats during the spring, summer and fall, and through the ice during the winter. This was done without objection from any source whatever down to the time when the plaintiff bought all the land adjoining the pond.

"When the plaintiff became the owner of all the land surrounding and adjoining the pond, he posted notices forbidding all persons fishing in the same, and on one occasion he drove a party with force and arms from the pond whom he found fishing there. He sought to prevent all persons fishing in the pond without his leave, and did so far as it was within his power. At one time he spent the sum of \$100 stocking the pond with fish. His objection to fishing was not on account of the value of the fish, for he freely gave permission to fish whenever requested, but through fear that the public might acquire the right by prescription to fish there."

These facts, while they may not be sufficient to show that the plaintiff has acquired title to the soil under the original pond, do show that he has acquired the right to keep that soil covered with water. The easement of flowing he owns, and so he owns the water. Smith vs. Miller, 5 Mason, 191; Adams vs. Pease, 2 Conn., 41. Nor could the unorganized public, as such, acquire the right of fishing there either by grant or prescription. A deed or devise of the land surrounding the water had been for more than twenty years in the actual, exclusive and uninterrupted possession and occupation of the right of fishing in the entire pond, claiming it as his own and keeping all others away. There is no evidence that since 1865 any person whatever has succeeded in fishing in that pond except he did it by the permission of the plaintiff. Whoever has attempted to fish there without such permission has been driven away.

By the action of the Colonial Legislature in confirming the title deeds of the land under and around North Pond no public or common right of fishing therein remained, if such a right had ever existed. Smith vs. Miller, 5 Mason, 191; Adams vs. Pease, 2 Conn., 41. Nor could the unorganized public, as such, acquire the right of fishing there either by grant or prescription. A deed or devise of the land surrounding the water had been for more than twenty years in the actual, exclusive and uninterrupted possession and occupation of the right of fishing in the entire pond, claiming it as his own and keeping all others away. There is no evidence that since 1865 any person whatever has succeeded in fishing in that pond except he did it by the permission of the plaintiff. Whoever has attempted to fish there without such permission has been driven away.

We are not, however, interested so much to discuss what right of fishing in North Pond the unorganized public may have had in 1865 as to ascertain what right of fishing in that pond Mr. Turner did in fact have in 1888.

Prima facie the right to take fish in any water, other than navigable rivers, belongs to the owners of the soil over which the water flows. This is because in ordinary cases the ownership of the soil carries with it the ownership of the water. But the

ownership of the water may be separated from the ownership of the soil, and where this is done the right of fishing goes with the ownership of the water. The law is stated in Coke's Littleton 4, b. "If a man be seized of a river and by deed do grant *separatim piscarium* in the same and maketh livery of *seizen secundum formam chartae* the soil doth not pass nor the water, for the grantor may take water there, and if the river becomes dry he may take the benefit of the soil, for there passeth to the grantee but a particular right and the livery being made *secundum formam chartae* cannot enlarge the grant of fish against all the world. Chalkley vs. Dickinson 1 Conn., 382; Church vs. Meeker 34 Conn., 421; Preble vs. Brown 41 Maine, 284, 3 Kent 43. And can maintain trespass against any one even the owner of the soil, for taking the fish, Adams vs. Pease 2 Conn., 48; Smith vs. Kemp 4 Md., 187; S. C. Sal- keld 437; Halford vs. Bail y 13 Q. R. (66 E. C. L.) 426; Collins vs. Reubens 47 Phil. 118; Delaware, etc., R. R. vs. Stump 6 Gill and 47; Phillips vs. State 2 Md., 380.

Whether we regard the plaintiff as the owner of the water of North Pond and so the sole owner of the right of fishing therein or as having acquired the exclusive right to fish there by adverse use, we are clearly of the opinion that as against him no member of the unorganized public has the right to fish in that pond. It follows from the report of the committee finds said highway not to be of common convenience and necessity.

There is error in the judgment of the Superior Court. In this opinion, the other judges concurred.

Fishculture.

PACIFIC SALMON FOR THE HUDSON.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 29 there is mention of a plant of 5,000 salmon yearlings to be made by the United States Fish Commission in a tributary of the Battenkill River in Vermont, which in turn is a tributary of the Hudson.

Two at least of the New York daily morning newspapers have printed a special dispatch concerning the planting of these young fish, in which it is announced that yearling salmon are now to be planted because the previous efforts of the United States Fish Commission to stock the headwaters of the Hudson with salmon fry have proven to be unsatisfactory.

This is a misconception of facts which I desire, so far as I may, to correct, although I am in no manner responsible for the error. The yearling salmon that are to be planted in the Battenkill by the U. S. Fish Commission are quinnat, chinook or Columbia River salmon from the Pacific coast, and the National Fish Commission has made no previous effort to stock the Hudson with the fry of this species of salmon. The State Fish Commission did, some years ago, plant fry of the Pacific salmon in the Hudson and elsewhere, and the result was unsatisfactory to those who had the matter in charge. The United States Fish Commission began in 1882 to plant the fry of the Atlantic salmon in the headwaters of the Hudson, and the experiment was highly successful from the first, and the success has been continued to this date. The quinnat salmon to be planted in the Battenkill are not really yearlings, but are about eight months old, and will number 3,500, and are equivalent to the whole number of salmon fry of this species previously planted in New York waters.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Lockport, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.

Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Berj. McInness, Sec'y.

Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

Jan. 21 to 25.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.

Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. E. S. Brown, Sec'y.

March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.

April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 1 to 4.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the International Field Trial Club, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at New Rochelle, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.

Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgarriff, Sec'y.

Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Nov. 10.—International Coursing Club's Meeting, at Merced, Cal.

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

BERKSHIRE (F. W. Whitlock's), black, white and tan (Formost—Lady Norma).

ROD'S WHIM (E. O. Damon's), black, white and tan (Rod-erigo—Florence Gladstone).

SNIP (D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s), orange and white (Edge Mark—Nellie G.).

FOREMAN'S LASS (Harry A. Waldon's), black, white and tan (Foreman—Grace B.).

MISS MONARCH (Chas. C. Gray's), black and white (Roy Monarch—Flossie).

WARD'S SPOT (M. Ward's), black, white and tan (Gloster II. Ward's Mada).

KIT CARSON (E. K. Sperry's), blue belton (Hair's Belton—Lillian Bondhu).

BESSIE (Dr. Henry A. Baker's), black white and tan (Unknown—Unknown).

NINKE PHILIP (E. R. Durkee's), orange and white (Roy Monarch—Saddle Bags).

SPOT R. (Geo. W. Lovell's), liver and white (Covenant—Clover).

TELAMON (C. L. Hopkins's), black, white and ticked (William Tell—Daisy A.).

THE DERBY.

KIT CARSON (E. K. Sperry's), blue belton (Hair's Belton—Lillian Bondhu).

BECKY NOBLE (E. O. Damon's), black and white (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).

COUNTSSE (J. K. Wells's), black and white (Kent II.—Jessie Noble).

SNIP (D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s), orange and white (Edge Mark—Nellie G.).

All of the entries are English setters except Spot R. and Telamon, pointers.

ASSONET, Mass., Nov. 2.—The running of the first field trials of the New England Field Trial Club will begin to-morrow. The drawing to-night was: Derby Stake—Countess against Becky Noble, Kit Carson against Snipe. All-Aged Stake—Bessie against Berkshire, Rod's Whim against Nahmke Philip, Spot R. against Miss Monarch, Snipe against Foreman's Lass, Kit Carson against Ward's Spot.

P. K. C. FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed please find complete list of the entries for the Derby, All-Aged and Members' stakes of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials, to be held at Deatonville, Va., on Dec. 14. As will be shown, there are 20 entries in the Derby Stake, of which there are 12 English setters, 6 pointers and 2 Irish setters.

The All-Aged Stake contains 20 entries, of which there are 13 English setters, 6 pointers, 6 Irish setters and 1 Gordon setter.

The Members' Stake contains 19 entries, of which there are 12 English setters, 6 pointers and 1 Gordon setter.

This is a large increase in numbers over previous years, and it is certainly very encouraging to the kennel club to note the names of many famous dogs on the list. The quality and character of the dogs entered in the Philadelphia trials and the large attendance, place the club among the foremost in the country.

The dogs entered in these trials are owned exclusively by members of the club, but as the membership is not confined to residents of Philadelphia it will be seen that a number of noted dogs, already field trial winners, are entered by prominent sportsmen from different sections of the country.

C. E. CONNELL, Sec'y Phila. K. C.

ALL-AGE STAKES—ENGLISH SETTERS.

TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock's), black and white dog, 2yrs. (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen).

TORY PETRONELLA (F. R. Hitchcock's), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Rodgerigo—Belle of Bridgeport).

EDGEMARK (F. S. Brown's), black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Skidmore—Flo MacIn).

PEG WOFFINGTON (G. S. Brown's), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Ben Hill—Nora).

LOU NOBLE (B. Ridgway's), black, white and tan bitch, 3yrs. (Count Noble—Alphonse).

EZRA NOBLE (L. Shuster, Jr.'s), blue belton dog, 3yrs. (Count Noble—Alphonse).

OLD SMED (L. Shuster, Jr.'s), blue belton dog, 2yrs. (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.).

JOE LEWIS (J. O'H. Denny's), black, white and tan dog, 2yrs. (Count Noble—Fannie).

BOB H. (Dr. Alex. Glass's), black and white dog, 6yrs. (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

ROD GEM (E. W. Clark, Jr.'s), black, white and tan dog, 6yrs. (Rodgerigo—Gem).

ALBERT'S DUCHESS (Dr. J. A. Hartman's), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton).

ROANOKE (Arthur Burt's), black and white dog, 2yrs. (Bosh—Lottie B.).

BEN HUB FRANKLIN (W. B. Smith's), orange and white dog, 4yrs. (Ike—Leda).

POINTERS.

GENESTA (J. W. M. Cardeza's), liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Hops).

DAVID OF DELPHOS (J. W. M. Cardeza's), liver and white dog (Dick of Delphos—Westmoreland Bessie).

ROCK II. (C. E. Connell's), liver and white dog, 4yrs. (Graphic—Lady Belle).

PONTIAC (Charles Heath's), liver and white dog, 5yrs. (Milton Bang II.—Climax).

ARTHUR (Charles Heath's), liver and white dog, 5yrs. (Graphic—Meally).

DAISY (S. Murray Mitchell's), liver and white bitch, 7yrs., imported from England.

IRISH SETTERS.

SILK (Dr. G. G. Davis's), red bitch, 3yrs. (Chief—Gypsy Maid).

SPINAWAY (Dr. G. G. Davis's), red bitch, 3yrs. (Chief—Tyrell's Nellie).

ROCKWOOD (C. T. Thompson's), red dog, 3yrs. (Desmond II.—Luray II.).

MERLIN (S. Harlan Price's), red dog, 2yrs. (Grab—Flora).

BEAT II. (S. Harlan Price's), red dog, 1yr. (Fly—Norna).

LIMERICK (Thompson & Child's), red dog, 6yrs. (Glencho—Nora).

GORDON SETTERS.

FLASH (B. Frank Hall's), black and tan dog, 6yrs.

MEMBERS' STAKES—ENGLISH SETTERS.

ROI D'OR (F. R. Hitchcock's), black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Rodgerigo—Bo-Peep).

TORY MAY (F. R. Hitchcock's), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Rodgerigo—Bo-Peep).

EDGEMARK (F. S. Brown's), black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Skidmore—Flo MacIn).

KING'S MARK (B. Ridgway's), black and white dog, 5yrs. (King Noble—Belle Belton).

JOE LEWIS (J. O'H. Denny's), white and tan dog, 2yrs. (Count Noble—Fannie).

BOB H. (Dr. Alex. Glass's), black and white dog, 6yrs. (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

ROD GEM (E. W. Clark's), black, white and tan dog, 6yrs. (Rodgerigo—Gem).

LENA (Chas. Heath's), lemon and white bitch, 1yr. (Prince Lucifer—Juneau).

ROANOKE (Arthur Burt's), black and white dog, 2yrs. (Bosh—Lottie B.).
KENO (Isaac Yearsley, Jr.'s), lemon and white dog, 4yrs. (Roybel III.—Fraud).
BEN HUR FRANKLIN (W. B. Smith's), lemon and white dog, 4yrs. (Ike—Leda).
GROVER (Edward V. Dougherty's), lemon and white dog (lightning—Rosy Morn).

POINTERS.

DAVID OF DELPHOS (J. W. M. Cardeza's), liver and white dog (Dick of Delphos—Westmoreland Bessie).
ROCK II. (C. E. Connell's), liver and white dog, 4yrs. (Graphic—Lady Belle).
BLOOMER III. (J. H. Winslow's), liver and white bitch, 3yrs. (Lad of Bow—Bloomer).
PONTIAC (Chas. Heath's), liver and white dog, 5yrs. (Milton Bang II.—Climax).
ARTHUR (Chas. Heath's), liver and white dog, 5yrs. (Graphic—Meally).
SPORT II. (S. Murray Mitchell's), lemon and white dog, 6yrs. (Sport—Daisie).

GORDON SETTERS.

FLASH (B. Frank Hall's), black and tan dog, 6yrs.

PRINCESS FLORENCE ARRIVES.

AFTER many fruitless efforts to purchase her, the great Princess Florence has at last fallen into the hands of an American, not however until her previous owner, Mr. Hedley Chapman, once owner of her paternal and maternal grand sire, Plinlimmon, had repeatedly refused munificent offers from Mr. Diffenderfer and several other well-known St. Bernard enthusiasts on this side. Her purchaser, as has already been announced, was Mr. W. C. Reick, proprietor of the New York St. Bernard Kennels.

She arrived on the Aurania last Sunday under the special care of her owner's sister, Mrs. Buckley, who curtailed her trip in Scotland, in order to have Princess Florence's companionship. Nor did the latter appear to have suffered under the change of so fair a custodian, for judging from her robust appearance she had evidently received that tender attention which only woman is capable of administering. She looked the picture of health, and but for having lost most of her coat would have been fit to show in the keenest competition, if ever such a marvelous bitch can experience competition from one of her own sex. Her head, which has all the sweetness of expression so characteristic with descendants of Plinlimmon, might to the hypercritical be shorter, but when the vastness of her body, the immensity of her bone and the unprecedented extent of her height is considered, it will be seen that her head is only in proportion to her other wonderful properties. Her neck is beautifully placed into shoulders of great power; her bone is enormous and would make that possessed by the majority of the sterner sex appear trivial, but it is not until one comes to her ribs and loin that her wonderful size reveals itself. In these properties she is phenomenal, and never has there been a dog to approach her in these respects. Her hind-quarters and carriage of stern are in keeping with her beautiful proportions, and being bred in as she is to Plinlimmon, her rich orange color, with correct white markings, are easily accounted for. The following measurements, when only a year old, speak for themselves:

	Inches.	Inches.
Nose to stop.....	4½	32
Stop to occiput.....	7	13
Occiput to tail.....	43	9
Skull.....	27½	31½
Depth below eyes.....	17½	189
Chest.....	39	

To further emphasize this bitch's great size, it may be not out of place to refer to Mr. Reick's impression when he went to Mr. Chapman's kennels to look at her. She was running about with Sir Hereward and Bessie III., and directly Mr. Reick saw her he said to the keeper, "What an enormous dog Sir Hereward is!" "That's not Sir Hereward, it's Princess Florence," was the response. The answer determined her destiny, and from that moment the owner of her sire resolved to have her. The conditions of her sale were to be kept strictly private by Mr. Chapman's request, but that they were in the neighborhood of \$5,000 I am in a position to state.

Princess Florence is a daughter of Prince Regent, by Plinlimmon, and Lady Ida by Plinlimmon; Lady Ida being out of Lady Eva, by Barry. She was born Sept. 27, 1888, and bred by C. Smith. Her winnings are (for the only times she was exhibited) five first and specials, including 100 guinea cup for best bitch in show, St. Bernard Club show, Windsor, 1888, Rev. A. Carter, judge. Four first and specials, Kennel Club show, Olympia, S. C. Norris-Elve, judge. Four first and specials, Birkenhead, 1889, S. W. Smith, judge. Six first and specials, including gold medal for best bitch in show, Scottish Kennel Club, Edinburgh, 1889, S. W. Smith, judge.

Besides purchasing Princess Florence, Mr. Reick could not resist the temptation of buying a young smooth dog named Keeper, Jr., by Keeper from Surprise, by Guide, who is due to arrive to-day. He has also bought Refuge II, who is a son of Plinlimmon, and Recluse (dam of Lord and Lady Melrose). The latter sails next week from England.

BRITTLÉ.

THE GERMAN DOG (GREAT DANE).

Editor Forest and Stream;

At their last meeting, in Frankfurt on the Main, May 30, 1891, the Zwingerverband der Züchter von Luxushunden und Fox-terriers, commissioned by the Court of Delegates of the German Kennel Club, revised and laid down as new principles, the rules and regulations how to judge by points the dogs in the German bench shows.

As an importer and breeder of the "German dog" (and being a member of the above named club and also of the Deutsche Dogge Club), I accepted the order to distribute in this country the book of new rules, and submit hereby to all who are interested in the German dog (great Dane) the following description of the same:

1. General Appearance.—The German dog (great Dane) combines in his whole appearance, height, strength and elegance, more than any other species of dogs. He has nothing of the plumpness and heavy form of the English mastiff, nor of the slender and frail figure of the greyhound,

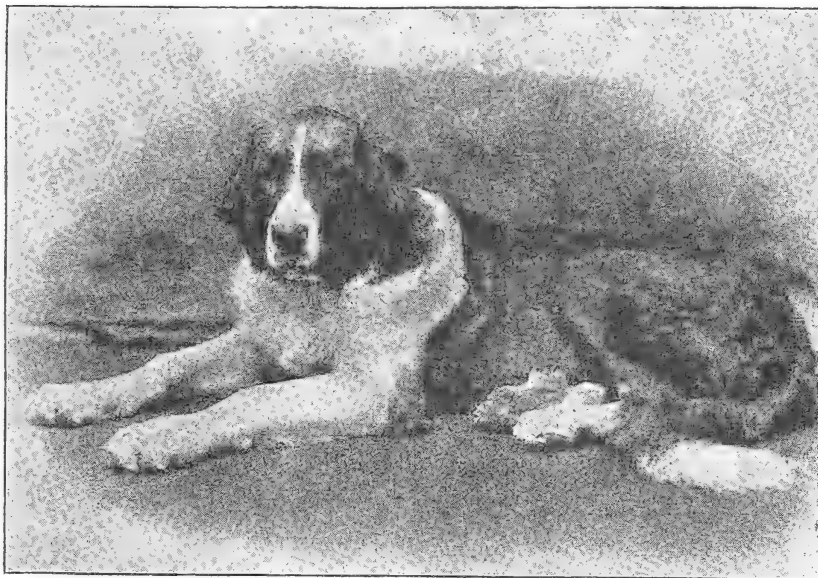
but stands between these two extremes. The main feature about him is his great size and weight and yet so genteel and elegant, his far-reaching (wide) step, proud carriage, head and neck high, the tail, in its natural position, hanging downward, when excited, level with his back with a slight upward curve at the end.

2. Head.—His head is of medium length, and rather high and compressed on the sides, but not broad and flat appearing. The forehead, seen from the side, shows a prominent curve leading to the muzzle and running almost parallel with the nose backward, or showing a very slight elevation. Looking at the head from the front, the forehead should not be much broader than the well-developed muzzle itself. The muscles of the jaws should not be too much developed. The general appearance of the head should be striking and sharp cut at all points. Nose large. The back of the muzzle straight or very slightly curved. Lips (or flews) vertical and blunt in front, overlapping only a trifle, but with a decided fold at the end. The lower jaw neither projecting nor receding. Eyes of medium size, round, with a sharp expression, the eyebrows well developed. Ears well set and not too wide apart. When clipped, pointed and standing upright.

3. Neck and Shoulders.—The neck long, powerful and slightly curved and well developed, and tapering from the breast to head, showing no loose flesh or wrinkles. Shoulders long and slanting.

4. Breast.—Well developed, but not too broad. Ribs well bent and deep in front, almost touching the elbows.

5. Body.—The back of medium length, the flanks slightly curved, the back part (stern) short and slightly tapering, and forming a beautiful line with the tail. Looking down on the dog, the broad back must form one line with the well-bent ribs. The loins should be well developed and the muscles on the upper part of the leg very prominent. The muscles of the abdomen well drawn up toward the hind-



MR. W. C. REICK'S ST. BERNARD PRINCESS FLORENCE.

legs and forming a beautiful curved line with the bottom of the breast.

6. Tail.—Of medium length and only reaching a trifle below the hocks, broad at the start and tapering to a ratlike tail; but never, even when excited, carried high above the back, nor should it curl.

7. The Forelegs.—The elbows well set; that is, forming a right angle if possible with the shoulder blades, and neither inward or outward bent. The upper arms muscular, limbs strong; seen from the front, they appear slightly bent, on account of the strong developed muscles; seen from the sides, they are perfectly straight down to the foot.

8. The Hindlegs.—The buttocks muscular, the lower shanks long and strong, standing oblique to the short feet.

9. Feet.—Almost round, neither inward nor outward turned. Toes well curved and closed, nails very strong and well curved. Dew claws are not a blemish, but are not desired.

10. Coat.—The texture very short and thick, smooth, and on the bottom part of the tail not very much longer.

11. Color.—A. Brindle colored dogs. Prime color from a very light to a deep red yellow, always showing black or dark stripes. B. Dogs of a plain color, as fawn, gray in different tints, either of one color or with a darker shade on the muzzle, eyes and back; also either black or white. The nose of the brindle-colored or plain-colored dogs (with the exception of the white-colored ones) is always black, eyes and nails dark. White spots not desirable. The gray-colored dogs show sometimes light but never glassy-looking eyes. C. Spotted dogs. The ground color white with irregular spots, but these well divided over the body. Black or gray spots preferred. Other colors than above mentioned are not so desirable. On white dogs glassy or light-colored eyes, as well as flesh-colored and spotted muzzles, also light-colored nails, are not to be considered a blemish.

12. Height.—At the shoulder the dog should not be below 30in. (75 cm.), possibly 32in. (80 cm.). That of a bitch not below 28in. (70 cm.), possibly 30in. (75 cm.).

POINTS.

Head.....	20
Neck.....	10
Tail.....	10
Breast and chest.....	15
Back and loins.....	10
Hindquarter.....	10
Legs and feet.....	10
Height.....	5
Coat and color.....	5
Carriage and movement.....	5
	100
DETROIT, Mich.	DR. NICOLAI.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—A person can take a seat in a palace car at Dearborn Station any afternoon and go over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without changing cars. The fast express on this line makes at least twenty-four hours quicker time to Los Angeles than any other line, and in fact the Santa Fé is the only thoroughly comfortable route to take. The office is at No. 212 Clark street, Chicago.—Adv.

DOG CHAT.

NO one will be found to gainsay the fact that Messrs N. Q. Pope and Jas. Herbert Watson show much enthusiasm and pluck in sending their dogs almost across the continent to course the festive jack on his native heath. At the same time their enterprise should be tempered with wisdom. No one familiar with greyhounds could expect to gain a decisive victory over seasoned dogs, and dogs accustomed to the air and country of Great Bend with greyhounds that only arrived there a day or two before the meeting, and besides, as was rumored, never having seen a jack rabbit. If our coursing men wish to win honors in the West they must send the dogs out in August, and so allow them to become thoroughly acclimated and have a chance to harden up and have an occasional brush with the game. All this we pointed out last year, but the suggestion seems to fall on rocky soil. Royal Crest, Mr. Watson's new purchase from England, seems to be a real climber to make the judge, Mr. Grace, so enthusiastic over him, and Mr. Watson must be congratulated upon the acquisition, for this dog ran under very adverse circumstances, both as to condition and the severe accident to his head that befel him in encountering the wire fencing. If Mr. Watson will have this dog properly trained he may yet hope to bring some of the Great Bend trophies far enough east to be exhibited to his fellow members in E. C. C. and N. G. C.

To show the increasing interest our dailies are taking in kennel matters the New York Herald intends to donate several cups as specials at the next W. K. C. show. It has not been decided yet how they will be placed, but it is certain that St. Bernards will get one of them.

We are sorry that the report of the Cincinnati show at Carthage arrived too late for publication last week, and as other papers had already mentioned the show more or less extensively, the time had passed for its publication. That the show was a success is due in great measure to the exertions of Mr. Al. G. Eberhart, the well known pug breeder, for interesting his personal friends in the matter. He worked up a good show, and that the Humane Society of Ohio appreciate his endeavors the following letter will prove: [Copy.] "Mr. Al. G. Eberhart, Dear Sir: At a meeting of the fair commissioners, held on the 21st inst., a resolution of thanks to you for valuable services before and during the fair was unanimously adopted, and the undersigned directed to forward same to you with the best wishes of your fellow commissioners. Respectfully, L. BARNEY, Sec'y Ohio Humane Society."

To kill time in India the army officers and civilians have "invented" or revived many peculiar sports. The Gymkhana at Secunderabad is a novelty and shows the dogs ahead again. We are told in the *Asian* that the chief event of the evening was the Noah's Ark Stakes, a distance handicap for all animals. About forty went to the post and two dogs ran a dead heat. The field comprised ten elephants, a panther, a bear, a bandicoot, a lizard, a hen, a parrot and several sheep, pigs, goats, bullocks and mules.

Among the new announcements in our ad. columns are those of greyhounds by Dr. Van Hummel, pointers by Chas. Garrett and W. H. Hyland, setters by J. W. McCrea, A. H. Brown, D. H. Halladay and Wm. H. Hyland, St. Bernards by F. B. Echlin and the Wyoming Kennels, mastiffs by Wm. Thom, and beagles by A. C. Krueger.

Is it not a remarkable thing that a man should sue another for \$5,000 for a dog bite on his left hand? says the New York Sun. This shows the advance of civilization, but does it not also show how civilization, as it advances its enchantments, also enhances the dangers of living? What was a dog's bite a few years ago? Nothing that one sporting man would speak of to another, nothing that any man would ask damages for, unless his right arm were horribly injured or his face painfully deformed. Not long ago a man was bitten by a dog on his left hand. He has learned from newspapers the horrors and infinite possibilities of hydrophobia; his life has become in consequence a nightmare; he never looks at water without a shudder; he lives in a purgatory that leads to hell. Why should he not be recompensed for his mental sufferings? Civilization brings comfort, but it also brings dread to those who know too much. Why should the susceptible imagination of the man who was bitten receive so great a prize, when the man who ignorantly owned the dog was, perhaps, so innocent and such a simple-minded lover of dogs? A question is asked of serious import. Why should a peaceable man now be punished more for the ownership of a dog than he would have been fifty years ago? It is a question as difficult to answer as it is to evade.

Arriving at Vincennes, Ind., midday last Sunday from New York, on our way to the United States field trials, we found there was no train for Bicknell till the next morning; so as the day was typical of Indian summer weather, we secured a team and drove the 16 miles to Bicknell through a very fine farming country. Midway we passed a thrifty looking farmhouse where over the front gate was a large board on which in large letters was painted: "Bull pup for sale." On investigating, with visions of a possible "dark horse," we found it a fair sample of the dog yept "Boston Terrier," and we thought as we drove on that even in this out-of-the-way district they evidently had a better idea of its true nomenclature than the citizen of the "city of culture."

Everybody says that the FOREST AND STREAM had the only report of the Great Bend meet. No other paper was "in it."

A touching incident is described by the Times (England) correspondent in his story of the decisive battle of the recent Chilean war: "On entering one of the houses, under one of the two miserable beds in this place lay a large black Newfoundland dog. I wondered that it lay so quiet amid all the stir. Then I saw it was dead. It had been shot on the field, and crept into the ranch and curling itself in a corner beneath the bed had thus died. In another corner lay another small terrier, dead from a bullet wound; and just outside the hut, beside a soldier who had been shot through the forehead, lay another dog. In its delirium it had evidently mistaken the dead man for its master, and with the pathos of animal instinct had curled itself under his shoulder and died beside him."

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Nov. 26.—All Day Shoot at Live Birds, Thanksgiving Day. Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J. Open to all.
Nov. 26.—Cana-Joharie, N. Y. Gun Club Tournament, Thanksgiving Day; live and clay birds; open to all. T. C. Pegnim, Secy.
Nov. 26.—South Side Gun Club Tournament, at South Norwalk, Conn. B. H. Fox.

1892.

June 13.—New York State Sportsmen's Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Mowry, Sec'y.

HIGHLAND GUN CLUB.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 24.—The second annual tournament of the Highland Gun Club commenced Oct. 20. The weather was fine but the attendance was not as large as was expected, owing to the fact that a number of sportsmen are game shooting at this season of the year. The shooting was from three screened traps at targets and five ground traps on live birds. Among the visitors were: Chas. Grim, of Clear Lake; S. S. Sessions and H. Durant, of Algonquin; A. R. Elliott and Mr. Bohney, of Kansas City; Chas. Strawn, of Jacksonville, Fla.; J. B. Smith, of Omaha; Dr. Porterfield, of Atlantic Dr. Danforth, of Maryland and Mowry, of Osceola; Mr. Powell, of Ottumwa; N. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon; A. Tucker, of Parker gun fame; Geo. Christianson, of Randall; John Georgeson, of Stony City. Owing to business matters Mr. J. G. Smith, an honorary member of the Highland Gun Club, was unable to attend, and his absence was regretted very much by all, for Uncle John, as the boys call him, is a prime favorite and much liked by all lovers of trap and field shooting who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. On Monday, Oct. 20, Messrs. Bohney and Elliott, of Kansas City, shot two team matches with Messrs. Selby and Budd, of Des Moines, for \$50 a side in each match. Elliott and Bohney won one and Budd and Selby the other, so honors rest equal so far. A number of the boys remained over Friday and a team shoot for birds and supper was gotten up. Ties divided as follows:

First day, Oct. 20.—Shoot No. 1, 9 single targets, entrance \$1.50:
Elliott.....10101011-6 Durant.....10111110-7
Grim.....10110111-7 Hicks.....10101011-5
Bohney.....11111111-9 Georgeson.....11111110-8
Crosby.....11111111-9 Strawn.....11111110-8
Budd.....11111111-9 Tucker.....10101011-6

No. 2, 12 single targets, entrance \$2:
Bohney.....00110111-9 Crosby.....11111111-12
Elliott.....11111110-11 Strawn.....11111110-11
Hicks.....10101011-9 Tucker.....10101011-10
Budd.....11111111-12 Georgeson.....11111110-11
Grim.....11111111-11

No. 3, 9 singles and 4 pairs targets, entrance \$2:
Bohney.....11111111-10 Tucker.....11111111-10-12
Elliott.....11111111-11 Hicks.....10111111-11-11-12
Grim.....11111111-11-10-13 Budd.....11111111-10-11-14
Durant.....10110111-10-11-11 Georgeson.....01111111-09-10-11-9
Strawn.....01011110-10-10-11 Crosby.....01111111-11-10-13

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance \$2:
Bohney.....111111101111-13 Strawn.....111111111111-15
Elliott.....11111111-13 Tucker.....111111111001-11
Crosby.....10101111-11-11-13 Budd.....111111111111-14
Grim.....111111111111-14 Georgeson.....111111111111-14
Smith.....110101000111-10 Budd.....111111111111-15

No. 5, 5 pairs targets, entrance \$1.25:
Elliott.....19-10-11-10-11-6
Crosby.....11-10-11-10-11-8
Bohney.....11-10-11-10-11-8
Budd.....11-11-11-11-10-10
Grim.....11-10-11-11-10-8

No. 6, 8 live birds, entrance \$5:
Grim.....11110111-7
Budd.....11110111-7
Bohney.....11110111-7
Strawn.....11110111-7
Elliott.....11110111-7
Crosby.....11110111-7
Tucker.....11110111-7
Georgeson.....11110111-7

No. 7, 9 singles, unknown traps, entrance \$1.50:
Bohney.....11110111-6 Durant.....01111111-8
Elliott.....01011111-6 Crosby.....11111010-7
Strawn.....01110111-6 Hicks.....11111010-8
Smith.....011111-7 Georgeson.....10110000-3
Grim.....11110111-7 Tucker.....01011111-7

Extra No. 1, 12 targets, entrance \$1: Georgeson 12, Grim 9, Crosby 9, Hicks 11, Budd 12, Georgeson won.
Extra No. 2, 12 singles, unknown traps, entrance \$1: Grim 12, Elliott 8, Bohney 11, Georgeson 10, Strawn 7, Budd 11, Selby 9, Searight 10, Smith 10.

Extra No. 3, 10 live birds, entrance \$8:
Elliott.....211121201-9 Smith.....122222202-8
Grim.....21011111-9 Sanford.....21221211-10
Budd.....122211012-9 Searight.....021222120-8
Bohney.....221122201-9 Canine.....120012101-7
Strawn.....000100012-6

Extra No. 4, 12 singles, entrance \$2: Allentown 12, Strawn 12, Grim 10, Bohney 10, Ray 11, Dauthett 9, Smith 9, Tucker 12, Burnett 10, Byers 8, Searight 8, Kirsner 11, Sanford 11, Georgeson 8, Budd 12, Langley 8, Hicks 9, Kirsner 11, Sanford 11, Kirsner 14, Georgeson 12, Crosby 13, Burnett 11, Sanford 14, Dauthett 9, Hicks 9, Byers 10, Searight 8.

Extra No. 5, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Bohney 10, Budd 13, Mowry 8, Strawn 13, McFarland 8, Grim 11, Tucker 13, Searight 11, Kirsner 14, Georgeson 12, Crosby 13, Burnett 11, Sanford 14, Dauthett 9, Hicks 9, Byers 10, Searight 8.

Extra No. 6, 12 singles, entrance \$2: Grim 12, Budd 12, Strawn 10, Georgeson 8, Crosby 11, Bohney 3, Perkins 6, Searight 9, McFarland 4, Kirsner 8, Sanford 10, Mowry 0.

Second day, Oct. 21.—No. 8, 12 singles, entrance \$2:
Grim.....11111111-12 Smith.....0111110111-9
Sessions.....1101010111-9 Hicks.....1111101110-10
Mowry.....0111010111-9 Budd.....11111111-12
Budd.....11111111-12 Dauthett.....101011011-9
Durant.....0101101011-9 Strawn.....01111111-11
Georgeson.....1111011011-9 Selby.....1011110111-9
Crosby.....11111111-12 McFarland.....1110010110-7

No. 9, 5 pairs, entrance \$1.50:
Sessions.....10-10-10-10-10-5
Strawn.....10-10-10-10-10-5
Grim.....10-10-10-10-10-7
Sanford.....11-10-10-10-10-7
No. 10, 15 singles, entrance \$2.50:
Grim.....11011011111110-12
Sessions.....0101101110001-9
Strawn.....11100101111110-11
Crosby.....11111111111111-15
Smith.....11110111111111-13
McFarland.....010100101011-7
Fountain.....0110000111100-7
Hicks.....11100001111111-10

No. 11, 10 singles and 5 pairs, entrance \$3:
Strawn.....1111111111
Budd.....1101111111
Grim.....0101010111
Sessions.....0111111111
Crosby.....1111111111
Porter.....1111111111
Bohney.....1111111111
Elliott.....1111111111
Tucker.....1111111111
Sanford.....1111111111
Georgeson.....1111111111

No. 12, 10 live birds, entrance \$10:
Grim.....211121211-10 Georgeson.....21002212-8
Porter.....102012011-6 Tucker.....11111111-10
Elliott.....122112211-10 Strawn.....00212110-7
Smith.....220200000-7 Hicks.....012100212-7
Budd.....210212112-9 Sanford.....20001112-7
Bohney.....212212112-9 Kirsner.....00121221-8
Perry.....22010000-7 Langley.....20211212-8

No. 13, 25 singles, entrance \$4:
Reed.....0101011010101111101-18
Allerton.....110101101010111111-19
Byer.....1110110110001011110-17
Grim.....011010111111111111-21
Strawn.....110111111111111111-22
Porter.....111111111111111111-20
Budd.....111111111111111111-20
Bohney.....111101111111111111-21
Elliott.....110110111111111111-22

Crosby.....1011111111111111-24
Smith.....1111111111111111-23
Sanford.....1111111111111111-23
Georgeson.....1110111111111111-21
No. 14, 9 single targets, unknown traps, entrance \$1.50:
Allerton.....11011111-8 Crosby.....10111111-8
Bohney.....11111111-9 Kirsner.....00100111-5
Porter.....11101111-7 Hicks.....10111111-8
Strawn.....10110111-4 Keisheim.....10100000-3
Grim.....11110111-7 Smith.....11111111-9
Budd.....10110111-7 Georgeson.....10101011-6
Elliott.....01010111-6 Burnett.....10111111-7
Sessions.....11100100-5 Langley.....10111011-7
Tucker.....00110101-5 Byer.....00110111-6
Fountain.....00010011-4 Word.....10110111-7
Extra No. 15, 10 singles, entrance 50 cents:
Ward.....10001011-9 Georgeson.....1100101111-7
Durant.....01111000-6 Budd.....1111101111-9
Mowry.....10001010-4 Crosby.....1011111111-9
Grim.....11111111-10 Hicks.....1111111111-9

Extra No. 8, 12 singles, entrance \$2:
Dauthett.....11101010110-8 Smith.....1111111111-12
Grim.....1111111111-12 Strawn.....1011111111-11
Crosby.....0111111111-11 Porter.....0111111111-11
McFarland.....1110001010-7 Sanford.....1111111111-12
Bahney.....1011111111-11 Hicks.....10100010011-6
Budd.....1111111111-12 Georgeson.....0110011101-8
Tucker.....1011111111-12 Roy.....1000111110-8
Elliott.....1011111111-10

Extra No. 9, 12 singles, entrance \$2:
Porter.....1101111110011-12 Strawn.....0110111110111-12
Grim.....1111111010111-12 Crosby.....111110111011-13
Dauthett.....0110011011111-11 Elliott.....111111111011-13
Bahney.....1111111110111-14 Mowry.....0101111110101-10
Extra No. 10, 7 live birds, entrance \$5:
Grim.....101111-6 Smith.....1020112-8
Sessions.....102112-5 Hicks.....012012-6
Bahney.....1221120-6 Kirsner.....012012-6
Elliott.....1212112-7 Crosby.....222120-6
Budd.....1111211-7 Strawn.....122301-5
Georgeson.....210020-4 Searight.....01221-7
Fountain.....022020-4 Langley.....221212-7

Third Day, Oct. 22.—No. 15, 12 singles, entrance \$1.50:
Porter.....111111111111-13 Strawn.....111111111111-13
Grim.....0101101111-10 Bahney.....1111111111-10
Georgeson.....1110111001-9 Gubben.....011011111111-10
Hicks.....1011010110-9 Fountain.....1001000000-3
Durant.....1011111001-9 Grubbs.....0111111111-11
Smith.....1111111101-11 Budd.....1111111111-12
Sanford.....1111111101-10 Strawn.....1011111111-11
Searight.....1011011110-20 Smith.....1011111111-22
Crosby.....1111111111-12 Georgeson.....0111111110-8
Porter.....1111111110-11-23 Gubben.....0111011111-11-10
Grim.....1111011111-11 Langley.....1111101111-11
Budd.....1111111111-12 Hicks.....1100111101-9-20
Bahney.....1011111111-12 Tucker.....1101101011-9
Elliott.....1111101111-21

No. 16, team of 2 men, 12 singles, entrance \$4:
Strawn.....1011111111-11
Smith.....1011111111-11-22
Georgeson.....0111111110-8
Gubben.....0111011111-11-10
Langley.....1111101111-11
Hicks.....1100111101-9-20
Tucker.....1101101011-9
No. 17, 6 pairs, entrance \$2.50:
Elliott.....11-11-11-11-10-11 Crosby.....10-11-11-10-71-11-9
Bahney.....11-11-10-11-11-9 Gubben.....01-10-11-10-11-10-8
Budd.....10-11-11-10-11-9 Tucker.....11-10-11-11-10-11-8
Grim.....11-11-10-11-11-11 Searight.....10-11-11-10-11-11-8
Sanford.....10-10-11-10-11-10-7 Georgeson.....10-11-11-10-11-10-8

No. 18, 10 live birds, entrance \$7.50:
Grim.....1110011111-8 Smith.....123021210-8
Budd.....112121212-10 Perry.....102121210-8
Bohney.....110101221-8 Sanford.....122121210-8
Elliott.....102122121-9 Strawn.....101010102-5
Gubben.....212121101-9 Langley.....021102110-7

No. 19, 12 single targets, unknown traps, entrance \$2:
Elliott.....0111111111-11 Searight.....1111111101-11
Smith.....1111100111-10 Gubben.....1111101101-10
Grim.....1111111111-12 Jones.....0001011111-8
Perkins.....0011111111-10 Read.....1110101101-10
Bohney.....1111111111-12 Langley.....0111111111-11
Porter.....0011011111-9 Budd.....0111111111-10
Sanford.....1111111111-11 Hicks.....0011111111-9
Crosby.....1111111111-10

Extra No. 20, 12 single targets, entrance \$1.50:
Budd.....1010110111-9 Bohney.....1010110111-9
Grim.....1111111111-11 Strawn.....1111111111-12
Tucker.....1010111111-10 Ray.....0101111111-10
Smith.....1111111111-12 Perkins.....1010110111-9
Crosby.....1111111111-12 Fountain.....1001011001-7
Porter.....1101111111-11 Sanford.....11110100011-8
Gubben.....0110101010-7 Searight.....1111101101-11
Elliott.....1101111011-10 Jones.....0101011001-6

Extra No. 11, 10 singles, entrance \$1:
Grim.....0111111110-8 Grubbs.....1110001111-6
Georgeson.....10111011-8 Crosby.....1111111111-10
Grubben.....101010010-5 Budd.....1001011111-7

Extra No. 12, 20 singles, entrance \$2:
Porter.....1111101111111111-18 Budd.....1111111111111111-20
Strawn.....01110111100010111-14 Elliott.....1111111111111111-20
Grim.....1111111111111111-19 Smith.....1110110111111111-19
Bohney.....11011011011011111-16 Crosby.....1111101111111111-19

Extra No. 13, 7 live birds, entrance \$5:
Porter.....1130121-6 Smith.....111010-5
Grim.....12101-5 Searight.....100020-5
Bahney.....0211022-5 Langley.....2012010-4
Elliott.....1111222-7 Strawn.....1100111-5
Budd.....22211-7 Allerton.....200012-3
Gubben.....012222-6 Hicks.....1100201-4
Smith.....211012-6 Sanford.....111101-6

No. 14, 5 live birds, entrance \$2.50:
Christianson.....0020-2 Converse.....10201-3
Strawn.....1201-3 Budd.....1201-4
Tucker.....10201-3 Crosby.....0300-2
Dimples.....22011-4 Roy.....01121-4
Perkins.....1110-4

Special shoot, C. M. Grim, vs. C. Budd, 50 live pigeons, 30 yds., 5 ground traps, for \$100:
Grim.....12212212101201101112-22
Budd.....02011121212111500221-21-43
0221221221212121212121-24-45
0212212212212121212121-24-45

The birds were a good lot, not one refused to fly when traps were pulled.
Team shoot, for birds and supper, Budd and Crosby chose sides, 15 live birds per man, 6 men in each team:
Budd.....1123011220112-13 Crosby.....1112221210111-14
Tucker.....111121212110-14 Perkins.....002112101021-11
Smith.....0130110112230-10 Strawn.....1122122010211-12
Christianson.....12120110000-3 Converse.....121301101021-12
Keisheim.....002112221211-13 Dimple.....11111021101-12
Searight.....12221110101212-13

67
C. W. Budd.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 28.—There was a great shoot at the traps of the Cleveland Gun Club this afternoon, and in the face of a gale that blew the targets in all conceivable directions except on a straight line, the work was very creditable. The most exciting contest resulted after the regular shoot, when Upon and McNulty shot off their first place. For round after round the scores of both men were identical until it became so dark that it was next to impossible to see the targets at all. Upon finally won by a majority of just one out of thirty shot at. There were any quantity of unusual good shots made during the afternoon, and much more than ordinary interest was manifested. Five traps were used. Upon won the first badge and Andrews the second.

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SAVANNAH TOURNAMENT.

THE ninth and last of the series of Inter-State tournaments took place on the grounds of the Chatham Gun Club, Savannah, Ga., Oct. 27, 28 and 29. The tournament was a pronounced success and all the shooters were highly pleased with the manner in which the meeting was conducted, so much so that the Chatham Gun Club has asked for another tournament next spring, though there was a shortage of \$175.50, which is the first shortage of any account that the association has been called upon to make up. The five representatives of five different members of the association present thought it a profitable investment, and it really was, as it is the first money that the association has given to the shooters. The Chatham Gun Club is the representative gun club of the South, a fact due mostly to the energetic efforts of its secretary, W. R. Curtis. The best shots of the club are John Ulmer, W. R. Curtis, Geo. Cope, H. B. Lemcke, Harry Palmer, and they can hold their own with any team of amateurs in the country. The Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, has a number of good shots also, among whom are Chas. Westcott and John Rucker. Among the visiting shooters present were H. McMurchy, Neaf Appgar, Geo. Courtney, H. A. Pourse, Thos. Gaines, Alston and Anise of Atlanta, Ga.; Martin, of Bluffton, Ga., and Boykin, of Tallahassee, Fla. Herewith are the scores. The experts were Appgar, Courtney and McMurchy.

First Day, Oct. 27.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50:
Appgar.....101010111-7 Palmer.....110111110-8
Du Bray.....11110111-8 Barnes.....010111111-8
Martin.....11111111-9 Westcott.....11111011-9
Angier.....11100011-4 Ross.....11101010-4
Boykin.....10011001-6 L J Alston.....01010111-4
Ulmer.....00011011-7 D C Neidlinger.....10011011-6
Allen.....00011100-6 D Entelman.....10111100-7
Rucker.....11111011-9

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance \$1.50:
H McMurchy.....11111111-10 Allen.....111010001-5
Appgar.....11110000-5 Angier.....11100001-6
Courtney.....11110001-7 L J Alston.....11101111-9
Du Bray.....11100001-7 Ulmer.....10110001-7
Ross.....11000100-4 Palmer.....100101010-7
Martin.....11011110-8 Boykin.....11111011-8
Westcott.....11111111-10 E L Neidlinger.....11000111-6
Ulmer.....10111111-8 W C Neidlinger.....10010110-4
Entelman.....00001111-4 Barnes.....011110101-7
J Woltjen.....10101010-5

No. 3, 15 birds, entrance \$3.75 guaranteed:
Appgar.....0011011011001-9 Ulmer.....111110111100-12
McMurchy.....1001011011111-11 Alston.....100110011111-11
Courtney.....1001001011103-8 Boykin.....111110111111-14
Du Bray.....01111111100110-11 D Entelman.....01010111100100-6
Ross.....11101101100110-10 Rucker.....010111111111-12
Westcott.....0110111111-13 Allen.....0110001000100-6
Palmer.....011011111111-13 Ulmer.....101110111111-14
Cope.....011011111111-13 Lamotte.....0101011010101-7
Angier.....010101011111-9 Barnes.....01111011100111-11
Martin.....011111111111-13

No. 4, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50:
Appgar.....10011111-6 Martin.....111101110-8
McMurchy.....10111111-8 Brandt.....100101100-5
Courtney.....01111111-8 Ulmer.....10111111-7
Du Bray.....00101110-6 Barnes.....011111101-7
Westcott.....11111111-10 Entelman.....000100011-4
Ross.....01100101-5 Allen.....010011101-6
Angier.....11011010-7 Lamotte.....100010100-4
Cope.....01101101-7 Neidlinger.....110000011-4
Rucker.....0000100110-4 Neidlinger.....11101111-8
Bohney.....10110111-8 Palmer.....00111111-8

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance \$3.50:
Appgar.....1100101101101111-15 Alston.....0111111011031001-14
McMurchy.....0111111111111111-19 Rucker.....1011111111111111-19
Courtney.....0011111011111111-10 Brandt.....00010

BISCAYNE BEY Y. C.—The new clubbook of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., a neat little volume, is now ready, and the active season of the club will soon begin. The membership is 23, with 22 yachts. The club has honored its members—Lieut. Henn, who will be in the coming winter in Florida, Baltimore, and on a cruise; mission all summer, is now advertised for charter during the winter, and Lieut. and Mrs. Henn will soon be in New York. The officers of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. are: Comd., R. M. Murrie; Vice-Comd., J. H. Brown; Secy., Kirk Munroe; Treas., W. H. Browne; Meas., Jean de Medonville.

70, 61 and 53ft. Classes, 1891.

CLASSES..					70 Ft. Cla.s.					61 Ft. Class.					53 Ft. Class.					Number of Starters.	Wind, Weather and Sea.		
Nos.	Date.	Club..	Meas. and Class.	Dis- tance.	Gracie.					Hildegarda.					Anaconda.								
					L.W.L	70	70	63.5	61	61	61	53	53	53	70 Ft. Class.	61 Ft. Class.	53 Ft. Class.	T tal.					
1	June 16.	Atlantic, annual.....	S.-W.	38	8.0	1				8.0	1		1		2	1	1	2	4	l, Clear.....			
2	June 17.	Marine and Field, annual.....	S.-W.	24									1		2			2	3	l, Clear.....			
3	June 18.	New York, annual.....	S.-W.	43		2	1			10						2	1		3	f, Stormy, rough.			
4	June 20.	Seawanhaka, annual.....	S.-W.	32									1					2	2	l, Clear.....	Ventura, 53ft., started, but withdrew.		
5	July 7..	New Rochelle, annual.....	M.-W.	22											8.0	1		1	1	l, Clear.....			
6	Aug. 4..	1st run to New London.....	S.-W.	63	3		1	2	4		1			18.0		4	2	1	7	s, Rain, mod. ...	Clara disabled at start. Whileaway w.		
7	Aug. 6..	2d run to Newport.....	S.-W.	37	2		1			2	1	3	1	2		2	3	3	8	l, Clear.....	Whitby 3.		
8	Aug. 7..	G. eilet Cup.....	S.	38	d.w											1			6	m, Clear.....	Five starters from 46ft. class. Gracie in collision with mark and Volunteer.		
9	Aug. 8..	3d run to Vineyard Haven	S.-W.	37					18.0	1	3	2	1	2		2	3	2	7	l, Clear.....	Thetis beaten in private match with Huron.		
10	Aug. 10.	Special race.....	S.-W.	32				1	2	10	1		3	2		2	2	2	6	f, Clear	61 and 53ft. classes sail together.		
11	Aug. 11	4th run to New Bedford.....	S.-W.	34	18.0					2	1		2	1		1	2	2	5	l, Clear..			
12	Aug. 12	5th run to Newport... ..	S.-W.	37	18.0					2	1		1	2		1	2	2	5	s, Rough..			
13	Aug. 18	Newport, m.....		20					2							1			2	m, Clear.....	Marguerite, schooner, first.		
14	Aug. 22.	1st run.....	S.-W.	10													1	4		l, Foggy.....	Marblehead to Eastern Point. Sayonara 1, Thelma 2.		
15	Aug. 25.	2d run.....	S.-W.	64											1			1	3	f, Clear, mod.....	Gossoon d. w. Isle of Shoals to Boothbay. Sayonara 2, Gossoon 3.		
16	Aug. 28.	3d run.....	S.-W.	23											2			1	3	l, Clear.....	Ram Island to Whitehead. Gossoon 1, Sayonara 3.		
17	Aug. 29.	4th run..	S.-W.	35											1			1	3	s, Clear, mod.....	Camden to Bass Harbor. Sayonara 2, Gossoon 3.		
18	Sept. 7..	Larchmont. m.....		20											d.w			1	2	s, Rain, rough....	Viator, schooner, 1, no allowance.		
Starts.....					5	2	3	2	4	5	8	2	9	10	3	17	16	24	73				
First Places.....					2	1	3	1	1	1	6		6	4	1								
Second Places.....								1															
Sail Overs.....					2	1			1		1			1	1								
Total Places.....					2	1	3	2	1	1	5		6	4	1								
Total Prizes.....						1	3	1	1	1	6		6	2	1								

S. Seawanhaka rule. C. Classed by corrected length. W. Classed by waterline length. s. o. Sail over. g. Grounded. d. Disabled. w. Withdrew. n. t. Not timed. p. Disqualified, with or without protest. m. Private match. l. Light wind. m. Moderate. f. Fresh breeze. s. Strong wind.

YACHT RACING IN 1891.

III.—THE 70FT., 61FT. AND 53FT. CLASSES.

THE smallest and least important part of the season's racing is that covered by our table this week, the single-sticker yachts of the larger classes, over 46ft. l.w.l. The "big sloop" class, so-called, that was to have developed into a fine fleet of 90-footers, has dwindled away until only the smallest of the class, Puritan, is left. There is now no indication of its rehabilitation, save in the two remote agencies of a challenge for the America Cup, and that from a 60-foot vessel, the *Thetis*, as was the case in England as on this side. The racing of large yachts in Great Britain is in no better condition than in America, in fact but two yachts of over 65ft. l.w.l. are left in the regular racing class. One of these, *Valkyrie*, is of but 70ft. l.w.l., the other, *Iverna*, being 83ft. 6in. The other yachts over 60-rating, about 65ft. l.w.l., sail only in cruiser and handicap races.

Thus far there are no indications of new yachts over 40 or 60-rating, and it is very doubtful whether either *Iverna* or *Valkyrie* will fit out next season. With such a state of affairs in the home racing everything tending toward small tonnage, and with a tolerably clear, though tardy understanding of the new deed of gift, British yachtsmen are little likely to hurry in a challenge and build a 90ft. cutter. Even if such a thing should happen, the most that could be expected on this side would be the building of two or three new yachts, and possibly the change of Volunteer to her original rig; so far as any permanent establishment of a class of 10ft. sloops or cutters, it is as far distant as before the Puritan-Gosson races. This year even the 70ft. class has been little better than moribund, one or two yachts have followed the racing in a half-hearted way, but there has been no real life nor excitement in the class.

The sad death of Mrs. Iselin last fall, and the withdrawal of Titania's owner from racing, left the yacht laid up this season; and the rumors of her sale that were flying about at one time all proved false; she has been at City Island all summer in idleness. Shamrock's owner took up with the fashionable fad and did his racing in a new 46-footer, so she did nothing all the season, making but two starts. Katrina has only looked in at a few races, Bedouin and Huron attempted nothing more than to keep up with the fleet on the New York cruise, and Gracie, though making the most starts, did not begin her racing until the cruise, and then lost several runs through her unfortunate mishap in the Goelet cup race.

The opening race of the class, the Atlantic Y. C. regatta, found only Shamrock, who sailed over. Two days later Katrina appeared and gave Shamrock a handsome beating in the New York Y. C. regatta, in a breeze and rough water, but it must be said for the latter that her owner and part of her crew were on Nautilus, leaving Shamrock with a small crew. These two events comprised the sum total of the spring racing, and the class was not heard of again until the rendezvous of the fleet at Glen Cove. Shamrock never makes the cruise, but the others were on hand. Gracie, Bedouin, Katrina and Huron, and all started on the first run. Katrina did some notable work on the long passage, leading the fleet, and easily distancing her class, Bedouin beating Gracie by over an hour. Only Katrina and Gracie took part in the second run, the former leading into Newport by 25m.

When the Goelet cup for sloops and cutters was first given, in 1882, it was practically for the 70ft. class, but with the advent of Puritan and Priscilla in 1885 the original beneficiaries were obliged to take a very unimportant place in the procession around Hen and Chickens; and only once in six years has a 70-footer won the annual cup, Titania taking it in 1889, neither Volunteer nor Puritan starting. With the large class off the cruise for an indefinite time, it was to be expected that this year there would be no racing all their own way, there being but one class for each rig. It is gratifying, however, since a new yacht has been added to the class, and while it has stood still, other classes have come forward, and the best of the 46-footers, new this year, have proved themselves able to sail with the 70-footers at any time with a fair chance of success, and to beat them handsily when the conditions are favorable. The first was that on the morning of Aug. 7, with a fair bright day, a smooth sea and a moderate breeze, no less than five of the 46-footers, headed by Gloriana, were at the starting line with one solitary 70-footer, Gracie. Katrina was entered and a long wait was made while she beat out from Newport to the start off Brenton's Reef lightship, but when finally there she announced that she had no intention to start. As events proved, this was a wise move on her part, as she could hardly have saved her time from Gloriana; in fact, she had little to gain and much to lose in such a race.

As for the lone starter, Gracie she was never in the race with the smaller boats from the gun, being at least 7 minutes astern of Gloriana at the windward mark, 12½ miles from the start; where the notable foul with Volunteer took place, the two on the same, starboard tack, pinching up to weather the markboat, Volunteer to windward. The details of this much disputed case, witnessed

by several hundred persons, have been published at length before, and need not be now recounted. Volunteer, though badly damaged, was able to continue the race, and finally won the schooner cup. Gracie was obliged to withdraw, losing her spreaders and some gear, and the establishment of a most important precedent is concerned, it must be confessed that the collision was a failure. The question of facts and positions was hardly considered, and little of the large amount of evidence at hand, including a number of instantaneous photos of various phases of the collision, was called for. The final decision of the regatta committee was mainly technical, the protest of Gracie's owner being thrown out on account of the obviously faulty nature of two of the most important claims. Without attempting to determine the probable result of a thorough inquiry and weighing of evidence, it is safe to say at least that Gracie's own friends were her worst enemies; and that if they had confined themselves solely to Article 14 of the rule, and to the production of evidence that Gracie was in a position to have weathered the mark without tacking had Volunteer been out of the way, they would have presented a very strong case instead of a very weak one. As it is, no official decision has been made as to the rights of a yacht in the position claimed by Gracie; and the question is as far from an authoritative settlement as when first discussed in our columns a year ago.

This race kept Gracie at Newport for a couple of days, and she missed the Vineyard Haven race. Katrina went no farther east than Newport, but Bedouin and Huron held with the fleet, Huron and Thetis sailing a private match for \$250 per side on the run to Vineyard Haven, Huron winning. The special race at Vineyard Haven was a very dull affair for the 70ft. class, Bedouin and Huron being far astern of the 46-footers all day. Next day Gracie sailed alone on the run to New London, and the following day the 46-footers sailed to New Bedford. A few days later Huron sailed a private match with the schooner Marguerite and was beaten, which ended the class for the year.

The sum of its performances and prizes is a small one, but as yet there is no indication that the class will do better next year. The present boats are clearly not up to the standard of the 45ft. class, and while they may still find some sport among themselves in the local cruises, they are clearly not up to the standard of a popular one as long as its members sail only with or against the much smaller size. No new boats are yet talked of, but some are needed before the 70ft. class can hope to be what it might, the principal single-sticker racing class.

The 61ft. class this year has consisted of but one boat, the old sloop Hildegarde, built in 1876 as the Niantic and rechristened Hildegarde by Mr. Herman Oelrichs when he purchased her from her original owner.

In 1888 she was altered to the Americanized cutter rig by Mr. Burgess, and this past winter she had a lead keel added, thus placing her in the ranks of the "compromises." Gracie went through a similar process in 1886 and '89, and Fanny was also remodelled last winter, so that the once representative American centerboard sloop has entirely disappeared. So far as can be judged from the rather solitary performances of Hildegarde this season, with no close competition in her class, she has been improved by both alterations. She sailed alone in the early regattas, finally meeting Mischief on the cruise and beating the latter four out of the five times they met, her best performance during the season being on the run to New Bedford. Mischief's superiority over the old Hildegarde was by no means new, years ago, and cannot be considered as disproved by the recent race. Gracie, however, has been in the runs of the cruise, with no pretensions to being in racing form. The new keel Wayward made a couple of starts but scored no wins.

The 53ft. class is much as it has been for the past four seasons, with but three boats, Clara, Cinderella and Anaconda. The only change in the class is the transfer of Captain John Barr from the tiller of Clara to the wheel of Cinderella. The latter yacht was not in commission until late, and only Clara and Anaconda started in the first races. Clara was sailed by a Corinthian, with a scratch crew, and in fact has been kept at work cruising through the entire season, but she managed to beat Anaconda in two races, the Atlantic and Marine and Field regattas. After her experience of the previous year in the regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. she did not enter this season, Anaconda sailing over alone and then giving up all racing.

Cinderella and Clara came together at the opening of the cruise, but just after the preparatory gun Clara broke a chainplate, and did not attempt to start in the long race. After some temporary repairs she jogged on, finally catching and passing Cinderella when the latter struck the rough water, and making literally a most brilliant finish by sailing into New London harbor a long way ahead of Cinderella with her whole after cabin ablaze. She had not been timed at the start her performance counted her nothing, but to all intents and purposes the credit for the first run is hers. After repairing the damage from fire and getting a new chainplate on the "lay day" at New London, she started in the second run and won easily, while in the drifting match which

made up the third run, to Vineyard Haven, she was still ahead, though but a few seconds.

In the special race at the Vineyard, Cinderella not only beat Clara by some 16m., but won from the larger Hildegarde, the two classes sailing as one, the strong wind and smooth water giving her a fair chance. Next day on the run to New Bedford, Cinderella again won by so large a margin, 20m., as to indicate a fluke somewhere, the wind being light with a very strong head tide, and the whole fleet being scattered over the breadth of Vineyard Sound. On the last run, back to Newport, Cinderella started in good shape with topmast hoisted, a very wise move as events proved, the wind being strong and the sea fairly heavy, but she was unable to beat Clara, there being over 7m. between them at Brenton's Reef Lightship. This ended the racing for the year, though Cinderella raced with Sayonara and Gossoon in the Eastern cruise, and Clara started once in September in a private match with the schooner Viator, breaking down before the finish.

As far as Cinderella and Clara are concerned, the strong interest which cruising qualities racing has for a great extent disappeared. Cinderella made the cruise this year with old sails and by no means in first-class racing form, while Clara through the season has been used more for cruising than for racing, though starting in most of the regular races. Neither has made even a fair showing besides the 46ft. class, being badly outbuilt.

Just now the usual rumors of new boats for the class are flying all over the place, and the phantom 53 from Fire's yard for Admiral Tweed is likely to be mended very soon by a picked crew from the daily papers and sent on a winter cruise, but the only order yet placed is that of Mr. Bullock for a keel boat, the designs for which have already been completed by Mr. Gardner, though no contract has been made for the building. If built she will be hardly a full powered racer, the comfort of her owner and general cruising qualities being the first to be considered; at the same time, with good composite construction, she should be well ahead of the existing boats of the class. A 53ft. boat of moderate power will probably give more for the money in the way of comfortable accommodation, cruising qualities and utility for racing than can be combined on any other length. We are informed that in the runs of the New York Y. C. cruise a prize will be given for each run, and not for the average, as was done last year. This will make a change in the prizes in our list of last week, but not in the places. The table this week is made up on the basis of a first prize for each run in which two or more started. Next week we shall take up the 46ft. class.

"SMALL YACHTS," by C. P. Kunhardt, was a handsome and most useful manual when first published by FOREST AND STREAM, but the new edition as enlarged is a library of knowledge for those who sail canoes, catboats or sloops. With its eighty-seven plates and numerous cuts in the text, its advice how to build, launch, rig and sail various sorts of small sailing craft, and its careful descriptions of certain types of yachts, the folio is a yachtsman's friend indeed.—*New York Times*.

IO—NEEDLE.—We are informed that the prize won by Io in her race with Needle was given by Mr. W. E. Iselin, of New Rochelle. Io is 23ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 5ft. 10 in. draft. We understand that Io was built from the designs of the cutter Witch, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 17, 1887, in which case her sail area is probably about 1,100ft., and corrected length about 28ft., compared with 615ft. sail area and 25ft. corrected length of Needle.

CLARISSA.—The 20-rater Clarissa, designed by her owner, Mr. E. D. McGilwaine, and built in 1880, parted her cable during a gale on Oct. 14, in Ballycastle Harbor, Ireland, and was totally wrecked against the pier.

YACHT SKIPPERS.—The New York Herald has recently begun a series of articles on the leading yacht sailing masters, having published thus far portraits and biographies of Capt. Hansen, of the Quikstep; Capt. Banks, of the Water Witch, and Capt. Dand, of the Stranger.

NORNA, sloop, Com. E. R. Coleman, Philadelphia Y. C., was run into by a brick sloop while at anchor in Gowanus Bay, on Oct. 26, and sustained some damage.

THISTLE-VENTURA.—H. D. Tiffany has sold the Ventura, of Bronx River origin, to Col. Austen, and has purchased the sloop Thistle.

NATYRICH, steam yacht, built this year, has been sold by Vice-Com. Morris to Capt. Y. C., to Henry Whitman, and will be replaced by a larger yacht.

SAY WHEN, steam yacht, now owned by W. C. White, of Cleveland, has just received a Roberts safety watertube boiler.

VETO, steam yacht, Mr. George Law, will be out in half and lengthened 13ft.

Canoe and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vance. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price \$1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By Seneca. Price \$1.

Canoeing.

THE RUDDER IN PADDLING RACES.—The rudder and its appropriate foot-steering gear form such an important auxiliary in paddling that it seems strange that it has been little used by the leading racing men. Of course where a paddler stands on the gunwale of his canoe, or has both feet laced in shoes which are screwed to the floor of the boat, or even takes the kneeling position of MacKendrick or Muntz, all use of footgear and rudder is out of the question. These methods, however, are of comparatively recent introduction, and as late as 1887 the majority of paddlers at the A. C. A. meet used the sitting position, with feet extended before them. In fact, the first man to adopt the standing position was Mr. Johnson, who stood in his canoe in the Class I. paddling race at Lake George in 1888. Even when using the sitting position, the best paddlers, such as Rice, Johnson and Leys, used no rudder; the advantage of a rigid foot brace, in some cases with the feet strapped fast, being considered greater than the gain through a straighter course.

However true this may be in perfectly smooth water, or even before or against a light wind, with a little sea and a moderate quartering breeze we have never doubted that a good rudder would more than pay, by virtue of the shorter course and more especially by the saving of power by the division of strokes on each side, for the loss through drag or lessened rigidity of the foot rest. Of late the sitting position has been abandoned entirely by the Canadians, who are the recognized leaders in paddling, the men standing as nearly erect as possible, or kneeling on one knee, with the other foot before them, and there is every reason to believe that these positions permit of a longer stroke, freer movement, and the expenditure of more power, and to better advantage, than in the old sitting position. At the same time it is no easy matter to steer the canoe at any time, and with a quartering wind and sea she is apt to go pretty much where she pleases, regardless both of the course and the will of her owner.

Those who cared to do so, have always been at liberty, as a matter of course, to use their rudders in the paddling races in the past, and no comment has been made. This year, however, both the tandem and club four races were run off in rough water, and won, as it happened, by a canoe using a rudder. This fact gave rise to comment on the part of some of the paddling men, and though no protest was made, there was a good deal of objection to the use of the rudder, the result being seen in the recommendation of the regatta committee, published last week, that the rudder be prohibited in all paddling races.

The sole argument that we have heard against the use of the rudder is that paddling is not only a matter of propelling the canoe, but of steering it as well, and that where a rudder is used there can be no test of skill in steering. This may be perfectly true as applied to one man paddling with a single blade; the entire work of steering is done, not by extra muscle or by an added number of strokes, but through the adroit handling of the paddle, by which the boat is directed by the same movement by which she is propelled. In double-blade paddling, however, the question of skill in steering hardly comes in at all; it is a matter of so many more strokes on one side or the other, and the steering is totally different from the case of a single blade. As the latter has gone out entirely for racing, the superiority of the double blade for speed being long since conceded, the whole argument based on the question of skill falls to the ground.

The facts are briefly, that the man who stands or kneels in his canoe can probably propel her faster through the water than the man who sits down; at the same time, the steering of a canoe by means of a double blade only, involves a longer and indirect course and a serious waste of power from the necessity of doing much of the work on one side of the boat, instead of on each side in alternation. If a man is willing to take a position which of itself is considered to handicap him in the matter of speed, we can see no reason why he should not be allowed to avail himself of the legitimate advantages which accompany the position.

If the use of the rudder is prohibited because it does away with all tests of skill in steering, then it would be perfectly proper to forbid a man to sit down in his canoe in a paddling race, as such a position is no test of his skill in balancing. The rudder is recognized as a legitimate appliance in all varieties of racing craft, especially in rowing boats, and we know of no precedent for its prohibition in canoe racing.

THE LIMIT OF WEIGHT FOR PADDLING CANOES.—The limitation of 40lbs. for the minimum weight of paddling canoes was inserted in the A. C. A. rules in the fall of 1889, and if we are not mistaken was generally approved by the paddling men. The Canadians in particular were desirous of a weight limit which would admit to all races held under the A. C. A. rules the better class of open Canadian service canoes, at that time generally used for paddling races in Canadian regattas, and though these canoes weighed nearer 50 than 40lbs., the latter limit was then considered a safe and desirable one both for the A. C. A. paddling as well as for the regulation of local regattas. Since that time the A. C. A. paddling trophy has done much to stimulate racing and improve the canoes from a racing standpoint, and now there are a number of racing men who desire the abolition of all weight limits in the paddling class. So far as the main purpose of the 40lb. limit

is concerned, the necessity for it no longer exists, the 40lb. canoes at the meet this year were each of them far too fast for the open service canoe, and the entry of one of the former boats would kill the paddling class at any ordinary regatta.

It is claimed by the opponents of the present limit that while it restricts the improvement of the "trophy racer," to coin a term, it at the same time does nothing for general paddling, and so should be abolished. It is simply the old story that is found in all racing, the boats have reached a point of development where the racing craft must be strictly separated from the service boat that formerly did most of the racing and much other work besides. The paddling racers are now few in number, probably not more than a dozen have yet been built, while there are good open canoes by the thousand which have hitherto taken part in the paddling events of all clubs, and especially in Canada. The former class mns; now be recognized and encouraged, as the trophy race depends on it, and at the same time the old class in which so much good racing has been done should not be wiped out by a few racers. There can be no objection to removing all limit of weight from one class, and at the same time placing a certain limit which shall reserve some races in club regattas, if not at the meets, for the open service canoes to which canoeing in general, as well as paddling racing in particular, owes so much.

REPRESENTATION AT THE ANNUAL MEETING.—Next week there will assemble at Albany a body of canoeists representing the largest and most important canoeing fraternity in the world, and including delegates from each section of the United States and Canada; the American Canoe Association recognizing no political boundaries. The work of this body is so important, and within certain limits is so largely national and not sectional, that it is especially desirable that each division should be represented. It has been the wise policy of the Association for some years to conduct its meetings publicly and to allow the greatest freedom in debate, all members of the Association, whether on the executive committee or not, being admitted to the meeting and allowed by courtesy to make suggestions or take part in the debates. The policy of the officers has always been to consult the general interests rather than to cater to local ones.

In order to do this successfully it is most essential that each division shall be fully represented at the meeting, and that the men who are present shall have ideas and opinions and not be afraid to express them; and to this end we would urge upon the division officers the necessity for securing in some way a good attendance from their respective divisions. The rule covering this matter is a very fair one, any member of the executive committee may appoint a member of his division to vote for him at a meeting of the committee, providing that no member or proxy shall have more than one vote.

The Northern Division has been specially lax in the matter of attendance at meetings; for two years, 1889 and 1890, it has been unrepresented at the November meeting, and has shown a general indifference to what was done there. This year in camp, though a number of members of the Division were present, not one brought a proxy for the meeting which is always held in camp, the nearest approach to it being one man who presented himself, saying that two members of the committee had asked him to represent them, though he had no written proxy from either. Of course it is quite a journey and often in a busy season, from Canada to New York, Albany or Boston, but there must be a few out of the many officers and members of the Northern Division who can make it, and probably other members of the Division who are temporarily in the States who could at least be present as proxies. It is not altogether fair to the other divisions for one to be absent entirely from the meeting, as with the best intentions it is not possible for the committee to comply with the wishes of any Division or section unless it is informed what those wishes may be. We hope to see this year a full representation, either by the regular officers or their proxies, from every Division of the Association.

THE RUDDER IN PADDLING RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to know of some good reason why one should not be allowed to carry a rudder in a paddling race if he is willing to handicap himself with its weight and drag?

I presume that the claim is made by the "straight" paddling man that there is no skill in paddling without a rudder, and with him who has a special paddling canoe it may be all right to go without one; but take a decked sailing canoe with a straight keel in a "following sea" and she will shoot from side to side in such a way that it is almost impossible to keep from fouling. I think we are handicapped enough now in paddling a sailing canoe in many races against a mere paddling shell, without depriving us of a necessary appendage. In a large paddling race at the A. C. A. with twenty to thirty starters, there would be less fouling if more of them were carried.

ALL AROUND.

THE RATHBUN CO.—A recent number of the *Northwestern Lumberman* contains a very interesting article on the Rathbun Co. and its works at Deseronto. Mr. F. S. Rathbun, one of the proprietors of this immense corporation, is an old canoeist, having been commodore of the A. C. A. in 1886.

ARTHUR BRENTANO.—Mr. Arthur Brentano, one of the 13 founders of the A. C. A. who were present at the first meeting, and one of the organizers of the Knickerbocker C. C., has recently returned to New York, after a residence of several years in Paris, as the head of Brentano's store there.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: C. D. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.

THE PADDLE IN SAILING RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been suggested to me by one of the members of the A. C. A. regatta committee that I state in print the facts relating to my use of the paddle and disqualification therefor in the record sailing race at the meet, and invite a discussion of the merits of the case.

As the action of the committee has been quite severely criticised I think the suggestion a good one, as some comments may help to improve the rule bearing on the subject, or at any rate give some idea of how it should be construed, as its meaning at present seems very vague and uncertain.

Rule XII, states: "The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering when the rudder is disabled, or for shoving off when aground, afoul of anything, or in extreme danger, as from a passing steamer or from a squall."

The question is, when is one in sufficient danger to justify its use?

The facts in my case were as follows: The record sailing race was one of the hardest races I have ever experienced, and the wind and sea was probably one of the worst that an Association race has ever been sailed in.

The first leg was a beat to windward, and as I rounded the buoy in the lead I let out my mizen sheet as I squared away for the run to the second buoy. As I did so I lost the sheet, which let the sail out far more than at right angles. In my efforts to regain the sheet a squall struck me when on the top of a wave, which yawed the canoe around suddenly and capsized her. I righted her, and then both sails billowed, and over she went on the other side. It was very hard work to right her this time, and as I did so she rolled over again on the other side. By this time I was completely tangled up in halliards and reef lines, and had I gone out of the canoe might have been in a serious predicament. On account of insufficient rubber packing, my deck hatches leaked, and by the time I righted her for the third time, which was very hard to do, the compartments were partly full and center of the canoe entirely so.

I then laid to and bailed out the cockpit, when I proceeded to get my sails in trim, particularly the mizen, which was badly tangled with the aforesaid sheet, so that I had to lower the sail to disentangle it.

While in this position the bow of the canoe fell off the wind and I was in danger of going over again, so took about six or eight backward strokes on the windward side to bring her head up again.

What else could I do? I could not get my sail up in time, as in that weather it took the canoe but a short time to determine what she would do next. And to meet her I resorted to the only thing that seemed possible to accomplish the desired end.

By the time I had sail on again the fleet was far ahead of me, but I continued in the race and worked my way to second place, which earned me a tie for second place on the record, with a protest against the other man.

No protest was made against me, and I felt so satisfied of my position that I did not report it; but the regatta committee took it up, though they did not see it, but simply heard some one say what I had done, and late that afternoon, without any warning, called me up and asked me for my evidence in the matter.

It was a hard thing to give a very clear version of the affair without thinking it over, for between the gybing of those booms and keeping on top of the canoe, things were happening so thick and fast that I was not clear in my own mind at the time. There was no claim that I improved my position by the use of the paddle, and the fact that nearly every one in the race either broke down or upset, and that I had never before in all my experience used a paddle in a sailing race would seem to me to be sufficient excuse, to say the least, for using it as I did.

I shall be glad to have my action criticised, especially by those who were in the race or saw it, as if I misinterpret the meaning of the rule I am ready to be convinced by practical racers; but if I was right there would be a good deal of satisfaction in knowing it, even at this late date; and while the past cannot be undone, it may help to give some one justice in the future.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 30.

GEORGE P. DOUGLAS.

TOLEDO C. C.—The Toledo C. C. is now in a flourishing condition, having paid off all its debt. Measures are now being taken to incorporate the club.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

N. G.—We do not know of a game preserve at Hicksville, Long Island.

E. C., Albany.—1. A rifle of small caliber made by any of the American makers. 2. See our advertising columns.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Would you kindly inform me if the cat commonly known in the northern New England States as the "coon cat," is a cross between a domestic cat and coon, or a distinct breed? Ans. It is not a cross between the cat and coon, but a distinct cat.

A. G. B., Holland, Mich.—While skinning a rabbit which I killed this morning I noticed a worm or grub about 1 in. long and 1/16 in. in diameter in the middle, between the skin and the flesh on the side of the neck. Color, brown. I have often been told of rabbits having "grubs," but this is the first I ever noticed. Would you kindly let me know the cause of it, and if it injures the flesh for food? Ans. The grub is the larva of the rabbit-hole fly (*Cuterebra cuniculi*); it does not injure the flesh of the rabbit for food, but bores through the skin, which it spoils, and completes its development in the ground. The fly deposits its eggs under the skin, usually on the neck. See *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. IX., 1877, p. 207.

L. M., Norwalk, Conn.—1. There is a firm in New York that makes tin cans by the name of Ginna & Co. Please give their address? 2. If a man gets out a patent, can another person make an improvement on the same article and get it patented if he has to use the first man's article to attach his improvement to? 3. Are all trout baskets made in France? 4. If there is any firm in the United States that makes trout baskets, please state their address? 5. Please state the address of a New York firm that makes cork floats? Ans. 1. No. 53 Beach street. 2. One may patent an improvement on a patented article, but may not use the original article, nor may his improvement be used by maker of original; each patent is separate. 3 and 4. Trout baskets are imported from France and Germany. 5. American Net and Twine Co., Fulton street, New York.

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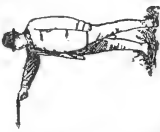
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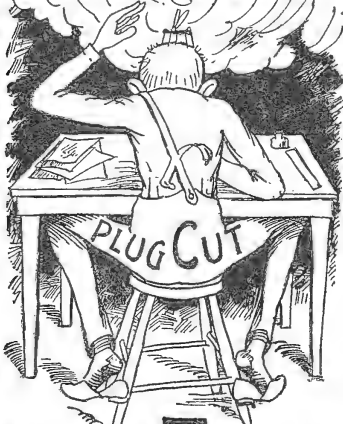
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	ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BOB WHITE" IN CHINA.

IN the Mongolian pheasant China has supplied us with a new game bird; and now the United States is reciprocating by adding an American game bird to the shooting resources of the Flowery Kingdom. Foreign residents of Shanghai, Nankow and Foochow are engaged in the enterprise of introducing American quail for stocking the covers near those cities. Mr. J. Ward Hall, secretary of the "Bob White" Committee, sends us his report to the members, under date of Sept. 22, 1891. From this it appears that there was contributed for the purpose a fund of \$616. Mr. Hall procured in this country 568 birds, which were shipped from Chicago to San Francisco. But owing to over-crowding of the cars, a large majority of the birds perished before reaching the Pacific coast; and when the remnant reached Shanghai only sixty-eight were alive. Of these four died before they could be put out, and the sixty-four survivors were duly turned down, last February, in suitable country near Kashing. How they have fared has not been ascertained; but Mr. Hall is so confident of the ultimate success of the undertaking that he proposes to repeat the experiment in March of next year, with 300 pairs of birds from Kansas. The FOREST AND STREAM wishes them good speed. Thus may our gallant bird make his way around the fence rail of the globe, that the American wanderer in far off lands, greeted by Bob White's cheery whistle, shall in fond fancy see again the loved fields which surround his old Kentucky home, or his Kansas home—or any other home so that it be an American home, which is the best home in the world.

It cannot be said that the Rev. D. T. DeWitt Talmage is remarkably strong on ornithology. Witness, in the *New York Observer*, his exhortation: "Listen to the voice of the condor, among the Andes, battling with the reindeer." Listen also to the grizzly bears shaking pecan nuts from the palm trees in Florida.

NETTING GAIRDNER'S TROUT.

CALIFORNIA fishermen have been taking the so-called steel-head salmon or Gairdner's trout in violation of law through ignorance of its real character. Section 632 of the Penal Code of the State makes it a misdemeanor to catch any kind of trout at any time except with hook and line. Misled by the common name steel-head salmon, fishermen netted these fish in salt water in Eel River in large numbers, and have been warned by the authorities to discontinue this method of capture under penalty of the law. In our Trout Supplement of April 4, 1889, the young Gairdner's trout is well illustrated, and it would be wise on the part of those interested in the protection of this fine game fish to compare doubtful black-spotted trout with this figure. The rainbow, which is more widely known in California, is shown near its relative, the Gairdner's trout. The need of precise information about California trout is made evident by the fact that even the authorities most zealous of the protection and propagation of the valuable species are sometimes at a loss to identify the common kinds. In the excellent paper, for example, of Mr. Wilson, secretary of the California Fish Commission, in the *Overland Monthly* for September, a beautiful cut of the red-throat (*Salmo purpuratus* or *mykiss*) is named *Salmo irideus*, which is the rainbow and a very different species. In all matters affecting the protection, preservation and propagation of our choice fishes let us be sure we are right and then go ahead.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Havre de Grace duck shooting has not opened auspiciously this year. The fowl are not yet present in great abundance. The shoaling of the Susquehanna flats has been more noticeable this season than formerly; in many instances, on the opening day, decoys and boats were aground, with the ebbing tide, in places where formerly there was abundance of water. Old gunners who have been watching the deposit of sediment and the encroachment of the shoals declare that the time is not far distant when many sections of the flats now famous for duck shooting will become dry land and the ducking boats and decoys will be supplanted by plows and mowing machines. Meanwhile the provident duck hunter is making hay while the sun shines, and the State of Maryland is collecting \$20 license fees for sink-boxes and \$5 for sneak-boats.

The brief of Attorney Fiske respecting fishing rights in Adirondack navigable waters (see our angling columns) is only a lawyer's opinion and has not the authority of a decision by the bench. Nevertheless, it appears to be good law, and the point is of interest to a large class of visitors who resort to the Fulton Chain and to other fishing waters in the North Woods. A large share of the so-called protection or preserving of large tracts of land and water in the United States and Canadian Provinces is accomplished not by legal means, but by "bluff," and these questions of public rights with respect to shooting and fishing in uninclosed ranges are bound to come up again and again.

Private enterprise, realizing the profitable nature of the investment, has begun the artificial culture of the salmon. One of the foremost of the packing companies, having an extensive establishment at Karluk, Alaska, where nearly one-half of the salmon brought from the Territory are taken, in March last sent up a fishculturist with a hatchery and all its equipments complete. The sum of \$5,000 has been expended up to the present time, and the company had 5,000,000 thrifty young red salmon in its ponds at last accounts. The hatchery is located on the Karluk River, and is owned by the Karluk Packing Company. Great credit is due this organization for beginning a work which must benefit others as well as themselves.

It will be remembered that last March the President by proclamation set aside a tract of land to the south and east of the Yellowstone Park as a forest preserve. The power to create such forest preserves was conferred on the President by an act of Congress approved March 3, and this first reservation contains about 1,500 square miles of territory, most of which is rough timber-covered mountain land. In the original proclamation the boundaries of this tract were not altogether definitely laid down, or at all events there arose some question as to

just what lands were intended to be covered by the proclamation. In order to set at rest any such doubts, the President issued this fall another proclamation referring to this forest preserve, which is again described in the following words: "All that tract of land situate in the State of Wyoming embraced within the following boundaries: Beginning at a point on the parallel of forty-four degrees fifty minutes north latitude, where said parallel is intersected by the east boundary of the Yellowstone National Park, thence due east along said parallel twenty-four and one-half miles; thence due south to the parallel of forty-four degrees north latitude; thence due west along said parallel to its point of intersection with the west boundary of the State of Wyoming; thence due north along said boundary to its intersection with the south boundary of the Yellowstone National Park; thence due east along the south boundary of said Park to the southeast corner thereof; thence due north along the east boundary of said Park to the place of beginning." The proclamation warns all persons against entering or making settlement on the tract of land described.

The Vermont Fish and Game League is an institution which means business. Since its organization last November it has caused the appointment of temporary fish wardens in 54 towns, has promulgated the game and fish laws, has warned offenders; and where warnings have not sufficed, has substituted prosecutions; and has in various ways promoted the cause of fish and game protection. A recent modification of the League's membership has been adopted, under which clubs may be represented by an individual delegate. We think that the reduction of membership fee from \$5 to \$3 was a wise one. The members who have worked in behalf of the organization, in particular Secretary Titcomb, are to be felicitated upon the very substantial and enthusiastic character of the League, as shown on the occasion of its first annual gathering last week.

Quail are very abundant in Ohio this year. There is probably no State where the landowners are more particular with regard to trespass by gunners than in Ohio. Farms are for the most part posted; and in numberless cases this protection is insisted upon not only against strangers, but against neighbors as well. Many farmers are sportsmen themselves, and preserve their quail for their own sport, and others save the birds for friends from town. While all this makes it difficult for a certain class of gunners to get much shooting, there are few true sportsmen who find any difficulty in gaining access to all the ground they want. Indeed, there is on the part of sportsmen a strong sentiment in support of strict trespass laws and their rigid enforcement.

The Helen Keller fund for the maintenance of the little blind mute Tommy Stringer, at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, in South Boston, has grown to a total of \$1,636.31. Of this sum \$350 has already been drawn to pay his expenses; and the remainder, \$1,286.31, has been deposited with the New England Trust Company, in the name of Mr. Anagnos as trustee, to be drawn as the child's needs may require. The story of how the establishment of this fund grew out of the killing of Helen Keller's mastiff Lioness is a familiar one, but it is an incident of the brighter side of human nature well worth recurring to.

The Texas Court of Appeals has brought that State into line among those which recognize that a dog is property, for the larceny of which a thief may be punished. Before long this will be recognized everywhere, even in Maine, whose courts, it may be recalled, have classed the dog as *feræ nature*. The next question for the courts to take up will be the unjust laws and outrageous practices by which unlicensed dogs are officially butchered off-hand in the public streets. Whether good law or bad law, it is barbarism unworthy of this age and a disgrace to the land.

The Syracuse *Standard* reports that sportsmen in that neighborhood are up in arms against the game protector because he has announced his intention of enforcing the law against hunting rabbits with ferrets. A curious variety of "sportsmen" they must be.

If the New York Legislature shall provide for a live fish display at the World's Fair, the Commissioners promise to send from Caledonia a series of specimens which will do credit to the fishcultural service.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE POSSUM HUNT.

OF all sports of field or forest, mountain or plain, wooded hillside or swampy jungles, none affords such real genuine, jolly, rollicking fun as the old-fashioned possum hunt, which is a peculiarly Southern institution, and can be seen in perfection only on the old plantations and among the darkies; it is a joyous, boisterous, go-as-you-please frolic, and it is eagerly entered into and enjoyed by all classes, from the learned judge to the irrepressible small boy and the happy-go-lucky cornfield negro. If "all the world's a stage," war and the hunting and killing of men is certainly high tragedy; fox hunting, hawking and such like sports constitute melodrama; while possum hunting is assuredly comedy in its most attractive and enjoyable shape, and no audience ever went to circus or playhouse more determined on fun or in such humor to be pleased as does the party which starts on a possum hunt. The possum is nature's clown, and plays his part to perfection, and the very sight of one is provocative of laughter; I have never seen a man (unless it was some disgruntled poultry owner, whose hen roost had been the objective point of Br'er Possum's nocturnal visits) who could look the "varmint" in the face (no matter whether it was swinging by its tail from the limb of a persimmon tree, or playing possum and feigning death as it lay on the ground, or when it had reached its highest mission and, being nicely baked and browned and garnished and guarded by a cordon of sweet potatoes and rich gravy, filled a big dish and the post of honor on the dinner table and smiled a hospitable welcome to hungry hosts) without a good-humored broadening of his own countenance and a licking of his chops, in reminiscence of the fun of possum hunting and anticipation of a feast fit for the gods; in fact the possum himself appears to know and appreciate his role, and has a droll way of laughing at everything and under all circumstances, seeming to enjoy the hunt and his bodily sacrifice as much as do his captors and the knights of the knife and fork.

The opossum is unique; it has the body of a pig, the coat of a sheep, the sharp head and keen teeth of a coon, the tail of a rat (which is also prehensile, has a grip like a vise), the pocket or pouch of the kangaroo, in which it shelters its young from the weather or in times of danger, feet with four fingers and a thumb like a human hand and which have a firm grasp; the cunning of a fox, an appetite and digestion which devour and assimilate everything that can be masticated, from the luscious grape and the tender spring chicken to the coarsest vegetable and the odoriferous carrion of the common. The possum is, indeed, more omnivorous than the hog and, while he takes his food *au naturel*, nothing at all edible comes amiss to him, yet it must be acknowledged that he has a decided penchant for the sugary persimmon and the fragrant paw-paw, and his favorite haunts are where these fruits do most abound. On account of his promiscuous eating habits, it is common among the more fastidious epicures to have a "fattening pen," where the animal is fed on clean food and vegetables for a week or two after it has been captured, and is well fattened and cleansed from the effects of its too general diet while at large; these pens are made by sinking a barrel or hog-head half way into the ground, sometimes covering the top to keep out rain, but often open, for the possum cannot climb up the sides of a barrel nor, indeed, can he climb any tree whose circumference he can not grasp more than half-way round. There are often a dozen or more possums in one pen, where they are fed and watered regularly and soon become as fat as a Strasburg goose.

The possum when killed is dressed like a pig, that is, the body is scalded and picked (not skinned) clean of its coating and well singed; it is then given a thorough salting and placed in an oven, with a liberal seasoning of red pepper and a plentiful supply of sweet potatoes, and baked until it is cooked through and through and the skin is toasted to a crisp brown; its own fat and juices make the most piquant of sauces and a sea of the richest gravy, in which float the miniature islands of brown potatoes that melt in the mouth. The possum, when cooked, is very much like a sucking pig, both in appearance and taste, but is far superior in that it is so much more juicy and has that gamy flavor so highly prized by gourmands. Next to a possum hunt, there is nothing which a native Southerner enjoys more than a possum supper, for it is to him what a terrapin stew is to a Marylander or a clambake to a Down-Easter, and banquets are often given where a dozen baked possums grace the board. There is one peculiarity, however, about the flesh of a possum, and that is that no dog will eat it under any circumstances; I have time and again tempted and deceived the hungriest of dogs with the daintiest bits of cooked possum meat and bones, but, without exception, as soon as the dog would get it in his mouth and taste it he would drop it as he would a hot cake. Why? No man knows.

In the fall and early winter is the season for possum hunting, for as the darkies say, "possums don't git ripe till 'simmons does." At this time only is the possum fit to eat, and at all other seasons he is allowed to go scot free, and is rather given protection by man from his other enemies. He is essentially a nocturnal animal and is seldom seen in daylight, except under the utmost compulsion or an unavoidable stress of circumstances; but when nightfall comes and "the sable mantle of darkness is spread o'er all the earth" then the possum comes forth in all his glory, "his highway is everywhere," and he forages in forest, orchard, vineyard, henroost, and every other place, a very monarch of the night, seeking what he may devour. It is therefore in the night time that he must be hunted, and as this is a leisure time with all hands, and no expensive ammunition nor costly equipments are required, there are few clear nights when the hunter's horn is not heard or his bright fires seen gleaming in the woods. When a possum hunt is on the tapis, it seems to get into the very air and become infectious, and by some sort of freemasonry is at once known to all male kind on the plantation, from the austere master and the young gentlemen of the "great house" to the white-wooled old "uncle" and monkeylike pickaninnies of the "quarters"—and I have often snatched one of these whimpering and dusky nimmers from the grasp and wrath of his irate "mammy" and borne him in triumph to the woods, he feeling that the luxury was cheaply

purchased even at the expense of the severe paddling he was sure to get on the morrow. Even the dogs, Bruno, the majestic St. Bernard; Leo, the surly mastiff; pointers, setters, hounds, terriers and flece, curs of high and low degree, Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart, all are imbued with the spirit of the occasion and eager for the fray, and the rallying notes of the horn can hardly be heard above the din of shouts and laughter of human beings and the howls and yelps of canines. An axe is usually the only weapon carried on a possum hunt, though occasionally a gun is taken along for a chance meeting with bear or other game, but plenty of matches or a chunk of fire and a supply of "fat" kindling wood are indispensable, for a possum hunt without fire is "Hamlet" with the prince left out.

At a given signal the motley assemblage "makes a break for the woods," laughing, shouting and singing "corn songs," and the dogs keep up a full chorus of delighted barking and baying. Some well-known persimmon grove, paw-paw patch or grape vine thicket is decided on and hither the merry crowd goes pell mell. Soon a young and ambitious hound gives tongue, and is answered by a score of vigorous whoops and halloos; but Uncle Sam, the veteran possum and coon hunter, says shortly, "Dat pup's jess jumped a ole haar [hare], taint no possum, an 'Ise gwine ter larn de dog better sense 'fore I gits done wid him." The noise tones down and the pup and his companions are "blown off the trail," and started on another tack, while the party trudges on. After a while old Drummer, the trailer of the pack, opens with a deep mellow bass and finishes up with an anxious tremulous whine. Instantly all feet stop and all tongues are still until the oracle, Uncle Sam, speaks, "Now, dat's somethin' like, ole Drummer he know what he 'bout, an I'll bet a ginger cake a possum's been 'long dere to-night;" and he cocks his head knowingly to one side and his ears seem visibly to stretch toward his favorite hound. In a few minutes the old dog sends forth a confident and jubilant yelp and immediately is joined by the rest of the pack in full cry. Uncle Sam simply says, "Dat's him," and a shout goes up, waking the echoes in the woods and hills for a mile around, and a rush is made "to where the music is." No attention is paid to briars, bushes, grape vines or creeks, except by those who trip and fall, and they are left to pull themselves together and follow on. A short and sharp run is made and old Drummer's victorious baying tells that the game is treed, and Uncle Sam calls a half-halt with, "Don't you all be in such a big hurry, de possum's dar an' we'll git him, I know, 'cause dat dog don't lie." Still the excitement continues, and all move forward, the hindmost keeping up as best they can. The possum is a clumsy and slow-moving animal on the ground, and when he finds himself pursued will take to the nearest tree he can climb, and try to conceal himself among the branches and leaves, so that a quarter or half-mile chase is the longest, and he is often treed within a few yards from where the trail is struck.

On arriving at the tree, around which the dogs are jumping and howling as if to split their throats, fires are built, if found necessary, and the hunters peer into the treetop and search until one sings out, "Dar he, I sees him," "Whar?" "Ober to de lef' side, on dat limb dar to'ads de moon." And sure enough, there is seen what appears to be a bunch of wool. All wait for orders, which Uncle Sam issues sharply and decisively, knowing they will be obeyed without hesitation. "Here, Pete, you clam dat tree an' shake de possum out. Marse Gus, you hol' Bruno; Marse George, you hol' Leo; an' you little and big niggers hol' all dem oder dogs 'cept ole Drummer, heaint gwine ter hurt de possum. Now min' what I tells you."

Pete goes up the tree like a squirrel, and, finding the limb on which the game has sought refuge, braces himself and commences the attack by shaking the limb vigorously. This is not such an easy matter as the uninitiated may think, for the possum is a close climber and his human-like hands grasp the limb firmly while his prehensile tail is curled around it and drawn as tightly as the coils of a boa constrictor; indeed, so powerful is the animal's hold and so tenaciously does he hang on that the shaking at one end and the weight at the other often breaks the limb, and the possum falls to the ground with his frail support still in his embrace; or each foot may be shaken loose, one after the other, and the possum will hang by his tail alone for a long time, and sometimes it is necessary to cut the branch from the tree to get the game. When Pete has fairly shaken the possum loose, and sees that he is about to succumb, he gives the cry of warning, "Look out, here he comes," and as the quarry strikes the ground it is covered by old Drummer, while the other dogs surge frantically and try to get into the melee. There is no fight, however, for the animal simply curls himself into a ball and "plays possum," while his thick coat of wool and fur protects him from serious injury by the dog's teeth (it is another peculiarity of this animal that it will seldom fight a dog, although it often whips a coon that can get away with half a dozen dogs). When the dog touts the possum until it is thoroughly "sullen," it is put in a bag, or its tail is wrapped around a stick (to which it holds "like grim death to a dead nigger"), and thus it is carried by the hunter. There is a general jollification when the game is bagged, and point after point is visited, with varying success, until the crowing of the chickens in neighboring barnyards warns the hunters to hasten homeward and snatch what sleep they can before morning, when the game is taken home and put in the fattening pen until ready for the bake oven.

Sometimes a dozen or more possums are caught in one night, and again not more than one or two; when a hunt is successful everybody is jubilant in the extreme, and I have seen a dozen men and boys and twice as many dogs return from a hunt with only one possum, yet cheer more enthusiastically than other parties who came in laden with deer, turkeys and bear. But if a possum hunting party that gets caught in the rain and secures no game, especially if it runs across the trail and has a fight with a polecat (which all dogs are in honor bound to do on every opportunity), there is afforded a most perfect picture of disgusted despair, and the hunters are the legitimate butt of the jokes and chaffing of the neighborhood until redeemed by a successful hunt.

The possum hunt is often varied by a "possum bake" in the woods, and this is one of its most pleasing features. The party take along a supply of salt, red pepper and bread, and occasionally a jug of cider. The possum is to be caught and the potatoes are to be foraged for in some convenient patch, and if an orchard is handy a few handfuls of apples and a late watermelon or two furnish an

excellent dessert. When the first good fat possum is caught, the chief cook immediately sets about dressing it, while the others dig a hole of suitable size in the ground and build a rousing fire in it. By the time the possum is dressed the hole is red hot and makes a first-class oven; and the carcass, after being well salted and peppered, together with the potatoes, is placed in the pit (in a pan usually brought for the purpose or on a thick bed of green leaves). It is covered with a flat stone, and a lot of live coals are heaped over and around it. The cook remains in "camp" to attend to the baking, and the others continue the hunt, returning in a couple of hours or so, by which time the meal is ready to be served. The keen appetites of the hunters, the rich juiciness of the game, the cheerful blaze of the fires and the wild surroundings give a zest and piquancy not to be found at more elaborate banquets, and never to be forgotten by one who has been so fortunate as to participate in a "possum bake" in the woods.

There is a charm and a fascination in the possum hunt which always brings sweet memories to the country-raised Southerner, and are not to be appreciated by others. Just say to one of these old white-haired veterans, "Let's go possum hunting," and immediately his face lights up with a smile, there is forgiveness in his heart for every enemy and he is at peace with all the world, while memory runs riot in the misty past, and the most pleasant recollections and reminiscences displace the carking cares and tiresome troubles of to-day, and it is only with a deep sigh of regret that the dream is broken. I have known grave Senators, astute lawyers, millionaire business men, professional men and foreign travelers, men from almost every grade and pursuit of life, to return in their sixties for brief visits to the old plantations, and despite their rheumatism they would go possum hunting and enjoy the sport in full as much as their accompanying grandsons, and each had a stock of marvelous tales to tell of his glorious hunts. "When I was a boy, before the war, you know." Well, well, possum hunting is the essence of broad, good-natured fun in sporting, and is free from many of the unpleasant drawbacks and dangers of other kinds of hunting, and will richly repay a stranger to its fascinations any trouble or inconvenience of a trial should he be sojourning in the land of possums in hunting season. Such an one would be repaid for a journey to the favored land for that special purpose, though tyros should by all means get some Uncle Sam, who is to be found on every plantation, to act as master of the hunt. P.

IN CARIBOU LAND.

IF you set out for a land well known to be flowing with milk and honey, bear in mind (lest disappointment follow) that you may strike the stream at a point where the milk has become sour and the honey has been infected with rank herbs. Perhaps the surest way to get these luxuries in their best state is to buy your milk in sealed bottles at the creamery and get your honey at first hands from the manufacturer of glucose.

These thoughts occurred to me some two weeks after I had begun to haunt a region known to be swarming with caribou. Two years before a sterling sort of a man, whom I know, had been over the same country, and his tales inflamed me with the hope that a moderately weak person could walk far enough and fast enough to catch all the caribou he wanted in a few days in that favored spot. My informant himself had been fairly besieged by the animals. Camp where he would, the oldest bulls with the biggest heads would come to look in on his domesticity. He would usually kill what specimens he needed for his museum before breakfast, and would meet the remainder of the herd when he went to round up the horses.

Oh! country of Cockagne. Oh! game preserves of Spanish castles, where are you now? While I had spent weeks of wheezing exertion in scaling the rocky homes of sheep and goat, this my informant and good friend had in a few days filled his platter and his game bag and loaded his pack animals with hides and horns and tenderloins. You can see the hides and horns to-day set up in such a fashion that you would think the great beasts could move, if you visited a certain museum in one of the chief cities of British Columbia, but the tenderloins are gone forever.

Age and experience, which ought to teach a man sense in any other relation in life, have little effect on the confirmed lover of woods and mountains. He will seek the stimulus of that dear society, though it cost him labor that might win a fortune if rightly applied. Like the whisky toper and the opium fiend he may suffer, yet he must have his accustomed tonic. Here then is a man, whose age and experience avail him nothing, listening to stories of the easy capture of splendid trophies. It is a combination of fire and tow, resulting often in smoke.

In caribou land it is best to have a guide. In most places where the features of the country are pronounced I prefer to have only a packer and a map, but it is different here. For mile after mile the surface presents the same general appearance. Low buttes, shallow lakes, swamps surrounded by wide tracts of evergreen timber, damp and mossy under foot, heaped and tangled with fallen logs and underbrush. For hours one can see nothing but the trees around, and little patches of sky above, while the turnings of the path take away all sense of direction, if the day be overcast, so that the sun gives no help. If you go far without knowing the lay of the land you will be lost sufficiently to spend the night in cold, wet discomfort. So I took a guide. The fact that the price of guides is rising is a good indication that the hunting is on the decline. And when guides band together, like cab drivers, to oppress their customers, it is clear that sport in that neighborhood is overdone. But my guide Inness was so good that I forgive his price.

Then I took a boy for cook. Really I meant that the guide should cook and the boy should look after the horses, for Donald was a half-breed fresh from the maternal wigwam, who made sad work of his few words of English and with savage bluntness proclaimed, "Guess I don't know much cook." However, he did cook, and by a little teaching he became a very decent camp cook; also he packed, also he tended the horses.

Inness was a half-breed too, but his command of English, though small, was larger and, besides the resources of the Smilkameen and the Chinook languages, he had a certain stock of trapper's French. Perhaps trappers' French is the same as Canadian French. Perhaps Inness spoke poor French anyhow. At all events

it was different from the French of Stratford atte Bowe, with which I am familiar. But as Inness was more comfortably at home in French than in English I chose that tongue rather than either Smiltakeen or Chinook.

My retinue were dark, slim, silent fellows, chatting, to be sure, in low tones in their mother tongue, with speaking gestures, at night after I had left them or when they were at other times isolated and unoccupied, but while at work they spoke hardly a dozen words a day. The packing was done by instinct, pieced out with an occasional sign. The horses were driven without a shout, without even a whisper. If some refractory animal left the line or tangled himself up in the brush Donald trotted out and herded him in, but not even a muttered oath passed the lips of either of the pair. At times I would be surprised to see the men dismount and creep 'round, catlike, picking up stones and firing them at some unseen target, but usually the proceeding was explained by the capture of a fool hen. Well does the bird deserve its name, and why it is not already as extinct as the dodo is a puzzle. One day Inness brought home eleven birds, that he had "rocked" to death, tied to his sash.

In one thing, and one thing only, the taciturn habit of the men was inconvenient. If I asked Inness a question I did not always know whether he had heard me or not. His dull, inscrutable, ruminative expression continued unchanged until he had selected the words for his answer. He was a modest fellow in his pretensions, too. His especial pride was a knowledge of the habits and haunts of caribou. Mountain sheep, for instance, lay in a different province. It seems, in this connection, that on one occasion he had accompanied a band of Pend D'Oreilles Indians across the range to the Piegan country in Montana. I fancy that he communicated with his companions chiefly by silence, for the Indians knew, he said, only a little English, which, considering his own incapacity in English, must have been inadequate. He related the incident as follows: "I go one time wid dem Injun to dat place. We see some sheep up dat mountain—five or six of it. I go a piece. I look down. I tink I fall down. I say to dem Injun, 'You go hunt dat sheep; I stay to de camp.'"

But now we are in the mountains, and it becomes evident, that caribou entertain truly cordial relations only with their fellow countrymen. Not merely do they abstain from intruding on our camp-fires, but they are not at home when we visit their peculiar quarters. Three Sabbath days' journeys, with other journeys on all the intervening week days, fail to develop anything more tangible than advancing or retiring tracks. Inness shows me where Sir Thomas Nonesuch killed five out of one band; where the same gentleman slew the hero of the herd, and, coming back after lunch to secure his trophy, found the rest of the stupid animals still standing around.

"Drette par icite," says Inness, "*je cr   qu'on peut ouer les os*—Right over here I think we can see the bones." And, sure enough, we did so. Yet interesting as were these tales and relics of another's prowess, they still left me as far as ever from the great antlers, the "beau panache," that I was seeking on my own account.

But the period of absent fortune was not without a lesson. For one thing, I had made a little progress in the art of walking. It seems like the first step in knowledge, yet in tagging around after Inness for a couple of weeks with nothing to do but to get weary in following and observing him, I began to be able to reproduce faintly his type and style of walking.

The Indian hunter has a distinctive gait. His toes, either straight before him or pointing inward, cover the center of gravity. His hips sway slightly to the stepping side, and his rear foot is not exactly lifted, but rather peeled off the ground just high enough to clear the surface and settled in its new place before the weight comes on it. He does not swing his shoulders, nor walk with a spring, nor plant his foot with a shock, as the white man does. If the Indian were turned to stone while in the act of stepping, the statue would probably stand balanced on one foot. This gait gives the limbs great control over his movements. He is always poised. If a stick cracks under him it is because of his weight, and not by reason of the impact. He goes silently and with great economy of force. The muscles have less strain on them and do not tire so soon. Sometimes it seems as if they never tired. He treads through woods and swamps and down timber with no noise except the rustling of the grass and leaves disturbed by his passage. His steady balance enables him to put his moving foot down as gently as you would lay an egg on the table. You could not hear the thud of a footfall if you listened a week. The gait is not elastic nor springy nor handsome, and it even makes the man seem bow-legged. Put the same person in leather boots on a floor, and you would truly say that he stumped along, but in moccasins on a hunt, he does not walk, he glides.

If my friend and adviser did not say that it never rained in caribou land, but that balsam-scented breezes breathed peacefully under a stainless sky, he at all events expressed that idea in less delicately chosen words. But in my experience he was mistaken. Indeed, I begin to think that I bring bad weather, like the dead albatross.

It sputtered, it rained, it lowered, it sleeted, it snowed and stormed with wind, and on one occasion snow fell to the depth of twelve level inches.

We kept on hunting, however, until we had pretty thoroughly scoured the district and until our food supply had run down to a little rice and a little cornmeal. Then we retreated with a single head only, and that the head of a little two-year-old bull, whose horns were so short and spindling that a self-respecting blacktail would blush to own them, not by any means what Inness would call a "beau panache." Inness took a modified comfort from the fact that while several parties hunting around us got nothing, we alone secured one trophy, but this, I confess, consoled me but little, and I recite our failure in order that others may start out with a more chastened hope and get less of a shock from poor success.

H. G. DULOG.

DE-WINGED ANTS.—When in Richibucto, New Brunswick, during last summer, I noticed swarms of winged ants covering the doorsteps of the houses; these ants were casting their wings. In one instance I saw one deliberately unwing itself, using its feet for such purpose; in this it succeeded only after much pulling and a good deal of labor.—EDWARD JACK.

SOUTH FLORIDA.

THERE are a great many of us who have the ardent love for rod and gun and who read articles in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and give up in despair of traveling in distant lands at the thought of expense. We are not all made of money, and would it not be well to tell each other how we may go here and there with the least necessary outlay?

I was very much interested in articles of last year in *FOREST AND STREAM*, telling how far persons might go from Chicago for \$5 and have good sport. This was a fond greeting to the eyes of many, and aroused the latent love once more for broad fields, quiet lakes and rippling brooks.

We left Wadsworth, Ohio, Jan. 6, Tom, John, the writer and wife, who remained with friends at Arcadia, Desoto county, Florida, our destination for the first sport. After a rest of a few days from the long journey we clean up our guns and get ammunition ready for a short hunt of three days on Tiger Bay slough. Fifteen miles from Arcadia we pitch our tent beneath spreading boughs of a clump of live oak trees on the banks of a small stream. Camp is hardly completed when John is after gray squirrels and Tom casting for bass. Many fine birds are flying past our pleasant camp. At break of day the writer is out at first gleam of light, the No. 10 loaded with double Bs for a stray gobbler that might stay on the roost too long; but I found none. The sun was about one hour high when I came out of the thicket along the stream upon a broad marsh. Here I saw a sight of water fowl that I shall never forget. Cranes big and little of almost all colors, singly and in flocks, were flying hither and thither, screeching and croaking, wading and feeding or standing as still as a sentinel basking in the warm sun.

Among the long-legged friends were the web-footed tribes, mostly ducks, making no less noise and many times the number of the former. They were mostly at work gathering their food among the roots of plants where the water was but a foot or so deep.

Along the shore of ponds, and where the water was not too deep, were an endless number of yellowleg plover, and as I crept slowly along in high grass a jack snipe would dart quickly up in the air, not to go far, but to drop quickly back to his favorite retreat. I gazed long on this lovely picture and then selected my position among some low bushes. I removed the BBs and replaced them with 5s. One loud report and then another and the sky was almost blackened with bewildered birds, and as a hurrying flock of teal would pass again the tempest would speak in tones that would still more frighten the bewildered birds. Not until the barrels were quite hot did they learn to steer clear of that one particular clump of bushes. Not having our four-footed friend Kiser with me I did my own retrieving. As the water was warm I did not mind getting wet above the knees. And the ducks all gathered in presented a fine sight. I now replace the 5s with 8s and start after the yellowlegs. They are not wild and allow a shot at close range. As they rise and fly past a fine rake shot from both barrels causes many birds to drop. Again and again they come back, until that remnant of a flock makes high and off. Having all the birds I can carry I wander back to camp, now and then taking in a snipe as he darts zig-zag over the marsh.

It is 10 A. M. I have not had my breakfast, but the appetite is not wanting. Tom the fisher has had good luck and so have the others. I cut a couple of palmetto fans, using the stems to broil the bacon and birds on. They are placed before the fire, the bacon above, to allow the drippings to fall on the birds below, salt and pepper, a raw onion, bread and butter, and hot coffee complete the meal. Who could ask for more? No pepsin is required to digest or aid the stomach, but good healthful exercise, fresh air, good water and a refreshing night's sleep soon rebuild the inner man. After breakfast we dress the birds and salt them.

After dinner, which came a little late, we cast for bass with a small live frog. A few small ones are landed, when presently Tom gets a hard strike by what promised to be a very large fish; but imagine his surprise when he lands a fine large catfish.

We wander home on the third day, with bright expectations for our great hunt to the Sand Hills, which is to come as soon as we can make ready.

Another short rest, and we have everything ready for our hunt. Teams and the necessary provisions are procured, which consisted of flour, bacon, sugar, butter, lard, rice, "grits," sweet potatoes, crackers, salt, baking powder and coffee. We also take several sacks of grain for our horses, for grass forage is short at this time of year. We travel east through a scattering pine forest, now and then stopping at some fine orange grove to sample its delicious golden fruit; or old Kiser would point a covey of quail, which would generally result in the addition of a few of those plump morsels to our larder.

We wend our way slowly along until we have gone ten miles, when we leave the pine woods for open prairie covered with thick saw palmetto, except where the fires have destroyed them. Over roots, along sloughs, through ponds, ever headed eastward. We camp at dusk beneath a tall clump of cabbage palmetto. A more beautiful camping spot could not be found. These clumps of trees look like islands upon the great prairie. Our cook William soon had all the utensils in use, which he handled skillfully on the log heap. Sweet potatoes were thrust bodily in hot ashes. At call for supper all are present. The principal conversation is "pass the coffee." Camp-fire tales were next in order, made lengthy by long pulls on the old pipe, until the logs were well burned up. We retire to the tent and roll snugly up in the blankets, some to sleep, others to roll and tumble, for campers do not all sleep well the first night. At first break of day, breakfast quickly dispatched, we again take up our line of march. Nothing of importance happened during the day until about 4 P. M., when one of the party shot two deer.

We pitched camp at dusk among some scattering pines on the bank of Lake Ann, two miles south of Lake Childs, both beautiful sheets of water. Here we remained two weeks, and during that time we killed deer, turkey, ducks, quail, squirrel and jack snipe, besides a great number of black bass that Tom caught. The mouth of one of them measured 6 in. when extended. We had no means of weighing him. These were all caught on a 9oz. rod.

The writer killed the only rattlesnake that was seen on the hunt, it measured 6 ft. in length. From the extent of country that we traveled over, it might be inferred that

snakes are few and far between in south Florida. There is plenty of game around these lakes, such as deer, bear, wolves, wildcat, etc. The cover along the low ground gives them the best and safest retreat. It will be many long years before the deer will be driven from here.

Reluctantly we break camp and return to Arcadia, where we rest a few days and have everything arranged, take the train for Punta Gorda. Here we charter a sloop and telegraph for the remaining party, which consists of six ladies and five men. Provisions are procured and everything held in readiness for their arrival. In the mean time we wander out upon the hotel wharf and make the acquaintance of Mr. Wm. C. Prince, of New York city, who was casting a fly with the greatest skill. Tom and I watched closely each move as he lifted it to let it drop quietly and naturally far out upon the clear water. How could the fish resist a morsel so natural and attractive?

The train arrives and we are soon all aboard, and as we have a strong aft wind we sail smoothly out of Peace River and into Charlotte Harbor: At 9 P. M. we are anchored off Gasparilla Island in 10 ft. of water. We make a landing and have the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of the breakers.

The next day is taken in making camp snug. We remain here two weeks, all enjoying the finest of fishing, bathing and boating. We took in all seventeen different varieties of fish, from the beautiful sea trout and Spanish mackerel to shark and jew fish.

We fished mostly with fly, while the ladies took the sheephead with bait line, and great sport it was for them.

It being a little early for tarpon we let good enough alone and fished for those prizes that took the hook more freely. We were learning our A, B, C, in salt-water fishing. As we advance in the art, we will tackle the silver king. It is no little sport to the amateur to take jewfish and shark that weigh from 100 lbs. to 500 lbs.

The trip as I have described from Wadsworth, O., and return, complete, did not exceed \$80. To those that are interested in such a trip I will be pleased to answer all questions through these columns or by letter.

J. F. DETWEILER, M.D.

WADSWORTH, Ohio.

FT. MYERS, Fla.—If you enjoy fishing come to Fort Myers. The Caloosahatchee, one and one-half miles wide, offers the angler a generous range of sport. If he be ambitious and stout of heart and mind he may bait with half a mullet and quietly lie in wait for that king of fishes, the silver king (tarpon), of which more are seen and caught in sight of our beautiful village than at any other point. If wishing quieter sport, withal lively, he may troll for the jack, and in him find a heroic fighter. Perchance while trolling for jack he will strike a channel bass or weakfish. If he wishes to still-fish he can anchor in the channel, bait with crab, and catch weakfish, channel bass, sheephead, snapper, sand perch, etc. If he is a black bass fisher, he may take a small skiff and pole up any of the creeks and catch black bass that will astonish any Northern fisher. The usual mode is with live bait, although they rise to fly and spoon.

I have fished in the Northern waters as well as in the West, but for real fishing in endless variety the Caloosahatchee and tributaries lead them all. Mrs. N. L. Langford, some time since, landed a 13 lb. black bass unaided. They have been caught upward of 18 lbs.

The shooting is excellent, deer, turkey and quail are very plenty. By going 15 to 20 miles back from town a dozen deer can be jumped any day; and often one gets within 20 to 30 ft. of a deer before he starts from his hidden bed in a bunch of saw palmetto. Taylor Frierson will guarantee to show a man 100 wild turkeys in a day, and I myself have seen as many, and within 15 miles of town. There is no end to quail. I have three coveys that feed on my place, within four blocks of my office. By going further and into the cypress, panther, wildcat, bear and wild hogs can be hunted. Taking it all around, south Florida offers the finest sporting of any section of the U. S. that I have seen.

WALTER F. MICKLE.

Natural History.

"THE FATE OF THE FUR SEAL."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of the 5th inst. appears a letter from Mr. Dall, who speaks of my estimate of the space required to accommodate the fur seals as they bred in 1872-74 on the Seal Islands "as a gross exaggeration."

This modest assertion of Mr. Dall encourages me to reply that the grossness of the statement rests wholly with his language and not on my figures.

I have demonstrated the fact that the adult mother seal (cow) requires but 3 sq. ft. of ground upon which to rest, as she does rest when out from the water, and that the "pup" seal when born and for two weeks later requires only 1 sq. ft. of ground; inasmuch as the pup seals and their mothers, during the height of the breeding season and when they are all there, and at the time to make this survey (July 10 to 20 inclusive), outnumber the big bulls thirty and forty to one, the ratio of 2 sq. ft. for each animal is nearer correct than any other figure, for the space required by the bulls, 8 sq. ft., is more than balanced by the virgin females, which do not bear young this year, but which leave soon after landing without giving any evidence of their having been on the islands, as the other cows do, by the birth and suckling of their offspring.

This is a fact which I am entirely able to satisfactorily demonstrate the truth of. I have heard of the matter many, many times before, and have patiently and willingly gone all over the ground with abler critics than Mr. Dall, who have never as yet been able to present a better hypothesis for arriving at an idea somewhere near the truth.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

ROCKPORT COTTAGE, Cleveland, O.

AN ALBINO PORCUPINE.—Mr. J. Henry Clarke sends us sample of hair and quill of a perfectly white porcupine killed near Unity, N. H., by Joseph Smith, of that town.

BIRDS OF THE CHEHALIS FORESTS.—Mr. Robt. H. Lawrence's notes of Washington birds, published in our issue of Oct. 15, related to observations made in 1890,

FEEDING HABITS OF SHARKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While quite ready to admit that a shark in taking a live bait does not pay much attention to the angle that he turns, I must still beg leave to differ from the statement of S. C. C. in FOREST AND STREAM, that a shark in taking a bait—that is, with hook and line attached—does not turn on his side. From personal observation in six or eight cases the shark seemed in no particular hurry to bite, but finally coming to the conclusion that he was hungry, turned slightly on his side before taking it. On five of these occasions I was on the Fish Commission steamer Albatross, in either the Caribbean Sea or near the Bahamas, where the clearness of the water and the height of the deck above its surface gave a splendid chance for observation. In all cases the shark turned on his side before biting. On one occasion the shark swam by the bait, within about two feet of it, as if he did not care a snap one way or the other: but after going three or four yards, apparently came to the conclusion that he had passed something and, turning around, took up a position within about a foot and a half of the bait, and after looking at it for at least fifteen seconds, turned well on his side and bit slowly so as almost to suck it in. Now, the conclusion I draw is, that in taking a baited hook the shark sees the line, and mistaking it for part of the bait, thinks his nose projecting as it does over his mouth will push the bait out of the way, turns on his side to get over the difficulty. At least this is the conclusion I have reached after careful observation. With his mouth where nature has placed it, it would be almost impossible for him to take a bait with line attached without turning on his side. The shark which I so foolishly played with evidently took me for live bait, in which he was entirely correct; in fact, I was very much alive for the next few minutes, as those present can testify.

WILLARD NYE, JR.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Believing it desirable to place on record facts relating to the natural history of our fishes, and having had many opportunities in a sea experience of more than 30 years to note the feeding habits of sharks, I may perhaps be pardoned for continuing the interesting discussion relating thereto which has appeared in FOREST AND STREAM.

Several varieties of sharks occur in considerable abundance in the Gulf of Maine in summer and on the southern mackerel grounds in spring. Aside from the dog-fish, which will not be considered here, the mackerel shark (*Lamna cornubica*) is the most numerous, and this species in particular was the *bête noir* of the mackerel fisherman in the days when hook and line fishing was the most common method. Many a good day's fishing has been spoiled by these sea wolves, and a frequent experience was to see a fine school of biting fish disappear like magic, while a flash of blue and white glancing by fathoms down in the clear blue water showed the cause.

So frequently did this occur that on most vessels fishing in the Gulf of Maine it was the rule to have a baited shark line trailing from the stern while drifting for mackerel, or at least ready to throw out upon the first indication of the presence of a shark. The bait was almost invariably a freshly caught mackerel, mostly of small size. Only a few fathoms of line were played out, and the bait was kept in plain sight. It was therefore easy to see how the sharks bit at the lure.

I do not now recall a single instance, of the hundreds I have seen biting at mackerel in this way, where the shark failed to turn either on his side or back down. In most cases, where they came at the bait with a rush, they turned on their sides, with their mouths on edge, as one might say. But quite as often they would approach the bait in a leisurely manner and swim around it several times, as if suspicious or waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack. Generally this was followed by the shark turning almost completely belly up, to seize the bait.

It was not unusual to see them turn on their sides when in pursuit of living prey, so that the white of the lower part of their bodies could be seen. So far as my observation extends this habit is common to many, if not most sharks, though it is entirely possible there may be exceptions to it.

J. W. COLLINS.

A NEW "NUTTALL'S."—Little, Brown & Co. announce a new edition of Nuttall's Ornithology, prepared by Mr. Montague Chamberlain, of whose editorial work the publishers say: "Keeping fully in mind the need of a popular and untechnical book on American ornithology, Mr. Chamberlain has added to the merits the original work possessed in this respect by giving the names by which the birds are best known to the people, in addition to the vernacular names used by naturalists. The scientific names used are those recently adopted by the American Ornithological Union. Of the original work by Nuttall everything of value and interest has been retained, including all of Nuttall's delightful descriptions of bird-life, a feature of the original which has had much to do with its popularity. Only those portions which have been rendered valueless by recent discoveries and determinations are omitted. The present work will be found to be more fully illustrated than the original, and throughout its preparation everything possible has been done to thoroughly adapt it to the needs of time and to make it a convenient and useful manual for the household and for the student who can carry with him only a work of moderate size."

It is not generally realized that there are in this country literally millions of lakes which are available for water-farming; in size all the way from mere ponds to the great inland seas of fresh water. In Illinois alone there are tens of thousands of lakes, and hundreds of thousands more can be readily created. There are in Illinois many extinct lakes, which can easily be transformed into sheets of water by the simplest means. All the enormous "Lake Plan," as it is known to geologists, comprising Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, north of the Ohio River, is dotted with countless sheets of water, conditions being favorable for creating many more by such inexpensive artifices as the damming of streams. By damming at intervals, every creek and rivulet can be made to form artificial lakes. Even the vast arid region, the "Great Desert" of the West, is speckled all over with multitudes of extinct lakes which can be filled once more and made to teem with life, as they once did.—*Ex.*

MR. NYE AND THE SHARKS.—We have told the story of Mr. Nye's painful injury at Woods Holl, Mass., while feeding a shark. The sequel to the accident has come to us from Superintendent Maxwell, who has informed us that the injury was fully repaired in about a fortnight, and Mr. Nye evened up the account by harpooning a number of the sharks, in order to clear out the pool for cod and other breeding fish. Although poisoning was feared, no lasting bad effects followed the ugly lacerated wounds made by the serrated teeth.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

AN OLD WOOD ROAD.

WHETHER it is because I am growing older and think more of my ease, and am beginning to magnify the molehills of youth into mountains as the years slip by, I know not, but certain it is that now whenever I snatch a day's pleasure with my gun I leave the dense thickets and thorny brakes to younger men, and resort to some one of the many wood roads I have marked down during years of shooting in this vicinity, and along its sinuous trail take whatever of success the good Pan may send me and take it thankfully.

There is a charm about a wood road in October that is irresistible to me. I love to follow its erratic windings and revel in its sylvan surprises as I advance step by step along its leafy carpeted way.

It is early morning and I find myself on a favorite forest avenue, with the one idea of squirrels nerving me for a long quiet tramp over this well-known highway. My friend and shooting companion, a noisy editor with a noisier spaniel, bent on birds, is beating the woodcock grounds in the valley, and the whole woods are left to silence and to me.

There has been a succession of sharp frosts, and the chestnut burs are all agape, so with the bright sun rising and a soft south wind blowing and the dew-laden leaves along the path as noiseless as a Wilton carpet, I am sure of a delightful day at least, come what may in the way of success. I am not blood-thirsty. In fact, I have confessed in these columns to a change of heart in the matter of wantonly destroying God's creatures. Still there are times when the old Adam asserts itself, and when, as I stole along, the ventriloquial call of a squirrel came to my ear, I was like a newly converted cracker that the refractory mule kicked back into the beggarly elements of the world, and immediately set all my wits to work to get a shot at the black nutcracker. After infinite toil and patience, advancing while the call sounded and stopping when it ceased, I caught sight of my quarry in a distant chestnut, and an open space intervening, making further advance impossible, I drew a careful bead with my left barrel (which is a modified choke), fired and missed. But wait a minute. With the report of the gun another black squirrel appeared within easy shot upon the bough of a basswood tree, and without waiting to regret my first failure, I brought him down with the right barrel (open bore and was loaded with 8s for a possible grouse). Shall I confess that my triumph melted into regret as I picked up my game, but a moment before buoyant with life, and as I watched the glazing eye and—all that sort of thing? No, I won't say anything about it; it is enough to know that I put him in my game-bag and resumed my walk along the road.

What a lovely day it was. Just such as one reads a description of between the lines when Rip Van Winkle went squirrel hunting in the Kaatskills, when he heard the rolling of the nine-pin balls of the crew of the Half-moon, and the squirrels were out, too, and more than once that day I stifled my regret while my game pocket grew heavier with each stiff.

There are many things to see along an old wood road, if only one is a lover of the woods and keeps his eyes open. Every log alongside has a story to tell of drumming grouse or gnawing squirrel; there are the marks as plain as a thought written. Here is a hollow in the track where a grouse dusted not an hour ago, and a little beyond a handful of scattered feathers speak mutely of a woodland tragedy. In the moist mould, where a little spring crosses the track, Br'er Coon's plantigrades have left an impression; and the marks of the busy little chipmuck are every where. Speaking of the chipmuck, I believe that the little rascal plays a very important part in the economy of the woods in acting as a sentinel for the more noble game. Who has not, in squirrel hunting, had the song of the game he was following suddenly cease as one of those little stripped-backed watchmen sounded his shrill note of alarm? No use looking for the squirrel now, nothing is left but to sit down and wait or depart for fresh fields.

As I walked down a little incline in the road, with a stiff thicket on either side, I suddenly became aware that there were grouse about. How I knew it I cannot tell. There was no sound, no movement—nothing to indicate the presence of the birds. Still, I seemed to know that they were not far away, and instinctively cocked my right barrel and brought my gun to a ready. I have a friend who declares to me that on a damp, still day, when the grouse are lying well, he has more than once on approaching his dog that was pointing, detected the subtle game odor of the birds. I have told him that no matter how well the birds were lying, he was lying better; but he would not see the joke, and insisted that it was true. Be that as it may, I know, and every sportsman knows, that there is something about the presence of game that often manifests itself in an inexplicable way, so that one is almost certain the quarry is just before him, although he has seen or heard nothing to warrant it.

I was all ready, and the birds—one, two, three, four—got up all about me; and poking around to get a shot I never fired my gun. A little further on, however, a grouse jumped from a log, presenting a fine side shot, which I took and missed.

I ate my lunch and sat down and waited, but as the day wore on the leaves became dry and brittle, and it became utterly impossible to stalk a squirrel. I had enough, however; and as the walk home was a long one, I descended into the valley, found my editor and homeward we plodded, he enthusiastic over his day's sport and I quietly content at what my dear old wood road had yielded me.

H. W. D. L.

"ONE OF THE MISTAKES OF MOSES."

MOSE was my friend, and so one morn

We started off together,
Bound to explode or have some fun,
'Twas glorious winter weather.

Off to the woods with hurried strides;
Our swiftest pace was still too slow.
Earth seemed more fair than e'er a bride,
In its pure white dress of snow.

Our outing was in quest of game—
Bear, deer, partridge or quail;
Fur or feather, just the same,
Anything—crow to cottontail.

We hurried on, till very soon
We saw upon the snow a fresh-made track.
Mose called it rabbit, I a coon—
It proved to be a cat.

We followed it with anxious haste,
Till we could plainly see
It ended in a hole beneath
An old dead basswood tree.

Mose knelt down, and looking in
Saw something moving there;
He knew it was a cottontail
By the color of the hair.

With outstretched arm he made a grab,
And pulled from out that hole
A rabbit—no, alas! it was
The cat that's surnamed pole.

The thing itself was black and white,
The air around was blue;
A misty haze obscured the light—
'Twas not the falling dew.

He did not hold his captive long,
But with a mighty yell
He kicked the stuffin' out o' him,
And left him where he fell;

Then came toward me—or started to—
But looked straight down my gun,
And understood our friendship then
Must be a distant one.

I did not think that it could be
That trifles "light as air"
Could come between my friend and me:
But I just then became aware

That I no longer cared to have
His presence quite so near,
That strongest friendships could not live
In such an impure air.

How bright the start, how sad the end,
We hurried home without delay;
I walked to windward of my friend,
A hundred yards away.

Mose changed his boudoir to the barn,
He also changed his clothes
For those less pleasing to the eye
But more so to the nose.

The tailor makes the man, 'tis said;
If this is true—it's hard.
The tailor part of Mose is dead
And buried in the yard.

De mortuis nihil nisi bonum.
May serve to cloak men's evil habits;
But Moses says, and says it with a *dum*,
It don't apply to long-tailed rabbits. NORTON.

OREGON GAME GROUNDS.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 2.—Our markets are well supplied with all kinds of birds. Deer, bear and an occasional elk adorn these places where game is used as merchandise.

The lakes around Portland are all leased to local sportsmen except those more fortunate who can afford to buy the lakes and the ground surrounding them. Last summer the famous Muckle place, containing about 900 acres, and one of the best shooting resorts in this part of the country, was sold for \$27,000 to four of our local sportsmen. The buyers were Messrs. Walter and Herman Burrell, C. C. Clark and Wm. Sibson. The place was formerly leased to a party for \$350 a year. Another party bought the Little Jewett for \$12,000, and still another bought a part of the Dead Willow Lake for \$3,000. This shows that the sportsmen of Oregon are not idle.

Some of the largest bags of ducks made this year were by Capt. W. J. Riley, Robt. Jennings and A. J. Johnson, who got 120 in eight hours. C. K. Marbaugh killed 51 mallards in seven hours. S. H. Green bagged 36 in three and a half hours. Many others have got good shooting here. A few canvasbacks have made their appearance, and the fact causes the hunters to expect very severe weather, as the canvasbacks are strictly cold weather birds. The late heavy rains have driven the snipe to other grounds. A great many of these gamey little rascals have been killed this year, one hunter bagging 137 in one day. The brant are with us yet in large numbers, and a great many have been killed this fall. One hunter reports having seen and killed a genuine woodcock at the lower end of Greer Lake. This may or may not have been a woodcock and as it is the first report of the highly-prized bird in this part little credence is given by the older sportsmen.

The Mongolian pheasants are rapidly increasing, and in some parts of the Willamette Valley the farmers are shooting them for self protection. They are grain destroyers of the first water, and will furnish great sport when the open season comes, as they are swift flyers and alight on the run and then keep running. If all reports concerning this beautiful bird are true, the most speedy of our dogs will come in second best in a foot race with them. We have no woodcock here, and some parts of the East have no Mongolian pheasants. Now, if any enterprising sportsman will exchange a few live woodcock for the same number of Mongolian pheasants, let him say so through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. SAND HILL.

OUR CAMP ON HORICON.

WITH two others I have recently returned from a short shooting trip to Horicon Marsh, and it is with much regret that I have to announce that that once famous old shooting ground is little like what it was a brief number of years ago. The water we found to be much lower than has ever been known before, and where in former years there was from two to four feet of water, to-day there lies a long stretch of mud flats upon which are busily engaged a vast army of snipe and plover, of every known variety and size, from the tiny sandpiper to the stately yellowleg. Here and there at irregular intervals is a stagnant pool of water, diminutive in size and literally alive with bull-heads, pickerel and suckers, a swarming wriggling mass of fish, which have been cut off from the main channels of water and penned up in these tiny ponds, they are dying by inches as the water daily settles and becomes less. It was a melancholy sight for me to witness such a complete change in this once magnificent ducking resort. All the sloughs and pond holes, once so plentifully found along the eastern shore, have disappeared, while in their places is found a succession of weed-grown beds dry as tinder, where one might safely walk with the thinnest soled shoes, so far as danger from wetting is concerned.

It was on the evening of Sept. 22 that, with wagon heavily laden, C., E. and the writer diverged from the main traveled road, and taking a well-defined hay track, struck off across the dry and waving sea of marsh grass toward the nearest body of water visible to the eye from the highway. The Horicon Shooting Club's buildings are just visible two miles to the northward, situated upon a timbered point of land which juts out into the lake some little distance. Between the point and the track we are slowly following floats a vast smoke cloud from the marsh fires, which have been fiercely burning on the west side of the lake for several days. The wind veering drives the smoke in our direction, but we have little to fear, as the wide expanse of mud flats precludes any possibility of the fire reaching our side of the marsh. This is not the shooting ground of which Mr. Hough so ably and pleasantly writes, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Oct. 8, but is that portion of the marsh which lies to the north and above the Diana's preserve and extends over the north half of the lake.

We had left the little German town of Mayville early in the afternoon, after a conference with

Messrs. Clark and Butter, the president and secretary of the club, and it was decided, owing to the extreme low water on the marsh, that we had better not put up at the club house at all, but rather make our way out upon the low land a mile or two south of the club buildings, and driving as near the water as possible pitch camp there in preference to daily poling over waterless mud flats in order to reach the shooting ground, as the bulk of the birds remained south of the point. In anticipation of this course our tent and camping outfit had been brought from home, and as the sun smiled itself from sight on the evening of the 22d it left us comfortably settled and all in readiness for a few days shooting. One of Comstock's "protean" tents proved itself a treasure on this trip, adding very materially to our comfort and enjoyment. The canvas is unrolled, the single pole is jointed, and in less time than it takes to describe the performance our camp is made. With a sickle we cut two or three

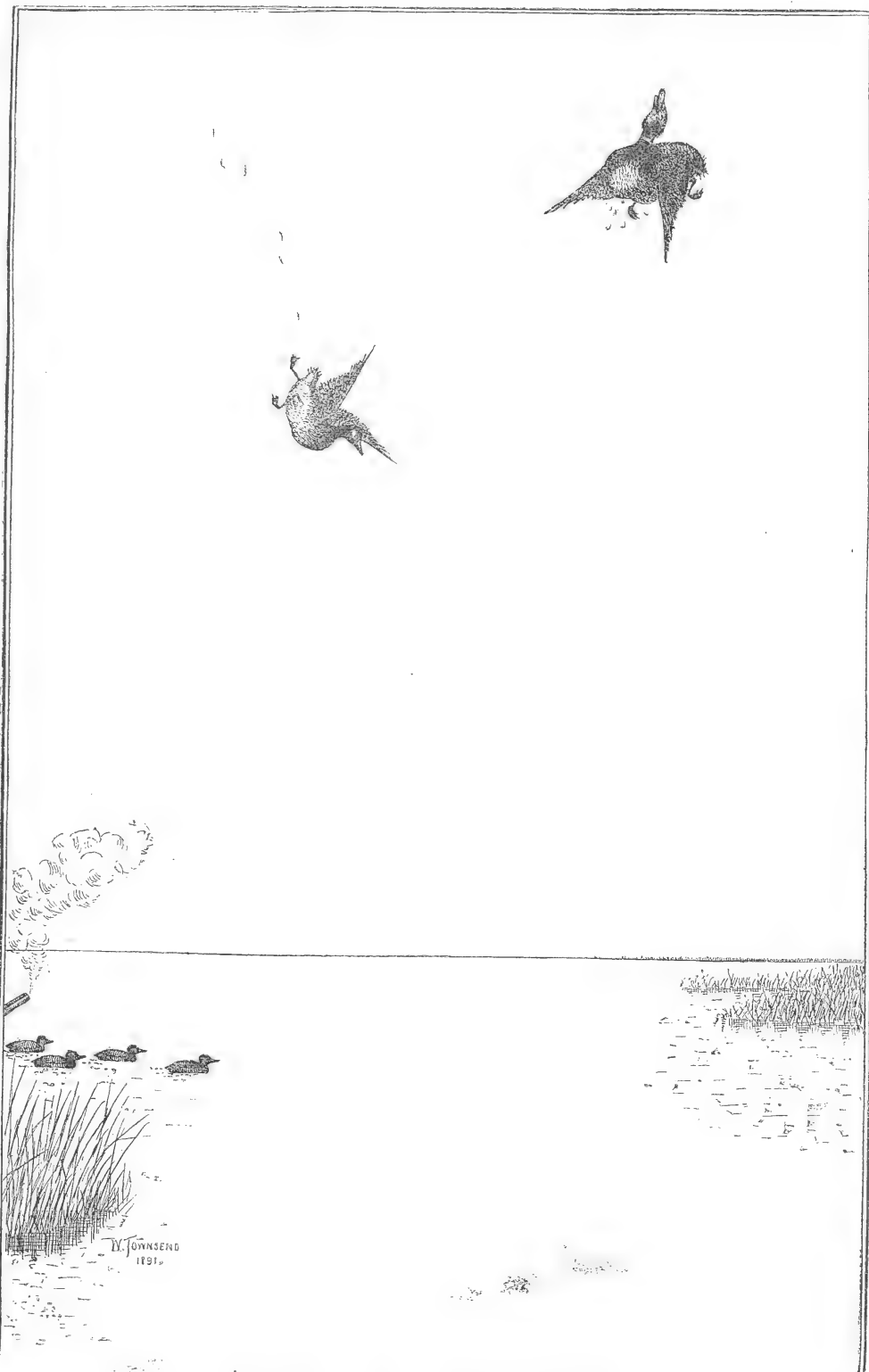
armfuls of hay, which are carried inside and spread upon the ground; over this is stretched a square piece of sail cloth cut just the proper size and fastened at the four corners, forming a dry, smooth floor. During the warm portions of the day we made good use of the fly, which was converted into an awning, and we spent many hours under this during the blistering hot days which followed one after another, stretched out in the grateful shade afforded by the fly, that ingenious device for the camper's comfort. All old hunters know how insufferably hot an ordinary tent will get on a sultry day, and out on that

recollection of cautiously making a survey of the plates on at least two of the corners of our triangle as we sat cross-legged upon the canvas floor then transferring to my own plate the last scrap of bacon. For a brief space of time we sit staring at the empty pan like Nicholas Nickleby and the miller at the empty bread plate, then we pile the soiled dishes into the dish pan with a reckless disregard for neatness and order, and walk outside for a breath of fresh air and to admire the moon, which has stolen a march upon us and is now looking down triumphantly over the dark line of timber to the eastward.

Far to the southward there presently flashes into view a tongue of flame. Gradually it widens out until a narrow line reaches from east to west many yards in length. Higher and higher still it mounts, and now in the foreground thrown into bold relief against the ruddy sky there appears in view a cluster of stacks a mile or more distant. Poor old farmers, I thought, the result of your many hours of labor in the broiling July sun will soon be reduced to ashes by the fiery element. A few minutes later a tiny flame mounts to the peak of a stack; for a moment it flickers, seems to die down, regains strength, grows larger and larger, till until finally the whole mass is ablaze. Dense clouds of smoke mount skyward and the shower of sparks soon ignite stack number two. For an hour we are treated to quite a sight with the stacks roaring and blazing in plain view, then the conflagration gradually subsides, and at last naught but a mass of smouldering ashes remains to mark the spot. A pair of owls flit by noiselessly, wheel and circle back to see what great white object has invaded their nightly hunting grounds. A nighthawk wheels with querulous call overhead, high in the air one minute, but sweeping gracefully earthward the next, uttering that familiar grating call. Our watches indicate but 9:30, yet our eyes persist in blinking out their protest, so the blankets are spread inside, our lantern is extinguished, and with the gentle night wind rustling the field of waving grass around us, we fall into a restful slumber. The alarm clock hangs from the peak of our cosy little tent and ticks out its vigilant watch throughout the night, and as it gleefully whirrs out its summons to arise as the hour hand indicates 4 A. M., we awake, refreshed in mind and body by our long sleep.

The east is just commencing to turn pink, but over all the marsh land there hangs a huge fog bank, dense and white. It envelops our little camp with its moist and clinging grasp, and wherever it touches

the moisture forms. One by one we straggle outside. I draw a cup of water from our barrel, and as I swallow the cold liquid a shiver passes over me and I willingly withdraw to the tent and touch a match to our little stove, for the morning is chilly indeed. Gradually the fog clears away, and as we once more emerge from our tent, warmed through by our onslaught upon the coffee and buckwheats, the sun is just rising and we are admonished that it is very late for hunters to be on their way to the blinds. Our two boats have first to be carried out to the water's edge, and this proves to be no small task as the wet grass and reeds stand shoulder high and brush their loads of dew in our faces as we stagger through the rank growth. Nearly an hour is consumed ere we stand upon the shore. Only C.'s Parker has been brought out from the tent, and this is soon brought into requisition on the flocks of plover which circle temptingly within easy reach of the point which juts out westward



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—X.

A DOUBLE ON MALLARDS.

toward the once famous Center Bog. Uttering their plaintive cries a bunch of fifteen or twenty yellowlegs are coming down wind. Without a waver in their flight they near us and as they pass over the open water directly opposite us the 10-gauge booms out. Pat, pat, pat, pat, and four of the mottled beauties are lying upon the surface of the shallow stagnant water, while a badly disconcerted flock of plover is scurrying away with accelerated speed. "Mark north," I hear a voice and three pairs of eyes soon espy a single pintail winging her way toward us. Unsuspecting of danger she draws near, and even as C. rises with the Parker at his shoulder she merely swerves a trifle to one side. At the report the game falls with a resounding splash. E. and I hold a conference, and not caring to make an extra trip back to the tent for our guns as the morning flight will soon be over, we conclude to watch C. The day turns out to be a very warm one and we are glad to return to camp and stretch ourselves in the shade thrown by the awning, and only retrace our steps to the water's edge at 4 o'clock to secure the evening shooting.

Wednesday, the heat not abating, most of our time is spent in camp. Thursday dawns upon another kind of day and with high hopes we make our way down to the boats shortly after daybreak to find a northwest wind blowing great guns. I am just preparing to pole northward along the narrow channel, when I see great numbers of birds have risen in a body from the big lake and are moving in our direction, so I make for the west side of the bog and hastily draw my boat from sight. I have just time to conceal myself from sight when a bunch of pintails passes between us. They are much nearer the boys than they are to my side of the shore, and presently I see dark barrels pointed upward with deadly effect, for three of the flock are killed outright, and in the panic which follows the flock swerves over to the west side of the channel upon which I am hiding, and though the distance is great, I manage to score one kill, and secure the victim by wading out in my long boots. I have just regained the cover when I see a long-necked bird approaching. He is high, but is directly over head and presents a shot in which I take no little pride. With my first I cause him to stagger, but under such headway as not to fall. A second barrel follows the first, and after a struggle to keep under motion there follows a long, slanting fall, and my duck, a spoonbill, lies dead upon the surface of the bay thirty rods distant. A single teal slips upon me, getting nearly by before I catch sight of him. The leaden hail patters around him but he seems to bear a charmed life, for even my second fails to bring anything except a tiny wing feather. Ah ha, you rascal, you are not yet safe, for from the further side of the channel your progress is being noted. Well may you dodge and waver in your rapid flight, as you at last catch sight of the form which has risen to cover with deadly barrels your tiny form. But it is too late, for long before the sound of the muffled report has reached my ears I have seen your fall, and I am revenged.

The flight slackens and I get into my light ducker and with long poling paddle in hand slowly make my way northward, where now and then huge bodies of wildfowl are seen to rise in the air for a moment, to settle in the water once more after making a short flight. It is very slow work and an hour has elapsed before I reach the open water. A ruddy duck bounces up from somewhere, although I did not see him until his plump little form is pattering by me. Down goes the poling paddle and I turn slightly and send a charge of 6s hustling around his devoted little head. What, a clean miss? Well, take that then, and down splashes my bird all in a heap. He is picked up and I continue on my way. I think I see a bunch of teal swim in behind that tiny island of reeds and cattails, but it might have been nothing but a flock of water hens, of which there are hundreds boldly feeding all around me. It was nothing but a glimpse and the distance was too great to make them out distinctly, but we will make the sneak at any rate; and the poling paddle is laid in the bottom of the boat and a short sneaking paddle is taken up in its place. Softly now, I gain the margin of grass and commence the circuit of the island. I am so busy planning how I will rake the unsuspecting teal upon the water with my first barrel and create a panic with my second as they rise that I am almost startled into falling overboard when with great fuss and splutter an old redhead duck mounts upward almost from under the bows of my boat. I forget about the teal in the excitement of the moment and not until I have retrieved my victim do I remember about the teal, and then too late I see a fine flock of some 30 birds scurrying away. But they are turning, are they not? Sure enough, and now they are fairly on the way back. Hastily I shove the boat into the shelter of the coarse grass and await their coming. Now I can catch the flicker of their wings, but, Great Scott! how they are traveling. There is a flash of blue and brown and they have passed by me. Bang, bang, slip in two more shells and knock over those two cripples and four birds are mine.

I draw the boat well in among the bogs and settle down for a little flight shooting. A few scattering birds afford an occasional shot, but I am getting discontented. I am just on the point of pushing out when I descry an old pintail duck making her way leisurely toward my place of concealment. Her long thin neck is stretched out to its fullest extent, as if suspicious of danger, but nevertheless she approaches, and when at last I rise to a sitting posture and draw down on her she is thrown into wild confusion. The report is followed by her fall. Two or three different blinds are experimented with with more or less success, but at last I turn the boat's bows toward camp. It is growing dusk as I pick my way along, and as I mark the distance between the point where I know the boys are waiting for me and the flat upon which I am leaving a glistening trail behind me, I see bright flashes; one, two, three four seconds pass, and at last there comes to my waiting ears that sound so musical to the hunter's ear—*ah-room, ah-room, room, room*. With a row of blisters upon the palm of one hand I finally push in beside them, and together we make our way toward camp along the now well-beaten path. Our birds are spread out to cool in the damp night wind, and we lie at length inside our tent discussing this good and that bad shot made during the day. Supper is finally disposed of and we prepare for the night, our last night in camp, too. Outside in the distance the fires are raging; now lying down leaving only a smoking heap of burning peat then leaping aloft as a gust of wind carries onward to a new stretch of marsh.

WORCESTER FUR COMPANY'S HUNT.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 1.—Friday, Oct. 30, was the day selected for the fifth annual grand hunt of the Worcester Fur Company, and the success of the day's hunt proved the selection a most happy one. At 5 A. M. the clear notes of the hunter's horn rang melodiously through the Bay State House corridors and were wafted across Main street, awakening many a late riser who wondered what on earth could have struck the town, for the hunter's horn was something the lodgers in and about the Bay State had heard only in print. The hunters, most of whom had laid awake all night listening for the welcome sound, were soon astir and at 5:30 a party of twenty men or more gathered in the hotel dining room ready to lay in the foundation for an all day's tramp; and this same breakfast was one of the greatest features adopted for this year's hunt.

Six o'clock, the hour of starting, found a jolly and picturesquely dressed crowd of all sizes and ages and of all degrees of experience in fox hunting, from the veteran of 77 years, "Uncle Natie," to the representative of one of the morning dailies, who blushed through a week's growth of beard left on for the occasion, whenever the scornful eyes of an old timer chanced to fall on him. All sorts of vehicles were drawn up before the hotel to convey the party to the meeting place. First came the two barges, which took in about half of the party; then followed a long procession of single and double rigs, hunting carts, etc., with the famous "Mustang Gang" bringing up the rear. As the line moved up Lincoln street and out through Adams Square, it could be seen that the day would open with a blaze of splendor and all hopes were high. The sky was cloudless, not a breath of air was stirring, as could be seen by the lazily rising columns of smoke that bespoke an occasional early riser, mindful that only through the agency of a roaring fire could the morning cup of coffee be forthcoming.

At the Heywood farm, the usual place of meeting, all was excitement. Horses impatiently pawed the turf, men excitedly besought President Kinney to assign them a favored locality, hounds tugged at their chains, the aroma of choice "sun cured" filled the air with a delicious perfume, and before one could get through greeting friends from out of town the party was scattering in all directions and the hunt was on.

John M. White and party from Millbury with a pack of hounds were despatched to the cidar mill. There was a time when to hunt foxes with John White meant a day's sport such as seldom falls to a man, but something has "queered" John of late, and ever since he got harnessed up with Linfield's hammerless gun he can't seem to get quite in touch with the big hunts.

One of the first packs to start a red was that of the Northboro and Marlboro party, who were run in north of Straw Hollow. They took up a fox and drove him up toward Rocky Pond, where he met his death. Stationed at the fork of the road by the old burned house was a hunter, whose nerves have never played him false, whose eagle eye is never dimmed, at least not by 8 A. M. One barrel settled sly reynard, and, as "Denny" expressed it, "No red-headed fox need come fooling around unless he was bald-headed," pulling off his hat and exposing to the gaze of the astonished natives that noble head which has been the butt of so many of Denny's best jokes. But Denny never gave himself so hard a rap as Bardick did when he sold him the setter Dick. That is another story, however, and entirely outside of fox hunting. The Mustang Gang joined the Millbury party, and entertained any stray hunters who were so fortunate as to run across them at lunch.

Billy Dean and Uncle Nathan, Lisba and his party, with a large number of others, headed for the shoemakers, which is usually the center of the hunt. A dozen hounds were cast off, and, after some hard work, took up their fox on the north end of each ridge, and as he took a turn south every dog within a radius of three miles, which was not driving, swung to the pack. Down toward the Harlow place they went, in which direction a couple of foxes were heard, but the dogs kept on, and it was thought he had crossed to Sewell Hill. Soon they are heard coming back on the lower side of the ledges, the pack by this time increased to a perfect mob of barking, baying, howling, even squalling, dogs; and as they turn again and swing south, the hunters in that vicinity are treated to a drive that makes the day's hunt a success, however it may end.

More guns were heard to the south, but some hunters had so far forgotten the simplest ethics of sportsmanship as to bring along a setter and indulge in bird hunting, strictly against the rules of the club, and many of the shots were attributed to them. What became of the fox nobody knows, for the hounds came back, one by one, and soon took up another fox, which proved to be less fortunate. When jumped he led straight away, and the dogs went out of hearing. Soon Mr. Geo. Holbrook saw a fox coming toward him. When about 12 rods off he turned, and seeing he would come no nearer Mr. Holbrook gave him a barrel, which only served to increase his speed a trifle. Geo. Cutting driving along the road saw him coming, and stopping his team, jumped out, seized his gun, and had only time enough to insert one shell when the fox was within range. He shot, but only wounded him, and he disappeared from sight across the road. Mr. Cutting followed and came across him in an orchard. Two more barrels laid him out, and 15 minutes later the dogs came up, having apparently been bothered back in the swamp.

All this time old Railsplitter could be heard driving to the north, and some of the party who gathered about the successful hunter went to the old dog's assistance. Among them was A. W. Hunt, who had stumbled on to a fox near Randall Rocks, and stalked and killed him as he worked across a meadow listening to the hounds. No dogs were after him. By this time it was 10 o'clock, and over on Bond Hill, where Mr. Kinney put in his hounds, there had been a perfect cannonade since early morning. Many thought the Lake View Gun Club were holding a "tourney." Others thought the foxes had all congregated there, and were counting up how many had probably been killed. Some thought as many as fifteen sure, and the most skeptical and conservative gave them a half dozen. Imagine our surprise on learning that the entire fusillade had been directed at one poor little fox that weighed less than seven pounds, and that the dogs had been obliged to catch her to finish the chase. No one could tell who shot at her first, but Charlie Steel gave

her two barrels and claims to have hit her. Shot after shot was fired after her and every one hit her. Still she kept on. As one hunter expressed it, "The more they shot her the better she ran." Finally Frank Sweet, of Ashburnham, got a crack at her and gave her both barrels, later he shot two more, and claims to have hit her the fourth shot, though he admits missing clean with the first three. No hounds coming on her track, Sweet set out to get a dog; and finally ran across a couple, which he worked up to the trail, and was rewarded by seeing them take it the back way and whoop it up for more than it was worth. It was three-quarters of an hour before he could get hold of a dog again, and this time the fox was started and Mr. Sweet contributed another shell; and after a short run the dogs caught her. Another youthful fox hunter shot off his gun about this time and claimed the fox, but his claim was not allowed; in fact, the self-constituted governing board of the club declined to give Mr. Sweet the credit of killing the fox, claiming it was a clean catch for the hounds, an idea so ridiculous that it merits the severe criticism it is receiving at the hands of the majority of the club.

Early in the morning Mr. E. O. Conforth was so unfortunate as to break his gun. He walked back to the city, hired another gun and a little before noon was back at the Heywood farm. Finding the famous crossing "the old oak" uncovered he took up his station there and soon heard a dog driving on Burncoat Plain. The music drew nearer and in a few moments Mr. Conforth bowled over a fox.

Will Brigham, of Boylston, was out with his bounds and killed a fox, but as he was not present at the dinner the particulars of his run could not be learned. Charlie Howe, one of the club members, was putting in his vacation up in New Hampshire and killed a fox which was not counted, as he failed to produce him with the pelt on, as is required. Throwing out Howe's fox gives the hunt a total of six, which is the largest score made at an annual hunt since the club was formed.

The day opened up perfect, but about 9 o'clock the wind came up and interfered somewhat with hearing and also served quickly to dry off the leaves and grass, so that by noon the following was extremely dry and the hunt was practically over.

Hunters and dogs came straggling back to town during the afternoon; and at 7:30 a large party were gathered in the corridors of the Bay State House discussing the hunt, with an anxious eye on the dining-room door. The annual dinner was fair—to speak well of it. The serving of it was miserable—to let it down easy; and the post-prandial speaking was about half-way between. Still every one enjoyed the dinner, for appetite had been sharpened by the long day's outing and every one had had a good time. On such a day no one with blood in his veins could do otherwise than enjoy himself if he were but out in the woods.

The hunt on the whole was not so satisfactory as some preceding ones, in spite of the large number of foxes killed. The majority of hunters did not hear as much driving as usual. The runs were short, or the foxes led off and took the dogs out of hearing, and a number scarcely heard a pack with a running fox. But what driving there was was fast and furious and the number killed proved that on their old ground the Worcester Fur Co. have plenty of foxes for the most successful and enjoyable "grand hunt" held in New England. HAL.

WILD GOOSE SHOOTING IN DAKOTA.

"ONK! HONK! ONK! HONK!" the voice of the wild goose is heard in the land, and our sportsmen are putting aside their chicken shot and loading a supply of shells with B.B. The noble birds are just beginning their flight from their remote northern nesting grounds, and the Dakotas seem to be like a half-way house for them, where they can "rest and refresh themselves" before completing their long journey to the Sunny South; and they find plenty of the very best feeding grounds in our extensive wheat stubbles and cornfields.

In the State of New York I never saw wild geese light or act as if they were looking for a feeding place. They passed over in unbroken V-shaped flocks and at an altitude far above the reach of the best fowling piece. I once killed one there with a long-range rifle, but I considered it a mere chance shot, for I believe the flock was more than 200 yds. high. Here in Dakota they are usually seen in irregularly shaped flocks, not very high and apparently on the lookout for food and ready to light where there is any chance of getting something to eat, always provided the situation looks perfectly safe to them. In this respect they manifest a remarkable amount of cautious cunning, invariably selecting a place in an open field, where there are no sharp ridges nor other irregularities in the surface that might enable a sportsman to approach them unseen by their sentinels, several of which are always on the lookout while the others are feeding. I never knew them to trouble a cornfield where there was a good even stand of stalks, but if they discover a piece of scattering corn, where the seed has been mostly taken by gophers or worms they will not hesitate to go in and gobble up what corn has been permitted to mature. But their favorite feeding ground is on wheat stubble; in fact that is their only chance in the spring. For several years the autumns have been so dry here that the scattered wheat on the stubblefields has not sprouted, and in the spring the geese find it a little softened and just to their taste.

I am a practical sportsman, but I never go on "a wild goose chase," and I notice the amateurs who follow them and try by one device and another to creep up to them, seldom come back with any birds. My way is to get there first, and let the geese come to me. They are naturally quite regular in their movements and habits, and no one need expect much success in endeavoring to shoot them until he has familiarized himself with their ways. Most of the geese that pass here stop several weeks to feed up, before completing their long flight. During the night they stay in the many small lakes, at a safe distance from shore. Shortly after sunrise they fly out for food, returning about 10 A. M. They go out again in the middle of the afternoon and do not come back until after sundown. I have sometimes been quite successful by watching a fly-way at the shore of a lake, and shooting them by twilight as they came in. Looking upward, I could see a dim outline of the shape of the flock and would blaze away at the front ranks. With two barrels I have brought down as many as five in this way, from one flock,

It was often too dark for me to see where they fell, but my well trained retriever was sure to secure all that were disabled, and to put them in a pile at my side. A good dog is very essential, for he secures many geese that would otherwise escape. A goose is a very strong, energetic bird, and in proportion to his size it takes more lead to stop him than any other game bird I ever shot. I have often seen them fly over half a mile after being shot, and then drop dead. If a goose is only winged, it is often very difficult to get him without a dog.

In this vicinity the best goose shooting I find is in wheat stubbles. I select a field as remote as possible from buildings or roads. Near the center I dig a pit, 3ft. wide by 6ft. long, with a jog or shelf at one end to sit on, deep enough to leave my head below the surface when sitting. Then I put in some straw or hay to make it comfortable. In front of me at my feet is plenty of room for my dog, gun, shells, etc. I take great pains to scatter the loosened earth evenly in the stubble; if it were left in a pile the geese would notice it and avoid the place; but if they are flying low enough to shoot they cannot see the pit until they are nearly over it, and then it is too late for the discovery to be of any use to them, provided the sportsman does his part well. I take care to make all these preparations at a time of day when the geese are on the lakes, for should I wait until they commenced flying out for food every flock that saw me at work would be sure to give my field a wide berth.

After the pit is ready and I have made all its surroundings appear as natural as possible, I set out a lot of sheet iron decoys, shaped and painted to resemble a wild goose so closely that they will deceive the oldest leaders until they come very close to them. Everything is now in readiness, and I get into the pit with my dog. Sport understands as well as I do that it is essential to keep perfectly quiet. I take a book or newspaper, together with a large stock of patience, for sometimes I have to wait for hours without getting a shot. But if any geese come in my direction, they are quite sure to discover the decoys from a great distance and to shape their course with the intention of taking dinner with what appears to them to be another flock of geese already feeding. On they come, but they will not light; they swoop down quite near the decoys, and discovering the deception, start upward in disorder, with clamorous cries of alarm. Now is my time. I spring to my feet and fire two barrels in rapid succession, usually bringing down several of the noble birds, sometimes as many as eight. Sport is out as soon as the gun cracks, and the birds that fall furthest away and show the most activity are sure to receive his first attention. The dead geese make good decoys when set up in a natural position, the head being held up by a small stick set in the ground. A score of 33 in one afternoon is the best I have made. But it is not often they fly so good.

I have killed at least six different varieties since I came here. What is known as the Canadian goose is much the largest and best kind for food; when full grown they weigh from 12 to 16 lbs. One kind is quite beautiful, they are rather small, of very graceful form and perfectly white, with the exception of black tips on the ends of the wings of the ganders. This variety usually appears in very large flocks, and in the spring are the last to take their departure for the north.

A. N. ALWARD.

CROW LAKE, South Dakota.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 5.—The perils which may beset the hunter when afield are evidenced clearly to the minds of Chicago shooters this week. No man of the shooting fraternity here is better known than Mr. R. B. Organ. Without him we should be lost. Yet we came near missing him this week, and the Minnesota pleasure trip on which he started so blithely came to the point of being his ultimate disaster.

Once in a while a business man shows unconscious ability as a newspaper writer and describes a thing better than he would if it were his business to do so. Mr. Organ's story of his adventure came to his friends here in the shape of a letter to Mr. W. P. Mussey. This letter tells the facts in so straightforward a way that it is given in full:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 3.—We broke camp near Pelican Rapids, Sunday, P. M. Had a splendid time. No big shooting, but killed quite a number of all kinds, from canvasback down to the merganser. Our party consisted of Mr. Whitcomb, J. C. Joylin, W. H. Jacoby and your humble servant.

Am sorry to say that our hunt came near terminating with a death, and it was my misfortune to be the one that came so near going down to a watery grave or being frozen to death. Will relate the circumstances and then you can draw your own conclusion as to how near I was to the door.

It happened as follows: On Thursday last Whitcomb and myself cut heavy poles about 20ft. long, went up about the center of Lake Lizzie, where there is about 9ft. of water and 8ft. of mud.

We put down six poles, three on each side, placed our decoys, made a nice blind by putting string around the poles and then weaving in rice and flags. Left the blind that night and intended going back Friday morning. Whitcomb and I started from the shore at 10 A. M. and only went a short distance when the wind commenced to blow very hard, and as our boat was very small, turned back, put him ashore, and went to the blind with the intention of shooting till noon, when we were to break camp and go home.

I had hard work to get to the blind as the wind was so strong and within five minutes after I was in and had the boat tied down on each side, it was blowing so hard that I could not get out without running in the trough of the sea, as the white caps were very high. I was sure the boat would ride the waves providing I could head her down the wind, which I could not do unless the wind changed.

I decided to not attempt getting out until the wind abated, which I thought it would surely do toward night, as the wind usually goes with the sun; but instead of going down it increased, and I hardly thought it possible for it to get worse than it was. I found out in my wait of twenty-six long hours that it was only fooling the first twelve hours compared with the last fourteen.

About 9 P. M. it got colder, blew harder, then rained, afterward changed to snow and then to sleet. The water washed over the side of the boat 325 to 350 ft. to the center of the lake and get me, which offer he most respectfully declined, and added that they could not get him to go on the lake in such a storm. After seeing the boat they knew it was perfectly safe, and they started for the blind, which they found empty, as I had left there at 6:20

A. M., about twenty minutes ahead of them. Coming to the blind and finding it empty they thought of course that I was drowned or frozen. They probed the bottom in search of me, then hunted the shore. Started for camp and when within half a mile of camp saw a white flag up, which was the signal that I had returned. I never expected to get out alive, as it was the roughest night I ever was out. The wind was so strong that it blew many trees down, and ice froze over an inch thick. At 6 A. M. the wind did not blow quite so hard, so I decided to make the attempt. As the wind had changed a little in my favor I cut the boat loose and she swung around on the top of the waves, and then I knew for the first time that I was O. K.

I expected to die, and you know there are some things about a fellow's business that his wife should know. I searched my pockets for a pencil but found none. Before I started I took off my vest, put my watch and money in it, made it fast under a brace, tied my gun to the boat, and made a rope with a slip noose fast to the rowlock, so that in case I had to go down my dead body would be with the boat, as I have heard that it is unpleasant to have to wait some days for a fellow to come up.

I was very weak a few minutes before I started, but after I had pulled twenty minutes it would have taken a Hanlon to beat me that mile and a half. I got into camp about a half hour ahead of the searchers, and was all right until I got into the tent, then I felt as weak to stand up. I am all right now with the exception of the foot braces and my hands.

Am glad to hear that Kleinman did Elliott up. With best regards to the boys,

R. B. ORGAN.

At last advices Mr. Organ was sick at Minneapolis. The shock which his system must have sustained is not shown by the above simple story. In August, 1884, Mr. Organ was nearly killed by a powder explosion while he was loading some shells at Grand Crossing. It is a question whether he has ever been the same man since. Now comes this awful night, in which, thinly clad, he spent 26 hours on the edge of life, the thermometer meantime dropping 69° and threatening death from sheer exposure. We shall feel that we have simply found Ror Organ when he gets back here, though very thankful therefor indeed.

Far worse than the above is the fate of another Chicago sportsman, killed by the hand of a friend. The dispatches cover that:

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, Colo., Nov. 3.—Last Saturday G. W. Price, son of Dr. Price, of Chicago, and a member of the firm of the Price Flavoring Extract Company; A. C. Fleischner, of the same company, of Chicago; and J. B. Cobb, of the Denver Omnibus and Carriage Company; with W. H. Hubbard, of Spring Valley, near Glenwood Springs, as guide, outfitted here and started for a two weeks' hunt on the Big Muddy. Last night they camped in Jerome Park at the head of Thompson Creek, in Pitkin county, in a place called Don's Dugout. Some time during the night Mr. Price, who, it is claimed, was a somnambulist, went outside of the dugout, leaving the others asleep. Upon his return, as he crawled into the room on all fours, Hubbard called out, "Who's there?" and called to the dog, but as the dog became frightened and no answer was given, Hubbard exclaimed: "Boys, I believe it's a ren! Give me a gun, quick!" Cobb hastily handed him a .45cal. Colt's revolver, and without further thought Hubbard fired two shots, one of which passed through the top of Price's head into his body, causing his death in about two hours. The party returned immediately to Marion, where an engine was procured, and all came to Glenwood Springs this afternoon. Coroner G. Clark immediately summoned a jury, and a verdict of accidental shooting was rendered.

Dr. V. C. Price, father of the victim in the above deplorable affair, denies that his son was a sleep-walker. George W. Price was twenty-six years old, recently married. He was a prominent young business man, much esteemed. Killed by his guide.

Yesterday, in West Virginia, occurred another fatal accident in the field, one of the sort which it is hard to understand as possible to a man gifted with fair possession of his faculties, but one which happens all too often. Several men were hunting near Wilsonburg, when a little seven-year-old child, being in the edge of the woods, became frightened at the firing and lay down behind a log. One of the hunters mistook the little head for some animal and fired, putting a bullet through the boy's brain. The father of the boy was one of the hunting party.

Nov. 6.—Some good duck shooting within the past week or so in the Illinois River country. Senachwine Lake reports some heavy bags, and at Hennepin Club, above there, the sport has been fine. On Oct. 16 W. W. McFarland, at Hennepin Club, killed 95 ducks in one day and C. D. Gammon 75. Last week Messrs. McFarland, Gammon and Eich bagged 271 ducks in 4 days down at the old reliable Hennepin Marsh. The Hennepin boys are all delighted with their new club boat—hot and cold water, washstands, and all that. Is it to this that Charlie Gammon attributes the attack of inflammatory rheumatism which has him now confined to his bed?

The buffalo is gone. Mr. Albert Bierstadt's sorrow at that should be mitigated. His painting, "The Last of the Buffaloes," has lately been sold for \$50,000.

Quail very plenty in Indiana and lower Illinois. Good bags are reported, notably one by Oscar Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Antoine.

E. HOUGH.

LAKE WAUGHBUNSEY is about thirty miles south of Council Bluffs, as the crow flies, and two or three miles east of a small station (Bartlette), on the "R. C." The east shore of the lake is bordered by high bluffs, the margin being shaded by drooping willow, ash and oak, underneath whose shade there is a thick growth of rushes, sweet flag and red-stemmed smart weed, which makes splendid feeding ground early in the fall for wood duck and teal, but later when the shooting becomes general they leave the shore for new feeding places farther out in the lake among the bushes of smart weed, wild celery and other tender aquatic plants. At night the ever gregarious teal and wood duck will collect around some large rat house to partake of a rich supper of celery and other tender roots and plants brought to the surface by the industrious rats. Mallards, too, get their share of the edibles and keep up a continual quacking throughout the night. The west shore of this lake is bordered by prairie grass, slough, red-twigged maples and little silver-twigged willow. On these boggy bottoms is the home of those palatable and sprightly little gallinules known to gunners as jack snipe, tip-tail, yellow legs, etc. Farther over in the fields are quail in great abundance, but the tall grass and weeds are hard to pull through and make this kind of hunting rather laborious, however over there in the woods to the east the quail and squirrel shooting is very good, and one is now and then rewarded by bagging a pheasant. There is no trouble about securing boats at this lake, as several new ones have been launched this fall and rent for 10 cents an hour.—Omaha Bee.

TEXAS WILDFOWL.—Port Lavaca, Nov. 3.—Mr. John Dearlam of Long Mott brought the result of a day's shooting to town last week. It consisted of 200 ducks. Countless thousands are in the vicinity.

MAINE GAME.

THERE comes up a wail from Portland, Me., papers that partridges can hardly be had in that city at any price. Then the Portland Express attempts to explain the scarcity from the fact that the new game laws provide that a man shall kill only fifteen partridges, and then, if he wishes to sell them, he must take them to market himself. The express companies, on this account, have refused to take them, and have notified the hunters to that effect. This, that paper claims, reduces the supply, and makes the lover of partridges pay high prices if they will gratify their love for game. The same growl comes from the Lewiston and Bangor marketmen. They say that the stage drivers, who, in previous seasons, have done a good business buying partridges along their routes and then bringing them to town, are afraid to touch them this year.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard, of Boston, who has been almost every year into Maine for partridges for many years, says that he has found them unusually scarce this year. He has spent several weeks in that State this fall, in the upper Moosehead region and in the Nicasotus region, but he found not one-third the usual number of partridges. He believes that it is the excessive shooting of the young birds, while yet in broods, that has so greatly thinned out their numbers; and he believes that the open season begins altogether too early. Oct. 1 would be early enough. Then the young birds would be in full plumage and better able to take care of themselves.

The Boston marketmen are not getting partridges this year, and though they have little to say as to what prices the supply has ceased to come from, yet it is quite certain that it is Maine that they have chiefly in mind. Why, under the old law a man in Bangor by the name of Abbott, as I remember, built a refrigerator, and one fall he bought several thousand partridges at 10 cents, 15 cents and 20 cents apiece, just as he could get them. He put these in cold storage, and when they became worth \$1 a pair in New York, he sent them there by the carload, and realized thousands of dollars on his venture. Under the new law he could have had only fifteen birds on hand at once, or at least he can transport only that number, and that, too, openly. It is perfectly natural that such men should fight the new law. They are no worse than the generality of men if they do, but they must find some other means of profit. There is little doubt, however, but what a good many birds will be quietly shipped to Portland and Bangor and then stealthily out of the State. But the Commissioners have a better law to work with than ever before, and they will try to enforce it.

There is no doubt about the scarcity of moose in the Maine forests this year, compared with three or four seasons past, and there is little doubt about their being illegally killed in several instances. But when one is asked to believe all the stories that have been told about the slaughter of moose in the close season in the Moosehead Lake region, his good sense is reflected upon seriously, especially if the listener be at all acquainted with the Maine woods, and the extent in which moose have existed there during the past eight or ten years. Scores of city sportsmen go into the Maine woods every season, and their great desire is to kill a moose. To most of them it matters but little as to whether it be in the open or close season, if they can only slay their moose. They will take the chances of the fines, though using every precaution against being found out till well out of the State. But in spite of this lawlessness of feeling, that has existed for several years, the number of moose killed in Maine this year, up to date, has been unusually small. These men, when they reach their city homes, are very likely to brag of their exploits, but it is a curious fact that not the usual number of stories of moose slain are being told this season. If these fellows have killed their moose apiece this year, they are keeping unusually still about it. Some moose stories are told, to be sure. One young gentleman, who has hunted along almost the entire border of Maine and Canada, tells of killing a moose, while he was back in Boston previous to Oct. 1. But he claims that his moose was killed on Canadian soil.

Two other sportsmen mentioned the killing of a moose during the last days of September in the region of Spencer Lake. They were not intending to hunt large game till it was legal to do so. But about the 28th of September, on one of those beautiful days that the season has been remarkable for, they were sitting in camp, when the guide called out, "Look at that moose!" Just across the pond an enormous moose had come down into the shallow and nearly dried out marsh to feed. The guide rushed for the boat, and both hunters got in, with their Winchester repeating rifles. The guide paddled them very cautiously around a curve and into a bend of the pond in such a way that the moose did not see them. They were approaching close to an easy rifle shot.

But one of the hunters relented, and said that there was no moose for him till the open season. The guide sneered, in a whisper, and told the hunter that it was the chance of his life. The hunter still relented. The guide turned to the other hunter with the threat that if one of them was not going to shoot, he should shoot the moose himself. He requested them not to make a noise that would frighten the beast away. The hunters concluded that they might as well shoot as to have the guide do the killing. They came in sight of the monster just as he scented them and began to turn his head. The second hunter succeeded in putting a ball just back of the fore shoulder, when the moose, an enormous bull, staggered and toppled over. He came down with a great splash into the muddy water, and lay lifeless.

Then it was that the hunters regretted the work they had done. With all the force they could muster they could not pull the great beast out of the muddy water and get him where he would float. They finally gave up in despair. They did not like to go to other camps for assistance. The weather was hot, as everybody remembers, and nothing of the moose was saved but his head and antlers, and the few steaks that were cut from the quarters before the whole begun to spoil. They had no ice at their camp—only a temporary one—and there was none for miles. The moose was wasted. Those say they are done with moose that must be left to spoil.

The reports of deer killed in Maine, since the open season begun, are beginning to come in, though it is curious to note that not one has yet appeared in the Boston market. At the Eastern Railroad Station the other morning there were three fine deer tagged to a Mr. H. F. Bailey.

CHATHAM FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION OF NEW JERSEY.—The results of restocking the territory covered by this Association were largely exhibited on Nov. 2 and 3, the first two days of the open season for quail. In every locality where quail had been turned out last spring they were found more abundant than for years, except in one instance. In this latter case lawless poachers went upon the ground and killed off probably the larger number of those that were turned out in the spring. Reports from members and their friends, as well as from the farmers, were of the most gratifying character. Not only were a large number of quail shot, but many partridges, woodcock, snipe, rabbits and a sprinkling of raccoons and other small animals. One trespasser was arrested and his gun confiscated by the game wardens. A few sportsmen who, ignorantly or otherwise, were upon the grounds, were met by game wardens, constables or members and prudently took their leave. The farmers and land owners are deeply gratified at the almost entire freedom from annoyance and the destruction of domestic fowls. The community is generally in favor of the action of this Association. The territory is being enlarged in a considerable measure by the voluntary requests of farmers and land owners for permission to sign the Association agreements. Arrangements are being made to have permanent covers erected as protection for quail and other game birds, and supply them with buckwheat and other food during the coming winter. The frame for the new club house opposite the Chatham Station is now being constructed.—R.

HOW TO TELL THE POINT OF COMPASS WITH A KNIFE AND A WATCH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not long ago one of your correspondents told how to find the points of compass with a watch, but he said nothing about finding the sun on a dark day, and that is a very important part of the programme. My way of finding where I am when lost in the field or upon the water on a cloudy day, is to place the point of a knife blade upon the middle of my thumb nail—the blade in a line perpendicular to the plane of the nail. A shadow will then be seen upon the nail pointing at the knife point, and one can readily determine where the sun is. If the hour hand of a watch is then pointed at the sun, half of the distance between the hour hand and 12 o'clock is due south at any time between 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. Between the hours of 6 P. M. and 6 A. M. half of the distance between the hour hand and 12 o'clock is due north. In the woods one can be deceived by the nail shadow if he stands among trees and light comes through an opening in the forest. It is necessary to stand in an opening clear from the trees, and then it must be a very dark day indeed when the nail shadow is not sufficiently well defined to give the direction of the sun. I never bother to carry a compass on hunting trips.—ROBT. T. MORRIS, M.D.

NIGHT SHOOTING DUCKS ON THE POTOMAC.—On Sunday morning, Nov. 1, a little before daylight, two men were seen shooting ducks by the aid of a large headlight, such as may be seen on canal boats, at Four-Mile Run, near Washington. They fired a great many shots and seemed to be killing plenty of game, paddling up and down in the vicinity, and within easy reach of the police boat. Here was a double violation of the law—shooting on Sunday and using a light. Yet the paid protectors of our game slept serenely through the entire bombardment. Is it wonderful that law-abiding sportsmen seldom find a duck within rifle shot?

LONG ISLAND.—Oakdale, Nov. 4.—The whole of Suffolk county is a natural game preserve and we want our own laws. There should be a law against killing deer for five or ten years; law on rabbits to be the same as on quail (November and December); to snare rabbits unlawful, as the apple bait catches partridges; strict law on shooting on the Sabbath on the bay and upland; fines for snaring, trapping and trespassing should be heavy; a strict law against the netting of ducks. Quail are very scarce. After a deal of hard work my son and I got only eight on the first day.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

WEST VIRGINIA GAME.—Mr. T. B. Wilson writes from Capon Valley, Hardy county, that pheasants and turkeys are as plentiful as they were ten years ago, and we know from experience that they were abundant enough then to satisfy any reasonable hunter. Deer, however, appear to be growing scarcer, while signs of bear are unusually promising. There is a great quantity of chestnut mast, and Mr. Wilson believes the game will be likely to stay in the region.—T. H. B.

MISSISSIPPI.—Meridian, Oct. 26.—Weather here has been dryer than in any year of the eight or nine I have been in the South. A party of three went squirrel hunting about two weeks ago, getting 37 in two days. Had it not been for the wind and the extreme dryness of the fallen leaves the score would have been doubled or trebled. All reports indicate a fine season for quail, but we must have rain and cooler weather to make hunting pleasant.—G. W. S.

DROUGHT AND NO DUCKS.—Forgo, Nov. 1.—I searched the northern and central parts of Minnesota for duck shooting, and I can assure you it is not there, nor in South Dakota either. Small lakes all dry. I put out money, brains and time to find ten days' good shooting, and failed. Let the duck hunter be mighty certain that his particular spot is all right or he will get left this year.—PINK EDOE.

CURRITUCK DUCKS.—Mr. Charles Hallock, on board steamer Newbern, Currituck Sound, N. C., Nov. 9, reports a big bunch of geese off Buck Island, on the inshore side of the sound. A few black ducks, teal and mallards moving, and some new blinds out. Weather mild, and wind light from the southward and eastward.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—A person can take a seat in a palace car at Dearborn Station any afternoon and go over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without changing cars. The fast express on this line makes at least twenty-four hours quicker time to Los Angeles than any other line, and in fact the Santa Fé is the only thoroughly comfortable route to take. The office is at No. 212 Clark street, Chicago.—Advt.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.

THE first annual meeting and banquet of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Burlington, Nov. 4, an excellent representation of the several sections of the State being in attendance. In the business meeting, President Dow in the chair, the following new members were added: Frank A. Dwinell, W. H. DuBois, Dr. Geo. L. Nichols, C. C. Bancroft, C. M. Wilds, Major A. B. Valentine, A. D. Farwell, Albert W. Ferrin, P. C. J. Cheney, E. P. Warner, O. E. Adams, Henry J. Hall, A. F. Lincoln, Col. U. A. Woodbury, John A. Barrett, Wm. S. Dewey, H. B. Ellis, Dr. D. A. Bisbee, A. T. Newman, H. S. Peck, O. J. Cain. Honorary members: Marshall McDonald, A. N. Cheney, Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, Col. E. B. Hodge, C. H. Wilson, E. H. Lathrop, Rowland E. Robinson, Samuel Wilmott, J. G. A. Creighton.

The officers elected for the year were: President—Henry R. Dorr, of Rutland. Vice-presidents—M. S. Colburn, of Manchester Center; Henry Ballard, of Burlington; Thad M. Chapman, of Middlebury; W. W. Miles, of Barton; Herbert Brainerd, of St. Albans; Hiram Atkins, of Montpelier; F. S. McKenzie, of Woodstock; James Ritchie, of St. Johnsbury; Nathan Hobson, of Island Pond; George W. Hooker, of Brattleboro. Secretary—John W. Titcomb, of Rutland. Treasurer—James W. Brock, of Montpelier. Executive Committee (one for each county)—Addison, W. R. Peake, of Bristol; Bennington, C. F. Orvis, of Manchester; Caledonia, James Ritchie, of St. Johnsbury; Chittenden, William W. Henry, of Burlington; Essex, Nathan Hobson, of East Brighton; Franklin, E. C. Smith, of St. Albans; Grand Isle, N. W. Fisk, of Isle La Motte; Lamoille, C. S. Page, of Hyde Park; Orange, R. J. Kimball, of West Randolph; Orleans, W. W. Miles, of Barton; Rutland, C. A. Gale, of Rutland; Washington, John E. Hubbard, of Montpelier; Windham, Walter H. Childs, of Brattleboro; Windsor, F. S. McKenzie, of Woodstock. Auditors—E. C. Orvis, George W. Wing, William Walker. Membership Committee—H. R. Dorr, M. S. Colburn, J. W. Titcomb.

The treasurer's report showed one life member, 108 members who had paid \$5 each and \$185.87 on hand.

A proposed amendment to the constitution changing the annual assessment from \$5 to \$3 was read and was opposed by Mr. Senter, of Montpelier. Mr. Atkins and Dr. Gale discussed the proposed amendment, both opposing any reduction, the president favoring the reduction. Ex-Gov. Stewart thought it desirable to get a large membership. He could see how many men of ordinary means, who desired the protection of fish and game, could not afford to pay \$5. Charles H. Sheldon, of Rutland, desired to popularize the league and advocated the reduction. John P. Hoskinson argued that the league could not be popularized. He considered fishing a luxury only to be enjoyed by men of wealth, arguing that a man had a right to fish on his own land. Mr. Atkins said the object of the association was the general public good. Gen. Henry favored the adoption of the amendment. The amendment was adopted.

Another amendment, proposing the admission to the league of branch clubs by the admission of one member was adopted.

In his opening address, after the excellent banquet had been discussed, President Dorr said:

"There were disturbances in neighboring States yesterday, and even from the seclusion of these blessed valleys of Vermont we could hear things drop. To-day there are mournings in the tabernacles of the mighty, and to change the metaphor a trifle, the hit bird flutters in other localities. But here to-night there are no parties and no partisans. The roaring beast of prey and that gentle domestic animal, so familiar in political mythology, here lie down together. For fear of causing a discussion as to which is which, I shall pursue this line of thought no longer.

"I want to say one serious word concerning the aim of the Vermont Fish and Game League. It was not incorporated for social recreation, nor for boys' play. It has for a serious and honorable purpose. We wish to protect and propagate the fish and game suited to our woods and waters, and render the Green Mountains so attractive to genuine sportsmen that they will come from less favorable places to join us; and I pray heaven that all sham sportsmen, however lavish of their money, may stay away. I think I voice the sentiment of this league in saying that we would rather stock the streams and woods of Vermont for the poacher who kills to eat out of season than for the wanton who destroys simply for the sake of killing, and thinks his skill is indicated by the great numbers of his slaughtered victims.

"Numberless schemes are devised for the development of Vermont, but I hope this grand old Commonwealth will never be developed and polished into the characterless conventionalism of the typical summer resort, and I believe that the stocking of our forests and streams will accomplish more for the State in a money way than all the other elaborate plans submitted to the intelligent judgment of our people. Maine and northern New York and New Hampshire gain millions of dollars every year from visiting lovers of the rod and gun. Here in Vermont we have everything but the fish and game. No purer lakes and streams for fish and water fowls, no lovelier cover for birds, no grander ranges for deer exist anywhere; and they are lonely to-night because the denizens of old days have gone from them these many years. The pursuit of manly sport with rod and gun and their wholesome outdoor life gave to the founders of the State the nerve, the brain, the sturdy frame, the splendid qualities of mind and heart which stamped each one of them a nobleman. The mountains, crags and hills lifted their thoughts to high and patriotic themes; the solitude of

forest places led them to serious meditation; and the song and sunshine of meadow and open gave jocund gladness and buoyancy of spirit—and all made sturdy, manly, generous men. Let their descendants, with luxury at hand or in sight, always remember this.

"We are just beginning to realize that the league means business and is accomplishing something. In the name of the league I want to thank the governor and legislature of Vermont for the appropriation to build a State hatchery and to render our grateful thanks to the national government for appropriating money to build a national hatchery within our borders. This is a splendid beginning, and Col. McDonald, United States Fish Commissioner, has given this matter generous personal attention, for which we are profoundly grateful. However, the stocking of lakes and streams will be worse than useless if laws are not furnished and enforced to take the place of the awful hodge-podge of uncertain and contradictory statutes governing this subject. I hope the action of the league this evening may end in the enactment of good and wholesome laws, calculated to curb unbridled audacity and protect the fish and game of the State."

Gov. Page, to whom had been assigned the toast, "Vermont," was detained in Boston, and Col. W. A. Woodbury responded, saying the present governor once prevented him responding to Vermont. Now his absence permitted it. Small in area, sparse in population, poor in numbers, Vermont yet claims prominence everywhere. She has a quality others do not possess—a storehouse for game and fish, beauties others may covet. It needs the poetic imagination of a Dorr to write her praises. The character of Vermont's citizens gives her prestige, in which she is unexcelled. Though we have lost an Edmunds, a noble son of Vermont will fill his place to the credit of both: they are men above reproach.

Secretary Proctor, responding to the toast, "The National Government," said he was in New York and the current news made him long for home, and he came. He was not a hunter, but he took the fishing disorder early with an alder stick. His tenth birthday was the start, and a free use of the slipper followed his return with one trout. A place in Pensacola Bay would hereafter be known as "Proctor's Snapper Bank." A prerequisite to membership in the league is speaking the requisite truth. Hence his recent sojourn to Mount Vernon and the cherry tree.

Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley, speaking on "With Gun and Rifle," said he stole a gun for his first hunt, aided by a chum. (Game in abundance prevailed, partridges and squirrels were plenty. Trout were plenty when he was young, foxes abundant, with occasional deer. Legal restraint to-day as to seasons is the only safety for the forests and streams. Game grows less abundant every year. Shorten the open season for all fish and game, he said. A trout 6 in. long in the fall is too young to propagate the next season. Such trout may have spawn, but it will not fertilize. The 6 in. law should be changed to 9 or 8 at the least. Nine inch trout are pretty sights, but they leave small streams for better food supply. Shorter open seasons, May 1 to Aug. 15, is sufficient—Oct. 1 to Dec. 1 is enough for game until supply equals demand. Match hunting is an abomination which true sportsmen abhor.

Speaking to the toast, "Our Abandoned Farms," ex-Gov. Stewart saw no sign of discouragement to Vermont farmers. Few farms are abandoned. Many houses are abandoned by small holdings passing to other hands. Vermont's soil is fertile, equal to any, few Vermonters would change for western land, where schools and civilization are unknown.

Gen. Wm. W. Henry, responding to the toast, "The Birth of the League," said the father and mother of the league was the Fish and Gun Club of Rutland. He read the objects of the league, urging all to join it.

President Ezra Brainerd illustrated his remarks on "Uses of Recreation" with stories of his summer outing, and although confessing to his inability to kill game, proved his ability to kill time.

In speaking on "Where We Are," Hon. Walter E. Howard admired the epigrammatic sentiment of the toast and paid a glowing tribute to Burlington, her beauties and industries, her scholars and soldiers.

In his response to the toast "Fish and Fishermen," Charles M. Wilds related his experience in going from Middlebury to Isle La Motte, keeping his auditors in good humor.

President Buckingham spoke of "The Future," fittingly closing the first annual dinner of a new but successful organization.

DRUID HILL PARK DUCKS AND BASS.—Loitering pedestrians, as well as persons behind fast horses spinning around the big lake in Druid Hill Park in the afternoon, stopped to admire the graceful movements of the wild ducks which had congregated on the bosom of the lake, near its centre. The ducks seemed to know they were in safety inside the limits of the park and fed and played in disregard of their human observers. Going down near the centre of the lake, they would occasionally come up near the iron railing which incloses the beautiful sheet of water. A little group of sporting men enjoyed the evolutions of the birds exceedingly, and one of the more experienced of the party told about the game in the lake swimming about under the ducks. He said no body of water of like size in the world contained more or larger black bass than Druid Lake. On a sunny day large bass, singly or in groups, float lazily in shoal water, sunning themselves. They do not take fright readily, feeling, like the ducks, secure inside the sacred precincts of Druid Hill Park, nor are they disposed to take notice of bait thrown in at such a time. Tempting bait thrown on the surface of the lake at other times almost always causes a rise of bass, and the sportsmen who try this diversion are rewarded by seeing some of the handsomest specimens of bass imaginable make the water fly as they disappear with the bait. The largest bass that ever came out of Druid Lake measured over 22 in. in length and was broad and thick in proportion. It was such a fish as would cause the pulse of any appreciative angler to quicken. A party of workmen were inside the rail repairing the riprapping, when this monster bass jumped out of the water and on the stones. One of the workmen struck it with a hoe which he had in his hand and captured the prize. It was sent in to one of the park commissioners, —*Baltimore Sun.*

BASS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The article entitled "Shall the Adirondacks be Stocked With Bass?" was read by me when it was published with sadness. I reflected upon what, from time to time, has come to my knowledge respecting the waning of excellent trout fishing that once existed in the Adirondacks. Gentlemen, sportsmen, who killed two, three and ten times the number of trout possible for use in camp; guides who caught all the big trout, through the ice, in early spring for market, continuing through May and June the nefarious practice of killing and carrying out all they could stagger under, to sell; the lumberman who now, through impatience, "dynamite the ice" in the spring, that the channel for floating logs may be more readily cleared—those are the three chief agencies of the "waning" spoken of. Further material for sad reflection arises when the subject of bettering the fishing in the Adirondacks comes up in combined thoughts of the guide—vandal—who threatens the introduction of pickerel into the headwaters of the Beaver River because Dr. Webb interferes with his predatory proclivities, and he who cuts nets set by Mr. Marks—Fulton Chain Hatchery—for the extermination, in a measure, of catfish or bullheads.

You ask for information on the subject of introducing black bass in the Adirondack waters. My information can but amount to an opinion. I should think that it would be well to introduce black bass into the waters of the Adirondacks where pickerel already exist, but not with the idea that the bass will exterminate the pickerel.

Your letter to me implies that bass were introduced into some of the waters at Blooming Grove Park with the result of exterminating the pickerel. Such was not the case. There were obtained from Greenwood Lake and the St. Lawrence River, large and small-mouth bass with the idea that they might improve the bass fishing in Lake Giles where, in previous years, had been placed many thousands of small-mouth bass, taken from Lake Laura on High Knob, without obtaining the desired results. The experiment of placing large-mouth bass in Giles has resulted in improvement to some extent in taking bass. I should judge that the pickerel are as numerous as before. At best the lake is not a bass lake; it is fed by springs entirely and is deep. And my opinion is that all such cold deep waters will not result in good sport fishing for bass. Such waters are well adapted for landlocked salmon and trout. For example, Lake Giles after three years stocking with adult brook trout, has afforded more sport than during the previous ten years. It has been my fortune to be cognizant of matters at Blooming Grove Park for thirteen years. It now has become the practice of our management to retain for two years about 5,000 brook trout for the purpose of obtaining spawn and stocking, then to release them in Giles, where there are pickerel, bass, lake trout and landlocked salmon, perch, bullheads, eels, sunfish and shiners. It is quite a common occurrence for members to bring in trout, bass and pickerel as the result of one excursion around the lake.

As regards information for the Commissioners, I would refer them to the result of stocking with bass the Raquette River section of the Adirondacks.

SPENCER M. NASH.

THE CASTALIA TROUT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 6.—Last April I visited the famous Castalia trout stream of Ohio, and wrote about it. Mr. Milton P. Peirce made comment on my article. He seemed to think that my statements as to the origin of the Castalia trout were wrong. I thought them right. Now I know they were right, and have proof for it. This comes through the courtesy of Judge Emery D. Potter, of Toledo, O., a member of the Ohio State Fish Commission, to whom I wrote last summer for further information. Under date of July 10 Judge Potter wrote me as follows:

"I am averse to entering into any controversy with Mr. M. P. Peirce, a man I never saw, nor heard of till within the last year or two. But as his statements to which you allude have been dignified by a column or more in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, a publication of acknowledged authority among sportsmen and scientists, I propose to dispel some of his theories and statements, that the public may not be led astray by letting them pass uncontradicted. To do this effectually it will require some little time to procure the data necessary to establish my position. When completed I will submit my paper to you to be used at your discretion.—EMERY D. POTTER."

On July 29 Judge Potter wrote again: "I have just returned from Sandusky and Castalia. I found half a dozen farmers who have lived on the banks of Cold Creek (Castalia) from thirty-five to fifty years, and who have fished in that stream up to the time John Hoyt introduced the trout into it, and they all declare that no trout were ever seen or caught there up to that time. The only fish taken was what they call 'horned dace.' I have been familiar with this stream for over half a century, and know from personal observation that there was never a trout in it till John Hoyt put it there. I am promised letters from the gentlemen interviewed to establish the transplanting theory. I will soon send you proofs.—EMERY D. POTTER."

Later on, at my request, Judge Potter kindly embodied the main facts of his position on this matter in a single statement, which he has just sent on to me. Nobody ever had any real question as to the fact that these trout were planted. Any question as to their origin was absurd, and after the following simple arrangement of the facts, by an authority like Judge Potter, who in interest of fact and truth purely has given his time to this matter, any such question would no longer be entertainable in any form. Judge Potter's final letter, for which *FOREST AND STREAM* will thank him, is as follows:

"OHIO STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.—Some years ago John Hoyt built a dam across Castalia Creek, in Sandusky county, on his own ground, raising quite a large pond. The citizens of Castalia Village, believing it injurious to health, prosecuted the dam and pond as a nuisance. The trial was finally ended in the Supreme Court of Ohio in Hoyt's favor. The litigation was a long one. Chemists were employed to analyze the water of this spring or creek, and among others the water of Avon Spring, New York. The results of both were identical.

"Finding trout at Avon, Hoyt built a hatchery at his pond, introduced trout spawn, hatching a considerable number; these he placed in the stream below his mill,

where they prospered and where they are to-day in great abundance. I have lived within forty miles of Castalia for fifty-six years, have often visited that neighborhood on fishing expeditions, and never saw or heard of the trout there until within the last ten or twelve years. I have recently visited the stream from the spring where it rises to the lake, and inquired of old farmers whose lands were watered by it, many of them having lived there for over fifty years, and they all tell the same story, that there was never a trout there till John Hoyt put them there. The only native fish were chubs and small mud fish.

About four miles from Castalia is Rockwell's Spring, with sufficient water at the outlet to run a large grist mill. Trout from Castalia were introduced there a dozen years ago, the waters have been leased by a number of gentlemen from Bellevue, O., who now find good sport there.

"I have fished in every available fishing ground in Ohio, and I know that the only stream in the State where brook trout were found (natives) was the west branch of the Chagrin River in Granger county, where Dr. Garlick and I have captured many a good string, and from whence we took many dozens to supply the Doctor's hatchery near Cleveland. I can vouch for the fact that neither Drs. Garlick or Ackly ever saw Castalia Spring, and if they told Mr. Peirce that they got trout from there they were guying him. It is very strange that as many years as I knew Dr. Garlick, and the days we have spent together in fishing and in his experimental hatchery at Cleveland, where I spent two years, that I should never have heard him mention the name of Castalia or Milton P. Peirce.—EMERY D. POTTER."

This settles that.

E. HOUGH.

ADIRONDACK FISHING RIGHTS.

AT the request of people interested in knowing whether the public has a right or can be prosecuted successfully for fishing in the Fulton Chain waters, Attorney L. W. Fiske, of Boonville, has looked up the law in the case and gives facts and points below which will also apply to other similar sections of the Adirondacks. He has prepared a brief which is reported in the *Boonville Herald* as follows:

In the Matter of the Right of the Public to Fish, etc., in the Fulton Chain of Lakes.

GENERAL STATEMENT.—It asked whether individuals of the general public can be prosecuted for trespass for using for navigation, or for fishing in the Fulton Chain of lakes (so called), which are a part of the forest preserve, in the open season, by owners who have organized private parks under the statute.

The Fulton Chain of lakes consists of a series of inland lakes numbering from 1 to 8, through which runs one branch of the Moose River and all of them are navigable during the whole year except when frozen over. The State has built dams on outlets of the different lakes to raise the waters thereof for its canal system; has built a fish hatchery on said river to stock said lakes with trout fry, and for over twenty years has every year stocked said lakes with fry from said hatchery or from others which it owns; has also put the territory in which said lakes lie under the control of its fish and game wardens, and made rules and regulations for control of the same.

The public has used these lakes for navigation and fishing purposes from before and since 1840. The statute under which the right to exclude the public in so-called private parks was passed by the legislature of this State in 1879 (see chap. 534, thereof). This act repealed all other acts inconsistent with it (see sec. 40 thereof).

The sections of the said statute, giving the right to organize private parks may be found in sections 27 and 28 thereof as now amended.

Section 27 of said act among other things says: "Any owner having the exclusive right to shoot or hunt thereon, or fish therein, desiring to lay out, devote, etc., shall publish three months, etc., and post notice, and having so done, said territory becomes exclusive, etc., etc."

The constitution of this State (see Section 2 of Article 1) says: "That the people of the State in their right of sovereignty are deemed to possess the original, and ultimate property in, and to all lands within the jurisdiction of the State."

The letters patent for the land conveyed in Herkimer and Hamilton counties, convey by lots, as they are numbered and no specific grants have ever been made of these lakes or that under the waters of the lakes.

THE LAW OF THIS STATE.—The Court of Appeals of this State has settled the law in reference to what waters of the State are navigable therein, and as those lakes come within the definition, they must be deemed to be subject to the law prevailing, and riparian owners take their grants from the State with the implied easements and servitudes, that followed a grant by common law.

(A.) Navigable waters in this State are such as are capable of being used to float in boats or rafts or even in their natural state the products of our forests and fields to market, and it is not essential that this use will continue through the year, nor at all seasons, nor that they are navigable against the current. 35 N. Y., 454, 8; 6 Cow, 518, 550; 19 N. Y., 523; 92 N. Y., 403; 110 Id. 938; 12 N. Y., 439; 13 Id. 459; 14 Id. 459; 15 Id. 459; 16 Id. 459; 17 Id. 459; 18 Id. 459; 19 Id. 459; 20 Id. 459; 21 Id. 459; 22 Id. 459; 23 Id. 459; 24 Id. 459; 25 Id. 459; 26 Id. 459; 27 Id. 459; 28 Id. 459; 29 Id. 459; 30 Id. 459; 31 Id. 459; 32 Id. 459; 33 Id. 459; 34 Id. 459; 35 Id. 459; 36 Id. 459; 37 Id. 459; 38 Id. 459; 39 Id. 459; 40 Id. 459; 41 Id. 459; 42 Id. 459; 43 Id. 459; 44 Id. 459; 45 Id. 459; 46 Id. 459; 47 Id. 459; 48 Id. 459; 49 Id. 459; 50 Id. 459; 51 Id. 459; 52 Id. 459; 53 Id. 459; 54 Id. 459; 55 Id. 459; 56 Id. 459; 57 Id. 459; 58 Id. 459; 59 Id. 459; 60 Id. 459; 61 Id. 459; 62 Id. 459; 63 Id. 459; 64 Id. 459; 65 Id. 459; 66 Id. 459; 67 Id. 459; 68 Id. 459; 69 Id. 459; 70 Id. 459; 71 Id. 459; 72 Id. 459; 73 Id. 459; 74 Id. 459; 75 Id. 459; 76 Id. 459; 77 Id. 459; 78 Id. 459; 79 Id. 459; 80 Id. 459; 81 Id. 459; 82 Id. 459; 83 Id. 459; 84 Id. 459; 85 Id. 459; 86 Id. 459; 87 Id. 459; 88 Id. 459; 89 Id. 459; 90 Id. 459; 91 Id. 459; 92 Id. 459; 93 Id. 459; 94 Id. 459; 95 Id. 459; 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Fishculture.

YEARLING SALMON FOR VERMONT.

IN accordance with his plan of making a prompt and lasting impression upon waters to be stocked, Commissioner McDonald will introduce large numbers of yearling fish of the salmon family into suitable streams. At the various stations adapted to the purpose rearing ponds have been established, and are being multiplied as rapidly as circumstances will permit. One of the cars of the Commission left Washington on Thursday last with carp for New York and New England, and received on Friday, in good condition, from Cold Spring Harbor, New York, 3,500 yearling California salmon, to be planted in the Battenkill, in Vermont, and certain of its tributaries. Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., went to the Battenkill Valley recently to select streams favorable for the undertaking, and he reported favorably upon Green River, which is a fine trout brook, Benedict Brook and Mattison Brook, tributaries of the Battenkill River. The waters are clear, free from sawdust, and well supplied with fish food. The sentiment of the people is favorable to their protection. Mr. Cheney met the car at Troy and personally assisted in the distribution of the salmon in the waters above mentioned. The United States Commission has never distributed fry of the California salmon in New York, but simply furnished eggs for hatching and planting by the New York Commission. The successful, though mysterious, acclimation of the rainbow trout in the Battenkill gives ample assurance that the California salmon will find conditions favorable to their growth in the same waters, as these species do well together in their native streams in California.

Preliminary to the distribution of landlocked salmon from Maine, Governor Ripley, of Rutland, Vt., made a survey of the rivers of the State, tributary to Lake Champlain, to select proper localities for stocking with this species. It is the desire of the commissioner to hold the salmon in the streams until maturity, when they can go down to the lake to spawn, and need not reënter the rivers. In the selection of rearing waters, therefore, the return of the fish was not considered important, and the range of choice was wider. The following distribution, suggested by Gov. Ripley, has been made:

Winowsky (at Waterbury).....	6,000
Brown's River (for the Lamoille).....	5,000
Indian Brook.....	2,000
Mallett's Creek.....	1,000
Sunderland Hollow Brook.....	1,000
Lewis Creek.....	5,000
Total.....	20,000

The young fish were placed in waters as far removed as possible from the lake, in order to avoid the pickerel and other predatory fish which abound in the lower portion of all the rivers. Sunderland Brook is particularly promising for the protection of the salmon, as it carries a bountiful supply of pure water and runs for miles through an inaccessible alder swamp. Lewis Creek, although small, is considered as the best stream for the purpose. The commission had the co-operation of State Commissioner Atherton, Gen. W. W. Henry and Mr. S. C. Caines in the safe accomplishment of this important work. The results already obtained from experiments with landlocked salmon in Lake Champlain prove the wisdom and desirability of the undertaking.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—At the meeting last Tuesday Commissioner Blackford reported that a supply of carp received from the United States Commission was now ready for distribution. They are given out free, 20 to each applicant, the only charge being 25 cents for a can and shipping. The Fulton Chain (Adirondacks) hatchery reported the collection of 500,000 trout eggs. A petition was received from residents on the Long Island Sound asking the Commission to undertake the cultivation of salt-water fish, particularly striped bass and weakfish, to restock the Sound. This was referred to Mr. Huntington, who is specially interested in the subject, and who has been investigating the possibilities of salt-water work. Reports from the fish and game protectors for the month of October showed activity on the part of the force. In reply to a communication from Capt. J. W. Collins asking if New York would be represented by a live fish display at the World's Fair, it was stated that such a display could be made only if provided for by the next Legislature.

YOUNG SHAD have come down the Delaware this fall in remarkable numbers. Commissioner Ford has informed the U. S. Commissioner that they began the journey seaward on Aug. 1, and on Oct. 20 the run still continued without diminution. The natural spawning in the upper waters was without precedent in recent years, and was due partly to the unfavorable conditions in the lower river during the spawning season, but chiefly to the removal of obstructions by means of fishways and dams. The effect of this enormous production of fry should be evident in a greatly increased fishery several years later.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$2. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central City Kennel, Jackson, Mich. D. E. L. Kimball, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 5 to 11.—Washington City Kennel Club, Washington, D. C. Fred S. Webster, Sec'y, 738 Broadway, New York.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. G. G. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Club's Field Trials, at High Point, N. C. L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.
Nov. 23.—Second Annual Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nantux, Rockland county, N. Y. F. W. Chapman, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trials Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.
1892.
Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
—.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS.

THE inaugural trials held by this club at Bicknell, Ind., may be said to have been a great success. Commencing Nov. 2, they concluded Nov. 9. During the week numerous sportsmen visited the little village to view the work done by the "bird" dogs, and the hotel and houses in the village that would take visitors were full to the roofs. On Thursday, in addition to the spectators on foot, there were 43 horsemen out, and the need of a field marshal that knew his business was obviously apparent. At times the spectators were riding with the judges, and the reporters had to do the best they could. Judges complained and made several little speeches, but they had little effect. The tramping of so many horses near the dogs seriously affected the work done at times, and spectators spread out over ground that should have been hunted. Another year some good man should be appointed who, while acknowledging the rights of the Hoosier in his own country, still should make it thoroughly understood that the club leases the land on which they hunt, and that spectators are there only by courtesy of the club.

The extreme dryness of the ground had a good deal to do with the scarcity of game, to what is usually found on these farms. Game, as a rule, is very plentiful in this section, and the first day in one field four good bevers were found. The judges, Colonels Merriman and Sloo and Dr. Rowe, did their work in an exceptionally able manner. Plenty of time and opportunity was given the dogs to show what they had in them, and the dogs were a happy medium between the racing speed of the Eastern and the slowness of the Central. Among those who visited the trials during the week were: O. J. Winston, C. C. Weaver, John Hensenberg, St. Louis, Mo.; R. S. McKeever, Spencer, Ind.; G. T. Kerson, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. W. Doyle, E. A. Crossen, Washington, Ind.; E. D. Garr, Louisville, Ky.; E. G. Elliott, Providence, R. I.; H. T. Thus, Vincennes, Ind.; P. F. Marick, Princeton, Ind.; J. W. Good, Bruceville, Ind.; H. C. Hairbank, Indianapolis, Ind.; Abner T. Hittfield, Saybrook, Ill.; J. R. Hayes, Detroit; Jno. A. Sann, Jr., Olney, Ill.; B. F. Kramer, Evansville, Ind.; Dr. Alexander; Jas. D. Poston, Columbus, O.; C. W. Muller, Jas. Board, J. W. Paterson, Indianapolis, Ind.; O. P. Irvin, Cincinnati, O.; H. A. Lamara, Columbus, O.; H. M. Pollock, Cincinnati, O.; A. Lisman, Carlisle, Ind.; A. Jewett, Lon Calto, J. M. Hart, Oaktown, Ind.; J. L. Merfield, Emerson, Ind.; Chas. Polk, Isaac Polk, Oaktown, Ind.; Jas. Bowes, Evansville, Ind.; R. L. Shannar, Louisville, Ky.; D. C. McDonald, La Grange, Ky.; Dr. H. G. Thomas, Winston, N. C.; C. H. Roberts, Washington, Ind., and C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O.

As space does not permit any extended notice, I will proceed at once to a description of the running.

POINTER DERBY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Monday, Nov. 2.—After the draw for the Pointer Derby at 8 A. M. no time was wasted, and a short ride, just out of the village, brought us to the Philippi farm. The morning was quite frosty, but a warm sun soon dispelled all dampness from the ground and left it dry and dusty. No rain except a slight shower has fallen in these parts for nearly five weeks, and clouds of dust were raised by the large crowd of mounted spectators, upward of forty horsemen assembling at the start. At 8:37 the first brace were put down in a large stubblefield.

FOREST LASSIE—DONOVAN.—Frank Richards handled Forest Lassie, and D. E. Rose, Donovan. Both dogs are liver and white. Neither dog started off very fast, keeping near their handlers. Soon after starting handlers flushed bevy. Donovan soon after pointed to the right, and Lassie catching sight of him came to a standstill, nothing found, however; then Donovan pointed again, evidently on scent of birds that had flushed. After ranging some time, Donovan showing better speed and range, we passed into a cornfield, then on to oak woods, where, at the further end, Donovan made game but could not locate. Then Lassie, coming down wind to her handler, nearly walked over a single that flushed at Richards's feet. Nothing more was done and dogs were called up at 9:20. Both are stylish workers, Forest Lassie showing most speed, but neither ranging very wide. Retracing our steps, the next brace

MY LADY—DUDE N.—were put down in stubble at 9:31. My Lady was handled by Frank Richards and J. H. Johnson looked after Dude N. Getting off well and ranging wide at edge of some corn a large bevy flushed in front of Dude, then again when galloping through wheat stubble Dude went right into a large bevy across wind. Passing into an orchard Lady came to a point at foot of an apple tree, then rounded over; then Dude drew to a beautiful point which Lady honored in good style, Johnson flushing, Dude made a jump for the game but stopped to order, Lady was also a bit careless. My Lady looked too much to her handler, who seemed to do most of the hunting at first, improving afterward. Dude made game in weeds but could not locate, and then in fence row Lady dropped to a single which flushed wild. At the edge of some woods Lady pointed and was held some time till Dude was brought up to back; when coming he failed to honor and put up the bird, both steady to the rise. Going into woods several birds got up at approach of dogs and nothing further being done they were called up at 10:42. The dryness of leaves and grass made it difficult for dogs to catch scent. My Lady proved herself the best, though not a free ranger.

PROMOTION—BLACK CHLOE.—These two started off well at 10:50. Charles Barker handled Promotion and W. B. Stafford Black Chloe. Working into standing corn Promotion came to a nice point, but birds flushed wild. Then Chloe pointed at edge of a ditch but nothing found there, but judges afterward raised a single. Then getting into a sort of lane Chloe pointed a bevy which her handler flushed and fired at, both dogs steady. Then Promotion showed some good work along a fence, getting several singles, some of which Chloe had passed. Down in the lane again Chloe pointed a brace which handler flushed; birds were scattered all round here and flushed wild in several directions. Further on in rag weed Promotion pointed a bevy. This dog, though a lanky, loosely put-together sort, did some good work, ranged out well, quartering as if he knew what he was doing, and was much the best of the two. At 11:40 Chloe was allowed to have the fields to herself, but beyond pointing a single at edge of a ditch did not improve the op-

portunity, and dogs were called up at 11:50, when luncheon was in order. This was a scrambling rough and ready sort of affair and had little charms for stomachs fresh from civilization, hungry as we were. After lunch

PHANTOM—MANITOU were put down at 12:55. Phantom had the services of John Good and Manitou was handled by Stafford. These two dogs ranged off in fine style and soon put two or three big fields behind them. Going into oak woods Manitou made a point, and was held on it some time till Phantom could back, when Stafford walked up the bevy and fired, Manitou steady but Phantom broke in a bit. Out of woods into rag weed, along the fence Manitou pointed, but nothing found. Birds were running, and Manitou roared on till a single got up in the ditch; then further on Manitou was found pointing, and Phantom brought up to back, had to be cautioned, when Stafford going up flushed a single right from under the dog's nose, which stood as staunch as a rock to rise. Then down in swamp Manitou pointed fur, it was supposed, as a hare ran out of the briars, but Stafford passing, a single got up behind him. A few yards further on Manitou pointed again, but Phantom did not seem to understand his duty and failed to honor promptly; Stafford walked up a single just in front of the dog. This close work shows the dryness of the grass and earth. Manitou showing herself a tireless worker, but in galloping at speed through an open field nearly ran into a bevy, just stopping as they flushed. Some more ground was traversed and dogs called up at 2 o'clock. Manitou showed very much better work, and is sure of being in second series. The other acting very puppyish.

BLACK WONDER—ABBESS OF KENT.—J. A. Hunter handled his own dog and Frank Richards, who piloted Spotted Boy to victory last year, handled Abbess. Sent off at 2:10 in rough grass, they ranged at good speed into an orchard, when in the fence Abbess scored first blood, getting a bevy which flushed wild. Then Black Wonder, down in a hollow, pointed a bevy, which also failed to stay for the handler to come up. Then in running down a ditch Wonder stopped on a single, which Hunter put up, shot at and killed; Wonder inclined to break in, stopped to word. Then further on Wonder pointed a brace, but was not very steady at the rise. Abbess then did a false point in a hollow. Wonder meanwhile going along a fence winded birds in the other field, pointed, but they flushed wild and dog was inclined to chase. On down the hill Wonder pointed another bevy, which Hunter put up and shot at, dogs steady. Following them up, Wonder picked up a brace, then Black Wonder was taken up at 2:35, and Abbess worked for five minutes more alone, but with no result. This finished the first series, and, after some consultation, judges decided that in

Second Series.

DONOVAN—FOREST LASSIE should have another trial. After going some time Lassie, by the main road, flushed a single; then crossing a field she redeemed herself in good style, Don backing nicely, when birds got up some distance away. Then Donovan thought he had something and Lassie honored him, but Rose could find nothing. Then dogs were held up and we moved on some distance when dogs were put down in a corn patch, and after dogs had passed a single got up. Then Lassie pointed a single in the fence, which flushed before Richard could get up. Then Rose held up his hand, which meant a point for Donovan, he proving to have the rest of the bevy. A no result point by Donovan, who was nicely backed by Lassie and the dogs were called up at 4 o'clock. A little more consultation by the judges resulted in

BLACK WONDER—PROMOTION being put down at 4:03 in wheat stubble. Soon after starting Wonder, near some corn, pointed a single, and going on into open field got another bird, but when flushed was not quite steady to wing. Alongside a fence Wonder made game, then roared on; crossing the fence, Promotion came to a stop but Barker could not find. A few minutes after, down in a hollow, Wonder pointed a bevy nicely and Promotion honored the point. On into thick briar bushes Promotion pointed a brace, Barker fired and killed, dog steady; some nice work on singles by both dogs followed this, when they were called up at 4:45. It is a near thing between these two, but Black Wonder has had a little the best of it on birds. A move was now made for home, which proved, we were glad to find, not far away, as the end of the first day found us all pretty sore and tired from our unusual exercise. One more heat is to be run before the judges decide on the winners to-morrow. In the evening the draw for the Setter Derby took place at 9 P. M.

TUESDAY.

If yesterday was an ideal Indian summer day, this morning was just as much the other way. Cold, bleak and raw, our warmest clothing was in order, and we were painfully warned that winter is coming on apace by several slight snow flurries till toward evening, when it became a little warmer. The start was at the Methodist chapel, almost in the village, and continuing the second series the first brace down were

MANITOU—MY LADY at 8:02. Soon after starting, in wheat stubble at edge of woods, Manitou pointed and My Lady backed but nothing found. Then a lot of ground was traversed but nothing of importance done, dogs false pointing several times till across the railroad they each flushed a bevy in high stubble. Then Stafford in thick cover claimed a point for Manitou which could not be seen. After this Lady flushed a bevy, and it did not seem worth while wasting further time on those two, but going on in bottom in high weeds Lady pointed a single unsteadily, then she passed a single that rose after she went by, followed by others that she should have secured. Another flush of a single in a fence followed this; birds were all round her and she had a good opportunity to do good work. Dogs were called up at 10, and the judges announced the result of the Pointer Derby. Black Wonder, first; Promotion, second; Manitou and Forest Lassie to divide third.

SUMMARY—First Series.

G. A. Maclin's (agt.) Donovan with H. F. Wood's Forest Lassie.
H. F. Wood's My Lady with Ong & Thuttleworth's Dude N.
Dr. J. R. Daniels's Promotion with Scudder & Munson's Black Chloe.
St. M. M. Mundy's Phantom with Scudder & Munson's Manitou.
J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Black Wonder with Frederick Joy's Abbess of Kent.

Second Series.

Donovan with Forest Lassie.
Black Wonder with Promotion.
Manitou with My Lady.
Black Wonder first money, \$200.
Promotion second money, \$175.
Manitou and Forest Lassie divide third prize, \$125.
Black Wonder, as his name denotes, is a solid black dog, having a little white on chest, and is by like out of Bang Bang's Pride. Without being a brilliant performer he has a good nose, but is inclined to hunt for himself and not for his handler. He knows the ways of the game in this part of the country, as his home is only twelve miles from here. Promotion is a lemon and white dog, a son of Lord Graphic out of Belle. He is a bit leggy and loosely put together and can lope along.

SETTER DERBY.

The draw for the Setter Derby took place Monday night, and resulted in the order that they are reported. The first brace,

DOC QUINN—HOOSIER GIRL, were put down at 10:22. G.

W. Richards had Doc Quinn in charge, and J. A. Hunter handled Hoosier Girl. The start was in weeds and stubble, and both ranged out merrily. After some time in a corner of oak woods Doc should have placed a brace of birds to his credit, but passed on, birds flushing; then she pointed a robin. At edge of woods she varied the proceedings by pointing fur. After going over some more fields very thoroughly with no result, dogs were called up at 11:05. Doc Quinn seemed to be the better of the two, but neither showed good work by any means.

HOPE'S MARK—RUBY GLADSTONE.—The former was under D. E. Rose's care, and Ruby Gladstone was piloted by J. H. Poindexter. They were sent off in a large field at 11:13, and went out well. At edge of ditch Ruby pointed false, Mark backing. Then Mark pointed without result. Over the railroad dogs flushed a bevy and dropped to wing, and two more birds flew over them. Then Mark began to road, pointed, but birds evidently running; going on into orchard Mark came to a stop again in ragweed in corner, but Rose could find nothing. Birds were running, and Ruby coming up on one side put up a single and another got up off almost bare ground. Striking across into other fields, Mark made a beautiful point on a bevy, Ruby being held some distance away. Rose fired, dog steady. They were taken up at 12:02. Hope's Mark showed himself much superior in style, range and nose; the day was, however, a bad one for good work.

BOY—BELLE OF ALMA.—J. H. Johnson handled Boy, and A. J. Gleason the other one. To work toward luncheon place, they were sent down in stubble at 12:08. A flush in a hollow was soon scored by Boy, but he redeemed himself in pointing a bevy, losing some of the credit in the break in when Johnson put up the birds: Belle honored Boy's point. Belle then flushed one and pointed one, and roading on carefully in orchard a rooster flushed a bird that she had passed. Then she pointed a bevy, steady to wing. Roading carefully, she pointed a single in the open which staid down till Gleason ordered the dog on, when it flushed. Boy had backed prettily. Dogs were ordered up then at 1:45. Both stylish workers, but Belle had the best of it. A move for lunch and this had been more or less discussed, according to the strength of the hungry one's stomach, the food being cooked and set with a very rough and ready style, when

BRUCE M.—WUN LUNG'S SISTER were put down at 1:27. Bruce M. handled by R. B. Morgan, and Wun Lung's Sister by D. E. Rose. Soon in a thicket Sister flushed a single excusable. After a flush and then Sister pointed higher up a single and Rose fired, dogs steady to shot and wing. Bruce having honored the point. Crossing some open fields, in one of which, in high rag weed, Sister pointed a single of a small bevy that had flushed wild; the bitch was steady to wing. Across a ditch Sister pointed, and the other dog coming in ahead of her the bird flushed. Nothing of importance was done further and the dogs were called up at 2:18. Wun Lung's Sister showed work of good order, and is a tireless ranger. She will be seen out again. Bruce M. worked indifferently, not getting out enough.

DOX—BOB COOPER.—Down in stubble and soon after starting Don pointed a large bevy and Bob, handled by D. E. Rose, honored his opponent's point; when birds flushed Don was not very steady. Bob then got in a point and was steady to flush. Going on some distance Bob picked up a single in high grass in bottoms; Rose put it up, fired, and dog steady. Bob followed this good work up by getting another single which Rose put up. Bob continued his run with a point by a fallen tree, on a bevy which Don, in trotting round in front, flushed. This practically ended the heat and dogs were called up at 3:45. Bob Cooper showed himself immensely superior to the other in speed, style, range and nose. Next brace were

FLYAWAY—GLORIANA.—E. W. House handled Flyaway and A. J. Gleason had another try for honors with Gloriana. After being down a quarter of an hour Gloriana pointed at edge of a ravine, and Flyaway refusing to back, put up two birds, and ten yards further on raised the balance of the bevy. A bad piece of work, as she paid no attention to the other dog. She followed this up by another flush, but soon after, by the side of a road in the woods, pointed a single nicely and was steady to shot and wing. Then, in following round a thicket Flyaway whirled to a point as a single flushed wild. Then dogs were held up for a while to go through a farm. Starting at 3:55, Flyaway, in galloping through rag weed, wheeled to a point and Gloriana backed, when a single rose between them. Then followed some poor work that will go hard against their chances in the stake, flushing by both being the cause. Up at 3:48, neither having showed much merit.

BOOTH—REEL.—Chas. Barker handled Booth and Frank Richards. Reel. Down at 3:53 in grass and stubble, their heat was productive of little meritorious work. After going fast and wide, but with no purpose, seemingly, except to gallop, Booth started by flushing a bevy and then a single. Then Reel tried the same tactics and soon passed right by a bevy that flushed afterward. Very poor work. Then a point for Reel, and the heat closed. Both fast, but puppyish yet. Neither will do for the stake. The last brace down was

KING IREX—LATONIA II.—It was getting dark when Geo. A. Maclin slipped King Irex and Frank Richards did the same for Latonia II. Both ranged off pretty well, but went some time before finding game. Latonia II. pointed a bevy, and King backed and afterward dropped to some birds at side of fence and was steady to wing. King, further on, dropped to a small bevy, Latonia, being in front, had galloped and flushed two outlying birds. It was nearly dark now, and we galloped off home, cold, stiff and hungry.

WEDNESDAY.

We started in good time this morning. The day was one of those dull, cold, gray ones when there seems to be little animation in anything. At 7:54 King Irex and Latonia II. were put down again. King started off with a bevy flushed, steady to wing. Latonia, not to be outdone, also flushed a bevy. This bad work was redeemed later by King Irex pointing a bevy, Latonia honoring the point, Maclin shot, both steady. Working into corn stubble, Latonia soon pointed a single, another getting up to one side; dog not very steady to shot and wing. Dogs were taken up at 8:38. There was little choice between them to-day, but yesterday Latonia had the best of it.

MONNIE—ERIC ELCHO.—Chas. Barker handled Monnie and the Irishman had the services of G. A. Maclin, and he needed them, or did not need them, one of the two, for he seemed to have no heart in him but a consuming desire not to offend his handler, a more cowed Irish dog I never saw. They were put down in rags at 8:40. Crossing a field and in a patch of weeds Monnie pointed a small bevy very nicely. Barker flushed and shot, dogs were steady. Dogs were held up 15 minutes to change ground. A false point or two was made by Monnie and then the heat closed at 9:58, Eric doing practically nothing to help along the Irish cause—just galloped and pattered round.

TOUGH—MAID OF ALMA.—This was another pair that showed but indifferent work. Tough had the services of Johnson and A. J. Gleason handled his own setter. They were put down in large grass field at 10:10 and we tramped along with not a sign of game till 10:55, when in a hollow in oak woods two birds flushed when dogs were moving round. Poor work. A little further up Tough roared to a point on a bevy, Maid doing her duty nicely, some birds got up and sent on; the balance of bevy rose as Tough stopped. A point for each on brace followed and then as a single got up Maid stopped and the balance of bevy raised, when she was steady to wing. There was little to choose between them, but neither got out to hunt in proper manner.

WUN LUNG—FRANK DONCASTER.—This heat showed us some vigor on the part of the dogs. Down at 11:23. Wun Lung was handled by D. E. Rose, and Frank Doncaster by Milton Wiles. Wun started off fast and ranged wide, but nothing was found when lunch time brought a welcome rest. Little time was wasted in the cold, and at 12:20 the dogs got to work again. Two beves were flushed near the farm on approach of horsemen. Then down in a hollow Wun picked a single out which Rose shot at, dog steady, Frank, a yard or two away, dropped slovenly to the balance of bevy. Higher up he got a single, steady to shot and wing. Wun backing some distance away. Frank got another single in brier thicket, Wun really earning it by careful roading. Some distance from her in hollow a large bevy was passed by the dogs, and then Wun pointed foot scent. Then some pretty work down a fence concluded the heat at 1:20, with the advantage in Wun Lung's favor in style, speed and range. Frank, however, was an honest, careful worker, though not so snappy as his rival.

FIRENZI—LADY EVELINE.—These two were put down in same place at 1:35. G. A. Maclin handled Firenzi, and D. E. Rose Lady Eveline. We worked through oaks, crossed some big fields and then in hollow, dogs flushed a bevy, and Firenzi afterward pointed a single, and Lady, in weeds, flushed one. Then she pointed, but Firenzi coming up would not honor it; nothing found. After working some distance Lady, in a hollow, pointed a bevy, and Rose shot and dog was steady. Dogs ordered up and judges consulted as to which should stay in second series. It was announced at 2:40 that Hope's Mark, Wun Lung's Sister, Bob Cooper and Wun Lung should stay in.

Second Series.

HOPE'S MARK—WUN LUNG'S SISTER.—This proved the banner heat of the meeting so far, and was marked by brilliant work by both dogs, Hope's Mark especially. True, they had a bit of luck in birds, but they knew what to do with them when they had the opportunity. Down at 2:54. Soon after Sister made a pretty point and Mark dropped to back when a single flushed. Rose fired, both steady as rocks. Mark then in hollow made a pretty point, and further on Sister scored likewise, Mark honoring it in his usual way. Sister then got two singles, and Mark at same time pointed the rest of the bevy, Sister coming up backed unsteadily. This was hot work as little time was wasted. Then Mark to the right where other birds had flown pointed a single, Rose putting it up, Sister backing. Further on through woods and in the fence Mark closed this brilliant heat by a point on a brace, Sister doing her duty well too. Dogs then ordered up at 3:16. The way these two worked to each other was very pretty to see, and no better work could be done. Rose had to handle both of them and did it well. I must say a word here about the way this well-known handler trains his dogs. In excellent condition his dogs are not in that half-starved looking shape some of the others are, and his dogs seem to look upon him as a friend and not a task master. There is not that shrinking into the ground at the least movement of the hand that we see with some of the dogs at the meeting.

Complaints had been continually made by the judges about the big crowd encroaching too near the dogs, and here Judge Merriam laid down the law and appointed Mr. O'Bannon field marshal. There was better order after this.

WUN LUNG—BOB COOPER.—These were also in Rose's lot, and it may be surmised that he had his hands full. Down at 3:24, both started off fast. Bob, across a field, flushed birds, then a minute after Bob pointed a bevy, and Wun backed. Then Wun pointed body scent. Then both pointed at edge of oaks and swamp, Rose put up fur, both beautifully steady. Bob drew on to a single, further down, very prettily, and both pointed singles very stylishly coming out of bottoms. In clover field Bob pointed and Wun backed, but nothing found, body scent most likely. Dogs were soon after called up at 3:50. Both did good work, but Bob had the best of it. Then for the final test between

HOPE'S MARK—BOB COOPER.—It was getting exciting now, and each had their champions, but Hope's Mark was the favorite. It soon became too dusky to see what was done, and for such an important heat as this clear light was needed. In bottom Mark pointed a single, and Bob was off on his own hook somewhere. Rose had some difficulty in keeping them both in hand. Bob was found eventually on a point, and birds were flushed. Dogs were then called up at 5 o'clock, to be put down to-morrow.

THURSDAY.

The undecided heat of the previous evening had now to be run, and at 7:55, at the Methodist chapel, the dogs were put down in stubble. The morning was simply delightful, and fully appreciated after the bleak weather of the last two days. A large crowd was out, including several ladies. Mark pointed, and Bob coming up would not honor it, ignoring Mark altogether, although repeatedly ordered to stop; no birds found. Then both pointed a bevy, and when birds arose started on, but Mark stopped to caution instantly. Bob not so obedient. Several points followed but nothing came of them. Both ranged out fast and wide, and were difficult for one man to handle properly. Called up at 8:35. It took one minute's consultation and judges decided that Hope's Mark wins first, Bob Cooper second, Wun Lung third. Wun Lung's Sister might also have had a taste of third money, as she did very creditable work. Mr. Rose, in taking the three prizes and having four of his dogs left in the finish of the stakes, has certainly broken the record, and none begrudged him the honor. The Blue Ridge Kennel, by purchasing Hope's Mark before the running, owned first and second winners.

SUMMARY.—First Series.

C. A. Travis's Doc Quinn with J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Hoosier Girl.
Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark with H. J. Smith's Ruby Gladstone.

T. J. Widrig's Boy with A. J. Gleason's Belle of Alma.
R. B. Morgan's Bruce M. with — Wun Lung's Sister.
J. M. Vaughan's Don with Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper.

N. T. Harris's Flyaway with A. J. Gleason's Gloriana.
B. Ridgeway's Booth with Blue Ridge Kennels' Reel.
A. Corradi and C. S. Greer's King Irex with Poston & Burdell's Latonia II.

J. I. Case, Jr.'s Monnie with — Eric Elcho.
T. J. Widrig's Tough with A. J. Gleason's Maid of Alma.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) Wun Lung with M. C. Wile's Frank Doncaster.
H. J. Smith's Firenzi with Blue Ridge Kennels' Lady Eveline.

Second Series.

Hope's Mark with Wun Lung's Sister.
Wun Lung with Bob Cooper.

Final.

Hope's Mark with Bob Cooper.
Hope's Mark first money, \$200.
Bob Cooper second money, \$175.
Wun Lung third money, \$125.
Hope's Mark is a good-looking blue belton, and is by Gath's Hope out of Lady May. Bob Cooper is by Roi d'Or out of Miss Nelly Y. Wun Lung is by Captain Bethel out of Euclid.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

The draw for this stake had taken place last night and resulted in the order of heats reported below. As soon as congratulations were over on the result of the Setter Derby, the first brace in the All-Aged Pointer Stake,

ROSALINE WILKES—PROMOTION, were put down in rag weed; both ranged off well and independently. After ranging some time Promotion winded and pointed a single which Barker, her handler, shot and the dog was inclined to break in, but stopped to caution. Then Rosaline got a point on a single; to the left she got another single and qualified this by walking nearly on top of a bird in high weeds; she was steady to wing, however. Dogs were then called up at 9:30. Promotion did not do so well as in the earlier part of week, but was better than the other. Judges then ordered out

BOUNCE—JOE II. K. at 9:35. Poindexter handled Bounce and G. A. Maclin did the same for Joe H. K. Put down in wheat stubble they ranged through this nicely, through woods and then into corn stubble, and Bounce afterward in some high rag weed pointed a single very nicely which Poindexter killed, dog steady to shot and wing, but did not retrieve, and while trying to find dead bird another single got up in the thicket, to which he dropped. It was now getting very warm for dogs and all concerned. Nothing further being done, dogs were called up at 10:27. Joe seemed to be slightly the better dog.

LA GRIPPE—REX.—G. W. Maclin was out again taking care of La Grippe this time and J. B. Johnson handled Rex. Put down at 10:48 in wheat stubble both dogs started fast and ranged out, quartering their ground thoroughly. Then into an orchard, where La Grippe flushed a single the other side of hedge, excusable, and others flushed wild on the other side of fence. On through the orchard in briers and oaks La Grippe flushed another single by the side of a dry ditch; then over ditch La Grippe pointed again, when a single rose. Drawing on she roared some distance. Then Rex pointed, drew on and pointed again, but nothing found. Getting into a sort of land between fields, La Grippe did some nice work on scattered birds, which got up in every direction. Dogs steady and Rex backing. Then Rex pointed a single which Johnson fired at and dog broke in a little, La Grippe backed steadily. Up at 11:48. La Grippe did best work and showed more "get up and get" than the other. Rex did not do well in this heat.

BEN A.—NUTWOOD.—In rags again at 11:54. Ed. Garr handled Ben A., and well too, and Nutwood had the services of Frank Richards. A minute or two after starting Ben A. dropped to a bevy and Nutwood brought up to back did so, Garr fired and both dogs steady. On toward some woods in a patch of briers in corner both dogs pointed, both handlers claimed, but Nutwood had the preference, when Richards put up a bevy, fired and both dogs were steady. Turning back into the big field after scattered birds Ben A. at edge of a dry ditch pointed a single, which flushed before Garr could handle his gun. Dogs held up for water. Some more hunting was done through open fields and orchard, but nothing found and dogs taken up and a move made for lunch near by. Ben A. was much the best dog, going with more snap and vigor. After lunch, at 1:47.

DON FISCHEL—BLACK WONDER were put down in rag weed. Don Fischel handled by Geo. A. Maclin, and Black Wonder by owner. Both dogs went off fast and ranged wide. It was difficult to tell one from the other, as both are solid black. Black Wonder had an idea he knew where the birds were, and would pay no attention to his handler, and was lost some time. He was found after a while in high ragweed, pointing a bevy which flushed as Judge Merriam came up. Then after going off again Don had to be held up till Black Wonder could be brought round again. The heat was very trying to the dogs, which were taken up at 3:37. Black Wonder, if he could have been kept to the gun, was much the best.

PAXICO—PEARL'S FAN came next and were slipped at 2:46 in wheat stubble. Neither went off very well, kept near handlers. A. J. Gleason handled Paxico, and Pearl's Fan was handled by Geo. A. Maclin, who seems to have a majority of dogs here. Crossing a field in edge of woods some uncertain work was done by Pearl's Fan drawing on, pointing and at last holding the birds which Maclin flushed. Paxico had also pointed from the other side of bevy; both steady to wing. Then in woods both pointed a single in brier thicket, Maclin had the advantage and put up the bird; then edge of woods in wheat field Paxico pointed a single and was steady to shot and wing. Sent on in corn and woods Fan pointed a single, and afterward in getting over a fence hurt her stifle joint, but got round all right again in short time. A good deal of ground was gone over, but nothing came of it, and dogs called up at 3:25. Pearl's Fan had the best of it, the other pointing false several times.

BERTRALDO—NASO BOW OF THE ELMS.—Put down at 3:50. Bertraldo was handled by A. J. Gleason and he-of-the-long-name by Geo. W. Richards. Starting off, Naso pointed fur. Then in corn by the fence he pointed a bevy and in the same corn patch Bertraldo nailed two birds at which Gleason fired, dog steady to shot and wing. Naso then dropped to a single which flushed wild on other side of corn. Then Bertraldo pointed a bevy in wheatfield and Naso honored; Gleason fired and both dogs acted well. This was very pretty, being right in the open. Down in woods Bertraldo pointed again; nothing found. Naso further on nailed the bird very nicely; bird flushed wild. Then Bertraldo in wheat-field pointed, but no feather raised. Up at 4:40 and home early this time. Bertraldo was much the best of the two.

FRIDAY.

A lovely day and the ground the first hour wet enough to dampen our boots, something not experienced before, but the warm sun soon dried this up again, leaving us duster than ever. The first brace down at 8:07 A. M. was

PICKWICK—DON FISHEL, the former running off his bye, and handled by R. M. Riley. They were put down in wheat stubble near Methodist Chapel. Don started off with a flush. A great deal of ground was worked over, but though there must have been birds, these two could not find them. A single and balance of bevy were flushed by horsemen after dogs had passed; there was no excuse for this poor work. Dogs called up at 9:32 and Pickwick will retire for a long rest.

Second Series.

Judges then consulted, and decided after quite a lengthy chat that Ben A. and La Grippe, Rex and Paxico, Black Wonder and Pearl's Fan should run in this order again. Bertraldo might also have been given another chance, as he had done work equally as good as Rex and Paxico.

BEN A.—LA GRIPPE.—Put down at 9:48 in wheat stubble, but having to be held up and a move made to another farm it was 10:17 before they started again. When in middle of field Ben came to a beautiful point, and La Grippe, wheeling round by his side, honored his work nicely and a bevy flushed wild ahead. La Grippe then made game side of fence near house, but did not stop, and several birds got up. Both dogs ranged out well and showed marked superiority to some of the others. Then Ben pointed in a fence bottom, and over the fence a roost was found in a thicket. Ben A. had done the best work, and dogs were called up at 10:44.

REX—PAXICO.—Down at 10:50. Rex started with a point, but birds were running, and going on to be pointed again; Paxico backed and birds flushed wild. Into scrub oaks, then into open fields, where both dogs pointed from each side and then bird got up in front of Paxico. Rex pointed two more of same bevy a yard or two further on. Rex got in ahead of Paxico again, who seemed content to follow on, and his handler took him away to strike out a new route, as the other was getting game all the time with careful work that would have afforded the sportsman some pretty shooting. Several false points were now made and nothing of interest occurred. While Rex was roading carefully on running birds, Paxico came across and pointed them when a large

bevy flushed wild; Richards shot, dogs steady. Then after a while Rex pointed fur in a thicket, breaking cover, Richards fired and hit but bunny carried his load to other parts. A good deal of ground was gone over and then Paxico pointed in high grass but nothing put up, but horsemen in passing flushed a single. Dogs were called up at 11:38 and lunch was the welcome order. After a cigar and a little dog chat.

BLACK WONDER—PEARL'S FAN were put down in the concluding heat of this series, about a mile from the farm in a clover field at 1:11. Some way in woods Wonder pointed, then drew on and roared nicely to point on a single by a fallen tree. This was pretty work, but he was not quite steady to wing; further on he roared to a point just as several birds flushed. Wonder hunted these woods alone, Fan being with one of the judges down below in hollow where she pointed fur. Fan, when dogs came together, pointed, drew on but failed to locate. Birds were there, however, as three flushed which she should have nailed. Black Wonder as well. Then passing out of woods Fan nailed a single. Then each got a single in rag weed. Maclin fired, dogs steady. Then dogs were called up at 2:07 after covering a good deal of woodland.

Judges consulted some time and handlers and everyone were on the anxious seat, Ben A. and Black Wonder being the favorites. Judges soon announced that.

BLACK WONDER—BEN A. should have a try together to decide first place. They were sent off at 2:24 in stubble, and Wonder started off in great shape, though his previous heat was a tiring one. Going down the woods in shade Wonder made game, pointed, drew on, pointed again, but Ben A. passed him and took little notice of the work being done, when Hunter kicked the rail fence and up got two birds which flew into oak. This decided it and the dogs were called up at once at 2:31, and Black Wonder had won the All-Aged Setter Derby in addition to the Pointer Derby; Ben A., second; Pearl's Fan, La Grippe, Paxico and Rex to divide third prize.

SUMMARY.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.—First Series.

J. E. Guinotte's Rosaline Wilkes with Dr. J. R. Daniels's Promotion.

G. W. Amory's Bounce with J. H. Kerr's Joe H. K.

C. C. Weaver's La Grippe with Mrs. Geo. A. Castleman's Rex.

Dr. D. W. Yandel's Ben A. with Jas. Beard's Nutwood.

W. R. Fishel's Don Fishel with J. H. & J. A. Hunter's Black Wonder.

A. J. Gleason's (agt.) Paxico with Louis Stuchmer's Pearl's Fan.

J. E. Guinotte's Bertraldo with P. H. Gotzian's Naso Bow of the Elms.

McGuffin & Madison's Pickwick a bye.

Second Series.

Ben A. with La Grippe.

Rex with Paxico.

Black Wonder with Pearl's Fan.

Final.

Black Wonder with Ben A.

Black Wonder first money, \$200.

Ben A. second money, \$175.

La Grippe, Paxico, Pearl's Fan and Rex divide third money, \$125.

Black Wonder is also entered at the Eastern field trials, and we shall see how he fares in a strange country and under different conditions. I have already described him. Ben A. is a heavily-marked black and white dog, well built and pretty fast. He is by Stoddard out of Jet II.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

The draw for this stake having taken place last night, resulted as reported by heats below. Names of owners will be found in summary. No time was wasted, after the winners in the Pointer All-Aged had been announced, in starting the first brace.

NOBLE COUNT—THE COBSAIR.—Geo. A. Martin handled Noble Count, and D. E. Rose had a confident look on his face when he loosened The Corsair's collar. They were put down at 2:46 in a dry, bare looking wheat stubble field, and Corsair at once showed his superiority in speed and range. Noble Count just dawdling along till he stumbled right into a bevy. This was a bad beginning. To redeem himself he stopped stiff at a tree stump, but he was mistaken and he passed on the other side. Then Corsair pointed a single in a clever manner in some grass. Rose fired, killed, and Corsair retrieved in an exceptionally fine way from a deep ditch. This showed his quality, and the question arose, is Rose going to give them the double cross again, for Corsair a few yards further pointed a single again, which Rose put up from under the dog's nose. Corsair nailed a brace in a swamp, birds flushing wild, dog steady to wing. A long tramp through several fields without result, and dogs were ordered up at 3:24. As may be surmised, the best of the other dog is his name, though I am told he is a good dog when at home. The Corsair will not be far off when the numbers are up in this stake.

COUNTRESS RUSH—PAUL BOO.—If Rose had a good one in the first heat he evened matters a little with Countess Rush, and Frank Richards may pull some money out of the meeting yet with Paul Boo. Off at 2:33 in a bare, dry clover field, both ranged out fast and wide, quartering their ground nicely. Countess started in ragweed with a point, drew on and a bevy flushed wild; then over the fence Paul pointed, but persistent tramping round on Richards's part revealed nothing, Countess backing nicely. Paul next nailed a single, Countess honoring; the latter afterward pointing false, and then going at a gallop through ragweed flushed a single, but dropped to wing; then galloped over another. Poor work, and Rose looked daggers at her. I thought her aptly named. She followed this by just stepping over another as it rose. She did not seem under good control. Paul was here getting out well to his work, though he passed a single he should have secured. In woods Countess flushed some more birds. Paul then pointed, drew on, but failed to locate exactly; but getting into woods got a bevy which rose over the treetops. The dogs brought together, and in ragweed Paul pointed a single which Richards shot; dog steady. Dogs called up at 4:10. Paul Boo much the best. It was getting dusk as

JOE R.—DAISY HUNTER were put down at 4:17. J. B. Johnson handled Joe R. and J. A. Hunter took care of the well-known Daisy Hunter. Soon after starting Joe R. pointed a bevy by a fence; dog steady to wing. Daisy had ranged far ahead in her usual style, pointed a bevy and Hunter shot; dog steady. Then a wait for Daisy ensued, and soon after coming together both pointed a single in a ditch. Retracing our steps, Daisy pointed a bevy and Joe honored her work; birds flushed wild. Both dogs then made game and roared carefully, till further on Daisy pointed in scrub oaks and five birds got up to one side of her; Hunter fired and missed; Daisy steady to shot and wing. A point directly after by Joe R. in some brush and briars, Richards firing at birds, concluded the day's work at 4:55, with the heat considerably in Daisy Hunter's favor. Home!

SATURDAY.

A lovely hunting morning with more breeze than any day this week. The meet was at Bunting farm in the open stubble field. The first brace down at 8:10 was

FINGAL—BONNIE BONDHU.—D. E. Rose handled Fingal and Maclin had a good one at last in Bonnie Bondhu. Fin-

gal started off badly, making several flushes at commencement of heat. Working on through several fields Fingal in oaks made a "Roderigo" point, affording one of the prettiest pictures of the meeting. Bonnie coming up to one side, backed, both very stylish; nothing, however, came of it. Then Bonnie pointed, and being jealous of the other, drew on but failed to locate. Going over some more varied ground both pointed a bevy and handlers fired, both dogs steady. On into high weeds Bonnie pointed a single which Maclin fired at. Bonnie steady to shot and wing. In briars Fingal pointed, Bonnie honoring the point, nothing found, but afterward judges flushed a bird. Two more points on singles for Bonnie were scored, Fingal backing nicely; then dogs were called up at 9:05. Bonnie Bondhu had clearly the best of it and will stand a good chance in the stake. Fingal is one of Rose's off dogs this time. Both are stylish workers and range out well.

SIMONIDES—LON NOBLE.—Weather was now getting quite warm, and a lot of tramping was done in this heat with little result. D. E. Rose had Simonides and Chas. Barker handled Lon Noble. Put down in ragweed and stubble at 9:14, both started off well. Soon Simonides pointed a bevy near a fence, and Lon backed; Rose shot and killed, both dogs steady. The dogs were taken up to get on to other ground about a mile away, and this was the order all through the heat, making it quite a tiresome one. Down again at 9:46, when soon after Lon flushed a bevy. Then in a ditch she made a bad flush. Dogs up at 10:30. An unsatisfactory heat, and Simonides had little chance to show his quality, though doing much better than Lon Noble. The ground was very dry and dusty and work very hard on dogs.

NANNIE G.—DON'S NELLIE.—A. J. Gleason handled Nannie G. and E. W. House looked after Don's Nellie. They started off at 10:34 in very dry, bare stubble field. Both ranged out well. A good deal of ground was covered, then Nannie pointed, Nellie backing. This may have been on bird that rose before coming to fence. Then we were stopped by one of the feudal lords of the district and the dogs had to be taken to another farm. At 11:37 down again. In a ditch Nellie got a single. House shot, dog steady. In briars Nannie got a point. Nellie also pointing; Gleason fired, dogs steady. Along this ditch and into ragweed, when Nannie nailed a single nicely and Gleason grassed it in good style, dog steady. After this Nannie picked up another single and another followed this; pretty good work. Dogs ordered up at 11:55. Nannie G. did much the best work and should stand a chance in second series, and Nellie made no mistakes. It was now lunch time and plenty of time was taken over it, as we could not finish the trials to-day anyhow.

MINNESOTA—BLUE DICK.—Frank Richards handled Minnesota, and Blue Dick was in charge of Fred Erb, the famous pigeon shot. In thicket Minnesota pointed, but Dick refused to back. Minnesota then in open pointed fur twice in a thicket. Then Minnesota brought to other dog; in gully she pointed a woodcock, which Erb tried his skill on successfully, dog steady. Birds were scattered here and Blue Dick picked up several singles, and Minnesota nailed another bunny. Edge of woods Blue Dick scored another point, and then two false points for each followed, and dogs were ordered up at 2:12. Neither was fast, but Blue Dick had the best nose and did better work.

Cigarette then ran off her bye, handled by Chas. Barker. She showed fair range and speed, and in about thirty minutes' work scored two points on bevs, and was ordered up at 2:50. She showed very fair work and handled well.

This finished the first series and the brace to decide absolute winner of Derby.

HOPE'S MARK—BLACK WONDER, was put down at 3:20, after going some distance to other ground. In open both pointed a bevy, birds flushed wild. Then they both came on another bevy about same time; Rose flushed the birds. Rose taking his dog into a lane, Mark nailed a single, steady to shot and wing. Meanwhile Black Wonder was lost in cover and Mark was held up. In stubble Mark pointed a bevy and was backed by Wonder. Rose flushed a number of birds, which unsteadied both dogs, needing caution from handlers. Mark scored another point further on. Wonder pointing to Mark drew on and birds flushed wild. Wonder then passed some birds that Hunter flushed. Wonder deemed this by another point, and was steady to shot. Little else was done, and they were called up at 4:27 and the heat and title of absolute winner of Derby given to Hope's Mark, who showed better speed, range, style, and was more obedient to handler than Black Wonder, who was better in this last respect to-day than yesterday. Nothing more was done, and the order was home for a welcome Sunday's rest.

SUMMARY—ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

S. A. Elliott's Noble Count with E. O. Damon's The Corsair.

Blue Ridge Kennels' Countess Rush with Richard Merrill's Paul Boo.

H. T. Smith's Joe R. with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter.

E. H. Osthaus's Fingal with Geo. A. Maclin's Bonnie Bondhu.

N. T. Harris's Simonides with B. Ridgeway's Lon Noble.

F. E. Gregory and Bros.'s Nannie G. and H. J. Gleason's Don's Nellie.

Paul H. Gotzian's Minnesota with George W. Earhart's Blue Duke.

J. I. Case, Jr.'s Cigarette a bye.

MONDAY, NOV. 9.

Second Series.

Rain fell Sunday night and on Monday it came down in torrents. Nevertheless a start was made at 8:29 at the Methodist chapel. Very few spectators out to-day.

DAISY HUNTER—THE COBSAIR.—Dogs ranged off finely and did not seem to mind the rain, but birds were scarce, and those out were running all the time. In woods Daisy got two bevs, but judges did not see the points before flushes. Then she pointed a possum which Hunter put his foot on, possum playing dead. Hunter had possum by the neck when we arrived on the spot. The Corsair did nothing except ranged out finely and at speed.

Then Bonnie Bondhu and Paul Boo were put down a short time, Bonnie getting a point in woods.

Rain coming down cats and dogs, we galloped into town and waited till afternoon, when weather clearing another start was made on Bunting farm with

BONNIE BONDHU—PAUL BOO.—Down at 2:11, they ranged through ragweed and corn, then in weeds again. Bonnie began to road, pointed a single, pointed again, drew on. Birds were running ahead, and carefully she roared the weeds out for ten minutes, scoring a couple of singles, and then at edge of weed patch birds flushed as she pointed again. Paul Boo backed this last move, but was off nose the other part of time altogether, ranging back and forth, taking no notice of Bonnie's work. Dogs up at 2:45, and judges decided that Daisy Hunter wins first, The Corsair second, and Bonnie Bondhu third. This ended the United States Field Trials for 1891. The heat to decide absolute winner will be run off at High Point, N. C., this week.

Summary Second Series.

Daisy Hunter with The Corsair.

Bonnie Bondhu with Paul Boo.

Final.

Daisy Hunter, first money, \$200.

The Corsair, second money, \$175.

Bonnie Bondhu, third money, \$125.

Daisy Hunter's victory makes a great record for the Hunter Bros., who have thus won the Pointer Derby, All-Aged

Pointer Stake and All-Aged Setter Stake; thus they also own the absolute winner of All-Aged Stake, whichever it may be. This is a record to be proud of, and besides winning \$800 during the week, their kennel gains considerable prestige. Daisy Hunter is a lemon and white, well made bitch and is by Gath's Hope out of Daisy F. H. W. L.

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIALS.

ASSONET, Mass., Tuesday, Nov. 3.—The New England Field Trial Derby was started this morning. The weather was favorable for field trial work and the grounds are well adapted for the purposes, there being large sedge fields with woods and thicket here and there, which afford good cover for birds. There are hollows and gentle slopes, thus affording opportunities for working out his grounds. I doubt if there are better grounds in New England. Birds were quite plenty, and before another season the grounds will be well stocked. The judging was well conducted and satisfactory to all. The meeting was a successful one, and everything passed off very pleasantly. The spectators were allowed a little too much liberty by going too close to handlers and judges. Prominent sportsmen from all parts of New England were present. At the meeting of the Board of Governors the thanks of the N. E. F. T. Club were tendered to the judges, Messrs. C. Fred Crawford and N. Wallace for their courteous, kind and just decisions.

THE DERBY.

The quality of the work done was not of a high order. Kit Carson, the winner of first, is a good-looking blue belton dog, ranged well when at his best. He is by Hair's Belton out of Lillian Bondhu and was bred by E. K. Sperry.

First Series.

COUNTRESS and **BECKY NOBLE**.—Mr. J. L. Wells's black and white setter bitch Countess (Kent II.—Jessie Noble), handled by Chaffee, and Mr. E. O. Damon's black and white bitch Becky Noble (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl), handled by C. F. Waterhouse, were cast off in the open field at 7:30 on grounds called the Market Garden. A number of fields were drawn blank, when Becky flushed a bevy a short distance from the starting point, and the dogs ordered on, failed to locate. Chaffee flushed a single. Dogs ordered up at 8:19. Becky was superior in range and speed.

KIT CARSON—SNIPE.—E. K. Sperry's blue belton setter dog Kit Carson (Belton—Lillian Bondhu), handled by L. A. Pearle, and D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s orange and white setter dog Snipe (Edge Mark—Nellie G.), handled by S. A. Ellis, were started at 8:20 in the open. A single was flushed by handlers, both dogs steady to wing. One of the judges flushed a single. A large bevy flushed wild and in open side of the road near the river at 9:27, and put down in the thicket. Snipe and Kit both roared. Three birds flushed in front of handlers. Dogs ordered up at 9:35, the heat a close one. Snipe had a shade better range and speed.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

BESSIE—BERKSHIRE.—Dr. H. A. Baker's black, white and tan setter bitch Bessie (pedigree unknown), handled by owner, and Mr. F. W. Whitlock's black, white and tan setter dog Berkshire, handled by owner, were cast off in a large sedge field at 9:40, and worked to the cover where the birds had put down. Bessie roared and pointed, but failed to find. Hunted through a large thicket of scrub oaks. Dogs failed to find game. Ordered up at 10:10; no birds found. Both were very slow working dogs, and did not show the spirit and hunt of the Derby dogs. Bessie had the best style.

DERBY STAKES.

KIT CARSON—COUNTRESS at 10:17 were cast off in the thicket, Kit having the best of it from the start; Countess pointed a rabbit, went on and Countess again pointed; a bird flushed wild. Kit made a good point; was well backed by Countess; bird was flushed, both dogs steady to wing. Soon after a bird was flushed by the judges. Countess pointed, backed by Kit, but nothing found. Judges flushed another bird. Dogs ordered up at 11 A. M. This was a very good heat, both dogs doing some pretty work. Countess is a nice little dog, and with a little more age and experience will make a crack one.

ALL-AGE.

ROD'S WHIM—NAHME PHILIP.—Mr. E. O. Damon's black, white and tan setter Rod's Whim handled by C. F. Waterhouse, and Mr. E. W. Durkee's orange and white dog Nahme Philip were put down at 11:19. Three large fields were drawn. Whim pointed; went on; nothing found. In a swamp of alders and small oaks Philip found a grouse and pointed it in good shape. Aldrich flushed the bird, both dogs steady to wing. Later both dogs made several false points; dogs ordered up at 12:30. Philip was a wider ranger, has more speed, kept up a good gait through the heat. Whim hunted more to the gun, has good style and action, a more suitable dog for New England shooting and under good control. Both hunt with extra high head.

DERBY STAKE.

SNIPE—BECKY NOBLE were cast off at 1:25 after dinner in a stubble in rear of Carnos' barn. After drawing two large fields blank Becky pointed a woodcock in some alders. Bird flushed, dogs steady to wing. Moving on both dogs pointed; nothing found. Crossing to a large stubble Snipe made a stylish point, well backed by Becky, where birds were seen to get up from. Dogs taken up at 3 P. M. Both dogs under good control, Becky showing the best nose.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

SPOT R.—MISS MONARCH.—Mr. Geo. W. Lovell's liver and white pointer dog Spot R. (Coronet—Clover) and Mr. C. C. Gray's Miss Monarch (Roy Monarch—Flossy) were cast off at 3:08. Spot R. handled by owner, Miss by T. M. Aldrich. In the briars on side of the hill a bevy flushed wild in front of dogs. Going on Spot pointed, Miss backed; birds were running, dogs failed to locate. Working to a sedge field Miss flushed a bevy, which went to deep cover. Going through, same birds flushed wild again. A bird flushed by the judges was marked down and Miss pointed. Aldrich flushed and shot and Miss retrieved to order. Soon after another bird was flushed. Spot R. false-pointed several times and dogs ordered up at 4:45. Miss Monarch was best in ranging.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning opened bright and pleasant, a gentle wind blew from the northwest. A start was made at the Market Garden.

DERBY STAKE.

KIT CARSON—BECKY NOBLE were cast off at 7:55, both dogs going a better gait than yesterday. A large bevy was flushed by handlers and put down in a sedge field; dogs failed to find game. Waterhouse flushed a single. Becky flushed a bird and dogs ordered up at 8:45, and the winners of the Derby were then decided as follows:

First, Kit Carson; second, Becky Noble; third, Countess and Snipe divide.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

SNIPE—FORMAN'S LASS.—D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s orange and white English setter Snipe (Edge Mark—Nellie G.), handled by S. A. Ellis, and H. A. Waldron's black and white bitch Forman's Lass (Forman—Grace B.), were cast off at 9 o'clock, near the corner. Lass flushed a single, Snipe pointed, failed to locate. A bird flushed wild in front of Lass. Crossing the road Lass flushed an outlying bird, then pointed a bevy; as Snipe came up Lass roared on and flushed the bevy; Snipe steady to wing. Crossing the railroad track Snipe pointed a partridge, which was flushed by

spectators. Dogs taken up at 10:22. In speed, range and style Snipe was superior to Lass.

KIT CARSON—WARD'S SPOT.—E. K. Sperry's blue belton English setter dog Kit Carson, handled by L. A. Pearle, and Matt Ward's black, white and tan English setter dog Ward's Spot (Glossier II.—Ward's Mada), handled by T. M. Aldrich, were cast off at 10:45, near Market Garden. After hunting thirty minutes Kit flushed a bevy on side of the road. Moving on Spot nailed a single; Kit refused to back; Aldrich flushed, shot and missed; both dogs steady to shot and wing. Spot again pointed. While waiting for Kit to come up and back the bird flushed. Dogs taken up at 11:40. Kit under best control.

ROD'S WHIM—MISS MONARCH.—After lunch a start was made at Assonet Neck, called the Quaker place. Whim handled by Waterhouse, Monarch by Aldrich, were cast off at 1:55 in a swale covered with brush. Monarch found and flushed a bevy. Moving a short distance Whim pointed a single; backed by Monarch; Waterhouse flushed, shot and killed; dogs steady; bird retrieved by Whim. Whim again pointed, backed by Monarch. Waterhouse shot and killed; bird retrieved by Monarch. Soon Whim got another point; bird flushed by Waterhouse. Dogs ordered up at 2:23. This was the best heat seen so far, both dogs doing some good work. Harry Tallman had a chance to snap his Kodak on them a number of times.

NAHKE PHILIP—SNIPE.—Nahmke Philip, handled by Aldrich, and Snipe, handled by Ellis, were cast off at 2:42 in an open field. This was a long, tiresome heat. After hunting large stubble fields, meadows, peach orchards, etc., for two hours without making game, the dogs were ordered up at 4:40. Philip was a much wider ranger; both dogs worked well and quartered their ground in good style. For range, speed and style they outclassed any dogs in the trials. This ended the heats for the day.

THURSDAY.

SPOT R.—WARD'S SPOT.—It was a bright, cool morning, and frosty. A start was made at the cemetery grounds, near Market Garden. Spot R. handled by Lovell, Ward's Spot by Aldrich, were cast off at 7:50. Working out a large sedge field, Spot R. false pointed, backed by Ward's Spot. Soon after Ward's Spot pointed on the side of the hill backed by Spot R. No game found. Moving on Spot R. roared to a bevy and pointed. Lovell flushed, shot and missed; Spot R. was steady to shot and wing. Ward's Spot false pointed, then Spot R. flushed a single and was steady to wing. Ward's Spot then pointed again, backed by Spot R. Aldrich flushed and killed; Ward's Spot unsteady, went in and retrieved the bird. After working out a corn and wheat stubble without results, dogs ordered up at 9:10. Spot R. having the best of the heat.

ROD'S WHIM—NAHKE PHILIP were cast off in the open at 9:20. In a few minutes a bevy flushed wild in the open field. Crossing the road Whim pointed near a stone mill; Phil came down on the other side and also pointed; both challenged; roared on; Phil pointed staunch at the left, Whim the same at the right of the field, but nothing found; evidently the birds had been running there. Going on to the thicket, Whim pointed a single in fine style. Phil called up to back refused, went in between Whim and the bird; did not catch the scent; Waterhouse flushed the bird, shot and missed. Going on to an alder swamp Phil pointed a bevy; Aldrich flushed, shot and killed; both dogs steady. Phil ordered to retrieve did so. Then Phil false pointed, backed by Whim. Dogs ordered up at 10:20. Without a doubt, this was the best brace in the stake. The winners were: First, Rod's Whim; second, Nahmke Philip; third, divided by Spot R. and Miss Monarch.

Rod's Whim, the winner of the All-Age Stake, is a good-looking, evenly-marked, black, white and tan English setter dog, by Roderigo out of Florence Gladstone, and was broken by Mr. C. F. Waterhouse. He is good on all game, and his owner may well feel proud of him, BLUE RIDGE.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB ENTRIES.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

SETTERS.

ORLANDO (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer.
RUPERT (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer.
ANDY (Jean Val Jean—Shem Van), J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer.
FOLLY (Roderigo—Countess House), J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer.
ROBESPIERRE (Roderigo—Ollie S.), J. M. Avent and Royal Carroll.
ROANOK (Bush—Lottie B.), Arthur Burt.
EDGE MARK (Skidmore—Flo MacIn), Francis S. Brown.
PEG WOFFINGTON (Ben Hill—Nora), Francis S. Brown.
GUENN (Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward), Blue Ridge Kennels.
COUNTESS RUSH (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont), Blue Ridge Kennels.
GOSSIP (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont), Blue Ridge Kennels.
NATALIE II. (King Noble—Natalie), Bert Crane.
COMO STE MADRE (Roderigo—Maud), Bert Crane.
THE CORSAIR (Dan Gladstone—Haidee), E. O. Damon.
COUNT GLADSTONE (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), Adolph Dill.
JOE LEWIS (Count Noble—Fannie), J. O'H. & F. H. Denny.
WAGTAIL (Roi d'Or—Belle of Piedmont), O. W. Donner.
NAHKE PHILIP (Roy Monarch—Saddlebags), P. W. Durkee.
COUNT ERIC (Count Noble—Fannie W.), Edward Gray.
HARRY C. (Roderigo—Countess House), Greenfield Hill Kennels.
REVELER (Gath's Mark—Esther), W. B. Hill.
DAD WILSON, JR. (Dad Wilson—Lit), J. Shelley Hudson.
DOLLY HILL (Ben Hill—Dolly S.), J. Shelley Hudson.
DAISY HUNTER (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), Jos. H. and J. A. Hunter.
TORY LIEUTENANT (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen), F. R. Hitchcock.
TORY PETRONELLA (Roderigo—Belle of Bridgeport), F. R. Hitchcock.
ANTEVOLO (Count Noble—Trinket II.), P. Lorillard, Jr.
BLADE (Toledo Blade—Sula C.), P. Lorillard, Jr.
FLIGHT (Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward), Wm. McKinnan, Jr.
PAUL BO (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl), Richard Merrill.
BONNIE BONDHU (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu), Geo. A. McLin.
EVF (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl), Herbert Merriam.
RANDOLPH ROY (Ned—Bett's Belle), Randolph Kennels.
LON NOBLE (Count Noble—Alphonse), R. Ridgway.
TOP MARK (Gath's Mark—Burd Helen), B. M. Stephenson.
SAM R. (Dash Bryson—Daisy Hope), W. W. Titus.
JOY (Paul Gladstone—Gipsy H.), W. W. Titus.
DONOVAN (Bob Gates—Nannie Gladstone), W. W. Titus.

POINTERS.

NICK OF NASO (Naso II.—Pettigo), H. R. Baldwin.
ROD (Phil T.—Rose), E. C. Cornell.
ROCK II. (Graphic—Lady Belle), C. E. Connell.
MAID OF KENT (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

EXILE (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

WILD DAMON (Damon—Flora), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

CROXIE WISE (Croxeth—Young Beulah), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

MONTEREY (Tory White—Lafford Pearl), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

PROMOTION (Lord Graphic—Belle), John R. Daniels.

DON FIS-HEL (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang), U. R. Fisel.

BLACK WONDER (Cowell's Jike—Bang Bang's Pride), Jos. H. and J. A. Hunter.

BACKER'S GROUSE (Mainspring—Swain's Fly), C. C. M. Hunt.

DUKE OF HESSEN (Luck of Hessen—Blarney), Hempstead Farm Kennels.

ROCKFORD BANG (Trinket's Bang—Nellie Bow), W. T. Irwin.

ABBESS OF KENT (King of Kent—Lannie Bijou), Frederick Joy.

GROUSEDALE (Underwriter—Trix), R. R. Moore.

DASH (Marko—Sappho), Watkins L. Moorman.

GRAPHIC VI. (champion Graphic—Daisy II.), Wm. Mahone, Jr.

FRANK W. (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cute), A. L. Sanford.

MARQUIS, W. W. Titus.

DEVONSHIRE DON (Molten Baron—Village Star), Dr. H. J. Thomas.

BOB WHITE (Luck of the Goat—Meteor's Trinket), Chas. Whealen and Gustav Sander.

TRINKET'S DILL (Bracket—Robert's Trinket), Charles Whealen and Gustav Sander.

FREE-FOR-ALL STAKE.

ANTONIO (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), J. M. Avent and N. T. Harris.

CHANCE (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer Kennels.

RIP RAP* (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

MAID OF KENT* (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

NATALIE II. (King Noble—Natalie), Bert Crane.

COUNT ERIC (Count Noble—Fannie W.), Edward Gray.

BETTY S. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), Highland Kennels.

PAUL BO (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl), Richard Merrill.

KING'S MARK (King Noble—Belle Belton), B. Ridgway and Francis S. Brown.

FRANK W.* (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cute), A. L. Sanford.

TRIBUTATION* (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow), B. M. Stephenson.

* Pointers. All others setters.

BEAGLE TRIAL ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following are the entries for the National Beagle Club's second annual beagle trials, to be held at Nanuet, Rockland county, N. Y., Nov. 23. Classes A and B for dogs and bitches 15 in. and under in height. Classes C and D for those 13 in. and under:

CLASS A.

TRICOTRIM, w b t, May 23, 1889 (champion Royal Krueger—Midge), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

SEDEGWICK, b w t, June 27, 1889 (champion Royal Krueger—Lillie), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

HUNTER, w b t, June, 1890 (Forest Boy—Lady Lee), Forest Beagle Kennels.

CHAMPION RACER, JR., b w t, April 4, 1885 (Racer—Vickey), Rockland Kennels.

ROY K., b w t, Dec. 23, 1889 (champion Rattler III.—Dora), Rockland Kennels.

BILL NYE, b w t, June 30, 1890 (Rip Van Winkle—Queen Nellie), Wm. H. Hyland.

STORMY, w b t, May 30, 1888 (champion Royal Krueger—Pussie), Pocantico Kennels.

FLEETWOOD, b w t, May, 1888 (Prince—Doty), F. F. Ogier.

TONY WELER, w b t, March 24, 1885 (Keno—Fly), Wm. H. Child.

RING, w b t, Feb. 22, 1889 (Victor G.—Try R.), Glenrose Beagle Kennels.

CLASS B.

MIDGE, w b t, April 12, 1886 (Bounce—Jessie), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

NELLIE, b w t, July 15, 1886 (Rattler—Rosebud), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

LADY LEE, w b t, May, 1889 (Fitz Hugh Lee—Reed's Nell), Forest Beagle Kennels.

GYSEY FOREST, w b t, April, 1889 (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), Forest Beagle Kennels.

JUNE ROSE, w b t, June, 1889 (Frank Forest—Juno II.), Forest Beagle Kennels.

TONE, w b t, December, 1885 (Flute M.—Skip), Glenrose Beagle Kennels.

BELLE OF ROCKLAND, b w t, April 16, 1890 (Clunier—Countess), Rockland Kennels.

FANNY RACER, b w t, July 10, 1890 (champion Racer, Jr.—Nellie), Rockland Kennels.

FLORA K., b w t, April 18, 1887 (Lee—Topsey), Rockland Kennels.

DORA, w b t, March 26, 1885 (Ringwood—Birdie), Pocantico Kennels.

COUNTESS JUNO, b w t, September, 1889 (Boston—Countess), F. F. Ogier.

CLASS C.

ROYAL KRUEGER, w b t, March 23, 1887 (Bannerman—Cora), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

CLYDE, w b t, April, 1889 (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), Bradford S. Turpin.

FAIRY LEE, b w t, July 6, 1889 (Lee II.—Fairy), Edwin Field, M.D.

CLASS D.

JUDY, b w t, February, 1890 (Spelo—Nell), W. H. Ashburner.

AVA W., w b t, May 23, 1889 (Royal Krueger—Midge), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

NIBS, w b t, May 23, 1889 (Royal Krueger—Midge), Hornell-Harmony Kennels.

BELLE ROSS, w b t, June, 1889 (Ross W.—Cricket), Bradford S. Turpin.

TOXT, b w t, Feb. 1, 1890 (Flute M.—Skip), Glenrose Beagle Kennels.

ROMP C., b w t, Dec. 18, 1890 (Tony—Skippy), Glenrose Beagle Kennels.

CLASS E.

THE CZAR, b w t, April 6, 1891 (Mac—Fanny K.), Rockland Kennels.

THE PASHA, b w t, April 6, 1891 (Mac—Fanny K.), Rockland Kennels.

JUMBO, w b t, April 19, 1891 (Bannerman—Virginia), Paul C. F. Hoffman.

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JUMBO, w b t, April 19, 1891 (Bannerman—

THE DOG IS PROPERTY IN TEXAS.

SAN ANGELO, Tex., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an important decision just rendered by our Court of Appeals (which is here the final court in all criminal cases), establishing the principle that the dog is property and a subject of larceny. All Texas sportsmen indorse and feel a just pride in this decision, and hereby extend to our brethren elsewhere an invitation to come and hunt with us, assuring them of full protection to themselves and their dogs.

MILTON MAYES.

Henry Hurley vs. State: appeal from Bexar.

Conviction for the theft of a dog with the punishment fixed at two years in the penitentiary. Whether a dog is the subject of larceny under our statute is a point not raised by counsel either in the court *a quo* or in this court. So far as the court is advised, this is the first conviction in this State of a felony for stealing a dog. Mr. Justice Wheeler said in State vs. Marshall that by the common law the stealing of a dog does not amount to larceny (18 Tex. 58). But by statute in England severe penalties are inflicted for stealing them. In Cooper vs. State (3 Ct. App. 489) this court held that dogs are not recognized as other property and are not subject to an ad valorem tax. Mr. Bishop says: "Of those animals of which there can be no larceny, though reclaimed, are dogs, cats, polecats, coons, etc. These animals may when reclaimed have a recognized value and the right of property in them be protected in civil jurisprudence, it is otherwise in criminal." In Texas civil actions for negligently and willfully killing them have been sustained (78 Tex. 300).

Our statute provides that "within the meaning of personal property which may be the subject of theft are included all domesticated animals or birds when they are proved to be of any specific value." By another statute it is made an offense to wound, poison or disfigure any horse, mule, swine, dog or other domesticated animal. In Maine it was held that dogs are not domestic animals, but there was a dissenting opinion which the court quotes with approval. "A dog is the subject of ownership. Trespass will lie for an injury to him. Trover is maintainable for his conversion. Replevin will lie. An action may be had for his price. He is a domestic animal. From the time of the pyramids to the present day, from the frozen pole to the torrid zone, wherever man has been, there has been his dog. Cuvier has asserted that the dog was perhaps necessary for the establishment of civil society. He is the friend and companion of his master, accompanying him in his walks, his servant aiding him in hunting, the playmate of his children, an inmate of his house, protecting it from all assailants." In New York it was held that the term "personal property" included dogs, and that the stealing of a dog was therefore larceny. The court in that case said: "The reason generally assigned by common law writers for the rule is the baseness of their nature and the fact that they were kept for whim or pleasure. When we call to mind the small spaniel that saved the life of William of Orange and thus probably changed the current of modern history, and the faithful St. Bernards, which, after a storm has swept the crests and sides of the Alps, start out in search of lost travelers, the claim that the nature of the dog is essentially base and that he should be left a prey to every vagabond who chooses to steal him will not now receive ready assent. Under our statute there can be no question but that the dog comes in with the term domesticated animals, and as such is the subject of theft. The dog stolen was a fine pointer and was worth at least \$50. Bills of exception present no error. Affirmed. Opinion by White, P. J."

DOG CHAT.

NO better country than that around Bicknell, Ind., could be chosen to hold field trials on. Game is very plentiful, a bag of 50 quail being an ordinary day's occurrence. Beries are large and strong on the wing, and as for hares they are as plentiful as the most industrious pot-hunter could wish. The land is well tilled, the farms all looking thrifty, in wide contrast to the deserted wilds of North Carolina round High Point and Lexington. The United States Field Trial Club have leased about 4,000 acres for five years and the land is posted. Most of the fields are from 30 to 50 acres in extent.

Bicknell is a pretty village of about 700 inhabitants and essentially a farming community, though a couple of coal mines near give employment to about 50 men. The villagers and farmers take a great interest in the trials and are sociably inclined, unlike the High Point and Lexington people, who seem to hold aloof from all association with the field trial element.

The winning of the Pointer Derby and All-Aged Stake must be very gratifying to the Hunter Brothers, in their own State, J. H. Hunter living only about 12 miles from Bicknell, at Sanborn, Ind. We heard that during the week, on the field, Mr. Hunter was offered \$200 for Black Wonder, and having won \$400 with him they would have realized, had he accepted, a neat sum out of a dog that, while not by any means a brilliant performer, is an honest worker, but not much to look at.

The Blue Ridge Kennel victory in the Setter Derby was a popular one and the presence of Mr. Pabst would have made the joy of the other owners, Hulmar and O'Bannon complete. As there is no photographer here, our "Hawkeye" snaps off the winning dogs must wait till next week for publication. The above kennel purchased Hope's Mark from Mr. Janan the first day of the meeting, and thus with Bob Cooper were able to take first and second prizes. Hope's Mark was bred and raised by Mr. D. E. Rose, who handled him, selling him about three months since to Mr. Janan, consequently Mr. Rose is very proud of the pup and hopes in the East to do just as well. There is no reason why he should not, as the dog is excellently trained, has lots of bird sense and is quite fast enough. This is Rose's year evidently, and he has a good string, for at this writing it looks as if the All-Aged Setter Stake would come very near his kennel. The Blue Ridge Kennel gave an oyster supper with champagne fixings at the hotel, Thursday night, to commemorate their victory. Some waggyish hander wrote on the blackboard in the office: "We Hoped to win, but the dogs Bobbed round so that they left us with but Wun Lung." This was a little rustic wit that elicited rounds of applause. Hope's Mark, Bob Cooper and Wun Lung, the three winners in Setter Derby, were handled by D. E. Rose, and this winning certainly beat the handlers' record, capped as it is by Hope's Mark absolute win of Derby. No one begrudges him his good luck for he is gentlemanly and quiet in manner, and very evidently a kind trainer with his dogs.

Mrs. Smyth, owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, has purchased the St. Bernard bitches Lady Blanca (Kastlehorn—Topsy) and Geraldine (Kastlehorn—Qda II.) from Mr. James Watson, who lately imported them. They are said to be pretty good specimens, Geraldine especially, she standing 31½ in., and is a big-boned animal. With the bitches already in this kennel, Mrs. Smyth has now a very nice, even team.

We were pleased to meet Col. Sloo, one of the judges, down at the trials at Bicknell. He is County Clerk of Knox county, Ind., and a general favorite. Ever ready to volunteer information as to the work of the dogs while running, we take this occasion to acknowledge his kind aid, which

helped us materially in our report, his six feet four of solid humanity enabling him to see several little points which we otherwise would have missed.

Spratts Co. informs us that they have received the news that their London house is sending over the St. Bernard dog Keeper, Jr. (?) for Mr. W. C. Reick, and also two more Barzois, a dog and bitch, from Russia, for Mr. Paul H. Hacke.

Inclosed find draft to pay my subscription for another year to the best dog paper in America. You always manage to get the latest and best news, and, better than all, it is always reliable.—A. W. SMITH (Buffalo, N. Y.). This seems to be the opinion shared by many others.

Mr. R. M. Isherwood, publisher of the *Times* at Delphi, Ind., has probably the largest puppy of its age ever raised in America. It is a rough-coated St. Bernard, bred by John W. Farnof, at the Illinois St. Bernard Kennels, and weighed 123½ lbs. at six months of age.

Champion Elcho, Jr., died last Monday at Harry Goodman's kennels, Auburn, Ill. The death of the dog takes from us the most typical Irish setter in America during the past decade. He was by Elcho out of Noreen, and was about ten years old.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week are the following offers for sale: A. Youngdolph, greyhound pup; Walter J. Comstock, Irish terrier pups; W. S. G. Baker, great Danes; A. S. Weeks, setters; F. L. Cheney, Irish setters; 938 Prospect avenue, Gordon setters; Migouon Kennels, cocker spaniel; D. A. Goodwin, Jr., English setter; W. H. Pierce, pointer dog. The Oak Grove Kennels offer Kildare in the stud.

The second annual dog show of the Central City Kennel Club will be held at Jackson, Mich., Feb. 16, 17, 18 and 19. Dr. Edwin L. Kimball is secretary.

We note the following from the *Shooting Times* (London) of Oct. 24: "The Barzoi Zerry arrived in London in excellent condition and a credit to the butcher of the National liner who looked after her. Zerry is an exceptionally fine bitch, fawn in color, with a lovely body, shoulders, legs and feet. I think she is the best I have seen, bar Pagooba." As the writer of the above is the owner of the noted Barzoi Whirlwind, such comment of the bitch must be very gratifying to Mr. H. W. Huntington, who owns her. Zerry was sent over to be bred to the best Barzoi dog in England, and considering she is criticised as being next best to Pagooba (the best in England), her pups ought to be exceptionally fine.

Mr. H. W. Wilson, of Ballardvale, Mass., has purchased of the Anglo-American Terrier Kennels a little bitch puppy four months old, by Toon's Royal from Tipsy, which is less than a pound in weight and as smart as a cricket. This little one bids fair to give other American-bred ones a severe rub, as it has a grand body on the best of legs, showing much quality.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club is called for Thursday, Nov. 19, at 5 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Child, 634 Race street, Philadelphia; also one to meet at High Point during the progress of the same.

We have received \$10 from Mr. A. H. Moore for the St. Bernard Hospice Fund.

The Washington City Kennel Club will hold a show on the dates March 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1892. It has been arranged so that Washington can have the dates previously given the Maryland Club, they having abandoned their intention of holding a show next year.

THE CANADIAN TRIALS.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 11.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Rain all day. No running attempted. Drawings for All-Age resulted: Westminster Drake against Matane Lady. Patch vs. Axtel's King Don. Manitoba Pet vs. Lady Gay Spanker. Canadian Jester vs. Count Graphic. Dart vs. Luke. Cambriana vs. Ightfield Blithe. Ightfield Seton vs. Rose Rapid II. Lady Spot vs. Dan O'Connell. Still raining. Looks bad for to-morrow. F. HOUGH.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lock. By W. H. Ellsworth, Manchester, Conn., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1890, by Ned Roy (Dock—Flag) out of Bridget D. (Beat—Aggie).

Chrysa and Isabella. By H. L. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., for black and tan collie bitches, whelped July 15, 1890, by Gildero (champion Charlemagne—Hasty) out of Zillah (Rutland Jock—Spot).

Satan, Ben Hur, Hindoo and Niola. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pups, three dogs and one bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1891, by Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thor) out of Sara Bernhardt (Lord Roseberry—Cara).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Beulo—Guy. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Beulo (Barnard—Beulia) to Guy (Grimsell—Dell), April 22.

Nina—Guy. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nina (Knight—Roxie) to Guy (Grimsell—Dell), Aug. 19.

Golden Rod—Bismark. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) collie bitch Golden Rod (Scots Guard—Lothian Maid II.) to his Bismark (Lothian Chief—Edgewood Beauty), May 14.

Lady Ruby. J. W. Dunlop, (Clare, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Beulo (Barnard—Beulia) to Guy (Grimsell—Dell), Oct. 5.

Lake View Spot—Rutland Jock. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) collie bitch Lake View Spot (Victor Hugo—Minnie) to his Rutland Jock (champion Rutland—Penelope), Sept. 4.

Altonetta—Lord Bute. F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Altonetta (Alton—) to Menthon Kennels' Lord Bute (Save—Sabrina), Oct. 7.

Toon's Royal. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flo (Bright—Fan) to their Toon's Royal (Dreadnaught—Fille), Nov. 2.

Lotta—Prince Regent. Davis & Winter's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) black and tan bitch Lotta to Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Prince Regent (Sir Henry—Lund's Rose), Oct. 17.

Meersbrook Empress—Prince Raglan. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) black and tan bitch Meersbrook Empress (General III—Empress) to their Prince Raglan (Beaconsfield—Minnie), Sept. 20.

Sissey—Valley Boxer. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Irish terrier bitch Sissey (Apprentice Boy—Nelly) to their Valley Boxer (Bob—Liffey), Sept. 17.

Lady Rosebud—Lord Bute. Jos. Stiner's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Lady Rosebud (champion Beauchamp—Queen of Scotland) to Menthon Kennels' Lord Bute (Save—Sabrina), Sept. 22.

Lady Hopeful—Lord Bute. A. H. Moore's (Colmar, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Hopeful to Menthon Kennels' Lord Bute (Save—Sabrina), Oct. 13.

June—Lord Bute. D. E. Hirsch's (Lancaster, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch June to Menthon Kennels' Lord Bute (Save—Sabrina), Sept. 24.

Sunray—Lord Bute. Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown,

Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Sunray to Menthon Kennels' Lord Bute (Save—Sabrina), Sept. 9.

Lalla Rookh—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lalla Rookh to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Pass B), Oct. 25.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lake View Spot. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) collie bitch Lake View Spot (Victor Hugo—Minnie), Nov. 6, nine (four dogs), by his Rutland Jock (champion Rutland—Penelope).

Golden Rod. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) collie bitch Golden Rod (Scots Guard—Lothian Maid II.), July 12, seven (four dogs), by his Bismark (Lothian Chief—Edgewood Beauty).

Nina. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nina (Knight—Roxie), Oct. 19, fourteen (seven dogs), by Guy (Grimsell—Dell).

Beulo. H. F. Littlefield's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Beulo (Barnard—Beulia), June 19, nine (five dogs), by Guy (Grimsell—Dell).

Florence Gladstone. Poston & Burdell's (Columbus, O.) English setter bitch Florence Gladstone (Gladstone—Florence), Nov. 1, eleven (three dogs), by Advent's Iroderigo (Count Noble—Twin Maid).

Warren Tease. Morey Kennels' (Fairfield, Conn.) fox-terrier bitch Warren Tease (champion Splauser—Warren Tease), Nov. 4, four (one dog), by their Ruby Trigger (Brosey Trigger—Pearline).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Beulo. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped January, 1890, by Barnard out of Beulia, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Dr. J. W. Dunlop, Clare, Mich.

Blanchey Ward. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 12, 1891, by Scotch Bonivard out of Hecla, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to C. G. Oliver, Canton, O.

Scotch Bonivard—Hecla whelp. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped May 12, 1891, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to G. T. Lord, Turnerville, Conn.

Duke Leslie. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1891, by Rex Morgan out of Mack's Juno, by W. B. McClelland, Hyattsville, to John Thomas, same place.

Prince Cleve and Alice. Orange and white St. Bernard dog and bitch, whelped June 19, 1891, by Guy out of Beulo, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to Dr. J. W. Dunlop, Clare, Mich.

King C. and Queen C. Orange and white St. Bernard dog and bitch, whelped June 19, 1891, by Guy out of Beulo, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., to T. W. Clelland, McAlester, Ind. Ter.

Guy—Beith whelps. Orange and white St. Bernards, whelped June 19, 1891, by H. F. Littlefield, Worcester, Mass., a dog each to C. M. Smith, Jacksonville, Fla., and Judge H. C. Fox, Richmond, Ind., and a bitch to F. E. Prentiss, Auburn, Mass.

Spot Noso—Rose Graphic whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1891, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to C. A. Holden, Sedgewick, Me.

Graphic III—Meteor's Flirt whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1891, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to J. P. De Saussure, Charleston, S. C.

Altonessa. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1890, by Alton out of Alaric II., by Menthon Kennels, Phoenixville, Pa., to A. A. Cobb, Wilmington, Del.

Tobey's Princess. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, by Mascot Bernard out of Merchant Princess, by A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., to a gentleman of Doylestown, Pa.

Sibyl. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, by Bausmond out of Queenie, by A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., to Paul Garber.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—For the last week my setter's back between his hindquarters has curved up, he cannot reach to the floor to pick anything up; he cannot sit up straight; as continually lies down and every few minutes begins to squeal and moan as if in great pain. Ans. Give 1 desertspoonful of the following mixture three times a day: Sodii salicylas 2drs. to 5oz. of water. Apply this liniment to back twice a day: Menthol 1½ doz., chloroform 2oz., olive oil add 8oz.

R. W., Boston.—I have two Irish terriers about 14 weeks old. When I received them, about four weeks ago, one had its coat full of dry skin, like dandruff, and it had a number of spots over its body where the hair had come off, leaving skin bare, but no signs of soreness; I have treated him with carbolic vaseline, but he is no better. The other broke out with a number of sores about a week ago; the puppy scratches these until they bleed, they then heal up with a hard scale and cease to trouble him; he has not been troubled long enough to have any scabs fall off, but has some new sores every morning. Both puppies are very lively, eat well, and appear in the best of health. Ans. Treat for worms, and apply the following ointment all over twice or three times a week: Precipitated sulphur, 4 drachms; oil of tar, 5 drachms; vaseline, 4 ounces. Give a little meat in addition to the food mentioned.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE ORDNANCE REPORT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The annual report of the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., ready for transmission to Congress, describes at length the exhaustive experiments made by the department with magazine rifle arms, including the latest European models. On this subject the report says: "The rifle change from a caliber of .45 in. (our present service standard), to the much smaller one of .30, the use of the long and narrow cartridge thereby necessitated, and the introduction of the smokeless powder for imparting a greatly increased velocity to the bullet without subjecting the barrel and breech system to undue augmented strain, have all operated to render the efforts of American inventors to perfect their guns, and the result is that but few magazine guns of American design have yet been brought before the board. To assist inventors the department has sold at cost price caliber .30 barrels and smokeless powder cartridges for such preliminary experiments as they might desire to make. A number have availed themselves of these opportunities, and will probably soon have their inventions ready for trial by the board. The elaboration of a magazine system suitable for the military service is an operation requiring not only ingenuity, but both time and patience to bring it to perfection.

"Experience has demonstrated the ability of American inventors to produce the best small arms in the world adapted to the conditions which formerly existed. This department is doing all in its power to afford the inventors an opportunity to meet the requirements of new existing conditions. Reports of foreign service indicate that continuous rapid firing may not be expected in the use of the magazine gun, as it is limited by the endurance of the soldier and the heating of the gun. Reports from our army show that an expert soldier can fire the present service Springfield single loader with the accuracy generally required in action about twenty times per minute. So far as rapidity of fire alone is concerned, these reports reduce somewhat the almost universally estimated necessity for an immediate change to a magazine system. It is important to state that up to the present time the investigations made and knowledge gained by this department have not demonstrated so much excellence in the magazine arms which have been adopted by foreign nations as was expected, and have not shown such perfection in any one of them as could warrant its adoption for our service. It is hoped that this country can produce a better arm, and until it can, or certainly until it has been demonstrated that it cannot, it would be wise to defer a change from the excellent single loader now in service to a magazine system. No efforts will be spared to arrive at a satisfactory magazine arm."

The new caliber .30 Springfield is said to have been very successful with smokeless powder.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Nov. 5.—The third shoot of the Logan Rifles to-day on their grounds in the south-eastern part of the city resulted as follows, out of a possible 25: Captain Logan 18, Sergeant Snyder 18, Lieutenant Montgomery 18, Corporal Allen 15, Lewis 20, Steiner 20, White 16, Thomas 17, Williams 17, Cook 13, Reed 10.

AUBURN GUN CLUB.

announced by "Naniti," "Gloan" "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant,

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

THE A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—On Oct. 1 Com. Walter U. Lawson and Sec. Treas. Ralph F. Brazer ended their terms of office, their places being taken by Vice-Com. C. V. Winne, of the Central Division, and the new Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Wackerhagen. On Saturday next the terms of all the division officers will end, the new board, which constitutes with the Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer the executive committee, being as follows:

Central Division.—Vice-Com. E. L. French, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rear Com. T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; Purser C. D. Mead, Dayton, O.; Ex. Com., T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; C. F. Wolters, Rochester, N. Y.; C. G. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Eastern Division.—Vice-Com. J. W. Cartwright, Boston; Rear Com. E. C. Knapp, Springfield; Purser R. Appollonio; Ex. Com., Paul Butler, Lowell; W. U. Lawson, Newton; S. R. Upham, Providence, R. I.; T. H. Metcalf, Holyoke.

Northern Division.—Vice-Com. D. B. Jaques, Toronto; Rear Com. W. F. Sweny, Kingston; Purser W. H. P. Weston, Toronto; Ex. Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston; D'Arcy Strickland, Lakefield.

Atlantic Division.—Vice-Com. L. W. Seavey, New York; Rear Com. Richard Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Purser J. K. Hand, New York; Ex. Com., W. S. Elliott, New York; J. R. Lake, New York; C. V. Schuyler, Arlington, N. J.

DIVISION REPRESENTATION.—If we are not mistaken, several Divisions have provided themselves with members at large far in excess of the number allowed by the constitution. A Division of 100 members is entitled to the three flag officers, but no member at large; a Division of 200 members is entitled to but one member at large; a Division of 300 members to two; and in order to have three a Division must show at least 301 names on the roll. It looks as though this was only another instance of that carelessness in reading and applying the rules, which is becoming entirely too common in the Association, and which usually arises from the hasty manner in which business meetings are conducted. As we have remarked before, there is no use in enacting and printing rules which are not to be observed. Last year, taking the A. C. A. book as authority, there were two Divisions each with one more member on the committee than they were legally entitled to, but the matter passed unnoticed.

THE DIVISION REPORTS.

ATLANTIC DIVISION, PURSER'S REPORT.

Receipts.	
By cash from former purser	\$234 62
By dues from 1886 to 1889 (inclusive)	5 00
By dues for 1891	285 00
By dues for 1892	2 00
By entrance fees	39 00
By Division meet receipts	26 00

Expenditures.	
To office expenses	\$43 01
To Division meet expenses	159 60
To regatta committee expenses	48 11
To A. C. A.	
To 30 per cent. receipts from Sept. 1890 to Sept. 1, 1891	\$98.70
To sending out 6 supplements <i>Sail and Paddle</i> at \$2.08	12.48
To 3-10 expense sending out 2,500 year books	29.70
	\$140 88
To balance Oct. 15, 1891	240 02
	\$581 62

Audited and found correct.
(Signed) W. J. STEWART.
JAMES K. HAND.

Membership.	
Members Nov. 7, 1890	297
New members	39
Reinstated	1-40
Dropped for non-payment	33
Resigned	12
Deceased	2-47
	Loss. 7
Total membership, Oct. 15, 1891	290

RICHARD HOBART, Purser.
Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION, PURSER'S REPORT.

Receipts.	
By balance received from former Purser	\$127 57
By dues of members for 1891	210 00
By dues for 1892	17 00
By dues for 1892	2 00
By initiation fees	57 00
By interest	1 35

Expenditures.	
To office expenses	\$91 41
To A. C. A. Treasurer	85 80
To balance Sept. 15, 1891	297 11
	\$474 32

Membership.	
Membership, October, 1890	162
New members, 1891	57
Reinstated	14-71
Dropped for non-payment, etc	22
	Gain.. 49
Total membership	211

W. HOWARD BROWN, Purser.
Albany, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION, PURSER'S REPORT.

Receipts.	
By balance from former Purser	\$144 09
By dues collected for 1891	325 00
By initiation fees	99 00
By dues for 1892	6 00
By dues for 1892	1 00
By camp dues collected at Eastern Division Meet	36 00

Expenditures.	
To office expenses	\$ 68 30
To Eastern Division headquarters at meet	22 50
To three-tenths expense on mailing of 2,500 Year Books	29 70
To six supplements <i>Sail and Paddle</i>	14 40
To expense at Eastern Division meet	54 20
To amount due and paid to A. C. A. Treasurer	398 70
To balance October 1, 1891	23 19
	\$611 09

Audited and found correct.
(Signed) E. S. GILMORE,
LATHROP HEDGE.

Membership.

Members, October 1, 1890	296
New members	99
Reinstated	4-103
Died	3
Resigned	3
Transferred to other divisions	1
Dropped for non-payment	67-74
	Gain.. 29

Membership October, 1891..... 325
R. APOLLONIO, Purser.
Winchester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION, PURSER'S REPORT.

Receipts.	
By balance from former Purser	\$ 7 55
By members dues for 1891	110 00
By initiation fees	168 00
By receipts from meet	126 64
By subscription special	55 00
	\$471 19

Expenditures.	
To amount of loan repaid	\$ 75 30
To stationery	22 00
To postage and sundries	14 75
To expenses of meet	136 71
To expenses of camp site	55 05
To printing	33 50
To Year Book	10 85
To amount due and paid to A. C. A. Treasurer	83 40
To supplement of <i>Sail and Paddle</i>	31 56
To balance on hand	8 07
	\$471 19

Membership.	
Members, Nov. 1, 1890	180
New members	84
Dropped	70
	Gain.. 14

Membership, Nov. 1, 1891..... 194
Audited and found correct.
(Signed) R. EASTON BURNS,
W. J. B. WHITE.

CHANGES IN THE RACING RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I wish to protest against the proposed rule prohibiting rudders in paddling races. I cannot see any reason for it except to help those too lazy to rig foot steering gear or who stand while paddling, for under many conditions it is certainly a great help. If it were not a benefit, there is certainly no use of ruling it out. Also, this affects more than the races at the A. C. A. meet, as the majority of the clubs in the A. C. A. have a turn in the paddling races at their club regattas, when unquestionably the rudder is a great help. As these races are almost invariably under A. C. A. rules, this question is quite serious, and the rudder is certainly a legitimate device. Nearly every cruiser uses a rudder when paddling, and if the rules are to be drawn so very fine, I propose, as an offset, a rule to prohibit carrying or using a baler in sailing races. There is as much sense in one as the other.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The proposed changes in the racing rules, as offered by the regatta committee and others in FOREST AND STREAM, will no doubt be the cause of much discussion. I think that to add to Rule X, "No rudder shall be used in paddling races," is rather unjust, as the rudder is as much a part of the canoe as the keelboard, and in the record paddling race centerboards must be carried, and why should a man be compelled to discard his rudder when it may be of some assistance to him, which, like the centerboard, is simply extra dead weight? In the record sailing and combined canoe must carry the same rig and ballast, and why should a man in the record paddling take off his rudder? and if it can be carried in that race, why not in all paddling races?
I also cannot see anything to be gained in starting all paddling and combined races by the stern of the canoes, as it gives the 16ft. canoe an advantage of 1½ ft. over the 14ft. 6in. canoe, and the race is not the whole distance between the start and finish lines.
I am glad to see that some notice has been taken by the addition to Rule XII to stop the jockeying that was witnessed at the A. C. A. meet this year in two races.
A. C. A. 1254.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: William Bradford, New York; Paul Muller, Jersey City, N. J.; Gilbert L. Crowell, Jr., and Edward Ridoux, Arlington, N. J. Northern Division: Fiers Davidson and E. M. Fulton, Montreal.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stangfeldt-Hicks. Price \$3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price \$1.60.

STEAM YACHT RACING.—The fast river steamers having laid up, the amusement of beating time is over for the season, and steam yachtsmen who must race have found a new way of doing it without the danger of defeat. A course is laid out on the water by stretching a copper wire between two buoys, over which distance a record run is made. The repairs to the Norwood having been completed, it was announced that she would make a run of this kind on Saturday last, and a number of spectators were present at Winttingham's Basin, Bay Ridge. The elections being over, and news proportionately scarce, it is needless to say that a large portion of the audience consisted of reporters. As it happens, it was very fortunate that the run did not take place a week sooner, as at that time it would have been unnoticed in the daily papers, or have been disposed of in five lines instead of being pulled out to a column length.

The distance was laid off by a copper wire floated by corks a few inches apart, the whole being paid out from a tug and two buoys set, after which the run began. There was some talk of 1.50, the conditions being favorable, but the first run showed only 2.12. A start was made on a second run, but something went wrong with the safety valve, and the yacht ran into the Basin, the wire was coiled away and the spectators went home greatly enlightened, though some were sufficiently censorious to remark that the slight damage might easily have been repaired and a second run made.

CONSTELLATION.—It is reported, on very good authority, that Mr. Bayard Thayer has given up all idea of visiting England with Constellation, and will race her next season against Volunteer. As the two are not in the same class, Constellation being 100ft. l.w.l. and Volunteer under 80ft., they will only come together in a few races in the East, in which all schooners are classed together, and in the Golet Cup race. In the races of the New York cruise, which bring out the best entries of the year, Constellation will have nothing modern to sail against.

"GEOFFREY HAMSTEAD," A YACHTING NOVEL.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, a very bright and clever novel which cannot fail to interest yachtsmen, especially those familiar with the lakes, the scene of the story being on or about Lake Ontario. The author, Mr. Thomas S. Jarvis, is an old lake yachtsman, formerly a Toronto lawyer, who, during the past season, has become known to New York yachtsmen through some excellent work in the New York papers, and is now yachting editor of the *Trek's Sport*. The yachting portion of the story is particularly bright and fresh, and two or three very exciting incidents are well worked up. While the plot is always interesting and often exciting, the chief merit of the book is in the character studies, the principals and their friends being admirably drawn.

YACHT RACING IN 1891.

III.—THE 40FT. AND 40FT. CLASSES.

AFTER the meagre records of the larger classes last week, it is a pleasure to turn to the long and interesting record of the 40ft. class, as shown in the accompanying table. The first striking fact is the altered position of the 40 and 40ft. classes as compared with the previous year. In 1890 the 40ft. class was the mainstay of the month, with several old ones, but none specially built for racing. In 1891 the 40ft. class had practically disappeared, but one boat racing through the whole season, and the starting generally in the 40ft. class. At the same time, the 40ft. class has grown into a fleet of a dozen boats, all specially built for racing.

Out of the large fleet of forties built between 1888 and 1890, only Gossoon was fitted out for racing, the majority of the others being sold for cruising. Minerva was laid up all the season at Bay, by her young owner having given up yachting. Pappoose was sold and towed to Lake Erie; Ochoctaw, Mocassin and X-ra were sold up the Hudson, Awa came to New York to a new owner, Verena and Baboon were also sold and Ventura as well. Mariquita, still owned by Mr. Belmont, was fitted out for cruising use only, looking better in coat of black than she ever did as a white boat. Liris was fitted up for cruising, with a cockpit and wheel, and has been in constant service all the season.

The growth of the 40ft. class was deliberate and progressive, the first boat, Pappoose, was built in 1887 and the last, Gossoon, in 1890. The 40ft. class, however, sprung into existence in a single winter, being the first instance of a large class practically built to order at short notice, for racing. Of the eleven yachts which made up the class, nine were built last winter for a new other two being but one year old and to all intents new boats. The class had its origin in an agitation which began in Boston after the success of Minerva in 1889, and of Minerva and Gossoon on the many suggestions for a new boat for Mr. August Belmont, owner of the Mariquita, who ordered early last fall a 40-footer from Mr. Burgess. Closely following him came Mr. Bayard Thayer, owner of Pappoose, who ordered Sayonara, and Mr. A. B. Turner, owner of Millicete, who ordered Oweene, with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, owner of the 30ft. Gladys, a new comer in the class to be designed by Mr. Burgess, and all were keel craft, their beam being little wider than the Burgess 40-footers, such as Chispa and Mariquita.

With the existence of the class well assured by these orders, other yachtsmen soon came in. Mr. Foster, owner of Ventura, placed an order with Fife; Mr. John B. Paine, son of Gen. Paine, after two successful attempts at designing in the smaller classes, turned his hand to a forty, which was later enlarged to the fashionable size. The greatest surprise of the winter, however, was the announcement that the Herreshoffs were at work on a new yacht for the class, designed by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, and later that this boat was by Vice-Com. Morgan, who had built twice for the 40ft. class with but poor success. All of these were keel craft and it looked at one time as though the centerboard would not have a representative, but late in the winter Messrs. Bryant and Prince set to work to get a centerboard racer of the latest type from Mr. Burgess.

In addition to these new yachts, there was already the 40ft. Jessica, built by Fife the previous year and sailed across. After a little unsuccessful racing in the previous fall, she was refitted with a new rig and sailed the winter. Another Fife boat was also added to the class before the racing began, the 40ft. Lwila, l.w.l., somewhat similar to Minerva, built for a Halifax yachtsman in 1890 and sailed across. Early last spring she was purchased by Mr. F. P. Sands, of Newport. Thus far the class was very much a Boston affair, the yachts being owned or built in the East, but just before the building season was over a keel was laid in New York, for the yacht Minerva, designed and built by H. C. Winttingham for Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, owner of Shamrock.

The work of building was begun so early, in many cases, the spars for some of the Burgess boats being worked out in the fall, while the hulls were started at the same time; that the general expectation was that the fleet would be complete by the time of the first races. Such, however, was very far from being the case, and the racing season was delayed and attendant expense and disappointment fell to the lot of most of the owners. The experiment made with Liris, in 1889, or part composite construction with the evident necessity for a lighter hull and more ballast below, led to the adoption by Mr. Burgess of some very radical changes in construction in Ventura, Mocassin and Gossoon; and when the new class took definite shape it followed, as a matter of course, that the construction of Minerva, X-ra, Verena, Millicete, and the older Burgess boats must be materially modified.

In all of the new boats then, the effort was made to reduce weight, though but with poor success in the end, as the boats began a course of leaking and breaking down as soon as they were launched, which has been kept up throughout the season. In the first place a serious delay was met with in finding the large number of keels logs required, and all of the later boats were delayed on this account. Spars too were scarce by the time that all were ready for them, and some were glad to get even poor sticks rather than none at all. Seasoned material for planking was also scarce, the result being that a number of the boats leaked very badly. In readiness for the new class a number of early events had been arranged, especially in the East, but when the time came none of the boats were completed. Minerva, when completed sailed at once for New York to get in trim for the races there; but the folding up of her channels sent her to the smithshop at Bay Ridge, where she stayed until much of her ironwork was replaced, thus losing valuable time. Sayonara also started for New York, but was compelled to put back to Boston with her channels gone, through which mishap, and a good deal of trouble in repairs, she only made time to sail in the principal regattas that had been sailed. Ilderim, after being on the first completed, was laid up for the whole season at Lawley's, her owner deciding to spend the summer abroad. Oweene, Bearix and Alborak were all late in getting out, and then there was much work to do before they were fit for racing, all showing weakness and especially leaking considerably at first.

So far as construction went, the New York boats were, on the whole, far ahead of the Eastern ones, having proved amply strong in use, while her hull is quite light. She, too, was late in fitting out, and not fully ready for the first races. The best construction of all the American boats was that of the Herreshoff craft, Gloria, with steel frames and straps and a part double skin, the hull being very tight. Although a weakness of the deck developed on the first trial, it was soon remedied, and the yacht has sailed through the season without a breakdown.

The Fife boat, Barbara, was by far the most thoroughly constructed of the fleet, having, at the expense of some weight, a complete system of steel straps and ties inside the planking; but she, on launching, had trouble with her ballast, going down by the head and being over the class limit, so that she had to haul out for the removal of some of the ballast.

Although the shortcomings of some of the boats were in a measure due to a consideration of expense, the designer and owners not deeming it necessary to go to the additional cost of a double skin, as in Liris and Gloria, the fleet throughout was an expensive one, and supposed to be fitted out in the best possible manner in spars, gear and sails, as well as in hull. In a number of cases the best available men were secured to sail them; Captain Nat Watson naturally took charge of Sayonara, having sailed Pappoose for two seasons; Captain Charles Barr, of Minerva, a stapper who has made a reputation for himself in but two seasons, was in command of Beatrix; Captain Harry Haff went from Mariquita into Minerva. Alborak had the benefit of the elder Captain Hank Hall's experience, but had no skipper in charge, her owner sailing her, and Liris and Nautlius were also sailed by their owners. Gloria was sailed in part by her designer, and too by her owner, and as her home port was Newport, not far from the Herreshoffs' yard, with plenty of clear water for sailing, Mr. Herreshoff had unusual opportunities for getting the boat into trim before the opening races; the splendid shops at Bristol, with facilities for the finest wood and metal work, contributing their share to the yacht's success.

The Eastern Y. C. had prepared to open the season with a handicap regatta in which the new class should play an important part, sailing its first race, but as the day approached it became evident that the new boats would not be ready for at least a month, and the regatta dwindled down to a race of the 30-footers. The first race about New York was little more successful for the reasons before mentioned, only Jessica coming to the line at Bay, and the old sloop Madcap started against her to make a race, but not finishing, however.

The New York Y. C. regatta, a day later, was sailed in a N.E. storm, a strong breeze and quite a tumble of sea. It had been foretold by many that when Gloria once struck rough water she

46 and 40ft. Classes, 1891.

CLASSES..					46 Ft. Class.										40 Ft. Class.					Number of Starters.			Wind, Weather and Water.	
Nos.	Date.	Club.	Meas. and Class.	Dis- tance.	46 Ft. Class.										40 Ft. Class.					46 Ft. Class.	40 Ft. Class.	Total.		
					BEAM.	13	4	12.6	13.10	13.6	10.8	13	11.4	14.2	12	13.4	12.6							
1	June 6..	Larchmont, spring.....	S-C.	20								1						2		2	l, Clear.....	Liris starts to make a race for Jessica.		
2	June 16.	Atlantic, annual.....	S-W.	34	1					2	4	3							4		4	l, Clear.....		
3	June 17.	Marine and Field, annual...	S-W.	28								1							2		2	l, Clear, rough...	Madcap, w, starts to make a race for Jessica.	
4	June 18.	New York, annual.....	S-W.	26	1				d.w	3	2						8, 0.	1	5	1	6	s, Stormy, rough.	Ventura sails in 46ft. class. Mineola springs mast.	
5	June 20.	Seawanhaka, annual.....	S-W.	25	1					2	3						8, 0.	1	3	1	4	l, Clear.....	Gloriana wins Leland cup.	
6	June 22.	Corinthian N. Y., annual...	S-C.	25	1				3			2		1			2		3	4	7	l, Clear.....	Uvira, Liris, Mariquita (3) and Broncho (w) in one class	
7	June 23	Atlantic, special.....	S-W.	34	1				2	3d	5	4							5		5	l, Clear.....	Gloriana wins Banks cup (first prize). Mineola loses topmast.	
8	June 29.	Eastern annual.....	S-W.	32		2										1			3		3	m, Clear.....	Thelma 3.	
9	June 30	Larchmont, special.....	S-C.	20					1	2		3							3		3	s, Clear, mod. sea		
10	July 1..	Cor. Marblehead, sweeps....	S-W.	24					1							2	3		3		3	m, Clear.....		
11	July 2..	Seawanhaka, special.....	S-W.	25					3	1		2							3		3	m, Clear.....		
12	July 4..	Larchmont, annual.....	C.	20					3	2	4	1							4		4	m, Clear.....	Regular prize on official handicap.	
12a	July 4..	Larchmont, annual.....	S-C.	20					2	3	4	1							4		4	m, Clear.....	Special prize under regular allowances. Connor cup goes to Sayonara.	
13	July 6..	American, annual.....	S-W.	20					1	p, d.w	3	2							4		4	s, Clear.....	Mineola runs down markboat. Afterward dismasted.	
14	July 7..	New Rochelle, annual.....	M-W.	22					1			2							2		2	l, Rain.....	Jessica protests Sayonara. Not allowed.	
15	July 16.	Massachusetts, special.....	S-W.	24		2	1			d.w			4				3		4		4	m, Clear.....		
16	July 22.	Eastern, special.....	S-W.	35			1	2	d.w				3			4	5 p		6		6	m, Clear.....	Sayonara parted bobstay. Gossoon fouled mark.	
17	July 23.	Cor. Marblehead, sweeps....	S-W.	24			1	2	3				4			d.w			5		5	f, Clear, mod. sea		
18	Aug. 4..	1st run to New London.....	S-W.	63				1	3	2	4					d.w	1		4	2	6	s, Rain, rough...		
19	Aug. 6..	2d run to Newport.....	S-W.	37				1	2	3	6	5		4			1	2	7	2	9	l, Clear.....	Milicete 7.	
20	Aug. 7..	Goelet Cup.....	S.	38	1			d.w	3				2						4		5	m, Clear.....	Gracie and 46ft. class sailed together.	
21	Aug. 8..	3d run to Vineyard Haven	S-W.	37				3	4	1	2					1	2 w	5	3	8	l, Clear.....	Milicete parted bobstay, w.		
22	Aug. 10.	Special race.....	S-W.	32				3	1	2						1	w	3	2	5	f, Clear.....			
22a	Aug. 10.	Special sweeps.....	S-W.	32				1	4	2	3							4		4	f, Clear.....	Special sweepstakes for Beatrix.		
23	Aug. 11.	4th run to New Bedford...	S-W.	34				g.w	2	g.w	3					1			6		6	l, Clear.....	Milicete 4. Beatrix timed but not in race.	
24	Aug. 12	5th run to Newport.....	S-W.	37				2	1	3	4								4		4	s, Clear, rough..		
25	Aug. 13.	Special race.....	S-W.	24	1				2	4		5		3					5		5	l, Clear.....		
26	Aug. 17.	Corinthian sweeps.....	S-C.	25	1	3	2		5	7		6	4						7		7	l, Clear.....		
27	Aug. 18.	Cherry Diamond.....	S-W.	20					1			2							2		2	m, Clear.....	Mineola wins 1 leg, also \$90 sweepstakes.	
27a	Aug. 18.	Cherry Diamond, private m.	S-W.	20					1			2							2		2	m, Clear.....	Private match decided on above race.	
28	Aug. 19.	Cherry Diamond.....	S-W.	20								2		1					2		2	f, Clear.....	Jessica wins 1 leg for cup.	
29	Aug. 27.	Corinthian, series.....	S-W.	24		3	2		5				1		4				5		5	l, Clear.....		
30	Aug. 28.	Corinthian, series.....	S-W.	24		1	2		d.w			d.w			3				5		5	s, Rain.....	Oweene protests Beatrix. Not allowed.	
30a	Aug. 28.	Cherry Diamond.....	S-W.	24		1	2		d.w			d.w			3				5		5	s, Rain.....	Leg for Cherry Diamond cup, given to winner of above race.	
31	Aug. 29.	Corinthian, series.....	S-W.	24		1	3		5				4		2				5		5	s, Clear.....		
32	Aug. 22.	1st run.....	S-W.	10					1								d.w		3		4	l, Foggy.....	Thelma 2, Cinderella 3. Marblehead to Eastern Point.	
33	Aug. 25.	2d run.....	S-W.	64					2								3n.t		2		3	f, Clear, mod....	Cinderella 1. Isle of Shoals to Boothbay.	
34	Aug. 26.	3d run.....	S-W.	23					3								1		2		3	l, Clear.....	Cinderella 2. Ram Island to Whitehead.	
35	Aug. 29.	4th run.....	S-W.	35					2								3		2		3	l, Clear.....	Cinderella 1. Camden to Bass Harbor.	
36	Sept. 8..	Eastern, fall.....	S-W.	35		1	2	3		3		w.		w					5		5	l, Clear.....		
37	Sept. 10.	Corinthian, m.....	S-W.	20			1								2				2		2	l, Clear.....		
Starts.....					8	11	19	25	24	12	19	10	3	8	13	7	4	156	15	176				
First Places.....					8	7	5	6	4		5	1	1		5	4								
Second Places.....						1	8	6	3	1	2	1		1										
Sail Overs.....																2								
Total Places.....					8	8	13	12	7	1	7	2	1	1	5	4								
Total Prizes.....					8	8	8	10	5	1	7	1	2		5	3								

S. Seawanhaka rule. C. Classed by corrected length. W. Classed by waterline length. s. o. Sail over. g. Grounded. d. Disabled. w. Withdrew. n. t. Not timed. p. Disqualified, with or without protest. m. Private match. l. Light wind. m. Moderate. f. Fresh breeze. s. Strong wind.

would stop; but so far from this being the case, she started with a No. 2 clubtopsail and carried it all day, doing her best work when outside the Hook. Mineola made very poor weather outside, finally springing her mast when only three miles off shore, and towing home. Jessica and Nautilus sailed well together, Jessica finally winning. Those two races, in light and heavy weather, went far to indicate that Gloriaana had things her own way, at least for a time until the other boats were worked up; and this opinion was confirmed in the three following regattas of the Seawanhaka Corinthian, New York Corinthian and Atlantic, the latter a special race for the 46ft. class. The weather was light on each day, and the water smooth, but whether in a mere air or an occasional scupper breeze, Gloriaana kept far ahead of the fleet. Sayonara, after many mishaps, finally reached New York in time for the Corinthian regatta, but failed to save her time from Jessica. Uvira was also present, but classed with Liris and Mariquita, defeating both. In the Atlantic special, Sayonara defeated Mineola, while Jessica again led Nautilus. The result of all this racing was to show that Gloriaana was far and away faster than any of the boats which raced with her, and moreover, that she would probably be so through the whole season.

There still remained the four Eastern boats—Oweene, Beatrix, Alborak and Barbara. The latter two were never considered as winners, but Oweene was looked upon from the first as a fast boat, as she has proved to be; while the majority of Eastern yachtsmen were confident that Beatrix, the Burgess center-boarder, was destined to lower Gloriaana's colors. It was expected that several of these boats would start in the annual regatta of the Massachusetts Y. C., on June 17; but none were ready, and the day was so bad that only a few of the smaller boats completed their course, the larger ones, sailing outside all giving up. The sweepstakes of the Eastern Y. C., on June 19, fared no better, there being no large yachts present, and the annual regatta ten days later was flat and inconclusive, though Beatrix sailed her first race. She had against her only the old Thelma and the 40-footer Gossoon, which latter has been through the season in the 46ft. class. The race was a fluke, Gossoon winning by 25 minutes, even time from Beatrix. Two days later a better race was sailed by the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, but unfortunately Beatrix was disabled and did not start. Oweene and Alborak sailed their first race, Gossoon being with them. Oweene defeated Alborak very easily, the Paine boat proving defective in many points.

Returning now to the Sound, the special race of the Larchmont Y. C. on June 30 had but three starters—Sayonara, Mineola and Jessica; this being the order at the finish. There was a strong breeze and moderate sea, the two larger boats starting with one reef in, though this was mainly on account of the weakness of

their rigging. The finish was very close, Sayonara winning, though the corrected time was not calculated for the usual reason, neither boat being measured. The special race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. at Oyster Bay, on July 2, found the same trio, but this time Mineola won by a minute. Her victory was the more creditable from the fact that her owner, who was obliged to steer her, having no Corinthian substitute, was suffering from a serious mishap in the shape of several broken ribs, and steered all day sewn up in a heavy canvas jacket. Jessica was also handicapped in the matter of a helmsman, having no Corinthian to steer. Mr. A. P. Montant was finally persuaded to take the stick, and though entirely new to the yacht, and accustomed to sailing smaller and different craft, he sailed a very fine race, beating Sayonara and being but a minute astern of Mineola.

The Larchmont regatta of July 4 was a novelty, the yachts being handicapped according to the generous allowance of 8m. from Mineola and Sayonara. At the same time in this class another prize was offered under the regular club allowance, while the Connor cup was also open, under the regular allowance, to all yachts enrolled in the club. This time Nautilus was ready with the other three, Gloriaana having returned to Newport immediately after the Bay regattas, with the intention of doing no more racing until the New York cruise. Jessica was given the generous allowance of 8m. each from Mineola and Sayonara, to the surprise of all she beat both very handsily on even time, thus taking the two club prizes, and only missing the Connor cup through not being enrolled as a club boat. The wind was moderate all day, a mild breeze, varying in spots, but giving no special advantage to any one boat. Jessica sailed well on all points, but made her greatest gain to windward, beating home from Captain's Island to the Hempstead mark, gaining over 8m. on her leg. A part of the credit for her fine showing on this occasion must be given to the steering and pilotage of her Corinthian helmsman, but even with this she should not have outsailed the two larger boats in such weather. Nautilus again made a poor showing to windward, though reaching and running very fast. The ownership of the Connor cup was left undecided between Sayonara and Mineola, neither having been measured, while there was but one second between them in elapsed time. As Mineola shortly afterward lost her mast and replaced it, her exact measurement in this race was never determined and the cup went to Sayonara.

The same quartette was on hand early Monday morning for the sailing regatta of the American Y. C., off Milton Point, a few miles from Larchmont. The wind was strong north-west, Jessica and Sayonara each setting a jibheader over a single-reefed mainsail, and a very fine race was promised. Mineola had a good lead

at the outer mark, but her impetuous skipper ran into the mark-boat, nearly turning it over. Though out of the race after this maneuver, Mineola kept on in the lead all the way home; but when within a couple of miles of the finish Capt. Haft undertook to set his jib header, though there was still a strong breeze, and took the mast out of her. This made Sayonara the winner, with Jessica again ahead of Nautilus. Only Sayonara and Jessica came to the line next day in the New Rochelle Y. C. regatta, the former taking the prize. On the first leg a foul occurred as Sayonara was passing Jessica, and both yachts protested, but the regatta committee declined to give a hearing to the case.

A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.—The Golden Eagle, ss., owned by Lady Scott and commanded by Captain A. Paterson, arrived at Cowes on October 18 from Stromferry, after a very perilous voyage. The yacht left Stromferry on the 2d inst., but on account of bad weather had to put into several ports, and only reached Kingston on the night of the 12th, and remained until the 15th, and rode out the hurricane of the 13th and 14th. On the 15th another move was made for Cowes, and when the yacht was off the Smalls the same night a southerly gale of great violence sprang up that no canvas could stand, and the yacht was hove to in a mountainous sea, and so bad was the weather that great fears were entertained as to the capability of the vessel living out the gale. The weather moderated somewhat on the 16th, and the yacht was put on her course, and from then until the 18th a series of moderate gales were experienced, and on the morning of this day, when the yacht was within five miles of the Needles, the main shaft broke and slipped out until the after stern post stopped it, taking all the packing out with it, and allowing the sea to rush into the vessel in such great quantity that it would have caused the yacht to founder in a short time. The boats were ordered to be in readiness, but happily were not required, as, by great perseverance, the hole was sufficiently stopped, and by the aid of the ship's pumps and bailing the yacht reached Cowes safely. The master reports that he has been fifty years at sea, but has never experienced such awful weather. The yacht has since come into the harbor and is being dismantled, and will go on the patent slip for survey, as, besides receiving the damages named, she is considerably strained.—*Land and Water.*

UTOWANA.—Steam yacht, W. W. Durant, has been laid up at Cowes, her crew being sent home. The abandonment of the long cruise for which the yacht was built is due to the illness of the owner's wife at sea.

SULTANA.—Steam yacht, T. L. Park, has recently left England for the Mediterranean.

AMERICAN MODEL Y. C.

THE notice to attend in force to decide the measurement question resulted in filling up the pleasant rooms of Mr. Townley, showing the great interest felt in the matter. After considerable discussion on the merits of taxing sail area, the question was put to a vote and carried with only two dissenting votes. The present rule for measurement is by the l.w.l. alone. The new rule will be $\frac{S.A.+L.W.L.}{2}$ = sailing length; yachts to be classified by l.w.l. as heretofore.

A motion was then made to introduce a new class, namely 42 to 48m, this being a part of the old Second C class, and to discard the present First Class, making it Class A; this class to run up to 63m. There will probably be very little if any racing in this class. The motion was seconded and carried to make new classes as follows: Class A, 53 to 63m.; First Class, 48 to 53m.; Second Class, 42 to 48m.; Third Class, 35 to 42m.

A motion was made to do away with sailing to windward and towing back to starting line—by making all classes sail over a triangular course. After some discussion it was thought impracticable to sail the larger class over such a course, as with a beam wind they were apt to get away from their skippers and be wrecked on shore, or to run down row boats some, it being no joke to be punched in the ribs by the nose of a runaway model yacht of 63m. w.l. It was finally decided to sail Class A and First Class yachts to windward only. The Second and Third Classes to sail over a triangular course, the triangle to be one-half mile, over which the above named classes will sail to windward the distance sailed one mile. The windward races to be sailed in heats, best two out of three. The amendments to take effect next season.

The result of these new rules has decided owners to build new yachts to fit them. Mr. Michales will build a 46m, J. Pfeiffer, owner of Electra, has ordered a 40 from Capt. N. Avedson, of New York; H. Fisher has received an order to build a 46m, A. Strong; G. Sheridan has accepted a design and plans for a 46m from the board of F. Nichols; Mr. Rogers is negotiating for plans for a 40 from same designer. So model yachting has taken a new lease of life.

The fourth and last regatta of the season was sailed on Nov. 3, the wind being W. and proving very satisfactory. It gave the regatta committee considerable trouble to build a satisfactory course. Finally, after an hour's shifting about, a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile course was staked off.

The first heat of the third class was called at 12 M., all yachts crossing the line 6m. later, Mr. Lyons' Jennetta winning this heat by 1m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, corrected time from Mr. Townley's Star.

The second and third heats were won by Mr. Pfeiffer's Electra by 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, and 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, corrected time respectively from the Star.

First heat of second class was called at 1:45 P. M. This proved the prettiest race of the day. Kate and the schooner Normandie coming for the finish line on starboard tack with the schooner on the cutter's lee beam and Marguerite well to windward of both, but somewhat astern. The cutter not having established an overlap was hailed to give room for schooner to clear leeward stake, the cutter's skipper complying, at once went about, the schooner tacking at the same time, both getting their port tacks aboard as they crossed the finish almost together. Marguerite in the meantime had gained by this, she holding her starboard tack until she crossed the line with the others. This was a very pretty picture for the spectators, but one of the committee who held the clock suffered untold agony, and it is a question whether he can tell which is the clock and which is the second hand as yet. Kate C., Mr. Sheridan, winning by 31s, corrected time from Marguerite. H. Fisher this yacht having carried away bowsprit and bowsprit shrouds, Kate C. winning second heat and race by 29s, corrected time from Marguerite. Three hearty cheers being given for the A. M. Y. C., the season being at hand, the yachts went out of commission.

SECOND CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Normandie.....	1 53 41	2 01 00	0 07 19	0 07 49
Kate C.....	1 53 50	2 01 02	0 07 12	0 07 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marguerite.....	1 53 40	2 01 02	0 07 22	0 08 04 $\frac{1}{2}$
Henretta.....	1 54 10	2 05 37	0 11 27	0 11 21

SECOND HEAT AND FINAL.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Normandie.....	2 23 44	2 23 44	0 10 44	0 11 19
Kate C.....	2 23 10	2 23 15	0 09 15	0 09 43 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marguerite.....	2 24 30	2 24 23	0 09 53	0 10 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Henretta.....	2 22 45	2 26 07	0 13 22	0 12 26

THIRD CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Jennetta.....	12 05 43	12 15 20	0 09 32	0 07 49 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marjorie.....	12 06 08	12 15 30	0 09 22	0 10 07
Star.....	12 05 20	Outside flags.		0 09 48 $\frac{1}{2}$

SECOND HEAT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Jennetta.....	12 25 54	12 35 15	0 09 21	0 09 55 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marjorie.....	12 25 38	12 36 10	0 10 32	0 11 07
Star.....	12 27 00	12 36 19	0 09 19	0 09 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Electra.....	12 25 15	12 33 50	0 08 30	0 09 00

THIRD HEAT AND FINAL.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Jennetta.....	12 49 51	12 59 00	0 09 09	0 10 08 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marjorie.....	12 50 00	1 00 22	0 10 22	0 10 52
Star.....	12 51 43	1 00 20	0 08 57	0 08 58 $\frac{1}{2}$
Electra.....	12 51 27	12 59 02	0 07 35	0 08 35

THE FUTURE OF YACHT RACING.—We have heretofore said there is a vague, hazy sort of feeling afloat that the Y. R. A. can do something to cause a "good type of boat to be built," although the good type is not very clearly delineated; also that any variations from this conjectural good type shall be barred by the Y. R. A. The Y. R. A. might be even asked to go a little further, and pass a rule that only the type of a boat produced by one particular designer should be allowed to compete. This sounds like an absurdity, but practically it is no more than a regulation to cause a particular type would amount to. As we have already said, the recent do nothing in the present manner they did a few years ago for endeavoring to make the racing yacht a good type to copy for cruising yachts. The cruising sailing yacht is being rapidly displaced by the steam yacht, and as racing steam yachts has not, and is not likely to become a fashion, they cannot suffer in form by the exigencies of racing. Thus the main thing we have to consider now is the development of the small racing yacht, although no doubt there will be 40-raters and 63-raters built for some years to come yet; but so far the boats of that size which have been built under the present rule are better for either racing or cruising than the last narrow yachts which were built for racing under the old tonnage rule.—Field.

KATYDID.—Mr. H. L. Willoughby has laid up his steam yacht Wampagoag at Newport and will spend the winter in Florida, as usual, taking with him the 26-foot Herreshoff launch Katydid, which he recently purchased from Vice-Com. Morgan. Katydid left Newport on November 2, with her owner at the tiller in the after cockpit and the engineer in the forward cockpit. She reached St. Augustine that night, continuing her voyage next day, and arrived at Bay Ridge on Saturday afternoon. Her owner and crew lived on board through the entire trip. A bed was made up aft, the salon or canopy was closed, and with both feet near the boiler there was no discomfort from cold. The engineer made up a bed in his compartment, and the cooking was done over a single burner naphtha stove, the furnace being used for an occasional broil. The launch has a two-cylinder compound engine of light construction, but which has proved very satisfactory, and a Herreshoff coil boiler. Only the regular bunker supply, half a ton was used on the trip, an extra sack of coal carried being unopened. The launch will be shipped from New York to St. Augustine by steamer.

CENTERBOARDS.—There are, we hear, some additional experiments to be made with heavy center plates; but it is very premature, to say the least, to assume that the Dora, Ormsay and Elfin settled the matter as against lead keel yachts this season. In their case there was a good deal besides the metal center plate which brought about their success; and if the taste for fixed keels still exists, there is no reason, so far as we can at present see, why it should not be gratified. But supposing it is proved that a vessel with a center plate, well and smoothly fitted in its case, is a superior yacht for racing to the yacht with a fixed lead fin, is it not also likely to be proved that she will be also a better yacht for cruising on most parts of the coast?—Field.

A NEW WINTER BASIN.—The large works of the Gas Engine and Power Co., at Morris Docks, have lately been improved by the construction of a basin with 12ft. of water at low tide, in which are now laid up the steam yachts Tillie, Com. Starbuck; Onelda, E. C. Benedict; Oriana, J. H. Lader; Puzzle, A. B. Clavin; the schooner Republic, T. H. Hall; the new auxiliary cutter Half Moon, James Roosevelt; and other craft. The shops offer every facility for repairs and alterations of all sorts, a regular force of ship carpenters, boiler makers, machinists, joiners, cabinet makers, painters and upholsterers being constantly employed. Separate storage rooms are provided for yachts laying up.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Capt. Wm. O. Cutter, of the steam yacht Grace, of Wareham, narrowly escaped drowning on Oct. 30. He had started for New Bedford from Onset with his small summer excursion steamer, the Satan, and had the Edward Bangs, a large steam yacht, of Boston, in tow astern, which was being taken to New Bedford for repairs. Off Wing's Neck, in Buzzard's Bay, a rough sea was encountered. Capt. Cutter attempted to clear the towlines, which fouled, and was drawn overboard. His head struck the side of the vessel, rendering him unconscious, and he sank and passed under the steamer. His assistant, Wm. Burgess, rescued him with difficulty. He was revived and will probably recover.—Boston Herald.

STEBBINS' COAST PILOT.—Mr. N. G. Stebbins, of Boston, has recently made several trips along the coast on the tenders of the Lighthouse Board, for the purpose of securing additional views of lighthouses and beacons for a new volume of the "Coast Pilot." This book, which will be ready by March 1, will include all lighthouses, lightships and prominent marks between Montauk Point and Cape Henry, as well as New York Harbor, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The first volume, from New York to Eastport, Me., has proved very successful.

STEAMERS AND YACHTS.—We take pleasure in reprinting the following from the *American Shipbuilder*: "The Astoria Ferry Company has voluntarily paid for repairing Fred. M. Smith's sloop yacht Manette, which was damaged by collision with the ferryboat Harlem on Sept. 20. The company also made a gift of money to Boatkeeper Fitzgerald, who picked Mr. Smith and his friend out of the East River when they were knocked overboard by the shock."

Answers to Correspondents.

✓ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. M. W. H., Baltimore.—Will you inform me what breed dog Clidie is, also Samco? Ans. Your data too meagre.

F. B., Boston.—I am told that the common wildcat still inhabits the woods of western Massachusetts. Is this true? Ans. We do not know of its existence there.

B. R. H., Chicago.—Which will kill furthest, a 10-bore loaded with 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ drs. powder and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. No. 6 shot, or a 12-bore loaded with 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ drs. powder and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. No. 6 shot? Ans. The 10-bore if each gun is properly choked.

R. T. M.—Is it true that we cannot ship game from one county to another in New York State? If so, please give reference to the law? Ans. It is forbidden by the State law to transport more than one carcass of deer in any part of the State except Long Island; to transport game or woodcock from the forest preserve unless accompanied by owner. County ordinances forbid exportation from Cattaraugus, Chautauqua, Chenango, Monroe, Oneida and Rockland counties. See *Book of the Game Laws* for full text of these several laws.

CAMPER.—The trout and venison preserved by "J. H. D." were treated in this manner, as stated in our second Adirondack number: "Our trusty and active guides, who understood the business, built a stone smoke-house of small but sufficient dimensions, laid sticks across the top, and on these the meat, cut into strips, with the trout properly dressed, and slightly salted, were laid, and the whole covered with thick bark. A slow fire was kindled in the pit and kept burning till all were partly cooked and well dried. In this condition either will keep for months, and when eaten at home is a pleasant reminder of camp scenes and life."

A. H. P., Lawrenceville, N. J.—Wanting to purchase some unmounted heads of elk and moose from Canada, can you tell me if there is any tariff on such things, and if so, what the amount or per cent. may be? Ans. Paragraph 712 of the Act of October 1, 1890, reads as follows under the free list: "Specimens of natural history, botany, and mineralogy, when imported for cabinets or as objects of science, and not for sale." If the heads of the moose and elk referred to by you are imported "for cabinets or as objects of science and not for sale," they would be entitled to free entry. If undressed or unmounted and imported for sale, they would be dutiable at ten per cent. ad valorem, as an unenumerated unmanufactured article.

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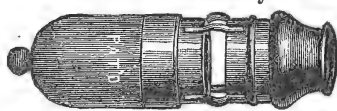
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A Larval Conger eel.	Meeting, 1891.
White Bass Fishing.	ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

IN a midsummer sleep one dreams of winter, its cold, its silence and desolation all surrounding him; then awakes, glad to find himself in the reality of the light and warmth of summer.

Were we dreaming yesterday of woods more gorgeous in their leafage than a flower garden in the flush of profusest bloom, so bright with innumerable tints that autumnal blossoms paled beside them as stars at sunrise? Were we dreaming of air soft as in springtime, of the gentle babble of brooks, the carol of bluebirds, the lazy chirp of crickets, and have we suddenly awakened to be confronted by the desolation of naked forests, the more forlorn for the few tattered remnants of gay apparel that flutter in the bleak wind? To hear but the sullen roar of the chill blast and the clash of stripped boughs, the fitful scurry of wind-swept leaves and the raving of swollen streams, swelling and falling as in changing stress of passion, and the heavy leaden patter of rain on roof and sodden leaves and earth?

Verily, the swift transition is like a pleasant dream with an unhappy awakening.

Yet not all November days are dreary. Now the sun shines warm from the steel-blue sky, its eager rays devour the rime close on the heels of the retreating shadows, and the north wind sleeps.

The voice of the brimming stream falls to an even softer cadence, like the murmur of pine forests swept by the light touch of a steady breeze.

Then the wind breathes softly from the south, and there drifts with it from warmer realms, or arises at its touch from the earth about us, or falls from the atmosphere of heaven itself, not smoke, nor haze, but some-

thing more ethereal than these, a visible air, balmy with odors of ripeness as the breath of June with perfume of flowers; and pervading earth and sky, that melt together in it, till the bounds of neither are discernible, and blending all objects in the landscape beyond the near foreground, till nothing is distinct but some golden gleam of sunlit water, bright as the orb that shines upon it.

Flocks of migrating geese linger on the stubble fields, and some laggard crows flap lazily athwart the sky or perch contentedly upon the naked treetops as if they cared to seek no clime more genial.

The brief heavenly beauty of Indian summer has fallen upon the earth, a few tranquil days of ethereal mildness dropped into the sullen or turbulent border of winter.

In November days, as in all others, the woods are beautiful to the lover of nature and to the sportsman who in their love finds the finer flavor of his pastime. Every marking of the gray trunks, each moss-patch and scale of lichen on them, is shown more distinctly now in the intercepted light, and the delicate tracery of the bare branches and their netted shadows on the rumpled carpet of the forest floor, have a beauty as distinctive as the fullness of green or frost-tinted leafage and its silhouette of shade.

No blossom is left in woods or fields, save where in the one the witch-hazel unfolds its unseasonable flowers yellow beneath cold skies, or a pink blossom of herb Robert holds out with modest bravery in a sheltered cranny of the rocks; and where in the other, the ghostly bloom of everlasting rustles above the leafless stalks in the wind-swept pastures. And there are brighter flashes of color in the somber woods where the red winter-berries shine on their leafless stems and the orange and scarlet clusters of the twining bitter-sweet light up the gray trellis of the vagrant climber.

No sense of loss or sadness oppresses the soul of the ardent sportsman as he ranges the unroofed aisles alert for the wary grouse, the skulking woodcock, full-grown and strong of wing and keen-eyed for every enemy, or the hare flashing his half-donned winter coat among the gray underbrush as he bounds away before the merry chiding of the beagles. The brown monotony of the marshes is pleasant to him as green fields, while the wild duck tarries in the dark pools and the snipe probes the unfrozen patches of ooze. To him all seasons are kind, all days pleasant, wherein he may pursue his sport, though the rain pelt him, chill winds assail him or the summer sun shower upon him its most fervent rays, and in these changeable days of November he finds his full measure of content.

MINNOWS IN PONDS.

MANY persons have noticed the remarkable changes which often occur in the life of ponds and streams. In some cases these are readily explained by the influence of settlement, with its necessities and caprices, and their demands upon water-courses and reservoirs. But again there is an element of mystery about some of the transformations during a generation. As an illustration, we may refer to a recent conversation with a FOREST AND STREAM correspondent, Mr. S. F. Denton. Near this gentleman's home at Wellesley, Mass., there is a small sink hole about 100 feet in diameter, known as School House Pond. During Mr. Denton's boyhood this was full of catfish or horn pouts and contained no other fish. About eight or ten years ago a fishing party, on their return from a trip, had a pair of bait minnows left over. One of them said: "Boys, it's too bad to throw these minnows away; let's put them in School House Pond." Into the pond they went, and to-day the water is filled with them; they can be caught in enormous numbers and are just the size for bait; but not a single horn pout nor any other fish except the minnow is to be found there. Water plants are plentiful and frogs too, but the minnow fills the category of fishes and supplies the neighborhood with bait. These little fish resemble the shad in shape. The same fish abounds in Wabash Lake, near Wellesley, and keeps the bass and pickerel so well supplied that it is difficult to catch them with live minnows. As an illustration of their abundance, Mr. Denton remarked that on one occasion, when he and his friends had exhausted their supply of bait, they took up all the captured fish lying in the bottom of the boat, turned them head downward, shook them, and obtained minnows enough in this way to continue fishing half the afternoon.

ARTIFICIALLY REARED TROUT.

THE Massachusetts law, as most others, forbids the sale of trout in close season. There are in the waters of that State, according to an estimate by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the successful trout culturist of Plymouth, from 15,000 to 20,000 lbs. of artificially reared trout; and persons engaged in the business regard it as a hardship that they are not permitted to market these fish whenever they might do so to advantage. At the meeting of the Massachusetts Association last week Mr. Gilbert presented the claim of the trout culturists and asked the Association's aid in securing a modification of the law in their favor.

When the law was enacted, artificially reared trout were an unknown factor. The law was not intended to apply to them. But experience has demonstrated that to protect any species of fish or game its sale in close time must be stopped; and the one point for the board of managers of the Association to consider is whether or not the desired permission to sell cultivated trout may open the way to the sale of wild trout. While the raising of trout for market is an industry which should be given every reasonable encouragement, because of its contribution to the food fish supply, the primary purpose of the statute is to protect the wild fish, and this must be effected, even at the expense of private enterprises.

Minnesota allows possession and transportation of trout reared in private waters, and prescribes that they must be accompanied with a written statement, signed by the proprietor of the hatchery or waters from which they have been taken.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE horse show which is now in progress at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, and which is proving a great success both financially and otherwise, will continue to the end of the week. The weather for the first two days was unfavorable, but notwithstanding this the attendance was large even on these days. The quality of the exhibits is remarkably good, but it is to be noticed that most of the exhibits are those of pleasure horses, and that work horses do not appear in any numbers. The arrangement of the show is far better than it has ever been before, and it is easy to get about and examine the animals. Never has this show been so fashionable as it is this year, and never has it been so difficult to obtain seats for the most interesting events. Among the exhibitors and prize winners may be seen more than one name which is well known in the dog world.

In response to the Chatham Association's communication respecting spring shooting President Harrison returns a rather non-committal reply; and even if he felt strongly on the subject, we fail to see just what the President could do about it. Game legislation is distinctly within the province of the several States; Congress has no jurisdiction, and recommendations on the subject would not come within the scope of a message. Another fact is that the tendency of game and fish legislation is in the line of local and special laws, and too many of them; witness the county game laws of the State of Maryland, where President Harrison is just now duck shooting in company with ex-Senator Sewall of New Jersey.

The latest device in photography is the happy thought of a Vienna genius, who has invented a camera which is attached to a rifle and takes an instantaneous picture when the trigger is pulled. This would be a great thing for the Massachusetts man who had his Maine guides stall a big moose in the deep snow while he first photographed and then deliberately shot it.

And now it looks as if the proposed stocking of Alaska with reindeer might be accomplished. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Government Agent of Education in that Territory, has already imported sixteen reindeer from Siberia, and Capt. M. A. Healy, of the revenue cutter Bear, reports to the Treasury Department that the project is one worthy of every encouragement.

This is the season of field trials of pointers and setters on quail, beagles on hares and hounds on foxes run in the good old-fashioned New England style. Every indication points to a growing interest in these events. Our full and able reports cause the Kennel to encroach somewhat upon the space usually devoted to other departments.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SONG OF A GOAT HUNTER.

The white goat, *Mazama montana*, often described in these columns, is allied to the chamois of Europe, and inhabits the highest and most difficult peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The "Song" is from the pen of a hunter who has killed many goats, and its truth will be appreciated by any one who has ever hunted these sturdy rock climbers.

It was a goat, a goat of two—
Ever sing pantingly, pantingly—
Who climbed a peak to take a view,
Hunters live enchantingly.

'Twas there he met his snowy mate—
Ever sing pantingly, pantingly—
Who graceful on her haunches sat,
Hunters live enchantingly.

The hunter climbed that ridge so tall—
Pantingly, oh so pantingly—
In deadly fear to get a fall
Adown the slide rock slantingly.

The hunter got within a mile—
Pantingly, oh so pantingly—
The placid goats above him smile,
Hunters live enchantingly.

The hunter bled him weary home—
Pantingly, oh so pantingly—
The mild-eyed goats uninjured roam,
The mountains rise enchantingly.

H. G. DULON.

WINTER SPORTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

I.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

A COUPLE of successive visits to the eastern counties of North Carolina within the past three years, together with some previous acquaintance with the game resorts of other portions of the State, including the mountain region, has prompted me to pitch my tent here at Newbern for the winter, where the climate is sufficiently warm without being enervating, and where there is plenty of game and fish at hand in great variety. The sounding ocean is but twelve miles distant as the crow flies, but the penetrating salt sea breeze is tempered by its passage over the land. The piny woods country lies directly back of us; the wire grass and saw grass prairies are below us, and the sweeping buzzards in the air are above and all around us. Morehead City and Beaufort are within an hour's ride by rail, and the Neuse and Trent rivers, which inclose the city, run up into the homes of the Tar Heels and Crackers. Surely such a happy combination of seashore and upland, of river, lake and brackish sound, of meadow, marsh and forests, of rank lagoons and barren sandy points, of sunken ledge and broken reef, of blue sky and genial, bracing atmosphere, can seldom be found in the winter season anywhere. Of course there are raw bleak days at intervals; but this is the weather that hardy sportsmen want, for it brings in the ducks and geese, and there is no field sport that can compare with it. Yet the average day is as nearly perfect as capricious man could desire, and happy is he, I say, whose lines may happen to fall in such pleasant places.

Friends and followers of Nimrod and Izaak Walton can find an abundance of diversion all over North Carolina from coast to mountain, but when it comes to the "best sport in the world," a local writer says the eastern counties bear off the palm, and I am not disposed to question his testimony, though I intend to prove it by personal tests forthwith. Faith I have. It is not the grain of salt, but the grain of mustard seed which enters into this equation. This gentleman says:

Our fall and winter hunting is pretty near perfection. In the first place, our weather during those seasons is nearly perfect. This, of course, is of the utmost importance to those who desire to leave the frosts and snows of the North, with its accompaniment of lowering skies and icy winds behind them, and are in search of a country where they can revel in balmy sunshine, and whose soft winds bear upon them the breath of eternal spring.

The climate of eastern Carolina compares with that of southern France. There are comparatively few cold and wet days, the winter weather being for the most part bright and crisp. It is claimed that there are several years along our coast where frost has never been known. On the mainland, on our coast and the islands adjacent, the climate is nearly perfection on account of the proximity of the Gulf Stream, which tempers the cold winds coming from the North.

The lovers of the rod and gun can find no more delightful spot, neither can they find one where they will meet with greater success. They will find the waters teeming with game fish, and on the main land and islands plenty of game. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that within less than a day's journey from New York, and a few hours from Washington, bear, deer, wild turkeys, wild cattle, wild hogs, etc., are to be found in great abundance, while during the fall and winter months the lakes, rivers and sounds swarm with all kinds of water fowl. Swan, geese, brant, wild ducks of all kinds, shore birds and in fact all kinds of water fowl to be found in this country. The woods and meadows are full of small game, squirrel, partridge, snipe, woodcock, quail, opossum, raccoon and many other kinds, plentiful enough to delight the heart of the hunter.

Then as to fishing, whether in the ocean or the landlocked waters near the coast, the fisherman has but to drop his line to pull out a plentiful supply of the gamiest kind of fish, such as bluefish, mackerel, bass, trout, chub, pike, etc.

To give an idea of the variety of the sport we give the result of a hunting and fishing trip made by a party of gentlemen to the country near the Albemarle Sound. They brought home the skins of three wildcats, two otters, the antlers of three large stags, and a wagon load of fish and turtles. They also killed a large number of minks, squirrels, raccoons and opossums, besides a large amount of small game.

Deer, bear and wild turkey are very plentiful, and along our eastern streams an occasional shot may be had at an alligator, and if a fisherman gets tired of the famous sport of inland fishing he can take a sail out upon the broad Atlantic, fitted out with the proper tackle, and after catching a shark or two he will have all the excitement and exercise he will need for some time.

There is certainly an encouraging outlook for the amateur sportsman with an ample field for prowess; and the best of it is that the statements put forward are fully substantiated by intelligent correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM who have hunted the State over. Just at present there is captivating sport at Morehead catching sea trout or weakfish, and the fish very large and fine; but as it is altogether deep sea fishing with handline in ten fathoms of water, I soon tire of it myself, though others like it fresh every hour. The best of the run will be over by December, but it is no trick at all at present to catch 200 lbs. per day.

A week ago I came in from a tour of the landlocked sounds which lie between Norfolk and Newbern, and I candidly declare that I never enjoyed a short salt water

cruise more heartily. This is saying a good deal for an old barnacle like myself, who has coasted almost the entire Atlantic and Pacific coasts from Labrador to Alaska, "as I sailed;" but in fact the whole voyage is so novel, and so cheap and comfortable withal, that I am constrained to press the like enjoyment upon any one who requires a week's or three months' relaxation and change of climate at this season of the year, or at any other season for that matter. One can run out of the latitude of snowfalls and sleet in twenty-four hours, and tie up at Newbern with bright-leaved perennial plants, good friends, and no end of oysters all around him. He can curl himself up in the sunshine like an old house dog on a south verandah, with rosebush and wistaria climbing over it, and enjoy contentment until his heart is full. If he be from the East he will find lots of folks here whom he has long missed from home and wondered where they have been these many years. Here he can contemplate the "New South" in its changing aspects, with the African penguin gradually passing off and giving place to the bright effulgence of a better day, and a community of elements, once discordant, but now so intimately blended that politics cannot split them. And when he has chewed his clover cud of fancy for two days and a half, until the return steamer sails back to Norfolk, and been the recipient of unvoiced hospitality from the energetic residents, and visited the oyster canneries, the pulp and lumber mills, the ginny, and miscellaneous factories, and inspected the fair grounds, the coquina sea wall, and the cemetery inclosed by the same quaint shell rock dug from the river bed, he will go away with new impressions and advanced ideas of this peninsular section and its capabilities.

For my own part, I am here to stay until the end of spring. This is a restful place. Before me is a lawn bespangled with roses and cape jasmies, and shaded by the glossy-leaved magnolia and the dark-hued cedar. The sweet gum, the catalpa, the china berry and the mimosa are just passing out of leaf and baring their limbs for the winter tussle; but there is left a great profusion of clambering vines and bright-leaved plants, ever green, to grace the halcyon season. From a broad verandah which flanks my sitting room I have an unobstructed view of the noble Neuse River, here a full mile wide, with wooded bluffs of autumn foliage along the opposite shore. Near by a yacht club has its cosy quarters, where jaunty crafts ride at anchor, or spread their white wings betimes and speed away. A ghostly revenue cutter lies in midstream, one of the milk white squadron. In the distance a vista opens down river toward Pamlico Sound, twelve miles off, in the blue. The outlook is very charming. Our steamer came up this river at sun-up one still, bright morning, when the reflections of the wooded banks were distinct upon the surface of the water; and during all this week the silvery moon has been casting its silvery sheen upon the ripples at night, and at the full bridging it with a lambent zone which stretches from shore to shore. One evening I fancied that I saw a young water sprite or naiad diving off from the edge of it, but it was only the splash of a sturgeon in the moonbeams.

These sounds of eastern North Carolina are a great deal larger than they look on the map. Pamlico Sound is forty miles wide at its broadest. Vessels in mid channel are always out of sight of land, or would be were the bottom not so near the surface. Land is often visible alongside over the rail. On the shoalest spots small cabins are built on iron piles to serve as beacons for mariners by day and night. Being far from land and apart from intercourse with men, the isolated keepers are apt to discover in due course of time that solitude and inaction are not rest, and peace. Such men have abundant opportunity to imagine what existence might be if it only were. Gulls would become lonesome in such places. Of course agriculture does not enter into their industrial economy, though it is a current joke among the "combers" and beach men that they raise [from below] all that they eat. Quiddities like this, however, are tolerated only on the fore-castle deck on a cold day.

Besides Pamlico Sound, there are the Albemarle, Currituck, Roanoke and Croatan sounds, all of which the regular packets traverse on their watery routes. These constitute a pleasant alternation from the navigation of the canals through which they have to pass on the way from Norfolk or Elizabeth City. The whole hydrographic system is much like a chain of lakes with slack water connections. Altogether the voyage is a novel experience, and well worth a description in my next letter, I think.

It is very easy and comfortable to get one's luggage snugly stowed aboard one of the elegant steamers of the Old Dominion Steamship Line, at New York, say the Guyandotte or the Roanoke, and have no more care of it until it is put ashore on the company's dock at Newbern. You simply change at Norfolk from a sea-going vessel to a smaller light draft craft, that will carry no more than 7 ft. through the canal. There is satisfaction in traveling in this way. You are at home all the time; you are the guest of the steamer. You lounge, play cribbage, eat and smoke; you are not hustled, your rest is sweet and unbroken, if the weather be fair, and I have never happened to strike bad weather yet. You need not, in these days, if you take pains to consult the weather forecast of the U. S. office. This is a marvelous age!

The supplementary steamers of the Old Dominion Line leave Norfolk for Newbern every Monday and Thursday. The duration of the round trip is three days, and the cost \$2 per day and all found, if one sticks to the ship. I left New York on a Wednesday at 3 o'clock P. M., arriving at Norfolk at 5 o'clock in the evening of Thursday, and so had three days in that city and Richmond before leaving for the south on Monday, with lots of time to visit the clubs and the markets, and to inspect the Navy Yard and Naval Hospital, the North End improvement, the docks and warehouses, the peanut factories and all points historical from way back, besides attending service at Christ Church, and visiting the ancient churchyard of St. Paul's, with its collection of rare plants and trees, its tombstones 250 years old, and a round shot imbedded in its walls of imported bricks.

Norfolk is a sort of nursery for sportsmen, market gunners and fishermen. Many of its resident gentlemen are members of the Currituck gun clubs, the Ideal, Rugged Island, Martin's Point, Deal's Island, Knots Island, and others. Steamers run regularly from Norfolk to Knot's Island, which is three miles from the grounds of the Currituck Shooting and Fishing Club. Trains run daily over the Norfolk & Southern R. R. to Virginia Beach and

thence there are stages to Martin's Point, twenty-five miles, and to other points along Currituck Sound. Martin's Point is a new venture, started last spring. Its officers are Capt. Geo. W. Taylor, President, and Mr. J. B. White, Secretary. It has a membership of thirty-eight now, and there are twenty-two shares for sale at \$500 each. The point boasts the finest beach and bay bird shooting in the country. Last August Mr. A. B. Simmons, of 49 Wall street, New York, shot 1,600 yellow legs, graybacks and plover in thirteen days, just to see what could be done. It was cruel slaughter, I vow, but it demonstrated the abundance of that sort of game. There are also English snipe and bay snipe. In the season there are swans, geese, canvasbacks, widgeons, sprigtails and black ducks.

On my way south, Nov. 9, I saw a bunch of geese afloat in Currituck Sound off Buck's Island, with a few blinds already up, and the wind blowing light from the east. In a few more days, if the weather be rough, the shooting will be good. Any gentleman who has not the entree to the clubs can get what he wants at Mrs. Midget's, at Coin-jock, which is on the direct route of the sound steamers. She controls several excellent points and is accustomed to accommodate sportsmen. I'd advise any reader who is willing to be advised to take this in, and if possible to take passage with Capt. Southgate on the Newbern. This boat can accommodate two dozen comfortably.

Natural History.

SOME IDAHO FIELD NOTES.

AUTUMN in its annual return brings to our people this year unusual measure of plenty and sources of happiness. Here in Idaho the October just past brought only days of sunshine, with cool and occasional frosty nights. This perhaps should be limited to the valley portions west of the mountains. At the close of October no rains had fallen since early in July. Even now the hunter or prospector may go far toward the summit of our high mountains without need of care for cold beyond his camp-fire and blanket. Soon, however, the higher ranges will be covered with deep snow and the big game, elk and deer, then come down to the foothills and about the thickets bordering the rivers running through the valley. With such autumn weather the sportsman and all who love the forest and mountains should be fully satisfied.

The October numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, containing so many descriptions of rambles for game in these autumn days, have given me unusual pleasure. I used to wonder from whence the hunting stories would come when the old-time race of hunters had passed away. I need wonder no longer. The stories of grand hunting trips, "great killings," and narrow escapes are plenty yet.

During two months of our warmest weather I was, with one companion, camped high enough in the hills for comfort, and on a good trout stream—one of the tributaries of the Payette River. An hour's fishing each day furnished us with all the trout we could use. Beyond that we sought to kill no trout, and so of other game. Three varieties of grouse were to be had in almost any ravine about our camp.

The first and second nights of our camping on the creek I received uncommon visits from a very common animal. On the first night I was aroused from sleep by a loud scratching at my provision box. The moon was shining on the front of the tent and the box just inside, and I saw a large skunk busy at the box. I made a noise in rising, and he left. Assuming there would be a second visit the next night I made preparation, and when he came I shot at him with fine shot when only about twenty-five feet away. Instead of being killed or driven off by my shot, he came towards me as fast as such vermin can run, evidently meaning to bite. When he had nearly reached the muzzle of my gun I fired again, missing him. He came on until I was obliged to push him away with my gun until I could throw down the flap of the tent between us. Evidently he meant to bite and discarded the use of the usual skunk weapon. After waiting inside the tent for a minute, I found he had left. It is said that their bite is fatally poisonous. However that may be, I was glad he was gone, leaving no unpleasant reminder of his visits. Perhaps it did not fare so well with him, but I saw him no more. The small spotted skunk of the coast is not found here. In southern California one of the small sort came into the house and took up his abode in the lower one of the drawers of my bureau, entering the drawer through the bottom, where the boards had shrunk, leaving a space scarce more than an inch wide.

The trout in the creek we were on and in all the other creeks, I believe, which empty into the Snake and Columbia rivers, are of the rainbow variety, the larger of them from six to nine inches long, and thousands of them from two to six inches. I frequently put back into the stream five or six, as too small for use, for one saved. The size does not vary, whether taken from a large or small stream, only so its waters flow to the ocean.

In the spring it annually occurs that great salmon work their way up these creeks in pairs (the female being much the larger) and deposit spawn as they work their way up as far as the depth of water will permit. I have watched the female salmon, when only a few feet away, come to a gravelly riffle, and with nose root away a little of the sand and deposit eggs. The male comes up quick alongside, turns partly over, and sometimes when a foot of water is running between them, throws his milt like a streak of lightning to the spot where the eggs have been deposited. Both then make their way up the stream until another satisfactory place is found, when the process is repeated. The number of salmon running up one of these creeks is so considerable that if only a small fraction of the eggs hatched the stream should be filled with fish, as it is; and at the proper age they should find their way to the sea. Is the rainbow trout a distinct species? Is he found anywhere (unless transplanted) except in streams flowing into the sea from the Sacramento River, north? One gentleman writes that rainbow trout have, transplanted, attained to several pounds weight. If fed well, I think he may expect they will get to weigh some 15 to 20 lbs.

In October I made a second trip into the hills, and interested myself mostly with ruffed grouse. Their habits vary, of course, in different latitudes. Here we expect to find them in the thick willows which line the water

courses. On their being disturbed they run swiftly behind some thick clump of bushes and take their flight from these, giving the sportsman a chance to exercise his best skill in shooting. Contrary to their usual habit I saw one standing in an open place perfectly still, and about ten steps from me. Its tail was spread, standing straight up, making a semi-circle. Its ruff was brought close up to its eyes. It was looking at me intently. I thought it, in that attitude, the most beautiful bird I ever saw. No turkey cock could be prouder. I looked at him in wonder until, without any warning, he started in flight. But it was too late. My gun had been ready and a moment later he lay fluttering on the ground.

The ruffed grouse, from that place, at least, were unusually fat, and I noticed their crops were filled with what appeared to be a light green colored berry. I saw the same at the bottom of the creek and floating on the water, and further search showed some fastened to the leaves not yet fallen from the willows. The apparent berry, as I cut through several, had a firm, rich pulp, and in the center a well-formed grub, then about ready to eat its way out. Some insect stings the main rib of the willow leaf in May and lays its egg. The juices from the leaf form this berry-like appearance, and thus food is furnished the ruffed grouse in place of the beech nuts and berries of other latitudes.

About this time blue grouse collect in great flocks and go to some place where the pine trees are plenty and make that their winter home, living mainly on pine buds. When fairly settled in a thick grove, they are very reluctant to leave, and a sportsman may shoot all day on a few acres without driving the flock away. No one here hunts for market, and but few grouse are killed in winter quarters, but a large share of them die in winter from cold and hunger.

The quail, which are now very plenty in the valley, have this year raised an unusual number of second broods. The younger are almost too small to shoot, but they go with older broods and share their fate before the sportsman. Some peculiarity of the season may account for it. I notice some fruit trees in town, after maturing one large crop, blossomed again. GEO. H. WYMAN.

BOISE CITY, NOV. 5.

THE FATE OF THE FUR SEAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 5th inst. appears a characteristic letter from Wm. H. Dall, who, among other things touching upon the status of the fur seal rookeries of the Pribilof Islands, declares that my estimates of the numbers of the fur seals on the Pribilof rookeries in 1872-'74 is "a gross exaggeration;" that my figure of two square feet for each seal thereon is too small; that the physical conditions make it so, etc.

In the first, let me say that he who writes for the information of his fellow men that which will not stand the test of unlimited criticism is a failure; and he is equally a failure if he keeps quiet and allows dogmatic and superficial denials of his work to be made and not answered.

What Mr. Dall now asserts was said to me in 1881 by an associate of mine in the Smithsonian Institution, who is a far abler and better known zoologist than Mr. Dall; he was promptly challenged by me at the time to bring the question before the Biological Society of Washington, and when he declined, I made the matter entirely clear to him, and he was satisfied.

The following statements of fact as to this matter of the numbers of the breeding seals, as introductory, are pertinent:

First—No fur seals except the females (nubiles, primipares and multipares) and their young, and the full-grown males, are found upon the breeding grounds during the rutting season; emphatically none at the height of this season in July every year.

Second—The proportion of females to males in 1872-'74 was an average of fifteen bearing females and their fifteen young, newly born; and of nubiles, or virgin females (or those coming into heat for the first time), an indefinite number, because they leave no evidence of their being on the ground by pupping. I believe that four or five of these young females to each male in 1872-'74 was a fair average.

If the reader will bear these two leading statements steadily in mind, as he follows my explanation below, he will not get my argument mixed up with the size and weight of the bachelor seals, or non-breeding males that never came upon these rookeries in 1872-'74, during the breeding season aforesaid.

Now for the physical fur seal data:

A nubile female.....average length 45in.*; weight 53 to 60lbs. An old female.....average length 48 in.; weight 75 to 100lbs. A newly-born (2wks. old) average length 14in.; weight 10 to 11lbs. Full-grown bull or male, average length 75in.; weight 500 to 400lbs.

These figures are from a large series of measurements which I made on the killing grounds of the Pribilof Islands in 1872-'74, inclusive, and they cannot be impeached.

Therefore your readers will observe that a female seal is not quite 4ft. in length, her greatest diameter is at her shoulders (where her girth is from 28 to 32in.), from 10 to 12in., the body then tapering rapidly from thence to both ends, anterior and posterior.

That a puppy seal, from one to three weeks old (and when my estimates were made), is a scant foot in length, with its greater body diameter not more than 5in.—really not more than a full 4in. in most cases.

That a full-grown bull fur seal is between 6 and 7ft. in length; with an average of 6ft. for the entire rookery; that its greatest body diameter, through its shoulders and under its "wig," is an average of 2ft.; tapering rapidly from here to the tip of nose and root of tail.

These statements of fact being understood, now I ask the reader to note the following:

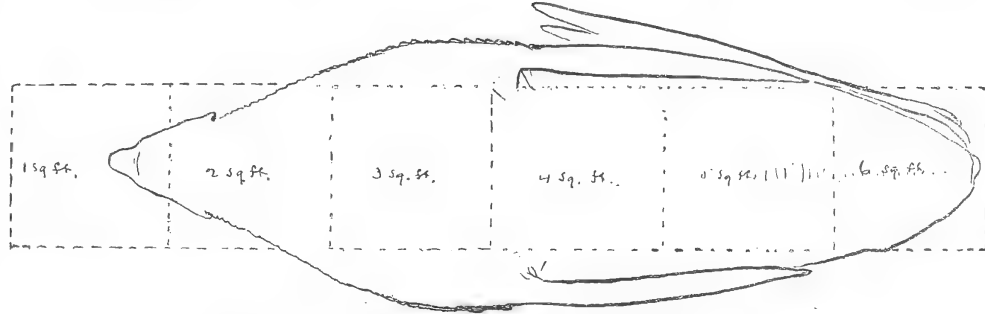
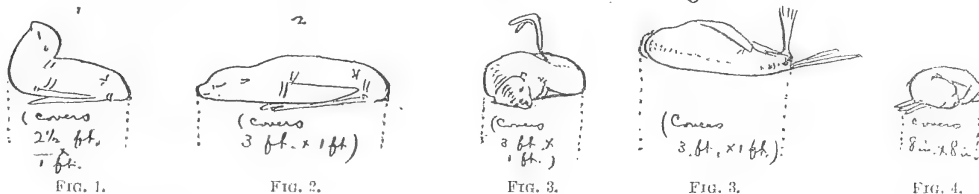
No fur seal, young or old, when resting on the breeding grounds, stretches itself out at full length on the rocks or earth unless injured in the lumbar regions, or deathly sick, and the number you can see in this condition you can count on your fingers at the end of every day's close observation of hundreds of thousands.

The female fur seals and their young take three typical positions when hauled out on the breeding grounds, as shown in Figs. 1, 2 and 3; while the pups add a fourth position assumed by curling themselves up so as to form

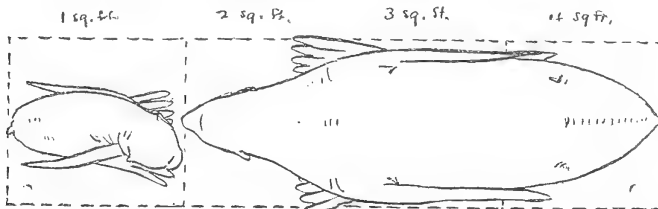
a round ball as in Fig. 4; and the adult males take relatively the same positions of the females above indicated, but owing to the great fatigue that ensues from fighting among themselves and serving the females, they sprawl out at intervals in almost every conceivable form except that of stretching themselves out at full length. All fur seals when at rest invariably throw their hindquarters up under their loins, just as a dog or cat does; in the case of the hair seals it is the reverse.

Now, understanding these points, the reader will please take a survey of the following diagrams, which show a female seal outlined as she rests on 4sq. ft. of ground, and her pup as it lies by her.

The following diagram shows the superficial area



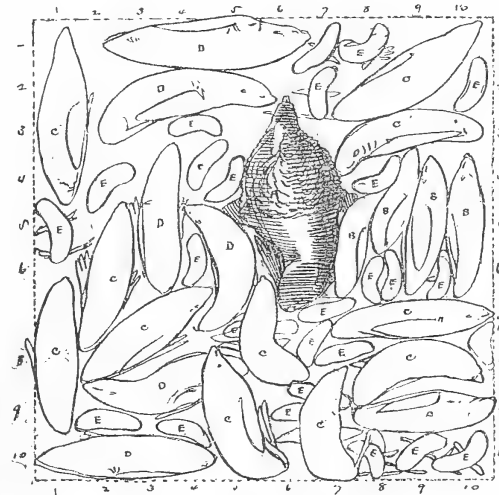
Dorsal profile of adult male fur seal, occupying 6sq. ft. of ground.



Dorsal profile of female fur seal and young (three weeks old), as they rest on 4sq. ft. of ground (or an average of 2sq. ft. for each when applied to the whole field).

covered by a "bull" as it rests so as to cover the greatest space in any one posture that it naturally assumes.

Now, is it not entirely plain that the females as they rest on the breeding grounds require but 3 sq. ft. of surface; that their pups require a trifle less than 1 sq. ft. each, and that the bulls or adult males occupy little more than 8 or 10 sq. ft.? But, right at this point you may



ORIGINAL FIELD DIAGRAM.

Diagram of a section of exactly 100 sq. ft. of breeding ground, showing the relative area and numbers of fur seals thereon as they appear massed uniformly all over the entire breeding area of the Pribilof Islands, between July 10 and 20, at the height of the breeding season. There are shown 13 breeding females (primipares, C, multipares, D), 4 virgin females (nubiles, B), 24 newly-born pups (E), and one old bull, or "sea catch" (A); a total of 47 seals big and little on this area.

reasonably ask, "while it is clear that 4 sq. ft. of area will embrace a female fur seal and her offspring, yet why do you ignore that larger space which you admit the bull occupies?"

For this reason: I have not been able to fix upon the number of virgin females which have been upon this breeding ground during the rutting season, for the reason that these females naturally leave no mark behind them of their being here, as the other classes of females do, and they do not remain themselves long on the field after being served, but it was reasonable to give each bull an average of at least four of these nubiles at the lowest calculation, this would cover the ground which he occupies, and reduces the whole basis of calculation to the simplest form, viz., 2 sq. ft. for each animal, big and little, ♂, ♀ and o, that existed on those breeding grounds as these animals hauled out and bred in 1872-'74.

Everybody admitted in 1872-'74 who was on the islands and especially charged with observing the seals, that I was right in then saying that the seals obeyed a natural law of distribution over a given area of ground when

breeding; that they never crowded here or thinned out there; that the ground was densely occupied and uniformly, no matter whether only a belt under the cliffs or where the rookery ground extended for hundreds of feet away back from the sea margin.

The dense massing of these seals on the rookery ground was made then evident to the most careless observer when his attention was fixed on the subject; it was made by the appearance of the pups themselves, which between the 10th and 20th of July, every year, lay in so solidly together that the ground itself seemed fairly covered by them alone, since not more than one-third of the mothers are on shore among the pups at any one time.

In conclusion I desire to commend to the dogmatic Mr. Dall the following opinions of Lt. Washburn Maynard, U. S. N., who in 1874 gave the entire breeding season of these animals his careful studious attention; this, Mr. Dall never has done, and the "gross exaggeration" of my work he finally arises to a consciousness of, after sleeping over the publication of it, full sixteen years—in the meantime, never seeing anything of the life itself that was, or is worthy of itemizing! Lt. Maynard says in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, made in 1875 (43d Congress, 1st Sess. Ex. Doc. No. 43):

IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING THE NUMBER OF SEALS.—It is of very great significance in this connection to know how many seals come annually to the islands, or rather to understand how many may be killed for their skins annually, without causing less to come hereafter than do at the present time. To determine how many there are with accuracy is a task almost on a par with that of numbering the stars. The singular action of the animals when on shore, the great variety in size, color and position, the extent of surface over which they are spread, and the fact that it cannot be determined exactly what proportion of them, of their several classes, are on shore at any given time; all these desiderata for comprehension make it simply impossible to get more than an approximation of their numbers. They have been variously estimated at from one to fifteen millions.

METHODS OF ENUMERATION OF THE FUR SEAL.—I think the most accurate enumeration yet made is that by Mr. H. W. Elliott, special agent of the Treasury Department, in 1872. This calculation is based upon the hypothesis that the breeding seals are governed in hauling by a common and invariable law of distribution, which is, that the area of the rookery ground is directly proportional to the number of seals occupying it. He estimates that there is one seal to every two square feet of rookery surface. Hence the problem is reduced to the simple operation of obtaining half the sum of the superficial area of all the rookeries in square feet. He surveyed these breeding grounds of both islands in 1872 and 1873, when at their greatest limit of expansion, and obtained the following results: Upon St. Paul Island there were 6,069,000ft. of ground occupied by 3,034,500 breeding seals and their young. On St. George Island he announced 326,540sq. ft. of superficial rookery area occupied by 163,270 breeding seals and their young. The number of non-breeding seals cannot be determined in the foregoing manner, as they haul most irregularly, but it seems to me probable that they are nearly as numerous as the other class is. If so, it would give not far from 6,000,000 as the stated number of seals of all kinds which visited the Pribilof Islands during the season of 1872.

GENERAL ACCURACY OF THESE RESULTS.—It is likely that these figures are not far from the truth, but I do not think it necessary myself to take into consideration the actual number of seals in order to decide the question of how many can be taken each year without injury to the fishery. The law that the size of the rookeries varies directly as the number of seals increases or diminishes seems to me, after close and repeated observation, to be correct. All the rookeries, whether large or small, are uniform in appearance, alike compact, without waste of space and never crowded. Such being the case, it is unimportant to know the actual number of seals upon the rookeries. For any change in the number of seals, which is the point at issue, increases or decreases in size, and the rookeries, taken collectively, will show a corresponding increase or decrease in the number of breeding seals; consequently changes in the aggregate of pups born annually, upon which the extent and safety of the fisheries depend, can be observed accurately from year to year by following these lines of survey.

SURVEYED PLATS OF THE ROOKERIES.—If, then, a plan or map of each rookery be made every year, showing accurately its size and form, when at its greatest expansion, which is between the 10th and 25th of July annually, a comparison of this map will give the relative number of the breeding seals as they increase or diminish from year to year. I submit with this report maps of St. Paul and St. George islands, showing the extended location of breeding rookeries and hauling grounds upon them. These maps are from surveys made in July, 1874, by Mr. Elliott and myself, and a map of each rookery on both islands drawn from careful surveys made by Mr. Elliott in 1872, show them now as they were in the season of 1874 as compared with that of 1872. I respectfully recommend that enlarged copies of these latter maps be furnished to the government agents in charge of the islands, and that they be required to compare them each year with the respective rook-

* From tip of nose to root of tail; tail very short, never more than 2 to 4in. in length.

eries, and note what change in size and form, if any, exists upon them. This, if carefully done, will afford data, after a time, by which the seal fisheries can be regulated with comparative certainty, so as to produce the greatest revenue to the government, without injury to this valuable interest.

NUMBER OF SEALS KILLED.—Since 1870 there have been killed, on both islands, 112,000 young male seals each year. Whether this slaughter has prevented the seals from increasing in numbers or not, and, if so, to what extent, can only be deduced from their past history, which unfortunately is very imperfectly given. In 1836 to 1839 there were fewer seals upon the islands than had ever been seen before since their first discovery in 1786. On St. Paul Island, then, there were not more than twelve or fifteen thousand of all kinds. The killing of them was then stopped, and not resumed until 1845, when it was done gradually, and, as had never been the case before, only the young males were killed. The rookeries continued to increase in size until 1857, since which time they have remained in about the same aggregate, although a less number of bachelor seals were killed yearly between 1857 and 1868 than have been slaughtered since.

One word more: Mr. Dall speaks of buying Alaska fur seal skins in 1865-'67 for 12½ cents each—these skins, as sold in the fur markets then, brought from \$2 50 to \$5 each.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

ROCKPORT COTTAGE, Cleveland, O., Nov. 9.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing I have found and send you one of my original field diagrams, made by me July 12, 1874, on St. Paul's Island. This particular spot measured was right under a vertical bluff 16 ft. high, which enabled me to have a perfect bird's-eye view of several thousand square feet of the breeding area.—H. W. E.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE ninth annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union is now being held at the Museum of Natural History in this city. It opened on Tuesday, Nov. 17, and is to continue for three days, closing this evening.

The session of Tuesday was devoted to the business of the Union, and was not open to the public, being mainly devoted to the reception of reports of committees and the election of officers, and other routine work. The report of the treasurer showed that the assets of the Union amounted to over \$4 000.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the old officers with the exception of the vice-president, Mr. Ridgway, who resigned. Mr. H. W. Henshaw, of the Bureau of Ethnology, was elected in Mr. Ridgway's place. Mr. Ridgway was chosen a member of the Council in Mr. Henshaw's place. To supply the vacancy left by the death of Col. Goss, Mr. C. F. Batchelder, of Cambridge, was elected a member of the Council.

It was voted to elect no new active members this year. Nearly 100 associate members were elected, one honorary member and two corresponding members.

After the business meeting was concluded two papers were read, one by Rev. Samuel Lockwood, "Why the Mockingbird Left New Jersey—a Geological Reason," the other "A Probable Occurrence of the European Curlew (*Numenius arquatus*) on Long Island, N. Y.," by Wm. Dutcher.

On Tuesday other papers on the list were read, the president, Mr. Elliott, leading off. His subject, "The Inheritance of Acquired Characters," while it has received much attention from biologists generally, has been neglected by ornithologists. In his interesting address Mr. Elliott devoted special attention to the evidence on this point which birds furnish.

The following is a complete list of the papers presented and to be read during this session:

"The Inheritance of Acquired Characters," (President's Address), D. G. Elliot. "The American Scoter," Gurdon Trumbull. "The Migrations in Chester County, South Carolina," Leverett M. Loomis. "Summer Birds of the Crest of the Pennsylvanian Alleghenies," Jonathan Dwight, Jr. "Birds Attracted by the Rays of Liberty's Torch," Jonathan Dwight, Jr. "The Genus *Peucaea* as represented in Cooke County, Texas," George H. Ragsdale. "A Preliminary Study of the Grackles of the Subgenus *Quiscalus*," Frank M. Chapman. "Geographical Variation in the North American Forms of the Genus *Colaptes*," J. A. Allen. "The Intergradation of *Colaptes auratus* with *C. cafer*," J. A. Allen. "Suggestions regarding the Genesis of the North American Forms of *Colaptes*," J. A. Allen. "List of Birds Observed at Talamasca, Costa Rica, from March 15 to April 12, 1890," George K. Cherrie. "Why the Mockingbird left New Jersey—a Geological Reason," Samuel Lockwood. "Habits of the Black-bellied Plover in Massachusetts," George H. Mackay. "Habits of the Eskimo Curlew in New England," George H. Mackay. "The Birds of the Pribilof Islands, Alaska," illustrated by lantern slides, William Palmer. Exhibition of lantern slides, representing birds in life, contributed by members. "Cause of the late Breeding of the American Goldfinch," Henry Hales. "Former Occurrence of the Carolina Parakeet in the Ohio Valley," Amos W. Butler. "A List of Warblers Found in Raleigh, North Carolina," C. S. Brimley. "A Probable Occurrence of the European Curlew (*Numenius arquatus*) on Long Island, N. Y.," William Dutcher. "Some of the Results of the Death Valley Expedition," Dr. C. Hart Merriam.

The paper on the birds of the Pribilof Islands and the exhibition of lantern slides will be given in the Lecture Hall of the Museum, at 4 P. M. Thursday, Nov. 19. The other papers will be given in the Reading Room of the Library.

The following is a list of the officers and Council of the American Ornithologists' Union, 1891-92: President, D. G. Elliot; Vice-Presidents, H. W. Henshaw, William Brewster; Secretary, John H. Sage; Treasurer, William Dutcher. Additional Members of the Council: J. A. Allen, Charles B. Cory, R. Ridgway, Elliott Coues, C. F. Batchelder, C. Hart Merriam, Leonhard Stejneger.

WOLVES IN FLORIDA.—New York City, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of to-day, under the title of "South Florida," I note that Dr. J. F. Detweiler mentions wolves as occurring in De Soto county. The wolf is now so near the verge of extinction in Florida that a more detailed account of the information obtained by Dr. Detweiler will be a welcome contribution to the last pages of its history; indeed any Florida records of this animal will be of value.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN (American Museum of Natural History).

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.*

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

MR. OLDMAN AND THE YOUNG MEN.

BUZZ-Z-Z! "A splendid covey," soliloquized a sportsman, as he emerged from the bushes, through which he was making his way to the open fields thick with brown cover, in which some twenty quail had settled and so beautifully scattered as to make the face of an enthusiastic sportsman glow with delight.

"Hold on there, old man, them's our birds!" was the imperative and impertinent expression of one of three young men, who, with a dog, were coming up with rapid strides.

"Pardon me, I didn't see you, or I wouldn't have intruded," said the man. "But I like to shoot once in a while, and if you will allow me to take a few chances you may have all the game I shoot."

"There's three of us now, and that's too many; I don't like so much bangin'," said the principal spokesman and owner of the dog. But as you are here and will give us the game, come along."

This was addressed to a rather queer-looking individual, somewhat tall, stoop-shouldered, with but one eye and a lame leg, and bearing the weight of about 65 years. As they walked toward the place where the birds lay, the man said, "I'll step off to one side so we won't be bunched together too much. I'll pick up the stragglers if they chance to come my way." So saying, he moved a considerable distance from the eager, expectant young men.

"To-ho, Bob."

The dog had scented the birds.

"Come up," said the foremost of his companions.

"Every one get a shot."

Whiz! Whirr!

Crack! Crack! Bang!

Away went the birds unharmed, and every barrel empty. Bob ran furiously after the fleeing birds, and in his impetuosity ran upon one which flew directly toward the old man. Cyclops saw it coming and instantly turned his back to the approaching bird.

"There he comes, old man; down him!" vociferously shouted one of the boys.

With the rapidity of lightning the bird whizzed past the old man's head. The next moment the gun of Cyclops was at his shoulder, and the quail fell dead.

"Bully for you, old man!"

Before the old man could pick up the bird the dog pitched in and proceeded to make mince meat of the beautifully shot quail. With some difficulty Cyclops succeeded in snatching it from the murderous jaws of the ill-trained or spoiled Bob and shoved it into his pocket.

"Two bad faults, boys."

"How so?"

"Running in when you shoot and crouching a dead bird."

"Did you ever own a dog?"

"I should say I did."

"Come, old man, load up," said one, as all proceeded to "unlock" their barrels. But almost as soon as they had their cartridges in place, Cyclops had the empty barrel of his muzzleloader charged for another trial of skill.

After a few sound lashes on the dog as a wholesome check to his over-eagerness, he was bidden to "hie on."

"There, he's found 'em!"

A moment later and three birds rose. All the youngsters blazed away at one bird, which escaped. The other two flew in good range of Cyclops, and both fell at the touch of his triggers.

"You beat the dickens, old man; you've shot quail before," exclaimed one of the young men in a tone that savored more of chagrin than of admiration for the old man's skill.

Cyclops answered not a word, but picked up the quail and put them into his pocket.

"I wonder if he means to keep them birds," said one.

"We'll choke him if he does," says another.

"Just wait and see," said the third, "if he makes off with them we'll stop him or dose him with bird shot."

All had again loaded up and struck out for the timber among which the birds had flown.

"Ho, Bob!"

"Where on earth is the dog?"

"Here he is," shouted the old man.

Crack!

Down came another bird to the aim of Cyclops.

"Hang us if he didn't kill that bird!"

A rush was now made toward the man and dog, when a bird almost trodden upon sent the dry leaves whirling as it rose and sped away like an arrow. A volley was poured in, and a few breeze-wafted feathers showed that the bird had, at least, been grazed. On he went, however. Cyclops took a long shot and brought the bird to earth.

"See here, old man, it's about time you was counted out."

"Why so?"

"Because that gun of yours shoots better than ours do, and gets all the game."

"I'll let you shoot it and I'll take yours if you say so."

"No, I won't bother with a muzzleloader, wouldn't have one about me."

"Well, I'll withdraw if you say so," said Cyclops.

So saying he took the birds from his pocket and handed them to the boys.

"Maybe it's too bad, old man, to take 'em after you've shot 'em."

"Oh, no it ain't, what I say I stick too. I don't go back on my word—not for a few quail; besides, I can come out here any day and shoot a good mess for dinner even if my old dog Dyke is dead."

"Who may you be, old man?"

"The same you have called me. My name is Oldman, but you have emphasized the last syllable pretty strong, but it's the way of the rising generation. I hear my dinner horn blowin'. Good day, and better luck."

"Confound it! why can't we shoot like that old fellow?" "Don't know; suppose we try some court plaster over the left eye?"

N. D. E.

"MUD HEN" SHOOTING.

THE mud hen, or clapper rail, is a game bird three times as large as a rail bird, with like habits; and when cooked, without the skin and after being soaked in salt water over night, a well-browned and broiled "marsh hen" surpasses an ordinary beefsteak. The close season ends Aug. 31. The Philadelphia gunners leave standing orders along shore to be called by wire when the heavy tides are imminent, and rush off for the shore with their hammerless guns, ready for the mud hen fray.

J. J. Sturmer, of Angelsea, has a dog trained for mud hen shooting, which will stand to a clapper rail as quickly as to a quail. But it is dry work, with the marsh mud 2 ft. deep, and the best gunner is only sure of an occasional bird, either put up by the dog or caught running down the beds of the sloughs or creeks when the sea tide runs out of the meadows.

Two brothers, Frank and Harry Swayne, who live near Townsend's Inlet, Cape May county (Harry Swayne being the best wing shot in Cape May county) promised us one good day among the mud hens. For this I had waited two years, for a mud hen tide waits not on the gunners coming or going.

My first born, Henry Sydney, who possesses a \$125 hammerless, has grown to be a crack shot, who can down 25 pigeons out of 26 in a trap. He had never had a day among the mud hens, and he was prompt to wager a big pile of ammunition that he could "wipe my eye" on the count of mud hens killed and brought in on a single tide. Albeit I have long passed the fifty mile post and was educated in Indiana with a \$10 muzzleloader in my hand, I am not a bad shot with a \$25 breechloader, which is good enough for me.

When the telegram came to Henry Sydney, "The tide is on to us," we hastened by the West Jersey Railroad to Swayne's Station, where we found our two friends, "Hal" and Frank Swayne, waiting at the station, both stalwart specimens of Cape May boys, born almost with a shotgun in their hands; as ready with the blade of an oar or at the top of a mast as in chasing a covey of quail with two of the best dogs in West Jersey. These boys live on the family homestead of 160 acres and always give their gunning friends a warm and generous welcome.

We arrived at 6:30 P. M. At 7:30 Mrs. Swayne, the mother of the boys, gave us a supper of fried eels, broiled mud hens, scrambled eggs and waffles. It nearly put me in my grave, for I saw all my grandfathers 200 years back, and in pale and ghostly array rose before me, while digesting the eels and mud hens in my sleep, all the defendants I had defended in homicide cases in a quarter of a century last past! The next night I begged Mrs. Swayne not to get us quite so elaborate a supper, with the net result that we had a better meal; but a good day's shooting in the marsh drove the spectres away, while good digestion waited on appetite.

Henry Sydney and J. M. S. looked over their guns at 4 o'clock in the morning, when Frank's heavy knock was heard at our bedroom door announcing breakfast. It was not yet light, when after the matutinal meal, good enough for a king, "us four" took up our march for the marsh. Henry Sydney arranged to go with Frank and I with Hal Swayne as pushers. The tide was so high that our walk was brief. Each in a little boat, we pushed down the creek for the open marsh. It was not yet light when we started, but as the stalwart Hal poled my skiff toward the open country the far-off cloud peaks in the east were delicately tinged with crimson and gold; and slowly, but seemingly with human tenderness, as *avant courriers* of the sun, the red, red blush of the modest dawn ran lightly up the sky, leaving a faint visible flush on the young clouds like the warm kisses of an ardent lover on the lips of a maiden fair.

Though all unused to shooting sitting down in the bottom of a small boat, I managed to kill two out of three birds. We were soon in sight of six mud hens slowly crawling out of their roost of the night before, and I speedily "bagged" four out of the six, leaving to Hal Swayne to knock over a distant flying bird, so only one escaped out of the first six. It looked as if I would become "high boat," as Henry Sydney and Frank were sailing across the meadows putting up never a bird. Presently I heard two rapid shots from the \$125 hammerless, and looking across the "marsh" (as the natives call the marsh) I saw two birds fall to Sydney's gun, and the halliards cut in two at the second shot, much to Frank's amusement. Not two minutes slipped away ere Sydney killed three at one shot in a cozy nest among the reeds, where he only saw the glittering eye of one bird on guard and ready to fly. We were now even, both with five birds, and both eager to win that wager. May be we didn't scour that meadow of 500 acres of submerged marsh, including every nook and hiding corner where reluctant mud hen could find cover. The shooting was nearly even, as we were within sight of each other and almost within gun shot. Finally, at 9 o'clock in the morning, we called a halt, and our pushers turned the prows of our little boats shoreward and homeward.

I had almost forgotten to say that a flock of bay-birds flying over my head yielded to my right-hand barrel three English snipe to my count of twenty-two birds. I had high hopes of being "high boat" among the October mud hens on that morning tide.

Frank pulled hastily to the long wharf and we began to count. Henry Sydney had twenty-two birds. J. M. S. had twenty-two birds. But, alas! Frank, the referee, decided that as three of mine were bay birds, Sydney was "high boat," and my little birds didn't count.

We were all well satisfied with the morning's sport, for we were back at Swayne's at 9:30 A. M., and we had missed the high tide of the afternoon before, on which Gaffney and Platt, two officers of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, had killed fifty-four birds in one hour. Ours was the last high tide of the week.

The birds stay around Cape May county till the thin ice begins to form over the meadows; then they make their begira, like the red drum or channel bass, and about the same time, for the softer skies and milder temperature of Florida marsh and sea.

There must have been over 1,000 marsh, or mud, hens

shot from the Anglesea lighthouse up to Townsend's Inlet, a distance of 8 miles.

English snipe, killdeer and many other bay birds are fairly abundant in Cape May county, and, thanks to the West Jersey Game Protective Society, the quail which have been planted here for two years are fairly abundant.

I rather rejoiced that Henry Sydney, with his \$125 hammerless, had "flattened me out at the polls" at our first hunting bout. But when I catch him in the Cape May woods, after gray squirrels, I will "wipe his eye" in such sportsmanlike fashion that he will become "weary" and want to go back to his quail, mud hen, killdeer and English snipe. For me my \$25 gun is quite good enough; the "pesky" pheasants and woodcock fly too fast for me. I am content with an occasional mud hen and can still knock a squirrel's eye out with a rifle at 100 yds. And a handline is good enough for me, though on occasion I can take a red drum with rod and reel in the most approved æsthetic fashion. When I fished for trout the red worm was always eminently satisfactory; and some of the "heavy swells" of the Philadelphia Club, twenty years ago, with their book (worth \$100) of grizzly-king and Jock-Scott flies, were quite willing to acknowledge me as "high hook" among the Tobyhanna trout: albeit they assumed to curl their noses at my bait *au naturel*.

J. M. S.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX HUNT

THE fourth annual fox hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was held Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11 and 12.

The evening of the 10th the officers of the association, with a goodly number of the members, collected in the

weather, came to Westfield in a tally-ho coach, arriving about 7:30, and learning that the Westfield party had left they immediately gave orders to the driver to proceed at once after the Westfield men, whom they soon overtook, and with them joined in the hunt. But the storm soon assumed such proportions that the hunters were glad to find protection in barns or other outbuildings so they might protect themselves from the deluge of water that was falling; and many is the joke that is told at the expense of officers and members, of the means that was resorted to, to occupy the time during the late hours of the morning, especially those who occupied the leaky old barn near the ponds. All were more or less wet, and many disheartened returned to the hotel at Westfield to await the return of clearer skies.

At about three in the afternoon a decided change for the better occurred and the hunters who had the pluck and nerve to withstand the storm of the earlier portion of the day began to return, and as the result Mr. Lyons, of Southampton, scored one, the Owen Bros., of East Granby, scored two, Burt R. Holcomb one, Charlie Merritt a beautiful silver gray, shot near the Montgomery line; Hon. R. B. Crane one, shot near his Wolf Pit Stock Farm; P. B. Rumrill one, concerning which there is a question. In all seven pelts were upon exhibition at the hotel, and the fortunate hunters were of a necessity the heroes of the hour. A beautiful and clear sunset indicated for the morrow a rare day.

Thursday morning, the 12th, an early start was made for West Parish, the "fox district," and the Southwick Road, where last season a good showing was made; and it proved this season to be the same, for with a much smaller number of hunters four foxes were secured and

There is no question but that with favorable weather the club would have increased its membership to 300, but even with the unfavorable conditions it is to-day probably the largest club in the country in point of numbers. Some 250 names appear upon the roll of members, including men from all walks of life.

WORONOCO.

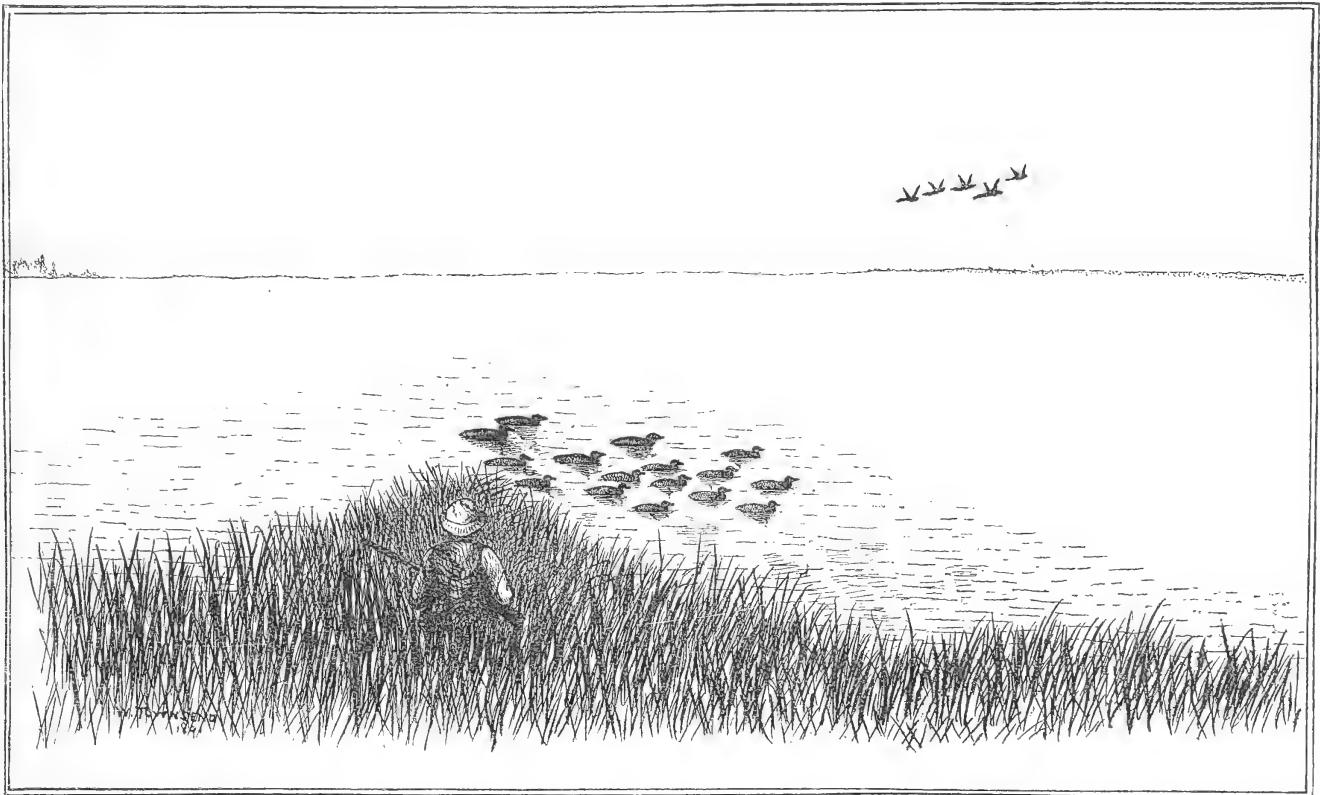
WESTFIELD, MASS., NOV. 14.

NIGHT SHOTS AT A "BOCK."

I WAS in camp this fall with Dr. Houston, near the Au Train River, in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. As a rule, game is fairly plentiful there, though this fall the cold weather came very late, the leaves hanging to the smaller trees and brush to the close of the hunting season, which made still-hunting very difficult. Nearly all the hunters with whom we talked were dissatisfied with the change of the open season, saying that it closes much too early; however, notwithstanding a poor season to hunt, neither the Doctor nor I were "skunked."

Our nearest neighbors were a party of four from Pittsburg and Windsor, Ohio, one of whom is a famous hunter and fisherman, who has hunted the woods and fished every stream there for some eight or ten years; in fact, S. visited the region before any roads were opened, the rivers, lakes and trails which bear his name all testifying to the fact that he is a veteran woodsman.

S. worked hard to get a shot at a deer, tramping miles by day, and shining late into the night when the weather permitted, but all in vain; but he did not get discouraged. Often when he passed our camp in the evening, on his way to the river, he would announce his firm determin-



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XI.

WILL THEY COME?

parlors of the Park Square Hotel and established their headquarters there, giving the house and its surroundings the appearance of a frontier post, instead of the leading hotel of a quiet New England village. The scene was one long to be remembered, and one to please and delight a true hunter's heart. The officers of the club were busy in enrolling new members for the association and greeting the old ones whom they had not seen since the meet of a year ago. Many of the arrivals sought an early couch so as to be prepared to join in the early morning, providing the storm should subside during the night.

At an early hour the huntsman's horn was sounded, and the shrill note of the bugle was heard up our principal streets indicating to hunters that despite the drizzling rain the hunt was on, and that let it blow high or blow low, the hunters who composed the Western Massachusetts Fox Club were up and prepared for an early start.

The start was made from the Park Square Hotel about 6:30 amid the baying of hounds, shouts of bus drivers, firing of red fire and the best wishes of the hosts of friends, and of more than one of the many members of the club who were obliged to remain behind owing to the severity of the storm, which at the time foreshadowed the day's sport and cast a gloom upon all.

When President Rorabock gave the order to start some thirty hunters with a dozen or fifteen hounds set out for the East Mountain district, where the Westfield division had territory assigned them. In the meantime a squad of hunters from Northampton, Easthampton and Southampton were to occupy the territory at Rock Valley, adjoining the East Mountain district, while a third party of Springfield and Holyoke hunters was to begin the chase at Bears Hole upon the opposite side of the East Mountain chain. All the divisions were to rendezvous at or near the Hampden Ponds, four miles from Westfield, and from thence in a body to return to Westfield in time for the supper which was to be served in the Gem Opera House. The Westfield division was divided into two sections, one under the leadership of C. D. Allen and the other headed by Burt R. Holcomb, the veteran fox hunter of this section, who, by the way, showed twenty-eight fox pelts for last season's score.

A portion of the Holyoke party, owing to the rainy

several were driven into rocky hedges, showing that this is a most favorable resort for reynard; and the club made no mistake in selecting Westfield as its objective point in this direction.

At the business meeting of the club the following officers were unanimously reelected to serve another year: Geo. W. Rorabock, President; F. S. Gross, Vice-President; N. A. Harwood, Treasurer; Dr. O. J. Shepardson, Secretary. Probably most of the other officers will be retained. It is still further to be hoped that Westfield, with its many advantages, will be selected for next season's hunt.

Three young foxes were upon exhibition at the Opera House during the banquet, and attracted much notice as they paced about the cage with large red ribbons about their necks. They were captured a few days previous to the hunt in Southwick, being dug out of one hole, and the Southwick hunters say "the woods are full of them." Considerable of a laugh is occasioned when the names of two nimrods are mentioned, and all from the following fact: About a week previous to the hunt these two noble and valiant hunters had hired the sons of a well-known farmer to secure for them two foxes and to keep them caged until the fox hunt, for which service they were to pay \$10 a head. The offer was too tempting to be overlooked, so the two foxes were secured and the hunters were so informed on the second day of the hunt.

The crafty sportsmen departed for the home of the farmer in high glee with the prospect of two pelts before them. Arriving they proceeded to tie the two foxes to trees, and then proceeded to blaze away at the poor helpless victims, with the proud hope in their noble breasts of carrying home the pelts. But alas for the fickleness of a hunter's fortune and the unsteady aim of the hunter. One poor fox was slightly hurt and was afterward killed by the farmer's son, while the other was liberated, the shot cutting the string with which he was tied; and when Phil, after the smoke had cleared away, looked for his fox, it was seen making long and rapid strides for the adjacent woods. It is said that at the hotel at Southwick these two nimrods were trying to hush up the farmer and his sons by tempting bribes of double fees for services rendered.

ation to "kill a bock" that night; this occurred so often that the phrase "kill a bock" passed into a byword with us.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will explain that "shining" consists in strapping a bullseye lantern to the head, which will on a dark night show a pair of deer's eyes seventy-five yards or more away. Sometimes you can get near enough to see their bodies, but often you can see nothing but their eyes, which shine like two bullseyes, and you shoot at them. There is an uncertainty and sometimes danger attending this mode of hunting, as one cannot always tell what he is shooting at. I heard of one homesteader who shot his own cow; a gentleman from Chicago killed a neighboring camp's pet cat; and on our return to Au Train we heard of a more serious accident that had happened the night before, a man shining had been shot in the neck, though not killed, by another hunter who was inexperienced and mistook his bullseye for an eye. Shining is unlawful, but the game laws cannot be enforced ten or twenty miles back in the woods.

But to return to S. and his "bock." He started out with a companion one dark night and ere long I heard a report and hoped he had been successful, so when I came in an hour later, I dropped in and inquired, "what luck?" At first he replied that he had missed, but afterward, on my pledge of secrecy, he told his experience. He was cautiously following a trail near by; getting an eye, he nudged his companion to keep quiet, waited until he got the second eye, and then fired. He assured his friend it was "bock," as the eyes were big ones, but hearing nothing he looked again, and found he had been shooting at the moon, which was just rising and shining through the trees.

MANNING FISH.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY DROUGHT.—Alexandria, Mo.—The entire valley of the great Mississippi has had an unbroken drought of four years. The snows and rainfall have been so light that there was scarcely any drainage to support the rivers. The Mississippi has been lower than it was ever known, and the historic low water mark of 1894 has to yield to the record of 1891. These successive dry seasons and low water account in a measure for the small number of water fowl that have frequented these regions.

—J. P.

HAD A GOOD TIME.

THE party from Perth Amboy and Woodbridge, N. J., recently in camp on the Grand River, Indian Territory, have returned, and seem to have had a good time in spite of the drought and its consequences. They started from Baxter Springs, Kan., it may be remembered, in a house boat, on which they expected to float down to Fort Gibson, hunting and fishing on the way. At intervals of half a mile all hands (eight) had to get overboard and yank the boat by main strength over a shallow riffle—but they had a good time. At a point eight miles from Baxter they had to give up the ship, and took to wagons. The roads were pretty rough and rocky (they were nearly disemboweled, and one of the party was thrown violently to the ground and hurt)—but they had a splendid time. On the prairie road they were nearly smothered with dust, their quail and chickens spoiled on their hands in twelve hours, and water was mighty scarce—but they had a perfectly elegant time. However, their camp tent was very comfortable; they heard selections from "Trovatore" beautifully played by an Indian girl at the Cherokee Orphan Asylum; they saw some curious rocks and curious people, and managed to kill some deer, turkeys, chickens, ducks and squirrels, which the law prohibited them from sending out of the Territory. And on the journey back to Baxter Springs (75 miles by wagons with no springs) they were not annoyed by dust, for it rained steadily the whole two days and nights. Moreover, their total expenses, per capita, fell within the estimated amount (\$200). So that, all things considered, they must have had an altogether gorgeous and utterly hyperskyruginous kind of a time, and traveled only about 1,700 miles and back to have it.

J. L. K.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 16.

MISADVENTURES.

A YOUNG man last summer essayed to descend from the red mountain crag which rears its umber head above the little station of Wagon Wheel Gap, Col., and does not care to risk the chaffing that that poor fellow got. He had climbed up to the top of the cliff as adventurous and sight-loving youth will sometimes do, and about 4 o'clock in the evening essayed to come down, and in about half an hour, after a rough experience in rolling, slipping and struggling downward, found himself clinging to the face of the cliff at a point where he could neither go up nor down. He was fairly treed, and perforce began to wake the echoes calling for help.

A mile away, to the hot springs hotel, one came riding in hot haste. A man had fallen from the cliff and broken his leg, and the doctor should come at once; and there was a hurrying to and fro, and a chorus of exclamations and a great stir among the guests, and the doctor was off like the wind, and numerous lights could be seen afar climbing the mountain, and when the help reached him he was neither dead nor dying, had no broken limb nor strained arm or ankle, but was simply rock-bound, entirely unable to help himself. Above him was the perpendicular cliff, below a narrow overhanging shelf of rock and a fall of 30ft. to the broken stones below, with a possible roll all the way to the bottom of the mountain.

Those mountain folk are rough jesters; when they found that he was unhurt they began to chaff him unmercifully. They told him they had brought candles to have a wake; that he should have a first-class funeral; that they didn't see what he could do but just to drop off over the shelf and take his chances and be done with it. But kind hearted, as they always are, one of their number climbed up under the projecting shelf of rock, got a firm hold with one hand, and outstretched his other arm to give what aid he could, and the others stood below to catch him as he fell, and thus, if possible, save his life; and he was directed to back over the cliff crawfish fashion, face downward, swing off, and then hang on like grim death. This done, the nearest man, with his outstretched arm, grabbed his feet and placed them upon his shoulders, and the poor fellow let go to find himself the next moment convulsively grabbing the neck and shoulders of his rescuer, and somehow he slid down to the others without broken bones. But how he was chaffed and ridiculed! He fled away in the darkness and was not seen again for days.

TEXAS.

Mr. F. M. Gilbert, of the Evansville (Ind.) *Tribune*, tells this:

"Camp life is all very nice in its way, but there are some bad points about it, as our friend W. B. Lacy, who is just back from Arkansas, can testify.

"On Tuesday last the day became cloudy at noon, and it looked as if a shower was pending, and Lacy left camp alone, intending to go to what is known as 'Over Cup Flat' and watch for a deer. By some means he neglected to take his compass (which, by the way, is never needed on a sunny day, as all hunters go by the sun). Just before dark he got a shot at a fine little buck, shooting it just back of the heart, too far back to kill it at once. It ran about a quarter of a mile, and Lacy trailed it by the blood and finally overtook it and cut its throat. He then decided that he would drag it into camp himself rather than hang it up and take chances on the wolves getting it.

"On starting back, however, he found that in his pursuit of the deer he had failed to take his bearings, and it took but a few moments to show him that he was hopelessly lost (and that in a great 'bottoms' that is 70 miles long and the nearest settlement 27 miles away). He at once built a fire and hung up his deer as best he could, but his trouble had only just begun. The wolves had struck the trail of the blood made by his deer and rapidly following it up soon appeared around him, snapping and howling as only a gray wolf can. While there was really little danger, as they very seldom attack a man, they were anything but pleasant companions and would strike a nameless terror to the heart of the bravest man living. Hoping to kill or frighten some of them and at the same time bring aid from the camp, Lacy fired every shot he had in his Marlin and then emptied his revolver at them.

"Relief came at last, in the shape of men from his own camp, and the camp of the Hinkleville Gun Club, both of which had started out searching parties for him as soon as he failed to appear at dark. Some idea of those dense swamps may be gained from the fact that both of the searching parties got lost also, and were only guided back to camp by the continued blowing of horns and

firing of guns by parties stationed some quarter of a mile apart.

"Lacy says he was not the least bit worried, but he will have to tell that story to somebody who has never been lost at night in Black River bottoms. Those wolves would cause the hair to stand up straight on the head of the bravest man on earth."

OHIO GAME.

MILLERSBURG, Ohio, Nov. 10.—The opening of the quail season in this section of the Buckeye State was ushered in in true sportsmanlike manner, and many gunners were in the field ready for work before the sun had shown above the eastern horizon. The State game law allows the shooting of quail only from Nov. 10 to Dec. 15 inclusive, and every farmer being a self-constituted officer, in no State is a better observance of the law had than here. S. M. Hanna, the efficient game warden, enforced the law to the letter at the beginning of his term of office, two years ago, and gave a few illegal shooters at that time to understand that a fine of \$25 and costs was bad medicine to take every few days. Hence, shooting out of season was entirely broken up, and there has not been an arrest made this year. The great fight now is between the gunner and the farmer, and nearly every farm is decorated with the familiar sign, "No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises without permission," and the tiller of the soil takes good care to see that his rights are not infringed upon. However, go to a farmer in the right way, ask permission to hunt, and agree not to load his stock down with lead through careless shooting, and as a general thing he will give you permission to shoot, frequently going with you and pointing out the best game haunts. The horny-handed pumpkin husker has all the law on his side, and even the county squire, and about all that a cranky hunter can do is to keep moving on from one farm to another, greeted every fifteen minutes with "git out of thar."

Quail are plentiful this season, owing to the last two winters being open and the seasons very favorable to their breeding, and they are well-grown, fat and plump. There were but few late broods hatched, as we find from inquiring among the numerous sportsmen who were out on the opening day.

This section of Ohio is generally hilly and broken, with plenty of underbrush and covers, yet pheasant shooting has not been as good as in past years, the birds being scattered and very wild and do not lie well to the dog. Fair bags have been made, however, since the opening of the season on Sept. 1.

JOE PUSH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Opening day was ushered in with a perfect gale, the wind blowing tremendous all day, with a slight sprinkle of rain; in fact, it was the most disagreeable day we have had this fall. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, several of our sportsmen could not withstand the temptation, as due preparation had been made to open the season on a grand scale, and they braved the storm for a day's sport. Owing to the conditions no big bags were reported; the writer bagged eight cottontails and one gray squirrel, having grand runs with the merry little beagles. Rabbits and quail are very plenty. We have also had more gray squirrels this fall than for years. I was out this afternoon and bagged two cottontails and four quail, all shot either running or on the wing, no pot shots. I almost forgot to tell you how many misses I scored; well, not less than one.

MUZZLE LOADER.

CADIZ, Ohio, Nov. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Central Ohio Fox Hunters' Club was held at this place to-day, and it was a gala day for lovers of the chase. The district is composed of the counties of Holmes, Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Wayne, and this is the only organized club in the State. Every county was well represented by ardent sportsmen, and a number of visitors from other counties were present and well entertained. Seventy-two handsome foxhounds were shown in the parade during the afternoon. A wild fox had been caught a few days before, and on the day of the meeting was turned loose. After giving reynard a half hour's start the hounds were put on his trail, and he led them a merry chase lasting two hours, when he went to earth in a rocky ledge two miles east of town, where he was perfectly safe from both hounds and hunters. The club adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the members of this club use all honorable means to protect the property of the farmers of the district, which includes stock, fences and other farm property, and that we will lend our assistance in looking after all outside parties who may infringe upon the rights of farmers or the rules of this club.

Resolved, That we will do no fox-hunting during the months of June, July and August of each year.

Resolved, That it is the duty of all members of the club to look after and return to the owners all stray foxhounds found in their locality, with a description of the same, to the secretary; and any member losing a dog shall at once notify the secretary, who will report the same to the chairman of each sub-committee in the district.

Speeches were made by Hon. E. L. Lybarger, of Spring Mountain, O., and Col. Lake E. Jones, of Wooster, after which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, E. L. Lybarger; Vice-President, Elias Mast; Secretary, L. G. Barton; Treasurer, Chas. M. Williams.

The following committees were also appointed: Coshocton county—Wm. Reed, John A. Buckley, John Chubb, W. W. McNeal, C. M. Williams. Holmes—Frank P. Anderson, A. B. Cutter, John S. Duncan, R. Winbiger, M. C. Lisle, Josiah Snyder. Tuscarawas—Wm. Zinkon, Wm. Woodruff, Ira Miser, Jonas Bair, George Steis. Wayne—Dr. Grenamire, David Adkins, Lake F. Jones, John Brandt, J. M. Shafer, David Stinson.

Col. Lake F. Jones was selected as a delegate to attend the December meeting of the Tennessee "Wild Goose" Fox Hunting Club.

After finishing the general business brought before the club all members partook of an excellent banquet that had been prepared for the occasion, and we assure you that fox-hunters are in every way capable of disposing of all edibles that may be set before them. There are many fine dogs in this section, and that great sire Red Dan is at the head of nearly the entire family. All communications should be addressed to L. G. Barton, Sec'y, Millersburg, O.

JOE PUSH.

MILLERSBURG, O., Nov. 13.

A COMPASS IN THE WOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in to-day's issue explains how to supply the want of a compass by a watch, in connection with the shadow of a knife blade on the thumb nail. In an emergency this may answer. But without intentional disrespect to Dr. Morris, I trust that no uninitiated will hastily become converted to the Doctor's views, as expressed in his closing remark, that he "never bothers to carry a compass on his hunting trips." For the initiated no warning is needed. I have just returned from a Maine trip, with a veteran hunter and trapper of 45 years experience. I noticed that this experienced woodsman invariably carried two compasses. Let us see where the knife-watch-thumb-nail substitute might leave a man on a "hunting trip."

The camp is in meat and you do not want anything but "an old big one with horns." You have accordingly been searching far and wide, when suddenly you come upon the track of a bull caribou. It is about noon, the track is fresh, fairly smoking—and with high hopes for a speedy shot you are off. You forget that in order to have a short race with a caribou it is not enough that the track is "fairly smoking;" it must be actually "on fire," and after you have whipped up and down three or four mountains, and through one or two old slashings and half a dozen swamps, you conclude that your bull has sworn off feeding and lying down until Mr. Fasset is elected. Your watch indicates half-past four; it has come on to snow a little, is dark and windy. You are perhaps three miles from the old Indian line, four miles from camp, with three-quarters of an hour before dark. A northeast course will strike the line, and with a few birch curls you can follow the line to camp after dark. You put your knife on your thumb-nail and get your watch in position. No shadow—the trees are too thick; you must find "an opening in the forest." But the heavy spruce and balsam flat has no opening, and when you finally reach hard timber ten minutes of precious time is gone. No use for a shadow now; you have not the legs of a caribou and you cannot reach the line before dark. So a scramble for fire-wood and a slanting tree where you can keep body and soul together until morning, because—you "did not bother to carry a compass." And only an hour's journey away there is a comfortable log camp, where three good fellows are burning tobacco on stomachs full of sirloin, coffee and cakes.

Young men, I know those who have been there. Don't go to the woods without a knife, a full match-box and a compass. And learn how to use the latter before you go. And if you are hunting caribou and have grit to hang, add a small hatchet (easily carried in a double loop on the back of your coat) and a slice of fat pork. Then, if your game insists upon visiting New Brunswick before he lurches or makes a bed, you can, at least, go with him part way.

SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD.

TROX, N. Y., Nov. 12.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, returned on Thursday from a short visit to the home of the Commodore Club, at Hartland, Me. The Governor is a member of the club, along with ex-Governor Brackett and the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler. Governor Russell evidently understands just how to obtain the best sort of rest after the worry of a most brilliant campaign, and the winning of a victory of which any Governor of one term might be proud. He slips quietly away on a shooting and fishing trip, and has his outing and is back again almost before the public are aware that he has stepped down from the executive chair. This time Mr. John E. Thayer, of the Governor's staff, with his brother, Mr. Bayard Thayer, were with him. Mr. Bayard Thayer, it will be remembered, is the owner of the beautiful Birch Lodge, at the head of Richardson Lake, in Maine. Governor Russell was the guest of the Messrs. Thayer on both their fall and spring fishing trips to Birch Lodge this year. These gentlemen, young and genial, seem to be companions almost inseparable in their hunting and fishing excursions. This time they are charmed with the beautiful home of the Commodore Club on Moose Lake. They were down there for duck shooting, for which sport that lake has long been noted. The Governor is a good shot, and is winning laurels, to say nothing of the prowess of the Thayers in that direction.

Ducks have not come on to the marshes at the head of the lake in the usual abundance this fall. There is a very good reason. The weather has been so terribly dry that the marshes are shrunken to the smallest space imaginable. Here blinds have been erected and here the Governor tried his hand, morning and evening. One morning he was at the blind waiting for the darkness to lift and for the black ducks to come down to feed. Now this black duck, as all sportsmen are aware, is about as swift as a cannon ball, but the Governor took them "right and left." Sam Furbish, the keeper at the home of the Commodore Club, says that the "Governor went right in for business every time," killing four ducks in succession with right and left barrels.

The next day Sam Furbish and Harry Williams, a young local hunter, offered to put the Governor and Adjutant-General Dalton, who was a member of the party, on to a fox trail, with some good hounds to do the work. The Governor and the General accepted gladly, but fox hunting amounted to nothing that day, as it frequently does in Maine, as well as any other State in the Union. But the courage and sturdiness with which the gentlemen followed the hounds won the admiration of the local fox hunters.

Mr. L. W. DePass, Asst. Sec'y of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and C. W. Hodgkins, of the Boston & Albany freight office, have been on a gunning trip in to the edge of Andover, Mass. They got no partridges, though having a couple of good dogs. They started four, but each one started from high trees and flew a long distance, doubtless lighting again into high trees, for the dogs could not find the scent. But the exceedingly dry weather is another feature and the birds may have left very little scent, even if on the ground. Though quail were put out in that section last spring, by the efforts of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, yet these hunters found no quail. They made inquiries of the residents and found that no quail had been seen or heard since early in summer. One old gentleman, well informed in such matters, suggests that partridges have been troubled a great deal this year with

ticks. He has seen but one or two birds that have been taken in that section this season, and these were covered with ticks.

The Cunard steamer, which arrived in Boston on Monday, had, among other items in her cargo, a box with eleven live English partridges. The box was directed to Mr. Henry J. Thayer, of the Massachusetts Association, and the birds will go to Oregon.

Mr. Cone, a grocer of Waltham, Mass., with his friend, Mr. Bull, have just returned from a most successful deer hunt in Maine. They went to Bangor, and from there to Penobscot headwaters. They evidently struck a section where deer were plenty, for they were gone but about two weeks and brought home five deer and one deerskin. They report that they could have obtained more, but that the law permits only three deer to a sportsman in a season. The deer were on exhibition at Mr. Cone's store in Waltham.

Two deer were received by a well-known Boston commission dealer the other day, the saddles alone of which weighed over 275lbs. They were remarkably fat and heavy, and the hunters, a couple of Boston men who have been known to Maine, realized almost \$50 for the saddles, these saddles selling for 18 cents per pound. The boys do not care to be styled market-hunters, and yet the \$50 comes handy to them.

J. P. Longley, of Lewiston, Me., has just returned from a trip to the Machias River. He says that bears have never before been as plenty in that part of the country. A bear has recently killed a cow and two-year-old bull in a pasture in that vicinity. The farmers have been greatly troubled this summer by bears, and many sheep have been lost. Mr. Longley brought home an elegant bear skin.

A moose weighing over 700lbs. has recently been killed at the Ten-Mile Shanty, near Milo, Me. The cook at the shanty went to the spring a few rods away for water just at nightfall, when he saw five moose at the spring drinking. He ran back to the shanty and alarmed Mr. A. D. Bumpus, who had just come in from the Katahdin Iron Works. Mr. Daggett yelled that there were moose at the brook, when guns were grabbed they succeeded in killing the big bull of the herd.

Arthur Bounce, of Milo, has killed the first moose of the season in that vicinity this year. It was a monster, and Mr. Bounce sold the head for \$50 and meat enough to come to \$60 more. Mr. Bounce is an old man, with one of his legs so badly crippled as to be almost useless, and yet he manages to get around in the woods some way. The moose and the money it brought come very acceptable to him.

SPECIAL.

THREE TURKEYS AT A SHOT.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I wish to call your attention to an incident which happened in Clay county, Ark., during our recent hunt, from which we have just returned. It is straight goods and I can make oath to it.

One of the party, Mr. Lacy, made the most wonderful shot ever made. He was seated at a stand on Big Cache waiting for deer. In front of him was one of those little weed prairies, so frequent in Arkansas. While on the watch he saw the outlines of a wild turkey, which seemed to be pecking in the weeds. Holding at the butt of its wing he fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing it flutter a few yards and fall. But on going to pick it up what was his surprise to find two more turkeys shot through the neck. Such a thing as three wild turkeys killed with one rifle ball was probably never heard of before. The writer was not over 100yds. from him, and can swear that only one shot was fired. Mr. Sam Blackshare was at the next stand, the same distance away, and can testify to the same—that is if Mr. Lacy's word was not amply sufficient. The supposition is that the two turkeys shot through the neck were squatting in the weeds, and seeing Lacy raise his rifle to aim, raised up their heads just in time to receive the fatal ball. This will go on record as one of the most wonderful shots ever made in the whole history of hunting.

We got four deer, thirty turkeys and small game in countless numbers and variety. Lost nearly all by hot weather, and came out through forest fires on all sides.

F. M. GILBERT.

WISCONSIN DUCKING.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 9.—The long deferred rain has come at last, but alas too late to insure good snipe shooting. Last Tuesday morning all the shallow ponds and small bodies of water were found to be frozen over, ice having formed in many places half an inch in thickness. A few scattering snipe may still be found in low springy ground, but the bulk of the birds have made a parting bill-thrust into Wisconsin mud and silently departed for a warmer clime. Wildfowl, however, are here in great abundance, and every known means is being employed for their destruction. Parties are daily leaving the city bound for the various ducking resorts of the State. Large bags are being reported from Fox Lake. Puck-away Lake comes in for a front seat in the list of choice places. Mr. H. Bosworth, who spent a few days of last week at the Cav Cav club house, has lately returned with a fine lot of ducks—bluebills, redheads, and canvasbacks. Of the latter I believe he had four or five.

Messrs. Fitch, Mariner, Pierce, and Moses left late last week for Winneconne Lake, where they will remain a few days on board their finely equipped yacht, The Idle Hour. The shooting was reported very good at that place, and it is expected that the Northwestern road will be called upon to furnish an extra large box car in which to convey their ducks back to the Cream City.

GREENHEAD.

FREAK OF THE GRAY SQUIRREL.—Wm. Raines, of Huntington, W. Va., relates a novel experience. He claims to have been a good shot with the rifle and seldom failed to drop his squirrel. At one time, however, he deliberately fired twelve shots at one without success, and then ceased firing through utter discouragement. The strangest part of the circumstance is that the squirrel barked constantly under fire. Mr. Raines says his grandfather had a similar experience, with some variation. In the latter case the squirrel not only kept barking under fire, but at length ran down the tree and scampered off, barking as it ran.—*

SLEEPING BAGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to say a few words about sleeping bags. Last fall I spent about three weeks in the Provinces moose hunting. My companion on this trip had a sleeping bag which he had purchased from Mr. Squires in your city, while I had a rubber blanket and three quite heavy woolen ones. On this trip we had eight days and nights of almost continuous rain, and I confess that I rather envied my friend in his sleeping bag. I would lie at night under our lean-to completely saturated, while he in his bag would be as dry and comfortable as he could wish. On my return I ordered a bag at once and used it last winter sleeping on frozen ground in an open camp with the mercury at times below zero.

This season I spent some three weeks hunting moose and I advised my companion to take a sleeping bag, which he did, and is loud in his praises of it, saying he does not know how he could have got along without it.

The bags are made with different thicknesses of lining, and I would advise getting a bag with fairly heavy lining, and also to have an extra lining to be put in or taken out as desired. I have arranged my bag so that I can remove one thickness of blankets, and when replacing tie the two lower corners with tape. With a bag so arranged you can use the extra lining when sleeping in a close, warm camp, the original bag making a good mattress, and when you wish to spend the night out of camp the extra lining will be needed.

The bags are put up in a very portable form, and are much easier to carry than blankets. The outside covering is very durable, and perfectly waterproof. I spent a good many nights this season, when moose calling, lying out on boggy ground, without a fire of any kind, and was far more comfortable than with twice the amount of ordinary blankets.

I think any sportsman who roughs it to any extent will find such a bag very serviceable.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 29.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—One hundred and seventy-five members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association attended the regular monthly dinner and meeting at the United States Hotel Thursday evening, Nov. 12. Messrs. Wm. A. Browne, Geo. A. Clay, G. Arthur Swan, Geo. H. Richards, Jr., A. M. Leavitt, Chas. H. Smith, Arthur A. Glines, Chas. E. Willard, Arthur B. Curtis, Moses Bamber, Herbert C. Brooks, Noble H. Hill, John Hillis and Jos. H. Woodford were elected members.

Fourteen applications for membership were presented. Messrs. H. H. Kimball, Chas. F. Munroe, Chas. Stewart, Ivers W. Adams, Waldron Bates, Geo. B. Appleton and Heber Bishop were appointed a nominating committee to present at the December meeting a list of candidates for officers for 1892.

Messrs. Ivers W. Adams, Benj. C. Clark, M. A. Morris, W. M. Brackett and Geo. W. Wiggins were appointed as a committee on arranging for the annual dinner.

Mr. W. L. Gilbert, of Plymouth, Mass., addressed the meeting, asking that domestic raised trout be allowed to be sold during the months of January, February and March, as well as in the open season. After general discussion, in which the members objected to any such law, the matter was referred to the board of management.

RICHARD O. HARDING, Secretary.

FLORIDA BIRDS OF PLUME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the Legislature of Florida has passed an act to protect the birds of plumage and song from destruction, the tourist and pleasure seeker can do much to aid in the enforcement of the law by suggestions in all localities they may visit, as to the organization of local societies, to see to the proper enforcement of the law. A united effort on the part of the citizens of Florida and tourists will put a stop at once to the wholesale destruction now going on by those who hunt the birds to supply the dealers in plumes.

A healthy public sentiment once established, the enforcement of the law will not be difficult, and the birds which now add so much to the beauty of the Florida landscape will be preserved.

Chummie, so long the writer's constant companion in rambles and travels, died a week ago in southern Maryland from distemper. He was a dog of great intelligence and many virtues, with a personality almost human. He will be long and sadly missed.

D. W. W.

A NOVEL FOX HUNT.—Plain Hill, Conn.—While our farmer S. was returning from a neighboring town early in the afternoon one day last month, he saw something that made him rub his eyes at first. A bunch of a dozen sheep, woolly with fright, were galloping up and down and across a pasture near the road, closely followed by a full grown fox. The fox apparently was only chasing the sheep in play, and he circled them around the lots, headed them off and turned them back about as his fancy pleased. Now S. is considerable of a sportsman, and generally carries a shotgun with him under the wagon seat against just such chances, and in about three winks of the eye he had inserted a couple of cartridges in the gun, jumped from the wagon, climbed the fence, and waited for the sheep and fox to pass. This latter gentleman, generally so cunning, had dropped off his eyeglasses, and his only thought was the pleasure of the chase. On came the fast panting sheep, followed closely by the fox, and alas! by the whang of the gun. Reynard was gathered in. Moral: Free wool may prove itself not always a blessing.—F. LIN.

WOODCOCK AT BAY RIDGE.—From Bay Ridge, on New York Bay, comes a photograph with this note: "Bay Ridge, Nov. 11.—I enclose you, with my compliments, a scene from life, or rather from my vine-clad piazza. It all happened in prosaic Bay Ridge. You will remember what a perfect day we had for election, and I was wishing in the morning that I were far away over the hills after woodcock, when the thought came into my head that just for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne' I would stroll over the old spots where the gallant woodcock used to stop on their autumn migration. Well, here you see the result of one short half hour's fun—as fine a brace of

brown-backed fellows as I ever downed. Found within 500yds. of the house, in a cosy little sunlit brier tangle, where I have flushed many in past years, and within a stone's throw of the screeching steam dummy tracks. You know what 'Frank Forrester' said about autumn woodcock shooting. He's right; I found it all true; just where I least expected it, as new streets, gas and water pipes, real estate agents and town lots, are hardly proper accessories when afield after these lively birds. Pardon my enthusiasm, but I have not quite recovered from my surprise party yet. I may add that the only dog that accompanied me was an English bulldog (Piper). I shot the woodcock and my brother's Hawkeye did the rest.—W. TOWNSEND."

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—Nov. 14.—There was a general rain over the State this week, the first for nearly three months. The season has been too dry for hunting birds, a condition removed by the late rains. A 110-pound catfish was the attraction at Union Market on Monday. The weather has turned cold and blustery, and the ducks are coming down. A decree for incorporation has been issued to the St. Francis Literary, Hunting and Fishing Club. Congressman Seth Cobb is president of the club.—ABERDEEN.

PENNSYLVANIA DUCKS.—Erie, Nov. 13.—Clarence C. Converse writes: "This is an uncommonly good ducking season here, the ducks rivaling the grain crops in abundance. Though all fair shots are daily bagging nice lots of ducks along our peninsula and bay shore, yet they have to play second fiddle to the nets of Erie fish companies placed off the lake shore from Erie to Dunkirk, some nets yielding of a morning several hundred ducks each."

SPRING SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following correspondence between William Elder, our Secretary, and the President of the United States will be read with interest. We are very glad to know that your widely circulated and most valuable paper has always been favorable to the legislation proposed. Energetic action at this time ought speedily to result in the necessary legislation in the respective States. Would it not be quite in line with the good work already accomplished in various directions by *FOREST AND STREAM*, that you should initiate this movement?

GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

CHATHAM, N. J., Nov. 12.

CHATHAM FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

CHATHAM, N. J., Oct. 22, 1891.

Mr. President:

DEAR SIR:—With the knowledge of your great interest in field sports, I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject which is of vital importance to the propagation and protection of game birds. We are using our strength towards the abolishment of sport wildfowl and snipe shooting and also of shooting woodcock in summer. As a sportsman, you can readily perceive the short-sighted policy of killing and disturbing birds on their way to breeding haunts, the result of which has been to steadily diminish the class of game mentioned, and you will at once recognize the great benefit which would surely follow united action on the part of the different States.

To bring this question of a close season during the spring and early summer to a successful settlement, it should be placed prominently before the sportsmen of the country and by them taken to their respective legislatures. We know the problem is a difficult one and it may take years to accomplish the results we are seeking, but I feel that we are acting rightly in asking your approval and coöperation. Your recommendation of the change would have great influence and be most effective in crystallizing the efforts of the sportsmen of the various States.

I trust this matter will receive your favorable consideration. Any suggestions you may make will be heartily appreciated. We have a membership numbering 125 and control the lands in the valley of the Passaic, which 'Frank Forrester' so often mentions in his writings.

Your obedient servant,

WM. ELDER, Secretary.

To His Excellency, Benjamin Harrison, President.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1891.

William Elder, Esq., Secretary, Chatham, N. J.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of the 22d, in which you discuss the necessity of a closed season for migratory game birds. I do not doubt that the adoption of legislation by the States, prohibiting spring shooting of these classes of game birds, would greatly tend to increase their numbers, and I have sometimes thought that it was essential to the preservation of some of these species.

Very truly yours,

(Autograph signature.) BENJAMIN HARRISON.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The *FOREST AND STREAM* will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adm.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A MICHIGAN BASS WATER.

IONIA, Mich., Nov. 12.—On Nov. 1, 1891, myself with a friend left home at 8 A. M. and drove eighteen miles to the Maple River, in Clinton county, one mile east of Matherton, and there met Mr. E. Shattuck, a fisherman and hunter by profession, and he took us in his boat and rowed about one mile, and we jointed our rods and commenced to fish, for what we did not know. Had been told that there were plenty of pickerel in the Maple River. Shattuck only had about forty-five minnows, and those very small ones. We fished 3½ hours and caught forty-nine black bass, small-mouth, and one pickerel. The whole of them weighed 103½lbs.; fourteen of them weighed 49lbs. This catch was made on Nov. 1. On Nov. 7 I made the same drive with two men besides myself, and caught seventeen bass and twelve pickerel, and on the following Sunday another party of four gentlemen caught out of the same place thirty-four bass and seven pickerel.

Maple River is a small, slow, sluggish stream with deep bays in it, the water in places being 30 to 40ft. deep, and run that way for about half a mile. At this particular place where we caught these fish the water was very deep. We used about 75 to 100ft. of line. They were not very voracious biters, but pretty gamy when hooked. This seems like a big fish story, but is nevertheless true. I do dislike so much to give it up, but I have to quit on account of cold weather.

H. L. BAILEY.

"GENESIS."

IT was in the spring of '71 that I first essayed the trout in Maine waters—or for that matter, in any waters. From early childhood, with an instinctive love of nature, I had roamed the woods within a radius of a dozen miles around my home, and made pot shots with the old muzzleloader or bobbed for eels or skittered for pickerel in the sluggish streams and muddy ponds within my ken; but only from hearsay had I any knowledge of the wary trout, with his penchant for clear, cold, running waters, and his lordly beauty of form and color. An opportunity unexpectedly offered me to visit the Rangelys, with a friend better posted than I, was hailed with the wildest delight, and phantom shapes, spotted with crimson and gold, haunted my dreams for many days while I was planning and saving to accumulate the wherewithal to cover the expenses of the trip.

Suffice it to say that on the 8th day of June my companion, John —, and myself embarked on the Portland steamer from Boston en route to Andover, Me., via Bryant's Pond, loaded to the muzzle with a complete camp kit and dunnage enough to swamp a whaleboat.

I must have been completely dazed when we reached the hotel at Andover, for time seemed to slip by on the wings of the wind, till John and I found ourselves alone in an enormous chamber over the office, gloomy with the deep shadows hardly illumined by the small oil lamp left with us.

We were younger then, John and I, than now; and the courage born of innocence and inexperience began to ooze away as we listened to the moaning of the wind around the gables, and realized that we were indeed "strangers in a strange land."

Why was it, too, our room possessed so many doors, leading whence we knew not? A consultation of war was held, and our first move was to barricade the entrance door to our room, which was only fastened by a rusty, time-worn lock, by wedging a chair under the knob. Then producing an antique pistol from our satchel we began to examine our quarters.

Opening one door after another, we discovered only closets; but with the opening of the last door, we felt our doom was indeed sealed. Only a mass of impenetrable darkness stared us in the face. Bang went the door, and down we sat in fear and trembling. What was this dreadful space of Stygian darkness?

Another consultation resulted in John's determination to "do or die," and once more advancing, John ahead, holding the lamp high aloft, I following, pistol cocked, we opened up the door. All was still, and listening breathlessly, we heard no sound. Getting bolder, John took two steps forward, stopped, listened, and then, with a "Come on, I'm not afraid," took a step one crash!—enable our "battery" to move up! Slam! bang! crash!—John gone—utter darkness—a pistol shot—oblivion.

It seems, as after investigation proved, that we were encroaching on the large hall used for dancing, with an entrance from the kitchen by a stairway, at the head of which was a trap door, open at the time, and as John stepped to one side, he fell down the hole in the floor, and the trap promptly responding to the unexpected call, dropped sharply into place, shutting out all traces of poor John, who, clinging to the lamp, sliding like lightning on his back down the stairway, came to anchor with his feet sticking through the panels of the kitchen door below. No bones broken.

Next morning, arranging for our boat at the "arm of the lake," we piled up our belongings on the conventional "buckboard" and started. That same buckboard was a revelation to me, and if I remember aright I felt like Jonah before our exodus. Such thumping and banging I had never before experienced, for with my ignorance of horseback riding I didn't "rise to the trot," but keeping everything taut and rigid and hanging on for dear life, I nearly lost it. At last, sore and wretched, we came to a halt at the arm of the lake; and its picturesque location and the glimpse of the fair water, with a cool breeze coming down from above, did much to relieve us of the *ennui* we felt. But the boat. We had pictured in our minds an airy-fairy giddy thing with white wings that would fly over the foam-crested wave and bear us hither and thither *ad lib.* Alas, our hopes were dashed, for half out of water, like a stranded whaler, lay our boat, a weather-stained, battered nondescript, one end rotting in the sun, the other completely water-logged, only one whole oar, the other little better than a raft pole.

In the meantime the team had sneaked away; and left to our own resources and with no alternative we sadly hauled the thing out of water, allowed the sun's rays to partially absorb some of the moisture in the water-logged end, and then daubing on the seams inside and out a quantity of pitch and tar—fortunately left, perchance, by old Noah—we launched and loaded her.

I can never describe how we strained and tugged with our puny muscles till against a strong head wind we finally found ourselves ashore in the cove above the middle dam completely exhausted. We didn't wait for supper, but turned into the blankets instantly, forgetting that we had a tent, or too tired to pitch it.

Next day we fished about the dam, and there I caught my first trout. Reader, have you "been there?" I suppose I made a fool of myself, but then, I can console myself with the reflection that better men and older men than I have lost their heads and given expression to most extravagant antics on such occasions. The following day, the wind shifting, we had a comparatively easy row up the Lower Richardson, past Rich's Camp and Metallic Point, at the mouth of the Narrows, through the Upper Richardson, skirting the western shore part way, and finally crossing to the foot of the carry at Upper Dam. We camped near there on the south side of the dam. During our stay at this spot, where we for the first time set up our tent and unpacked our truck, we had remarkable fishing for greenhorns. Initiated with the mysteries of fly-fishing by such a notable example as that of Judge Webster, who was stopping at the Upper Dam, we became *blase* in a short while, and subsequent arrivals undoubtedly admired the *sang froid* with which we struck, played and (sometimes) netted two and three fish at a time. Why is it that the novice always catches at least one tremendous fish on his first outing? I have now an outline on birch bark of a trout I took that spring below the Upper Dam, whose size is far in excess of any I have ever taken since, he measured 27in. in length. I often look at this outline sketch with pride, and I still strive to

go one better, but while I have caught many a heavier trout I have never landed another so large.

From this trip my love of trout fishing has developed into a passion, and every opportunity offered finds me with rod and reel "where the trout hide."

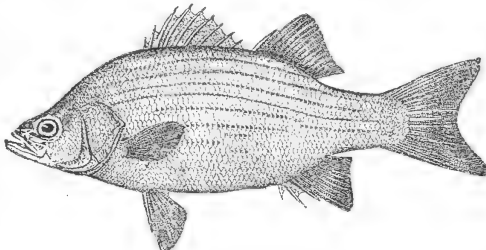
I have caught black bass, wall-eyed pike and muskallonge in Michigan, and fish of other species in places less remote, but the memory of my first trip to the Pine Tree State in quest of trout has indelibly impressed itself upon my brain, and I love to think of that honest, whole-souled delight I felt when I landed my first trout.

A. T. BOND.

WHITE BASS FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had a chance at different times to see your paper and I never see anything from this locality. Now, I think we have here a class of sport not to be had anywhere else on the ball, and that is catching white bass. This city is on the Sandusky River, at the head of navigation, and in the spring the white bass come up to spawn, and then the fun begins. We use a small minnow with a red head; by the way, the minnow comes with the advent of the bass and is called by us natives a "red head." Two hooks, a small one about a foot above the other, are employed, and it is an ordinary thing to make a double catch. The white bass is of the trout disposi-



THE WHITE BASS.

tion, quicker than double-greased lightning. You either fish from a boat or use a pair of long boots and wade, and when you get a strike you either get him or you don't—it is like a flash. If you get him, don't land him too soon, for his size he is "a good 'un." They don't grow very large, 1lb. being a good average. I think we had the best run this spring we ever had, that is, the largest; a few were caught that weighed 2lbs. and a great many of 1 to 1½lbs. About the middle of August they go back to the lake, which is about 30 miles distant; in the fall we fish between here and the lake for what I call the king of American waters, the black bass, and we do get some daisies; 5lbs. 9oz. is the largest up to date.

FREMONT, O.

J. C. CARR.

[The white bass referred to is the *Roccus chrysops*, of the "Fishery Industries," plate 171. The "red head" minnow is hard to identify, as the males of several species have the head more or less rosy in spring. The yellow bass of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the white perch of the East are the nearest relatives of the white bass.]

FISHWAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your term of "a continental failure" is a new one, but fits the fishway at Holyoke very well. It is a monumental failure certainly, for as your correspondent Mr. Waters says, it is reported to have cost \$80,000, and there is no record of any fish except a few eels ever going up it. During the five years I was on the New Hampshire Fish Commission I visited it frequently, and never saw a fish of any sort in it.

The trouble with it is that like many of the early fishways it was built from a wrong "point of view," or as the boys say, "hind end first." The Lawrence fishway was built in the same manner, or with the mouth of it far down stream out of the main current, up which the fish always go until they meet an obstruction, when they try to get around it.

The Lawrence fishway was utterly useless for the first few years, until in 1877 or '78 the Commissioners cut it in two in the middle and turned the lower end backward, so as to bring it into the pool at the foot of the dam where the fish could find it. The New Hampshire Commission have always protested against both of these fishways as first built, and my colleague, the late A. H. Powers, went to Massachusetts to urge the change in the one at Lawrence.

The instant it was changed fish of all kinds (except shad) began to come up it, and the number of salmon has been increasing yearly. I do not know how many Commissioner Hodge took in all this year at the hatchery at Plymouth, N. H., 100 miles up the river, but he had taken 76 the last time I heard from him, and a number had been caught on their way up, about Garrins Falls, above three fishways. The New Hampshire Commissioners have begged those of Massachusetts again and again to bend back the fishway at Holyoke. They plead off at first on the excuse of great expense, but have had a better one since in the fact that the Connecticut fishermen caught every fish that attempted to ascend the river in their weirs and pounds at the mouth, and the Connecticut Legislature refused to correct the evil. The result was that the salmon, with which New Hampshire and Vermont stocked the river in 1874, were all caught before they could get up as far as Hartford, but a large number were taken below there for two or three years, I think in '78 and '79.

So as New Hampshire cannot move Massachusetts, nor Massachusetts start Connecticut, the river remains unfruitful. I have never heard of shad going up any fishway, without it be the McDonald, and that is impracticable in our Northern rivers, on account of the heavy ice brought down in the freshets in the spring, which would smash any timber construction to splinters, unless protected behind a heavy stone abutment.

It is easy enough to build a practicable fishway, if the builders will only look at it in the right way, and remember that the fish are going up the river, and not down. That, except eels and small fish, they are usually out in mid current, and not being up in the air like birds, they

cannot look down and see the ingenious ladders which men have built for them, far down the stream, but go on against the current till they run against a dam or rock, and then try to get around it to the right or left. It makes no difference where the upper end is, so long as it is in the water of the upper level.

I built the Manchester fishway from the pool below the dam, leading up to the canal, also below the dam horizontally, or down stream, but on the upper level. Let the fish once surmount the fall, and they will find their way up through the headgates of any canal fast enough. The Manchester fishway has been a perfect success, although some ignorant busy-bodies found fault because the fish stopped to rest for a day in the pool at the foot of the dam, after climbing the natural "chute" below, before they attempted the second climb of the fishway. Let me repeat, it is no matter where the upper end of the fishway is, if on the upper level, if the lower end is in the pool, as near the fall as possible. You may build a loop round the end of the dam, you may run down, and come back, as at Lawrence, or lead into the canal as at Manchester, but have the lower end where the fish can find it without "going up in a balloon" to look for it. They will find their way down any fall, "tail first," fast enough. The Holyoke fishway needs only to be cut in the middle and bent back to the dam.

I did not mention the one at Lowell, and it should not be omitted, but it simply consists in leaving off one flash-board at the north end of the dam, opposite the city, where the ledge rises to the surface, so that the dam is only 2ft. high. When the fish meet this fall they simply "turn to the right and find their way round the corner!"

A series of "log cabins," 12ft. square or so, was first built at Lowell, against the center of the dam, each one about 3ft. lower than the one above, expecting the fish to jump up from one to the other, but it was worthless. The point seems to me to be here, the fish do not go up stream by sight, but by feeling, and go against the most favorable current.

I do not think a fish can see very far in the broken water of a fall, and I do not think from my experience as an angler that they see objects out of water, through it, under such conditions. I always prefer to fish a pool from the upper end, where the broken water serves to hide me.

I forget how far down stream the Holyoke Fishway debouched, and have lost my record, but think it was about 400ft. and away off at one side, where no fish would think of either looking or feeling for a passage.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

VON W.

A LARVAL CONGER EEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very interesting fish has recently been sent to me by Commissioner Blackford, and as it was found at Rockaway doubtless some of your New York readers will be glad to hear about it. The gentleman who found the specimen was fishing off the shore at Rockaway last spring. "He noticed something in the water that shone very brightly, and after watching it a few minutes it was washed ashore. He noticed it moving on the sand and picked it up, thinking it might be a curiosity." The captive was put into a vial of alcohol and afterward given to Mr. Blackford, through whose kindness I am enabled to describe the specimen.

The eel is about 4in. long, whitish in color, and with two rows of minute black spots, one along the middle of the body and the other on its lower edge. The jaws are much like those of an adult eel. The fins are not developed, and the body is deep and ribbon-shaped. In life the animal is translucent and is almost invisible in sea water. Very few specimens of this kind have been taken on our shores, and the whole number caught at the surface by towing nets from vessels of the Fish Commission is comparatively small. The variations among the forms, on the other hand, are numerous. None of them are exactly like this Rockaway example, and so I am at a loss to know what is the adult form of this larva. It may be a young Conger; it is certainly one of this type of eels, but there is no adequate guide to the study of these curious fishes. Dr. Jordan's "Manual of the Vertebrates" (page 90) mentions a single species (*Leptocephalus morrisi*) as occurring on our coasts. The collections of the Fish Commission, however, contain many species of widely differing characters. These larvae have been considered to represent a stage of arrested development of young eel-like fishes which increases in size, but never attains the characters of the perfect animal. The generative organs are undeveloped and the skeleton is cartilaginous; even the skull is composed mainly of cartilages. *Leptocephali* are pelagic and abundant, but, on account of their transparency, seldom discoverable in the water. They move slowly and feebly, and but for their protective coloration would have little chance to escape from predaceous fishes. The largest specimen recorded is 10in. long. Dr. Gill now regards these larvae as young stages which will develop, in a shorter or longer period, into the perfect animal.

T. H. BEAN.

FISHWAYS IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—In 1886 two of the Rogers fishways were put in the dam at Columbia, Pa., and the fact that shad will pass through it was established by setting a gill net around the upper exit and catching in it several of these fish. There was at this time a good stage of water and the entrances were easily found by the shad. Since that time, however, the shoaling of the water has made the openings less accessible and shad have not been able to find them until the difficulty was remedied. At the best, however, the fishery above the dam amounts to very little except when breaks occur, and this unfortunate state of affairs is undoubtedly due to lack of proper adjustment of the entrances to the ways. About two years ago there was a break in the dam and between 2,000 and 3,000 shad were caught above the obstruction.

WE SHOULD SAY So.—"John Smith" writes to the *Evening Post*: I find the following in your paper of this evening: "The Rev. Wm. H. Ryder preached in a Gloucester, Mass., church last Sunday on the topic, 'Can a man be a fish dealer and a Christian?'" I would respectfully ask if this is not rather hard on the Apostle, several of whom are understood to have been in that business?

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES CONVENTION.

THE committee named at the meeting of Oct. 23 in this city convened in Rochester last week, Nov. 10, 11 and 12. There were present of the committee: Messrs. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Codification Commission; A. D. Stewart, Canadian Fish Commission; Henry C. Ford, Pennsylvania Fish Commission; George F. Danforth and F. J. Amsden, Fish Food Association of New York State; Hoyt Post, Detroit, Michigan Fish Commission; H. N. Smith, Washington, United States Fish Commission; George H. Welsch and Louis Struebler, Pennsylvania Fish Commission. The Anglers' Association of St. Lawrence River, including R. P. Grant, treasurer; W. H. Thompson, secretary; G. W. Skinner, of executive committee; Hon. E. B. Buckley, H. S. Folger. Members of the local Cheaper Fish Food Association, including Senator McNaughton, ex Congressman Baker, Postmaster Reynolds, W. F. Cogswell, W. F. Balkam, Geo. Darling, L. P. Ross, Monroe Green and James Annin of Caledonia. Senator McNaughton spoke in appreciation of the purposes of the meeting. It was decided to prepare a resolution asking Congress to provide for a complete examination of the Great Lakes with respect to their fish supply; a resolution was adopted favoring laws in the several States forbidding the taking of salmon trout under 2lbs., bass under 1lb., and blue pike under 4lb. weight. Another resolution was adopted as follows:

Resolved, That the members of this committee from the Dominion and the States be requested to examine the text of the Game and Fish Code prepared by the New York Commission and consider the same in regard to the applicability of the same to their purposes, and to indicate what provisions may be acceptable and what changes they may deem advisable to meet their particular wants, so that at the final meeting it may be found what final changes may be desired.

A meeting will be held in Hamilton.

SALMON TROUT OF THE YELLOWSTONE.—Livingston, Montana, Nov. 9.—The largest salmon trout ever captured in the Yellowstone River was caught this week two miles below this city with hook and line. The specimen weighs 8 lbs. 5 ozs., and is 35 in. long. It will be sent by Mr. Weitzstein, of this place, to Rochester, N. Y., for mounting. —LIVINGSTON.

"HOW LONG WILL TROUT LIVE?" we asked Mr. Thomas Andrews, the well-known fish breeder, who says: "I knew a man whose father put a trout 14 lbs. into a well; after twenty-five years the fish was taken out weighing less than 1lb." —*Fishing Gazette, London.*

Fishculture.

TROUT AND SALMON IN MEXICO.

UNDER the supervision of Señor E. Cházari the Mexican Government has three fishcultural establishments, which have received from time to time since 1855 supplies of eggs and fish from the U. S. Fish Commission. The most important of these hatcheries, located in the District of Lerma, has a capacity of 40,000 liters of water a minute with a temperature of 50deg. Fahrenheit in winter, and sometimes reaching 60deg. at mid-day in summer. Here are to be found 7,000 rainbow trout, 1,000 brook trout (*fontinalis*), 500 lake trout (*namaycush*), 9,000 quinnat or California salmon, a few Von Behr trout or brown trout (*Salmo fario*), and 15,000 carp.

A second establishment in the hacienda of La Condesa, Federal District, with a supply of 150 gallons of spring water per minute, at a temperature of 60 to 68deg. Fahrenheit, contains 20,000 carp, about 20,000 goldfish, and a few red-eye perch, all of which were obtained from the United States.

The third hatchery, in the hacienda of Asencion, is supplied with river water, highly oxygenated, cold at night and warmer at mid-day. This is devoted to carp which yielded about 10,000 young in 1890, and these when seven months old weighed from 4 to 6oz., a slow growth on account of the low temperature of the water.

Carp have proved rather delicate in the cold spring water of the region, but some of the breeding fish now weigh 9 or 10lbs. The fish have been fed on earthworms and crushed boiled corn. The first public distribution will be made during the coming winter.

Lake trout eggs received in 1890 yielded 500 fry, which have not grown rapidly, averaging now only 6oz. in weight. The species is very difficult to rear in Mexico.

Rainbow trout eggs were obtained from California in the winter of 1888. From these 5,000 young were reared, among the product are fish measuring 28lb. and weighing 9lbs., while the average weight is fully 2lbs. In December, 1890, some of the fish spawned and furnished 50,000 eggs, which yielded 25,000 healthy fry. The young were fed on cooked flesh and blood, and their development was wonderfully rapid. Their natural reproduction in large numbers shows that the species is well adapted to certain Mexican waters.

Brook trout forwarded in March, 1889, did not thrive very well, but some examples reared in the establishment now weigh 2lbs. In December, 1890, some females were heavy with eggs, but no males entered the spawning races, and the attempt to cross fertilize with milt of the rainbow was unsuccessful. Some eggs obtained in January, 1891, suffered less during the critical periods, and about 2,000 young are now developing from them.

Quinnat salmon seem better adapted to the region than any other of the family. The eggs received in October, 1890, produced healthy fry, of which 9,000 now remain. Their average weight is 3oz. They are fed on flesh mixed with cooked blood.

Red-eye perch received in 1889 have not grown much, weighing only 5 to 6oz. each, and they have not spawned. The food given them is earth worms.

Tench obtained in 1887 and 1889 have merely held their own, some of them now weighing 2lbs., others not more than ½lb., and no spawning has occurred.

Goldfish have done reasonably well, some of them spawning at the age of 7mos.

The most gratifying results have been obtained with the rainbow trout, and Señor Cházari is highly pleased also with the growth and condition of the California salmon.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Syllene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between those points. —Adn.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. *Kennel Record and Account Book.* Price \$3. *Training vs. Breaking.* By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. *First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds.* Price 50 cents.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

(For fuller details see issue of Nov. 12.)

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 8.—Albany, N. Y. W. O. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnis, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Greenville, Sec'y.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Rowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Jackson, Mich. D. E. L. Kimball, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, 738 B'way, N. Y.
March 15 to 18.—Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 10 to 23.—Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
April 24 to 7.—San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 23.—Irish Setter Trials, High Point, N. C.
Nov. 23.—Gordon Setter Trials, High Point, N. C.
Nov. 23.—National Beagle Club, Nanuet, N. Y.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trials, Lexington, N. C.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, Deatonville, Va.

1892.
Jan. 10.—Bexar Field Trials, San Antonio, Texas.
Jan. 18.—Pacific Field Trials, Bakersville, Cal.
—Southern Field Trials, New Albany, Miss.

INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THIRD ANNUAL.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 10.—It is probably correct enough to speak of the Chatham meeting of this fall as the third annual meeting of the International Field Trials Club, for although the latter has held but one trial previous to this, it is the surviving spirit of the meeting held first under the then existing trials branch of the Canadian Kennel Club. The International Club, *née* Canadian, changed and widened its purpose with its name. The widening of the name entitles it to about a two-column head from a printer's standpoint. In the significance of its fame, now growing, this noble little club calls for far more room than that. In the short term of its existence it has pushed quite into the place of notice, and must be remembered fully by all sportsmen of this continent who have an interest in the trials circuit. In the two meetings which it has conducted to successful close it has certainly developed strong showing of good pointers and setters, as witness the remarkable quality of last year's entry, and it has at once established one fact at least, namely, that it is far from easy to win at Chatham trials. Beyond this lie the further facts of good officers, clear membership, unselfish enthusiasm in spirit, a town furnishing abundant and comfortable accommodations, and ground well stocked enough and pleasant for the running. It is hard to conceive of any but a flattering future for this trials club. Just now the gentlemen who own field dogs are asked to go to the remote South if they care to enter them in competition for the most considerable stakes. The reason for this is not obvious. The South does not furnish a central meeting ground for those who enter dogs there—at High Point, for instance. In point of accommodations, character of country and abundance of birds, it is a grave question whether Ohio could not furnish better and more desirable qualities of attraction, to say nothing of its being altogether more convenient and central. Some day the big meetings of the setters and pointers will shift northward. In that day the International Club will have an additional prominence and interest. This year it can offer only \$75 to the winner of the All-Aged and \$40 to the Derby first, but purse and entry are bound to grow, and the time will come when the States dogs will make a far larger showing than the two or three which make the total showing for the country below and west of the narrow Detroit River.

Mr. Thos. Johnson, all the way down from Winnipeg again, has only three with him, but these should be good. In the setter bitch Manitoba Patti he has what he believes to be the fastest dog in the Dominion. That popular favorite, the pointer bitch Ightfield Blithe, is also here. Two years ago I stated Mr. Johnson's intention of making a gift of this beautiful little bitch to Mr. Amory R. Starr, of Texas. Mr. Johnson never so presented her, for the simple reason that Mr. Starr would not accept so valuable a gift. Ightfield Upton, Mr. Johnson's third, is a grand big pointer, fit to go through a cover of rail fences and carpet tacks.

Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, the secretary of the club, would scarcely enter poor ones, and should offer hot company. He has three in the All-Aged, Malone, Luke of Cambrian, and in the Derby will stand upon his Toledo Blade—Cambrian stock, of which he thinks rightly well.

Mr. T. J. Davey, of London, is standing a great lot of quizzing about his Gothic black pointer Lucky Deal, which should prove a good courser, at least, and trained dog enough for that; but he picks the winner in Canadian Jester, and shows also two pointers, Lady Gay Spanker and Axtel King Don, which seem genuine good ones at this writing. Yet another excellent pointer, in many regards, is Count Graphic, but of training for which Mr. Milkins is not over sanguine.

Only one Irish setter comes to notice, Dan O'Connell, entered by Mr. Louis N. Hilsendegen, of Detroit. The working of this dog is awaited with interest. He is confidently called far better than his sire, Sarsfield, though what that may imply is something wide. Dan is much of a specimen. There are, I believe, but two Gordons in the lot, Mr. J. L. Campbell's Pendennis, in the Derby, and his Gordo, in the All-Aged.

The drawings were sent in for last week's issue, and it was then stated that the judges of the meeting would be Mr. John Davidson and Mr. L. H. Smith. Lately Mr. Davidson had an accident with a horse which he was leading, and hurt his arm, stiffening it badly, and since then has had the further misfortune to jar or strain his leg in jumping over a fence, so that he is more nearly crippled than any one ever saw him before, though still able, he protests, to go.

The intention is to take the boat up the river daily five or six miles, working not over two or three miles from the river. This was the plan last year, and it obviates long and muddy rides over the country roads. To-day, however, the rain, heavy and continuous, put an end to all thought of going afield, and no start was made by boat or team. The downfall continued throughout the day, and all were obliged to seek amusement indoors. To this Mr. Wells' little negro stable boy, "Oleander," has contributed largely. Oleander is a genuine lover of a dog, and shows strong proclivities toward being an all-around "sport." He is helping

Mr. Johnson about his dogs, and the latter has made quite friends with him.

"Now, Olie," said Mr. Johnson to him to-day, "you're growing up, and you'll be looking for a calling before long to follow. Tell me, what sort of profession would you rather have?"

Olie cast one enraptured look on Mr. Johnson's well-filled cords and leggings, and replied, unhesitatingly:

"Spot'sman, sah!" Indeed, he might have chosen worse. Canada and the States are practically one country, in sportsmanship at least, all along this region, but I noticed one peculiarity of the land this morning. In Chicago hotels they call you briefly by electricity or gruffly by a negro. The latter will jar a panel in your door and say in a harsh tone of voice, "S' glock! g' up!" This morning I heard far down the hall the plaintive voice of the old porter at the Rankin House, where most of the attendants are stopping. His call was not authoritative, but beseeching, "Six o'clock, please sir," he called, distant and close; "six o'clock, please sir." The very novelty of this woke me up, and I met him at my door, or on the other side of it.

"Say," said I.

"Yes, sir," said he.

"What's that you said?"

"Six o'clock, please sir."

"Is there any choice about it?"

"I beg pardon, sir."

"Why, I mean if it doesn't make any difference to you, it would be just as well, and would please me better, if it wasn't 6 o'clock at all."

"H'oh no, h'oh yes, sir!" (This struck me as being diplomacy in pure form; but through the dark and the door I could see the puzzled look on his face.)

"Moreover," said I, looking at my watch, "by Chicago time," which is good enough for anybody, it is only 5 o'clock."

A moment of thought followed, and then his face brightened. I could feel. "You'r a'nour further h' east, sir," said he. "It's 6 o'clock, please sir."

I like this way of being called. It is so much gentler and easier than the electricity or the Chicago negro, and starts one on the day with so much less of wrath and revenge in his heart. I wish they could learn politeness in Chicago.

To-morrow, if this rain keeps up, we will not get up till 10 o'clock, please sir.

At the club's annual meeting to-night little was done beyond routine work and the drawings in the All-Aged. It was pointed out that under the rules of running, no credit should be given a dog for retrieving.

The following were the officers chosen for the ensuing year: President, Sheriff Mercer, of Chatham, the present incumbent; First Vice-President, Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg; Second Vice-President, Dr. Totter, of Forest; Secretary and Treasurer, W. B. Wells, of Chatham, the present incumbent. Committee, L. H. Smith, London; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; Montague Smith, Forest; L. Hilsendegen, Detroit; H. C. Eddy, Detroit; T. J. Davey, London; J. Nicholls, S. Holmes. Jos. Kime and C. R. Atkinson, of Chatham.

The rules, as revised into the spotting system, may be briefly outlined by the following, taken from Rule 9: "Dogs shall be drawn by lot and numbered in the order drawn. Each dog shall run in the first series as a brace with the next available dog in that order. After the first series has been run through, the judges shall announce which dogs they wish to see run again, and order of running them. Discretion is given the judges to run the dogs as often and in what order they think best, until they are satisfied which are the best dogs; but they may announce the winners any time after the second series, provided the first and second prize winners shall have run together."

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11.

The day dawned clear and cool. The going was bad from yesterday's rain. In the afternoon it became cloudy and rain fell, with a raw wind. The day was not a good one for field work. The average of the performance was not high at all.

Yesterday Mr. Johnson got in from Indiana his second setter bitch, Manitou Pet, and so made good his provisional entry of her.

Mr. Davidson had trouble with his injured leg all day and found the walking difficult, but was ably supplemented by the other two judges, Mr. Smith and Dr. Nichols.

The trip up the river was made on the tugboat Vick, a craft not noted for speed. It was 8:50 when the first brace went down in the Derby.

Derby, First Series.

PENDENNIS—DAPHNE.

Pendennis is a Gordon, the property of Mr. J. L. Campbell, and was handled by J. McGregor. Daphne was handled by Mr. W. B. Wells, her owner. Neither showed much field quality. Daphne made game, Pendennis ran by and flushed. On scattered birds both were irresolute, Daphne under good control. Down 35m., and when ordered up it seemed plain that neither would get a further look in at the Derby.

SAM B.—LOU DIDO.

Mr. W. J. Bennett's pointer dog, handled by J. McGregor, and Mr. Jos. Kime's setter bitch, handled by owner. These worked on stubble brush. Barring a rather low head, Dido showed fair style, and was more independent than Sam. Sam made a bad flush on a bevy, up wind. On the scattered birds Sam pointed. Later he flushed, down wind, however. Dido backed his roading stop later. Dido flushed also. Sam flushed a bevy in a swale, sheer up wind, Dido backing his stop. Both under fair control. Down 45m.

LUKE—MAY I.

Two setters, Mr. Wells owns and handled Luke, May I. is owned by E. H. Gilman, of Detroit, and was handled by Huddleston. A merry brace enough. Luke carried a very high head and showed considerable ranging quality. The dogs were worked to a bevy started by the crowd, but were unfortunate on the scattered birds, getting little work, though many birds were started from the brush heaps. Down 35m.

RHWLAS—R. K.

Rhwlas is Mr. Davey's setter just over from England and was handled by his trainer, Hallam. J. McGregor handled the pointer R. K. for Mr. Tighe. The able training of Rhwlas was soon manifest. He quartered admirably, and was very businesslike, going a steady and machine-like, but not headlong gait. After leaving the stubble for the woods, Rhwlas roaded and pointed a bevy, R. K. passed to steal the point and flushed. Both steady to wing and under control. The scattered birds were wild, but crossing a log Rhwlas doubtless made a flush, though very steady to wing. Down 31m.

LUCKY DEAL—CARRIE.

Mr. Davey now came in for some more chaffing about his black pointer Lucky Deal, which he handled, Huddleston handling the setter bitch Carrie for Mr. Williamson. Lucky Deal showed fast, which led the unkind ones to point out to Mr. Davey that he had a good combined courser and pointer, invaluable for hares. Leaving the stubble for the slashings, Lucky pointed the lunch basket and later on was near by when a wild bevy went up, neither pointed nor flushed. Carrie pointed, standing high on a log over a brush heap, Lucky backing nicely. Carrie again made out a single, but flushed it clearly. Lucky flushed a single later, and again flushed unmistakably in a clump of briars by a log. Lucky ranged wide, but was obedient. Carrie seemed industrious,

and was under good control. Carried pointed and dropped to wing at order, and the brace were taken up. Down 31m.

ROGER—ROMNEY.

Mr. H. M. Kiff owns and handled the pointer Roger. Mr. Wells owns and handled Romney, another of his Toledo Blade-Cambriana puppies, said to be his best one. Romney seemed a good, independent and fearless worker, not so high in head carriage as his brother Luke. Roger failed to back Romney's roading stop, but Romney backed a similar short stop for Roger later. In a starting Roger made a grand point, staunch and decided, on a bevy at least thirty-five yards distant. Romney ran past and flushed in bad style indeed. Across a blank cornfield both dogs pointed a bevy. This was put up and again located, both dogs again pointing nicely. Romney a bit the steadier. Down 35m.

CENTRAL BANG—MANITOBA PATTI.

McGregor handled Central Bang, pointer, the setter being handled by Mr. Johnson, owner. The predictions of the latter as to the speed of his bitch appeared verified. Patti is the fastest one entered in the Derby, and a merrier and more independent ranger would be hard to find. She had been worked on quail only about a week, and the down stuff of the slashings proved new country for her and not of the best. Two bevs were put up, and the dogs worked to the scattered birds, where Patti established a point; Bang coming up, pointed also. Mr. Johnson fired and missed, both dogs steady to wing and shot at order. Bang pointed at side of bitch, and Patti backed. This was not worked out very well, but no bird was put up. Down 30m.

TICKY-TOCK—MANITOBA PET.

Both setters, Mr. Wells owns and handled Ticky-Tock. Mr. Johnson Manitoba Pet, the latter hardly acquainted with her handler, who has only had her on for one day. A bevy was put up and marked. Both dogs drew and pointed staunch at a brush heap. When the bevy rose, Tock sprang up on a log, but stopped at order. Pet seemed to need a sharp word or so at wing. Tock false pointed later. At a fence row a bird sprang ahead of the dogs. Pet broke in chasing, Tock following. Both stopped at command. Down 35m.

This closed the series. The judges now retired, and after consultation announced that the dogs wanted for the next series would be five brace, viz.: Sam H. and Roger, Lou Dido and May I., Rhwlas and Carrie, Romney and Manitoba Patti, Luke and Central Bang. This threw out Pendermis, Daphne, R. K., Lucky Deal, Ticky-Tock and Manitoba Pet. The owners could certainly not complain at this very liberal allowance, for under rigid comparisons, two or three more would have gone out also.

Derby, Second Series.

SAM H.—ROGER.

Much alike in range, but both lacking decision in locating their birds. Roger flushed a bevy at a fence, and later did something very like the same thing over the brow of the hill. Sam pattered along the footscent, Roger backing his pauses three times. A third bevy was found in a weedy swale, Sam flushing; Roger pointing a single, but unsteady to wing. Working up the swale, Roger pointed the footscent, giving Sam a great chance on the bevy, which had lit close by. The latter could make little of it. Roger was brought up, and here went ahead, and finally pointed the bevy, none too snappily or decisively. He was not very steady to wing, but stopped at order. Down 13m.

LOU DIDO—MAY I.

A pretty heat. Dido not so good as in her first heat, and May I. better. Dido at times carried a very low nose in making out her game. May was brilliant at times in picking out her birds. May flushed a bevy and later a single. May pointed handsomely, dropping flat on her belly in her peculiar style. Dido backed nicely. Huddleston killed, dogs steady to word. May pointed running birds, Dido backing. May pointed again, sharply, falling flat as before, and soon dropped elegantly to get another point, and was steady to wing. Dido was not in this, and indeed perhaps put up a bird beyond a log, just as May pointed it. Dido pointed very irresolutely, probably a running bird, May backing, turned half double. Dido did not show much disposition to back during the heat, and was not what was expected of her. Down 25m.

RHWLAS—CARRIE.

Rhwlas kept up his steady, old-fashioned way of going, not brilliant, but desirable. Both dogs obedient. Both stood irresolute on a footscent. Could not make out a bird. Carrie flushed and chased 50ft., stopping at command. They passed into a weedy edge of a field, and here Rhwlas roaded. Carrie was 25yds. to the right. Rhwlas straitened on a point of questionable merit just as the bevy rose. The birds got up about half way between the dogs, and it could not be said that Carrie flushed. Hallam shot, Rhwlas remaining in place steady as a rock. Rhwlas handles well, and needs small admonishing. Down 30m.

ROMNEY—MANITOBA PATTI.

Patti went off with her inimitable dash. In vim, range and the natural disposition of the hunting dog, she appeared the superior of any dog in the stake, though not broken well to this work. On the stubble she was so fast that she kept Romney apparently trailing, though the latter is a good free ranger. The dogs got no bevy, but on singles Romney made two flushes, and Patti also probably one, she needing considerable admonishment at wing. Romney back Patti's brief pause on foot scent. This was about all the work they got, and both dogs did a lot of running about, apparently with no idea of what they were there for. At dusk, having been down 45m., they were taken up and the party repaired to the boat, and had a very cold and slow ride down the river Thames, with the additional delay of going aground in midstream—an accident which might have become serious, or laughable, as the tug carried no small boat.

To-day the work was very largely over heavy slashings, ground covered with logs, stumps and dense brambles or the like. The dogs could not work well. Range was something not to be tested. Much of the time it was difficult to see the dogs unless right upon them. It can not be said that the country used to day is adapted to field trial purposes. The birds were abundant enough.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12.

Weather cloudy and raw, the birds not moving much. Running was continued in the Derby, the first brace going down at 9:15.

ROMNEY—MANITOBA PATTI.

Patti held her gait, Romney trailing after her speed. No birds found. Down 17m.

LUKE—CENTRAL BANG.

For some reason the judges seemed to wish to see Central Bang perform again. He showed small quality, was not positive, and showed a disposition to keep his nose in close communion with the earth. Luke was high-headed and rangier, showing the effect of the breast-high cover on which he was first broken in Manitoba. Down 10m.

ROMNEY—MANITOBA PATTI.

In ordering this brace down again Mr. Davidson explained that they had not yet been seen sufficiently on birds. They were down 12m. more. Romney false pointed, Patti backing uncertainly. Patti had before covered the ground where Romney made his point. No further work was had.

It now appeared that the running was to be conducted

practically upon the heat system. The fact of the total of previous work seemed lost sight of in this brace, and it further seemed that what should be the spirit of puppy trials, namely, the search for natural quality rather than for a few points here or there, had been also overlooked. No hardship, however, was worked beyond a slight loss of time, for Romney never came up again. Doubtless the judges found some reason for wishing him down so long. Others could not.

This closed the series. The announcement for the third series showed that the judges had determined to give everybody a run for their money. They called up May I. and Rhwlas, Lou Dido and Luke, Carrie and Manitoba Patti.

Derby, Third Series.

MAY I.—RHWLAS.

Rhwlas kept up his methodical quartering. He is not brilliant, but well trained. May was also industrious. May false pointed, Rhwlas called up refused glancingly to back. Further on in the slashing there was some work which caused discussion. The dogs made game crossing the open flat, Rhwlas establishing game first. May was the first to point, but Rhwlas nearly as quick. Rhwlas drew by May, but on his own nose and a little to one side. He then pointed, drew up and made his bevy handsomely. Many thought he stole May's point, but this was not thought the case by the judges, who were closer up, and who credited Rhwlas with first making game. Both dogs steady to wing. Down 20m.

LOU DIDO—LUKE.

Dido still with head too low. Luke ranging well in his peculiar high-headed style and showing some quality. Luke false pointed. Dido lay meantime on the grass, and a bird went up not five feet from her nose. Dido flushed, and her work on the scattered birds was not good, she losing three opportunities. Down 13m.

CARRIE—MANITOBA PATTI.

Carrie flushed a single. Patti pointed a bevy and Carrie pointed a single at the same time. Huddleston killed the bird, both dogs steady. Moving on, Carrie pointed a bevy. Patti was called up to back, but was found pointing a single. Down 17m.

Derby, Fourth Series.

Only one brace ordered down.

MAY I.—LUKE.

May pointed at brush heap, Luke going by her direct, much to blame. Down 6m.

Derby, Final.

LUKE—MANITOBA PATTI.

Only one brace here also, and why they were ever put down at all must probably remain a mystery. A bevy was flushed wide of the dogs, but no work whatever was done. Patti simply further proved what she had already proved much earlier, that she was the superior in ranging quality. Down 13m.

The judges now made known their decision for the Derby. They placed Rhwlas first, May I. second, Luke third, Manitoba Patti fourth.

It may look ill for one to differ from three such able judges, but it certainly did seem that, laying aside all scale of points and following the spirit and intention of these rules, the proper order of these puppies should have been Rhwlas first, Manitoba Patti second, May I. third and Luke fourth. The question really lay between Rhwlas and Patti as to the best puppy in the stake. Rhwlas has worked a season before this, and his place on his total work here belonged to him rightly, Patti's one week or less on quail not having given her enough insight into this style of hunting, though her quality as a field dog is unquestionably high class.

In many ways the country over which the running has been conducted is an unfortunate one for field trials, and this impression becomes confirmed the more as the week passes. The birds are generally found or go to slashings, full of logs and brush heaps. The wide, confident ranging which most sportsmen prefer is out of place here. The killing dog must be one which will work out the brush heaps like a spaniel. It is easy to let a lot of points thus acquired outweigh qualities which would roll up far more points in a proper country for trial work. It is doubtful whether the trials will be held on these grounds next year. In fact a movement is now on foot to secure a good strip of territory elsewhere, and this has a prospect of success.

All-Ages Stake, First Series.

WESTMINSTER DRAKE—MATANE.

Drake, a pointer, handled by Hallan; Mr. Wells, owner, handling the setter Matane. Drake showed a slashing, confident gait, was fearless of cover, and displayed a very good style in covering his ground. Drake pointed at a fence by the roadside, Matane coming around and trying to commit highway on his point, and making an ugly flush in the attempt. After 18m. of work the dogs were taken up while the party took lunch, going down again at 12:30. Matane false pointed. Drake did not back. Matane's tail was going. Some dogs will not back under such circumstances. Drake seemed independent and cast off for the bevy, making game in the swale near by. Birds were flushed in the brush across the swale. Matane false pointed, wagging his tail. Drake passed in ahead, not backing. Matane pointed a bevy, and Drake, brought around to back, went in ahead, doing some work far from creditable, as he got no point, though several birds got up near by. Down 16m., or 34m. in all.

LADY PATCH—AXTEL KING DON.

Mr. Jos. Kime handled Lady Patch, setter, Hallan handling the pointer Don for Mr. Darby. Much alike in range, though Patch faced the cover more honestly. Both industrious and obedient. Don showed a rather better carriage and style in covering a stubble on which they were turned down. Patch pointed a bevy on the stubble handsomely. Don making a long back, or, more properly, a drop to order, as he was not allowed to go up and back standing. Kime shot and missed. Both dogs steady. On the scattered birds some pretty work was done. Don pointed a bird just as a spewer flushed it. On the green wheat Don crouched to a flyish point, Patch backing none too well, and Don not perfectly steady to shot. Don again nalled a bird on the wheat, but got too close and flushed. Both dogs now pointed beautifully, both steady to wing. All this was in the open. A merry brace, though Patch impressed one as not having steam enough to stay with a real good one. Down 33m.

MANITOBA PET—LADY GAY SPANKER.

Mr. Johnson owns and handled Pet, setter, the same puppy he had in the Derby. Mr. Davey owns and handled Lady Gay Spanker. Pet poked up a bird and ran around the thicket to see which way it was going. Mr. Johnson was disgusted. "She doesn't belong in here," said he, and forthwith took her up himself. Down 18m.

CANADIAN JESTER—COUNT GRAPHIC.

Mr. Davey, owner, handled the setter Jester. Mr. Milkins, owner, handling the pointer Count Graphic. They were down for 10m., finding nothing, and then followed a wearisome walk of nearly an hour, the dogs most of the time on chain. Finally a bevy was marked. Jester showed himself a very useful quail dog, was under perfect control and very confident and snappy on singles. He whirled to a point on a single, and then nalled another, Count backing when brought up, both steady to wing. Count ran right into a flush, putting up five birds. Jester false pointed, Count not backing, but going in ahead. Count pointed false and Jester made a very elegant back. Mr. Milkins now

declared that his dog was not sufficiently trained for the work and took him up. Down 30m. in all.

DART—LUKE.

Mr. A. Mathers, owner, handled Dart, pointer, Mr. W. B. Wells, owner, handling Luke. The latter won third in the Derby, but should hardly go down again in the All-Ages. Both pointed a bevy, Dart a bit unsteady to Mr. Mathers' shot. Dart then worked two points out of a brush heap, Luke not doing much at it. Dart flushed a single on grass, jumped up at it as it flew over and tried to catch it. Luke flushed at a brush pile, and later pointed false. Down 30m.

CAMBRIANA—IGHTFIELD BLITHE.

Mr. Wells handled his own setter bitch, and Mr. Johnson, owner, handling the pointer Blithe. The latter is simply a professional beauty of a pointer, and a merrier, pleasanter little worker never went down. She showed a lot of pace and a model style. Mr. Wells' brood bitch Cambriana also reminded observers that we were now come down to dogs which would show some ability. She had a head of her own, and cut out her own work cleverly. In the bush Blithe made a very fetching point, but, unfortunately, there was nothing in it. Cambriana backed when she came up on one side. Blithe stopped again and Cambriana backed, but Blithe went on, no bird being located. Mr. Davidson marked a bird, and both dogs worked within 20ft. of it. Mr. Wells flushing it when Blithe was not 10ft. from it. In a log pile Blithe pointed staunch, Cambriana backing beautifully the instant she caught sight. Both steady to Mr. Johnson's shot. On a slashing Blithe pointed, but though no bird was found, not much time was given for that. A squirrel ran not far off. Mr. Johnson hardly spoke to Blithe throughout her work, her obedience being perfect. Cambriana had more handling, but Mr. Wells seemed far more confident in his old bit than he had been with her puppies. Down 50m.

IGHTFIELD UPTON—ROSE RAPID II.

Mr. Johnson, owner, handled the pointer Upton, Mr. Geo. Kine, owner, handling Rose, a setter. They made a very fair showing. Upton, like all of Mr. Johnson's stock, seemed a smashing goer in the open, and was admirably broke. Rose also was capable and obedient. Both pointed at brush, side by side. As the party came up, Rose left her point to go around closer. Kine shot and killed, both dogs steady. Upton later pointing dead nicely. Rose pointed. Rose then flushed and dropped. Rose false pointed at a brush heap, Upton backing, but leaving soon. Upton flushed three birds in some ragweeds, few seeing this. Rose roaded along the railway track, and a bevy was walked up. Down 40m. The day's runnings closed.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13.

A light wind and hazy sky, temperature falling toward noon. The birds seemed uneasy and restless all day, so that, although it was not a good scenting day, plenty of them were found.

Dr. Nicholls, one of the judges, was absent. Mr. Davidson and Mr. Smith, by consent of owners, continued without a third judge.

As a day of sport in the field, and one of high class work, to-day was a memorable one. It is much a question whether a better was ever seen at any of the larger meetings. All predictions as to the excellent quality of the dogs entered this year were fully justified. The Derby of the International this year was dull, but the All-Aged was brilliant in the extreme. It ended in the development of two dogs which will stand favorably any company, and of these one is fit to go into any field competition with the odds much in her favor. To-night no one in Chatham will have anything but Blithe, and Mr. Johnson is justly a very happy man indeed. Of this engaging little bitch Mr. Davidson, who should know a field dog if any one, said to-night: "She is the best pointer in America. I have never seen her work surpassed, and if I owned her money could not buy her." This is high and valuable praise. The result of to-day fully confirms the high opinions which the writer formed of Ightfield Blithe two years ago when reporting these trials. Last year she was only beaten by the best of the Lonsdale dogs, and beat one (Juice) which later beat the best in the lower trials of the States. This year her work is brilliant almost to the point of absolute faultlessness, showing, therefore, the extreme consistency of her performance. This is all the more worthy of notice when it is stated that Oct. 15 she had a litter of puppies, and was suckling on the 22d. Mr. Johnson destroyed the litter in order to bring Blithe here to the trials, which neck-or-nothing act lost him probably \$500 worth of property, but afforded us all the pleasure of seeing some field work for whose equal we may have to wait very long.

Canadian Jester, second, is Mr. Davey's stud dog. He is a clever and very safe performer, finely broken and also a killing game dog. At close work he is quick, confident and sure, and though his performance is not so stirring and brilliant as that of Blithe, he shows an equal bird sense and is a field dog of the utmost value and usefulness.

As to first in the All-Aged, there could be no question; as to second there was no question. As to third it became more difficult, but there was no doubt that Westminster Drake deserved it as he got it. As to fourth, there were half a dozen to choose from. Lady Patch and Cambriana were given a divided fourth. I can not think that the former belonged there, and violently bad as was Ightfield Upton's work to-day, should prefer him for the marked dash and field efficiency from which he only incidentally departed. Mr. Davidson holds Cambriana very much of a setter, and liked her work exceedingly. She is a good middle class game dog, and at this close brush and log work is quite at home. She backs beautifully, and is staunch and steady, but is not a very bold and clever ranger. With deference to those more able to pronounce, it would still seem that in these field trials we should be reaching out after the high class actual type of field dog, such as we should like in the stud, and not for the few artificial points of a scale, gained by a circumscribed experience in a certain style of country.

If we may criticise the judges—and if we may not, then for what purpose are judges given us? it would seem that here they kept too close to the old scale of points and to the heat system, looking at one dog as against its running mate and not at one dog as against them all. It took nineteen heats to decide the All-Aged, where it would have taken only fifteen under the heat system. This is not against the record, but had the initial heats been longer than the usual limit, the remaining ones could have been fewer, and we should not be obliged to feel, as was unavoidable in the final runnings for the lower places, that one dog was running directly against the other, and that a point one way or the other on the artificial scale would decide the matter as soon as it was made. This was the individual against the type, the meat dog against the dog which even the meat dog's owner would rather breed from. I do not believe that this was what the spotting system contemplated. As was stated above, there were several to choose from at the bottom round, and all judging or criticism, no matter on what point, is after all only a matter of human opinion, the differences in which make the basis of all trials, and indeed of all sport in any form, yet it seems to me that on a general look at the lot, as evidenced by their total work, would place Ightfield Blithe first, Canadian Jester second, Westminster Drake third, Axtel King Don fourth. The latter dog, even in the roughest country, covered more territory in better style and gait, and showed as a better class field dog than any of three or four which beat him on the heat system. At the fourth place, however, there were a half dozen

different opinions among those who might well be entitled to an opinion. Thus it was thought by some that Matane was better than Cambriana. This I myself do not think at all.

This is much a membership meeting, owners handling to-day exclusively, except the handlers Mathers and Hallam. Tom Hallam is an English boy, of whom we shall hear well in the States trials later. He is now employed by Mr. Davey, and only came over last August. In England he trained in the kennels of A. P. Heywood Lonsdale, Esq., and there trained Ightfield Upton, Rhwlas and others in the old country, and did the preliminary training of Ightfield Blithe before she was given to Cameron to finish. He won the 5 guineas purse for the best handler in the English field trials last year. Hallam is a very quiet, fair and pleasant handler. Indeed, this meeting has been an exceptionally pleasant one in every way, and to-day a fitting close to it. Very just is the remark of the "gentleman from Mumblepeg"—as Mr. Thos. Johnson is called here—"I shall remember this day of all days so long as I live."

The following are the runnings:

All-Ages Stake, First Series.

LADY SPOT—DAN O'CONNELL.

Dr. J. Kime, owner, handled the English setter Spot, A. Mathers handling the Irish setter Dan for Mr. L. Hilsendegen, of Detroit. The dogs blundered upon a bevy, Spot ahead, neither noticing much till the birds rose, both then steady. Spot pointed a single by a log, Dan, coming around the other end, drew up and pointed alongside, not backing. Both steady to Mathers' shot. Further on Dan nosed along a log, making game uncertainly, and put a bird off. From his nose, he having the wind in his favor. He was steady, but did not drop to wing. Spot was of fair range and intelligence, Dan being slowish and with the bad habit of a rather low nose. Down 30m.

All-Ages Stake, Second Series.

WESTMINSTER DRAKE—IGHTFIELD UPTON.

In the open these showed a fine slashing pair of big pointers. Upton's stride is the longer, he going faster than he looks, and he stayed out better and more independently. Drake often coming back to his handler. In a slashing a bevy was flushed, probably by, as the dogs were feathering along the bush, and their flight put up a second bevy. Upton later flushed a single out of a bevy, both pointed then and the bevy went up. Drake pointed a single, Upton running up not backing, and pointed alongside. Drake pointed on footscut, Upton backing unsteadily on order to stop. Drake pointed again, Upton acting very rank indeed about the back and putting himself out of it in comparison. Down 42m.

MATANE—AXTEL KING DON.

After a spinning out on the flat, these were brought up to a marked bevy. They did ill at a brush heap, Matane showing faint sign of game and Axtel walking into the bevy at the treetop. Both steady to wing. Axtel later pointed by a log, Matane backing to one side. The judges seemed to think Matane had the point, and ordered Mr. Wells to find his bird. This he could not do, and meantime Axtel moved on and pointed, probably the same bird, in a clump of briars. Matane came around and the bird flushed, Matane dropping to wing, Axtel steady. Axtel dropped to wing as a flushed bird passed close, but it is probable that he did not flush this bird himself, for Hallam was walking near by. Axtel ranged exceedingly well, and was industrious and obedient, in a fallen tree Matane pointed, Mr. Wells not seeing the bird, which went out behind him as he was tramping the brushy top for it. The dogs got then a spin on stubble. Down 25m.

LADY PATCH—JESTER.

These got down on a nice stubble field. Soon thereafter there transpired as pretty a field picture as ever was seen. Jester pointed on the hillside. Lady Patch, fully 50yds. away, whirled, saw him and fell into a beautiful back, facing him directly. Over 100yds. on the lower open ground came on several owners and spectators with the other dogs, Mr. Johnson leading Blithe and Upton. The point and back on the hill not being broken, Mr. Johnson cast off the collars from his birds. Blithe took a step or two forward, caught sight of Jester, and froze into an elegant back. Upton, a bit to her rear, backed Blithe steadily, and there the four stood, over a triangle 50x100yds. It was a beautiful sight. The unfortunate part was, however, that Jester could make out no bird when ordered on. On a cornfield later Jester made game and pointed a trifle the first, the bitch more uncertain and looking once or twice to him for confirmation of her nose. Jester worked up the roading faster and more direct, and located the bevy nicely. The latter started a second bevy when put up. Down 15m.

LADY GAY SPANKER—IGHTFIELD BLITHE.

The prettiest heat of the entire meeting, perhaps, unless we except the final between Jester and Blithe. Both these bitches showed merry, busy workers and elicited enthusiasm. Blithe ran a faultless heat. Her rapidity, brilliancy and absolute reliance on herself were perfect. After a spin on the corn the dogs were worked to a brushy fence, where the two former bevy had been marked. Mr. Darcy had not marked the birds down, and Mr. Johnson politely showed him just where they lay. The dogs crossed the fence, came back to order, and went racing up the knoll, Blithe ahead. Bang! she went into a whirling point, one foot up—simply lovely. Gay backed nicely. The bevy went out, and the dogs, ordered on, raced again to the top of the knoll, Gay a trifle ahead, and again smash! they went into a double point, Blithe a bit the quicker, and falling with her hind legs spread out like a frog. Any amount of style was in this work. Again the birds were put out, and again the dogs were ordered on, racing down the opposite side of the knoll, as merry a pair as ever went. Again they got the scent, and wheeled square into a noble point, Blithe ahead and with the honors, Gay very probably wheeling, at first instance, to Blithe's example, and then at once making her own point. Gay did not drop to order. They were taken back over the knoll, and Blithe nailed a single like a flash, making a simply ideal picture as she stood. Gay was not steady to back and moved up. Mr. Johnson, on going up toward Blithe, put his hand on Gay, his opponent's dog, and steadied her down, an act very characteristic of the man. "I didn't want her to do anything bad," said he. Mr. Johnson shot and missed, and both were perfectly steady. Gay evidently needed more work. Down 13m.

DART—ROSE RAPID II.

Rose false pointed, Dart would not back, but broke in. The brace might have come up then. Rose flushed and dropped to order, later on breaking in after a single which passed over her. Rose pointed a bevy, Dart quite indifferent, though directly down wind, and not dropping to wing. Down 6m.

CAMBRIANA—LADY SPOT.

Lady made game and worked understandingly to a bevy point, Cambriana backing handsomely, both steady to shot. Cambriana pointed, Lady not steady at back or wing. Cambriana pointed and dropped down. Lady brought up close and backing none too readily. Cambriana false pointed, Lady backing. Cambriana again made game, Mr. Wells claiming a point just as the birds rose. Down 30m.

All-Ages, Third Series.

The judges, after a rather confusing announcement, in which they called for Rose and Drake, Lady Spot and Axtel, Lady Gay Spanker and Cambriana, finally got out their

dogs as follows: Lady Patch and Drake, Rose and Axtel, Lady Gay Spanker and Cambriana.

LADY PATCH—WESTMINSTER DRAKE.

Drake pointed, but moved on, Patch following his example merely. At a log Patch made game, but was not sure of her nose, though three birds flew out beyond. She then flushed four birds under nose in a patch of briars. Drake pointed, Patch backing, but the latter passed by and flushed three birds. Patch pointed, roading. They feathered on, and Drake pointed, Patch backed, but left her back and drew by, but not rattling Drake. No birds were found to this point, but just beyond the fence Patch flushed a single, probably the runner. Down 15m.

AXTEL KING DON—ROSE RAPID II.

Don pointed but moved on. Meantime Rose, called to back, did not come up. Mr. Kine claimed a point for her, and flushed three birds, this, however, 30ft. across wind from her. Axtel still showed considerable hunting quality, ranging independently and with sense. Down 15m.

LADY GAY SPANKER—CAMBRIANA.

Cambriana made game. Both dogs climbed on the brush pile and a bird went out, another later. The hunt for a point by one or the other went on. Both dogs walked into a bevy, Cambriana ahead, she dropping only to order. No actual work of notice. Down 20m.

All-Ages Stake, Fourth Series.

IGHTFIELD BLITHE—CANADIAN JESTER.

A bevy was marked in the woods and both made game. Blithe pointed and a bird went out, Jester backed. Blithe pointed by a log, her tail moving faintly, Jester backing nicely, but the birds were running. Blithe climbed on a log and pointed, standing on her head, but moved on along the trail. Jester now moved off to the right and pointed, moving on. Blithe pointed, standing up with her head poked through a fence, and a bird was seen to run to cover just beyond. This gave Blithe the right to go on to her game, but instead of this Jester was allowed to come up. Both dogs crossed the fence, and Jester pointed hard and fast. Blithe, crouching hot on her trail, passed Jester and went out of sight around a log. This could not be called a failure to back. The birds went up. The judges now ordered the dogs up. Time 17m.

While the judges retired to consult, and while everybody was standing around talking, no one noticed where Blithe was. Mr. Johnson, passing around the log, saw her standing stretched at full length, her front feet just reaching the log, her eyes glistening. At first he thought she was merely backing Jester, which was lying down near his former point, but when he went up he flushed several birds from the treetop. Thus the poor little bitch had been left standing in a most uncomfortable position, for fully four and perhaps five minutes. Blithe had all the reputation in the world with the spectators after that. She showed herself good in or out of harness. Her rapid, snappy work, with her positiveness and staunchness, placed her a high and easy first.

All-Ages Stakes, Fifth Series.

WESTMINSTER DRAKE—CAMBRIANA.

Drake made game, pointing just before the bevy rose, he steady to wing. In a little draw on a smooth pasture Drake pointed staunch. Cambriana stopped a moment, and then on the open pasture, in full view of the other's point, deliberately went by and stole the point. This was glaring, and enough to disturb any dog. Drake, however, was steady. Cambriana had previously been backing well. Her work on this was exceedingly rank, as the ground was perfectly open. Down 7m.

The long series of heats now came to an end, and the judges after consultation announced their decision in the All-Ages:

Ightfield Blithe first.

(Canadian Jester second.

Westminster Drake third.

Cambriana and Lady Patch divide fourth.

The Absolute.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale, of England, offered a purse of \$25 for the absolute winner, the first in the Derby and the first in the All-Aged stakes to run. The judges at once called for

IGHTFIELD BLITHE—RHWLAS.

Rhwlas drew carefully and pointed; Blithe came up, sniffed at it and went on. No birds were found. On the stubble Blithe made game, and with faultless style rapidly and decisively roaded up, pointing her bevy in the corn. Meantime Rhwlas had also made game in the corn, but put them up, dropping to order. The remaining birds were running very fast up the corn field, and Rhwlas roaded on, careful, but very slow compared to Blithe's nervous accuracy. He pointed weakly just as a bird went up, dropping to order. He then worked alone up the corn field, and here showed not too much idea of it, for he left the corn for the stubble and got no point, though eight birds got up from time to time in the corn as the party moved on. Rhwlas pointed on a single marked down, but nosed up too close, his bird going out. Blithe came around in front in the high grass, not brought around to back, and perhaps not to special fault. Rhwlas is careful and is admirably under control, but cannot be called a dashing or brilliant performer. The latter is quite what Blithe is. The dogs were down 43m.

Ightfield Blithe won the Absolute.

The description of the dogs and order in which they ran may be seen in the following

SUMMARY.

INTERNATIONAL DERBY.

First Series.

Mr. J. L. Campbell's black and tan Gordon setter dog Pendennis (Beaumont—Becky Sharp)

ran with

Mr. W. B. Wells's black and tan English setter bitch Daphne (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

Mr. W. J. Bennett's black and white pointer dog Sam H. (Sport—Dodo)

ran with

Dr. Jos. Kime's black and white setter bitch Lou Dido (Mingo—Lou Moll).

Mr. W. B. Wells's black, white and tan setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana)

ran with

Mr. E. H. Gilman's black and white setter bitch May I. (Tip Gladstone—Queen of Counts).

Mr. T. G. Davey's blue belton setter dog Rhwlas (Down—Scouidh)

ran with

Mr. W. H. Tighe's black and white pointer dog R. K. (Sport—Dodo).

Mr. T. G. Davey's black pointer bitch Lucky Deal (Luck of the Goat—Midget)

ran with

Mr. B. Williamson's black and white setter bitch Carrie (Darkey—Spark).

Mr. Herbert W. Kipp's lemon and white pointer dog Roger (Bang F—Nellie)

ran with

Mr. W. B. Wells's blue belton setter dog Romney (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

Mr. J. W. Shaw's lemon and white pointer dog Central Bang (Trinkets' Cash—Van Bang)

ran with

Mr. Thos. Johnson blue belton setter bitch Manitoba Patti (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle).

Mr. Thos. Johnson's blue belton setter bitch Manitoba Pet (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle)

ran with

Mr. W. B. Wells's black and tan setter bitch Ticky-Tack (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

Second Series.

Sam H. and Roger.
Lou Dido and May I.
Rhwlas and Carrie.
Romney and Manitoba Patti.
Luke and Central Bang.

Third Series.

May I. and Rhwlas.
Lou Dido and Luke.
Carrie and Manitoba Patti.

Fourth Series.

May I. and Luke.

Fifth Series.

Luke and Manitoba Patti.
Rhwlas first. Weight, 50lbs. A handsome setter.
May I. second. Weight, 38lbs. A fair middle class.
Luke third. Weight, about 44lbs. A very useful-looking one.
Manitoba Patti. Weight, 41lbs. Fairly a show dog, barring head.
Moneys were: First, \$40; second \$20, third \$10, fourth \$5.

ALL-AGES STAKE.

Mr. T. G. Davey's liver and white pointer dog Westminster Drake (Lad of Bow—Kate VIII.)

ran with

Mr. W. B. Wells's black, white and tan setter dog Matane (Mark J.—Cambriana).

Dr. Joseph Kime's black and white setter bitch Lady Patch (Mingo—Lady Thunder)

ran with

Mr. T. G. Davey's liver and white pointer dog Axtel King Don (King Don—Meteor's Dell).

Mr. Thos. Johnson's blue belton setter bitch Manitoba Pet (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle)

ran with

Mr. T. G. Davey's liver and white pointer bitch Lady Gay Spanker (Rumor—Lady Norrish).

Mr. T. G. Davey's blue belton setter dog Canadian Jester (Knight of Snowden—champion Leddersdale)

ran with

Mr. H. Milkins's liver and white pointer dog Count Graphic (Lord Graphic—Lassie Faust).

Mr. A. Mather's black and white setter bitch Dart (Durkie—Spark)

ran with

Mr. W. B. Wells's black, white and tan setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

Mr. W. B. Wells's black and white setter bitch Cambriana (Cambridge—Romp)

ran with

Mr. Thos. Johnson's liver and white pointer bitch Ightfield Blithe (Dancer—Bloom).

Mr. Thos. Johnson's liver and white pointer dog Ightfield Upton (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peacham)

ran with

Mr. Geo. Kime's lemon and white setter bitch Rose Rapid II. (Mingo—Rose Rapid).

Dr. Jos. Kime's black, white and chestnut setter bitch Lady Spot (Mingo—Lady Thunder)

ran with

Mr. L. Hilsendegen's red Irish setter dog Dan O'Connell (Sarsfield—Coe H.).

Second Series.

Westminster Drake and Ightfield Upton.
Matane and Axtel King Don.

Lady Patch and Canadian Jester.

Lady Gay Spanker and Ightfield Blithe.

Dart and Rose Rapid II.

Cambriana and Lady Spot.

Third Series.

Lady Patch and Westminster Drake.

Rose Rapid II. and Axtel King Don.

Lady Gay Spanker and Cambriana.

Fourth Series.

Ightfield Blithe and Canadian Jester.

Fifth Series.

Westminster Drake and Cambriana.
Ightfield Blithe first. Weight 39lbs. A compact, cobby-built pointer.

Canadian Jester second. Weight 50lbs. A well-framed and handsome setter.

Westminster Drake third. Weight 60lbs. A very decent big one, pointer.

Cambriana, 35lbs., and Lady Patch, 45lbs, dividers of fourth, are both of useful field type, the former of considerable quality.

Moneys were: First, \$75; second, \$40; third, \$20; fourth, \$10.

The Absolute.

Ightfield Blithe against Rhwlas.

Ightfield Blithe won.

E. Hough.

BEAUFORT'S HOME COMING.—Fair Haven, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It might interest your many readers, more especially the mastiff breeders, to hear of Beaufort's safe arrival in England. I have just received a letter from Mr. W. K. Taunton, in which he says that Beaufort arrived there eighteen days after he left my kennels. He came in on the night of the first day of the Crystal Palace show; that he was in very fine shape indeed, notwithstanding the rough passage he had. He was taken directly from the steamer and benched at the show, and was the attraction the remaining days. It was an agreeable surprise to his many old admirers to find him in his usually fine condition and health, and still able to hold his own there with the best. There was a great desire to see what had happened to him while in America. I am happy to say that even after his long confinement and very long, rough passage, and without any special attendant, they found him as lively and as active as ever and in fine show shape.—J. L. WINCHELL.

MR. BURR'S EXPERIENCE.—Middletown, Conn., Nov. 10, 1891.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* Sirs—Please discontinue my ad. in the FOREST AND STREAM. Have sold Red River Glencho to go South, and disposed of all the dogs I have except two youngsters for my own private use. Am sorry to give up breeding Irish setters, but am now so situated that I cannot attend to it. I shall always speak in highest terms for the FOREST AND STREAM as an advertising medium to reach the best class of sportsmen. Having sold a great number of fine Irish setters, my orders have come nearly all from readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and nearly every order from men who represent the best business enterprises in the country, showing the class of readers the FOREST AND STREAM reaches. Although I cannot keep so many dogs, I shall not lose interest in the Irish setters.—R. H. BURR.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS. MEMBERS' STAKE.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 12.—It can hardly be said that the Eastern Field Trials proper have commenced yet, the regular meeting not starting till Monday next. Arriving at High Point late on Wednesday night, Nov. 11, we found Messrs. F. H. Hitchcock, H. B. Duryea, E. C. Kent, R. L. McCook, Bockes, Washington A. Coster, A. D. Shephard, Jr., Col. Purcell, S. C. Bradley, D. E. Rose, Col. Merriman and J. M. Avent already at the Hotel Bellevue. Next day, Nov. 12, a late start was made from the hotel in beautiful weather, the frost of the previous night tempering the rays of the early sun, whose promise of warm weather during the day was fulfilled. There were only four entries in this stake that filled, and so there was no need to hurry much. The dogs were drawn as follows: Mr. F. H. Hitchcock's Roi d'Or with Mr. H. B. Duryea's Bettye S.; Mr. F. H. Hitchcock's Tory Lieutenant with Col. Geo. T. Leach's Guy. The start was at the Blair farm, and owners had, as usual, to handle their own dogs, but each of these men are well versed in this special branch of field sport, so that the dogs did not suffer from inexperienced handling. The work done on the whole was very good. The judges who kindly and efficiently officiated were Messrs. Washington A. Coster, Bernard Walters and S. C. Bradley. Birds were quite plentiful enough. The first brace.

ROI D'OR—BETTYE S., were sent off at 9:30. Roi d'Or was handled by Mr. Hitchcock and Bettye S. by Mr. Duryea. Both dogs started out well, and after ranging several fields and rough land, Roi, near a fence, flushed a bevy. Moving on Roi roared and was drawing to a point when Mr. Hitchcock, thinking the dog was just pottering, ordered him on, when dog turning away, the birds flushed, and no error can be charged to the dog. About the same time Bettye made a point to one side, and Mr. Duryea fired at the raise, Bettye steady to shot and wing. Moving on, Bettye made a splendid point on a single in very heavy weeds. It may here be noted that the vegetation this year on the club's grounds is very rank, affording abundant cover for birds, and dogs will have to keep their noses in good order to get them. Nothing further happening, the brace was called up at 10:46. Bettye S. did snappier work on birds, and had better range, speed and style.

TORY LIEUTENANT—GUY.—Mr. F. R. Hitchcock handled his last year's Derby winner, and Col. Leach held the gun over Guy. Put down at 10:50. After working some time we came to a hollow in woods where Guy began roading, and while locating his birds Tory came at a gallop from a cast he had been making to one side and nailed them before Guy could get up. Mr. Hitchcock flushed them and dogs were steady to wing. Then on the scattered birds Guy did some good work, making two points, and Tory put one to his credit, too. Guy at once showed himself much more certain on his birds, going to them without hesitation. Moving out of woods to find another bevy, Guy found the game in corn. Tory backing nicely, when Mr. Leach put up a single, and then sent his dog on which pointed the remainder of the bevy a few yards further. Guy then pointed another bird and was steady to shot; Tory at the same time either backed or pointed.

Col. Leach here began to feel a thirsty pang and moved to adjourn to a spring near by, and taking his dog along, Guy on the way there pointed a bevy, and on returning repeated. This work was not accepted by the judges, the dogs being practically held up. Another time, for the sake of his dog, it would be well for the Colonel to carry his spring along with him. Resuming work, dogs were then taken to where a bevy had been flushed to look for single birds. Tory pointed, but Mr. Hitchcock's tramp, tramp, in front revealed nothing, and dog moving on a single was afterward flushed a yard or two to one side by spectators, so no false point was credited to Tory. Mr. Hitchcock afterward flushed a few birds, and Guy coming up pointed foot scent, roaded on, then pointed another bevy which was put up by Col. Leach; dog steady. Dogs then ordered up at 12:36. Guy was superior in nose and manner of picking out his birds, and quite held his own in speed, range and style. Down 11.46m. The company then moved on to the Model Farm for lunch.

Second Series.

BETTYE S.—GUY.—After lunch these two were sent off at 2:20 in grass field to decide first honors. After working through various fields and rough land Guy pointed a bevy in an open at edge of oaks, and Bettye backed, both making a pretty picture. Moving on into the woods after these birds, some very pretty and careful work was done, Guy pointing the balance of bevy, Bettye backing; birds flushed wild. Then in first to right Bettye pointed a single, which Mr. Duryea fired at and missed; dogs steady. In thick first Guy pointed, but Mr. Leach could find nothing. Then Bettye dropped to a point in another ditch, and a single got up to Mr. Duryea's tramping. Crossing the open fields, Guy at edge of first pointed a large bevy, which flushed wild as his owner came up; Bettye backed and both dogs were steady. Moving on into the thick first after these birds, Guy soon pointed, drew on, and pointing again Mr. Leach put up a single, Bettye S. seconding Guy's work very nicely. Then Bettye dropped to a single as it flushed wild. Birds were scattered all round here, and both dogs scored several points, Guy getting the most and doing more certain work. Going out of woods, Guy pointed another single nicely. Brought back to open ground, when, after going over a lot of fields, dogs were called up at 3:30 P. M. Guy showed signs of his previous long heat, and was not so fast or as wide a ranger as Bettye S., but had the nose of the bitch all the time, and in a quiet way getting right on to his birds without mistake. Judges after a short consultation decided that Guy won first, Bettye S. second and Tory Lieutenant third.

Summary, First Series.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Roi d'Or (Rodrigero—Bo Peep) with H. B. Duryea's black, white and tan bitch Bettye S. (Rodrigero—Bo Peep).

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Tory Lieutenant (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen) with Geo. T. Leach's black, white and tan dog Guy (Gladstone's Boy—Lady).

Second Series.

Guy with Bettye S.
Guy wins first money, \$100.
Bettye S. wins second money, \$75.
Tory Lieutenant wins third money, \$50.
Guy is a well made little dog with good forelegs and feet, but is hardly in shape for prolonged work. He has a good nose, and understanding the style of country, hunts with good judgment and goes right to his birds. Bettye S. is a handsome heavily marked bitch, stylish worker and tireless ranger. Tory Lieutenant is well known from his performances last year, when he proved a stylish, speedy and wide ranger and was good on his birds.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Monday, Nov. 16.—During the last two days handlers and owners have been coming in, till now most of the veterans in the game are on hand. But somehow entries were scarce, and the Derby did not fill up to expectations, only fifteen filling at Sunday night's draw. The divided stake seems the more popular. Among the visitors here are Pierre Lorillard, Jr., New York; J. O'H. Devany, Pittsburgh; F. J. O'Connell, Coal Grove, O., and L. E. Goodman. The handlers and owners present are Messrs. J. M. Avent, C. E. Buckle, Capt. McMurdo, John N. Lewis, S. C. Bradley, Prof. Schuyler, Joseph H. and John A. Hun-

ter, J. B. Stoddard, George Nesbitt, D. E. Rose, Charles Tucker, T. M. Aldrich and G. E. Gray. The drawing for the DERBY

took place last night and resulted as follows:
N. Wallace's Maud Noble with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Lora.
Charlottesville Kennels' Exile with J. M. Avent & Bayard Thayer's Camille.
Charlottesville Kennels' Mainstay with Royal Phelps Carroll's Robespierre.
O. W. Donner's Wagtail with Col. Purcell's Tall Son of York.

Harry Northwood's Amy Robsart with Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper.
Royal Phelps Carroll's Iza with N. T. Harris's Wun Lung.

Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark a bye.
The judges were Messrs. H. B. Duryea, Arthur Merriman and R. L. McCook. The latter gentleman was some time since connected with Mr. Duryea in the proprietorship of the Highland Kennels, that owned the pointer Robert le Diable at one time, selling him to his present owners.

The start at 8:40, in cloudy, misty weather, was at the Blair farm, and the first brace down was

MAUD NOBLE—LORA.—Maud Noble, a black, white and tan English setter (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble), was handled by S. C. Bradley, and Lora, same color (Hailstone's Boy—Ruby D.), had the guidance of Chas. Tucker. Both started well, and Maud soon pointed a bevy in woods, but to the raise broke in and chased, stopping to order. Following the birds in woods, Maud pointed, but nothing came of it. Then we turned into sedge field, when Maud pointed a bevy which flushed wild. After these birds into woods, Maud stiffened out when a single flushed and she went after it again. Lora then began to get in her work, and pointing a single a few yards from where others flushed, was steady to shot and wing. Then she got another single in sedge, steady to wing. She then repeated this. Maud then pointed in same sedge and Lora honored it, but nothing found. Dogs were called up at 9:09. Both had fair speed, but neither ranged out very well. Lora was the best on birds.

EXILE—CAMILLE.—Put down in open corn stubble, the black and white ticked pointer Exile (King of Kent—Hops) was handled by Capt. McMurdo, and the black, white and tan setter bitch Camille (Jean Val Jean—Haidee), by J. M. Avent. In orchard and weeds Camille was first to nail a bevy which flushed wild as Exile was brought up to back, both steady to wing. After the scattered birds, Camille nailed a single and was steady to shot. Then in crossing some hedge a bevy flushed wild but too far away to see whether dogs pointed or not. Exile was then sent on to work alone, Camille being held up. Exile pointed foot scent several times, but bird running he could not just nail it till roading carefully out of woods he stopped as a single flushed. Then pointing another in edge of woods, he was called up at 9:59. Camille did the best work on birds and was the better ranger.

MAINSTAY—ROBESPIERRE.—Mainstay (Mainspring—Barmaid) is a black and white ticked pointer in Capt. McMurdo's lot, and Robespierre (Rodrigero—Ollie S.) is a black, white and tan English setter handled by J. M. Avent. Put down precisely at 10 o'clock, both started off well, and after working out several fields Robespierre pointed a bevy in ragweed; Mainstay brought up to back, but had not got there before Avent fired as birds flushed. On into woods after them, both dogs made game but failed to locate. Then in some briars Mainstay pointed twice on singles. Up further in first, Robespierre then dropped to a single, drew on, dropped again and bird flushed. Then he pointed again, when Mainstay, coming across, drew in ahead of him, nothing found. Further on Robespierre flushed birds, drew on and pointed several more which flushed wild, dog steady to wing. Up at 10:32. Robespierre did best work on birds and hunted with better judgment.

WAGTAIL—TALL SON OF YORK.—The black, white and tan setter Wagtail (Rodrigero—Belle of Piedmont) was handled by Capt. McMurdo, and Tall Son of York by owner, Col. Purcell. Down at 10:35 in sedge, neither started out well, though Wagtail much the best. Going down ragweed, Wagtail flushed several birds, stopping to wing. Going on, neither dog ranging out much, York content to watch his handler, Wagtail stopped as balance of bevy flushed wild, York backing. Then both pointed at same time edge of sedge, drew on and Wagtail stopped again, then roaded on carefully and a single rose, McMurdo fired, dog steady. Then in making a cast Wagtail stopped right on top of another single, drew on and pointing again a yard or two further, York coming across pointed too, and another single rose just after, then nailed another. Birds were thick all round and there was opportunity for pretty work. Called up at 11:04. Neither ranged out enough and York potted most of the time. Neither will do for the finals.

AMY ROBSART—BOB COOPER.—Something better here. Down at 11:12. The lemon and white bitch Amy Robsart (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl) was handled by H. M. Short, and the chestnut, tan and white Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie W.) by D. E. Rose. Both went off fast and ranged wide. After going some distance Bob pointed a bevy which Rose put up; dogs steady. Leaving these birds and striking to the right, nothing was done for some time; then Bob pointed in woods, nothing found. In ragweed outside of woods Amy pointed a bevy, Bob backing. After the birds in orchard, Amy dropped to an outlying bird, then pointed again, drew on and stopped as another single rose; Short fired; dogs a good deal steadier than some of the horses, who jumped at every shot. Nothing more was done and the dogs up at 12:20. Both ranged out well and fast, and work on birds was about equal. A move was then made for the Model Farm for lunch.

IZA—WUN LUNG.—The black, white and tan bitch Iza (Rodrigero—Ollie S.) was handled by J. M. Avent, and black, tan and white Wun Lung (Captain Bethel—Enid) by D. E. Rose. Put down in corn stubble at 1:30, Iza at the side of fence pointed, and birds flushing Avent fired, dogs steady; then both pointed in meadow lower down, but neither handler found anything. Into the open and passing through some scrub oaks, Wun Lung pointed prettily to a single, which Rose fired at, dog steady. Then Wun Lung made a beautiful long cast to the top of hill, and went right to a bevy, holding the point some minutes till handlers could come up, when Iza coming across field to order stopped to back, left it, and went right in and flushed birds, a bad piece of work on her part, Wun still steady to wing; then, a few yards further on Wun pointed an outlying bird of this bevy in sedge, Iza pottering behind. Wun roaded some distance, made another cast, but failed to locate birds, and dogs up at 2:08. Wun Lung showed himself superior in every particular—speed, range, style and decision on points.

HOPE'S MARK—JOE LEWIS.—It was intended to run Joe Lewis in the stake, but notwithstanding he had filled last night, it was found that he had not been entered in the Derby, only in All-Aged Stake. He, however, ran the bye with Hope's Mark. Hope's Mark, black, white and tan dog by Gath's Hope—Lady May, was handled by D. E. Rose, and Joe Lewis, same color, by Count Noble—Fannie, was looked after by Prof. Schuyler. Down in corn stubble at 2:20. Hope in woods roaded carefully to a large bevy which Rose flushed, birds going only about 75 yds. further on in sedge. Then Mark pointed same birds again, Joe also dropping to them in an unceremonious manner. Mark then in pines pointed, Joe backing; Mark also put another bird to his credit, the other dog acting puppyish. Out in open sedge Mark made a point with his flag and hindquarters high in the air, hind legs on a stone; Joe backed but Rose could find nothing,

though a single was afterward flushed by horsemen to the right. It then began to rain quite sharply. Dogs soon after called up at 2:52. Judges consulted some time, when they announced that in

Second Series.

ROBESPIERRE—BOB COOPER should run together. Put down at 3:25 both went off as if they meant business, Robespierre not quartering so wide as the other. Bob, some distance off, at edge of woods, either stopped on or flushed birds. Then into woods after them Robespierre pointed a bevy which flushed wild, steady to wing. Robespierre again pointed, footscent this time. On in the open Bob nailed a couple nicely, Robespierre backing, Bob a bit unsteady to flush, moved on a step and balance of bevy rose, Robespierre dropping to flush, too. Lower down Robespierre pointed, Bob backed, nothing found. Making a cast Bob pointed a single nicely, which flushed wild. Before Robespierre could come up, dog chased, when he got a taste of fir balsam, externally applied. Dogs up at 3:56. Bob best on birds and ranging out two to one of the other. He needs to be a little steadier to wing, however, being very excitable on birds.

WUN LUNG—LORA were also called out at 4:07. In first and oaks both dogs pointed, then both made game and roaded carefully but could not locate. Lora pointed down in a hollow, Wun dropped to back, but Tucker could find nothing. Then Wun made a good point and was held a long time for Lora, and just as she came up and dropped to back, birds flushed and Rose fired, dogs steady, but horses again the reverse. Wun Lung taken up at 4:24 and Lora went on alone and secured two points in woods. Wun showed much better range and speed, more bird sense and did stylish work. Has a good look in for the stake.

CAMILLE—HOPE'S MARK were then called up and put to work at 4:36. Soon after starting a bevy was flushed by horsemen. Going on, Camille flushed a bird of this bevy where they had settled. Then she got another bird, Avent firing, dog steady. Then Mark pointed, Camille honoring the stand. Some distance further and dogs up at 5 o'clock, with work about equal.

The All-Aged Stake to-night filled well and the draw is as follows:

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Rupert with B. M. Stephenson's Top Mark.

J. R. Purcell's Nicodemus of Ion with N. H. Wallace's Pansy Blossom.

A. L. Sanford's Frank W. with Geo. G. Harley's Joy H.

Dr. Hartman's Albert's Duchess with Wm. Mahone, Jr.'s Graphic VI.

Bert Crane's Natalie II. with Charlottesville Kennels' Maid of Kent.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Antevolo with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter.

Geo. P. Jones's Sam R. with J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando.

J. Shelly Hudson's Dolly Hill with W. W. Titus's Dick Bondhu.

C. C. M. Hunt's Grouse with E. O. Damon's The Corsair.

N. Wallace's Count W. with Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen.

Wm. McKennan, Jr.'s Flight with J. Shelly Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr.

Greenfield Hill Kennels' Harry C. with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Blade.

Charlottesville Kennels' Wild Damon with Edward Gray's Count Eric.

E. W. Durkee's Nahmke Philip a bye.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 17.—[Special to Forest and Stream.]—The concluding heats to determine the Derby winners were run this morning. We did not start till 10 o'clock, owing to rain and cloudy weather and high winds toward afternoon. Amy Robsart and Maud Noble ran together, when both did fair work, Amy the best on birds. Down 25m. Then Camille was tried alone and picked up two beves in short time, behaving nicely. Bob Cooper and Wun Lung then ran a heat of forty minutes, but neither located birds, though pointing often. Hope's Mark then ran alone, but did not go in his usual snappy style; found one bevy. Then Bob Cooper was put down after these birds, finding several singles and two beves.

After lunch Camille and Bob Cooper ran to decide second place. Bob found most birds and ranged better, a little unsteady at flushes. Judge decided N. T. Harris's Wun Lung first, Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper second, Avent & Thayer's Camille third. Rose handled the two first and Avent handled Camille.

The All-Aged Setter Stake then commenced with Rupert and Top Mark. Both did good work; Mark best on birds, Rupert more speed and range. Frank W. and Joyce did poorly, neither ranging out much, Joyce the best on birds. Albert's Duchess and Graphic VI. run about 30m. with the work done in favor of Albert's Duchess; but neither will be seen out again.

At this stage of the game wild turkeys were sighted and excitement caused broke up the heat and the day's work ended. The judges in All-Aged Stake are Messrs. Duryea, Merriman and Rowe.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 18.—At the meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club last night officers were elected as follows: President, T. R. Hitchcock; Vice-Presidents, H. B. Duryea and Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; Sec'y-Treas., W. A. Coster. J. W. Lorillard offered three medals for dogs showing best bench show form.

COVINGTON, Ky., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am this day in receipt of a letter from W. W. Titus, dated at High Point, N. C., Nov. 8, in which he says: "I am sorry indeed to inform you that Arline has just come in heat. She will be in full blast by field trial date, next Monday week. I know you will be disappointed, but it leaves me in a hole, as she was the only Derby I brought East with me. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' I suppose, but it mixes a fellow's plans pretty badly sometimes. Arline is in the pink of condition and was doing strong work for the dry weather, and I was hopeful of getting in the front row with her. However, 'We will see them later.' This is a sad disappointment to me, for I certainly had a very strong entry in Arline, not only on account of her royal breeding, she being by champion Dad Wilson out of champion Bohemian Girl, but she had all along, since puppyhood, showed remarkable high-class work."—J. SHELLEY HUDSON.

CASHIER'S WINS.—Cincinnati, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How kind (?) of "Mathew Henry" to correct a few printer's errors in the Cincinnati show catalogue as to Eberhart's Cashier's wins. People who know me do not take me for a fool, and such I would be if I intentionally had printed and sent out a claim for prize that my dog did not win. Eberhart's Cashier did win first (puppy) in an undivided class of about twenty at New York, 1890. He did win first, open (beating Sprake), at Detroit, 1890 (no show '91). He did win first, open, and special for best pug in open class (beating Penrice) at Cleveland, 1891, both times under Miss Anna H. Whitney, the best judge of pugs in America. I consider Mathew Henry not ignorant, but vicious in stating what he knew to be untrue when he says that "Cashier was not eligible to challenge class at Lexington." I've got seven dollars in my inside coat pocket and know a pawn broker of whom I can borrow a few hundred more by putting up Cashier as security, and I'll just risk the whole business that Cashier was eligible to challenge class there (where he won). Bonus (whom I showed for Mr. Pitts) won there in open class.—AL G. EBERHART.

THE PEARL OF PEKIN INCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must protest against the ground assumed by Mr. J. H. Le Moyné, and the tone of his letter in yours of the 13th. An iron-clad rule such as Mr. Le Moyné makes of the one he cites would be monstrous, involving the idea that a person shall be punished for an act that may have been utterly beyond his control. The intent of the rule is most praiseworthy, and it is evidently in that no owner of a dog shall imperil the chances of an opposing dog's winning.

It seems that Mr. Edmunds's riding over Pearl of Pekin was unintentional, and the only remaining point for determination is, could the accident have been prevented by the exercise of ordinary, reasonable care on Mr. Edmunds's part? For it is evident that in such a case as this, carelessness is no excuse for a transgression of the rule. I trust Mr. Le Moyné will excuse me for pointing out how objectionable his characterizing the decision in this case as "outrageous departure from honest judging," "most unrighteous decision," etc., is, and I would point out that such an assumption as that Mr. Edmunds's intent "cannot enter as a factor in giving the decision," is more deserving of harsh words than anything that appears on the face of the case. Surely Mr. Le Moyné cannot seriously mean to say that Mr. Edmunds must be punished irrespective of whether it was humanly possible for him to prevent the accident? Please remember that I am passing no opinion on the case itself; let that be decided on its own merits; let Mr. Edmunds be held to the strictest accountability to show that reasonable foresight would not have suggested precautions to him that would have prevented the accident, but the idea of holding a man down to a Draconian code such as this rule, without qualification, would be, is abhorrent to every sense of justice. I am no lawyer; but I know that the law always considers intent as a prime requisite to every act, and that this intent may properly be inferred from the circumstances. If the law did not consider intent, Mr. Bumble would be a thousand fold right in his dictum that the law is an ass.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Nov. 13.

BRUNSWICK FUR TRIALS.

THE cordial invitation extended to all fox hunters by the Brunswick Fur Club to attend their field trials at Princeton, Mass., drew me to that pleasant village on Nov. 9. The view of the country during the long stage ride from Oakdale showed that the club could not have chosen better grounds for the meeting. The high barren hills and great stony pastures, with only here and there a strip of woods or swampy thicket, make it possible to see the hounds during the greater part of the chase.

On arrival at Pratt's, the club headquarters, I found assembled some of the finest hounds in New England and a host of ardent sportsmen eager for the hunt to begin. Among them was the president of the club; L. O. Dennison, of Waltham, Mass., with his handsome Buckfield-Byron hounds, Ben Butler II. and Trimmer; E. J. Bates, of Oxford with Spotty, Lead All and Wild, the two latter of the Wild Goose strain; R. D. Perry with a couple of Avent hounds. Leggins and Clinker, Slip from the Wild Goose pack, and the native bitch Quiltie; the jolly party from Brunswick, Me., H. J. Given, H. A. Stetson, Med Snow, A. G. Hall and Sam Knight, Jr., with the handsome hounds Beauty, Rover and Golden Rod, the latter a Cook dog; President Kinney, of the Worcester Fur Co., with his fine natives, Major, Trim and Lancaster; H. L. Aldrich, of Diamond Hills, R.I., with Fannie D. and Hunter; O. F. Joslin, president of the Oxford Rod and Gun Club, with the English dog Rover; L. M. Conant and C. A. Shafer, of Waltham; Dr. Heffenger, of Portsmouth, N. H.; "Uncle Nathan" Harrington, the veteran fox hunter of Worcester county; F. G. Stewart, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., and many others.

According to the programme the puppy class was to be run on the first day of the trials. On account of the late arrival of many of the club men and hounds, an early start was out of the question, and when the line left headquarters at 11 o'clock the heavy white frost of the morning had melted under the warm sun. To start a fox late in the day under these conditions was a difficult task for young dogs. It was 11:50 when R. D. Perry, M.F.H., gave the signal on Calamint Hill to cast off the four and a half couples entered in the puppy race. The dogs covered the stony pasture well, worked through the scattered wood on the crest of the hill and down into the valley on the north side, where a momentary excitement was caused by two of the pups driving a large yellow cat across a field and up a tree. The hounds were by this time well scattered, but Rover and Beauty hunting together worked a cold track slowly across the road and into the swamp, where Trimmer and Golden Rod joined them, but the scent was too old and the four had to give it up after doing some pretty work.

Meanwhile one or two of the pups put in their time hunting rabbits, and it looked as if a fox would not be started. But Dennison's Trimmer, a persistent hunter and fine trailer, went further into the swamp with Rover and jumped a fox at 2:15. As they drove him towards Calamint road, Spotty, Pynt, Beauty and Golden Rod joined the chase, and with a grand burst of music sent him across the road and through the woods into a stony pasture. Here the scent was very poor, and, with much difficulty and many checks, the fox was followed for a mile or more across the upland and into Calamint swamp, where the track was finally lost, though the pups proved themselves stayers by their persistent efforts to pick it up. About sunset the dogs were called off and the party returned to the hotel, where they did full justice to a smoking hot dinner. In the evening the judges made no awards, but decided to give the puppy class another trial under more favorable circumstances.

Tuesday morning the hunting horn awoke us at 5 o'clock and half an hour later the party were at breakfast. It was the first day of the All-Age race and at 6:30, after raising the handsome club flag over the hotel, the line of march was taken for Fay's hill with the seven couples entered. In addition to the hounds Jack, Mr. Kinney's fox-terrier, was on hand. He is the hero of many a battle royal with Reynard and evidently felt that the success of the hunt rested on him alone; he was the busiest dog in the field, now examining a burrow, then resenting a fancied insult from some big hound and always looking eagerly for his part in the fun to begin. At 7 o'clock the dogs were cast off in the pine woods on the crest of the hill and worked rapidly through the underbrush into Goodnow's pasture, while the hunters followed the center Hubbardston road. At the foot of the hill Perry's Clinker and Slip gave tongue, and the rest of the pack barking to them carried the trail up the hill to the road. Here for a moment they were at fault, but Joslin's Rover circling wide picked up the track in the thicket across the road, where he was followed by Trimmer, and the Wild Goose beauties Leads All and Wild. These four dogs, led by Rover and well in advance of the rest of the pack, trailed rapidly over the ledges of Little Wachusett and at 7:20 jumped the fox on the side of the mountain and in full cry ran east.

Meanwhile Kinney's Trim had been trailing on his own account, and he started a second fox which ran up the mountain side not long after the first one had carried the pack out of hearing. In twenty-five minutes the fox first started was driven around the mountain, and as the pack crossed the road Clinker, true to his record for speed made last year, was leading, with Slip a good second and the rest well bunched a little behind. Entering the woods the fox threw the pack off for some minutes, and succeeded in getting a long lead on the dogs, but could not escape them.

The track was again found, and after he had been driven around the mountain for the third time he started east toward Wachusett. Many of the party climbed Little Wachusett, and seated on the ledges at the summit watched the dogs as they drove the fox over the pastures, through the woods, up and down the hills, now near and then far away. The music was grand, and not often does one have the good fortune to see such a race. After a time the terrific pace set by the Wild Goose and Avent hounds began to tell on the young dogs, and some of them dropped out, but most of the pack hung together, though well strung out, and drove the fox out of hearing.

Those who were on foot lost the pack, but the judges taking teams followed the dogs many miles, having an excellent view of the chase and a good opportunity to judge the hounds. It was a great day's sport.

Tuesday evening the conversation turned on the ability of Southern hounds to catch foxes in New England. No one believed they could do it, but to settle the question once for all a number of gentlemen agreed to purchase from Mr. Garrett a July bitch in whelp to one of his best dogs—such a hound as finds an hour's amusement in running down a red fox. The entire litter will be raised and trained together, and at the trials next year will run in the puppy class; two years from now they will be hunted as a pack. These dogs will be watched with great interest. Shall we see them catch a fox on our New England hills?

The Brunswick Fur Club is composed of ardent sportsmen; enthusiasts in fox hunting; they are working hard and accomplishing much for the improvement of the foxhound; they deserve the support of every hunter and lover of dogs. May good luck and success attend them.

Wednesday morning my stay with the club ended, and I returned home delighted with the two days' sport.

BRADLEY.

MASSACHUSETTS SIBERIAN BLOODHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Concerning the Massachusetts law of 1886 about "bloodhounds," etc., Mr. Wade is partly right and partly wrong in his assumptions. The law grew out of the circumstance of the terrible mutilation of a couple of children by a so-called "Siberian bloodhound," and was introduced and pushed in the Legislature by an impetuous and not overwise member, who sought and obtained a little temporary notoriety by his crusade "agin" dogs, aided by the sentiment of sympathy for the children, and antipathy to dogs in general temporarily engendered by the occurrence.

I was a member of the Legislature at the time, and in connection with other gentlemen who do and did "know something about dogs," we endeavored to stay the passage of so useless and indefinite a statute, but one can readily imagine the stampede of a body of men, intelligent generally, but intent upon averting if possible the recurrence of another such accident by laying hold of the nearest apparent remedy at hand, viz., the making of a law, with little reflection upon the construction thereof and its applicability. It is characteristic of the modern legislator to endeavor to cure all evils of the body politics by a "law," and the result is the creation by statute of what may appropriately be called "artificial" offenses to the ultimate detriment of the enforcement of all laws and the respect of the people for the law-making authority. I have yet to know of a prosecution under this statute.

There are other statutes and many of them in the Commonwealth of like nature, and reflecting people are tending toward the desire to see a Legislature that would largely confine its duties to the repeal of unnecessary statutes.

E. H. LATHROP.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The law passed in Massachusetts in 1886, making the muzzling of so-called bloodhounds, great Danes, Ulmers, boarhounds, etc., had no reference to English bloodhounds like Mr. Glazier's. The member of the Legislature introducing the bill consulted myself as to the bill, and the only object was to make the law effective against the so-called bloodhounds, or great Danes. The occasion was the painful mangling of a little girl in a neighboring town by two of these dogs, and the determination to keep such large brutes from repeating such mangling. I am very positive that the law had no application to such bloodhounds as Mr. Glazier keeps, which are more noted for delicacy of nose and inborn tracking qualities than for savageness—although Hon. Grantly Berkely wrote of them that they were kind and quiet unless aroused, and his breed would take no whip. I should certainly consider them as harmless as any hound, setter or spaniel.

The great Dane I detest, to my mind he is a big unruly brute; too large to control without a muzzle, a terror to smaller dogs and treacherous. My reasons are that on two occasions when invited to see them, each time a pair, male and female, the female of one pair could not be let in to the room or store where strangers were, although her master and the man who fed her were present. In the other case the bitch actually attacked her master and was beaten off with a chain. Those instances, with the various accounts one sees of their ability and inclination to do mischief, makes the repeal of the law regarding great Danes very improbable. The intentions of the law does not affect Mr. Glazier's dogs in the least to my mind.

DRY LAND.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

I REGRET to see the *Dog Fancier* has taken umbrage at my hope that the Columbian Fair Dog Show would not materialize. As no line has ever appeared in Notes and Notions inspired by any personal feeling, I may dismiss what may have been meant as an imputation on the writer's motives. The objections to a dog show at such a place as such a show are by no means dispelled by the promise that the show will become an accomplished fact. They still remain in the facts that in such an aggregation of objects of interest the dog show will exert no appreciable effect; visitors, as a rule, will not see it. It will call forth great effort on the part of dog owners and dog lovers to make it vie with the other features of the exhibition, and, necessarily, these will fail. One-half the effort expended on the proposed show devoted to fifty small shows at country fairs, where the dogs would be features of interest and note, would advance canine interests far more.

I note that FOREST AND STREAM, in common with some English kennel journals, falls into an error as to that party in England who hung a dog up by the legs to force it to vomit, in pursuit of evidence as to whether the dog had killed sheep. It appears this hanging up was a common practice in this offender's district, and while the act itself most certainly was brutal as well as foolish, it by no means follows that the actor was. Enforcing this deduction as a necessary one would work very queer results in many cases, the excellent old town of Salem, Mass., would savor very strongly of the regions below from the witch burnings, and one eminent pillar of theology would find Vienne a Golgotha.

THE ONLOOKER.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—A person can take a seat in a palace car at Dearborn Station any afternoon and go over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without changing cars. The fast express on this line makes at least twenty-four hours quicker time to Los Angeles than any other line, and in fact the Santa Fé is the only thoroughly comfortable route to take. The office is at No. 212 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adm.*

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS ALL-AGE ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find list of the entries to the All-Age Stake of the Southern Field Trials Club's fourth annual trials. The list contains thirty-six setters and five pointers, a total of forty-one:

SETTERS.

BLUE MARK (W. T. Irwin's), b w t (Gath's Mark—Lufra).
FANNY M.* (Blue Ridge Kennels'), b w t (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

TREMONT (Whyte Bedford's), b w t (Gladstone's Boy—Speckelgown).

NOBLE GLADSTONE (P. H. Bryson's), b w t (Count Noble—Girly Gladstone).

JUNE (C. M. Round's), b w t (The Corsair—Tchula).

TOP MARK (B. M. Stephenson's), b w t (Gath's Mark—Burd H.).

JEAN'S BOY (H. S. Bevan's), b w t (Jean Val Jean—Rowey B.).

ANDROMETER* (H. S. Bevan's), b w t (Count Noble—Moonstone).

LADDY (H. S. Bevan's), b w t (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

COUNTRESS RUSH* (Blue Ridge Kennels'), b w t (Count Noble—Belle of Piedmont).

GLEN (R. B. Parker's), b w t (Captain Bethel—Enid).

DAN TUCKER (Chas. F. Loudon's), l w (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

SAM R. (Geo. P. Jones's), b w (Dash Bryson—Daisy's Hope).

JOY (W. W. Titus's), b w (Paul Gladstone—Gipsy H.).

DONOVAN (W. W. Titus's), b w t (Bob Gates—Fannie Gladstone).

EUGENE T. (A. P. Gilliam's), b w t (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).

BLADE (P. Lorillard, Jr.'s), b w t (Toledo Blade—Sulu C.).

ANTEVOLO (P. Lorillard, Jr.'s), b w t (Count Noble—Trinket II.).

NANNIE G.* (P. E. Gregory & Bro.'s), b w (Bryce—Dora Gladstone).

DAVE B. (F. I. Stone's), b w (Startle—Clío).

REVELER (W. B. Hill's), b w (Gath's Mark—Esther).

PAUL BO (Richard Merrill's), b w t (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).

DAD WILSON (J. Shelly Hudson's), b w (Ben Hill—Dolly S.).

FINGAL (E. H. Osthaus's), b w t (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).

MARK'S MACK (W. L. Taylor's), b w t (Gath's Mark—Georgia Bell).

NATILE II.* (Bert Crane's), b w t (King Noble—Natile).

COMO SEE MADRE* (Bert Crane's), b w t (Roderigo—Maud).

LIGERO* (Bert Crane's), b w t (Roderigo—Maud).

FIRENZI* (H. J. Smith's), b w t (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).

TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock's), b w (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen).

ROBESPERIE (Avent & Carroll's), b w t (Roderigo—Ollie S.).

RUPER (Avent & Bayard Thayer Kennels'), b w t (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

ORLANDO (Avent & Bayard Thayer Kennels'), b w t (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

ZULU M.* (Whyte Bedford's), l w (Toledo Blade—Rhet).

WHYTE B. (P. H. Bryson's), b w t (Count Noble—Girly Gladstone).

POINTERS.

HOPS II.* (P. T. Madison's), l w (King of Kent—Hops).

BOUNCE (G. W. Amory's), l w (Bob—Sal).

HENRIEN (J. R. Purcell's), l w (Flockfinder—Ion).

DON-FISH-HEL (W. R. Fishell's), b (Devonshire Sam—Nelly Bang).

MARQUIS (W. W. Titus's), l w. T. M. BRUMBY, Sec'y.

MARIETTA, Ga., Nov. 14.

* Bitches. The others dogs.

DOG CHAT.

WE have just learned that Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding has within a few days terminated a deal that has been the occasion of much correspondence between him and Mr. J. P. Willey, of Salmon Falls, New Hampshire, and which has ended in the latter gentleman parting with one of his best dogs—we refer to champion Black Pete. Since the loss of champion Doc, Mr. Wilmerding has been on the keen lookout for something wherewith to replace him in the stud, and finally settled on Black Pete, Mr. Willey's good dog, and now has him in his kennels. Pete is by imported Obo, Jr., out of Phonsie. Obo, Jr., by Farrow's champion Obo (E. 10452) ex Farrow's Nelhie (E. 12736). Phonsie, by champion Obo II. (A.K.C.S.B. 4911) ex Blackie III. (A.K.C.S.B. 4912). This is the best of American and English breeding, and now that the dog is centrally located, we expect to hear of his increased use. He has won many prizes and his get have done remarkably well upon the bench. We congratulate, etc.

Mr. E. E. Bishop has at last been able to move West, and is now at Hutchinson, Kan., where Mr. W. T. Irwin and the Irish setters of the Glenmore Kennels have been located some time, preparing for the trials. Coleraine and Fingal will, however, not start this year, as Mr. Bishop writes us that, owing to the still weak condition of his leg, he cannot spare Mr. Irwin from the kennel. This will be a disappointment to field trial men, for the presence of these two noted field dogs and their presumably good work would have gone far to encourage the Irish setter men to make good their claims.

The St. Bernard His Majesty is, we hear, now in Philadelphia, having been purchased recently in England.

Mr. John H. Naylor will attend the Rockford, Ill., and Jackson, Mich., shows, and will be pleased to take charge of any dogs that may be consigned to his care for exhibitors not able to attend personally, and the latter may rest assured their dogs would be well taken care of.

Mr. Mercer should long remember the year 1891, as his series of accidents have confined him to the house a good part of the time. He has now sustained injuries that compel him to keep to his bed, and his numerous correspondents are advised that this is the reason he has not been able to fulfill his postal duties.

Mr. A. E. Pitts, of Columbus, O., sold a half interest in his imported fox-terrier, Ruby Signal, to Mr. Frank Tallmadge, of Columbus, and he will be found at that gentleman's kennel.

It looks very much as if, at the present time of writing, the Blue Ridge Kennel and D. E. Rose would repeat their Bicknell victories, though possibly not in the same order exactly. The work on Monday was hardly so good, on the whole, as that at the latter trials, notwithstanding the better condition of weather and ground.

On our way to High Point, N. C., from Bicknell we were surprised to find Mr. L. L. Boggs and Joe Lewis in the train at Lynchburg, Va. They were on their way to Lincolnton, N. C., for several weeks shooting. They had about eight dogs with them, including their late English purchases and Tony Gladstone. Birds are reported plentiful there and we trust they will have good sport.

The Maryland Kennel Club litigations have been compromised and settled out of court. Messrs. Malcolm, Mallory

and others having been reinstated, have resigned. Now that factional embarrassments have been sloughed we trust that the club may walk in paths of progress and peace, and in due time give a show.

The National Greyhound Club has sent out to all its members a ballot to determine by vote whether or not the club shall have an official list of judges for dog shows, and if there shall be judges who the judges shall be, and whether or not the members should show under other than the designated judges.

At the meeting of the A. K. C. advisory committee last week charges were prepared against the New Jersey Kennel Club, and will be presented at the December club meeting. The charges are found "upon the ground that the action of the said New Jersey Kennel Club in electing one Charles J. Peshall as its president and appointing him as its delegate to the American Kennel Club subsequently, to the disqualification of said Peshall by the American Kennel Club, is action prejudicial to the welfare of the American Kennel Club."

Among the new kennel advertisements are the following offers for sale: Jno. Cox, Llewellyn setter pups; Hansome Brook Kennels, field spaniel; P. O. Box 310, Chesapeake Bay pups; Lawrence Timpon, Skye terrier; Geo. Collingwood, English setter; 12 Manning Arcade, fox-terrier pups; Sam Bury, pointer; Frank F. Dole, cockers; C. D. Bernheimer, fox terrier; L. N. Edwards, foxhounds. E. Jackman offers field spaniels and the Stretor Kennels offer pointers at stud.

Kennel Notes are unavoidably held over.

WILLIAM CHAILLE PERCY, well known to the many readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* over the *nom. de plume* of "Kit Killbird," passed away from this earth on Sept. 30, at his plantation residence near Bayou Sara, Louisiana. He was born Dec. 18, 1840, in West Feliciana Parish, La. At the age of 21 he entered the Confederate service at Port Hudson, La., joining Boone's Battery, in Mile's Legion, where he characterized himself for daring and reckless bravery that he was afterward noted for. Inheriting from his family a love for hunting, he founded the Killbird Kennel, and afterward made it one of the finest in the South-west until forced to give up the business on account of health failure. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

THE BALTIMORE SUITS SETTLED.

MALLORY ET AL. } In the Circuit Court No. 2, of Baltimore City.
vs. }
MASSAMORE ET AL.

This case being submitted, it is, by consent of all parties, this 13th day of November, 1891, adjudged, ordered and decreed as follows:

1. That the notice issued for the meeting of the Board of Governors of the Maryland Kennel Club, called for November 15, 1891, and the notice issued for the meeting of the Maryland Kennel Club for the same date were insufficient, but not null and void, and therefore the proceedings at each of said meetings which purported to repeal the resolution of censure theretofore passed upon the American Kennel Club and to apologize to the American Kennel Club for the passage thereof, were and are hereby declared to be illegal and void; all other proceedings of said meetings and each of them being hereby declared void by consent.
2. That the plaintiffs, Jeremiah D. Mallory, R. B. Glanville, Orlinton Mallory, Harry R. Vonderhorst and Harry Mallory, be and they are hereby reinstated as members of the Maryland Kennel Club, with all dues and assessments canceled to this date, and without any liability for assessment for any expense heretofore incurred by said club for any cause, or hereafter to be incurred in connection with this proceeding or that of Harry Mallory vs. the same defendants in this court.
3. No suit or suits shall be brought or prosecuted by any of the parties to this cause against any other party or parties hereto for or on account of any cause of action whatever up to this date.
4. That the costs of these proceedings, to be taken by the Clerk, shall be paid by the Maryland Kennel Club.

CHARLES E. PHELPS, Judge.
This case is submitted for decree, and it is agreed that the foregoing decree shall be passed.

(Signed) **WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, SEBASTIAN BROWN,**
Solicitors for Plaintiffs.
ISIDOR RAYNER, E. J. FARBER,
Solicitors for Defendants.

HARRY MALCOLM } In the
vs. } Circuit Court No. 2
GEO. W. MASSAMORE, ET AL. } of Baltimore City.

This case being submitted, it is, by consent of all parties, this 13th day of November, 1891, adjudged, ordered and decreed as follows:

1. The resolution of the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club, purporting to have been passed on the first day of January, A.D. 1891, removing the plaintiff, Harry Malcolm, from the position of president of said club and suspending him from membership therein, be and the same is hereby declared illegal and void, and said Malcolm is declared to have been the legal president of said club up until its annual meeting in March, 1891, and to be still a member thereof; but all the acts of the said vice-president, or the *de facto* president, or any one acting in lieu of the president during said period, are hereby declared to be void.
2. That the following allegation contained in the third paragraph of the answer of the defendants, viz: "That Harry Malcolm, the plaintiff, has been guilty of dishonorable action in connection with dogs, and his resignation for that particular reason has been actually requested by the Gordon Setter Club of America," shall be eliminated by interlineation.
3. That the costs of these proceedings, to be taken by the clerk, shall be paid by the Maryland Kennel Club.

CHAS. E. PHELPS, Judge.
This case is submitted for decree, and it is agreed that the foregoing decree shall be passed.

(Signed) **WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, SEBASTIAN BROWN,**
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
ISIDOR RAYNER, E. J. FARBER,
Attorneys for Defendants.

LORD CLOVER'S PEDIGREE.

DEORIA, Ill., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Cryer says that several conflicting pedigrees of Lord Clover are bottled up in the sanctum of the author of "Prize Pugs." As Dr. Cryer on page 14 of his book gives one pedigree for the well-known pug Sings Smiles, and endows him with a different one on page 130 of the same volume, and as he does the same thing in even a more glaring form in mentioning George Bell's imported bitch What's That, it is singular that Lord Clover's pedigree should stick so obstinately in his gullet. It is noticeable that the Doctor cautiously refrains from enumerating the alleged points of difference in the Lord Clover pedigrees he speaks of. He also forgets to advance any evidence in support of his course in differing from them all. The fact is that the only point of divergence is the name of the breeder. Mr. Gillivan and the American Stud Book erroneously names Mr. Chatterton in place of Mr. Goulding. As Dr. Cryer incorporates this blunder into his book, it is wisdom on his part to suppress the point of difference. In all actual essentials, Mr. Gillivan, the American Stud Book and myself agree with the English Stud Book. Dr. Cryer alone and individually is responsible for whatever confusion exists.

One would naturally infer that with his own confessed ignorance of two important factors staring him in the face, the Doctor would refrain from originating a Cryer pedigree long enough at least to convince the English breeders who he does, and then with guileless simplicity he wheels around and naively requests me to give him the facts. This course is novel and somewhat peculiar. Dr. Cryer was notified six months ago that Mr. Proctor, of Leeds, England, bred Nellie, the dam of Lord Clover. I did not suppose

it would be necessary to add that the same gentleman owned Little Dorrit, his maternal granddam. The Doctor is respectfully referred to Mr. Proctor. Mr. Houliker, of Acerrington is secretary of the Pug Club, of England. He is also owner of Lord Clover's sire together with the paternal granddam and other blood relatives of the dog. Mr. Houliker is excellent authority on the subject.

If additional testimony is required, it gives me genuine satisfaction to refer the Doctor to the "Prize Pugs of America and England." In this work is a biographical sketch of the well-known American bitch Rustic Queen. The author mutilates her pedigree exactly as he does that of Lord Clover. It is given as by Rustic out of What's That. But that's What's Stingy Smiles out of Little Dot. Little Dot seems to be an unknown quantity to the author, and well she may, as no such animal ever existed. Now the fact is that this bitch What's That was full sister to Goulding's Nellie, dam of Lord Clover, both bred by Mr. Proctor. She was not out of Little Dot but out of Little Dorrit. Dr. Cryer cannot consistently challenge this statement, for the author of "Prize Pugs" confirms it on page 109, where he names Mr. Proctor as owner of Little Dorrit, and flatly contradicts his own letter in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*. If Dr. Cryer will compare the English stud book pedigree of Lord Clover with those of his litter brother Lindon, Lothair, Lola, Haughty Nellie and others of the same strain; if he will write any member of the English Pug Club or all of them, this discussion may finally prove to him a blessing in disguise. It is more than likely that the Doctor knows, as he says, nothing whatever of Little Dot, and that he is not the first to attempt to commence an editorial career with the scissors and the knife himself up in a hangman's knot in an effort to reconcile contradictory clippings. As the matter stands and Dr. Cryer's ignorance is publicly confessed over his own signature, it concerns me very little whether or not he perpetrates his blunders in as many "pugs" as he does, or pugs as an over-indulgent Providence permits him to publish. If his faith in the doctrine of the infallibility can stand any more such trials by fire, he is perfectly free to put it in the crucible. The initiatory test seems to have robbed it of its sting so far as the breeding of my dogs is involved.

THOS. I. BALLANTINE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

W. M. P., Steelton, Pa.—An epileptic fit probably due to worms or over-excitement. Treat for worms and then give the following mixture: Lq. arsenicalis and tr. nucis vom. of each 1 drachm; water, 8 ounces; give one dessertspoonful twice a day. Give very little exercise at first, then gradually increase.

T. W. C., McAlester, Ind. Ter.—Will you please state, through your valuable paper, the best method of feeding "Spratts" dog biscuits? Ans. Feed Spratts biscuits dry. Once a week mix with well boiled vegetables and feed cold. Encourage dog to eat the biscuits not broken, to give him benefits derived from gnawing as at home.

G. W. H., Rochester, N. Y.—What can I give my Irish setter pup he seems to have been all right until this A. M., when I found he would not eat and seemed to have something the matter with his hindquarters. He walks as though it gave him pain to use his hindlegs. His age is 11 weeks. I gave him some milk with a little sulphur and a pinch of quinine this noon, which he drank slowly, taking a rest after sipping may be a dozen times. Ans. Give a dose of castor oil and try the following mixture: Pot. Bromide, 1 drachm; compound tincture of gentian, 2 drs.; water, 6 oz. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

E. L. P., Ansonia.—A pointer puppy of 7 months has had fits since he was 3 months old. These fits come on after exercise, last about an hour. When taken he suddenly rears on his hind feet and falls, striking on his side and head. I keep him in a pen 7x13 ft. When in a fit he kicks violently and foams at the mouth a little. They last about 3 or 5 m., after which he is apparently as well as ever. His diet has been chiefly boiled corn meal and milk, with very little meat. He has given him sulphur, castor oil and one bottle each of Humphrey's specific, C. C. H. and J. K., alternately, as directed in book. The pup does not improve under this treatment. Ans. Treat for worms and then give the following mixture: Pot. bromide, 2 drs.; liquor arsenicalis, 1 dr.; add 3 oz. of water. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day. Do not exercise for the present. Feed on bread and gravy, meat and milk.

J. R. P., Philadelphia.—An Irish setter, three and one-half years old, during the summer and fall, was bothered with fleas, and scratched a great deal. I used one bottle of ointment on him, and afterward there appeared a dry, scaly substance like dandruff. This seems to itch him, as he bites himself until he makes sores. This is only perceptible on the back to the tail. He also passes short white worms in quantities. He is also losing his hair around the root of tail. His appetite is good, and he is lively enough, though some mornings I notice large pieces of gelatinous looking stuff in the corners of his eyes. Any of the following dressing all over the dog every other day for a fortnight, then wash off and repeat if necessary: Kerosene, cotton seed oil and sperm oil—of each equal parts. Treat for worms, and then give this mixture: Ferri vercholi one drachm and a half; liquor arsenicalis one drachm, glycerine half an ounce, water and six ounces. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. Feed well.

E. W. Q., Newport, R. I.—An English setter 16 mos. old has something the matter with his left eye. The lower lid seems to hang partly over the under side of the pupil and the lower lid looks as though it were drawn down, as it shows red. This is more noticeable when the dog is looking up than at any other time. Sometimes both eyes run a great deal; at other times with the exception of the hair nothing seems the matter with the eyes. When I bought the dog four months ago he was in very poor condition. He was as thin as a rail, had a little eczema and his eye was very bad. 2. An English setter about 18 mos. old has a lump the size of an English walnut on his hip 2 in. from the root of his tail. It is soft, but not inflamed and doesn't seem sore or tender. It looks a great deal like a windgall. It has been on the dog about a month. The dog is in pretty fair condition, although rather thin. Ans. 1. Without a personal examination, it is difficult to say exactly what his ailment with the eye. From your description the hair must be enlarged, in which case it will have to be removed. Why not show the eye to your family doctor? 2. Probably a serious abscess, the result of an injury, or a swell growth. In the former case it will have to be lanced; in the latter first try iodine liniment; apply with a brush twice a week for a few weeks, if no improvement then have it removed.

W. S. B., Philadelphia.—I have a cocker puppy, 7 mos. old, that had eczema, which I cured by treating as advised in Dr. Sewell's article published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. His hair is very rough and without any gloss. He also passes a jelly substance streaked with blood. Have tried for worms, but no success. 2. I also have a cocker bitch, 4 yrs. old, that failed to whelp (owing to rear presentation). Had to have them taken away. This was in April last, and while in good health and fair appetite, she has never been in season since, and she is as thin as a rail. Ans. 1. Another dressing or two would probably make the coat look better. Give the following pills: Pulverized kino, 2 scruples; pulverized ipecac, 4 grs.; pulverized opium, 6 grs.; to make 12 pills. Give one three times a day. 2. It is often the case when there is any difficulty at whelping that the following beads do not come on at the usual time. Have you treated for worms? Give the following mixture: Lq. arsenicalis and tr. nucis vom. of each 1 dr.; diazolyed iron, 6 grs.; water, 6 oz. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. Give plenty of meat and try cod liver oil cakes.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

The opening shoot for the Amateur Revolver Championship of the United States and the possession of the Winans trophy will be held at the gallery of the New York Pistol Club, Eighth street, near Third avenue, this city, on Saturday evening next, Nov. 21. The gallery is specially adapted to pistol and revolver work, being an open and lighted one, while in the matter of safety it has every possible precaution. The shooting will open at 8 o'clock, and as far as time will permit all contestants presenting themselves will be given opportunity of making a record. In case it is

found impossible to give ample time for all who may wish to shoot, other evenings will be agreed upon and designated until all who may desire have had opportunity of shooting. The record shoots, of course, will be open to the public as spectators to the capacity of the gallery. A representative of *FOREST AND STREAM* will be present and conduct the match under the conditions as given below, and which have been before the public since July last.

The target selected for the final record is a cardboard circular disk of 5 in. diameter. It is white, with a black bulls-eye of from 1 to 3 in. in diameter. Each shooter may select the bulls-eye best adapted to his eye sight, and as the measuring is by scale from the center of the disk to the center of the shot hole the size of the bulls-eye fired at does not affect the scoring record.

Possibly other galleries will be designated for other contestants in this city and these dates can be fixed at once if those desiring to compete will send to this office their names and addresses. The same will apply to those who wish to compete in other cities. If they will at once communicate by mail with *FOREST AND STREAM* arrangements will be made to have dates fixed and galleries selected. No time should be lost. No scores will be published until after the measuring up and this will not take place until after the competition has closed. The measuring of the disks will be placed in the hands of a competent expert at this line, acting under direction of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and the total list of scores will be published in *FOREST AND STREAM* as soon as possible after the conclusion of the record shooting. The conditions of the match are:

CONDITIONS.

Open to any citizen or permanent resident of the United States. Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches.

Any trigger pull.

Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand.

Any fixed ammunition.

Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots.

Distance, 20 yds.

Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches.

Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole.

Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by *FOREST AND STREAM* rules.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of *FOREST AND STREAM* to be final on all points.

Any winner of the trophy shall hold it subject to challenge for a term of two years, after which it shall become his personal property. Upon receiving a challenge the holder shall agree with the challenger upon a place and date for their meeting not later than six weeks from the receipt of the challenge, of which meeting at least two weeks' notice shall be given through *FOREST AND STREAM*, and the shooting at said meeting shall be under the same conditions as the original competitions for the championship trophy. In case of a failure to agree upon a time and place of meeting they shall be fixed by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The trophy shall be deposited in the custody of *FOREST AND STREAM* at least one day prior to any challenge meet, and if required, holders must give bonds to *FOREST AND STREAM* for its safe return.

The holder shall not be required to accept a challenge pending the determination of a challenge shoot already under date. In case of any dispute about the right of priority in shooting challenges, *FOREST AND STREAM* shall determine the order of shooting. All expenses of targets and gallery will be borne by *FOREST AND STREAM*. Contestants will defray all other expenses.

NEW JERSEY RIFLE SHOOTING.

[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]

EQUITABLE RIFLE CLUB, Tuesday, Nov. 10. Headquarters, 223 E. 12th street, Hoboken. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring American target, 100 ft., possible 250:

A. Meyns.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	238
F. Brandt.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	237	
J. Meyer.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	235	
J. H. Kruse.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	235	
G. M. Roedel.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	22	235	
J. D. Stadler.....	25	25	24	24	24	22	22	21	231	
H. Becker.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	22	21	229	
C. W. Rogers.....	25	25	24	24	23	21	21	20	224	
F. K. Hoyt.....	24	24	24	23	23	22	22	20	219	
L. Schmidt.....	24	24	23	23	22	22	21	21	221	
L. H. Hart.....	25	24	23	22	20	20	20	20	214	
F. Kleist.....	25	25	24	24	21	20	20	18	214	
C. Kathmeyer.....	23	23	22	22	21	20	20	20	214	
C. Daref.....	24	24	23	22	20	20	20	20	212	

The medal winners in their respective classes were: First, A. Meyns, 238; second, G. M. Roedel, 235; third, F. K. Hoyt, 229.

Team shooting followed with this result, the teams being captained by Geo. Roedel and Henry Becker:

Roedel's Team.	Becker's Team.
G M Roedel.....	H Becker.....
A Meyns.....	J Meyer.....
F Brandt.....	J H Kruse.....
J D Stadler.....	C W Rogers.....
F K Hoyt.....	L Schmidt.....
L H Hart.....	F Kleist.....
C Kathmeyer.....	C Daref.....

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday, Nov. 11, Headquarters 80 Hudson street, Hoboken. The following scores were made in the shoot for weekly class medals, 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target:

E Fischer.....	25	25	25	25	23	23	23	23	23	240
F Liell.....	25	25	24	24	24	24	23	23	21	236
D Miller.....	25	24	24	24	24	24	24	23	20	235
Capt. Dewey.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	20	235
A Stadler.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	21	231
F Freitag.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	22	19	230
J H Kruse.....	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	21	18	228
J Meyer.....	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	22	20	229
W T Taylor.....	25	23	23	23	22	22	21	21	20	226
J Carragher.....	24	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	18	224
H D Hencken.....	24	24	23	23	22	22	21	21	20	223
D Peters.....	25	24	23	22	22	22	22	20	17	223
H Seltenreich.....	25	23	23	22	20	19	19	17	21	211
J J Devitt.....	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	18	208
F Dunstead.....	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	206
F Kamell.....	25	24	24	22	21	20	19	18	17	206

The medal winners in their respective classes were: First, E. Fischer, 240; second, J. H. Kruse, 229; third, A. Stadler, 231. Team shooting followed, resulting in a tie:

E Fischer.....	235	D Miller.....	235
F Liell.....	235	F Freitag.....	232
A Stadler.....	232	J H Kruse.....	230
Capt. Dewey.....	231	J Meyer.....	231
W T Taylor.....	228	J Carragher.....	229
H D Hencken.....	224	W Forkel.....	221
H Seltenreich.....	231	D Peters.....	230
J J Devitt.....	215-1637	W Dunstead.....	219-1637

EXCELSIOR RIFLE CLUB, Jersey City, Tuesday, Nov. 10, headquarters, 79 Montgomery street, 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring American target, possible 250. In the shoot for class medals the scores made were:

First Class.	
W Weber.....	25 25 25 24 24 24 24 22 23-240
L P Hansen.....	25 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 23-239
W J Chamung.....	25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 22-236
W J Hennessy.....	25 25 24 24 24 23 23 23 21-234
W H Halliwell.....	25 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 20-231
J Speicher.....	25 25 24 23 23 22 22 21 20-227

First class medal was won by W. Weber.
Second Class.
C Bauehle..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 22 20 20-227
C L Penney..... 25 24 24 24 23 22 21 21 21-226
J Hughes..... 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 20 18-220

Second class medal was won by C. Bauehle.
Third Class.
G C Varick..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 17-229
C Boag..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 20 20-227
G C Boyce..... 25 24 24 23 22 21 21 21 21-219

Third class medal was won by G. C. Varick.
PALISADE RIFLE CLUB—Capt. John Reinhardt, Jersey City Heights, 354 Palisade avenue, Tuesday evening, Nov. 3. Ten shots off-hand on 25-ring American target, distance 85 ft., possible 250:
Geo W Graf..... 25 24 24 24 23 23 22 22 20-230
Capt Reinhardt..... 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 21 17-222
G Finger..... 25 25 24 23 23 22 21 19 15-216
George L Graf..... 25 25 24 23 23 22 21 19 15-214
James Johnson..... 25 24 23 23 22 21 19 17-214
A Russy..... 24 24 23 23 21 20 20 19 18-212
C Borneman..... 25 25 24 23 21 20 19 18 17-212
F Reinhardt..... 25 25 25 21 21 20 20 19 13-211
H Harvey..... 25 23 22 21 21 20 20 19 18-207
H Rosenthal..... 22 23 23 21 21 20 20 18 18-206
P Miller..... 23 23 22 21 20 20 19 18 17-204
P Woods..... 25 25 20 20 20 20 19 18 15-204
P L Warden..... 24 23 23 21 20 19 17 16 15-191

SEITZ RIFLE CLUB, Chapt. Chas. Burk, Jersey City Heights, headquarters 354 Palisade avenue, Wednesday, Nov. 11, 10 shots, off-hand, 25-ring American target, possible 250:
H L Hansen..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 22-233
Geo Graf..... 24 24 24 24 23 23 22 21 21-230
A Malz..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 22 20 18-230
J Stoll..... 24 24 24 23 23 22 22 21 19-225
Capt Burk..... 25 25 24 23 23 22 21 20 18-224
C Graf, Jr..... 25 25 23 23 22 22 21 20 18-224
A Schmidt..... 23 24 24 23 23 22 20 20 19-223
E Wagner..... 25 25 25 23 22 21 20 20 20-221
A Strabinger..... 25 25 24 24 23 20 20 18 18-221
G Herrschaft..... 25 24 24 23 23 20 20 18 22-221
J Kehrwald..... 25 25 23 22 21 22 22 20 20-220
H Hoppe..... 25 25 21 24 23 22 21 21 18-220
H Homan..... 24 23 23 21 21 21 20 20 19-214
H Rappe..... 25 24 21 20 20 20 20 19 18-212
C Seitz..... 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 15-202

UNION RIFLE CLUB—Headquarters 223 First street—Capt. Henry Becker, Thursday, Nov. 12. The shoots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:
C Schroeder..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 20-233
Capt H Becker..... 24 25 24 24 23 23 23 22 21-233
J H Kruse..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 22 22 20-232
C V D Heyden..... 24 24 24 24 23 23 22 20 17-230
G M Rodde..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 17-230
B J Link..... 25 24 24 24 23 23 21 21 21-228
H L Harmon..... 25 24 24 24 23 21 21 20 20-226
L A Martin..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 22 20 18-225
S A Russell..... 25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20 19-222
Jos Feuerbach..... 25 24 23 22 21 20 18 17-211
C Wiskow..... 24 23 23 21 20 20 19 17-208
C Miller..... 24 23 21 21 20 20 19 18 17-205
D Meyers..... 23 23 23 21 20 19 18 17-202
H Watson..... 23 23 22 21 20 18 17 15-197

Team shooting followed between tams captained by Joe Feuerbach and Dan Meyers, with this result:
Feuerbach's Team..... Meyers's Team.....
J Feuerbach..... 212 D Meyers..... 205
C Schroeder..... 250 H Becker..... 228
J H Kruse..... 239 G M Rodde..... 228
F V D Heyden..... 230 H L Harmon..... 225
B J Link..... 215 S A Russell..... 217
L A Martin..... 224 L Miller..... 209
C Wiskow..... 215-1545 H Watson..... 208-1520

The club will soon commence its shoot for class medals, this being the most feasible way to spur the members on to do their best shooting.

FRIDAY NIGHT RIFLE CLUB—Hoboken, Friday, Nov. 13.—Headquarters 210 Washington street. The scores made were:
C Gells..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 22-236
C Miles..... 25 25 25 23 23 23 23 21-234
G Brandt..... 25 25 24 24 23 20 20 18-219
L Gells..... 25 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 22-233
T Davison..... 25 25 25 25 24 24 23 22 19-235
A Guerber..... 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 22 20-238
F Kerker..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 16-221
C Wang..... 25 25 24 23 23 22 21 20 16-221
H Guerber..... 25 25 25 25 25 24 24 24 24-246
E Phalon..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 20-236
J Hagen..... 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 20 19-225
J Campbell..... 25 23 23 23 22 22 21 20 20 19-218

The average scores of the Friday Night Club rank among those of the leading clubs of Hudson county, and on Tuesday, Nov. 17, will award prizes to their members who have made the highest scores throughout the year. In connection with this the guests of the club will be entertained by some first class talent and the many friends of this organization will find this another token of hospitality for which this club is famous.

Quite a number of rifle clubs of Hoboken, Jersey City, Marion, Jersey City Heights, Newark and New Jersey were invited to send delegates for the purpose of forming an inter-state tournament for riflemen for this winter. The meeting was to be held at the Excelsior Rifle Club's rooms, on Montgomery street, Jersey City, last Wednesday. No quorum was present, as only the Puritan Rifle Club, of Newark, was represented, therefore no meeting was held. Another effort will be made to hold a meeting, as the idea is a good one and would furnish lots of entertainment for New Jersey and New York riflemen this winter. J. H. Kruse.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day, with a large attendance. The shooting conditions were unfavorable for high scores. Mr. Hickey won the bronze military medal. Following are the scores made to-day, 200 yds., standard American targets, at the regular matches:

Bronze military medal, 10 scores, 10 shots each:	
J P Hickey.....	41 41 37 37 43 41 40 42 39 42
All-Comers' Rest Match.	
W P Thompson.....	109 F W Chester..... 100 J French..... 97
L A Baker.....	107 S E Howard..... 99 A S Hunt..... 96
W Peters.....	104 J W French..... 98 F M Willard..... 94
All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.	
B Mason.....	79 A S Hunt..... 72 O Moore..... 69
W M Foster.....	77 S E Howard..... 69 J B Hobbs..... 69
M T Day.....	74
Military Match.	
J P Hickey.....	45 A S Field..... 41 F W Chester..... 39
M T Day.....	43 D Martin..... 40 A S Hunt..... 37
O Moore.....	42 J B Hobbs..... 40 L Thomas..... 32
50 yds. Pistol Match.	
H Severance.....	91 J W Comey..... 84 A D Stevens..... 80
E E Partridge.....	87 D Martin..... 82 O Moore..... 79
A S Hunt.....	86 H L Greene..... 81

MANHATTAN CLUB.—Dr. W. R. Pryor, director of shooting at the Manhattan Athletic Club, announces that the revolver match for club championship will begin November 25. Conditions: Thirty consecutive shots, off-hand, at 20 yards; 8-pound trigger pull; 7/8 inch barrel. Ammunition furnished free by club; 3 prizes, 2 gold, 1 silver. Entrance fee, \$2. Trap shooting for members at Manhattan Field every Friday thereafter.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The annual matches of the Western Ontario Rifle Association were held at the Cove ranges to-day. The attendance was large despite the weather, and the scores made were creditable.

SING a song of shooting, the birds begin to fly,
I'll put my gun in order and then I'll have a try.
If I do not kill some, they surely can be found,
Either killed honestly, or snared upon the ground.

REYNOLDS.

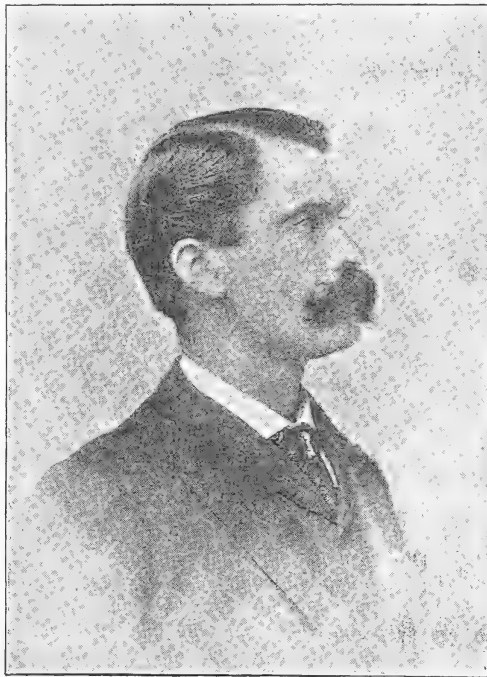
THE TRAP.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 26.—All Day Shoot at Live Birds, Thanksgiving Day, Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J. Open to all.
Nov. 26.—Canajoharie, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament, Thanksgiving Day; live and clay birds; open to all. T. C. Pegnum, Sec.
Nov. 26.—Spring Hill Club, Blauveltville, N. Y. C. M. Hathaway, Sec'y, 211 West 135th street, New York.
Nov. 27.—South Side Gun Club Tournament, at South Norwalk, Conn. E. H. Fox.

FULFORD VS. BREWER.

DURING the week past Eastern sportsmen have been treated to an exhibition of shooting skill that is unparalleled in the history of pigeon shooting. To say that the spectators, who were fortunate enough to witness the events, were astonished, would be putting it mildly, for they were completely carried away with the wonderful performances. When the matches between John L. Brewer and E. D. Fulford were announced but little notice was taken of them, and the only comments heard were those of sympathy for the comparatively unknown shooter who had the nerve to run up against the acknowledged champion of the world. All that was known of the ability of Ed. Fulford as a pigeon shot was based on his two public performances, in matches shot last spring, when he defeated C. M. Hedden and Frank Class, both of New Jersey; as both wins were on very ordinary scores, no one placed him in the same class with Brewer. It would have been a hard matter to have found one man in the audience on the day of the first con-



E. D. FULFORD.

test that believed he had a ghost of a chance of being in the game at the finish. As the match progressed and it dawned upon the spectators that he was a shooter, and at the finish when by magnificent work he had surpassed all records, the question was asked, Who is he? Mr. Fulford tells us he was born at Long Hill, Connecticut, 7 miles from Bridgeport, and is 23 years old. He took up shooting at an early age, shooting both in the field and at the traps ever since he could hold a gun. He is a constructor of telegraph and telephone lines, and for the past 4 years has been chief constructing agent for the Bell Telephone Company, and has built lines from Portland, Maine, to the Rio Grande. He claims no particular place as his home, as he is continually on the move, but for the past year and a half has been in the East. He joined the Newark Gun Club last year and shot in one of the Inter-State League matches, making only an ordinary score. He has no desire to shoot matches, but felt that he could shoot a bit and wished to try himself once and so made for the biggest game. He certainly has done magnificent work and has leaped with one bound from almost obscurity to the very front rank of the world's trap shots.

First Match, Thursday, Nov. 13.

As early as 11 A. M. there was a large number of spectators assembled at the Jersey City Heights Gun Club Grounds at Marion, N. J. Sweepstake shooting was indulged in until the hour announced for the beginning of what proved to be the greatest record-breaking contest that has ever been known in the history of pigeon shooting, 199 birds scored out of a possible 200, and that one dead out of bounds. Fulford arrived at the grounds about 11:30, and was quickly followed by Brewer. As soon as their guns were put together, they stepped to the score for practice, each man shot at 10 birds, and each killed straight. At 1:20 P. M., when Referee Wm. H. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, called the match on, there were 300 spectators upon the ground. Among them were noticed: Milt F. Lindsley, Miles Johnson, C. M. Hedden, Fred Quimby, Gustave L. Freche, Robt. Schrott, W. H. Green, Dr. Ziegler, Frank Class, Tom Taylor, Sam Castle, James E. Wheaton, Eddie Collins, Justus Von Lengerke, Hugh Liddy, Chas. H. Townsend, Geo. B. Eaton, Lewis Cokerfay, Wm. Hughes, Asa Whitehead and Fred Van Dyke, all of New Jersey. Ben West and Adford Eddy, of Brooklyn; Walter Cady, of New London, Conn.; Dr. Hudson, president of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York; Thos. Duffly and Harry C. Squires, New York city; Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Isaac Wolstencroft and Harry Thurman, of Philadelphia; A. C. Krueger, of Wrightsville, Pa.; Wm. H. Fieles, of Christiansburg, Pa.; James Beebe, Trenton, N. J.; and John Fulford, of Altoona, Pa. Brewer was first to the score, and he easily stopped a right-quarterer, Fulford doing likewise on a quarterer to the left. The birds furnished were far from being of a high order, and, as there was no wind to speak of, a good fast one was an exception. A detailed description is not necessary, as a careful perusal of the scores will tell the story, each bird, trap, and direction of flight being given in detail.

The conditions of the three matches as follows: 100 birds each man, for \$200 a side, Hurlingham rules, fence boundary, each man paying his own expenses. Gate money divided. W. H. Wolstencroft, referee; Jacob Pentz, scorer; Neaf Appgar, trap puller. Score:

E. D. Fulford.	
No. of trap.....	5 2 2 2 3 4 4 4 4 1 4
Flight.....	L LD RD R RD R RI RD LD R
Score.....	1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2-10
No. of trap.....	2 4 1 3 3 4 5 3 3 3
Flight.....	RD LI L RI RD RD LD TI RI R
Score.....	1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	5 3 2 2 3 2 3 2 5 5
Flight.....	LI LI L R H D L L R
Score.....	1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 5 3 4 3 1 3 4 1 1
Flight.....	L LI LI RD R L RD L RI
Score.....	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	1 2 5 4 3 3 3 1 1 5
Flight.....	D RD L R L RI RD LD LD
Score.....	1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	2 4 5 5 3 3 3 5 1 3
Flight.....	RD LI RI L LD RI RI R D
Score.....	2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1-10

No. of trap.....	1 3 3 3 4 4 5 2 3 4
Flight.....	R RI RD R RD L L RI R
Score.....	1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	5 3 1 1 3 2 4 5 5 1
Flight.....	RD L LD L RD RI RD LI R LI
Score.....	1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2-10
No. of trap.....	4 4 5 3 4 4 3 3 4 5
Flight.....	L L R R R RI R RI R L
Score.....	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 2 4 2 3 1 5 1 2 4
Flight.....	R RD RD L RD D I RD RD
Score.....	1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2-10-100

John L. Brewer.	
No. of trap.....	5 1 1 2 5 3 2 4 4
Flight.....	R LD RD R L L D R L
Score.....	2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 3 2 4 2 1 5 4 3 4
Flight.....	D R L L RI RD R RD R D
Score.....	2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2-10
No. of trap.....	2 1 4 1 2 3 2 2 4 3
Flight.....	RI RI LI D RI R RD RD RD
Score.....	1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2-10
No. of trap.....	4 1 3 3 3 4 4 2 5
Flight.....	LD RI H RD RD R L L
Score.....	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2-10
No. of trap.....	4 5 3 3 1 2 3 4 3 5
Flight.....	R TI L RD RI RD RI RI L
Score.....	1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	1 2 2 4 2 4 3 1 4 3
Flight.....	RI RI R RI RD RI RI LI L
Score.....	2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	1 3 1 3 4 3 2 3 4 5
Flight.....	LD R L R L R R L R L
Score.....	2 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1-9
No. of trap.....	4 1 3 3 1 1 5 5 4 4
Flight.....	L RI RD R RI RI L LD LI RI
Score.....	1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2-10
No. of trap.....	2 3 1 2 2 4 1 4 3 4
Flight.....	LD LI L R RD RD RI RI TI
Score.....	1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2-10
No. of trap.....	5 4 1 4 1 5 1 4 4 5
Flight.....	RI L L RI RI LI TI L RD
Score.....	1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2-10-99

Called birds 12. No bird 1. Time of match 2h. 45m.
Brewer used a Westly-Richards weighing 7lbs. 14 z. His load was 3/4 lbs. Schultz powder and 1/4 oz. No. 7 chilled shot in Squires Tournament shells, loaded by himself.
Fulford shot a 7lbs. 7oz. Greener, ejector, hammerless. His load was 4 lbs. Schultz powder and 1/4 oz. No. 7 chilled shot, Squires Tournament shells, loaded by himself.

Second Match, Friday, Nov. 13.

The second match saw fully 500 enthusiastic sportsmen assembled on the grounds at Marion. Every lover of the sport for miles around was on hand to see the man who had lowered the colors of the redoubtable Jack Brewer and who had established a new world's record. In addition to the old regulars who were on hand for the first match were noticed Edgar G. Murphy, Rmt. Lawrence, J. Jolite, Louis Gehring, R. Sundermann, Louis Schortemer, Dr. Leveridge, W. H. Skinner and Mr. Whitney, of the Whitney Arms Co.; H. A. Penrose, Ed. Spath, E. Carrington, E. Smith, W. R. Hobart, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Lee Helgans, J. Short, W. M. Ward, Abe Greenleaf, John Mix, H. Burt, W. A. Baxter, P. Dobbins, J. Flynn, and John M. Ward and Captain Adrian Amos, the stars of the base ball profession. The day was clear and bright, and a good stiff wind blew across the traps. The birds were a much superior lot to those furnished on the first day, and up to the 80th round were a really good lot. Brewer made a strong protest about the quality of the birds and threatened to stop shooting, declaring that the articles called for first-class birds; but his complaint was not justifiable, as they were above the average. Score:

E. D. Fulford.	
No. of trap.....	5 1 3 2 4 2 4 1 5 5
Flight.....	D LD LD L LI R L RD R
Score.....	2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	5 1 1 2 2 4 5 3 2
Flight.....	RI RI RD L L L RI L RD
Score.....	1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2-10
No. of trap.....	3 5 3 1 5 1 3 4 1 1
Flight.....	R RD D RI L D L RD D TI
Score.....	1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 3 3 2 1 4 1 4 5 4
Flight.....	LD R RD LI L RI R LI RI R
Score.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	2 2 4 3 2 3 2 4 5 5
Flight.....	RI RI RD R L R RD RD R
Score.....	2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	1 4 5 2 3 3 3 4 1 3
Flight.....	LD L RD LD RI R RD RI LD
Score.....	2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2-10
No. of trap.....	3 1 5 4 4 2 2 2 4 3
Flight.....	R L R RD R L R RI RI R
Score.....	2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	1 3 4 1 3 3 2 5 4 3
Flight.....	RI RI RI L LD R R L H
Score.....	1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	2 3 3 1 5 3 3 4 2 3
Flight.....	D D L R L RI D L LD L
Score.....	2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 2 3 1 4 2 3 5 3 3
Flight.....	LI LD LI R RD D RD L
Score.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1-9-99

John L. Brewer.	
No. of trap.....	1 4 3 4 4 5 2 5 5 1
Flight.....	LD TD LI H R RI RI R TI LD
Score.....	2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2-10
No. of trap.....	5 5 4 4 2 3 5 2 5 2
Flight.....	R RI L LD LI R D RI RI
Score.....	1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2-9
No. of trap.....	3 5 4 2 5 3 4 3 1 5
Flight.....	RD RD RI R RI RD D D H
Score.....	2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	5 1 1 1 5 3 3 3 3 3
Flight.....	LD L RD R R R R R R R
Score.....	2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 2-9
No. of trap.....	4 3 1 3 3 4 5 3 3 3
Flight.....	RI LD L R R R LI RI R
Score.....	1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	3 5 5 4 3 4 4 1 5 4
Flight.....	R RI RI D L R TI RI RD
Score.....	1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 4 3 1 2 1 2 2 2 1
Flight.....	LD RD D LD D LI R L R
Score.....	2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2-10
No. of trap.....	3 3 2 4 2 3 4 4 5 3
Flight.....	R RI RD R RI RD L L D
Score.....	1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	4 3 3 2 3 3 5 4 2 5
Flight.....	RI R L LD R L R L RI
Score.....	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1-10
No. of trap.....	3 3 2 4 2 5 1 4 2 3
Flight.....	LD LI LD LD LD LI LI LI
Score.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1-10-98

Called birds 3; no birds 1; time of match, 2h. 25m.
The men used the same guns and loads as in the first match, and the same gentlemen officiated.
The kills that are most worthy of mention were the 9th, 13th, 28th, 28th, 51st, 55th and 80th made by Fulford, and the 2d, 25th, 28th, 55th and 80th by Brewer. The only question raised during the contest occurred on Fulford's 64th round; the bird had risen and quickly settled near the trap and refused to take flight; Fulford killed the bird on the ground and Brewer claimed a lost bird. Referee Wolstencroft allowed another bird, quoting the rule "That a bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is no bird," and he was unquestionably correct in his decision.

Third Match, Saturday, Nov. 14.

The final match of the series was witnessed by probably 1,000 persons, a third of whom viewed the contest from the surrounding hills. Among those that have not been mentioned as being at the previous contests were noticed J. G. Knowlton, of Utica; E. D.

Miller, of Springfield, N. J.; Wm. and Henry Sigler, of Montclair, N. J.; Wolstenholme, Sr., and Albert Worrell, of Philadelphia; Abel Crook, of Has. Wingert, of Wm. Lee Helgans and Chas. Seddons, of Brooklyn; W. Alex. Bass, Richard Schaeffer and E. Edwards, of New York city; C. E. H. Brelsford, President of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association; Leander B. Campbell, J. and E. Van Dyke, of Long Branch, N. J.; E. Yeomans, Lon Hedden, S. P. T. Wilbur, Al Phillips, John Riggett, Geo. Voehel, J. Pierson, G. McCall, W. B. Gladway and the veteran Henry Abbott, of New Brunswick, N. J.

The day was raw and cold, with a strong wind blowing that gave the birds a decided advantage. The birds for this match had been furnished by Wm. Fieles, of Christiana, Pa., and handled by "Old South Paw" Heritage, they proved a magnificent lot. Fulford labored under a great disadvantage, and was badly handicapped early in the race by the breaking down of his gun. In the previous matches the first barrel frequently misfired, and on the thirty-first round it refused to work. On examination the left hammer was found to be broken, and he was compelled to use a gun that he never before handled. The gun was a Greener that was formerly used by Brewer, and had a trigger pull of less than four pounds. Fulford's old gun, it is claimed, had a trigger pull of ten pounds, so shooting men can readily see the great disadvantage he was laboring under. He shot a plucky up-hill race, and when Brewer missed his eighty-first and eighty-second bird in succession, it looked as though he was going to give back the same dose that he had given Elliot. The fates were against him, however, for he lost his ninety-eighth, and Brewer killing out, a tie was the best he could make it. During the afternoon Fulford received a telegram from J. A. R. Elliott, worded as follows: "Accept congratulations of the Kansas City sportsmen and myself on your remarkable scores, and wish that you may shoot again add new laurels to those already won." Fulford used the same loads throughout all the matches, Brewer changing in this match to Squire's tournament shells loaded by Neaf Apgar, containing 3/4 trs. of Schulze powder, 1/400 No. 7 chilled shot. Score:

John L. Brewer.											
No. of trap.....	2	3	4	3	5	3	4	1	1	5	
Flight.....	R	D	RD	I	R	R	I	RD	I	R	5
Score.....	2	1	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	2	10
No. of trap.....	4	4	3	4	1	2	3	3	3	5	
Flight.....	R	LD	LD	RI	LD	LD	R	D	RI	RD	
Score.....	2	2	2	0	1	1	2	2	1	2	9
No. of trap.....	5	3	5	3	2	4	2	4	4	4	
Flight.....	R	L	RI	R	RI	R	R	R	R	D	
Score.....	1	1	1	2	1	0	1	2	1	2	9
No. of trap.....	2	1	2	2	1	2	3	4	3	4	
Flight.....	LD	L	RD	RI	LD	L	LD	H	L	RI	RD
Score.....	0	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	9
No. of trap.....	3	2	1	4	5	4	4	4	4	2	
Flight.....	R	RI	L	LD	RD	R	L	LD	R	R	
Score.....	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	1	2	10
No. of trap.....	1	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	3	
Flight.....	1	RD	R	RI	RD	TD	D	I	LD	I	
Score.....	1	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	10
No. of trap.....	4	3	4	4	2	4	1	4	4		
Flight.....	R	L	LD	L	R	LD	L	RI	L	TI	
Score.....	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	10
No. of trap.....	2	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	5		
Flight.....	R	R	LI	R	RI	R	LI	R	LI	R	
Score.....	2	1	2	1	1	2	0	1	2	1	9
No. of trap.....	4	2	4	2	2	4	1	5	3	4	
Flight.....	TD	RD	R	R	LD	LI	LI	R	H	R	
Score.....	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	8
No. of trap.....	5	3	4	4	3	2	1	1	3	5	
Flight.....	RI	R	D	LI	L	LD	L	LD	R	D	
Score.....	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	10

E. D. Fulford.											
No. of trap.....	5	1	2	2	3	5	5	3	1		
Flight.....	L	D	RD	LI	LD	I	R	I	L		
Score.....	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1		9
No. of trap.....	4	4	4	2	3	1	2	3	3		
Flight.....	R	RI	R	RD	D	R	L	TI	RD	LD	
Score.....	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	1	10	
No. of trap.....	3	2	3	4	3	5	1	5	2		
Flight.....	LD	LD	RI	LD	R	L	R	I	R	L	
Score.....	2	1	0	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	9
No. of trap.....	5	3	3	4	4	2	5	5	2		
Flight.....	RD	R	LI	L	L	RD	RI	LI	I	LD	
Score.....	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	10
No. of trap.....	4	4	4	2	3	4	4	4	4		
Flight.....	R	RD	RD	LI	RD	R	L	L	LD	RD	
Score.....	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	2	10
No. of trap.....	4	3	5	3	3	1	2	3	5		
Flight.....	LI	R	RI	L	R	RD	R	I	RI	R	
Score.....	1	2	1	1	1	0	1	2	1	1	9
No. of trap.....	3	4	5	4	5	2	3	2	4		
Flight.....	RD	LD	RD	RD	D	LD	D	R	RD	R	
Score.....	1	0	1	0	2	1	2	1	2	1	8
No. of trap.....	1	1	3	2	2	1	2	5			
Flight.....	TD	R	LI	R	R	L	RD	R	LD	RD	
Score.....	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
No. of trap.....	4	3	3	4	2	1	2	1	5		
Flight.....	LD	R	LI	LD	R	TI	RI	TI	RD		
Score.....	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	10
No. of trap.....	2	1	4	1	3	4	1	5	2		
Flight.....	RI	R	LI	L	R	RD	T	LD	R		
Score.....	2	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	9

Called birds 12. No birds 2. Time of match 2h, 21m.
When Fulford scored his last bird there was a scene of wild excitement, and it was some minutes before the tie shoot could be proceeded with, the articles of agreement in case of a tie calling for a shoot at 25 birds. The men immediately got to work and the result was Brewer scored a win as follows:

J. L. Brewer.						E. D. Fulford.					
Trap.....	4	3	2	5	4	Trap.....	1	2	3	4	
Flight.....	RD	D	R	TD	L	Flight.....	RI	RI	L	RI	D
Score.....	1	1	1	1	1-5	Score.....	1	1	1	2	5
Trap.....	4	1	2	2	2	Trap.....	2	1	2	3	4
Flight.....	R	L	LD	RD	RI	Flight.....	R	R	L	RI	RD
Score.....	1	1	1	1	1-5	Score.....	2	1	2	1	5
Trap.....	3	4	4	5	3	Trap.....	4	2	1	1	2
Flight.....	R	L	LI	L	R	Flight.....	RI	LD	L	I	D
Score.....	1	1	1	1	1-5	Score.....	1	1	0	1	2
Trap.....	3	4	3	4	1	Trap.....	1	2	3	4	
Flight.....	L	LD	I	LD	L	Flight.....	RD	RD	LI	RD	R
Score.....	1	1	1	2	1-5	Score.....	1	2	1	1	5
Trap.....	5	5	3	4	5	Trap.....	1	2	5	4	
Flight.....	R	LI	RI	LI	I	Flight.....	LD	RI	L	I	RI
Score.....	2	1	1	1	1-5	Score.....	1	1	1	2	5

Although chilled to the bone Brewer shot the tie as he always does—in great form, using his second barrel but twice.
The record of the three matches is as follows:

Fulford.						Brewer.					
First match.....	100					First match.....	99				
Second match.....	99					Second match.....	98				
Third match.....	94					Third match.....	94				
Tie shoot.....	24-317					Tie shoot.....	25-316				

At the conclusion of the tie Brewer stepped up to his opponent and said: "Mr. Fulford, I have shot against the best men in the world, and you are the toughest man I have met in a match; you have beaten me twice, and I have lost won from you. I don't feel satisfied. You have had everything your way in these matches. Now, I would like to name a race. I will shoot you a match at 250 first-class birds for \$1,000 a side, I to furnish the birds, the match to take place on a recognized club ground. If you beat me I won't kick, but I'll throw up the sponge to you." Mr. Fulford at once accepted the offer and placed \$250 in the hands of Mr. H. C. Squires as a forfeit, Brewer agreeing to do the same. At the suggestion of members of the Fountain Gun Club, the grounds at Woodlawn Park, L. I., were selected, and December 12 decided on as the date. Special trains will be run to the grounds, and should the weather prove pleasant, the largest audience ever seen at a similar contest will be assembled there. TER KAY.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 14.—There were eight interesting prize matches at bluecock breaking decided this afternoon on the range at Claremont by the gunners of the New Jersey Shooting Club. The ninth shoot of a series for a Marlin rifle at 20 targets each, Keystone system, C. W. Vincent took first honors for the second time, scoring 17 breaks. The other scorers were: Geo. S. Virden 10, A. Amsterhout 15, Frederick G. Moore 13, A. Grief 9, W. Nelson 8.

AUBURN DEFEATS LYONS.

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 14.—On Thursday, Nov. 12, the second match between the Spencer Sportsman's Club of Lyons, N. Y., and the Auburn Gun Club was shot at Auburn. The day opened with a drizzling rain, which developed into a good strong one before eight o'clock, but the visiting team appeared on time with twelve men. Sweepstake shooting filled the earlier part of the day until the main race was called, at two o'clock, when the clouds broke away, giving a very pleasant afternoon. The conditions of the race were made by the Lyons team, and were announced on the grounds. The race, as given, was 25 single kingbirds, 5 traps, expert rules, rapid firing system, with the indicator turned for each man. The score was as follows:

Auburn Gun Club.		
Stewart.....	1011101011111111001111	18
Whyte.....	11111011111111111111	23
Vanerioo.....	11111111111111111111	21
Bridgen.....	11011111111111111111	23
Bridgen.....	11011111111111111111	23
Gristen.....	1110111000100001101110	15
Church.....	01111111111111111010100	20
Garrett.....	11111111111111111111	22
Tuttle.....	11111111111111111111	23
Steele.....	10011100111111111111	20
Cornish.....	11111011111111111111	23
Wright.....	11111111111111111111	23
Carr.....	11110111111111111111	24-255

Lyons Gun Club.		
Whitney.....	10111111111111111111	24
Parshall.....	10101111111111111111	22
Musselman.....	1100011011111100111001	17
Killick.....	100010110011011100111111	16
Gavitt.....	101111101111011100111111	20
Knobloch.....	1111100111010010011011101	17
Putnam.....	011011111111111111111111	23
Van Ostrand.....	111111111101000110111119	19
Kniffle.....	001111111111111111111118	18
Forsyth.....	1110101101000111101100	16
Burnett.....	101111111011111111111111	23
Watson.....	1100111111111111110110	21-236

Auburn won by 19 to the good, if any other club in the State wishes to meet with three to twenty men, we shall be glad to hear from them. AUBURN.

CLASSIFICATION.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: For the information of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM we send you the following announcement. After a careful study and much deliberation upon the ever prominent question of classification and division of surplus money, we beg to state that the management of the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association have decided to make three classes, viz.:

Semi-professional class.
Amateur class.
This classification shall be recognized at all future tournaments of the association.
The surplus money will be divided as follows: 55 per cent. added to interest, 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for the best average in expert class; 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in semi-professional class; and 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in amateur class. For further information regarding the rules and regulations for 1892 address manager Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, New London, Conn. H. A. PENROSE, Manager.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Following is the record made by members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club at the regular weekly shoots of the association on its grounds at Riverside Park for the season of 1891:

No. of Shots.	Broke.	Per Cent.	No. of Shots.	Broke.	Per Cent.		
Booth.....	350	305	87 1-7	Wheeler.....	350	258	73 5-7
Kallies.....	350	249	71 1-7	Horton.....	375	304	81 1-3
Gilmore.....	375	242	64 2-5	Williams.....	350	211	60 2-7
Harris.....	150	115	76 2-3	Elliott.....	25	19	76
Knowlton.....	350	307	87 5-7	Smyth.....	25	17	68
Scott.....	50	35	70	Klages.....	50	18	36
Smith.....	375	257	68 4-5	Wilcox.....	125	54	43 1-5
Pfeiffer.....	275	143	51 3-5	Cummings.....	25	11	44
Gates.....	350	249	71 1-7	Lockwood.....	125	64	51 1-5
Dexter.....	50	113	72 2-3	Hennings.....	25	9	36
Mizer.....	150	98	65 1-3	Parker.....	50	24	48

The club prize offered was \$120 to be divided. Each contestant to be entitled to compete for the prize was obliged to shoot at 350 clay pigeons. The prizes were awarded as follows: Knowlton, first, \$20; Booth, second, \$18; Horton, third, \$16; Wheeler, fourth, \$14; Gates, fifth, \$12; Kallies, sixth, \$10; Smith, seventh, \$8; Gilmore, eighth, \$6; Williams, ninth, \$4; tenth prize not won. The diamond badge was won during the season as follows: Booth, 6; Harris, 2; Knowlton, 1; Dexter, 1; Kallies, 5; Horton, 5; Smith, 1; Kallies and Horton tied Oct. 2 and have not yet settled it. Whoever wins on shoot-off will be tied with Booth, and a great struggle for the championship will result. The conditions of the badge contest are that the one winning it the greatest number of times during the season shall hold the badge until next year. The badge is valued at \$200. The semi-annual meeting of the association was held Friday evening, Nov. 13.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 11.—Though the list of contestants in the regular monthly shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club at Dexter Park to-day was a short one, the contest was animated. Seven men entered. The shoot was at 7 live birds each, modified Hurlingham rules. The score: A. Andrews 21, A. Botty 20, E. Helgans 15, H. Brannan 12, A. C. Hunt 9, T. Edgerton 6, M. Bonden 6. Referee—Wm. Mills. Scorer—F. W. Weber.

A good race for the diamond badge of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club was made at Woodlawn Park, Long Island, yesterday. I. Hyde, J. B. Voorhees, D. Monsees and C. E. Morris tied for it with 7 straight. In the shoot-off Hyde killed 6 straight, and won. The second prize was won by W. Schulze, the third divided by V. Nair and M. Monsees, and J. C. DeFrance won the fourth. In the sweeps that followed J. Schlemmer and L. Eppig divided the took the third.

Louis Miller, the proprietor of Dexter Park, Long Island, proposes to give two purses for competition on Thanksgiving Day—one for bluecock shooting and one for live birds. This is in addition to the entrance fee. The competition will be open to any member of a recognized gun club on Long Island.
W. Schulze and J. F. Schmaderke have made another match at 50 live birds each, for \$50 a side, 25yds. rise, Long Island rules, gun below the elbow, use of one barrel only. It will be shot at Woodlawn Park, Long Island, on the day of the next shoot of the Erie Gun Club, of which both are members.

INTER-STATE LEAGUE.—Nov.

NORTHERN DIVISION.—The report of the Northern Division for 1891 is most gratifying, as it shows that the Division has recovered from the mistakes and accidents of the previous year. A very successful Division meet was held; the representatives of the Division took a fair share of the racing honors at the A. C. A. meet; the debt of 1890 has been wiped out, leaving a small balance in hand; and a large number of members have been added. The gain in this latter detail is far greater than the figures show, the new men being gathered from many different parts of the Division, showing a general growth, while those dropped were mainly members who joined from some special considerations, and with no intention of remaining permanently. The Division is now in a very satisfactory condition, and with every promise of a good Division meet in '92 and a large general meet in '93.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.—We wish to acknowledge the assistance which we have this year received from the various officers, the secretary-treasurer in particular, and which has enabled us to publish the very complete reports of the Association and the Divisions.

FIXTURES FOR 1892—MARINE AND FIELD CLUB.—The Marine and Field Club is the first to make arrangements for the season of 1892, having selected June 11 as the date of its fourth annual canoe regatta. Dates from other clubs are now in order.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING, 1891.

THE 11th annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association, the fourth meeting held in Albany, was called to order on Nov. 14 at 10:45 A. M. by Commodore Winne in the parlors of the Delavan House. The members present were as follows: Com. C. V. Winne, Sec'y-Treas. W. B. Wackerhausen, both of whom took office on Oct. 1, and the following Division officers, whose terms began with this meeting: Central Division, Vice-Com. E. L. French, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rear Com. T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y. (by W. H. Huntington, proxy); C. G. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y. Eastern Division, Vice-Com. J. W. Cartwright, Boston; Rear Com. E. C. Knapp, Springfield; Purser R. Appollonio (by Sidney Bishop, proxy); Paul Butler, Lowell; W. U. Lawson, Newton; T. H. Metcalf, Hoke.

Northern Division—Purser W. H. P. Weston, Toronto (by C. E. I. Porteous, proxy). Atlantic Division, Vice-Com. L. W. Seavey, New York; Rear Com. Richard Hobart, Newark, N. J. (by L. B. Palmer, proxy); Purser J. K. Hand, New York; W. S. Elliott, New York; J. R. Lake, New York (by Wm. Whitlock, proxy); C. V. Schuyler, Arlington, N. J.

Four of the new regatta committee, Messrs. Gibson, Oliver, Barney and Quick; Mr. Stephens, the librarian, Messrs. Buddington, Dannel, Lawrence, Vaux, Wilkin and others were present. Out of the 26 members of the executive committee, 16 were present. The minutes of the meeting of Aug. 20 in camp were read and on motion of Mr. Palmer amended to include the names of Miss Fredericks and Mr. Hunt, elected to honorary membership, after which the minutes were approved. The following report of the Sec'y-Treas. was read and on motion of Mr. Butler received after an explanation by Mr. Lawson of some of the items:

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts.
By balance from former treasurer (see Year Book).....\$ 123 90
By purser Eastern Division, full income, less expenses..... 38 70
By purser Atlantic Division, 30 per cent..... 98 70
By purser Central Division, 30 per cent..... 85 80
By purser Northern Division, 30 per cent..... 83 40
By pursers four Divisions for six supplements *Sail and Paddle*..... 48 00
By Year Book, Advertisements (part) and mailage from Divisions..... 49 17
By camp dues at meet..... 235 00
By camp site account, lumber sold, etc..... 224 85
By meal tickets sold at meet..... 1,380 95
By steam launch..... 196 00
By application blanks sold to pursers..... 10 00
By trophy paddling cup fund..... 21 00
By Sidney Bishop, contribution..... 25 00
By signal code subscriptions and books sold..... 53 25

Year Book advertisements due and uncollected.....\$ 4,472 72
Deficit..... 49 17
Total.....\$ 4,021 56

Expenditures.
To lumber account, camp site committee of 1890.....\$ 168 56
To *FOREST AND STREAM*..... 4 00
To *Sail and Paddle*..... 1 00
To 50 J application circulars..... 22 00
To two tents..... 20 00
To signal code books and flags..... 121 00
To 50 membership certificates..... 16 50
To badges at meet..... 40 00
To E. K. Baker, lease camp site for 1891..... 1 00
To cannon for meet..... 33 50
To flags for meet..... 20 05
To four supplements *Sail and Paddle*..... 32 50
To Year Book (in part)..... 675 49
To camp site committee..... 290 47
To transportation committee..... 59 00
To regatta committee..... 59 87
To meal tickets..... 1,082 50
To general office expenses—stationery, stamps, printing, express, etc..... 107 48

To balance camp site account unpaid.....\$ 3,472 72
To balance meal ticket account unpaid..... 139 60
To balance Year Book account unpaid..... 120 44
Total.....\$ 4,021 38

RALPH F. BRAZER, Sec'y-Treas.

Audited and found correct,
F. T. WALSH,
RODNEY E. HEMENWAY.

The following report of the Librarian was read and received:

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

As one of the principal objects of the American Canoe Association, as set forth in Article II. of the constitution, is the collection of "logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, * * * and collections of maps, charts and books," your Librarian, in making this, his second annual report, takes great pleasure in calling the attention of the commodore, the executive committee and the members in general to the high percentage of increase over previous years in the addition to the various departments of the A. C. A. Library. In order to keep this report within reasonable length, your Librarian has deemed it advisable merely to summarize these additions, and at the same time to include the full lists of additions in separate documents, which accompany this report.

The first of these, marked "Exhibit A," contains the complete list of cruises received during the year. It may not be out of place to remark in passing, that every cruise received has been duly acknowledged, and also posted in the official record book of "Cruises, Routes and References." The second list, marked "Exhibit B," contains the additions of books to the A. C. A. Library during the year.

While pointing with pride to the favorable showing, compared with former years, your Librarian confesses to a feeling of disappointment at the absence of contributions from certain quarters where a vast amount of zeal and enthusiasm for the Library was at one time manifested in the shape of criticism and suggestion. The condensed summaries of exhibits A and B are as follows:

Exhibit A.—List of Cruises added to A. C. A. Library, 1891:
Received during current year.....1
Enumerated in 1890 report.....5
Old cruises, not previously enumerated.....2

Total.....8

Exhibit B.—List of Books added to A. C. A. Library, 1891:
Received during current year.....1
On hand at date of last report.....0

Total.....1

Respectfully submitted,

W. P. STEPHENS, Librarian, A. C. A.

Exhibit A.—List of Cruises added to A. C. A. Library, 1891: Wallkill River, Orange and Ulster Counties, N. Y. Smith, N. S. Newburgh, N. Y.

Exhibit B.—List of Books added to A. C. A. Library, 1891: Glazier.—Captain Willard. "Down The Great River."

A motion to dispense with the reading of the reports of the Division pursers, already published, was carried. The following report of the camp site committee was then read:

CAMP SITE COMMITTEE REPORT.

Expenses.
Aug. 10, To postage stamps.....\$12 00
To telegram..... 30
To freight..... 45
To labor..... 5 50
11, To camp stools..... 3 20
To alphabet for letter box..... 10
To express..... 65
15, To labor..... 30 00
18, To flag poles..... 179 84
To lumber..... 22 25
To plumber for pump..... 10 15
To plumber for labor..... 10 79
To drugs, disinfectants..... 40
19, To blank receipts..... 11 57
20, To flannel for cannon..... 20 57
22, To carrying..... 2 00
To carrying mail..... 8 70
26, To hardware..... 79 93
To labor..... 27 00
To plumber for pump, etc..... 6 25
To tables..... 7 82
To lumber..... 56 88
To labor..... 1 10
To hardware..... 41 44
To lumber..... 23 63
28, To freight per Chateaugay..... 19 34
To J. H. Otis, sundries..... 46 00
To Geo. W. Avery, labor..... 41 50
To Geo. W. Avery, board and expenses..... 13 75
Sept. 9, To stationery..... 2 25
To ice at headquarters..... 1 84
To ropes and hardware..... 1 00
To express on organ..... 1 00
To freight, headquarters supplies..... 1 95
July 20, To Nautical Publishing Co., circulars..... 4 00
21, To John C. Rankin Co., circulars..... 38 50

Total.....\$760 47

Receipts.
Received from sales of lumber, skids, etc.....\$224 85

Expenses Regatta Committee, 1891.

Printing.....\$13 60
Rope..... 6 82
Cloth for buoys..... 6 00
Express charges..... 6 30
Numbers and pins..... 18 00
Telegram and tacks..... 45
Four flags..... 6 00
Steam launch..... 18 00

Less cash contributed by Knickerbocker, Yonkers and Hartford C. C. for purchase of flags.....\$15 00
Total.....\$59 87

Approved, CHARLES DANA PALMER,
Chairman Regatta Com., A. C. A., 1891.

A discussion of the question of making a complete inventory of all property, such as camp floors, etc., now stored at Willsborough Point, and also of the ownership of the camp floors followed; after that the report of the regatta committee, Messrs. Hand and Schuyler as an auditing committee for the report. The report of the special committee on lady honorary membership, Messrs. Wilkin, Palmer and Stephens, was then read and accepted. The report, which will be published in full, recommended that the word honorary be changed to associate, and that a regular system of proposal and election be adopted, with certain regulations to govern the ladies' camp. Mr. Lawson suggested that the lady associate in place of associate. As an amendment to the constitution, which must be published for two weeks before being voted upon, will be necessary to carry into effect these changes, the report was merely read and received, and the proposals will be voted on later. The report included a full list of all lady members from the organization of the A. C. A. in the order of election.

The following report of the regatta committee was then read and received. That portion of the report relating to proposed changes was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 29:

REGATTA COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The duty of preparing and publishing an order of races not later than June 1 was duly attended to by the regatta committee through the efforts of Mr. A. G. Gare, of Lowell. Later Dr. Gare resigned from the committee, and Charles D. Palmer, of Lowell, was appointed to fill his place. Mr. Palmer received early in August the official notification of his appointment as chairman of the regatta committee for the meet of the American Canoe Association at Willsborough Point, N. Y., vice J. A. Gare, resigned.

The committee held their first meeting at headquarters, at Willsborough Point, Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 9 o'clock A. M. There were present the chairman and Mr. L. B. Palmer, of Newark, N. J. The vacancy caused by the absence of the third member, Mr. W. G. MacKendrick, of Toronto, Ont., was filled by the election of Mr. J. Wilkin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. After officiating in two of the events of Saturday, Aug. 15, Mr. L. B. Palmer resigned. His place was filled by Mr. J. S. MacKendrick, of Galt, Ont., who officiated thereafter throughout the meet.

Three sailing courses were laid out by the committee, namely: An outer triangular course north of Willsborough Point, an inner triangular course in Willsborough Bay, opposite headquarters, and an inner L course, opposite headquarters.

The paddling courses were laid out in Willsborough Bay with finish line opposite headquarters.

Events 1, 5, 6, 8 and 10 were sailed over the outside course. All the other regular events and the race for the Jabbawock Cup were held on the inner courses.

The official summary of these events, signed by R. H. MacMillan, clerk of the course, also the original entry forms with this report, also the list of protests.

By unanimous vote of the regatta committee, in event 3, G. P. Douglas was disqualified for using paddle; in event 8 Paul Butler and H. M. Scott were disqualified for fouling buoy; in event 10 W. L. Martin was disqualified for not following the rules of measurement of cockpit, as prescribed in Rule 1 of Racing Regulations.

Three protests were entered during the meet. The protest of G. P. Douglas vs. C. E. Archibald in event 2, Aug. 17, was disallowed by a majority of the committee. While contact was admitted by both parties it was impossible to decide where the blame should rest, as the interference was so slight that it was not seen by any member of the committee, one of whom was following in a steamer, the second patrolling the course, and the third stationed on the stakeboat at the finish line.

The protest of Paul Butler vs. Palmer, event 8, was not acted upon as the chairman found it impossible to convene the committee, owing to an executive meeting at headquarters. The third protest was withdrawn.

As the American Canoe Association is the head and front of canoeing in this country its record of performance should be in every way "standard." That this may be assured it is recommended that the courses—especially the paddling—be accurately surveyed and the surveying attested.

In concluding this report I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Commodore for his support in my various duties and for his many courtesies. I must also return many thanks to Mr. Thomas G. Buddington for the use of his steam launch, and to my associates on the committee for their cordial cooperation.

Respectfully submitted,
CHAS. DANA PALMER,
Chairman Regatta Committee,
A. C. A. Meet, Willsborough Point, 1891.

LOWELL, Mass., Oct. 20.

The next matter taken up was that of an inventory, and after discussion it was moved by Mr. Lawson and seconded by Vice-Com. Seavey that a schedule of the assets of each committee be published in the Year Book, which was carried. In connection with the matter the librarian expressed his willingness to accept the custody of such small articles as the official flags, regatta committee blanks, records and appliances, etc., which can be

better stored in one place than shipped about from year to year. Mr. Wilkin spoke at considerable length to the effect that the Association should own no property at all, but should hire everything needed from year to year. A motion by Mr. Porteous, seconded by Vice-Com. French, to add the term "custodian" after the word "librarian" in the constitution, was finally withdrawn, as no change could be made without publication. The librarian asked for instruction as to the insurance of the records in his care, but no action was taken. The new regatta committee now presented a report recommending several of the changes contained in the report of the outgoing committee, which was, after discussion, laid on the table. A letter from Mr. Sidney Bishop, enclosing \$25 and regretting his inability to be present at the meet was read, also a letter from Mr. Hook in behalf of the Lake Champlain Y. C. presenting the Cannon cup. On motion of Mr. Lawson, amended by Mr. Whitlock, it was resolved that the secretary-treasurer should draft a letter of thanks in answer to each letter. The meeting now adjourned from 1:15 to 2:30.

After the adjournment Mr. Porteous offered an amendment to the constitution, Art. V., Sec. 1, to add the words "and custodian" after "librarian" in the second sentence, and to add an amendment approved by the committee. The reports of the old and new regatta committees were then taken up, and the clauses of the former were acted on in connection with the similar portions of the latter report. The amendment prohibiting the use of the ruder was lost, only Mr. Porteous, representing the wishes of some of the paddlers of the Northern Division, voting for it. The proposed amendment to Rule XII, section 1, prohibiting fanning with the sails and sculling with the rudder, and making a time limit for sailing races, were carried. The amendment to Rule XXII, allowing amendments to be made to the racing rules at any time by a mail vote, was carried. The proposed omission of the latter part of Rule XVI, was rejected.

The amendments to Rules X. and VI., relating to the starting and paddling and sailing races, were discussed and rejected. The amendment to Rule VII., relating to the original propositions, made by him, the following: To add to Rule VI. the words, "The start and finish in all races shall be by the bow." The amendment was seconded, but Mr. Palmer raised the objection that the last amendment was different from that published, and so could not be voted upon. The objection was sustained by the chair, but on motion of Purser Hand, seconded by Mr. Archibald, the amendment was carried. A vote was taken which resulted in favor of the amendment for a standing vote was made with the same result. Mr. Palmer offered the following resolution: "It is the sense of the meeting that changes shall only be made as published." The amendment was lost, after which a vote was taken on Mr. Lawson's amendment, which was adopted.

The minor amendments to Rules V. and XIII., three in all, were carried as published. The amendment relating to the weight of paddling canoes was fully discussed, the general opinion being in favor of its removal, and the clause was dropped, leaving the paddling class without limit in regard to weight.

As it was then late in the afternoon the revision of Rule I. proposed was not considered, but three proposals indorsed by the new committee were taken up and carried. They were: To change the word "General purpose" to "General purpose" make all centerboards in this class house within the canoe not project below the keel nor above the adjoining portions of the deck and coaming when housed, and to strike out entirely the limit of drop of centerboard.

Purser Hand then presented a letter from Mr. Geo. P. Douglas, appealing from the decision of the regatta committee in the case of the protest made by him against C. E. Archibald. A suggestion was then made by Mr. Gibson that the committee and by-laws be carefully engrossed in a book with spaces for amendments. Mr. Lawson stated that the constitution and by-laws as printed in the Year Book for 1891 were correct with the exception of one slight error, and on his motion the book was accepted as the present standard. A motion that the commodore should appoint a committee of three to engross them in a book which should contain all future amendments was carried. A motion by Mr. Whitlock to reconsider the motion relative to the limit of drop of the centerboard was seconded by Mr. Butler, but laid on the table during the absence of the regatta committee from the room. The appeal of Mr. Douglas was then taken from the table, letters and evidence relating to the foul being considered. Purser Hand moved, seconded by Vice-Com. French, that the appeal be referred to a subcommittee, which was agreed to. A motion was then made by Mr. Archibald to lay it on the table as no notice had been given to Mr. Archibald, consequently he had no opportunity to offer a defense. The matter was laid on the table.

Mr. Huntington, chairman of the new site committee, reported that he had visited the old camp site on Grindstone Island but two days before, and that the Delanys were willing to make any satisfactory arrangement for a suitable launch could readily be arranged. Mr. Whitlock, seconded by Mr. Schuyler, moved that the next meet be held at Willsborough Point. Mr. Porteous, seconded by Vice-Com. French, moved to amend by substituting Grindstone Island for Willsborough Point. A long discussion followed, Mr. Lawson and Com. Winne stating that most promising arrangements were under way for reaching camp, the D. & H. R. R. offering to build a platform and stop trains immediately opposite the camp, while the Lake Champlain Transportation Co. had promised to make two trips each way per day between the camp, Port Kent and Burlington, carrying camp equipment and charging one fare for round trips to members; also carrying baggage from Ticonderoga. A vote on the amendment was first taken and lost, the original motion being then voted on and carried. A motion was then made that the certificate recently issued to the protest members should be withdrawn and a new publication of the name made, as his name had been incorrectly printed in the notice of publication, which was carried.

A meeting of the officers of the Atlantic Division was held during the day, as a result of which the announcement was made that the division would loan the sum of \$200 to the general treasury on demand. The Central Division also offered to advance the same amount of the sum of \$200 for 1892, as the officers considered that they could not legally have the money for a division for a period beyond their term of office. Both of these offers were accepted. The following lady honorary members were elected: Miss Edith Farley, Miss Minnie Scott, Mrs. H. G. Winsor, Mrs. Theo. G. Palmer, Mrs. J. R. Bornann, Miss Agnes Scott, Mrs. J. G. Edwards, Miss Panny Archibald, Miss Ellen Douglas, Mrs. J. N. MacKendrick. After some discussion the date of the annual meet was fixed for August 4 to 25 inclusive. The question of two or three weeks duration was argued at length, the best being opinions on each side, but the final vote was for three weeks. Mr. Lawson moved that the races should commence on Saturday, August 13, or the following Monday, at the option of the regatta committee, which was carried. The resignation of Purser-elect C. D. Mead, of the Central Division, was read and accepted, and Mr. C. B. Singer, of Boston, was elected to fill his place. On motion of Vice-Com. French, Mr. C. B. Singer, of Pittsburgh, was nominated to fill Mr. Belman's place on the regatta committee. A discussion showed clearly that at no time during the year had the division membership been large enough to entitle it to a third member of the committee, but Mr. Singer was finally elected.

Mr. Whitlock's motion relating to the limit of drop of centerboard was taken from the table and carried, after which it was moved by Mr. Whitlock, seconded by Mr. Schuyler, that the portion of the amendment relating to the drop of the centerboard, be rescinded, which was also carried. Mr. Lawson gave notice of an amendment to Art. VI., Sec. 1, to allow one member at large on the executive committee for each 100 members on the rolls.

Mr. Palmer read a letter of resignation from Rear Com.-elect Hobson, which was accepted. Purser Hand nominated Mr. Palmer to fill the vacancy, which was accepted. In seconding the nomination moved that the polls be closed, Mr. Palmer was elected Rear Commodore of the Atlantic Division.

The following resolution was then offered and warmly advocated by several. "Resolved, That it be the sense of this meeting that the official organs be prohibited from publishing in the reports of the meet any meeting, anything which shall reflect discredit upon this Association." As the motion was not made in writing and was amended by several of its friends before being put to vote, we can only give the general wording. The discussion which resulted brought out some very plain remarks against the motion from one of the older members, after which a vote was taken and the motion was lost.

Mr. Lawson proposed a scheme of life membership which he advocated as likely to bring a desirable class of members, but though the matter was discussed no action was taken. The meeting finally adjourned at about 6 p. m.

The executive committee and visiting canoeists were invited by the Mohican C. C. to a dinner in the evening, and at 7:30 a party of sixty assembled in the large dining hall of the hotel. A table was laid nearly the whole length of the room, with seats for Com. Winne and other officers at the center, and the further end of the room a canoe filled with flowers and palms made a very good orchestra, while the tables were beautifully decorated with flowers. Starting off with the gay and lively strains of Offenbach's ever youthful and delightful "Grande Duchesse," the music continued all the evening, now and then dropping into some popular song, the words being at once taken up by the whole assembly,

There were present a number of old officers, among the ex-commodore being Nickerson, '84; Oliver, '85; Wilkin, '87; Gibson, '88, and Lawson, '90; also ex-Secretaries Neide, Mix and Dunnell.

No speeches were made, but when all rose from the table at 10 P.M. they gathered at the head of the room, around the piano, and with the aid of Vice-Com. Cartwright, Messrs. Nickerson, Moffatt and others held a very jolly service of song, the party breaking up at a comparatively early hour. Taken altogether, the dinner and evening's meeting was one of the pleasantest and best conducted that the Association has ever enjoyed. Next day the visitors, as the guests of Com. Winne and the Mohican C. C., made a trip down the river in a steam launch to the club house, paying a very pleasant visit to the home of Mr. and Miss Stata, a stone house some 250 years old, where a number of curious relics were inspected through the courtesy of the hospitable owners. On the return to Albany the party lunched with Com. Winne, most of them after leaving for their homes. During the meeting of Saturday the regatta committee held a meeting and discussed a programme for next season, which will include some new features and is likely to be specially good.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. *Steam Yachts and Launches.* By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$5. *Yachts, Boats and Canoes.* By J. Standa-Hicks. Price \$3.50. *Steam Machinery.* By Donaldson. Price \$1.50.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—In his telegram, quoted elsewhere, Mr. Hearst puts very pointedly a question that has been in the minds of yachtsmen for the past three months: "If everybody is ready, why the devil can't the race come off?" An answer to this conundrum is now in order.

YACHT RACING IN 1891.

IV.—THE 46FT. AND 40FT. CLASSES.

ON July 16 the racing was resumed in Eastern waters, but the Gloria was at Newport, and was at the yard for general repairs. Alborak was undergoing alterations, and only Beatrix, Barbara, Oweene and Gossoon started. Oweene beat Beatrix very handsomely, and Barbara, in this her first race, was beaten by Gossoon. Alborak sailed with the racers, though not timed, making but a poor showing. The special regatta of the Eastern Y. C. followed on July 23, Sayonara and Alborak being ready by the time, and making up a fleet of six starters. Sayonara parried her bobstay and was soon out of the race. Beatrix was first, with Oweene second. Next day was sailed the special race of the Corinthian Y. C., all but Alborak starting. Beatrix again beat Oweene, with Sayonara third.

The Cherry Diamond Y. C., a new organization constituting the yachting department of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, came into the field, and sailed a handsome gold cup for the 46ft. class, to be won three times, and the first race was set in connection with the regatta of the club on July 25. Minola, Nautilus and Jessica started, but unfortunately the regatta committee of the club had neglected all arrangements and failed to appear on the day of the race, leaving the entire management to the Commodore. As a consequence, when Minola, with a good crew, reached the start, she found that the race was no mark-hat to be turned. The judges' tug came up in time for Nautilus and Jessica to round, but Minola very properly declined to continue, and entered a protest on the ground that the mark-boat was absent when she reached the place where it should have been. Jessica and Nautilus continued and sailed a very pretty race, in which the Fife boat won, but the club finally decided to declare the race off, and the contest was abandoned. In addition to a leg for the cup and a prize of \$5 for the winner of each race, there was a sweepstake of \$30 each on this first race.

Yachtsmen had looked forward to the New York Y. C. cruise to see the entire 46ft. fleet brought together, but they were destined to disappointment, as at no time more than six yachts started; in fact, through the season only one race of the class has had as many as seven starters. The reason for this was, of course, that there was no form for racing; Beatrix and Barbara were late in getting around the Cape, and only joined the fleet at Newport, and even then Beatrix, not being owned by a club member, could not start in the races of the cruise. Gloria did not accompany the fleet, merely sailing in two races at Newport; Uvira and Jessica started but twice; so that most of the racing was done by Oweene, Sayonara, Nautilus and Alborak. In the first race, Oweene won on the first and second runs, but came to grief in the Goele cup race, losing her topsail halliard and pulling her stem apart near the bobstay plate, throwing her out of the race.

The meeting between Gloria and the rest of the class in this race was expected to settle some disputed points, but it was finally announced that Beatrix would not be allowed to start, not being enrolled in the fleet. While this was a matter of general disappointment, it could not be avoided by the regatta committee, the rules being quite clear on the subject, and the fault, if any, lying with her owners, who had neglected to apply for membership in due season. Some misunderstanding resulted, as this decision shut out Beatrix for several other races; but the matter was finally explained satisfactorily, though to the disappointment of yachtsmen.

Only four of the class started for the Goele cup—Gloria, Oweene, Barbara and Sayonara, with the 70ft. Gracie. Gloria had an undoubted advantage from the fact that she had been idle since June; being sailed about Newport, but missing the hard work on the crews and the strain of hulls and gear that the others had met with on the cruise. From the start she led easily, never being threatened by any of her opponents. She was sailing well when she came to grief, first through the scarp of her stem drawing at the bobstay plate, making a bad leak, and later through the drawing of the wire splice of her topsail halliard, compelling her to withdraw after some eight miles of the windward work, the first leg, was completed. Barbara did very well all day, losing some time through the drawing of the splice in her bobstay, but finally finishing in second place. Oweene was ahead of Sayonara. In the 12½-mile heat, in a light but steady breeze, Gloria beat Gracie nearly 8m. On the 18-mile run down wind Barbara picked up 2m. on Gloria.

The third run of the cruise, to Vineyard Haven, a very fluky race, was won by Minola, with Nautilus second. The special race at Vineyard Haven, however, was a very fine one, with a strong breeze and a good deal of sea. In this race only Minola, Sayonara and Oweene started for the club prize, but a special sweepstake was arranged, as in 1889, in which Beatrix was included. Just as in 1889 the outside boats, Puppoo and Alice won, so this year Beatrix scored an easy victory, beating Sayonara by about 9m. Minola being third and Oweene last. This gave the club prize to Sayonara and the sweepstakes to Beatrix. The two remaining runs of the cruise were unimportant, but not without incident; on the run to New Bedford both Minola and Oweene took the ground, but got off safely after some risk and difficulty. Beatrix sailed with the fleet and was timed as second boat, Gossoon, sailing in the 46ft. class for the want of a competitor, being first. As Beatrix was not in the class and competed for no prize, her place in this race is not counted in our table. Sayonara won the final run of the cruise, and the honor of Gloria had not accompanied the fleet to the Vineyard, and after a week of rather ignominious ease she was ready for the special race on Aug. 13. Captain Watson, of Sayonara, was one of the first of the Eastern yachtsmen to proclaim the invincibility of Gloria after seeing her in the early regattas, and when they met hereafter he gave up all chance of outlasting her, and contented himself with looking for lucky flukes. This day he found one, thanks to a local shift of wind which is not uncommon between Newport and Block Island, and came within but 28s. of beating the Herreshoff flyer. Uvira started in this race and turned up in third place, beating both Minola and Jessica.

This ended the racing of the New York cruise, the honors of which must be divided between Oweene and Sayonara, as though beaten at times by Gloria, but never by her. The cruise through from Glen Cove to Vineyard Haven and back to Newport. Minola too made the whole cruise, though not scoring so well as the others.

Closely following the breaking up of the cruise came the great race of the season, the Corinthian Y. C. sweepstakes, over the regular 25 mile triangle off Brenton's Reef. For two years the race has been in the 46ft. class, being won by Minola, but this year it was, as a matter of course, changed to the 40ft. class, the entries being ten in all. Gloria, Minola, Uvira, Sayonara, Nautilus, Beatrix, Jessica, Oweene, Barbara and Alborak. Of these Alborak, Nautilus and Uvira did not start. Gloria won, as usual, but Oweene was only a minute astern of her, while Beatrix from whom so much had been expected, was a poor third, Minola was fourth, Barbara fifth, Sayonara sixth and

Jessica seventh. Next day was re-sailed the race of the Cherry Diamond Y. C., only Minola and Jessica starting, the two at the same time deciding a private match which had been long pending. Minola won very easily, the wind being light. This race was open only to the original starters, but the following day a second leg was sailed open to the whole class. As Gloria would not start, Beatrix also declined, and Jessica and Minola had it out alone, Jessica turning the tables and beating Minola very fairly by 3m., the wind being much stronger than on the previous day.

The fleet now turned its attention from Newport to Marblehead, where the Corinthian Y. C. was preparing for its regular mid-summer series, this time three races on successive days, with a prize of \$100 to the winner of each race and a \$300 cup to the winner of the greatest number. Although the Eastern boats had shown no hesitation in coming to New York, Sayonara coming on twice, while Oweene made the entire cruise and Beatrix and Barbara were at Newport, the New York yachts did not show a similar spirit in the matter of going to the other end of the bay, nor Jessica had a sufficient chance of winning to justify the long trip, but with Gloria the case was different, and the feeling was quite general, in the East at least, that she should have sailed out the season. Admitting freely her superiority to the whole fleet, including Beatrix, it is at the same time a fact that she won her first races when in much better condition than any of her rivals, and in the three last races she was in much better condition, making no pretensions at cruising but kept in the best possible shape at home. While Oweene, Sayonara, Minola and the rest were racing day after day with the same crews, their owners living on board. Under the circumstances, and considering too the general desire to see a conclusive trial between her and Beatrix, it would have been no more than an every-day exertion for her to have sailed out the season, and to have accomplished, through the absence of Gloria, the concluding races were robbed of much of their interest, while the results are of far less value than they might have been. Though many believe as we do that Gloria can win the great majority of races from Beatrix, there are many others of the contrary opinion, and as the two represent the highest achievements up to this time in the keel and centerboard class, it is most important that the issue between them should be definitely settled.

As it was, but five of the fleet took part in the three races, Sayonara having gone on the cruise of the Eastern Y. C. with Gossoon. All had been put in shape after the New York cruise. Oweene and Beatrix in particular needing the shipwright's care. Alborak had been undergoing alterations ever since her first trial, in the effort to improve her steering and speed in general. The first race was won by Barbara, the second by Beatrix, Minola and Barbara losing bobstays and withdrawing, and the third by Beatrix again, with Alborak second. In the second race Beatrix was protested by Oweene for making two starts, crossing the line twice, but the protest was not sustained. This same race was, for some unknown reason, counted as a leg for the Cherry Diamond cup.

The races of the Eastern Y. C. cruise have been mentioned in connection with the other classes. Sayonara, sailing against Cinderella, won one race and was second in two others, taking second prize. The final race of the class, the fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C., was a very fluky and inconclusive one, Beatrix winning, with Oweene second. Alborak and Barbara were left entirely, by a fluke of the wind, early in the race, and finally withdrew. On the 23rd of September was sailed the regatta of Oweene and Alborak, being won by Oweene, which closed the season. Neither the New York nor Seawanhaka clubs attempted a fall regatta, as yachtsmen evidently were not anxious to sail any longer, and the regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was a failure, none of the 46ft. class being present.

The racing in the 40ft. class, was of the most meagre description, the entire record not showing more than one race. Soon has been practically in the 46ft. class, Minola has been tied up all the season, and Liris was fitted out for cruising, with no intention of racing. Ventura's new owner started in to race her, but the attempt was a failure. Liris was started several times to make up a class, in the first instance because Jessica had no competitor. In the New York regatta Gorilla was entered in cruising, but she was not sailed, and the committee, after she had agreed to start her at the request of the committee. Next morning when Liris came to the line Gorilla was invisible, so the former sailed alone. Ventura started in the same race, but declined to sail with the cruising trim class, and went up with the 46ft. class. The sequel was a sad one, as Liris, starting at the same time, led Ventura all day and finished far ahead, the latter again being left sailing alone. In the 40ft. class, the only race timed. In the strong wind and sea Liris, in cruising trim, sailed a very good race with the 46-footers, they being in a hot race while she was merely sailing alone, with working canvas. Liris also sailed over in the Seawanhaka Corinthian regatta, her class failing to fill on the morning of the race. In the Corinthian regatta she was classed by corrected length, bringing her again to the starting line, and she sailed a very good race, being first. In the strong wind and sea Liris, in cruising trim, sailed a very good race with the 46-footers, they being in a hot race while she was merely sailing alone, with working canvas. Liris also sailed over in the Seawanhaka Corinthian regatta, her class failing to fill on the morning of the race. In the Corinthian regatta she was classed by corrected length, bringing her again to the starting line, and she sailed a very good race, being first. 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SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The regular November meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Nov. 10, with Com. Hill in the chair. An amendment to the constitution raising the dues of life members from \$250 to \$500 was adopted. Several changes in the racing rules were recommended by the race committee, the object being to allow more liberty to the committee in laying down the conditions of the various races, so as to secure the largest possible entry. Resolutions of confidence from the club to Mrs. Edward Burgess and also to Mrs. Alfred Roosevelt were read. The committee on the new club house at Oyster Bay made a report of the progress of the work. Bonds to the amount of \$50,000 were readily disposed of among the members. A tract of over eighty acres has been purchased and laid out in villa plots, several of which have been sold to members who will build on them immediately. A large plot has been reserved for the club, on which a four-story club house, 119 by 53, is already partly erected. Two docks have been built on the club property, and arrangements have been made for a landing at the railroad wharf at Oyster Bay. There is ample depth off the club anchorage, and the largest yachts will be able to obtain fresh water, while a store at Oyster Bay will supply the best provisions at current New York prices. The club courses are located on the Sound just off the mouth of Oyster Bay, with courses inside for the smaller yachts. During the winter the club will hold exhibitions of identical design, by the members. The Oyster Bay Y. C. will shortly be consolidated with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

HAMILTON Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. was held Nov. 7. Com. Sanford occupied the chair. The reports of the officers were most satisfactory. Secretary Ambrose reported that the year had been a most prosperous one. During the season 29 races had been sailed, 84 yachts competing. On April 1 the club had 145 members; since that date 439 new members had been elected, making a total membership of 584. The financial statement showed the receipts were \$13,302.47 and the disbursements \$10,885.88, leaving a balance on hand of \$2,416.59. The following officers were elected: Hon. W. E. Sanford, Com.; J. F. Monck, Vice-Com.; W. G. Townsend, Rear-Com.; E. H. Ambrose, Capt.; F. R. Wadden, Sec'y-Treas.; J. B. Young, Meas.; G. R. Judd, Asst. Meas.; H. S. Griffin, M.D., Fleet Surgeon. Committee of Management: S. O. Greening, John Stewart, G. E. Hamilton, Thos. W. Lester, Q.C., Geo. Vallance and W. J. Grant.

NOTUS, sloop, formerly Mabel T. Swift, has been sold by Com. W. H. Rowe to J. B. Kraft, of Jersey City. Under her late name and ownership the yacht has made a very good reputation this season.

A NEW FISHERMAN.—Mr. Waterhouse is at work on an 80ft. l.w.l. fishing schooner, to be built by Story, of Essex.

LAKE Y. R. A.—We are obliged to defer until next week a report of the annual meeting of Nov. 14 at Oswego.

A FAST RUN IN A CAPE CAT.—On Oct. 16 at 2:15 P. M. the 20ft. Cape cat Kiowa left Swampscott, near Marblehead, for Monument Beach, on Buzzard's Bay, to lay. The sea was very heavy in Boston Bay, as a N.E. gale had prevailed for four days, the wind at the start being fresh N. W. The run around the Cape was made with a strong breeze N.W. to N., and at 11 A. M. on Oct. 17 Woods Hole was reached, a distance of 120 nautical miles in 20 1/2 hours. In Buzzard's Bay the wind fell light, but Monument Beach was reached at 3:15 P. M., making about 133 nautical miles in 25 hours. Kiowa is 24ft. 2in. over all, 19ft. 11in. l.w.l., 9ft. 10in. beam, and 2ft. 2in. draft, a modern Cape catboat built 3 years since by Duun.

NEW FIVE YACHTS.—Mr. Norman B. Dick, of the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto, has ordered from Mr. Will Fife, Jr., the designs and entire frame for a racing cutter in Yama's class, about 36ft. l.w.l., 40ft. corrected length. The frame will be set up at Fairlie and taken apart for shipment to Toronto, where the yacht will be planked and otherwise completed. Mr. F. M. Gray, also of the R. C. Y. C., has ordered the frame of a yacht for the 30ft. c. l. class, to be completed in Toronto.

C. L. SEABURY & CO.—This firm has met with remarkable success since its establishment, and is rapidly taking a foremost position among yacht builders. Its specialties are launches, engines and boilers, the large shops at Nyack, fitted with the latest machinery, offering every facility for the execution of the highest grade of work in all branches.

NEW WORK.—Lawleys are busy with the moulds for the Gardner schooner, and have also two 70ft. steam launches of their own design under way. The first will probably build a steam yacht 110ft. long. The Herreshoffs have nearly finished a steam yacht 80ft. over all, 63ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam, 5ft. draft. The interior arrangements are specially good.

AMERICAN MODEL Y. C.—A misprint occurred in the report of the American Model Y. C. last week, the sign 4 being omitted. The formula is the well-known Seawanhaka rule, L+VSA

KATHLEEN, cutter, has been sold by Mr. Wm. Whitlock to Schuyler Merritt, of Stamford, Conn.

SPERANZA, schr., has been sold by G. H. Ketcham, of Toledo, to O. D. Wilkinson, of Philadelphia.

GANNET, cat-yawl, has been sold to A. D. Emmons, of Providence.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

MR. RICHARD CARLETON will please send address that papers ordered may be sent to him.

L. M. I., West Troy.—We have a white woodchuck. It is pure white with pink eyes. Did you ever hear of one, and what do you think he is worth? He is very tame now. I have him about three months. Ans. A case of albinism, which occurs now and then in all animal species, including mankind. It is worth whatever you can persuade any one to pay for it.

S. S., South Duxbury, Mass.—Will some one describe the black bass and the white perch for me, and not use too many Latin terms so I could tell the difference? Does the white perch ever grow to 2 1/2 and 3lbs. weight, and does a small bass have the same shape as the larger one? How many years after stocking a pond with bass before there would be good fishing? Hope some one will tell me all about white perch fishing, and what flies are the most taking; I can't seem to please their fancy. I have tried them in all kinds of weather and can get no run out of them; they all seem to "pass by on the other side." I think there are bass in the same pond, hence these inquiries. Ans. Along the side of the fish you will notice a series of scales in which short tubes are developed. The perch has about 80 and the black bass about 68 of these. In the fin behind the vent the three spines are long and stout in the perch, short and slender in the bass. The spines of the back fin of the perch are nearly twice as large as in the bass. Young black bass resemble the adult in shape, but have a broad dark band on the side, and the tail fin pale or yellowish at the base and tip and dusky in the middle portion. In your locality, if suitable food be at hand for the bass, they should furnish good fishing in three or four years after stocking, unless you introduce large fish and hasten the result. For white perch fishing use any of the gaudy trout flies, as red-bis, white and bis, professor and grizzly-king on Sprout hooks, Nos. 8 to 10. There should be no difficulty, however, in catching these fish with earth worms, shrimp and minnows. It may be that the waters fished are too well stocked with minnows—a common complaint in Massachusetts ponds. We should be glad to hear from you on this subject.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1858, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 19.
[No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Remit by express money-order, registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. For sale by Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Davies & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, and Brentano's, 430 Strand, London, Eng. Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France, sole Paris agent for sales and subscriptions. Foreign subscription price, \$5 per year; \$2.50 for six months.

Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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NOVEMBER VOICES.

WITH flowers and leaves, the bird songs have faded out, and the hum and chirp of insect life, the low and bleat of herds and flocks afield and the busy sounds of husbandry have grown infrequent.

There are lapses of such silence that the ear aches for some audible signal of life; and then to appease it there comes with the rising breeze the solemn murmur of the pines like the song of the sea on distant shores; the sibilant whisper of the dead herbage, the clatter of dry pods and the fitful stir of fallen leaves, like a scurry of ghostly feet fleeing in affright at the sound of their own passage.

The breeze puffs itself into a fury of wind and the writhing branches shriek and moan and clash as if the lances of phantom armies were crossed in wild *mélée*.

The woods are full of unlippled voices speaking one with another in pleading, in anger, in soft tones of endearment; and one hears his name called so distinctly, that he answers and calls again, but no answer is vouchsafed him, only moans and shrieks and mocking laughter, till one has enough of wild voices and longs for a relapse of silence.

More softly it is broken when through the still air comes the cheery note of the chickadee and the little trumpet of his comrade the nuthatch, and far away the muffled beat of the grouse's drum, or from a distance the mellow baying of a hound and its answering echoes, swelling and dying on hilltop or glen, or mingling in melodious confusion.

From skyward comes the clangor of clarions, wild and musical, proclaiming the march of gray cohorts of geese advancing southward through the hills and dales of cloudland.

There come too, the quick whistling beat of wild

ducks' pinions, the cry of a belated plover and the creaking voice of a snipe.

Then the bawling of a plowman in a far-off field, and further away the rumble and shriek of a railroad train brings the listening ear to earth again and its plodding, busy life.

POINTS ABOUT FISHWAYS

1. There are numberless streams capable of furnishing valuable supplies of food fish, but now barren.

2. It is foolishness to stock such streams with anadromous fishes, if by reason of insurmountable obstructions the fish cannot return from the sea to their spawning beds.

3. Individuals and corporations have no right to maintain dams which thus ruin the food fish supply or prevent its restoration.

4. Fishways, properly constructed, will remedy the evil by providing a passage for the fish over the dams.

5. Fishways will not injure the dams, nor detract from the efficiency of the water supply.

6. Though certain costly fishways, like that at Holyoke, Mass., are failures, it does not follow that all are worthless.

7. On the contrary, there are fishways which have proved effective, and are now admirably serving the purpose for which they were designed.

8. It is not unreasonable to compel the owners of obstructive dams to provide fishways for the benefit of the public, whose rights have been infringed in this respect chiefly because of ignorance.

9. Efficient fishways are not of necessity expensive. Compared with the capital employed by the manufacturers who maintain the dams, and with the volume of business done by them, the cost and maintenance of a suitable fishway are insignificant.

10. When these principles shall be more clearly understood, there will be such an opening of dams and restocking of now barren streams that the prices of fresh-water fish will be lower than they are to-day.

11. This is not all there is to say about fishways. It is a live subject; and we mean to keep it before the people.

A PHASE OF IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION is a great thing. The big bullfrog in the swamp does not bellow *jug o' rum, jug o' rum*, though a ready imagination may help the hearer so to understand him. A shooting trip or fishing excursion does not involve a bout with a *jug o' rum*, though the fermented imagination of newspaper reporters often so construes it. This might be amusing if it were not disgusting. Indeed it is an affront to the ever-growing fraternity of sportsmen and a gross injustice because it misrepresents them before the public. These bottle-guzzling yarns of shooting and fishing parties are confined to the columns of the lower-grade papers of the lay press; they are not to be found in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM, which aims intelligently, truthfully and sympathetically to represent and speak for sportsmen.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Tolleston Club, of Chicago, is just now engaged in a curious suit to protect the shooting on its marsh this fall. It appears that the Indiana Natural Gas and Oil Company obtained permission to lay a pipe line across the club's marsh, under an agreement that from September to Dec. 15, during the ducking season, the company would only make repairs upon pipes already laid. Under this agreement, having completed the laying of the line, the company has now insisted upon its right to change all the connections at the pipe-joints, a work which would necessitate taking up the entire line and relaying it again. As this would effectually keep the ducks away, the club asked the court to interfere, claiming that the substitution of joint caps was not "repairs" within the meaning of the contract. The court, however, has decided against the club.

When one is recording personal experience or observation or opinion, it is always better to use the pronoun I than the term "the writer," or "ye scribe," or "yours truly," or "your humble servant." Just plain everyday I is best.

The November number of their *Register*, sent to us by the Messrs. Lumleys, a London firm of land agents, con-

tains descriptions of about 270 Scottish deer forests, grouse moors, lowland shootings and fishings, which are for rent; and we have been prompted by curiosity to reckon up the rental value of these properties as here listed. The rents, for the season, run from \$250 to \$35,000, and the total is something over \$670,000. While there are mansions and castles with romantic scenery and other attractions, the shooting and fishing resources of the several estates are put forward as the factors which give the greatest value; and it is evidently upon the strength of these that the agents lease their properties. This gives some indication of the substantial place the sports of gun and rod hold in Great Britain.

The fact that Mr. N. G. Herreshoff has received an order for a racer for one of the most active classes in British waters will be hailed with pleasure by yachtsmen. The new boat will be a 2½-rater, about 25ft. l.w.l., for the Clyde, whereshe will meet some of the cracks of the class, including a number of Fife and Watson boats. She will be of the loaded fin type, like Dilemma. The competition of an American yacht in British waters will be quite a novelty after the many visits of British vessels to this side, and suggests the propriety of a similar experiment on a larger scale. It would be no more than a return of courtesies if one of our New York or Boston yachtsmen were to build a Herreshoff cutter for the 20 or 40-rating class and pay a visit to England next summer.

Presidential proclamation may set apart a day for Thanksgiving, but is powerless to make him thankful in whose soul thankfulness has no place. We bid our friends be merry at the Christmas time, and happy in the New Year; why should we not bespeak for them gratitude at Thanksgiving? Here, at least, is the wish that every reader, "to whom these presents may come" before his going afield on Thanksgiving Thursday, may return at nightfall with game pockets well laden and memory stored with the pleasures of his outing, for abundant thanksgiving through the year until the feast day shall come around again.

An Englishman dwelling on the mosquito-plagued Riviera has discovered a new use for carp. The water supply of the famous Mediterranean resort is scanty, and it is the custom there to store water in tanks and reservoirs for use as needed. These reservoirs of fresh water furnish homes for the mosquito larva. The carp are fond of the larva, and by introducing a brigade of the fish the Englishman has effectually stamped out the mosquito pest from his dominions. (Florida papers please copy.)

The first record match for the Winans Trophy Amateur Revolver Championship was held in this city last Saturday, and as recorded in our shooting columns was a most successful affair. To the Trophy have been added by Messrs. Smith & Wesson a selected model of their revolver to the winner, if his arm shall have been of their make, and by the FOREST AND STREAM three cash prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20 to the second, third and fourth record makers.

Some weeks ago among these "Snap Shots" we noted briefly that a futurespecial number would be devoted to boyhood reminiscences. In response to that suggestion we have received from several contributors a store of charming relations of those youthful experiences that in later life men find it pleasant to look back upon. These we have put aside and hold in store for Christmas week.

Prof. R. L. Garner, whose success in learning the language of monkeys was noted by us some months ago, has been extending his studies further in that line, and now reports in the *New Review* that he plans to visit the interior of Africa, equipped with phonographs and other appliances, to interview and study the troglodytes in their native wilds.

The year will be well remembered by many gunners as one of disappointment because the long-continued and widespread drought has ruined the game grounds, and resorts which usually furnish a supply of birds have this season been barren.

We require copies of the index of Vol. II., also of III., V., VI. and VII. Ten cents each will be paid for them, if sent to us in good condition.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A QUAIL SHOOT IN HAPPY VALLEY.

BY GEORGE KENNEDY.

WHEN it was over, and, indeed, while it was in progress, I determined to tell the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* all about it. Not that the results were so extraordinary as to challenge attention, but it was a typical quail shoot in "Old Missouri," and many an Eastern man may like to know just what that implies.

In the first place, it implies a certain letter saying to me, "Come Friday night and bring me something for my cough, and don't forget Miss Fancy," which last is a little spotted pointer descended from the Guelphs. Friday evening Fancy and I and the cough medicine and a quail gun and a lot of E. C. shells got off the train at the home of the writer of the letter, whose cough entitles him to be spoken of in these pages as the Invalid. The next morning we drove six miles to a farmhouse on the edge of the woods at the top of the hill bounding Happy Valley on the north, where we put up the horse, and where the Invalid coughed and was given something to quiet him.

With our pockets full of shells and fried chickens and cigars and things we strode down into the valley and into a cornfield, wherein was a patch of ragweed, and wherein Fancy cautiously but firmly proceeded until taken with an attack of ice cream, *i. e.*, frozen sweetness. Then the Invalid and I tramped in ahead of her, and whirr! whirr! away they went; that is, all but two, for I caught one in my match box, and the Invalid killed another with a whiff of cough medicine. Now, we intended to follow up that covey, but when we started after it Fancy speedily drew up on and pointed a brand new one of about thirty souls, and apparently four wings to the soul. We fired three barrels at them and a whiff of the Invalid's breath and never got a feather. They pitched down in the edge of the corn, and after counting noses they sat down and leaned back against the stalks and went to laughing at certain peculiarities of my appearance that I cannot be held responsible for and that are never mentioned even by my own family when I am near. Even while Fancy crouched down to her point I heard a white bellied infidel ortyx or a white-bellied orfidel syntax—I disremember his name, as we say in Missouri—say something about some one being so cross-eyed he had to walk cross-legged. And just then he saw me and started off with his ribald crew through the interlaced cornstalks. I kept my gaze riveted on a wart on a dead tree off to one side, and after that, whenever any of his survivors saw me looking at a knot on a log they broke straight for the knot, which probably accounts for the awful time I had finding a quail, hereinafter mentioned, and which accounts for the further fact that this is the only quail shoot I ever told about or heard anybody else tell about where I didn't take out twenty-seven shells and bring in twenty-six birds, the shells counted by a justice of the peace and the birds by a notary public. And in this connection I would say that while we had two hundred and ten shells with us, it has been thought best to say nothing about the birds we missed, but simply to say that in such and such a flock were certain individual members with a permit from the mayor to shoot up a dark alley, which they shot.

The second and choked barrel of my gun was fired at the flock as they flashed into view across the corn-row out in the open, and after picking up the remains of the insulting remark above mentioned, Fancy went out there and picked up one of those personages who make it possible to slander innocent young men by listening to the slanderer; and close beside him lay a second cousin of his wife's, a victim to evil associations. The rest of them went down in a little gully and organized into a parliamentary body, and began making speeches about the unsportsmanlike way I had of shooting—aiming at Dan and killing Beersheba, so to speak; and just as Fancy stiffened out, a couple of them tried to get the floor at the same time, and, with a blood-curdling glance at Alpha, I pulled my gun around in the other direction and knocked Omaha across on the bluffs. The Invalid made a neat double on Alpha and another one with his gun, and missed the chairman with his cough medicine, but hit the dog, who fell in her tracks. She recovered by the time our guns were reloaded, and almost immediately the committee on ways and means started to find a way out of the gully (and right here let me remark that this was the first committee of like name I have ever known to trouble itself about anything but the means). The one I shot at to the right went around the bend with his hand pressed against the seat of his pants in an attitude indicative of pain, and a few minutes later Fancy casually picked him up in the edge of the corn. The one to the left pitched headlong into the blackness of death, the kind of a shot that is sportsmanlike and humane, and the only kind the Invalid need ever make if he would only put away his gun and use that .45-caliber cough-medicine breath of his exclusively.

And this brings me to the truly humiliating episode above alluded to. While the Invalid was polishing off one of the few remaining ribalds, the very last one we saw started off down the gully, and at the crack of my gun a veritable cloud of feathers remained in view, and upon taking Fancy to the spot she disdainfully sniffed at the feathers and was for hurrying off toward the cornfield we came from. After repeated commands to her to fetch that dead bird, and repeated refusals, I hereby state with sorrow that my superior human intelligence led me to the conclusion that here was a case of palpable canine insurrection calling for extreme measures, and I whipped my brave little pointer with an air of virtuous righteousness that now makes me feel so contemptible that I would not tell it, save in the hope it will be a lesson to the owner of some other good dog. For, when we proceeded a hundred yards down the gully Fancy suddenly appeared at the top of the bank, having jumped up on a log, and for a brief instant she stood there outlined against the sky, looking perhaps for me, but I rather imagined at me, with the dead quail in her mouth.

The Invalid said, "If I owned that dog I would die happy and so would she, for I would never whip her again if we both lived a hundred years."

Do you know, fellow son of a gun, that the nicest part of a quail shoot in Happy Valley is the humorous attitude of your dog? Talk about the presiding elder at a

camp meeting! Why, he's nowhere. You might think he was full of business until you saw Fancy or another of her ilk. These dogs of ours do certainly teach men a lesson in the absolute enthusiasm with which they do their work. They are so dead in earnest that you can't help looking at them and laughing; and the next moment you suddenly cease to smile, for there comes a sense of your human inferiority in this respect. I believe that only a few men in every large community possess the quality of intensity that all our dogs display. They are only careful when in the immediate presence of its necessity; and at other times they throw themselves bodily and spiritually at the duty in hand.

Once the dog drew across a piece of stubble to a bushy fence, jumped on the fence with her tiptoes and landed on the ground on her very belly, pointing in her tracks.

Another time I was on top of a gully and some scattered birds flew to the Invalid, who was below me, one of which he shot. Fancy went down there, and in a moment I heard a cry, "Here! What do you mean stealing my bird? Give it to me, sir." And then up in the open hurried Miss Fancy, and as she came trotting along with the bird, which she proudly thought she had secured for the Kennedy family, she quickly slowed up to a walk, a step more and she stopped in a dreamy, forgetful manner, and then she was pointing with the dead bird of the Invalid in her mouth. I swear it is the sight of a man's life! In a second, and by the time I had called the Invalid to see it, her lower jaw seemed to drop slightly, because of her having passed quickly from the consciousness of the stolen bird to the wrapt and absorbing influence of the live one in the briars, and the dead bird fell unheeded to the ground.

It was evening, and we found we had shot sixty-five quail, and we were well content to go home.

BASS FISHING IN THE GUADALUPE.

THE great Sanatorium of the Continent is southwest Texas. Forty miles from the historic and unique city of San Antonio with its Alamo, and Missions, and Mexican plaza, are the Guadalupe Mountains, through which flows the river of that name gurgling, leaping and frolicking like a rivulet, until it settles down into a calm, majestic river of the plains and placidly pours its waters into the Gulf.

These mountains, as they are called, although they are really only hills, are 1,600ft. above the ocean, and the temperature in summer is from twelve to fifteen degrees lower than in San Antonio. The air is dry and absolutely pure, without a suspicion of malaria. There is a tradition in the neighborhood that a nomadic physician once settled in Waring, a station on the Arkansas Pass Railroad, which runs through the mountains, and built him an office, but after six months without a patient he left in disgust. As a resort for persons afflicted with throat or lung disease it is unequalled. Deer, turkeys, quail and squirrel can be found everywhere. The valleys are very fertile and produce large crops of corn, cotton, oats and wheat, while the mountains afford fine grazing, and are covered with live oak, pecan, and post oak trees. Water pure and sweet is abundant.

We caught our minnows near the ranch house in Syster Creek, a tributary of the Guadalupe River, and after a five-mile ride reached the mouth of Cypress Creek, where we proposed to fish. It was an ideal spot for the fisherman, and we hurriedly jointed our rods, and adjusted reels and lines for the sport.

The side of the river on which we stood was level, with thick weeds and undergrowth on the banks, except in one place where an open, gravelly beach sloped to a clear pool, at the foot of which the water dashed over a cascade as beautiful and romantic as the falls of Minnehaha. On the opposite side of the river rose a wall of rock several hundred feet high with miniature caves and pinnacles jutting from the face, and evergreens holding a precarious footing in the clefts and rifts. It was a wild scene, seldom visited by man; one of those nooks yet left, where the crash and roar of civilization cannot be heard.

What interested us for the time, however, far more than the scenery, was the sight of bass, some of them quite large, floating lazily in the pool, and utterly indifferent to our presence. It was evident that they had not seen enough of our predatory race to be apprehensive of danger. My friend, Mr. J. M. George of San Antonio made the first cast, and immediately hooked a large-mouthed black bass weighing a pound or perhaps a quarter more, which he landed without ceremony.

General Russ of San Antonio, an experienced and energetic sportsman, had instinctively sought the place where the little waterfall promised a congenial home for bass, and in a few moments had caught quite a string, but none of large size.

Your correspondent, after catching a few small fish, wandered up the stream and soon found deep water in a long pool with lilies and other aquatic plants dotting the surface. My tried and reliable split bamboo rod had been left in Missouri, for I had not expected to use it on the trip, and I had borrowed a showy jointed cane from Gen. Russ, which was fair to look upon, but as deceitful and uncertain as some other objects of alluring appearance well known to all of us in our youth. After making one or two casts with a large chub for bait, the objective point being an eddy below a rock, the exact spot was reached, and with the rush of a great bass he was hooked and fighting for life.

I have caught many large fish and game ones, but never did I feel one that proved himself of royal blood more distinctly than this Monarch of the Guadalupe. With nerves strung and blood tingling I watched every point in the fight and was confident of victory, but in trying to prevent the fish from reaching some roots and brush I was forced to give him the butt of the rod, when the treacherous joint next to the tip snapped, and the prize escaped. It is useless to dwell upon the disgusting memory, or to spend time conjecturing what the fish weighed. He is gone, thanks to that gaudy cheat of a rod, and if I have any wish to express on the subject now, it is that I could hook and play for a few moments the fellow who made the rod.

We had brought with us from the ranch the necessary cooking utensils, and our colored driver, Ike, than whom a better outdoor cook, or more worthy man does not live, soon had ready a dinner of fried fish fresh from ice-cold water, with bread, butter and strong coffee, which "would have put an appetite in the jaws of death."

My rod was past mending, but after dinner I wandered

again up the river, and near some water lilies hooked a three-pounder which I landed after a hard fight with one joint of the rod gone. Altogether we caught thirty bass, and as the last rays of the sun kissed the tree tops in the valley, started for the ranch.

There is nothing startling or picturesque in our day's experience, but I cannot resist contributing the simple, uneventful story. Every true fisherman will appreciate my motive.

I have no quarrel with those who enjoy deep sea fishing or the slaughter of the Lakes with the tug and strain of the line, and the soggy weight of the victim; *de gustibus non est disputandum*, but for myself, I would not exchange one day on the banks of a clear, cool river with an occasional strike, for all the deep sea fishing since the whale swallowed Jonah.

G. G. VEST.

WASHINGTON.

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL RUN.—I.

FEELING the need of a tonic last spring, instead of buying a bottle of quinine and iron or Virginia bitters, I packed my comb and brush and hied me away westward. Chartering a part of a Northern Pacific train from Chicago, and viewing as much of northern Wisconsin and the States to the westward as possible from the car window; calling at St. Paul, sliding across the vast flat of Dakota, gazing upon the farmer as he plowed the sultry globe and obliterated the tenantless buffalo wallow, winding among the buttes and bad lands of Montana, renewing our acquaintance with the ever lovable Rockies, enjoying fleeting visions of peak, cataract and cañon, pausing a brief moment at Spokane Falls, rising from her ashes in beauty and solidity; slipping along down through eastern Washington to the crossing of the famed Columbia at Pasco ("keep your eye on Pasco"), where the fond hopes and disappeared dollars of so many enthusiastic and confiding tenderfeet lie buried in the sand; on through as desolate a section of the State as the engineers could discover, so as not to waste any grazing or agricultural land; passing through Yakima; and following the beautiful bending of the same named river; getting our first view of majestic Rainier and Adams, throwing a great big hush over most everything in the Northwest as they gazed in cold contemplation from the vasty solitudes where there are no summer hotels nor invalid matutinal coffee; on through the Sierras via Stampede Pass, down the Green, up the Stuck; and so in due time, and just on time, we rolled into phenomenal Seattle; Seattle that, rising from her misfortunes and desolation by the aid of all the insurance money and everything she was able to beg or borrow from the East, now "sits upon her seven (or seventeen) hills, and from her throne of beauty rules the world" (*vide* any Seattle paper). Her streets are all up and down. I got so tired using traces and breeching that I had to go away. But there are blocks of magnificent buildings there, that would adorn any city on earth (or in the planets, as far as I am aware), and filled with stocks of goods adequate for a city of half a million people, and doing business, when I was there, on a basis of twenty thousand. Since the great fire Seattle has just "stirred her stumps," or at least a few of them, though there are some left yet, a matter of, say, a couple of thousand per acre, in the resident portion. They have blasted out most of them on the business streets. She has steamship lines running to the ends of the earth, and cable and electric cars ditto to the ends of the city. The view from any one of the elevations of the city, of harbor shipping, sound, and snow-clad Olympic Mountains, is calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

I jumped aboard the Oregon and traveled down the Sound. I disembarked at Fairhaven, and wandered round and round, and heard the real estate boomers, and saw the devastation they had wrought among the timber in order that they might sell lots to tenderfeet. It was a sad spectacle. I think they call this the "Pivotal City," Seattle is the "City of Destiny," Tacoma the "Focal City," and so on. Fairhaven is all hill and hollow, as usual, and has lots for sale away out on the mountains, where the wolves howl, the tigers roar and the bears picnic the year round. She has a monster hotel, while the city is in its swaddling clothes, but kicking vigorously to get out. Electric lights and water works, of course. "Keep your eye on Fairhaven."

Whatcom is two or three miles north. It was lately married to Seshome, a little hamlet between the other two. Whatcom is considerably larger than Fairhaven. It cuts me to the heart to say it, but I must. The topography of Whatcom would seem to suggest a better location for a large town than that of the other place. It grieves me to say this also, for I would further harmony, but not at the expense of veracity.

But one of the things I started out to say is this: Flowing from Lake Whatcom, about three miles from the city, is Whatcom Creek, and what would a creek be doing away out there if it had no trout in it? I would try it, and I did. It was too early for fly-fishing. I took a piece of beef and cut an alder pole. I had a line and hook fortunately among my impedimenta, and I went up the creek as far as I could well go without ruining all my clothes, for the traveling was exhaustive. I fished a while with beef, and then put on a fly, which I found concealed on my person, and thrashed around with that a while without encouragement. In my rambling I spied a cabin in the middle of a twenty-acre swamp, and I cornered it. The swamp was cleared and dotted with pools of water. I approached. No cheerful wreath of smoke curled from the chimney, no fowls cackled a welcome, no honest watch dog bayed a protest. An axe stuck in a log. Near the door was an assortment of household goods promiscuous, and quite a collection of soiled garments for washing. Silence and a foreboding of trouble brooded over the scene. I knocked. No reply, no movement. I repeated. There was a slight rustling inside, and presently, slowly, steps approached, the door opened, and there stood a woman holding her infant on one arm, motionless, its head lying on her shoulder. She trembled as she stood with one hand against the door post to steady herself, and apologized for her appearance and delay in responding to my knock; and I felt like a culprit as I apologized in turn. She wearily passed her hand over her forehead, saying she was quite weak from an attack of fever, that the baby was suffering also, and another child on the bed was ill, but some better than yesterday. There were household articles in that one room sufficient to furnish two or three. Her husband had gone to town for some needed articles. They had come from Nebraska, where, she said with a regretful

smile, they had a good home, to try their fortunes in this Eldorado, and her husband had rented this water-logged piece of ground to try trucking in want of something better. When the rainy season was past the ground would be drier. It would have to dry by evaporation; I saw no way to drain it. It was a pitiful sight and most gloomy outlook. The mate to my alder pole leaned against the cabin. I asked if her husband fished, she said no, that some of the boys had left the pole and some worms there the day before on their way home. With her permission I took a few wrigglers; and wishing her a hearty godspeed in her return to health, I left, feeling in very truth there was "no place like (that) home." On the way to town I caught my first black-spotted trout. It was this experience I wanted, and having caught ten of fair size, I wound up my line and fishing and sauntered to the hotel. The stream was quite large, swift, clear as possible and evidently fished considerably. I was told that the fishing in Lake Whatcom was very good, though I did not try it.

Before I finally left Fairhaven I boarded the little steamer Dispatch (which belied her name most ridiculously) one lovely morning, and in company with other explorers sailed the seas over to East Sound, a long, narrow arm that nearly splits in twain the island of Orcas, one of a dozen forming the county of San Juan, and lying in the northern end of Puget Sound. These islands are noted for lovely climate and fruit production, and the scenery en route is as charming as any one could desire, as the boat rounds promontories and islands, threads tortuous straits where the tide runs like a river, or skims broad bays, touching here and there to deliver goods or passengers at little hamlets or at ranches, so lonesome that life, it would seem to me, would be a burden after a decade or two. The deer are so numerous on Orcas that all gardens and orchards must be fenced with palings for protection, at least that is the tradition among the elders. The fences are built anyway. There are no bears nor panthers. California quail have been introduced. While I am on the subject of clams, I will say that they grow so large there that one good, robust, full-grown clam will afford a meal for a family, if they eat him. That's another tradition there, quite prevalent. I was puzzled to know whether to try to swallow the tradition or the clam. The stories they tell of the fecundity of fruit trees and small fruits are quite difficult to digest. One man had a quarter of an acre in blackberries from which he sold 2,400lbs. at a net price of 9 cents a pound, and when the price fell to 7 cents he thought it wouldn't pay to pick; so he called in his neighbors and gave them *carte blanche*, and after all had a pull there were bushels left to rot. Another picked 550 boxes of apples (three pecks to the box) from one acre of trees, of which 500 were prime, that sold for \$1.10 a box at the wharf. Vines and trees right there to prove it. Another one had—but I don't know as such stories have a proper place in a sportsman's journal, unless they were making game of me, in which case there is a fitness in things. Fruit trees certainly bear at a very tender age and with a prolificacy that is marvelous. I have seen orchards of apple trees whose trunks were not over six inches in diameter, with limbs misshapen and in chronic droop, like willows, from overbearing. That favored land is the chosen home of the prune, and wondrous are the tales told thereof. The trip to the islands was a sweet boon, a jewel that will scintillate in memory's casket, as the sweet girl graduate says.

On my way up the Sound (south) from Fairhaven, I stopped at Anacortes, another "city of" something or other, and saw halibut in plenty, which had been caught from the dock. One of 40 odd pounds was being carried off as the boat landed, and one of 85 had been caught in the forenoon. I spent an hour or two at low tide on the rocks east of town, finding sea-urchins, anemones, shells, starfish and other interesting marine growth. I saw starfish in a greater variety of colors than ever before, and one rayfish (for want of a better name) was a gorgeous bouquet. It was of the starfish order, but jelly-like instead of hard, and with eighteen rays or arms, two feet from tip to tip, and in color purple, crimson, blue, red, pink, and a combination, it seemed to me, of all when not clearly defined. Anacortes is a city of 1,500, may be, and has an electric railway eleven miles in length from one end of Fidalgo Island to the other. That's the way they do things out there. It has a good location, where one does not have to climb or hold back all the time.

Traveling to Tacoma on the City of Seattle, I fell in with a traveler who had been to Shelton, a little burg, and county seat of Mason county, northwest of Olympia, and had had some fair trout fishing. He gave me the name of a gentleman there who could put me in the way of sport; so, after looking Tacoma over to my satisfaction (she has selected a big hill to sit on, too), I purchased an all lancewood rod, a cheapish affair, and second, a deck chair on the little steamer Clara Brown for Shelton, and we sailed away down one of the numerous arms of the Sound, due at our destination at about five o'clock. Passed Steilacoom, the oldest town in the State, without stopping, and at three tied up at the Olympian dock just at dead low tide, and gracefully sat upon the mud until 9 p. m., when we rose again and paddled away to Shelton, which we reached at 11 amid Cimmerian darkness at the end of the long wharf, but the little town of a few hundred people was lighted with electricity. Oh, yes, to be sure. No town so poor as to be without that. With much patient knocking I roused the landlord of the Dipman House and sank to rest. Next day I made the acquaintance of Mr. M. F. Knight, to whom I had been directed, who very kindly gave me needed information and dug some worms, which I proceeded at once to put to good use, as there was no opportunity to use a fly in the brushy creek there. Flies were of no use, as I ascertained afterward, in the upper creek where I fished, but near the mouth, I was told, a fly was effective.

I was there a week, five days of which rain fell, either part or all day, but that is not unusual. Frequently it rains eight days in the week in Washington. The normal condition of weather is rain. If it don't rain about so much people feel badly. Ordinarily when a man says he is "under the weather," he means that his health is below the average, but out there when people are under a great deal of weather they feel the best. However, I managed to have a trip or two up the creek that I enjoyed fully, catching a string or two of spotted trout, getting wet, tearing my clothes, slipping off logs into the nice cold water, watching the Douglas squirrel and jays. (If I have tacked on the wrong name

to the brassy little rodent, will some one rise and correct.) The little fellows amused me frequently. Once when I had crawled out on a log jam to fish a pool, a lively little fellow ran from the bank on to a log directly toward me. When within 3ft. or so I moved my hand. He stopped, cocked up and endeavored to study out the situation for a minute. Then he resumed his feet and inch by inch slid toward me. I made a motion as if to seize him, but instead of turning tail he darted directly under the log I was leaning on, lying across the one he was on. I remained motionless, and presently he popped his head out just below mine and within 2ft. of it, and attempted to size up things again. There being no motion he cautiously crept sideways back on his log, keeping his eyes on me, until he had put 6ft. or so between us, and then the way he scattered was funny enough, but he stopped on the bank long enough to stir up a flea. The jays there are larger than at the East and of solid indigo blue, if I was not color blind. I stirred up a grouse occasionally, the booming variety, and was satisfied not to do the same by a stray bear or panther, though I did want to stay a little longer and go out with a party after bear, when I could carry a gun instead of a rod. Large game is by no means uncommon in those parts. While I was there a ranchman brought in a "lion" skin of 9ft., the unfortunate wearer of which, together with three bears, had been killed three or four miles from town the day previous, and it was only a moderate bear day.

One day during a let up of the rain, Mr. Knight and I walked three miles out to Lake Isabel, a pretty sheet of water where trout fishing was usually good. We found boats and tried worms, flies, pork and spoons, but two or three chubs and a couple of 11in. trout caught by Mr. K. were all our catch. There were some ducks on the lake and three large flocks of geese circled afar overhead, in turn honking loudly. The walk out and back through the forest, viewing the magnificent trees, even though we were caught in the rain, was very enjoyable. The gigantic trunks of that country have often been written about, and I was prepared to see monsters, but though perhaps I did not get into the thick of the business, I saw enough to enthuse me. The lumbering interest makes Shelton, there being two railways reaching out into the back country and timber camps, bringing down several train loads of huge logs a day and dumping them into the boom in the bay. One log was brought down 105ft. long, 100ft. to the first limb, measuring 45x47in. at the small (?) end. While pottering around the edge of town one misty day, I stepped up on to a log (climbed up), walked thirty-five steps, good long steps, for my underpinning is quite lengthy, and where the limbs began to impede navigation the diameter was within a fraction of 3ft. On our trip to Lake Isabel I counted in a space about 30yds. square, 13 monsters, from 2 to 5ft. in diameter some distance from the ground, 150 to 200ft. high, with a half-dozen smaller trees in the same space, and 99 out of 100 of these trees are straight as an arrow. At Whatcom I saw a man engaged in the hopeless task of grubbing out the remains of a hoary old stump somewhere from 3 to 15ft. across, which a big dose of dynamite had split a little. He had dug two days on it and had got two roots as big as his body partly uncovered and hacked a little bit and was resting that day. There were probably eight or ten more roots aching to be tackled. Another man told me he had spent twenty-five dollars in time and money getting out one stump. I believed him, and my credulity is not abnormally elastic. Timber out there to be good, has to cut at least 25,000,000ft. to the acre. O. O. S.

IN MAINE WOODS.—I.

WARRENSBURG, Mo.—July.—For many weeks I have been without sight of FOREST AND STREAM. There is a file of them waiting for me in Boston, and some time—perhaps in camp in the Maine woods next fall—I promise myself the delight of reading them. During the winter and part of the spring copies were forwarded to me while I was journeying down through the Atlantic and Gulf States, and often in Texas I received and read them, but finally in Mexico and New Mexico they failed me, and just at the point when I could least afford to go without them, for I was reading with deepest interest the series of papers by Miss Fanny Hardy on the game laws in Maine.

Nothing could exceed my delight in her previous papers, "In the Region Round Nicasotwis." I could not well overstate my enjoyment of them. The Maine woods have been for many a year my "stamping ground," my vacation refuge, my medicine and my delight. I know them at first hand. I am a "charter member." Much has been written about them. Thoreau and Lowell have put them into abiding literature in their own way, and newspaper and magazine writers of all grades have described trips to them, but all were aliens and strangers, casual visitors and curious strangers at best. But in Miss Hardy the Maine woods for the first time find their voice, their real interpreter, their own familiar friend.

Riding over the flowery acres of middle Texas or sitting on the beach at Galveston I read those chapters, and in very truth seemed transported to the heart of the dark spruce forests, the caribou bogs, and to the shores of the crystal lakes of Maine. I could see the shadows come and go on Katahdin. I could hear the loon's lone cry on Sebosis Lake, or paddle in hand, feel the spring of the canoe beneath me as we shot down "quick water" on Jo Mary stream. To be sure she wrote of "Gasobeis," and I thought of "West Branch waters," but it was the Maine woods in their very essence and inner spirit and I rejoiced. How I chuckled when she told about trying to go around a certain place, "getting loganed" and having to turn back. Getting loganed! I was sure there was no man in Texas but myself who knew what that meant. If there were such a man, and an exile for any length of time from the North, and his eyes caught those chapters of Miss Hardy's, I will answer for it his eyes grew moist now and then with exquisite memories as he read. Who but a Maine woodsman knows anything of a "tote road," or a "wongan box," or a "spunkhungan?" Time and again I exclaimed, "The Maine woods have found their poet at last!" Miss Hardy writes with complete and adequate knowledge of her subject, with entirely adequate power of expression. It is a rare enough combination as we all know, and I found my delight in her work increased by the thought that it was a woman who had done this. Year after year, with mind and heart attuned to them, she has, with her father—a lovely companionship—camped in the woods and traversed the lakes and

thoroughfares of Maine, not as an outsider, but as one there by a birthright as good as they own, and the best culture of school and college has but given her that power of expression which has enabled so many others to share her enjoyment. For my share in it I want now and emphatically to thank her and FOREST AND STREAM.

Then came the papers on the game laws in Maine, with their astonishing revelations of the strange interpretations of those laws at Bangor and elsewhere, and their truthful setting forth of the whole matter. And here again there can be no doubt of the adequacy of Miss Hardy's preparation for her work. I know too much of the field and the subject not to perceive that. But my papers ceased to reach me just after I read the one on Piscataquis county. That paper did me a great deal of good, for it told a truth which needed to be told, and which, till that paper appeared, I felt ought to be said, and I feared Miss Hardy might not altogether know. My fear was groundless, and she freely admits that in Piscataquis county better things should be said in behalf of the people who have come from outside the State to hunt and fish. What papers have followed and what rejoinders have been made or discussions held I do not know, but Piscataquis county having been a particular haunt of mine—I think I have made some sixteen trips to it—and knowing much that would corroborate Miss Hardy's testimony in that respect, I have wanted to add my word before the whole matter passed out of the minds of those now most interested in the subject.

I have before now said something in FOREST AND STREAM of the change in me from boyhood's zest and fierce passion for killing, to the desire to preserve alive every living thing not harmful and not needed for legitimate use. This change began long ago, and I can truly say that not since one of my very first trips to Maine have I passed the bounds of my present conscience in this matter.

Once, thoughtlessly, and for no purpose but the desire to try a new small-caliber rifle on a living target, I aimed at a red squirrel which innocently and confidently perched on a limb within 20ft. of me. My bullet tore away his fore shoulder, and as his quivering body clung for a moment suspended from the limb, the trembling flesh, the dripping blood, and above all, the reproachful, pitiful eye of the little creature in its death agony, thrilled me with a misery which to this day makes me wretched when I think of it. It was in the depth of the forest, his home, into which I had come, and without necessity or excuse had wantonly destroyed the life which I could not restore. Not since that time have I done such a thing, nor have I seen it done without shame and pain, and amazing enough it now seems that I could ever have done it. Yet I have hunted many a day since then and killed my share of game. My share is smaller than I used to think it need be. It is just what I can make real and legitimate use of and no more.

In Texas I first came into the land of the forked-tailed fly-catcher. Three specimens I shot and skinned for mounting for "my den" at home and to serve as beautiful souvenirs of my Southern stay. Long I hunted for the chapparral cock, the "road runner," for a similar purpose, but, though I was in his region and knew he was all about me, I never saw him but twice. Once he was briefly seen from the window of my car—making good his name as he sped along a country road. Once at Albuquerque, New Mexico, I saw him—but he was in a cage.

Many and many a time, in the last named Territory, did the beautiful plumed quail run before me—always in pairs, for it was their mating season, and though often urged, I would not shoot. The law of the land and the higher law protected them.

But to return to Maine, and to Piscataquis county in particular. I am bound to say that in this region I think the violations of the law have been fully as much the fault of the natives as of those from outside the State.

I know the people well. I know them in their homes and families—their corn-huskings and merry-makings as well as their lumber camps and in the forest. Many of them are my personal friends. In many a long and confidential talk around the camp-fire or on the trail or in their homes, I have learned the truth of the history of the game question in Piscataquis county, and how it is regarded by the people of the county.

The same wasteful and illegal slaughter which has prevailed in other parts of the State has prevailed in Piscataquis county, and does so still, but those competent to judge and candid in judgment will agree with me, that by far the greater part of the illegal killing has been done by natives of the county and State, and not by persons from outside of the State. Offenders from the outside I doubt not there are. It is an actual fact that I have known of very few. The greater part of the destruction is due to crust-hunting, though I have known of many and many a case of summer shooting and much dogging of deer by the same men. It is all foolish and short-sighted to the last degree, but the truth is that despite State laws and preachments of every sort the ethics of this matter are judged on a distinctly different basis from other questions. A man who would not steal from his neighbor will unhesitatingly violate the game law if he thinks he can escape the attentions of the warden. This is, of course, not true of all who hunt, but it is, I verily believe, true of the great majority. It is done in numberless instances, and is going on summer and winter. It is even done by men who are by no means devoid of principle, who are in most respects good citizens and whom one can respect and like.

While I entirely reprobate it, I can yet understand and in a sense sympathize with the way in which some of these people look at the game question. There is another class of whom I will soon speak—reprobates with whom I have no sympathy whatever, to whom the worst of the killing is due. But the men of whom I have spoken are in a rude way loyal to a code of their own which is not without merit. They usually waste nothing. They kill for food and use and needed profit. They often dog their deer into the water, but their defense of the method has its undeniably strong points, legal considerations aside, on the score of humanity as well as its (to them) certainty and convenience.

But of the other class—representatives of which, unfortunately, are to be found in every township—what shall I say? They are the "poor whites" of the State—the conscienceless creatures who kill for any reason but a justifiable one, for the love of killing, for spite, for the hides, for a few pounds of flesh where they know hundreds will waste, for no discoverable motive save that the

power and opportunity were theirs. These creatures all decent people despise, though few will aid in their detection and punishment. Horrible stories of their destructive and wasteful work are current every winter and can be verified if any one will take the trouble.

But to return to the class of men of whom I first spoke. Many and many a time I have labored with them and tried my utmost to get them to be willing to take the initiative in the matter of better protection of the great game of the State, to be willing to make some personal sacrifice toward it, but I have about given it up as hopeless. They know little of the disappearance of game from other parts of the country, and your stories of the swift extermination of the bison, the elk, the antelope, the wild turkey and the prairie chicken are necessarily not very vivid to them or very cogent reasons why they individually should stay their hand from taking what is before them and in their grasp, and what they personally want. To them it is the regular and unbroken order of nature that the woods should abound in deer, and they cannot easily be made to see that it will not always be so. They are obliged to admit the scarcity of the moose, but the scarcer they are the more coveted the prize and harder to forego an opportunity to kill.

I am writing these last lines in October and in camp in the heart of the wilderness I loved so well. I have been reading, as I hoped to do, the pile of back number *FOREST AND STREAMS*, and in the delicious quiet and rest of the woods and within sound of the waves of one of the loveliest and wildest of the lakes of Maine. What I have seen and learned on this trip thus far only increases my pain and my wish to stop the slaughter of game, and, I am forced to add, my despair of every seeing it accomplished. Year before last there was the cruellest crust for years. It came late—the last of March or the first of April—and at that late time twenty moose were killed within ten miles of where I write. It is true that the greater part of the meat was used, but think what that slaughter meant whenever men could take advantage of the conditions. The animals were absolutely helpless.

The same spring a man was fishing on a stream not two miles from here and saw a cow moose and a yearling. Of course he shot them. In three weeks more the cow moose would have given birth to two young. In October of that year I came to the borders of a certain lake and discovered a guide well known to me. He was in the act of taking a big buck from his canoe. Another was hung up close by. Beside him was the hound through whose agency he had secured both. Caught in the act, and not sure but my companion might be a warden, he tried to engage us in another hunt. I steadily refused, but he sent his nephew into the woods with the hound. While we were preparing our lunch we heard the hound give tongue, and in a few moments a fine spike buck took water not far from us. It was a sight which I had in all my hunting never seen before. I took my canoe and paddled round and round the deer for a few minutes, watching its play of muscle as it swam, but of course with no idea of shooting it. On the shore stood my guide and the other party, two men and a boy. Fearing that I was waiting too long and that the deer would escape, they shouted to me to shoot. I told them they could shoot if they wanted to, but that I certainly should not. They begged and implored me to shoot, shouting that I would not have another chance; that I might still hunt the whole season and not get a shot. They began to swear, and the boy, who had been permitted to shoot the two bucks they had secured and whose spirit was hot for slaughter, vowed that a man who wouldn't shoot a deer when it was there before his eyes, didn't deserve to have a deer and had no business to come into the woods.

Steadily I drove the deer to shore and "beached" him within six rods of the frantic party on shore, and had the satisfaction of seeing him bound away unhurt into the forest. The only anxiety had been to make me *particeps criminis*, and so to shield their own misdoing. I am happy to say that in two days I still-hunted a fine caribou and shot him dead in his tracks.

One other story of my own experience I must tell. Some years ago, with another gentleman, I was encamped on one of the finest trout waters in Piscataquis county. It was four days before the close of the trout season and the opening of the free season for big game. We had one guide. Not one of the party had a rifle. We had deliberately "gone in for trout," taking only fishing rig and shotguns, leaving our rifles at the settlement and intending to come back for them and go in for a hunt when the fishing season closed. We had secured all the trout we could use, and were lying on the bank under some big trees, reading. Our guide was out on the lake a rod or two, when he suddenly called to us to know what kind of a creature was moving along the opposite shore and far up the lake. My telescope was hung by a swivel to the tree, and in an instant was turned on the new comer, when, behold! a lordly moose with big antlers! There was no mistaking him. The guide was incredulous, but one look through the telescope convinced him. Excitedly we watched him, taking our turns at the telescope. The guide asked: "Shall we try to shoot him?" What could be a greater temptation? To both my friend and myself it was our first opportunity of the kind. There was the moose, a huge and splendid prize, and browsing slowly along, drawing nearer and nearer to us, though on the opposite side of the lake, and all unconscious of our presence. The wind was right. The moose would probably pass within easy shot of one who should hide in the grass and bushes of the outlet just below us. It lacked just four days of "open time." It was a chance of a lifetime. O, what a sight he was as he waded along knee-deep in the water, taking now and then a nip at a lily pad or a swimming arm of the lake and coming out and shaking his giant shoulders till the water flew in a shower around him! We could see him with the utmost distinctness and even watch the gleam of his eye.

To the guide's repeated question we simply replied that we should not lift a finger in the matter. He said if we would not he should, and hastily replacing shot by bullet in three of his cartridges he took his shotgun and crept away. The moose stopped directly opposite us on the other side of the lake, where we could without the glass see every motion. Some faint noise made him cautious. He was slowly turning back, when a shot rang out and the ball splashed the water under him; a second and a third shot followed, and we saw the great beast was hit. He started to trot, but reeled, and the blood

flowed from his muzzle. That meant "shot through the lungs." He reeled, he fell. The guide took the whole responsibility, and therefore to him, so far as we were concerned, belonged the moose. I am glad to say the meat was all saved, though the head was spoiled. I afterward bought the horns of the guide.

For two seasons I have been led by certain considerations to take my short autumn outing in western Maine, where were trout and some deer, but not in plenty, and no moose or caribou. I did it with regret, longing for my old haunts in Penobscot waters. Last winter I received a letter from an old and favorite guide saying that he was in the woods again and urging me to come for a winter hunt. He said he had built an "old ripper" of a camp on one of our favorite lakes, and that if I would come he thought he could promise me a moose, adding that "others did it" and he didn't see why we should not.

Of my present trip I will write another time, *i. e.*, if the length of this letter does not scare the editor. I shall have much more to say of the ways of outsiders and natives in regard to game in Piscataquis county, and something, perhaps, by way of suggestion.

C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

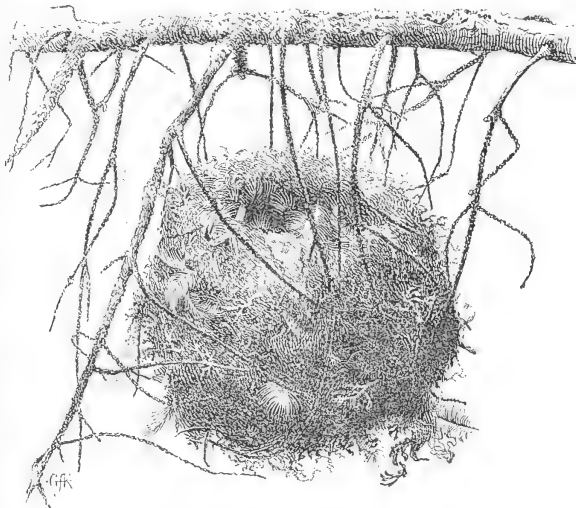
"THE FATE OF THE FUR SEAL."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am not to be drawn into a controversy with Mr. H. W. Elliott. Before his feverish activity and brilliant imagination I am content to rest in awestruck silence. Those who are curious as to the area seals occupy may inspect the group in the National Museum, mounted under Mr. Elliott's supervision, and form their own conclusions.

There will be plenty of evidence from independent observers recorded before long, and the truth of the matter cannot fail to come out; and for this I am perfectly willing to wait. It has, however, been suggested that as a fact of historical value I might add a few words of explanation about the price of fur seal skins in Alaska in 1866 (not 1866-7 as Mr. Elliott puts it).

The furs purchased by the "Russian-American Company" before the sale of the territory to the United States were classed under two categories. One comprised such furs as the sable, sea otter, beaver and young black bear. These were not permitted to be sold on any consideration by the chief traders at the different posts. Severe pun-



NEST OF RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

ishment was prescribed for a violation of this rule, though doubtless it was occasionally violated.

The second category comprised furs regarded as of comparatively little value, which the chief traders were allowed to sell at a fixed price, either to employees of the company for fur clothing or to others who desired them. This list in 1866 comprised among others, muskrat skins and those of the white fox, fur seal, Parry's marmot, the siffleur or hoary marmot and American ermine or weasel skins. The two lists were revised from time to time as the prices of furs fluctuated. Mink, for instance, was at different times put in one category or transferred to the other. In 1866, and for some years previous, fur seal skins paid the company barely if at all for the trouble of taking them. The price fixed on them in 1866 was 12½ cents apiece, and at that price I bought 100 or more skins from the chief trader at St. Michaels, in the month of September. The following year the price rose considerably I believe, but not until after the purchase of the territory had already become practically certain.

W. H. DALL.
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, Nov. 21.

SHARK NOTES.

IN the summer and winter of 1888 I was connected with a wholesale fish firm doing business at Pensacola, Fla. In the many hunting and fishing trips made in Pensacola Bay and Santa Rosa Sound the shark often came under my notice.

One morning in May, while standing waist deep in the warm waters of Santa Rosa Sound casting for sea trout, I was somewhat startled to see a shark's dark form about 15ft. away and between myself and the shore. Some lively thrashing of the water with the rod succeeded in driving the intruder off, and the remainder of the morning's fishing was done from the boat.

Sharks are very abundant in the harbor during the summer months; and on clear moonlight evenings shark fishing parties were quite the rage. A dozen or more young people of both sexes would gather on one of the piers, equipped with the usual shark outfit, *viz.*, 200ft. of ¼ in. manilla and a dozen feet of chain connecting the

manilla with a hook, the size of which would astonish a landsman. The bait commonly used was a red snapper's head; and the sharks were so plenty and ravenous that this bait was generally successful in bringing them to the surface.

I remember one occasion when the young man who was acting as fisherman failed to keep the line taut while listening to an especially vivid yarn, and the shark took bait, hook and then came forward and severed the ¼ in. rope 5ft. above where it was fastened to the chain. It cost the party \$3 to procure a new outfit.

One October morning as I was about to enter my office, which was located on a pier, I noticed three sharks swimming about 20ft. from the pier. The shark outfit had been loaned to a friend and was a half mile away. It was, however, but the work of an instant to rush to the telephone and order the outfit to be sent down post haste. Then procuring a number of skipjacks from a refrigerator, I began feeding the sharks to hold their attention until the arrival of hook and line. For the next twenty minutes it was great sport watching the lightning-like dashes of "these wolves of the sea." As the skipjacks struck the water the brine would be lashed into a yeasty smother as all three would rush for the same fish. Several times they came within 6ft., and as the water was clear, I could see every motion they made. In not a single instance did they turn on the side or back to take the food.

The skipjacks were about 18in. in length and averaged 2lbs. in weight. The largest shark was fully 8ft. in length. Two of them were attended by remoras—a fish about 18in. long that has a disk-like sucker on its head with which it attaches itself to the shark. It is an odd sight to see these small fishes carried about on the backs of sharks. I am inclined to think that sharks in feeding on large fishes would turn slightly on the side to tear away portions, but experience leads me to believe that in taking objects not too large to gulp entire, they never turn.

After the food supply had given out the shark outfit came, but the sharks had returned to deep water. However, the hook was baited and dropped about 20ft. from the dock. After thirty minutes fishing a shark bit, but the hook failed to hold.

CHICAGO, Ill.

IVANHOE.

NEST OF RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I send you a nest of the ruby-crowned kinglet, one of several discovered and taken by me near Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. The nest was found June 14, 1891. It contained young. It was up 30ft. from ground in the top of a black spruce tree. The nest was built underneath the main limb, and clinging on, fastened by the sides, to the smaller branches or twigs that shot out from the main limb and was suspended.

On July 2 the young had flown, when the tree was cut down, and this limb I now send to *FOREST AND STREAM* with the nest attached.

The nest is made with moss, lined with feathers, and with feathers woven into the sides and bottom. Nest measurements are as follows: 3in. across the top on outside, 1½ in. across on inside, 1½ in. deep on inside and 4in. deep outside.

The female when building will go from 100 to 300yds. after material, being invariably followed by the male, who, however, does not assist in any other way than by singing.

H. AUSTEN.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.

ORNITHOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON.—Last spring there was organized in Washington, D. C., an Ornithologists' Association, which has greatly prospered, and now has a considerable membership, both active and corresponding, the latter covering a large part of this continent. The present officers are: President, Rev. J. H. Langille; Vice-President, W. H. Aspinwall; Secretary and Treasurer, A. B. Farnham. The object of this organization is to make general and popular the study of bird life, hoping thereby to promote the knowledge of this attractive branch of natural history and to secure a considerable protection of our native birds. The growing interest in ornithology all over the country is indeed wonderful, and it is hoped to bring to pass a universal co-operation in the good work referred to. Persons desiring membership will please address A. B. Farnham, Benning, D. C.

THE MOJAVE DESERT IN WINTER.

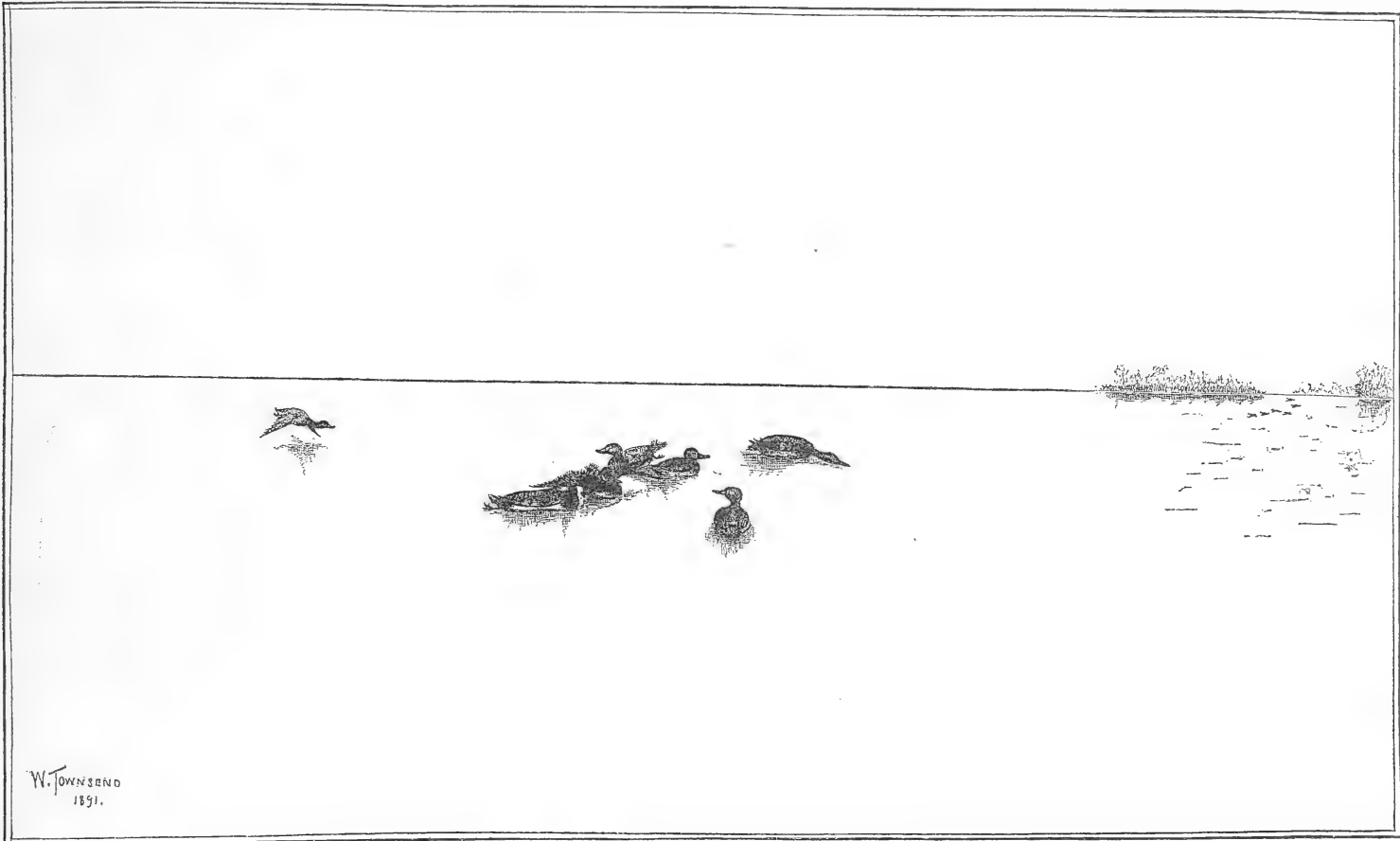
AT the meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Nov. 14, Mr. T. S. Palmer delivered a very interesting address on the "Winter Aspects of the Mojave Desert Region," based upon his personal experiences during the recent memorable explorations made for the Department of Agriculture under the direction of Dr. Merriam, and forming the first public announcement of the discoveries of the expedition. Time and space forbid detailed mention of the physical features of the region, which could not at any rate well be explained without reference to the map and profile used by the speaker to illustrate his remarks. The wonderful extremes of temperature, involving intense heat (136° in July), excessive dryness and a minimum temperature of 8 to 12°, with an occasional fall of an inch or two of snow in winter, produce hard conditions for the animals and plants of the desert, and are endured with the help of such habits as involve the least risk to life and thrift. The range of temperature is about 125°. Some of the plants are leafless, others drop their leaves in June before the summer heat is established. Tree yucca is characteristic and grows to a height of 25 to 30ft., sometimes forming groves or forests. Cottonwoods, mezquit ash, and willows in small numbers are included among the trees. A few shrubs and, in some localities, marsh grass belong to the flora. In winter only a few reptiles and batrachians are to be seen; one or two species of lizards and now and then a snake are present. Birds are chiefly absent on their migrations; a sparrow, a raven, a shore lark and a thrasher constitute about the sum of the winter residents. Although about 20 genera of the mammals are in the region, the species are mostly nocturnal in their habits and are rarely observed while passing over the country. These include rats and mice (so called), the mountain

sheep rarely on the heights, coyotes occasionally in the vicinity of the springs, and a few jack rabbits and cottontails. The number of diurnal mammals is never large. For the most part the birds are absent, the reptiles and batrachians hibernating, the mammals nocturnal and the plants in a state of rest.

KAGU AND FILLALOO BIRD.—On page 119 of the "Standard Natural History, Birds," Vol. IV., is to be found the following interesting account of some of the antics of the Kagu from New Caledonia. The bird is related to the sun biter, and from its actions one would associate it with the story of the wonderful fillaloo bird. The observations here recorded were made by Mr. Bartlett, superintendent of the London Zoological Garden, from a captive specimen: "With its crest erect and wings spread out the Kagu runs or skips about, sometimes pursuing and driving before him all the birds that are confined with him in the same aviary, and evidently enjoying the fun of seeing them frightened. At other times he will seize the end of his wing or tail and run around, holding it in his bill. From a piece of paper or dry leaf he derives much amusement by tossing it around and

again to the farm, and then home again after the hunt, took more than ordinary zeal. But then Split Rock was a really good hunting ground. About 10 o'clock on the night of Nov. 15 we were awaiting his arrival, seated about the kitchen stove. We heard a shot outside. "There's Guy, boys," and we all were on our feet in a moment. (Everybody under forty years is a "boy" here.) We were not at all daunted by the fact that the night was as "dark as a pocket" and that it threatened rain. Each of us carried a lantern. There were two dogs, Hunter, Guy's dog, who had run more than one good race after deer some five weeks previously under "Old Dix" back on the Adirondacks, and my own hound, wholly unacquainted with the ways of coon. After following the Whalon's Bay road for a half mile, we struck off for the cornfields under Split Rock Mt. Almost immediately after reaching the first cornfield, the little hound struck a fresh track. Off to our right in the darkness we heard him "straightening it out," as Guy said. Presently he got it straightened out, and away they went, little hound and big hound, the latter barking at he knew not what, but wild with excitement. Sometimes we heard the big dog ahead barking the track, but he would over-run and have to come back to take it again

stood between me and a 30ft. precipice and I might hug it as my best friend. I scanned every limb as I passed, to the best of my ability. Seeing nothing I concluded he must be in the very top of this giant pine; so on I went until the trunk was no larger than my wrist, but no coon. Then to make perfectly sure, I parted with the fingers of one hand the very top so I could see the sky, a shade lighter than the tree. Surely there is no coon in this tree. I jarred every limb on my way down and strained my eyes for the second time to be doubly sure. "What do you say now?" I said to Guy on reaching the ground. "I say there's a coon in that tree, and mind what I say, and I'll bet any one in the crowd a fiver against a quarter. Hunter never lied to me yet, and if it's only to find out whether he's lying or not I'm going to wait till it's light enough to see for myself. Here Hunter, talk to that coon." Hunter got up from his warm nest by the fire in answer to his master's command. Standing on his hindlegs, and reaching up the tree as far as possible, he gave two prolonged barks and then, as if that ought to satisfy any one, he curled up by the fire again. For further proof as to there being a coon up the tree, Guy found a cobweb, or something, which he said was a



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XII.

BROADBILLS AND CANVASBACKS. ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC.

running after it. During his frolic he will thrust his bill into the ground and spread out his wings, kick his legs into the air and then tumble about as if in a fit."

"HOW TO COLLECT BIRDS."—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In yours of Oct. 1 the writer of the article on "How to Collect Birds" recommends corn meal as the best thing to use as an absorbent, and names clean sand and plaster of Paris as possible substitutes in its absence. Having tried all three, also several others, I find that none can at all compare with fine hard-wood sawdust, such as one gets at a last factory. Any one who has once tried it will never use any other, it combines the advantages of all the others named above without their disadvantages.—E. E. T.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE BIG COON OF SPLIT ROCK.

FOR several weeks I had heard some whistling after sundown in the cornfields under the mountain, and even down on the shore of the lake. Hunting instinct is so strong in me that it was hard to curb my impatience. On the evening of Nov. 14 last I extorted a promise from Guy Ferguson that he would be on hand on the following night with his dog Hunter, of undisputed reputation in his line. Now Guy is an old hunter and fond of his calling, but to walk home two and a half miles and back

from the small dog. This coon had employed old coon tactics. Following up a small water-way, often crossing, sometimes wading, he hoped to throw off the dog. If he had known what dog was after him, he would have saved himself the trouble.

At the intersection of a rail fence the track left the hollow and now it was fun to see that little hound walk the rails. The coon could not have done it better himself. For at least a half a mile the coon had kept the fence and the dog kept the track leading directly for the mountain. At a sudden turn in the fence the dog made a break for the timber in full cry. Guy forged ahead, for we were unable to keep up, and yet we seemed to be doing our very best. We could hear Guy talking to his dog and calling to us out of the darkness, "He's got him up, boys." We stumbled along as fast as we could in the direction of his lantern. "He's up here, boys; up in this big pine." "But how do you know that?" we asked. "Where's your dog gone, and why don't you follow him?" For by this time we could hear Hunter away down the mountain, barking like all possessed. "There's more than one of 'em, and one's up this pine; perhaps we'll get them both."

We kept our doubts to ourselves, skeptical as we were, for Guy must know his dog better than we. So we scattered in all direction in search of fir wood and soon were warming ourselves by a good fire, for we had become chilled standing in the night air after such a chase. The fire lighted up the side of the pine tree next to us very well, but the further side was as black as the night; so the coon might be concealed away out on the end of one of those heavily plumed branches reaching over the precipice. "Well, who's going up? Don't all speak at once." Now if we had suspected there was a coon up the tree, if we could only have seen something that looked like a coon, we all would have volunteered at once. Finding I would be disappointing no one and skeptic that I was, I volunteered my services. With the lantern strapped between my shoulder blades and beginning the ascent from Guy's shoulders I began to climb that father pine. A lantern tied on to one in this way is never in the way and does not dazzle me.

For the first 20ft. there were no branches and I had to do a good deal of hugging. At that moment the tree

hair from the coon's belly, rubbed off in the scramble up the rough bark.

Seeing that we were in for it for the rest of the night, we hunted up more fire wood and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Smoking and story telling passed away the time not unpleasantly. With the first streaks of dawn we were straining our eyes, going systematically over the whole tree, as we thought. Soon it was so light that it seemed absurd to look further, so most of us gathered again about the fire, making mental notes. But Guy was intent on something, and Hunter was setting up and glancing first at his master and then at the tree. "Boys, come here," said Guy, "what do you call that?" Sure enough, way out over the precipice, on a long limb about mid-way up the tree, was a bunch, which even now, in nearly broad daylight, at first sight seemed only a bunch, but on close examination resolved itself into a coon, and a very large one, too. Now, old fellow, lie low, for there's a bead being drawn on you. Each of us four took our turn at him with a 22-cal. long, but only succeeded in making the bunch move. I volunteered the second time to shake him down, provided they would stop popping away with that small gun. As I approached the coon, he began growling and threatened to run by me, but his courage failed him and he retreated again to the very end. Then I shook until I was weak, but his strength gave out about the same time and down he went over the precipice, but struck fairly on his feet. What a Babel two dogs and three men can make. There followed barking, yelling, growling, fighting.

We got four other coons last fall, but none out-weighed this one. He weighed 25lbs. The smallest weighed 18lbs.

We all were glad it was Sunday morning so we could go to bed with an easy conscience. KIN.

ESSEX, N. J.

MICHIGAN'S TRACKING SNOW.—Central Lake, Nov. 16.—The first good "tracking snow" came on the 14th, and some hunters were out for deer. One man reports one track, but I hear of no carcasses.—KELPIE.

NEW JERSEY COAST DUCK SHOOTING is reported from Bay Head, Forked River, Tuckerton and Brigantine.

BEARS IN NORTH CAROLINA SWAMPS.

NORTH CAROLINA is a pretty big State, as every one knows. There are big mountains, and streams filled with fine speckled trout, and vast forests of yellow pine timber, and along the coast rivers and swamps. The latter are so out of the way, and so inaccessible, and so filled with malaria in the summer season that there are vast sections of that country which are "howling wildernesses."

Now, I am one of those individuals who are rather given to "howling wildernesses." I don't think I ever feel so thoroughly contented as when I know I am far, far away from the haunts of man. No matter if I am surrounded by the blackest of swamps or the dark waters of unnavigated rivers, or whether I am far away in the valleys of the mountains of northern Canada, there is something about solitude that fascinates me. So, one day a year or so ago, I made up my mind that I would take my little yacht, the Madelon, and go down and explore the creeks which empty into the Alligator River, in Dare county, N. C. I had been at the mouth of the river the year before, and had made the acquaintance of Captain Basnight, who lives at a little hamlet directly at the mouth of the river, called East Lake. Basnight is a good fellow and a famous bear hunter. I had got there early in December, and he took me out and showed me—nailed on to the sides of his barn—the skins of nine bears, all of which he had killed during the full moon some two weeks previously. He has a reputation as a bear hunter, and many is the close call he has had in a scrimmage with a lively bear, the marks of whose claws he still carries on his person.

Basnight told me that we were then too late for the bear hunting that season, for it seems that they can only be successfully hunted during the full moon in November, at which time they come down to the edge of the swamps and feed upon the berries of the gum trees. This tree bears a small black berry, and grows only on the extreme edges of the swamps. Therefore, all the hunter has to do is, on some quiet, moonlight night, to steal along in his canoe close to the edge of the swamp, and if bruin is regaling himself he makes such a noise and crashing and smashing as he tears down the limbs that bear the berries that he is to be heard some distance off and can be easily located. As soon as the berries are ripe, both bruin and robins and other birds feed upon them and make such short work of them that it is only for about a couple of weeks that there is any chance for sport.

Capt. Basnight urged me to put in an appearance early the next year, and promised that if I would do so he would certainly guarantee me a bear, to say nothing of the excellent deer shooting and plenty of woodcock. The country abounds in both of these, and the natives have a singular way of bagging the woodcock, which to me seemed shamefully unsportsmanlike.

Now, the open fields or clearings are very scarce in parts of that country, and as the birds are all seeking them by night, as soon as it comes dark the natives load their muzzleloading guns with a good pinch of powder and about a half teaspoonful of No. 10 shot, and providing themselves with a torchlight, proceed to travel across the fields slowly and carefully, searching for the birds. They are found crouched down, as if hugging the ground, which is nearly bare of grass. Mr. Native then puts his gun about three or four feet away from the birds and bangs away. In this way they frequently bag two or three dozen per night. They do not call them woodcock; they call them "pake." I presume in imitation of the noise the birds make while flying.

About the 10th of November in the following year I found myself on board my yacht, lying alongside of the little dock at East Lake, and soon met with a hearty welcome from Capt. Basnight, who informed me that he already had several bear located, and felt sure that we would have a successful hunt. We passed most of the day knocking around, whittling, chips and spinning yarns, and when night came the moon rose over the forest clear and round and bright as silver. The wind dropped to a dead calm, and, to use Basnight's expression, "If we had prayed for it, we could not have had a better night." About 9 o'clock he brought his canoe alongside and assigned me to a seat in the bow. He had with him his son, Joe, a fine youth of sixteen years of age, who had killed his bear.

Capt. Basnight was armed with a No. 10 bore, double-barreled breachloading shotgun, and I was armed with the same sort of weapon. Our cartridges were each charged with 4½ drs. of powder and twelve good-sized buckshot.

Entering the canoe, we pushed off from the dock, and after about an hour's row up the river entered the mouth of what is known as Whipping Creek. This stream is some fifteen or sixteen miles long, and the water is almost stagnant, having a slight rise and fall with the tide; but it is perfectly fresh water, and the trees of the swamp come right down to the water's edge. The creek is so narrow in some places that the trees meet together arched over one's head. Then again it widens out. The water is very deep, some places being as much as 60 or 70 ft. The banks of the creek are mostly swamp, almost on a level with the waters of the stream, and occasionally there is a bluff of say 6 or 8 ft. high.

As soon as we entered the creek Basnight and his son discarded the oars and supplied themselves with paddles. The canoe commenced to move along in utter silence.

I must say that in all my life I never saw such a still and silent night. There was not a breath of air stirring, and even the owls had stopped hooting. Silently we move along, so silently that I almost wonder if we are moving at all. We sweep up the creek about a mile without hearing even a rustle in the grass.

The canoe swings around a bend in the creek, when suddenly, directly ahead of us, I hear a crash. It seems to be up in the air, and I scarcely need to be told by Basnight in a whisper, "Look out! Keep your eyes skinned! Give your gun ready!" All of which I proceed to do with a beating heart, for it is my first bear, and if we don't kill him dead there may soon be more fun for the bear than there will be for us. Close to the bank, as close as he can possibly get, Basnight steers the canoe slowly and silently.

Suddenly there is another swish and another crack. That peculiar *crick, crack* that is heard from broken branches. This time it is perceptibly nearer, and I strain

my eyes into the treetops, but can see nothing. In a moment or two we round another bend in the creek, and directly ahead of us is a bank of about 6 ft. high.

I notice that the canoe has stopped and Basnight leans forward and whispers to me, "There he is; don't you see him?" I look forward and strain my eyes in every direction clear up to the tops of the trees, but can see nothing. Basnight whispers, "You are looking too high up; he is about half way up that tree."

I bring my eyes down, and I see a dark object that looks just like a big black man standing up on one of the limbs. He seems busily at work and has not discovered us. Basnight lays his gun across his lap and again he and his son proceed to paddle. Gracious me! Is he going to put us directly under the tree for it was so close to the bank that its branches overhung the water. In about half a minute Basnight whispers, "Get ready to shoot." I hear him softly lay down his paddle and cock his gun. I do the same, and he then whispers, "Aim at the middle of him, count three in a whisper and we will both fire at him at once."

I raise my gun and glance along the barrel. Unluckily, we are in a deep shadow, and one has to shoot without using any sights. I bring my aim slowly down till I think I have the gun on the main bulk or body of the bear. I count one; two; three; and both guns roar. Instead of tumbling out of the tree, we see the bear making for the main trunk and come scrambling down. We don't know whether we have hit him or not. I insert another shell quickly, and stand ready with it by the time bruin strikes the ground. With many grunts and growls he is evidently coming for us, and I hear Basnight yell, "Look out! he is coming over the bank! give it to him!" In another second the bear appears, standing on the bank, slapping his paws on his breast, and evidently "tearing mad."

Again Basnight and I cover him with our guns, there is a flash, and another roar, he leaps forward, and slides headforemost into the water. Half of his body is in the water and the other half rests on the bank. We are not more than 20 ft. away, and for a moment I think the bear is going to swim out and capsize the canoe. But no, there is a kicking and splashing, and in a moment or two all is still. We replace our cartridges and, with cocked guns, carefully and slowly paddle near. The bear is ours, and a 300-pounder, if he weighs an ounce. Of course we soon have him out of the water and deposited in the boat.

Basnight says that as it is early he thinks we had better keep on up the creek and see if we can see another. We pass bend after bend in the river for more than an hour in the same sepulchral silence. There is not a quiver of a leaf, and even our friend the night-owl does not resume his song. It is getting chilly and we are seriously thinking of returning home, when the familiar crash is again heard, and Basnight whispers, "We have another one!"

We make our way up the creek silently as before, until finally going around a bend we see, high up in a tree, a bear. Not so large a one this time, and he is away up on the top of a gum tree. He is standing up, man like, and drawing the branches toward him in a most human fashion.

We were just commencing to get within shooting distance when suddenly we hear a tremendous cracking and snapping, crashing and smashing, and down comes the bear from the top of the tree to the ground. He strikes the ground with an awful thump and I feel sure that he has broken every bone in his body. Before we have time to think with a big grunt he has made himself scarce in the bushes. We had a hearty laugh at his expense, for he must have fallen at least 100 ft. No one was more surprised than he was himself.

We then put our canoe about and softly proceeded down the stream in hopes of seeing another bear, but were not so fortunate, and were startled only by the sharp snort and whistle of a fat buck, whose departing footsteps we distinctly heard. We saw nothing more, and wrapping ourselves in our heavier coats Capt. Basnight and his son resumed their oars and we found ourselves at the yacht at about half-past one in the morning.

It was a proud night for me, and as the skin of the bear was black and handsome I expect soon to rejoice in the possession of a nice rug for household uses.

We remained in that vicinity for about two weeks and spent our time in quail shooting in the surrounding country. The birds are extremely plentiful, especially in the rice fields, for there are a great many rice fields cultivated there.

Before I close I will (as usual) tell a story. On the following Sunday afternoon, my cousin Fred, who was with me, suggested that we take a little walk up the road for a mile or two, just to see what sort of a country there was up there. We started out, and as soon as we had gotten clear of the swamp we found ourselves surrounded by corn and rice fields and we observed in the distance a white building which looked like a school house or a church. We thought we would stroll up that way and soon found ourselves in front of the door. We discovered that it was a Sunday school, quite largely attended. We softly entered the door and seated ourselves on one of the rear benches. The preacher was a small, dark complexioned, dapper little man, in appearance entirely different from the general run of those whose services are in demand in that section. He had not made more than one or two remarks, when to our astonishment it became evident that he was a Frenchman. The school was nearly over, and it seems that he was just about dismissing them and was going to tell them a story. It was so silly and ridiculous that I must recount it. It ran thus: "Now, little boys and little girls, I want you to keep vera quiete an I will tell you wan leetle story before I deemees you. One time zere wass two leetle boys, an zey play around in ze road in front of zeur fazzer's house, and enjoy zeurself. An ze fazzer [father] of zose leetle boys he stan in ze window of hees house and like to see hees sons enjoy zeurselfes. Well, while zose boys wass playing zere, zere came along some cheekangs [chickens], an wan of zose boys he peek up a stone, he shrow ze stone, he heet wan of zose cheekangs an ze pore cheekang he fell over; he keek, he die. When ze fazzer see zat cruel zing zat hees son hass done, he call hees sons to heem, an he explain to zem wat a weekid zing eet wass to kill ze pore cheekang, an he say to zem, 'Now, my sons, zat I have explain to you wat a bad, wat a cruel, wat a weekid zing it wass to keel ze pore cheekang, do you think you would do it again?' Ze boy who have *not* ze stone, he say, 'no, my fazzer, I would not do soch a bad, soch a bad soch a cruel thing,' but ze boy who haf thrown ze

stone, he say, 'My fazzer, eef I wass play again in ze road in front of ze house, an some more cheekangs wass came along an I haf a good stone, an wan of zem wass near to me, I think I would try to keel him.' Now, which wass ze good boy, and wheech wass ze bad boy?"

Nov. 2.

ROBT. C. LOWRY.

A WEEK ON THE WICOMICO.

WE have just returned from a very successful hunting and fishing trip to Charles county, Md., where we found small game to be unusually abundant this fall. Catfish and pickerel were found at low tide in holes made by drumfish. In proper seasons the fishing in the Wicomico is first-class. The principal fishes to be caught there are white perch, yellow perch, pickerel, catfish, and early in the season striped bass (rockfish) and tailors (bluefish). The two last are captured in large quantities in late summer and early autumn. I have often taken two dozen "rocks" and "tailors" in an hour's fishing at sundown. In my experience the hour including sundown is the best time to fish for these species, at least it is so in the Wicomico.

This week's outing was taken especially for sport with the gun, and our success was most gratifying. During these few days I alone bagged nineteen woodcock. Most of these were shot as they were coming down from the forest to feed in the marshy places, my position being at the mill-run cross roads and time just before sundown. Partridges (quail) were plentiful enough, and I succeeded in making a bag of thirty-seven of these one afternoon. We were surprised to find jack snipe here so late, seven of which were made to kick their toes to the music of my 12-gauge. Two pheasants were shot. These birds were feeding on prickly ash berries, and were very fine ones. Robins were very plentiful, and they too were feeding on the ash berry.

One wild pigeon was killed, also a booby owl. Turkeys are very scarce in these parts, in fact seldom seen. "Raccoons and opossums are common enough, especially the latter. One moonlight night in coming around the shore we captured four opossums, two of which were on one persimmon tree. Rabbits are very plentiful, and I placed forty to my credit during the week. "Coons and possums" are just common enough to make the country interesting to sportsmen. In coming across a field one day our dog found a coon in a deep cover; he was a fine one, and gave the dog one of the hardest fights we have ever seen. The dog was so badly crippled that we could not use him for a day or two.

It was a little too early for ducks, and few were seen. I shot two black mallards at a single shot one evening. A little later we can expect some ducking, and I hope to enjoy it.

The laws in Charles county prohibit non-residents from gunning without written permission from the property holders, and this is doubtless one of the factors making it a good country for small game.

E. R. TODD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 20.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 17.—Some interest is manifest in the outcome of the suits brought by Dr. Norris and Mr. Dale, two Chicago shooters, against the Tolleston Shooting Club. The plea is assault, and the damages are laid at \$10,000. The facts, so nearly as obtainable, seem to indicate that plaintiffs were shooting on the Tolleston preserved grounds, knowing them to be such and knowing the strictness of the club in trespass matters. They were ordered to leave by the club patrol. What reply they made is not known, but the result was that they received a severe beating with a club at the hands of the patrol; young Dale being left for dead by his companion, as the story goes. Now they want \$10,000. The Tollestons are hard fighters, as well as strict preservers.

Mr. Wolfred N. Low is still absent in Mexico. He took his gun with him, and should have had some sport.

The entire membership of the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine went out shooting two days ago and killed 25 quail in the rain. The quail season continues to be good. The former bag was made at North Judson, Ind. Mr. Frank Place and friends have again made a heavy bag near Warsaw. Indeed, the birds have been unusually abundant below here, both in Illinois and Indiana.

No ducks to amount to much on the Kankakee, but some good bags in the lower Illinois country.

Over in Canada, near Chatham, Ont., where I spent last week, the members of the clubs owning marshes along Lake Erie were having magnificent duck shooting. Sheriff Mercer, of Chatham, bagged 132 one afternoon, and a bag of forty big ducks in a couple of hours was made not only once but often. Quail, too, were plentiful all through the country over which the field trials were run, and the shooting there, if permitted, would have been extraordinary. Canada is the home of a high grade of sportsmanship in every sense of the word. They run to lighter guns, with no pistol grip, over there, and have the right idea about the open shooting gun for cover work. The Chatham men are pleasant people to meet, but a stranger can't jump right in and go to shooting anywhere over in Canada as he can in "America," as the Canadians call the States. Another thing about Canada as a field is the drawback of the Customs House. When you come out of Canada they make you open your trunk, and your valise, and your pocketbook. I told the officer I was a newspaper man. He made me open my umbrella then. Maybe he remembered the time, two years ago, when I tried to get a "\$1,000 dog" over the line, and we finally compromised on \$15. I have always "had it in" for the Government since then.

Mr. R. B. Organ tells an interesting story as to the influence of the imagination upon the palate. This happened lately in Minnesota, on the same trip when Mr. Organ came so near losing his life. Col. W. H. Jacoby, one of the party, killed a canvasback. This he took to the cook and told him to skin it and fry it for his, Col. Jacoby's, supper that night. The rest of the party protested against so barbarous a way of treating a canvasback, but the Colonel said that was the way he took his'n. In the meantime before supper Mr. Organ and two of the party got a sheldrake—or great merganser—and took it to the cook.

"Here, Sam," they said, "you just skin this fish duck and fry it for Col. Jacoby's supper, and don't say a word. We'll be just one canvasback ahead."

The sheldrake appeared duly fried.

"Now, boys," said Col. Jacoby, as he ate some of the fish duck, "that's what I call good. A fellow who hasn't eaten fried canvasback has missed a great deal."

The rest of the party could not altogether agree with him, especially Mr. Jewell Joslyn, who was not in the secret, and said the bird tasted fishy. The next day Mr. Organ and his friends tried the reverse of the experiment. They got Col. Jacoby's canvasback and had Sam skin and fry it for supper.

"Here, Colonel," said Mr. Organ, "I'll show you that one fried duck is just as good as another. Here's some fried sheldrake, and it's just as good as your canvasback."

"Not by a long shot!" said Colonel Jacoby, after tasting of the fowl. "You can't fool me about ducks. This bird is no good, it's fishy. What on earth do you want to fry a sheldrake for?"

Mr. Jewell Joslyn again was more accurate, and thought the canvasback good eating, though he supposed it was sheldrake. Col. Jacoby, however, was entirely deceived in his own taste. I think the moral should be: Never fry a canvasback.

The feed of ducks has most to do with their flavor. Kill a canvasback and a mallard upon one of the rice lakes of the West, and cook both, and I doubt whether any epicure could tell the difference. There's many a canvasback in the restaurants that never had auburn hair.

E. HOUGH.

ONTARIO MOOSE.

TWO New York gentlemen were so impressed with Mr. Rolph's account in October *Harper's* of a moose hunt near Mattawa, on the Ottawa River, that they went on a similar hunt, had great success, and gave a lively account of their trip in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. The sportsmen reached their destination by way of Brockville, penetrating to a point beyond Mattawa, bagged a couple of moose and returned home via Brockville. They report that others had still greater success, and that Mr. P., a New York lawyer, had shot a magnificent moose from the steamboat going up the river a day or two before.

What we wish to point out is that the shooting of moose is illegal in Ontario until Oct. 15, 1895. An amendment to the act respecting game and fur-bearing animals, contained in 51 Victoria, 1888, fixes the date for deer shooting and enacts as follows:

Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou between the twentieth day of November and the fifteenth day of October; but the period herebefore limited shall not, as to moose, elk or caribou, apply before or until the fifteenth day of October, 1895, and no moose, elk, reindeer or caribou shall be hunted, taken or killed between the first day of April, 1888, and the fifteenth day of October, 1893.

This seven years of a close period was thought necessary to prevent the total extermination of the varieties of deer mentioned, and Canadian sportsmen submitted to it with more or less grace. If New York hunters come in and evade the inspectors one would think that a reputable sporting journal like *FOREST AND STREAM* should not lend itself to their cause and incite others to such unsportsmanlike lawlessness. Judging by the account given in *FOREST AND STREAM* moose are being shot down every day along the Ottawa River in defiance of the game law, and the provincial inspectors should make a determined crusade against those hunters.—*Toronto World*.

[There is nothing in the account referred to which would indicate that the New Yorkers intentionally or otherwise evaded the inspectors, or knew that they were breaking the Ontario moose law; and the article was published by us without thought of the law. While we hold that it is a sportsman's duty to acquaint himself with the game laws of the country he hunts in, we recognize a decided difference between defying a law and unwittingly violating it. If our esteemed contemporary is in earnest in this cause, let it fit out every visiting sportsman with a copy of the *Book of the Game Laws*.]

POSSUMS UP A TREE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"The Possum Hunt," appearing in your issue of Nov. 12, was very much enjoyed by me, taking me, as it did, back to my boyhood days in old Virginia; and I most cordially agree with every sentiment of the writer's with one slight exception, this the statement that the possum can "climb no tree whose circumference he cannot grasp more than half way round." I regret to differ with one who treats his subject so well, but the facts in my experience will not bear out this assertion of the writer, "P." I have caught many, many possums and coons, and many a night have I helped to cut some monarch of the forest, measuring sometimes from 2 to 3 ft. "across the stump," thinking at least one or more coons would be our reward, to find when the din and crash of falling trees and limbs had subsided only a very small specimen of the genus possum in the jaws of the badly disappointed dogs. In fact, it has often been observed by me that, generally speaking, the smaller the possum the bigger the tree he would select, and likewise as to the coon.

Our game prospect is only fair. Squirrels have been plenty. Quail, I think, are fairly abundant. Bears are "too numerous to mention." One party killed five last week in three days' hunting, and all were killed on less than a mile square. I haven't hunted any this fall thus far, but am hoping to take a hand soon.

A. F. R.

HERTFORD, North Carolina.

WILL THERE BE TOO MANY PHEASANTS?—Although the stocking of woods with game and the waters with fish has in many instances proven successful and beneficial it is always a risky thing to interfere with the doing of nature. The admirable balance of nature once disturbed is likely to create trouble. There is now no longer any doubt that the introduction of the English sparrow has grown into a nuisance, and that the introduction of German carp in the rivers has been detrimental, for nobody has as yet found a means of limiting the increase of the sparrows or preparing carp so that they can be eaten by persons having a respectably-educated palate. The sparrows have driven the American song birds away, and the carp have induced bass, pickerel and many other kinds of fish to seek other waters. Only a few years ago the Passaic afforded admirable fishing; now there is little to be had but carp. Naturalists are well aware of the danger attending the disturbing of the balance of nature, and when the European pheasants were first introduced in this country there were some speculations as to what effect these birds would have on the American birds. But

persons who wanted to go to work carefully in this matter were laughed down, and Legislatures promptly passed laws affording more protection for these birds than is accorded to American birds, the idea being to give the immigrants a chance to multiply. It is now claimed that the laws of this State in regard to this matter are altogether too severe, and that American game is injured thereby. It has been found that unrestricted breeding has resulted in the production of a disproportionate number of cocks, and that these cocks are now not only killing the young of their own kind but also American grouse and quail. It is said that this invariably happens when there are too many cocks. The birds have multiplied wonderfully, and promise to do as well here as did the sparrow and carp. It has been found absolutely necessary to get rid of some of the cocks; but this killing is contrary to law, as a statute of this State prohibits their killing until November of next year. Mr. Rutherford, who owns large tracts of good game grounds in Morris County, has authorized the killing of cocks in order to protect the rest of his game, but the persons who do the killing may be punished therefor. The birds have spread themselves over large tracts of land in this county, coming hither from Morris County and from Tuxedo Park. There is no doubt that after one open season for these birds there will be no complaint about their being too numerous.—*Chas. A. Shriner in Paterson (N. J.) Press*.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

BEING in communication with a trio of "shooting men" a few days since, I overheard one of the most remarkable stories, which, if true, certainly "takes the cake." We were speaking of the relative merits of two well known dogs, and rehearsing some instances of fine work done by them, when a darky standing near by remarked to a bystander, "Dat's nothin'; my old dog t'other day sot a covey of birds in a hole, dug out near the woods by some lumbermen fer er well, and I crept up ter see what 'twas, and throwed my coat over the hole, and blamed ef I didn't ketch thirteen partridge [quail] and take 'em out alive." This was told for truth and we had no reason to doubt it, but a thick coating of silence fell on the crowd, and we changed the subject. A dog that could drive birds in a hole was undoubtedly ahead.

HERTFORD, N. C., Nov. 11.

A. F. R.

TRULY ODD IF ODDLY TRUE.

Mr. Samuel Hickman, of Leesburg, Va., while hunting on the banks of the Potomac, shot a squirrel, which fell into the water, and was seized by a black bass. Hickman waded in and lifted both squirrel and fish clear of the water before the bass let go and made its escape.—*New York Evening Post*.

Carl Weldeck, of this city, and formerly of Paterson, killed thirteen quail and nine rabbits at Mountain View on Tuesday. His Gordon setter was disabled during the day by getting its foot caught in a crack in a rock. The limb was broken and dislocated at the shoulder, so that he shot the dog to put it out of misery.—*Newark Call*.

Two Oldtown hunters down in Maine had an odd experience. They were after partridge. Very suddenly, however, as they were walking in the woods, a startled deer sprang from the bushes and made a tremendous bound, going over one hunter's head. He had no time to take another leap before he fell a victim.—*Springfield Republican*.

The other day a Boston publishing house, which had recently bought out an edition of "The Complete Angler," received a letter addressed to Izaak Walton, Esq. It was from a clipping bureau, informing that gentleman that his book was attracting considerable attention, and requesting to be allowed to send notices from all papers in the United States and Canada.—*Boston Herald*.

Levi Reber, of Shoemakersville, Berks County, has a hunting dog which is blind, but that don't make any difference. It is claimed that he smells powder, and as soon as his master is ready for a hunt the canine is also. He is there at the word "go" every time, and when he takes a start there is your rabbit, sure. On Monday Mr. Reber and party, with this dog, secured thirty-seven rabbits.—*Philadelphia Times*.

W. C. Green was coming across the country near Hereford, accompanied by others, when he came up with a large buck deer tangled up in the barbed wire of a neighboring fence. His horns were so completely tied up in the wire that it was with difficulty that they were extracted after a bullet had ended his life. He had evidently struggled for many hours to regain his liberty.—*Tomlinstone (Ark.) Prospector*.

A curious circumstance once happened to me at Pulney Loch. One of my sons threw a live mouse into it, when a large trout took it down immediately. The boy told me what had happened, so I took my fishing rod, which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout, landed it, and laid it on the bank. In two seconds the mouse ran out of his mouth and got into a hole in the wall before I could catch it.—*The Penny Magazine (1843)*.

The fish in the neighborhood of Sierra Leone, West Africa, are credited with some extraordinary behavior. It is only a short time since that one of these marine wonders ran off with a small boat which was moored in Freelem Harbor, and a correspondent writing from Sierra Leone, reports the drowning of a man by a huge fish. Stephen Pratt was fishing from a canoe at Cline Town Wharf. A fish of immense size leaped into the boat, striking Pratt severely in the face and body and rendering him unconscious. In this state he fell over the side of the boat into the water. His lines were tied to his feet and partly to the canoe, and being thus entangled he ultimately sank. In the meantime the fish had wriggled and jumped about until it had got out of the boat again and soon disappeared in the water. The young man who was with Pratt at once gave the alarm, and several persons were attracted to the spot. The fishing lines were hauled up and at the end was found Pratt quite dead.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

Some forty years ago I lived near the Boston & Albany Railroad, where it passes over the mountain range in western Massachusetts. One warm day late in the fall one of the oldest passenger locomotive engineers on the road was climbing the steep grade in the township of Chester, running his train at about twenty-five miles an hour. While passing through the thick forest region which skirted the road at that point he saw a large fox emerge from the underbrush directly in the path of the locomotive, and taking the ditch he ran directly alongside the locomotive for more than 100 yds. His tongue protruded, showing great fatigue. A moment later the cause of the singular act appeared in the shape of a large and fleet foxhound close in the rear, and he rapidly gained upon the fox. When the hound had approached within about 100 yds of the fox the latter sprang across the track, barely missing the cow-catcher of the locomotive. The hound followed and was killed by the locomotive. The fox sprang upon the bank just above the railroad ditch, stopped and looked back with a grin of satisfaction, and was still standing there as the train passed around a bend, cutting off the view.—*Ohio State Journal*.

The murder case of the State against Avery, recently tried in Henry county, Tenn., is one of the most remarkable in the annals of criminal jurisprudence, and proved the phenomenal genius of the attorney for the accused, a prominent criminal lawyer from Cincinnati, named Wallis. In June, 1887, Charles Ensley, a cousin of Avery, was killed in his room, while lying on a lounge, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The weapon used was a small rifle, sending a .32cal. ball through Ensley's brain. No one was in the house at the time but Ensley. An empty rifle was found lying in its rack on the side of the wall and the bullet fitted the tube. Avery was arrested for the crime, as he was the only living close relation to Ensley, and would have profited by his death to an extent of nearly \$100,000. Avery was tried, pleaded

not guilty, but was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the Supreme Court and engaged Mr. Wallis to defend him. The Supreme Court remanded it back to the Circuit Court on account of technical errors. Two mistrials have been brought about. Now comes the strangest part of the story. The brilliant Wallis struck the keynote to the mystery. In August last he had the rifle loaded and hung on the wall, a white sheet with the form of a man marked on it and a heavy cut glass pitcher of water placed on the shelf above. The temperature was 90° in the shade, one of the hottest days of the year. The pitcher of water acted as a sun glass and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were refracted directly on the cartridge chamber of the rifle. Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after 3 o'clock a puff and a report, and the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear, and the theory of circumstantial evidence was exploded. The incident, being seen and sworn to, readily explained itself to the jury. As the sleeping man was lying on the lounge the direct rays of the sun glass heated the cartridge, causing it to explode.—*Mercantile Advertiser*.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

DERRYFIELD BEEF.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Perhaps your correspondent "Von W." will thank me for sending you the whole of the poem from which he quoted in your last issue. It was a squib aimed at the town of Manchester, Mass. (originally called Derryfield), and I think deserves the honor of being embodied in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* where so much of modern history has been preserved:

"From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the 'Derryfield Beef,'
And the marks of eels were so plain to trace
That the children looked like eels in the face.
Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
O'er the goodly men of Derryfield,
That 'twas often said that their only care,
And their only wish, and their only prayer,
For the present world or the world to come,
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum." KELPTE.

BLACK BASS IN SANDUSKY RIVER.

AMONG the many towns along the Lake Shore Railway there is none more widely known for its beauty of location, invigorating climate and genial inhabitants than the pretty village of Port Clinton, with the lapping blue waters of Lake Erie rolling on the long stretch of sandy beach at its very doors. The surroundings are unusually picturesque. The famous islands to the north and east: the rock-bound Catawba Island, with its sharp lines of high wooded cliffs gently receding to a level plateau rich in the production of fruit; in fact, it is rapidly becoming the most noted fruit land in the country. Port Clinton is the Gloucester of the West. A visit through the fisheries will well pay the time spent, particularly where fishermen are so anxious to please and entertain. I had the pleasure of meeting, among the noted pound net fishermen, Hon. William E. Bense, and I was surprised at the welcome reception of these busy men, and was vain enough to believe it was on account of there being a truthful angler in town, but I soon learned it was their nature. Mr. Bense stated that the fishing was fairly good, but not equal to the demand. He said the principal fish eaters were in Pittsburgh, and that some of the most patient and agreeable anglers came from that city.

"Just step in here," he said, after prying open an immense pine door which led into the company's freezing vaults. There was a noticeable difference in temperature of some fifty degrees. Hon. Frank B. Losee, who accompanied us, declared he lost ten pounds in as many minutes. He afterward regained it by a bet on the weight of a ten-pound whitefish with Mr. Bense.

"We have here four tons of frogs," said the fisherman, "frozen solid. They are for Pittsburgh's Christmas." Cake after cake of frogs, of all sizes and shapes, were piled above each other, like so many bricks. "Will frogs return to life when thawed?" we innocently asked a hardy fisherman, after backing out of this touch of the north pole. "If frogs, like fish, are not killed or injured when captured, and permitted to freeze slowly, in a natural way, they will undoubtedly return to life. You can form your conclusions from the following incident. Some time ago the fish buildings were partially destroyed by fire. In a freezing house we had stored blocks of frogs. One side of this building was on fire. The heat and water thawed out the frogs, and when an opening was made in the roof hundreds of active frogs leaped out in all directions, making a strange sight through the flames and smoke."

With this we left the good-natured people and completed our arrangements to go to "the greatest large-mouthed black bass fishing grounds in the world," of which I promised to tell the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* in a recent number.

The experiences mentioned about the white bass fishing in my last article being so uncommon to anglers at large, and notwithstanding our close adherence to the truthful presentation of facts, anglers who seek the retreats of the great Northwest thought the statements were not made from an enthusiastic standpoint, but inclined to exaggeration. So I found it necessary to have a reliable witness to substantiate what I could do if let loose among "schools of black bass sporting around the bends of the river undisturbed by the artful devices of man." Accordingly Capt. Henry T. Marshall, the great sauger angler of the Maumee Valley, kindly volunteered to accompany me. W. M. Montgomery and R. M. Hollingshead are Port Clinton's crack spoon fishermen, and this is saying a good deal, for from the editors and lawyers, down to dock worm-fishermen, all have records not easily beaten. I soon discovered why these gentlemen were the recognized anglers of Portage Valley. They fish by rules as laid down in books. The open pages are ever before them on a seat in the boat. Each cast is a studied one, and they never exaggerate the true number of bass upon their stringers; this is a fault that many fishermen have. They believe, as suggested by Dr. J. A. Henshall, that

the necessary qualities of a successful bass angler are, "patience, perseverance, endurance, skill and strength." They have learned by long experience the true knowledge of the movements of fish in all kinds of weather. These are the men who kindly proposed to take us to the great bass grounds.

A large boat was placed on a dory in which we found comfortable seats, and with splendid roads and a careful driver, we were safely landed on the shore of Sandusky Bay, two and a half miles due south of Port Clinton, where there awaited our arrival another boat. The country bordering the bay is rich in fruit and grain. I learned that farming life was comparatively easy, and judging from the great number of modern buildings the farmers are well to do. When the fields are weary with their giving of their strength to so many harvests they can rest for a season. The heavy land is for general farming purposes, the light is planted in peach, pear and other fruit, which of recent years has made this section one of the wealthiest in the State. It was very early in the day when we arrived on the bay shore. Large flocks of blackbirds covered the marsh; thousands of wild ducks were sporting in the open water of the bay, while among the reeds and rushes leisurely walked many species of rail perfectly unconcerned at the approach of any one. Sandusky Bay is a magnificent sheet of water, and on its fretted bosom the eye could snatch, in the distance, brilliant glimpses of the snow-white sails that sparkled in the shadows of Sandusky city as they fell under the beams of an autumn sun. The landscape surrounding this bay is beautiful in itself, but still rendered more so by the delicate aerial tints which lay on every object and touched the whole with a mellow expression.

At this point the bay is six miles wide, and after rowing about three miles southwest, over a stretch of shallow water with marsh grasses just peeping above the surface, we came to a deep channel, the margins of which are bordered with pond lilies, wild rice and other aquatic plants. This is the Sandusky River channel, and is navigable for very large vessels. The moment we entered this channel Montgomery and his spoon companion, Mr. John Robison, who had joined us at Port Clinton, began at once to manipulate the spoon, closely hugging the grass. As Captain Marshall and myself were not expected to use the spoon, we lingered behind, expecting to drop anchor at the first bend which looked as if black bass fed. The spooners were soon out of sight around the many bends. Before hooking on our first minnow let me attempt to describe this comparatively new black bass fishing ground, for it is evident that if we were compelled to take a boat several miles over land and then row the same distance, all for want of nearer accommodations, it must be a new field.

Sandusky River from Fremont to where it empties proper into the bay is one of the most romantic rivers of our land. I once took a boat at Fremont and rowed down stream until tired; calling upon a farmer, I was informed that I had rowed seven miles, while, "as the crow flies," two miles away could be seen the steeples of the little city. From Fremont in a straight line to the bridge where the Lake Shore crosses the bay it is seventeen miles, while to follow the river and the channel it is estimated to be thirty-one miles. Every mile has its special attraction. A hundred objects of interest continually present themselves at each turn of the broad, deep river. The lofty woods, cultivated farms, clean-kept orchards, and green meadow lands hem the very shore. All these naturally invite the attention and awaken an interest for the wonders of creation. The river has an even flow, subject to wind and tide of the lake. It is navigable to within a few miles of Fremont. In all this long stretch of territory no one has been permitted to fish with any kind of nets for twenty years. Bass, pickerel, masacaronie, carp, eels, perch, sunfish and saugers live in comparatively undisturbed freedom. In the bends along the gravelly bars and sandy leads the farmers have no trouble, with native bait, "to catch before breakfast a mess of bass," and "occasionally get hold of some darned big fish we can't land."

Nature can furnish no fairer scene than that unrolled to the eye after turning the last bend in the river. There reposing in magnificent silence is the deep, winding channel creeping through thousands of acres of marsh grasses until lost in the broad expanse of the bay. To the rear is the dark forest, the high bluffs which reveal the river's course. The cooing of doves, the plover's whistle over the upland space, the whirl of wild ducks, the flutter of birds, the sharp notes of sea gulls, and the occasional shadows of eagles as they swoop over the country within rifle shot, all tend to show how wild and secluded is the spot. This is the river, the home *par excellence* of the large-mouthed black bass, and around the bends and at the mouths of the few streams which empty into the river he has revealed for ages in undisturbed freedom.

Half an hour after we had entered the channel and were leisurely rowing around the sharp bends, more particularly admiring the ever-changing scenery than looking for a favorable place to fish, I carelessly called Capt. Marshall's attention to a terrible commotion in the water at a bend, where it looked as if there might have existed at one time another channel. The disturbance very much resembled ducks sporting. All about the point the water was as smooth as glass, the fresh southeasterly wind having no effect. He ceased rowing, stood erect and for a moment was perfectly speechless. No one can imagine the happy expression which played upon his countenance, except those who have seen him make a 21 run with his "registered cue," when he declared they were bass feeding. We quietly approached nearer, to a distance where we could not only see the fins of bass weighing 3 and 4 lbs. but hundreds of them, and of all sizes, darting hither and thither among a school of minnows which they had evidently surrounded. A dozen ducks could not have agitated the water more. Now you gentle anglers who have dozed beneath the shadows of umbrageous trees, occasionally glancing through dreamy eyes at your motionless cork, or you "lone fishermen" who have worked and waited for hours at a time begging "for only one strike," or you energetic, persevering anglers who have been searching for years and would give any reasonable sum to witness such a scene as this; imagine yourself anchored upon the opposite side of the stream, where your movements could not be observed by the fish, and within easy casting distance, with light, strong tackle. Several hundred choice active minnows and a companion who is quiet, cool and knows how to act under such circumstances. Now watch

the first movement, the moment your lightly casted minnow touches the desired spot, a 2 lbs. bass strikes it with such force and business that a tremor creeps through your whole system. A dozen beauties are quickly added to your string. Then to see your friend fasten the hook into the jaws of a four-pounder; to watch him play him, subdue him, and land him successfully and artistically is a sight worth rowing many miles to see. And finally to have the pleasure "of catching as many as you want" is indeed an uncommon treat. A cool hundred of these broad-shouldered large-mouthed bass humiliated upon a stringer alongside of your boat, after several hours' fishing, is a picture rarely seen in other quarters. I admit it is not a rule to catch bass "as long as they will bite," among book-reading anglers, but not like Dr. Henshall in his Okauchee Lake catch of 153, be contented with an even 100, although twice that number could have been taken if desired. We are satisfied that this river contains more black bass to the square mile than any stream in the world. When we left to go in search of our companions the bass were still making the water foam, and at no time would they take the spoon.

After rowing several miles up the river we discovered our companions seriously casting the spoon, and with strings of bass that would make a Pelee angler smile. At the bend where they were fishing the afternoon before, Montgomery caught with spoon 45 lbs. of bass in one hour. I was informed by several resident farmers that for twelve miles up the river "one could catch bass at any bend, and that it was no trick at all to haul in 50 to 100 in an afternoon." We rowed a few miles up the river, the bends became more frequent, the channel narrower, the pond lilies thicker, the wild rice higher, and Mr. Hollingshead found it no trouble to pick out a bass, with his spoon, at every bend. There is no question but what this is really the "finest large-mouthed black bass fishing grounds in the world;" as evidence of this fact the reader can form some idea as to the supposed quantity of bass in the river from what a bay shore pound-net fisherman told us upon our return to the land. He said he procured permission to set one net in the river over night. The next day he filled "twelve barrels with solid black bass."

J. E. GUNCKEL.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

TROUTING IN COLORADO.

WAGON WHEEL GAP, Col.—I wonder if any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have had an outing this summer in this far-away Eldorado valley, or if any of them have cast a fly on the swift, clear waters of the Rio Grande and taken the lusty trout that make their homes among the boulders of that stream. I have no doubt some of them have, for your readers are not confined to the eastern slope of the continental divide; but if they have, I have failed to see any account of their fishing or climbing.

At the hotel at Wagon Wheel Gap there is a board hung on the log wall, with a rude outline of a fish upon it, discolored on its lower half with red chalk, and underneath it this legend written:—"G—P—, champion fisherman, 74 lbs., March —, 1889." I didn't see that one caught, but I did see one caught, or, rather, after he was caught, which weighed 43 lbs. on Fairbanks' standard scales, measured 22 in. in length, and in proportion and coloring was the most beautiful fish I ever saw. This fish was laid on a large sheet of drawing paper, outlined and painted in oil. It had a dark grayish brown body to the middle, where a sort of water color line of parting extends from gills to tail. This parting line, by the way, is found also in the flesh beneath the skin. Over this grayish brown body, which darkens toward the top of the back, are scattered specks in spots of a darker brown, almost black. From this line toward the belly and along the sides the color is a bright vermilion, and the belly is white; dorsal and tail fins a dark straw color, thickly dotted with dark brown spots; large eye, and proportions as nearly perfect as it is possible to imagine.

The shining eyes of friend John as he came in to the ranch before breakfast one morning with that fish was a thing to be seen once and to be ever after remembered; especially when it is remarked in passing that John is a most enthusiastic sportsman, a most ardent and industrious fisherman, who spent his whole two weeks vacation in the Rio Grande, wading its swift and icy waters from early morn till frosty eve, without waterproofs of any sort, intent upon taking the speckled beauties; that he had been a fisherman all his life and had never before secured such a prize, and that he was a confirmed old bachelor and had never felt his heart beat and his pulses quicken under the flashing eye of woman.

At the ranch where we were domiciled there were drawings of one of two catches by the owner, Mr. P., showing larger fish than this one of John's, but it was conceded that a lovelier fish had never been caught out of the Rio Grande. It was a labor of love to transfer this fish to canvas; speckled fins, flashing eye, vermilion red, caledonian brown, and all that the bachelor fisherman might frame and hang in his apartments in Puebla, this counterfeited the trophy of his skill with rod and reel. Long may you live John, and many times may you indulge yourself in the exquisite delights of wading that swift and chilly stream, *sans* waders, with your nine flies (so that the fish may have a choice), your dim-colored broadbrim shading your ruddy and ruddily-whiskered countenance; and may you often bring to basket doublets and triplets, and I shall not very much envy you if you have a triumphant tussle with old Whiskers himself. (Note.—Old Whiskers is the champion fish of the stream; weighs 10 lbs. by estimate. Has oft been hooked, but never landed.)

Truly, the fishing on the Rio Grande is the very perfection of sport. Though the writer took no 4-pounders, he did take several of less weight, and though the water is swift and an occasional header into the cold water may reward the incautious step and slip upon the slippery stones on its bottom, still there is to a lover of sport rich reward, in the striking, playing, and landing of these gamiest of all fish. There is nothing worth having to be gained without effort, as one of our party, a Denver banker, sagely remarked as he came home one evening with a nearly empty basket, and though wading down mid-stream (or still worse, wading up), with water well up to the top of your wading boots, for hours over slippery stones, is not a lazy man's ideal of happiness, still that mountain air is so pure and fresh, and those rocky mountains, with their far-off snow-clad peaks, and their nearer, ever shifting tints of purple and brown are

so delightful to tired city eyes, weary with book and pen, and those resinous odors of the ever green pines and firs and cedars, so grateful after the smell of city traffic and city sewers, that tired limbs and luckless headers, and even empty baskets are almost forgotten.

And then the glad return after the fishing is over, that broiled grouse, that browned trout; that cream, ah, that cream! so thick that a spoon would stand upright in it, and so sweet and rich, and those red mountain-gathered raspberries that greeted us, the tired and hungry waders: with what words, O Boniface, shall I describe them.

Why, John, I believe, made a vow when he came to that hospitable board (not that if flesh maketh my brother to err I will taste no flesh while the world stand), that while in this land of fish and game and mountain berries and superlative butter and milk and cream, he would taste no other meat, so help him Epicurus; a vow, by the way, he religiously or otherwise kept. Methinks if all sins could be atoned for by such penance, the way to heaven were easy. Every day was Friday with us all the time we were there.

The fishing was the chief thing, and all indulged in it more or less. Further up the river the ladies donned the waders and took a hand, and enjoyed the sport, too, greatly. Now, it is not to be concluded from this that we had no ladies at our ranch. Yea, verily, we did have lady boarders, and young lady neighbors, who looked on with interest while fathers and brothers, not to say sweethearts, caught the fish; but came in for their innings when evening and croquet, lawn tennis, music, or the puppies were on hand; and did not disdain to play a good second to the aforesaid brothers, etc., when it came to putting away the trout from the dinner table.

That word puppies must not be misunderstood. I hasten to explain that at the P. ranch there were about six half-grown water spaniel puppies, the shaggiest, playfulest, loveliest, teasingest puppies that ever tore a lady's skirts or played fox and goose with the kittens; and there they were all day; and like puppies of veritable good taste they fell in love with the young ladies of course; and a romp whenever they met was the inevitable result.

Yes, the fishing was fine, the climate delightful, the eating all that could be desired, the children the healthiest, heartiest of squallers, the sky blue, the sun bright, the showers wet, the white tents like far off sails at sea, suggestive of humanity and companionship, but running through it all, ever present, never forgotten, like the solemn monotone of the throbbing sea beat upon a lonely shore, was the thought born of the silence, the solidity, the majesty, the eternity of those pine-clad, snow-capped mountains; of our own transiency and littleness after all. That grand diapason in stone, that mighty mysterious, unread and unreadable volume, the everlasting hills,

TEXAS.

ANGLING NOTES.

A WELL-KNOWN New York sportsman, now residing at Beloxi, Miss., writes us that for fishing that place is unsurpassed. Weakfish, bluefish, sheepshead, and redfish (channel bass), can be caught in numbers sufficient to satisfy the most exacting angler, and in the fresh-water ponds and streams the big-mouth bass take the fly all through the year. Good quarters can be found at the Montrose Hotel.

Were it not for the long sea voyage and the insect pests what a paradise for anglers Newfoundland would be. In the northern part of the island there are hundreds of lakes and ponds, streams and rivers that are absolutely virgin waters and teeming with speckled trout. Otter and eagle are the only creatures that disturb the fish in that great wilderness. While hunting there this fall we could see the trout darting in every direction when we forded the brooks; but when one is hunting big game he has no time to stop and fish, besides which most of the ponds were covered with ice and the trout were spawning. We caught a few with our hands in the smaller brooks to see if they were the same old favorites, and we found they were the true speckled trout.

Our men told wonderful tales of 5 and 6 lbs. sea trout that frequented the head of Hall's Bay during June and July, together with many a sly allusion to the salmon and grise they had netted. Of course the poor settlers have no other way of getting them and it is not likely that these poverty-stricken and half-starved whites and Indians are going to deny themselves either trout or salmon when their herring nets are so handy, and the pools are filled with fish.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Maurice Thorburn in St. John, Newfoundland. This gentleman is the crack angler of that island, and a thorough sportsman in every way. While we were enjoying a little game supper at his cosy bachelor apartments, he showed us two fine specimens of speckled trout preserved in alcohol, one of which weighed, when caught, a little over 4 lbs., and the other 3 lbs. They were taken in Lake George only a few miles from St. Johns. Mr. Thorburn related with much pride, as well he might, how he killed eight of these superb trout during some two or three visits to this lake, using the brown-hen dressed on a No. 8 hook. He said very many people had fished for them unsuccessfully, as they required the lightest of tackle and only would rise to a fly late in the evening.

SCARLET-IBIS.

FEEDING HABIT OF TROUT.—Mr. Orestes Pierce, who supplies the city of Portland, Cal., with water, has splendid facilities for rearing fish and devotes a portion of his leisure to their introduction and propagation. When catfish were fashionable Mr. Pierce obtained some of the Eastern stock and placed them in a reservoir. Now he has catfish enough and to spare, but, although their number is legion, they do not grow large, and because of a prejudice against their whiskers the Chinese can not be induced to eat them. Michigan whitefish have been successfully acclimated by Mr. Pierce also and their growth is very satisfactory—but, to return to the trout. The cherished pets of the establishment were a lot of sleek and handsome trout, some of which, for convenience of display, were kept in a large crate moored in one of the lakes near the office. The trout were regularly fed and were always on hand to be admired by the numerous visitors. On one occasion the crate was hauled up above the surface of the water for some purpose when it was discovered that the bottom had fallen out long before and the trout were merely coming into the inclosure about feeding time from force of habit,

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 17.—Scientists will please come to the front now and wonder what the "landlocked salmon," "deep-water trout," or "salmon trout," of Trout Lake, Wis., is. This fish is taken nowhere else in Wisconsin so far as known, and is taken there only late in the fall or early in the spring, just as the ice goes out. It usually takes the phantom minnow, trolled very deep, in the spring. About Nov. 1 Mr. W. H. Haskell, of this city, brought down one of these "landlocked salmon," which he took in Trout Lake on a spoon. The fish weighed 18 lbs., and was eaten by a party of nine Chicago friends of Mr. Haskell. I did not see this fish, but it is described as a beautiful one. Elsewhere I have heard these fish described as similar to the lake trout of the Great Lakes, and I have also heard mention of their "silvery scales." This is all I can learn about them, and I should be very glad to see a specimen.

Another oddity in fish life in the West. Do bass spawn twice a year, or do they ever spawn in the fall? It would be supposed that the spawning of bass, even in the northern lakes, would be done by July or August at furthest; yet three weeks ago last Monday Mr. W. H. Lees brought to Chicago three magnificent bass, total weight 16 lbs., which he had caught in Fourth Lake, Madison, Wis., all of which were females full of spawn, as was proved incontestably. The roe seemed fully developed and the appearance of the fish would have indicated that they were about to spawn soon. I do not remember to have heard of a similar instance of late spawners.

Mr. J. Jeff Smith, of Channel Lake, one of the Fox Lake waters infested by ice fishers, presents a strong petition for appointment as resident warden for that district, and is endorsed by the leading men of Antioch, who wish to see that abuse stopped for the sake of their summer customers. Mr. Smith thinks that a mere warning will stop George Clark and the other more persistent ones, and says that if appointed will prosecute at once where warning fails. He says that Clark's summer business was hurt last summer by the showing up he got in FOREST AND STREAM last winter. This is just as it ought to be. If people up Antioch way want us to come up there in the summer and hire their boats, and eat their ham and eggs, and buy their souvenir spoons, it behooves them to stop this winter fishing, so that we can have a show for our money in the summer. This is pure equity. Moreover, thanks to FOREST AND STREAM, it's an Illinois law.

As was predicted would be the case, high water has come in the Kankakee River, and found the Momenie fishway not yet in, nor is it likely to go in now before next summer. Mr. H. Worcester, agent for the dam owners, explains that it would be necessary now to open the dam, which would incur expense. The dam being under the injunction of the railway, they do not like to move until the property right is settled, but promise to open a section of the dam during the spring run next year.

In regard to the delay on this and other fishways, Mr. F. L. Buck, the warden who had this in charge, explains that he did all he could under the law, the statute, amended by practical agreement in 1889 (Sec. 3) providing in favor of the dam owners that the fishway shall not "impair the usefulness" of the dam. He also points out that the fishway at Kankakee town was put in its present out of the way location by consent of Dr. Bartlett of the Fish Commission, and that other fishways also rest their responsibility on Dr. Bartlett's broad shoulders. Mr. Cole and I also were told that Dr. Bartlett directed the building of the way at Kankakee, but we were told this by the dam owners, and not by Dr. Bartlett himself. To the contrary, Dr. Bartlett has just informed Mr. Cole to the direct opposite of this. The fact seems to be that the dam owners promised Mr. Buck they would do several things which they never did do, which latter fact was developed by the trip of inspection made by Mr. Cole and myself, when we found the ways far from being in condition to warrant the issuance of certificates. Between us all, however, I don't doubt that these fishways will be built, and not only in a legal but in an effective manner.

Fish are dying by thousands in Vermilion River, probably from sulphureous water from the Streator coal mines turned into that stream. The stench from the dead fish has been very bad near Lowell. This mortality is not uncommon in the Vermilion, and that stream has the reputation of being very poor fishing water.

Dr. J. A. Henshall, of the World's Fair Fish Exhibit, called at my office when I was out of town. I wish I could get Dr. Henshall in one hand and one of our small-mouth—big-mouth, half-way bass in the other, so we could settle a thing or two. But when the World's Fair comes we shall have all these things on exhibition.

Nov. 18.—I notice the remarks of Mr. E. S. Waters, of Holyoke, Mass., upon the Kankakee fishways, and am very willing to agree with him that he knows a great deal more about the Wilmington dams, and the Kankakee River, and a great many other things, than I do. I thank him also for his correction of my statement that the "Wilmington dams have no mills upon them," for it is true, as I believe, that the lower and smaller dam is used. The great upper dam stands apparently quite idle. The canal service of the Kankakee is now in disuse. By different parties about Wilmington I was told that the upper dam is kept in repair in the hope of selling it, and because the title, more or less imperfect, of a certain amount of adjacent land was in some way wrapped up in the maintenance of this dam. These parties also said that it was desired to sell these lands. This was what I meant by "speculative purposes," and although it is not an essential point, I am very glad to be corrected upon it. Should the sale be made, however, and should the "employment be given to thousands," I can see no reason why the State of Illinois should not receive this benefit, and still have left the right to say, without serious discussion with Mr. Waters over it, whether or not it cared to have fishways put in for the benefit of the fish, and for the benefit of possible anglers, be they few or many. This is really the essential point. It is not for dam owners to pronounce upon or to weigh benefits, or to divide classes. It is not for Mr. Waters or me to say whether or not this fishway law is right. It is there on the statutes, and it is in force. Those fishways are required by law to go in. The Kankakee Association was organized, in part, to see that they do go in. They will go in.

We did not measure the big dam at Wilmington, and

I am glad to have the advice that it is 15 and not 17 ft. in height. From a dozen different sources we had heard the height stated as 17 ft. It appeared simply a gigantic wall across the river at the very low stage of water at which we saw it. I should not like to contradict a gentleman, especially in so public a place, and Mr. Waters' statement that fish go over the big Wilmington dam must be left unchallenged except of other readers' experience and observation. I simply say that that must have been during a very high and very unusual stage of water. At the highest water of last spring, for instance, I stood below an 8 ft. dam over which the most active fish could not go, let alone those heavy with spawn. As I understand it, a fishway is no obstruction to the running of fish, even in high water. As to their being a help in the average stage of water, there is, provided the way is put in properly, no question whatever among the men who ought to know and who do know about that. For the Massachusetts bass I can not speak, but these are Illinois bass, and they are progressive enough to go over a fishway, fast and plenty, and we all know that too well to talk about it.

The question of the "spring run" and the fall dropping-back is something which I know little about, nor does anybody I ever met. I do know that the main breeding grounds of this waterway are far below Wilmington and below Marseilles, on what are known as the "Meredosia flats." That is where the United States Government gets its young fish for distribution. We think fish hatched there go up the river, indeed spread all through it. That there is in the spring a general up-stream movement of the fish, if possible far beyond the "first reach above the pool where they wintered," all anglers know and Mr. Waters ought to know. If blocked by a dam they can't go up. But (V. Waters, ¶ 2, FOREST AND STREAM 313), authorities hold that a 15 ft. dam cannot block them. Then I should ask Mr. Waters why they go to the trouble of ascending the boiling flood which pours over such a dam at such a time?

If Mr. Waters will pardon me, I believe he is in error as to the hook and line fishing below a dam in Illinois, as he says, "If no Illinois angler can fish within half a mile of these dams, when will the Illinois man get his innings?" The statute prohibits the catching of fish, "except minnows for bait, with any device or means other than a hook and line, within one-half mile of any dam," etc., etc. Therefore it is precisely the angler who may lawfully fish under a dam. Our best Chicago anglers, however, do not fish directly under a dam, especially during the spring run. It is legal, but not sportsmanlike.

As to the general conclusion which Mr. Waters reaches, namely, that the more dams the more fish, there need be small concern that it will receive serious attention anywhere but here, nor would it here were it not for the fact that sometimes wrong impressions are taken up by those who are ready for them, and there are wrong impressions enough out now among the opposers of this good fishway work. The Kankakee and Fox River associations are already familiar with the statements of those owning or interested in dams, though it is only fair to say that these have been usually arranged in a more accurate and logical way than that adopted by Mr. Waters. I don't claim to know the ultimate facts about fish life, and I never made but one continuous trip down the Kankakee River, and though I tried to see both sides of the river and both sides of the case, I can only thank Mr. Waters for helping us out on all that.

Nov. 19.—The fish fight in Illinois goes bravely on, in season and out of season. Two letters to President Cole:

ILLINOIS STATE FISH COMMISSION.—Quincy, Ill., Nov. 16, 1891.—Mr. Geo. E. Cole, Chicago, Ill.: My attorneys in the matter of trespass suit tried at Rushville, in which a verdict of \$62.00 was found against me, have obtained a new trial, the Judge reversing himself, so to speak. This looks more encouraging.—S. P. BARTLETT.

ILLINOIS VALLEY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—La Salle, Ill.—Geo. E. Cole, Chicago: I have much pleasure in informing you that we have last week made the initial arrest under the law against seining above Copperas Creek dam. The arrest was of two men who own and use a small steamboat for fishing. We tried them in Putnam county. They were defended by counsel, had a jury trial and resulted in a verdict in our favor with a fine of \$40 and costs. We have the steamboat levied upon, and I think members of our association will purchase it, so in the spring you can look for an invasion of Chicago from the canal by the members of our association. We expect to move on the Senawine Lake people very soon.—H. L. WATLINGTON, Sec'y.

From all sides come reports that "FOREST AND STREAM is the only paper for fishing news." Or any other field sport news.

Nov. 20.—I want to jerk the sombre robe of prophesy around me for a few moments, and say something which seems to have occurred to no other paper. It is about a State league of all our different protective associations. This I have mentioned before in a general way, some time ago. I believe this union into one working body of all our active organizations is a possible and a practical thing. Let us go further, and even call it a probable thing. The annual meetings of the Fox River and Kankakee River associations draw on apace (Jan. 14). That opportunity ought not to be allowed to go by of taking formal steps toward a State league. It is time now that means should be discussed toward that end. The Kankakee Association was prophesied in these columns. Why should not the Illinois State League be prophesied also?

The Fox River Protective Association has practically accomplished its work. The Illinois Valley Protective is doing its work well, as per the record in these columns. We have also the Rock River Protective, and I believe also the Vermilion River Protective, and the Astoria Protective, and the Beardstown Rod and Gun Club, and perhaps yet other strong societies devoted to the enforcement of the fish laws. For mutual interest and joint benefit these societies ought to unite. Good work has been done already. It is not a drop in the bucket compared to what the State League could do.

The method of this is easy. There should be a call issued at the meetings of the Fox and Kankakee associations Jan. 14 for delegates to meet at Springfield for organization. These delegates should elect a president and also a secretary. The latter ought to be a paid officer, and he ought to be an attorney, so that he could prosecute game law cases at call. The State Fish Commission ought to be willing to devote a part of its fund to the salary of such a man. This is business. No man could take that work except for pay, for it would absorb most of his time.

With such an officer ready, and with such a fund as could be gotten together, it would be possible to prose-

cute promptly any violation reported by the local men from any given point. The local associations would remain in full force and activity, and the larger union give them all a greater power. A very pronounced benefit arising from such a society would be its political significance and influence upon legislation. It would give the sportsman a dignity which he has never yet held at Springfield, and put us all in far better position to ask for changes and additions in our game laws.

These things are easy to talk about. In other States they may have been talked about. But these younger protective societies out here in Illinois have of late had such a way of getting there that it is safe to say that a movement of this sort would not end in talk.

E. HUGH.

A WEEK ON DEAD LAKE, MINN.

"COME, get up. Do you know what time it is? John has been waiting an hour for you." This was the greeting I received from my friend Colehour one October morning as the light was breaking into my window, and the John he mentioned was a mutual friend, John Foster, from Chicago, who had written that he would be along that morning for a week's outing with me at any place that I might choose. Colehour could not go, as he was to meet a party of friends later in the week and go into camp with them. I was soon up, dressed and getting my breakfast, and in a short time Foster and I were on our way to Dead Lake, this being the place I had decided on for our outing. Our camp outfit and a boat was loaded on a wagon, and we made seats for ourselves in the boat on top of all. Leaving the village of Battle Lake, we went around the west end of the lake of the same name, on past Silver Lake, over the Red River where it leaves the famous Otter Tail Lake, on our right being the lake, on the left a high bluff surmounted by many mounds, remains of the mound builders; on over the Amor prairie and finally into the rough wooded country which surrounds Dead Lake. Three miles of rough road, boulders, hills, sink holes, jolting and tossing, Foster grimly asking now and then, "How much more there was of that?" At last we came out into the little valley through which runs Dead River, and in a short time were on the shore of the lake and our fifteen-mile ride at an end. After unloading we started the driver back with the team, instructing him to return for us Saturday. Where should we make our camp? On the shore or out on the island?

"Let's get as far away from every one as we can," said Foster. So we loaded all our dunnage into the boat and went for Isle au McIlvaine, about two miles off. Here we found a beautiful camping place and established ourselves for the week. How we did enjoy it. The point of the island where we were camped was a famous duck pass. Here we generally had some shooting each evening, not great shooting as the weather turned warm. Just off the peninsula opposite us was a famous place for large-mouth black bass, and there any evening between 4 and 6 o'clock we could get all the fish we wanted, fine fellows, too, running from 2 to 4 lbs.

The best fishing we had was one morning when we went to an island about a mile above us, after woodduck, large numbers of which were always to be found there. Our success after the ducks was not great that morning, so we went back to the boat, rigged up our rods, and tried for bass off a rocky point on the north side of the island. Were they there? Well, yes, rather. The first cast Foster made brought to the net a 4 lbs. small-mouth, and directly I had the mate to it. Soon we were each fighting with a fish; then I had one, then Foster, and thus we kept on until thirteen of the gamy beauties lay in the boat, the smallest weighing a trifle over 3 lbs. and the largest slightly over five. 'Twas rare sport. "What will we do with the fish?" I asked when the thirteenth one was landed. "Blessed if I know," said Foster, "guess we'd better stop." "Let's take them over to Carpenter's." "All right." We strung the fish, and rowing to the mainland we started for Carpenter's, about half a mile away through the woods. The fish made a good load for us. When we reached the house we found no one at home, so we went into the kitchen and laid the fish in a row on the table, and a fine sight they were, wrote "Compliments of the season" on a piece of paper, signed our names, pinned it on the largest fish, went back to the boat and to camp. How we did enjoy that week. One day the wind blew so hard we could not leave the island. Another day it was so summer-like that we took a bath and did not find the water disagreeably chilly. Wednesday morning as we looked across the lake we saw tents up on the shore, and knew that a party of friends from Chicago and Kansas City were there, and that evening some of them came over to call and urge us to move over to their camp. But we preferred to stay on our island. All too soon came Saturday morning, when we must go. Reluctantly we took down the tent, packed up, loaded the boat, and bid adieu to the island. We ate dinner with our friends and then started for Battle Lake, which we reached in time for Foster to take the evening train for Chicago.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.

CENTRAL LAKE HERRINGS.—Central Lake, Mich., Nov. 16.—The advance guard of the herrings appeared on the afternoon of the 14th in our river. They were reported as seen in the river at Bellaire at least sixteen days before that. From Bellaire to the head of the Intermediate River and foot of Central Lake is nearly or quite two miles, and the lake is about seven miles long. I think it quite likely that the home of these fishes is in Torch Lake, and it would seem that they move quite slowly on their annual migration if it takes them more than two weeks to advance nine miles.—KELPIE.

MR. R. B. MARSTON, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*, is also president of the Society for Promoting the Reading of Papers among Angling Clubs.

THIS MAY BE READ TWO WAYS, BUT ONLY ONE RIGHT WAY.—As the fellow said about the buggy he particularly liked, that it was the last one he expected to own; so I say the FOREST AND STREAM is the last paper I expect to subscribe for.—G. W. S. (Mississippi).

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—ADD.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between those points.—ADD.

THE FLORIDA WEST COAST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have this day mailed you Fort Myers Press marked, calling your attention to an angling excursion of J. J. Tooke and self week before last. I am, I think, conservative in my statements as to this locality, since I am not a boomer. The Press editor made a mistake as to the number, we caught 143 instead of 144 in two hours' time on live bait, the fish were small, only averaging about 1½ to 2 lbs. Mr. Tooke hooked a jewfish that was undoubtedly 5 to 6 ft. in length, and would probably weigh 250 to 300 lbs. The tackle parted, hence we failed to weigh him. I have rigged up some heavy tackle and will try them again next week.

Mr. G. S. Loyd took my Gordon Betsy Bobbet one day last week and after dinner killed 30 quail. Of course in the immediate vicinity of the town deer and turkey are not plentiful, but by going 12 to 20 miles one can find the finest shooting in the United States, I believe, on turkey and deer. Our deer are small, very much smaller than in the North, but they are the same wild deer, and can jump, dodge, buck and caper the same as the bucks of the North Woods. Once the Northern sportsman learns this country (I used to be one of them, but old age, I reckon, more than anything else, holds me close to my office) they will come here during the winter months where they can hunt in a temperature very like that of New York in May and June; and that a world of game is here there can be no question.

I have several friends coming down this winter to investigate my "big lies," as they call them. Tell the boys to come, and they will see more deer and turkey in a given length of time than they can find elsewhere, outside of Florida. We have parties here who can be engaged to guide any one through the cypress, and will guarantee sport. There are no regular guides, as the Northern sportsman is unknown here. WALTER F. MICKLE.

FORT MYERS, Florida.

The Press item reads: One day last week, we think it was Saturday, Messrs. W. F. Mickle and J. J. Tooke caught 144 jack fish, weakfish and channel bass in two hours' time. We acknowledge the present of one of the jack fish, which was highly relished for one meal.

TENCH FOR AMERICAN WATERS.

MR. E. G. BLACKFORD, president of the New York Fish Commission, has given these interesting facts about a new fish for American waters:

These tench are an entirely new variety of fish to American waters. The original parent fish were brought over from England and placed in breeding ponds in Washington, D. C., of the United States Fish Commission's station at Neosho, Me. Two years ago twenty-three fish in number were taken from the ponds at Washington, D. C., to the above station. This year there will be distributed 36,000 young fish, the product of the original twenty-three of two years ago. These fish will grow to weigh 2 to 3 lbs. each, and are said to be a good table fish as well as affording sport to the angler.

The tench prefers still waters to running streams, more especially thriving in reservoirs, ponds full of water weeds and pits from which clay has been excavated for brick making. It seems also to do better in foul and weedy than in clean water, and in broad and sluggish rivers rather than those which flow with considerable velocity.

It is generally seen in small companies, and appears to frequently keep near the bottom, except during the summer, when, more especially during the spawning time, it lies near the surface among the weeds. Although possessing a very thick skin, covered with a large amount of slimy mucus, it seems to be very susceptible to cold, and has been credited with passing a considerable portion of the winter months in a semi-lethargic condition, buried in semi-aquatic mud. It will dive down into the mud in order to escape from nets. It is very tenacious of life, in which respect it is little inferior to the eel. Examples have been known of the tench living for an entire day out of water. It feeds on insects, larvae, worms and vegetable substances.

The largest tench on record in England weighed 11 lbs. 9 oz. In angling for them the best bait is worms. They spawn during the months of June and July. The eggs are small and are deposited in the weeds. Over 300,000 eggs have been found in one single specimen. According to an English authority, it is esteemed as a fair table fish. These fish are found in nearly all the fresh waters of Europe as well as those of Asia.

Fishculture.

CASTALIA TROUT AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that Mr. Hough comes at me again in your issue of Nov. 12 concerning the matter of the origin of the trout in Castalia stream. I have not at hand the articles written upon the subject by Mr. Hough and myself some months ago, but my recollection upon the matter is that I did not question his statements but did question the reliability of his sources of information. As yet I see no reason to change my views upon the subject, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Potter never caught or saw any trout there before the artificial stocking. Scores of people were born and raised contiguous to that stream who never dropped a hook into those waters or any other, and who had not the slightest knowledge of the subject in question. Hundreds of people have fished in known trout streams without getting a bite. Others again have had success and their testimony is worth a cloud of witnesses who never caught anything. I have heretofore named two well-known gentlemen who did take trout there 40 years ago and I saw the trout in at least one instance.

Mr. Potter says he never saw or heard of me until within the last year or two. Just what that has to do with the origin of trout in the Castalia stream I leave it for Mr. Hough to explain. Mr. Potter thinks it very strange that as many years as he knew Dr. Garlick, he never heard him mention the name of Castalia or Milton P. Peirce. Well, I lived several years at Cleveland (Dr. Garlick's residence), and probably saw the Doctor five times where Mr. Potter did once; took my first lessons in fishculture from him and Dr. Garlick, and in all those years did not hear either of them mention the name of Mr. Potter nor Castalia; but as before stated, they did several times speak of taking trout from Cold Creek, which is identical with the Castalia stream. Mr. Potter's argument reminds one of the "old chestnut" story of the chap who was being tried for a crime, and several witnesses were introduced who saw him commit the crime. He sought to offset this testimony by introducing double the number of persons who did not see the crime committed. At the very outset of Mr. Potter's remarks he says he is averse to entering into any controversy with me, yet he opens one with such uncomplimentary as-

sertions as I have quoted. The very fact that he claims to have never heard of me until within a year or two will cause a smile to come over the features of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for the past twenty years, and they will smile to think what an attentive reader he has been of the current fishcultural literature which has appeared in all these years.

I will say that I am quite familiar with the history of the fish preserves of the Castalia Stream, and have the highest admiration for those connected with them and besides have only sentiments of commendation for the enterprise, yet "all the same," trout inhabited most of the headwaters of streams discharging into Lake Erie at the time the region was settled by white people.

Old Clevelanders acquainted with Dr. Garlick will be amused at the assertion that the Doctor would for an instant attempt to buy a friend, particularly one who entered fully into his fishcultural views, which were ridiculed by some of the "smart Alecks" of that day. That class would have been liable to have been grieved by Dr. Ackley, who was a grim wag indeed, as well as a more enthusiastic and expert sportsman than his co-laborer and friend Garlick.

Several Ohio anglers besides Mr. Potter have disputed my assertions concerning native trout being in northern Ohio waters, say fifty years ago, declaring that the domestic trout of Castalia were the first ever seen in Ohio waters. As I believe I have already stated in your columns, I repeatedly saw wild trout in Ashtabula county waters fifty years ago, and now Mr. Potter remembers having caught many a good string of native trout in the Chagrin River in company with Dr. Garlick. He locates that stream in Granger county. There is no such county in Ohio. Chagrin River discharges into the lake from Lake county, which adjoins Ashtabula county.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 16.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

[(For fuller details see issue of Nov. 12.)]

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 8.—Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Charlotte, S. C. Benj. McInnis, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 19.—Columbus, S. C. F. F. Capers, Greenville, Sec'y.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Jackson, Mich. D. E. L. Kimball, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, 738 B'way, N. Y.
March 15 to 18.—Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Boston, Mass. H. M. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—San Francisco, Cal. H. A. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trials, Lexington, N. C.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, Deatonville, Va.
1892.
Jan. 10.—Bexar Field Trials, San Antonio, Texas.
Jan. 18.—Pacific Field Trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
—Southern Field Trials, New Albany, Miss.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

I HAVE already given particulars in last week's issue about the opening of these trials, and there is little more to add. The trials did not seem to awaken so much interest among owners, and visitors were few compared to former years. Among the visitors not already mentioned, and who came after the trials commenced, were Messrs. Bayard Thayer, A. D. Lewis, C. C. M. Hunt, L. N. Cox, W. B. Meares, J. Mahone, Angus Cameron from England, and one or two others whose names I did not catch. Birds were plentiful enough, affording ample opportunity for varied work. The vegetation is quite rank this year, and wide-ranging dogs were hard to keep track of. The judges did their work carefully and gave every dog ample opportunity to show his merit. Excepting in the Champion Stake, there was little or no comment made on the awards, and in this stake the foregoing remarks do not apply.

The spotting system was in vogue and much less time was consumed in the running off of the various series. At the meeting of the club held on Thursday last, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock was elected president; Pierre Lorillard, Jr. and H. B. Duryea, vice-presidents, and Washington A. Coster, secretary and treasurer.

TUESDAY.

When we drew up our blinds this morning it was found to be raining hard, and it seemed as if the day was to be a holiday. The weather cleared, however, about 9:30, and a start was made at 10 o'clock, the rendezvous being the Glass House, about two miles from town. The sun peeped out of the heavy clouds as the first brace in the continuation of the

Second Series of the Derby.

AMY ROBSART—MAUD NOBLE, was called at 10:54. The heat was notable from the fact that the two handlers, H. M. Short for Amy Robsart and S. C. Bradley for Maud Noble, are the tallest handlers present, both being about 6 ft. 6 in. high and proportionately broad. Starting in sedge, it was not long before Maud pointed at the edge of pines, Amy honoring, when Bradley put up the bevy, fired, and dogs showed that their training had not been neglected. In pines Maud pointed false, Amy dropping to back. Directly after she pointed again and a single sought the open, dogs were steady to Bradley's shot. In open Amy stiffened out and Maud honored her, but nothing came of it. Then the horsemen flushed a bevy as Amy came up with them, and she was not steady to wing. Lower down Amy scored a single on these birds, and was steady to Short's fire. Nothing more being done, dogs were ordered up at 11:19, with Amy having the best of the heat.

CAMILLE.—This bitch was now put down alone in sedge at 11:23. The heat was short, but showed that Camille's nose was in the right place. After a gallop round in bottoms she pointed a nice bevy very stylish. Twenty yards further on she pointed again and another bevy rose. This was nice quiet work. Nothing more needed and dog ordered up at 11:34.

BOB COOPER—WUN LUNG.—Starting off at 11:39 they passed some birds which were afterward flushed by horsemen. Points without result from both followed, and though they made game several times they failed to locate anything and were called up at 12:21. Both ranged in their usual snappy style.

HOPE'S MARK was put down alone at 12:28 to work toward the old schoolhouse. Some time after the start at edge of pines on hillside he stiffened on a bevy, and waiting till judges came up Rose flushed birds and fired, dog dropping to wing. He hardly went in his usual clever style and did not show such good work as at Bicknell, where the ground seemed to suit him better. Called up at 12:44.

BOB COOPER was now put down for a turn by himself at 12:46. In pines, he soon nailed a single and was steady to shot; roading on he did some nice work in cover, and working carefully into open and again into woods he came to a stylish point on a bevy, which Rose flushed and fired at, dog very steady this time. A little more training on birds and this dog will make a name; at present he fancies himself a little too much when the birds get up. Judges had a little talk and then we trotted off to lunch, after which

CAMILLE—BOB COOPER were tried to settle their final places in the stake. Down in stubble at 1:47 almost immediately Camille pointed a bevy which Aven flushed and fired at, dogs steady. Points on footscout followed. Then Bob roaded to a point on two birds and was not steady to flush, putting another bird to his credit, while Camille, to right, pointed but failed to raise anything. Going on to some fields, Bob did a good piece of work on a bevy, Camille honoring the point; Rose flushed the birds and fired, Camille steady, but Bob, as usual, moved a little. Dogs then called up and judges after a little consultation decided Wun Lung first, Bob Cooper second and Camille third.

Summary—The Derby.

N. Wallace's black, white and tan setter bitch Maude Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble)

Pierre Lorillard's black, white and tan setter bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).

Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white dog Exile (King of Kent—Hops).

J. M. Aven and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan setter bitch Camille (Jean Val Jean—Haydee).

Charlottesville Kennels' black and white ticked pointer dog Mainstay (King of Kent—Hops).

Royal Phelps Carroll's black, white and tan setter dog Robespierre (Roderigo—Ollie S.).

O. W. Donner's black, white and tan setter dog Wag-tail (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont).

Col. J. R. Parcell's pointer dog Tail Son of York.

Harry Northwood's lemon and white setter bitch Amy Robsart (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).

Blue Ridge Kennels' chestnut, tan and white setter dog Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Nellie Y.).

Royal Phelps Carroll's black, white and tan setter bitch Iza (Roderigo—Ollie S.).

N. T. Harris's black, white and tan setter dog Wun Lung (Captain Bethel—End).

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Hope's Mark, a bye.

Second Series.

Robespierre with Bob Cooper.
Wun Lung with Lora.
Camille with Hope's Mark.
Maud Noble with Amy Robsart.
Camille alone.
Bob Cooper with Wun Lung.
Hope's Mark alone.
Bob Cooper with Camille.
N. T. Harris's Wun Lung first money, \$500.
Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper second money, \$250.
J. M. Aven and Bayard Thayer's Camille third money, \$150.

F. F. Miles wins the breeder's cup, value \$100, to breeder of winner of the Derby.

Wun Lung and Bob Cooper are very fast, merry workers, small-sized, but full of go. Camille, though not so fast and wide a ranger, has lots of bird sense and uses it to good purpose.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

After the conclusion of the Derby little time was wasted before the first brace in the All-Aged Stake was put down.

The drawing for this stake has been already published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is said that the All-Aged this year in point of numbers beats the record since both pointers and setters ran together, and after the rather poor filling in the Derby it was as surprising as complimentary to the club. Mr. R. L. McCook leaving for home Tuesday night, Messrs. Duryea, Merriman and Rowe judged the All-Aged.

RUPERT—TOP MARK were started in grass field at 3:30. Names of owners are given in summary, so that it is needless to repeat them in each heat. Rupert (Roderigo—Bo Peep) was handled by his part owner, J. M. Aven, and Top Mark (Gath's Mark—Burd Helen) by H. M. Short. Both started off freely and not long after Mark pointed in sedge, Rupert backing in fine style; nothing found, but after we had passed several birds flushed wild. Top Mark's next work was the nailing of a good bevy, Rupert doing his duty gallantly; Short put up birds and dogs were steady to shot. Rupert, after going over a good deal of ground, pointed, backed by Mark, but nothing found; several quasi points followed until Rupert, on the side of a hill in thick cover pointed two birds, Mark honoring. A pretty point by Rupert in a road, Mark backing, result nil. Then Rupert scored a bevy in briars and was steady to flush. Then Mark thought it time to interfere, and getting out of woods Mark pointed, honored by Rupert. Short put up the birds and dogs were steady. On in sedge, where Rupert casting back, secured an outlying bird in same place. Aven fired, dog steady. They were then called up at 3:56. Both had good range and speed, quartering their ground well, Mark having a little advantage on birds.

FRANK W.—JOYE H.—These were put down in same place at 3:57. John N. Lewis handled Frank W. (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cute), a liver and white pointer, and W. W. Titus looked after Joye H. (Paul Gladstone—Gypsy), a black and white setter. Neither dog ranged out with the style or speed of the first brace. Little work of any merit was done, although considerable ground was covered. In some sedge by pines Frank pointed, Joye brought up to back, but Lewis could find nothing. Going down in hollow, then on hillside Joye found birds, Titus shot, dog steady. Another point to Joye without result and the dogs were ordered up at 3:45. Neither showed the necessary class of work to entitle them to further consideration in the stake.

ALBERT'S DUCHESS—GRAPHIC VI.—Albert's Duchess (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton) was handled by Prof. Schuyler and Graphic VI. by J. B. Taylor. Down at 3:55 in open field on hillside, both ranged out fairly well. Both soon pointed, drew on, the pointer pointed where Duchess had the birds, but broke point, and when birds flushed started to chase, but stopped to order. After the birds in woods Albert pointed and Graphic did his duty, but nothing was found. Higher up Graphic pointed a single which Taylor shot at; dogs steady. Then in open down the hill four wild turkeys were sighted trotting along leisurely. This caused excitement, and Judge Duryea and J. M. Aven galloped down to head them off before they got to brook. Aven fired two shots from horseback, and it is more than likely he shot a bird as only three flew into the pines. It could not be found, however, Aven only getting some feathers to show, stream very likely carried it down. Just after the turkeys were sighted, and Mr. Duryea was off duty for the time being, Albert's Duchess nailed a bevy nicely down the field, birds flushing wild. Dogs were called up at 4:40 and we galloped home.

WEDNESDAY.

A very hard frost during the night make the ground like a brick, so the start this morning was later than usual to allow the ground to soften a bit, the rendezvous being near the Model Farm. The day was sunny and clear but very cold. A nice morning for a rousing gallop, but not to go for hours on horseback no faster than a walk.

NATALIE II.—MAID OF KENT.—Natalie II., English setter (King Noble—Natalie), was handled by N. B. Nesbitt, and Maid of Kent, a good-looking pointer bitch (King of Keat—Hops), was under the care of C. E. Buckle. No work of any special merit was done in the heat. Down at 9:21 in open weeds, Natalie very soon found and pointed a bevy in thick plum thicket and Nesbitt went in and flushed, Maid backed and both were steady to Nesbitt's shot. Following these birds along edge of woods, dogs did not locate. Then on some distance where birds flushed from a thicket, dogs out of sight, but Nesbitt claimed his dog pointed them. Following scattered birds none were found, though Maid pointed and Natalie backed. Going through a long piece of woods the dogs repeatedly made game, but could not locate anything. Then Maid pointed in the open, Latonia backing nicely, but nothing put up; this was repeated across a brook and dogs ordered up at 10:17. Natalie did all the work on birds, but to Maid's credit must be given pace, range and style.

ANTEVOLO.—DAISY HUNTER.—At 10:25 these two were cast off at edge of woods. Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.) was handled by Chas. Tucker and Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.) by her owner, J. A. Hunter. Both got out from their handlers in good style. It was not long before Daisy Hunter got down to work, and in a clump of pines stifled out to a bevy, Antevolo called up to back, but birds flushed before he could get there, Daisy steady to shot and wing. Then she nailed a single lower down. A no-point from Daisy, and then in woods Antevolo pointed a bird, Tucker firing, dog steady. Daisy pointed foot scent, but not steadily, and then they were called up at 10:57. Both showed good range and judgment, Daisy the best, and also had the advantage on birds, though hardly a heat in which Daisy did as well as usual, getting out a little too far at times.

SAM R.—ORLANDO.—Sam R. is well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, he is by Dash Bryson—Daisy's Hope. The latter bitch won the All-Aged here last year. W. W. Titus handled Sam R. Orlando, a good-looking, heavily marked black, white and tan setter (Rodrigero—Bo-Peep), was handled by his part owner, J. M. Avent. Starting in weeds at 11:04, they galloped off in fine style. After a while in ragweeds, side of woods, at the end of a field, Orlando made a stylish point, Sam doing his duty nicely; birds flushed wild and Avent fired, dogs of course were steady to shot and wing. After these birds in weeds, then in woods, Orlando pointed and Sam backed, but nothing found. To the right, Sam, roading nicely, brought up stiff before a single which Titus flushed, and Orlando coming up pointed where birds had been. Then followed some roading and Sam making a cast into open, then in woods, pointed, but did not hold it when Titus came up, Orlando honored it, however. Then Orlando pointed false, Sam backing, but higher up Orlando redeemed himself by nailing a bevy, Sam backing; Avent flushed the birds, dogs steady to wing. Following these birds Sam pointed, but Titus failed to put up, but a single afterward rose behind the dog as spectators came up. Further on in brush Sam nailed a single in good shape, which Orlando honored; both steady to Titus's shot. Both dogs ranged well and speedily, Orlando best on birds, though Sam did well in cover on singles. Up at 11:50. It was now time for lunch and an acceptable lounge after, when

DOLLY HILL.—DICK BONDHU were put down at 1:12. Dolly Hill (Ben Hill—Dolly S.) is a heavily marked setter and H. M. Short handled her. Dick Bondhu, handled by W. W. Titus, is by Dashing Bondhu—Dashing Primrose. Starting in corn stubble both went off at speed. Soon Dick, going off to the right, was lost some time. Meanwhile Dolly hunted through some woods and several of us tried to find Dick. Dick coming in sight eventually, he pointed on hill, Dolly backing, but he was mistaken. Dolly in pines scored a point and stood the birds till they flushed wild. Going into woods Dick, after we had all passed, commenced roading behind and pointed where birds had flushed; dogs were called up at 2:12 without any further result. Dolly Hill had the best of the heat in every way; Dick not being under control and running a very green dog, Mr. Titus telling me he had never been trained on birds, though five years old, and therefore the reason for running him is hardly apparent.

GROUSE.—THE COBSAIR.—The pointer Grouse, by Main-spring—Swain's Fly, had by S. C. Bradley for his handler, and The Corsair, by Dan Gladstone—Haidee, was, as usual, looked after by D. E. Rose. Moving to other ground, dogs were put down at 2:29. After going some time, both hunting wide and with judgment, Grouse wheeled to a stylish point by briar thicket and held it some minutes till Corsair could be brought up to back, affording plenty of opportunity for the "Kameretists" to hand his work down to posterity; Corsair backed stylishly and Bradley flushed the birds. A good piece of work for the pointer; both dogs steady to wing. Grouse improved his opportunity by nailing a single lower down. Corsair honored it and Bradley flushed, fired and killed, Grouse retrieving in good style, showing excellent training. Another of these singles fell to Corsair's share, and he pointed again, moved back, pointed, when Rose put up two birds and Corsair steady to shot. A hundred yards further Grouse pointed, but Bradley could not raise anything, and dog drew on and a single flushed as he stopped, Corsair backing, dogs steady to shot and wing. Covering some varied ground, Grouse pointed hen and chickens, and made a couple of points unsteadily to the left, but casting out to locate more closely, by a house on hill, he wheeled to a point in scrub oak and held it till Bradley came up and flushed the bevy, a good piece of work, clinching it by his steadiness to shot and wing. Dogs were then ordered up at 3:03. Grouse showed what the pointer is capable of, for he did in this heat genuine long-headed work, going to his birds with a vim, ranging out freely, but always with good judgment. Range and speed were about equal, style being in favor of Corsair, who did not by any means do himself justice, as he is capable of just as good work as the other did, but this was an off day for him. Dogs, like men or horses, have their good days and those that are otherwise.

COUNT W.—DUKE OF HESSEN.—Another pointer and setter heat. Count W., the setter, by Count Noble—Jennie III., was handled by S. C. Bradley, and the well-known pointer Duke of Hessen, the hope and pride of Hempstead, is by Luck of Hessen—Blarney, and John White was his handler. Put down in a big grass field at 3:11, both ranged out well—to well, for Count W. was lost at once near woods. Duke was found higher up the hill; but thinking that Count was in large wood below, several of us hunted high and low for him, but no one went up the hill where Duke had been found. It was 3:50 when a shout went up that he was on top of the hill in woods, just as the next brace was called. It was said Count was found on a bevy which he must have held for a long time. Starting together again at 3:56 in sedge, on hill soon after, Count nailed a bevy in woods, Bradley told the judges, and opening a gate let them in, Count still steady, Bradley put up the birds, fired and dog behaved well. Just before this Duke thought he would create a little excitement and was lost down hill for a short time; brought up to follow the flushed birds Count got two of them and was steady as they flushed wild. Duke higher up pointed false. Crossing road into

woods, Bradley claimed a point and a single was flushed by horsemen. Taken out of woods dogs ran back again and at other end Duke pointed in sedge, Count backing, Duke went on, pointed, and was honored again, when it was found he had the bevy at last, and dogs were steady to flush. On, in ragweed, Count pointed below a bevy, meanwhile judges flushed birds about 75yds. above him. After these Duke nailed two of them and was steady to shot and wing. Held up for Duke. Coming together Count dropped to a single just above Duke, when Bradley flushed, dog steady. This ended a long heat at 4:29, characterized by much whistling and many interruptions. Count W. had the advantage on birds, is a merry, stylish worker, with plenty of pace but rather heedless. Duke hardly ran the dog he did last year, though full of snap and go.

FLIGHT.—DAD WILSON, JR. were put down immediately after at 4:31. Flight (Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward), handled by N. B. Nesbitt and Dad Wilson, Jr. (Dad Wilson—Lit), and a well known dog on the bench, was handled by F. M. Short. Soon after starting across a ditch Flight dropped to a point, Dad backing, but no result. Then near pines Dad did the same, false points followed by Flight, neither dog working out as they should do. Lower down Dad pointed again, dogs seeming to be playing at the game. Going over varied ground Dad near a fence nailed a single, Short fired, dog steady. Then Dad got down to good work and stood to a bevy in fine style in standing corn, Flight backing, Short flushed, fired, dogs steady. Going over a brook Dad nailed a single, Flight seconding him, dogs steady to Short's fire. Dad did good work here. Flight, not to be outdone, in pines pointed and dropped to two birds, which Nesbitt shot at, dog steady. A no-result point from Flight followed out of the woods, and dogs ordered up at 5:03. Dad Wilson, Jr., did nice work on birds and had most style, neither ranged far out from the gun. This ended the day's work some distance from town.

THURSDAY.

A very pleasant day, cool, but sunny and clear, getting warm toward afternoon; just a day to make one feel that life is at times worth living. The first brace down was

COUNT GLADSTONE.—DON FIS HEL.—Count Gladstone, a good-looking blue belton by Count Noble—Ruby's Girl, was handled by John White. Don Fis Hel, a black pointer that ran at Bicknell, Ind., by Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang, was handled again by Geo. McClintock. They were put down in sedge near Blair Farm at 9:20. Count started off well, but Don Fis Hel ran his usual gait, very near to the gun. Much to his surprise evidently, immediately after starting he trotted right up to a bevy that flushed from under him, steady to wing. After this when we had got on terms with Count he was seen to point by a fence, moved a little as White came up, but was steady to wing, as they flushed wild. Going after these birds Count pointed false. Crossing a brook in bottom, edge of pines, Count nailed a single in good style. Count pointing again, soon after Don drew right past him, paying no attention to the point, which, however, resulted blank. Then in sedge Don pointed bunny, and as it passed chased a bit. Heat ended soon after at 9:09. There was only one in it, and his name was Count Gladstone, Don pottering round most of the time.

HARRY C.—BLADE.—A good brace these, though little actual work was done beyond showing some good style and range. Harry C. (Rodrigero—Countess House) was handled by owner, S. C. Bradley, and Blade (Toledo Blade—Lula C.) was looked after by Chas. Tucker. Starting in open near pine woods at 10 o'clock, both went off at a slashing gait. Soon after start they were held up to get on to other ground, and then put down in clover field. Going to pines both pointed birds and were steady to wing. In pines Blade pointed and birds flushed wild in thick cover; then one of the dogs pointed, birds getting up wild just as they came out of pines. Blade nailed afterwards one of these nicely, Tucker fired and dog steady. Up at 10:49. Little game was found that could be properly seen, both dogs ranged well and stylishly. Blade had the best of it on birds. They will be given another chance no doubt.

WILD DAMON.—COUNT ERIC.—This was a pointer and setter heat. The pointer Wild Damon (Damon—Flora) was handled by C. E. Buckle and the setter Count Eric (Count Noble—Fannie W.) by N. B. Nesbitt. They were started high up on hill, and both showed good speed and range. Count Eric soon got beyond control. Meanwhile Wild Damon pointed a bevy, which Buckle flushed, dog steady. Count coming to form again pointed in bottom, Damon dropped to back, and Nesbitt fired at flush, dogs steady. Then Count did well on a large bevy by a fence, Damon also honoring stylishly, and both were steady to Nesbitt's shot. Following these birds, Damon soon pointed a single and Buckle firing, dog behaved well. Dogs up at 11:44. Damon had much best range and style but Count had a little the nose of him.

NICODEMUS.—NAHMKÉ PHILIP.—Nicodemus (Dick Swiveller—Ion) was handled by owner, Col. J. R. Purcell and Nahmké Philip (Roy Monarch—Saddlebags) by T. M. Aldrich. Nicodemus was drawn to run against Pansy Blossom, but the latter not turning up in time for first series, and as Nahmké Philip was the bye dog, they ran together to close the first series. Put down at 11:48 in sedge, neither ranged out much, Nicodemus trotting around his owner most of the time. Nahmké Philip was the first to get wind of birds and drew on in an uncertain way, finally freezing to them, Nicodemus backing, dogs steady to flush. In bottoms Nahmké pointed, Nicodemus honored, then both roaded but failed to locate. Then in ditch Nicodemus flushed several birds and Nahmké pointed where they had raised. A false point by Nahmké and dogs called up at 12:20, a poor dawdling heat, dogs pottering round their handlers most of the time, Nahmké Philip the best, however.

Time for lunch now and then the judges held a long consultation and decided that the following dogs should run in second series: Top Mark with Natalie II., Rupert with Antevolo, Orlando with Daisy Hunter, Maid of Kent with Grouse, Corsair with Count W., Duke of Hessen with Harry C., Dad Wilson, Jr. with Count Gladstone, Blade with Count Eric.

Second Series.

TOP MARK.—NATALIE II.—Neither started off at 1:55 with much speed or range. The work, however, was sharp while it lasted. In a corn patch Top Mark was first to score, dropping to a bevy, Natalie honored his work in good style, Short put up the birds and dogs were steady. Then Natalie thought she had them sure, but was mistaken. Top humored her, however. Top Mark, in pines, nailed a single, Nat doing her duty well, too; the dog followed this up with another bird, and dogs were steady to both shots. Up at 2:08. Down 13m. The work was all in favor of Top Mark.

RUPERT.—ANTEVOLO.—This was a good heat between dogs of good class. Down at 2:11. Antevolo was first to wind game and pointed a bevy side of oak woods; Rupert honored and Tucker had no difficulty in flushing the birds, fired, and both behaved as they should do. Then in high weeds by a fence Antevolo clinched his good work by getting another bevy, and higher up Rupert nailed one of the singles and Ante followed suit at the bottom of a fir tree. Tucker put bird up and dog made an excusable jump. Both dogs were working at speed and in a snappy style. A false point to Rupert after careful roading, then he came up with a brace. Rupert followed this with two more singles, Antevolo backing nicely, and dogs were steady to Avent's shot. Called up at 2:32, down 31m. Antevolo had the advantage on birds.

ORLANDO.—DAISY HUNTER.—We were getting down to the Stake dogs now. In a grass field they started at 2:39, and both soon put lots of country behind them. Soon after

starting, Daisy going in her usual knowing manner, far in front, pointed a bevy which flushed wild, and coming up Orlando pointed where bevy had flushed. Over the hill, by the side of a pine tree, Orlando pointed a brace of birds which were flushed by horsemen behind him. Pointing again he did not hold it and a single rose. A false point on hill and a single in pines for Orlando closed the heat, Avent firing at the single, dog steady. Ordered up at 3:34. Neither had any advantage in speed and range, but Orlando had the best of it in finding birds.

MAID OF KENT.—GROUSE.—Two pointers these. Down at 3:33, both struck out at a clipping gait. Grouse started his score with a false point, Maid backing. Maid then pointed where Judge Duryea had flushed some birds, but nothing more found. She cancelled this, however, by pointing a bevy in the open, and was held for Grouse to back, who paid little attention, coming in from the side and only backed to order. Buckle flushed, Maid little unsteady to shot. Following these birds, Maid gathered in a single, and Grouse's back completed a pretty posture. Crossing a brook Grouse pointed birds of this bevy, Bradley putting them up and firing, dogs steady. Then Maid pointed foot scent, and dogs ordered up at 4:04. Neither had much advantage in birds, both speedy, wide rangers, but Grouse did not seem to have his clearest nose to-day.

CORSAIR.—COUNT W.—Put down at 4:12, Count, true to his record, got lost at once, but instead of being behind, where last seen, he was well ahead and must have held the point he was found on some 10m.; a single rose to Bradley's flush, fired, dog a little unsteady. Meanwhile Corsair had been held up, but was sent to back. Then in pines Count pointed a single, Corsair backing. Count on hill then pointed several times; drew on but nothing found, Corsair pointing too. After much preliminary work Count at last roaded to the birds and Bradley flushed and shot, dog steady. Into corn patch after singles Corsair flushed two birds down wind and should have nailed one that judge flushed. A false point to Corsair and dogs up at 4:50. Work hardly good enough for winning form. Down 88m.

DUKE OF HESSEN.—HARRY C.—S. C. Bradley was getting a tiring race of it, three heats in succession. Down in the same place at 4:55, it was getting dark and difficult to see in the covers. Harry C. was the first to score, pointing a bevy, being backed by Duke; but before handler came up broke back, then stopped, when both were steady to shot and wing. Several no-result points followed in woods across the brook; following it up, however, Duke nailed the bird stylishly and was steady to flush as White came up in front across the brook, undecided whether to humor the dog or not. Higher up, just as the dogs were called in, Harry C. nailed a single in good shape, which Bradley flushed. This I don't think was seen by judges, who were much lower down and turned for home. Harry C. proved the surest on birds, both ranged well.

FRIDAY.

There were still two more heats in the second series and at a late start near Blair Farm, the morning being cloudy and dull.

DAD WILSON, JR.—COUNT GLADSTONE were sent off at 9:22. Both set a good pace and quartered their ground well, but were only seen occasionally, as the fields near the Model Farm were covered with high sedge and ragweeds, and such free ranging dogs were soon lost to view. Count was lost for some time near the farmhouse. When they came together again Count pointed near pines, Dad backing; nothing came of it, however. Through woods into ragweed after both had made game in cover, Dad pointed, but moved as Short came up and flushed. Then Count pointed, nothing found; both roading, Dad at last located the running birds, held them to a good point, and Short flushed and fired; dogs steady. To the left Dad smelled something, wagged his flag and soon steadied to a point on several birds which flushed wild. After these birds in thick cover, Dad nailed a single nicely, and was steady to shot and wing, then after a drawing point he stopped as bird flushed under his nose, then he roaded to another and showed some pretty, careful work. Count was off lower down in woods. Up at 10:15. Down 53m. Dad Wilson, Jr., did good work on birds and was under better control than Count.

BLADE.—THE COBSAIR.—At 10:24 they were sent off in open, worked into pines when Blade dropped to a single, flushed by Tucker, and Blade caught another single over the hill in bottoms. Points on birds by each ensued, each honoring the other. Then in pines Blade made game and moved back to where birds had been, and stopped just as a single rose wild near him, spectators standing all round. A point by Blade in pines and oaks, backed by Count, followed but nothing found then, bevy flushed after. Dogs up at 11 o'clock. Blade did the work on birds, but hardly went snappily enough to his birds. Both ranged out well and quartered their ground with judgment. This concluded second series. The judges then consulted and finally announced at 11:30 that in

Third Series

Orlando should run with Antevolo and Daisy Hunter with Harry C. There was no hurry and we had plenty of time for lunch at the Model farmhouse. About a mile from this place, after lunch and a discussion as to the probable winner,

ORLANDO.—ANTEVOLO were started in a stubble field. Up in pines Antevolo was the first to score, nailing a single. Some time after Orlando pointed to one side of woods and Avent flushed birds, fired, dog steady. Antevolo pointed again, roaded on, and in sedge birds flushed as judges came up. No other work was done, and dogs ordered up at 1:59. Antevolo showed better work than Orlando, is a further ranger and equally as good on his birds.

DAISY HUNTER.—HARRY C.—Put down in grass field at 2:06, where the other two were taken up. Going over a hill Harry made a very stylish point on a bevy, which Bradley flushed, dog moving a little as birds rose and the shot rang out. Daisy some distance off working out her ground in her usual knowing style. Following the flushed birds into oaks. Here was Daisy's chance; she just feels at home in a cover with a lot of singles to handle. She nailed two, Harry backing nicely each time. At 2:21 Daisy was held up and Harry went it alone. Down in sedge and briars he roaded to a single, which Bradley flushed and fired at, dog steady. Then he got another, which flushed wild. Dog held up. By this time the weather was very warm. At 2:27 Daisy was set to work again to the left in pines and oaks, where she soon pointed, moved on, made a cast and came round in front and nailed two birds, another flushing wild. Lower down she pointed foot scent, and wagging her flag roaded on with a stop or two till she held the birds in pines, Hunter flushed. Then she was ordered up out of woods and taken up at 2:35. Down 8m.

ORLANDO then had a trial by himself. Put down at 2:40 in sedge outside of woods, it was getting uncomfortably warm. Across the bottoms to hillside, he roaded to a nice point and held it steady till Avent came up and flushed the bevy 20yds. off. Up at 2:52, down 12m.

ANTEVOLO was called out and sent off in another direction at 2:56, but though he ranged well out, he found nothing and was called up at 3:01, when he might have had a little more time.

Judges then consulted and at 3:15 announced Orlando first, Daisy Hunter second, Antevolo third.

Orlando is a stylish looking, heavily marked dog, ranges well out and has fair judgment on birds, the decision that put him first place was questioned, as he showed no superiority whatever to Daisy Hunter, who is a well made bitch,

with orange ears and ticks. She is a favorite with every one in the field, goes so systematically to her work, hunts for herself, but always with an eye to her handler and is exceptionally good on singles. Antevolo ran a good dog in his latter heats when he showed equal merit with the winner. He is a racy looking chestnut and white and goes with good speed and snap to his work.

Summary, All-Aged Stake.

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Rupert with B. M. Stephenson's Top Mark.
A. L. Sanford's Frank W. with Geo. G. Harley's Joye.
Dr. Hartman's Albert's Duchess with Wm. Mahone, Jr.'s Graphic VI.
Bert Crane's Natalie II. with Charlottesville Kennels' Maid of Kent.
Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Antevolo with J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter.
Geo. P. Jones's Sam R. with J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando.
J. Shelley Hudson's Dolly Hill with W. W. Titus's Dick Boudhu.
C. C. M. Hunt's Grouse with E. O. Damon's The Corsair.
N. Wallace's Count W. with Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen.
Wm. McKennan, Jr.'s Flight with J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr.
Greenfield Hill Kennels' Harry C. with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Blade.
Charlottesville Kennels' Wild Damon with Edward Grey's Count Eric.
Col. J. R. Purcell's Nicodemus of Ion with E. W. Durkee's Nahmke Philip.

Second Series.

Top Mark with Natalie II.
Rupert with Antevolo.
Orlando with Daisy Hunter.
Maid of Kent with Grouse.
The Corsair with Count W.
Duke of Hessen with Harry C.
Dad Wilson, Jr., with Count Gladstone.
Blade with Count Eric.

Third Series.

Orlando with Antevolo.
Daisy Hunter with Harry C.
J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando, first money, \$500.
J. A. & J. H. Hunter's Daisy Hunter, second money, \$250.
Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, Antevolo, third money, \$150.

CHAMPION STAKE.

The draw for this stake took place on Friday night and resulted in five entries filling, all of them representative dogs to which no quarter was given and none expected, and visitors and all anticipated seeing some good work; nor were they disappointed. All the dogs are well known and several have won honors on the bench as well as in the field. The judges for this stake were Messrs. Duryea, Merriman and Hitchcock. The draw resulted in J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Chance running with J. A. & J. H. Hunter's Daisy Hunter; B. M. Stephenson's Tribulation with Charlottesville Kennels' Rip Rap; J. M. Avent and N. T. Harris's Antonio, a bye. The start was at the Blair farm, about two miles from town. The weather cloudy and showing signs of rain, which fell as the stake closed. It was 9:28 when the first race.

CHANCE—DAISY HUNTER, was started in corn stubble and sedge. Chance (Rodrigo—Bo-Peep) was handled by J. M. Avent, and Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy) by J. A. Hunter. Both dogs went off at their usual dashing gait, and were soon lost to view. After ranging out several fields Daisy made game in an orchard, and in ragweed pointed twice, but not steadily, roared carefully on birds which were running, and just as she stopped again Hunter ran ahead and put them up, the bitch dropping to shot. This was very pretty work. Chance was off somewhere on his own account, and Daisy was held up till found. In sedge Chance pointed false. Daisy in cover then pointed one of the singles the bitch had stood to, and then picked up two more. There is no dog in the trials that can excel her in cover work on birds, going up to them in good style, with the utmost confidence and with a glance back at her owner as much as to say, "Here you are, old man; I've got another!" Then she pointed footscent below, and going out of woods both ranged for a quarter of an hour when Chance in hollow pointed a bevy, Daisy making casts in pines. Chance was then held up till Daisy coming up at speed took a five-barred fence in her gait. Then into pines, where Chance was pointing in the middle of a scattered bevy. Daisy cast round, went on in front, and stopped on an outlying bird, not seeing Chance at all. Dogs were called up at 10:25. Daisy showed conclusively that she was superior both on birds and in the good judgment she displayed in her casts and attention to handler; Avent's whistle going continually, his dog ranging so far out and paying little attention to the gun. Chance of course acted in good style on his birds.

RIP RAP—TRIBULATION.—These are two noted pointers, and I dare say there is more sentiment attached to Rip Rap than any other dog in the stake, as his name always conjures up reminiscences of his sensational running as a youngster and his interesting point last year while running in the Champion Stake. Rip Rap (King of Kent—Hops) was handled by Capt. McMurdo and Tribulation (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow) by H. M. Short. They were put down higher up from where the other two were taken up and started at 10:31 in sedge and ragweed. Their style of going was slashing, and both ranged their ground out thoroughly at good speed. Tribulation five minutes after starting pointed, drew on, roared carefully, when Rip Rap made a cast at speed and picked up the birds, dropping as they flushed wild. Following the birds in high pines Rip Rap pointed, and McMurdo put up the birds, fired and dog steady. At the same time Tribulation higher up nailed one of the singles, Short firing. Going through the cover, near the edge, Rip Rap made a stylish point by a fallen tree and McMurdo flushed another single. Working out these pines Tribulation was the first to score and stiffened on another single, Rip Rap honoring the point and dogs were steady at flush. Not to be outdone Rip Rap hunted out another single before leaving the cover, which McMurdo had no difficulty in raising. Dogs then held up and taken back to open. While dogs were ranging through two sides of a large field it was left for horsemen to flush a bevy in the middle of it. Going into oak woods Tribulation secured a point and Short fired dog steady. Then further on Rip Rap equalized matters by pointing bird which flushed wild. A point by Tribulation and a move-on and two birds flushed after dogs were ordered up at 11:22. Rip dropping to a bevy before being chained. On the work done Rip Rap had the best of it, but both did well and showed good range, pace and nose, style about equal.

ANTONIO A BYE.—Not much time was wasted in sending Antonio (Rodrigo—Bo-Peep) off alone to run his bye. He was handled by J. M. Avent. Put down in a ragweed at 11:28 he started off fast toward woods. Going in he soon found birds. Avent flushed and shot; dog steady. Further on in cover he pointed, but Avent could not raise anything. Then he passed a single that judges afterward flushed. Going on down woods he pointed another single, Avent getting in a shot. Ranging in and coming back from cast he wheeled to a point where birds had been put up before, then moved on. Another no-result point when going at speed out of woods and he was ordered up at 11:55. He put

up a good heat and ranged out well and fast, covering a wide range of country and hunting with fair judgment. Judges then consulted and decided that Daisy Hunter and Antonio should run off after lunch. This was bringing things to a focus quickly. After lunch, in the open.

DAISY HUNTER—ANTONIO were put down in ragweed, and every one felt that both dogs must do their level best, as mistakes on either's part would be fatal. I will detail this heat fully, so that the reader may judge for himself as to the justness of the award. Ranging into pines Daisy was the first to find, hunting in her usually confident manner, and going right bang to her game and never too far from her handler. Hunter put up the bevy, shot, dog steady. Antonio meanwhile was some distance away, and Daisy was held up and we went to look for Antonio, who was found on point in oaks, but nothing came of it. Making a cast or two he pointed again, but nothing found; afterward, some distance off, a single was flushed by the fence by a horseman. Instead of Antonio being brought back to Daisy to follow her bevy, she was brought to the dog, and a move made to other ground just near the Model Farm buildings. This move in Antonio's favor availed him nothing, for it is all the same to this Daisy Hunter; she is independent, and while Antonio put ahead behind him with seemingly little purpose in view, Daisy hunted out the high sedge in bottoms by a wood, where she stiffened to a quivering point and held it finely for seven minutes, when, as Avent was sighted, having been called to bring his dog up to back, which had been ranging way off, a single flushed wild. Daisy steady. This piece of good work on Daisy's part elicited ejaculations of praise from every one. Moved on into woods and dogs then held up at 2:35. By this time Daisy had clearly shown her superiority to the other dog, and there should have been no delay in the decision; but judges were not satisfied, and ordered them down in corn patch toward where Antonio had been ranging when called up to back. Down in a ditch by bridge in the road leading to Model farmhouse Daisy pointed in thick briars, and Antonio coming in ahead, pointed, drew on, pointed again several times, till finally the bevy flushed wild as he stopped. Meanwhile Hunter, thinking birds were ahead of Antonio, called his bitch on and she roared after the dog. Mr. Short, after the decision was given, went to the bridge and put up some birds out of the thicket, so evidently the bevy had split and Daisy was right after all. The dogs were called up after the bevy flushed to Antonio's point, and in a few minutes their decision was announced to be in favor of Antonio, who thus won the Champion Stake of 1891. This decision deprived Daisy Hunter of honors which she had justly earned by good sterling work, as shown in her intelligent range, skillful manner of handling her birds and consistent attention to the gun throughout her heats. In contradistinction to this Antonio, while a fast and wide ranger, had little system and simply galloped on, paying little or no attention to his handler, whose arm and whistle were going all the time nearly. The decision was condemned by every spectator present except those directly interested in Antonio's winning, and that such a decision should have been given by men of their experience is perfectly unaccountable and will certainly do much to injure the Eastern Field Trials Club in the minds of handlers and owners.

The heat was worked entirely in favor of Antonio, and the bitch was pulled from one place to another to follow him. After she had found her bevy why was she not allowed still further to clinch the good work by putting the other dog with her on the scattered birds? It was advanced that Daisy Hunter is not such a high-class dog as Antonio. This class business seems to be overdrawn. If "high-class" means getting away from the handler as far as possible and being under next to no control then she is not. High-class in our mind means work by a dog that can be made a pleasure to the hunter to see and feel that his dog is hunting with systematic judgment and making its casts in likely places and at the same time acknowledging that it is working for the man with the gun, not entirely for itself. This Daisy Hunter did and Antonio did not. There is no intention of impugning the integrity or honesty of the judges in the above remarks, but my wish is to show that the circumstance was an unpleasant ending to an otherwise enjoyable meeting.

Summary, Champion Stake.

(Open only to winners of All-Aged Open Stakes at recognized field trials in America.)

First Series.

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Chance
with
J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter.
B. M. Stephenson's Tribulation (pointer)
with
Charlottesville Kennels' Rip Rap (pointer).
J. M. Avent and N. T. Harris's Antonio (setter) a bye.

Second Series.

Daisy Hunter with Antonio.
Antonio won first money, \$925, and a cup, value \$100.
H. W. L.

THE MERCED MEET.

[By a Special Correspondent.]

MERCED, Cal., Nov. 13.—The second meeting of the Inter-State Coursing Association commenced here on Tuesday, Nov. 10, having the largest entry for a coursing stake ever made in America—namely 56 dogs—all from within the State with the exception of one, Prince Rupert, and owned by H. C. Lowe, of Kansas; and certainly a finer lot of greyhounds, take them all in all, were never sent to slips in any country.

The attendance was much larger than that of last year and much more enthusiastic—if such a thing was possible. The weather was all that the most "glorious climate" of the Golden State is noted for and all conditions seemed to favor the "sport of things," and as a consequence the pleasure of the three or four thousand people present was great indeed.

Much disappointment was caused by the non-arrival of California's judge—her own "Johnny" Grace. As soon as it was learned in consequence of business arrangements Mr. Grace could not be present a gloom seemed to spread over all, and for a time there seemed but little hope of the appearance of the "silver lining." So thoroughly has Mr. Grace ingratiated himself with the coursing men of California that it is difficult for any of them to believe that his place can be filled by any other. No wonder then that the whole of the coursing men gathered at Merced looked and felt disappointed. However, the committee of management appealed to Mr. Wm. Fahey, of Fresno, to come to their assistance. Mr. Fahey, though suffering from a recent illness, proved himself in every respect the best substitute for Mr. Grace that could possibly be found among all the coursing men present.

The coursing field is situated some sixteen miles from here on what is known as the Nevada Bank estate, and this distance is certainly a great drawback, as the road to the grounds is anything but a pleasant one.

The famous grounds were reached about 9 o'clock Tuesday morning; and a few moments afterward Flag Steward J. R. Dickson began to marshal the crowd into position, and called out the first pair of dogs. Mr. Dominick Shannon, the president of the field, then stood up in his carriage, and

after addressing the assemblage on the great success of the meeting so far, referred in a few well-placed sentences to last year's meeting and its happy and successful termination, and the boom that great success had given coursing in the State. "I am sorry," said Mr. Shannon, "that I must inform you that honest John Grace cannot on this occasion be present, through the necessity of his business engagements; but Mr. Fahey, of Fresno, has kindly consented to take his place, and I trust when the meeting is closed I will be able to say of him as I did of Mr. Grace last year, that to our judge was due the great and unalloyed pleasure of the meeting."

Exactly at 10 o'clock the first pair of dogs were handed to the slipper.

Catharine Hayes and Dandy Jim.—M. Tiernan's Catharine Hayes and T. Cooney's Dandy Jim were the first brace. In a few moments a regular flyer jumped from his "lair," and instantly the eager beauties strained on the leash, but they were in the grasp of a master hand, and not until the proper moment did the leash fly open, and the first course of the great meeting commenced. It was a long and trying one, and fleet as seemed the pair of beautiful hounds, the little ball of bluish gray seemed bounding along as if made of rubber. But every race has an end, and eventually the namesake of the queen of song went to the front by three lengths and scored first honors, placing her opponent for a point; the bitch again came in for two or three more points, and then in a straight run picked up puss and won a grand course.

Juno and Warm Belt.—J. Byrn's Juno and W. J. Heney's Warm Belt then made their bow. The former had all the fun to herself in fully a mile course, driving the hare into a squirrel hole and of course winning.

Al Farrow and Molly S.—J. J. Rademaker's Al Farrow (last year's winner) and T. W. Steehan's Molly S. trotted out for the next course, but the champion soon settled matters and easily won the shortest course of the meeting.

Whip and Tom Schaap.—J. Cranston's Whip and Kallahan and Kennedy's Tom Schaap were scarcely in slips when a flyer went away ahead of them, and going as if the north pole was his destination—and if he kept a straight line he should be now north of Alaska. Whip got the course.

Sundial and Twilight.—D. Shannon's Sundial and W. E. Wadam's Twilight had a pretty course at first, but the latter was altogether too clever for the former and won after a very long chase.

Tyrant and Bessey.—Jas. Byrn's Tyrant and J. Eagan's Bessey went away to a circling hare, and after some pretty work Bessey won handsomely.

Moonlight and Dan C.—T. A. King's Moonlight and D. D. Roache's Dan C. had a griller, and after the first few points the hare broke away, pushed closely by Moonlight, who eventually lost his game but won the course.

Glen Farron and Queen Bess.—M. Tiernan's Glen Farron and T. Cooney's Queen Bess. The former led, took two turns and then let in the Queen for two points, when Glen Farron again took command, and after a chase of a mile killed and won the course.

Johnnie Rex and Dan O'Connell.—T. P. McInerney's Johnnie Rex and T. J. Cronin's Dan O'Connell had a rattling spin after a good hare, the former getting the run up and turn. Then Dan had a go in for a couple of points; then the hare went for a straight run, but Rex brought her around again and won a fine course.

Headlight and Native Son.—W. E. Wadam's Headlight and H. M. Spring's Native Son. The former led, took first turn and let in the Son; he then went a "cropper" and was in it no more.

Ben d'Or and Dark Rustic.—R. Canovan's Ben d'Or and P. D. Nolan's Dark Rustic went to a flyer; the former led and got first turn and then drove the game before him, but after a few hundred yards died away and Rustic took command, did some pretty work and won.

Blanco and Joe McAuliffe.—P. F. Canovan's Blanco and T. Hall's Joe McAuliffe were no match, the latter winning a heavy course all by himself.

Pride and Sacramento Girl.—T. Farrell's Pride and J. O'Brien's Sacramento Girl had a long run before either of them showed in the lead. The Girl eventually held out the longest and got the turn; there was not much more in it, as the hare was by far the best of the three. The Girl won.

Sea Shell and Laurelwood.—D. Shaanon's Sea Shell and J. McDonald's Laurelwood had a sharp and short course, on the decision of which there was some little unpleasantness, but which was easily settled when the judge explained the running. Laurelwood won.

Snowflake and Monarch III.—McCallahan & Kelly's Snowflake and J. F. Carroll's Monarch III. had the closest and prettiest course of the day. For over three-quarters of a mile they ran as if in the leash, and both dogs being white it was impossible to distinguish them at so great a distance. Snowflake got the course.

Governor and Great Expectations.—John Eagan's Governor and J. E. Watson's Great Expectations had a very long course, out of sight most of it. Governor won.

Mountain Hare and Skyrocket.—D. D. Roache's Mountain Hare was no match for P. Curtis's Skyrocket, who won easily, doing all the work, but lost the hare.

Dairy and R. E. Lee.—B. Dougherty's Dairy and Fred Neary's R. E. Lee had a fine course, in which a large amount of work was done by both dogs, Lee getting the course eventually.

Depend on Me and Prince Rupert.—T. J. Cronin's Depend on Me and H. C. Lowe's Prince Rupert had a scorching. It must surely have been over three miles, and both dogs being very much alike in color it was impossible to distinguish which was which. The former got the course. Both dogs were completely exhausted when picked up.

Short Stop and Fly.—S. Millikin's Short Stop and T. Collins's Fly had a long run and little work; the hare got away and Short Stop won.

Tom Fitz and Dexter.—T. P. McInerney's Tom Fitz and John Hough's Dexter were slipped to a demon flyer. Fitz had to do it all, and in his efforts to kill his game came near killing himself.

Sam Nash and Jennie G.—James Cox's Sam Nash and T. J. Cronin's Jennie G. had a flyer in front of them for over a mile and a half, but Sam had the best of the course all through and won one hand.

Wolf Jane and Fanny.—B. Grogan's Wolf Jane and John Baker's Fanny had a long stern chase, but the former out-paced and out-worked his opponent by several points and won a fine course.

Carbine and Scout.—T. Cooney's Carbine and P. D. Nolan's Scout were slipped to a circling hare. The latter was much the faster dog, but he could not turn worth a cent, and with a working hare was nowhere when he made a rush and killed and lost.

Natty and Nellie Bly.—B. Nolan's Natty and James Byron's Nellie Bly caused some excitement as they went to slips, both dogs being known to be fast and clever. On getting off Natty led and got first turn and again served himself. The hare then made a break, but after a sharp run Nellie got the lead and the turn and followed it up with two or three points more, then died away and Natty took command, but before he could reach the hare she got into a hole and Natty lost.

Dazel and Madame Blavatsky.—Fred Neary's Madame Blavatsky was no match for T. P. McInerney's Dazel, who won all of a long and hard course.

Zulu and Silverton.—Robert Boyd's Zulu and D. Shaanon's Silverton were the last pair on the first round of the card; the former would not work in slips and of course got the worst of the go, but once the African saw the game he

made up lost ground and handsomely won a long and hard course.

No greater day's coursing than this was ever seen in any country. There were but two of the courses under a mile, and many of them would no doubt measure three; there were no more than four hares killed, about one-half of them got clear away and the rest got into holes. The ground in many places was hard and the grass dry and chippy, causing much injury to many of the hounds. The twenty-eight courses were run in exactly five hours. Mr. Fahey's judging gave good satisfaction all round, and Mr. Wren, our great slipper, surpassed himself; his work was simply splendid.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday morning found the men of the leash all ready and anxious for the fray, and about 7 o'clock many of them were on their way to the field. The coursing of the previous day had, however, shown that the ground was altogether too dry, and many of the dogs even in the first courses of the second day were limping. The morning was lovely, such a one as can scarcely be found out of California at this season of the year, not a cloud appearing to mar the lovely beauty of the skies. All being in readiness at 10 o'clock, the first pair of dogs were called to slips for the

First Ties.

Catharine Hayes—June.—This pair had a rather short slip, and instantly closed on their game, the former getting the run up and turn; some pretty close scoring was then done by both dogs, but Hayes had always the lead in running and working, and eventually drove the hare into a hole and won the course.

Al Farrow—Whip.—Many thought this would be a great course, but the former dog was in it all through, and won a heavy course without much assistance.

Twilight—Bessy.—This also was a one-sided affair, the first-named dog outworking his opponent at all points. A long course.

Moonlight—Glen Farrow.—In this course Moonlight ran a bye, his opponent being drawn in consequence of injuries sustained in his first course.

Johnnie Rex—Headlight.—This course was a great proof of Rex's wonderful speed and working power, for he unquestionably met a good dog and defeated him with ease; yet so desperate was the trial and so hard was some of the ground over which the dogs went, that when Rex was picked up it was found that the pads of his forefeet were literally torn away, and his owner gave notice that he was withdrawn.

Dark Rustic—Joe McAuliffe were slipped to a flyer. Joe made the run, but in making his drive to kill went a terrific "cropper" over and over again, and it was thought by not a few that he must have been killed. In the meantime Rustic had his game all to himself and pressed it hard, and when Joe saw his game once more almost in the teeth of his enemy he forgot his troubles, and after a long chase came into play again, and after some two or three great efforts succeeded in out-working Rustic, and eventually won one of the finest courses of the meeting.

Dolly Varden—Sacramento Girl.—This was a long course in a great measure hid from the spectators, many of whom thought when they saw the flag go up against Dolly that the judge had made a great mistake; but afterward when the course was explained it was evident that the decision was a correct one.

Governor—Skyrocket.—The latter dog won this easily, the former quit.

Laurelwood—Snowflake. The latter won the course from top to bottom.

R. E. Lee—Depend on Me.—The dogs sprang at once to the front and made things hot for puss, though she was a fast one once she made up her mind to travel in a straight line. However, she was brought round, and the latter dog began to have something to do in the game, but just at that moment a harbor of refuge hove in sight and Master Jack gave a couple of short turns that gave him a few yards more advantage, and in an instant the buried himself as deep as possible from his foes, evidently caring little which of them had the best of the play. R. E. Lee won.

Short Stop—Tom Fitz.—Tom was a hot favorite for this course, ten to one being offered about him. But "men propose," etc., he was never in the game; he was beaten from the start.

Sam Nash—Wolf Tone.—This was looked upon as an easy thing for Sam, and so it proved; but immediately on the finish of the course another hare jumped up, and so terribly cut up was Sam when he finished with him that he had to be drawn from the stake.

Nelly Bly—Scout.—Nelly got a bye, Scout being drawn lame.

Dazzle—Zulu.—A very sharp course; the latter dog winning with some points to spare.

It would be waste of your valuable space to attempt to describe the remaining ties, mostly all the dogs being more or less injured, and causing byes right through, as will be seen by the summary.

Many of the dogs were very unfortunate, while some others, notably Nelly Bly, was on fortune's side—having no less than three byes—two accidental ones and one natural, but in her last she suffered so much that she fell an easy prey to R. E. Lee in the next.

The winner, Joe McAuliffe, had but one bye in the whole match, and strange to say it was the only course in which he was really tested. He is a handsome black dog weighing about 55 lbs., and when extended to his game looks every inch a greyhound, moving with the ease of a piece of machinery and never loses an inch of ground when coming round with his hare. His blood is rich with all the old stock of California. He was bred on Aug. 11, 1889; is by Irish Boy out of Banshee, Irish Boy by Pat Maloy out of Banshee (close inbreeding). Banshee is by Templeton out of imp. Tempete. Pat Maloy by King John, by Thornton out of Fanny, both imported from Australia.

SUMMARY.

M. Tiernan's w r bitch Cath. Hayes beat T. Coony's bl w dog Dandy Jim.

Jas. Byrne's f bitch Juno beat W. J. Heney's w br dog Warm Belt.

J. Rademaker's br dog Al Farrow beat T. W. Sheehan's w bl bitch Molly S.

J. Cranston's bl w dog Whip beat Callahan & Kennedy's blk dog Tom Schaap.

W. E. Windam's blk w bitch Twilight beat D. Shannon's blk w bitch Sun Dial.

John Eagan's w blk bitch Bessey beat Jas. Byrne's br w dog Tyran.

T. A. King's w r dog Moonlight beat D. D. Roache's blk dog Dan C.

M. Tiernan's f dog Glen Farron beat T. Coony's blk w bitch Queen Bess.

T. P. McLanery's blk w dog Johnny Rex beat T. J. Cronin's w f dog Dan O'Connell.

Jr. W. E. Wadman's blk w dog Headlight beat H. M. N. Spring's w dog Native Son.

P. D. Nolan's blk w dog Dark Rustic beat P. F. Canovan's br w dog Ben O'R.

Thos. Hall's blk w dog Joe McAuliffe beat P. F. Canovan's w dog Blanco.

D. D. Roache's blk w bitch Dolly Varden beat H. M. N. Spring's bl dog Duke of Milpitas.

John O'Brien's br w bitch Sacramento Girl beat Thos. Farrell's blk bitch Bride.

Jas. McDonald's br w dog Laurelwood beat D. & R. Shannon's blk w bitch Sea Shell.

Callahan & Kennedy's w f dog Snowflake beat J. F. Carroll's w blk dog Monarch III.

John Eagan's bl dog Governor beat J. E. Watson's blk w dog Great Expectations.

Perry Curtiss's blk w dog Skyrocket beat D. D. Roache's bl w dog Mountain Hare.

Fred Neary's w blk dog R. E. Lee beat B. Dougherty's blk w bitch Daisy.

T. J. Cronin's blk w dog Depend on Me beat H. C. Lowe's w blk dog Prince Rupert.

S. Miliken's br w dog Short Stop beat T. Collin's br w bitch Fly.

T. P. McLanery's blk w dog Tom Fritz beat John Hough's w br dog Dexter.

Jas. Cox's w bl dog Sam Nash beat T. J. Cronin's blk bitch Jennie G.

B. Grogan's br dog Wolf Tone beat John Baker's bl w dog Fanny.

F. D. Nolan's blk w dog Scout beat T. Coony's br dog Carbine.

J. Byrne's f bitch Nellie Bly beat B. Nolan's bl dog Natty.

T. H. McLanery's blk w dog Dazel beat Fred Neary's w blk bitch Madame Blavatsky.

Robt. Boyd's f bitch Zulu beat D. Shannon's f dog Silverton.

First Ties.

Catharine Hayes beat Juno. Snowflake beat Laurelwood.

Al Farrow beat Whip. Skyrocket beat Governor.

Twilight beat Bessey. R. E. Lee beat Depend on Me.

Moonlight, a bye. Short Stop beat Tom Fitz.

Jennie Rex beat Headlight. Sam Nash beat Wolf Tone.

Joe McAuliffe beat Dark Rustic. Nellie Bly, a bye.

Sacramento Girl beat Dolly Varden. Dazel beat Zulu.

Second Ties.

Catharine Hayes beat Al Farrow. R. E. Lee beat Skyrocket.

Twilight, a bye. Short Stop, a bye.

Joe McAuliffe beat Jennie Rex. Nellie Bly, a bye.

Snowflake beat Sacramento Girl.

Third Ties.

Catharine Hayes, a bye. R. E. Lee beat Short Stop.

Joe McAuliffe beat Snowflake. Nellie Bly, a bye.

Fourth Ties.

Joe McAuliffe beat Catharine Hayes. R. E. Lee beat Nellie Bly.

Final.

Joe McAuliffe beat R. E. Lee.

Winners.

First—Joe McAuliffe. Third } Divided } Nellie Bly.

Second—R. E. Lee. Fourth } Cath. Hayes

Snowflake, Twilight and Short Stop, \$20 each.

The first prize was \$500, the second \$250, the third \$100. The meeting was a splendid success, with the exception of the accidents to the dogs in the third and fourth ties. At the close of the meeting President Shannan made one of his happy speeches, thanking all for their excellent conduct, and calling for three cheers for Mr. Fahey, the judge, which were given with a will, and then for each of the officers of the field, all of which were responded to in the happiest and most cordial veins.

It took exactly ten hours to run off the fifty-six courses—a feat which has never before been surpassed on any open coursing ground on this continent, and seldom, if ever, in any place.

There is a movement on foot at Medera, thirty-five miles south of Merced, on the S. P. R. R., to get up a meeting early in March next, to which the people will give \$500 or \$600 added money. The amount was practically placed Saturday night. The grounds are very fine for coursing, of a sandy loam, and perfectly safe for dogs. There are thousands of acres just near the town, and any quantity of game; there are also a number of good hotels in the place.

J. R. DICKSON.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Bradley" in your issue of Nov. 19 gave a very good account of the first three days' trials of the club, but as he did not stay to the finish, of course he did not see the final run of the All-Aged classes nor hear the awards of the judges.

On Thursday, the 13th, the hounds were cast off in East Princeton. A fox was seen on a ledgy hill and the hounds put in. They all got off well, running at a furious clip down through heavy timberland. Soon Mr. Perry's Clinker could be heard far ahead of the pack, and in each circle of the fox he increased his lead. Finally the fox broke for high ground again and ran through the line of hunters, Mr. Harrington, of Worcester, wounding him but not checking his speed. Clinker was close on him, running for a kill, and in a few seconds he was heard baying the fox, having him backed against a tree. Two hunters coming up the fox started to run, when Clinker jumped on him, soon finishing his existence. The rest of the pack were well bunched, coming into the death about 5m. afterward.

The puppy class was run off on Friday, a good race being obtained, showing the nine youngsters to be the best class ever run at the trials.

The judges were Dr. Heffenger, chairman, Mr. F. G. Stewart and Mr. E. C. Gill.

The final awards were as follows:

Hunting.

1. R. D. Perry's b w t bitch Slip.
2. R. D. Perry's b t dog Clinker.
3. L. O. Dennison's tan and blue ticked dog Trimmer.

Trailing.

1. A. B. F. Kinney's b w t dog Trim.
2. R. D. Perry's b t dog Clinker.
3. R. D. Perry's b w t bitch Slip.

Speed.

1. R. D. Perry's b t dog Clinker.
2. E. J. Bates's red dog Leads All.
3. R. D. Perry's b w t bitch Slip.

Endurance.

1. A. B. F. Kinney's b w t dog Trim.
2. R. D. Perry's b t dog Clinker.
3. R. D. Perry's b w t bitch Slip.

Barking.

1. O. F. Joslin's b w dog Rover.
2. A. B. F. Kinney's b w t dog Trim.
3. L. O. Dennison's tan and blue ticked dog Trimmer.

Style.

1. R. D. Perry's b t dog Clinker.
2. A. B. F. Kinney's b w t dog Major.
3. A. B. F. Kinney's b t dog Lancaster.

Puppy Class.

1. Knight & Given's b w t bitch Beauty.
2. A. G. Hall's b t dog Rover.
3. E. J. Bates's tan and blue ticked bitch Spottie.

Special Prizes.

R. D. Perry's Clinker, highest general average medal and American Field cup.

A. B. F. Kinney's Trim, endurance medal, given by Mr. J. H. Baird.

Knight & Given's Beauty, steel engraving "A Promising Litter," given by Mr. R. D. Perry.

The fourth annual meet of the club will be held in February next, probably near Brunswick, Me.

A. C. HEFFENGER, Vice-Pres. and Sec. pro tem.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

IRISH SETTER CLUB.—At the meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club, held Nov. 19, Mr. Child resigned from the field trial committee and Dr. Jarvis was appointed in his place. The field trial committee was authorized to manage the trials and pay the prizes.

—G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

NANUET, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The running in the second annual field trials of the National Beagle Club was to begin here to-day, but a heavy northeast storm has prevented all field work. Among the club members and sportsmen present are: W. A. Power, Boston; F. W. Chapman, Melrose, Mass.; Dr. Edwin Field and T. S. Field, Red Bank, N. J.; H. F. Schellhass, New York; John Bateman, Gravesend, L. I.; C. S. and D. C. Wixom, Covert, N. Y.; H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet; A. Parry, Franklin Park, Mass.; Wm. H. Hyland and Edwin Beck, North Tarrytown, N. Y.; George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Wm. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia; Harry Twyford, Bay Ridge, L. I.

The bench show was held in the morning. The judging began at 11 o'clock in the new building of the Rockland Kennels. Pottinger Dorsey, of New Market, Md., and W. S. Clark, of Linden, Mass., who are to judge the dogs in the field, officiated in the ring. Among the beagles entered are many well known on the bench, and the quality of the dogs as a whole is fully equal to that seen in our large shows. The awards were as follows:

DOGS.—15IN. AND UNDER—CHALLENGE CLASS—1st, Rockland Kennels' Racer, Jr.—OPEN CLASS—1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Hunter; 2d, F. F. Ogier's Fleetwood; 3d, Rockland Kennels' Roy K. Very high com., Edwin Field's Fairy's Lee.

BITCHES.—15IN. AND UNDER—CHALLENGE CLASS—No entries. —OPEN—Equal 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' June Rose and Rockland Kennel's Fanny Racer; 2d, Rockland Kennels' Belle of Rockland; 3d, Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsy. Very high com., Forest Beagle Kennels' Lady Lee.

DOGS.—13IN. AND UNDER—CHALLENGE CLASS—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger.—OPEN CLASS—1st, Bradford S. Turpin's Clyde.

BITCHES.—13IN. AND UNDER—CHALLENGE CLASS—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.—OPEN CLASS—1st, Bradford S. Turpin's Belle Ross; 2d, W. H. Ashburner's Judy; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Nibs. Very high com. and com., Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Toxy and Romp C.

PUPPIES.—1st and 2d, Rockland Kennels' The Pasha and The Czar; 3d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Romp C.

The entries for the trials have filled well. There are but two beagles absent, Midge and Jumbo; the latter may arrive to-morrow. The drawing in the various classes resulted as follows:

CLASS A.

Ring (Glenrose Beagle Kennels) against Hunter (Forest Beagle Kennels).

Tricotrin (Hornell-Harmony Kennels) against Roy K. (Rockland Kennels).

Tony Weller (Wm. H. Child) against Stormy (Pocantico Kennels).

Bill Nye (Wm. H. Hyland) against Racer, Jr. (Rockland Kennels).

Fairy's Lee (Edwin Field, M.D.) against Fleetwood (F. F. Ogier).

Sedgewick (Hornell-Harmony Kennels), a bye.

CLASS B.

Fanny Racer (Rockland Kennels) against Lady Lee (Forest Beagle Kennels).

Flora K. (Rockland Kennels) against Dora (Pocantico Kennels).

Nellie (Hornell-Harmony Kennels) against Gypsy Forest (Forest Beagle Kennels).

Belle of Rockland (Rockland Kennels) against Countess Juno (F. F. Ogier).

Tone (Glenrose Beagle Kennels) against June Rose (Forest Beagle Kennels).

CLASS C.

Royal Krueger (Hornell-Harmony Kennels) against Clyde (Bradford S. Turpin).

CLASS D.

Belle Ross (Bradford S. Turpin) against Judy (W. H. Ashburner).

Toxy (Glenrose Beagle Kennels) against Ava W. (Hornell-Harmony Kennels).

Romp C. (Glenrose Beagle Kennels) against Nibs (Hornell-Harmony Kennels).

CLASS E.

The Pasha (Rockland Kennels) against Jumbo (Paul C. F. Hoffman).

The Czar (Rockland Kennels), against Romp C. (Glenrose Beagle Kennels).

IRISH SETTER CLUB TRIALS.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 23.—The "red" men, as they are facetiously termed down here, began to come in last night, and this morning's train brought the balance. Those who are here and entered in these trials as handlers and owners and judges are Messrs. L. W. White, Thomasville, N. C.; J. R. Howse, Trenton, Tenn.; H. B. Anderson, Glenview, N. J.; E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del.; George E. Gray, Appleton, Minn.; W. T. Irwin, Hutchinson, Kan.; John White and S. C. Bradley, Thomasville, N. C.; George McClintock, Bicknell, Ind., and Dr. G. G. Davis, who is here alone to represent the Irish Setter Club and arrange matters. It is unfortunate that there are not more owners of Irish setter kennels present to countenance the trials. At 9 P. M. this evening the draw for the Derby took place and an unexpectedly good entry filled. They were drawn as follows: Nelson McMurdo's Maid of Borstal with L. A. Van Zandt's Squaw, W. H. Child's Leigh Done Vi with E. B. Bishop's Finglas, George E. Gray's Elcho's Maid with Coleraine, George H. Kendal's Rose of Claremont with B. M. Vaughan's Bessie Mavourneen, F. H. Perry's Pride of Patsey with H. E. Richards's Adonis, H. B. Anderson's Nugget a bye. The start will be at Blair Farm to-morrow at 8:30. The handsome trophy given by the Philadelphia Item is on view in the office and is an object of especial attraction, as it is a handsome large silver punch bowl.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 23.—The wind is blowing a gale and the rain coming down in torrents this morning, so it is not very likely that there will be much, if any, running to-day. By a late train last night Dr. W. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., came down from the North, and the presence of this well-known breeder of Irish setters lends additional interest to the meeting.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, Nov. 23.—The weather cleared about nine o'clock, but did not start with the Irish Setter Trial till afternoon to allow the ground to dry out. The heat between Maid of Borstal and Squaw was not very good, neither showing range, but Squaw did fairly on birds. Finglas proved a better dog altogether than Leigh Done Vi, ranging and showing a fair style, though he flushed birds. Elcho's Maid and Coleraine heat was the best of the lot, both ranged with speed and vim. Coleraine best on birds, showing good nose. Adonis had the best of Pride of Patsey in the next heat, though neither ranged very much. Bessie Mavourneen and Rose of Claremont ran indifferently and neither good enough for second series. Nugget near dark ran a good race, finding two beavies and hunting ground out well. The second series will contain Squaw, Coleraine, Elcho's Maid and Nugget. In reserve, Finglas, Maid of Borstal and Adonis.

H. W. L.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Bird Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanik," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

WAS there ever an attempt at explaining why worthless, shiftless men are so commonly fond of dogs? I do not mean the brutal ruffian of the "Bill Sykes" type, or the knave of the "dog sharp" class, but the easy going, amiable specimen known to us all, but best delineated by Mrs. Stowe in "Sam Lawson." The ruffian and the knave are usually fond of dogs only as instruments for the furtherance of their vicious purposes, but why the lazy man should allow horses at his blacksmith shop to go unshod, while he is looking after some dog (a la "Sam Lawson"), is not very discernible. I fancy part of the explanation lies in such a man being a bit of the poet in his way, given to taking the pleasure in life that offers itself free to the hand with the least exertion, and philosophically leaving the world's work to others of sterner mould. This leads to the suggestion that the common remark that so and so is a devoted dog lover, is a very foolish, as well as bald, statement, much like the glorification of some candidate for office in having been a "good soldier." The man of honest and high purposes, clean in his walk and thoughts, may well look with satisfaction on the added merit of good soldiery, and the man who has made his mark in the world's work, be he Prince Bismarck or the honest laborer who has done his honest meed of daily work, adds another leaf to his chaplet by an honest love for the dog, but by itself the latter counts for nought. Too many idlers who cumber the path of progress, as well as some scoundrels and knaves, have been both dog lovers and good soldiers. THE ONLOOKER.

DOG CHAT.

ON Thursday evening it was given out that W. W. Titus had purchased from Mr. J. Shelley Hudson the celebrated field and bench show winner Bohemian Girl, and this will materially strengthen his kennel. The price given was \$1,500.

The Lorillard medals at the Eastern field trials were judged on Thursday evening at 8 P. M. by Major J. M. Taylor. Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's Roi d'Or repeated his last year's victory in the dog class for dog showing best bench show form in the trials. That sterling good bitch Daisy Hunter received her deserts this year, winning the medal for best bitch. Her body and legs are excellent, and it will be remembered we spotted her for first last year.

Farmer Nortin, of Mt. Carmel, Conn., advertises in the local paper: "I will deliver, free of expense during the month of October, fifty bushels of good apples to deserving poor families, providing the members of those families do not use intoxicating liquor or tobacco or keep a dog."

Changing one's mind is erroneously said to be a woman's privilege, but it seems to be one equally shared by men. We are pleased to see that Mr. E. B. Bishop thought better of his intention to withdraw his dogs from the Irish setter trials, and on Friday night we were surprised to find W. T. Irwin in the hotel office, looking pretty tired, having been four days and three nights on the road, from Hutchinson, Kan. He has Coleraine and Finglas along with him, and their running is looked forward to with much interest.

Mr. Chas. M. Tucker, of Stanton, Tenn., will now take charge of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s kennel. Mr. Tucker is a veteran in field trial work, and Mr. Lorillard has made a good choice. The winner of third in the All-Aged Stake at High Point, Antevolo, was handled by Mr. Tucker. The kennel will be at Stanton, Tenn.

On Thursday night an important deal was consummated by the transfer, for a consideration of \$1,500, of the noted field and bench show winner Bohemian Girl, from the kennel of Mr. J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., to the new kennel formed by Messrs. F. J. O'Connell, Coal Grove, O., and W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss. This new kennel will be situated at Coal Grove, O., where kennel buildings are now in course of erection, and with such an experienced man as Mr. Titus at the helm their dogs should soon command attention. By purchasing this good bitch they have made a wise selection. She will most likely be bred to Dick Bonduh. They have already a number of well bred young stock to commence on. Mr. Titus is well known and appreciated, and from what we have seen of Mr. O'Connell, whom we met at the Lexington, Ky., show, this gentleman will be welcomed into the ranks of kennelmen.

The Farmers' and Sportsmen's Game Protective Club is an organization that has just been formed and incorporated under the laws of North Carolina by the following gentlemen: O. W. Bright, New York City, N. Y.; S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; J. B. Stoddard, Kouts, Ind.; L. W. White, Thomasville, N. C.; F. R. Hitchcock, New York City, N. Y.; John White, Fredericksburg, Va.; H. Merriam, Boston, Mass.; P. H. O'Bannon, Sperryville, Va.; P. Lorillard, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; at Thomasville, N. C., with the object of securing the co-operation of the farmers of Thomasville in particular and Davidson county in general in the work of stocking the farms with quail and protecting the same. The capital stock is not to exceed \$5,000, and the par value of each share is \$25. The dues are \$25 per year, and each member will be provided with a badge, which will have to be worn when on the club grounds. Guests of members will be allowed the privilege of the club on application, and must pay \$2 for their badge which entitles them to one day's shooting.

Major J. M. Taylor has been busily engaged the past two years in compiling a book, which will be published about next February. It contains full records of field trial winners, etc., from their inception at Memphis, 1874, till the present year. It will also contain a complete record of all bench show and prize winners, name of owners, etc. The standard of all recognized breeds will also be given; in fact the work will be as comprehensive as it is possible to make it and will be invaluable as a reference for every dogman in the country. As may be imagined the work has entailed an immense amount of careful labor, but there is little doubt but that such a book will be thoroughly appreciated.

Among the new announcements in our ad columns are those of deerhound puppies, Hillside Kennels; St. Bernard pups, H. D. Littlefield; pointers, Box 179; closing out sale, Moorefield Kennels and M. Musgrave; cocker spaniel wanted by C. Hunter; the Menthon Kennels and New York St. Bernard kennels offer St. Bernards at stud.

Mr. Angus Cameron, who it will be remembered came over here with Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's dogs last year, arrived last Monday from England, and his appearance at the trials at High Point on Thursday last was a surprise to many of us. Mr. Cameron intends locating in this country, and he will be an acquisition to the ranks of first-class handlers. For this he certainly is, as those who saw his work with the dogs he trained and brought from England last year can testify. Mr. Cameron is open for engagement to take charge of a setter or pointer kennel, and we have little doubt that he will not have to wait long for an engagement.

We have learned that the person who advertises under the name "Oak Grove Kennels" is the F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, Conn., who in 1880-'81 advertised as "Frank Fowler," "F.

C. Fowler," "F. A. Chester," "W. A. Howard," "B. H. Hammond," "M. A. Gleason" and other aliases. Information respecting this individual and his dog dealings was given in our issues of Feb. 13 and Sept. 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29, 1891. Had we known of Fowler's connection with the "Oak Grove Kennels" the advertisement would not have been allowed to appear in the FOREST AND STREAM. It has, however, been promptly excluded.

The elegant display of Spratts Patent manufactures in Spaldings' window, on Broadway, this city, is consistent with the quality of their goods. We are pleased to note that Messrs. Spalding Bros. are making a leader of these goods.

The New York St. Bernard Kennels received another addition to their recent importations, the rough-coated St. Bernard Refuge II, having joined the immense Princess Florence and the beautiful headed Keeper, Jr., at the kennels in Harlem. He arrived from England last Friday, looking none the worse for a rough voyage, his beautiful color and glossy coat fairly shimmering in the sun. Refuge II. has won over forty prizes on the other side, besides the medal at Agricultural Hall last March for the best stud dog in the show. Among the most noted of his progeny may be mentioned Refuge, Young Refuge, Recluse II., Baron Clevedon and Highland Chieftain, all of whom have competed with great success in England. Refuge II. is a son of the great Plinlimmon, from Recluse, the latter being responsible for the enormous Lord Melrose and his sister Lady Melrose, both prize winners on this side.

ENGLISH SETTER BEN'S PEDIGREE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I purchased of Mr. W. Tallman, of this city, in August last, the English setter Ben, said to have been whelped July 22, 1888. Mr. Tallman got him from Mr. W. N. Howell, of Lancaster, Pa. Ben is in every way just what Mr. Tallman represented him—a very satisfactory dog. His head is black, with a white stripe down the center. He has a round black spot about 5 in. in diameter on his back directly over his hindquarters, otherwise he is white with small black spots here and there. Mr. Howell got him in November, 1889, from one P. J. Criste, of Milton, Pa. Criste represented him to Mr. Howell as being a grandson of champion Roderigo. After purchasing Ben I wrote politely to Criste asking him for the dog's pedigree. He wrote a rude reply, saying, "You know a pedigree don't help a dog hunt," and declined to give his pedigree. It is more than doubtful whether he ever knew anything of the dog's pedigree, but as Mr. Howell informs me, Criste gave him to Mr. H. for breaking a pointer dog to retrieve, and was anxious to get Howell to accept the dog instead of the money he had promised him for performing that service, he probably drew largely on his imagination. I have tried through a newspaper published in Milton, Pa., to get Ben's pedigree, but having failed in this, I write to say I shall be very thankful to any brother sportsman who could give me any facts shedding light on this matter.—ROBERT MILBANK (154 West Forty-eighth street, New York.)

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Fulton Kennels. By Adolph Isaacson, New York, for his kennels of fox-terriers.

Victoria Kennels. By A. G. Hooley, Plainfield, N. J., for his kennels of English setters and pointers.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Alma—Ben Ormonde. J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Alma (Barry—Fulhi) to his Ben Ormonde (Marquis of Salsburgh—Haela), Sept. 24.

Lady Ormonde—Ben Ormonde. J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Ormonde (Monte Rosa—Theon) to his Ben Ormonde (Marquis of Stafford—Haela), Nov. 8.

Lalla Rookh—Dan O'Connell. H. L. Hilsendegen's (Detroit, Mich.) red Irish setter bitch Lalla Rookh to his Dan O'Connell, Aug. 27.

Biddy Clare—Dan O'Connell. L. N. Hilsendegen's (Detroit, Mich.) red Irish setter bitch Biddy Clare to his Dan O'Connell, Aug. 27.

Graphic's Lady—Beppo III. G. W. Batchelder's (Weston, Mass.) pointer bitch Graphic's Lady (Graphic—Bloomer) to Jas. L. Anthony's Beppo III. (Priam—Meally), Sept. 28.

Flurry II.—Christopher. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Flurry II. (Blue Sk.—Flurry I.) to their Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Oct. 30.

Rosalind—Christopher. G. Frazier's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Rosalind (Maney Trefoil—Roslyn Parole) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Nov. 4.

Luella—Christopher. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Luella II. (Rex or Strephon—Mavis) to their Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Oct. 5.

Maiden—Christopher. H. Harding's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Maiden (Smuggler—Lady Scott) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Oct. 5.

Lassie—Christopher. J. Yewdall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Lassie (Scottilla—Gem) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Sept. 3.

Roslyn Primrose—Christopher. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Roslyn Primrose (The Squire—Wanda) to their Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Sept. 2.

Jess—Christopher. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Jess to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Aug. 13.

Roslyn Sable—Christopher. L. Barber's (Winona, Minn.) collie bitch Roslyn Sable (Dublin Scot—Flurry III.) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Aug. 8.

Lady Moll—Christopher. F. Carswell's (Wilmington, Del.) collie bitch Lady Moll (David—Jean) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher (Metchley Wonder—Peggie II.), Nov. 14.

Flora Kay—Bob Obo. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flora Kay (Obo, Jr.—Princess Tiney) to their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Oct. 22.

Rideau Flossie—Obo, Jr. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Flossie (champion Obo—Gipping Floss) to their Obo, Jr. (champion Obo—Nellie), Oct. 30.

Jennie—Obo, Jr. P. J. Keating's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jennie (Bob Obo—Nelly) to Rideau Kennels' Obo, Jr. (champion Obo—Nellie), Nov. 3.

Edy—Gem of the Season. W. Tonje's (Fairfield, N. J.) greyhound bitch Kitty to A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season (Ivanhoe—Fly II.), Nov. 15.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Dora Deane. L. Gardner's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) English setter bitch Dora Deane (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge), Nov. 8, eleven (seven dogs), by his Galt (champion Galt's Mark—Gladette); two dogs since dead.

Wellesbourne Mabel. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Wellesbourne Mabel (Edgbaston Fox—Edgbaston Bess), Sept. 2, four (two dogs), by their Christopher.

Golden Flirt. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Golden Flirt (Prince Charlie—Hera), Sept. 10, five (two dogs), by their Mandy (refoil (The Squire—Scotch Pearl).

Roslyn Dora. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Roslyn Dora (Christopher—Roslyn Torrida), Sept. 13, ten (nine dogs), by J. F. Lumsden's Gladie (Sir James—Merry Fan).

Quida. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Quida (Dublin Scot—The Lilly), Sept. 9, eleven (seven dogs), by their Christopher.

Roslyn Flora. H. S. Harvey's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Roslyn Flora (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Oct. 7, eight (five dogs), by Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Doctor. White, black and tan spot on face English setter dog,

whelped Dec. 30, 1888, by Pride of the Plains out of Minka, by J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y., to W. J. Blodgett, New York City. *Ben Ormonde.* Orange, with white markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1889, by Marquis of Stafford out of Haela, by J. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa.

Rattland Jock. Collie dog, by Lake View Kennels, Worcester, Mass., to Mrs. A. M. Hallock, Columbus, O.

Gladys B. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 30, 1888, by champion Tim out of Lady Edith, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Red River Glencho. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1886, by champion Glencho out of Lyda Belle, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to C. M. Chapin, Englewood, N. J.

Onota Belle. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 4, 1887, by champion Chief out of Blzreena, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Red River Glencho—Onota Belle whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped Aug. 16, 1891, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., a dog and bitch to G. T. Lord, Turnerville, Conn., and a dog each to S. B. Taylor, Colchester, Conn., and E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa.

Blaze—Gladys B. whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped April 12, 1891, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., a dog to A. Neff, Higganstown, Conn., and a bitch to E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa.

Red River Glencho whelps. St. Bernards, whelped July 29, 1891, by W. H. Brown, Middletown, N. Y., an orange dog to W. F. Brown, New York City, and an orange and white bitch to J. B. Wideman, Scranton, Pa.

Seminole. Setter bitch, by Seminole Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Hunter's Pel. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July, 1891, by Cnabb out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to A. A. Wainfield, Mass.

Doctor. Silver fawn pug dog, age and pedigree not given, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to G. D. Chapin, New York City.

Missie. Fawn pug bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Clara B. Noble, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

It fell to the lot of Alex. Stein, of the New York Pistol Club, to fire the first shot in the competition for the Winans trophy emblematic of the Amateur Revolver Championship of this country. The firing took place in the gallery of the club, No. 12 St. Mark's Place, on Saturday evening last. It was the regular club meeting night for practice, but on this occasion the shooting for this important trophy took precedence, and in place of the reduced Hinman target generally employed, the battery of fine revolvers owned and used by the club men were pointed at the 5 in. discs used in the shoot-off of the championship. The gallery was a very lively place during the shooting, and the two ranges were very busy with the carefully aimed bullets traversing them. The contestants found out that it was no easy task to stand up and in clear off-hand work fire thirty shots in a match where one single error might mar an otherwise fine score.

The time consumed in sending the targets up and down the range prolonged the work, and it was near midnight before the first half dozen men had closed up their records and placed 30 neatly-punctured disks into one of the waiting envelopes, there to be sealed to await the measuring up, which will promptly follow the final shot in the match. In order to give opportunity for other members of the New York Pistol Club to shoot, the gallery will be open for a further making of scores in this contest on Saturday evening, Dec. 5. At that time President Henry Oehl, of the club, will probably shoot, and any other revolver expert, whether a member of the club or not, who may present himself as a contestant on that occasion will be accorded the courtesy of the ranges and have opportunity to shoot a record.

On the first evening the majority of the shooters preferred a 2 in. bullseye, and in one of Geo. Jantzer's shots a clean plumb center was made, while the black caught the majority of the shots in each shooter's score. There was the usual chapter of mishaps. Mr. Bishop got off his 5 in. disk with his 12th and 13th shots, or more strictly, the last shot of his second and the first shot of his third round. This puzzled him, but an inspection of his revolver showed that in placing it down after the 11th shot the rear right bar had been struck and had slipped about 1-16 in. in its slot. The error corrected brought the next shot back in the black, but two rounds had been irretrievably ruined. Barney Walther, merriest of marksmen, made a record, and Alex. Stein played in bad luck with some irregular ammunition. Dr. Louis Bell shot very even, and his steadiness ought to bring him to the front, either as first or as a subsequent holder of the trophy. Mr. Jantzer also has a good arm and handles it in fine style.

With the opening of the match comes the good news of encouragement to the contestants. It was purposely made a no-entry-fee match, so that no one need be debarred from shooting. There is no sweepstake feature about it, but as soon as the idea of making a special offer to the winner of the trophy was suggested to the well-known revolver making firm of Smith & Wesson, came the response as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Nov. 21, 1891.—*Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:* Replying to yours of the 20th, we beg to say: Yes, we will offer a prize to the winner of the Winans Trophy and Amateur Revolver Championship of the United States. Same to be one of any of our models of revolvers that you may select, handsomely gotten up, with a morocco case, etc.—SMITH & WESSON.

FOREST AND STREAM will supplement this by the offer of \$100 in cash to go to the second, third and fourth place men in the opening record of the trophy in purses of \$50, \$30 and \$20 respectively. Other firms specially interested will probably come in, and so in addition to the honor of holding the championship trophy will be the substantial benefit of the prizes in merchandise and money. We repeat the simple conditions of the competition:

CONDITIONS.

Open to any citizen or permanent resident of the United States. Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches. Any trigger pull. Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand. Any fixed ammunition. Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots. Distance, 20 yds. Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches. Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole. Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively. Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by FOREST AND STREAM rules.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of FOREST AND STREAM to be final on all points.

fisher	01010010011001111011001111100010001	-97
referee	101101001111111111101010111111101	-94
Walters	00110011000111101100111100110001101010	-41
Ashton	000111111111101001010010010010101011	-41
Perit	0001001001001001001001001001001001001	-41
referee	1000101100100100100100100100100100100	-36
razer	11010110011011001011111110111011010101	-32
airchid	010100100011101111111111111111111110	-41
Walters	1101011111111001101010101101111111111	-32

ING."—We have recently received an invoice of these two books, and can now supply all orders. The seventh edition of "Yacht and Boat Sailing," originally bound in two volumes, is now bound as a single volume, but the contents are the same.

35 and 30ft. Classes, 1891.

35 and 30ft. Classes, 1891.					35 Ft. Class.										30 Ft. Class.										Number of Starters.			Wind, Weather and Water.	
Nos.	Date.	Club.	Meas. and Class.	Dis- tance	Tigress, C.B.	Polly, C.B.	Eurybia, C.B.	Saona, K.	Senorita, C.B.	Sasqua, C. B.	Mildred, K.	Mignon, K.	Saladin, K.	Hawk, C.B.	Fancy, K.	Harbinger, C.B.	Kathleen, K.	35 Ft. Class.	30 Ft. Class.	Total.									
					L.W.L.	35	35.9	34	4	33	32	35	30	28	30	30	30	30	27.9	30	35 Ft. Class.	30 Ft. Class.	Total.						
1	May 30.	Eastern, sweep.....	S.-W.	24										2	1					3	3	l, Clear.....	Elf 3.						
2	June 16.	Atlantic, annual.....	S.-W.	27	1	2	w	4											3	7	7	l, Clear.....	Indra 5. Portia w.						
3	June 17.	Marine and Field, annual.....	S.-W.	28	1	2	w	w		w									w	7	7	l, Clear.....	Aglaia w. Severe squall in afternoon.						
4	June 17.	Massachusetts, annual.....	S.-W.	20							w	w		w	w	w					6	6	s, Gale, sea.....	Chieftain w.					
5	June 19.	Eastern, special.....	S.-W.	24							1		2							2	2	s, Clear, rough..	Sweepstakes postponed, special match substituted.						
6	June 20.	Cor. Marblehead, sweeps....	S.-W.	20									3	1	2					3	3	l, Clear, smooth..							
7	June 22.	Corinthian N. Y., annual.....	S.-C.	17													1			2	2	l, Clear.....	Delvyn 2.						
8	June 23	Atlantic, special.....	S.-W.	27	1	2		4										3	4	4	4	l, Clear.....	First prize, Kenyon Cup.						
9	June 29.	Eastern annual.....	S.-W.	22							2			3	1	4				4	4	m, Clear, mod. sea	Fluky race. Prizes for postponed sweeps of June 19 given in this race.						
10	July 4...	Larchmont, annual.....	C.	20				4	w	1								3	5	5	5	m, Clear.....	Handicap race, Mistral 2.						
11	July 6..	American, annual.....	S.-W.	20						2										4	4	s, Clear.....	Notus 1. Mistral 3. Estella 4.						
12	July 7...	New Rochelle, annual.....	M.-W.	22					2	1										3	3	r, Rain.....	Mistral.						
13	July 11.	Riverside, annual.....	S.-C.	17				2										2	3	3	6	l, Clear.....	Alcedo 1. Wayward 3. Doctor 1. Viking 3.						
14	July 17.	Hull.....	M.-W.	15										1		3				3	3	f, Clear.....	White Fawn 2.						
15	July 18..	Hull, first championship.....	M.-W.	15									3	2		1				6	6	l, Clear.....	Pilgrim 4. Erin 5. White Fawn 6.						
16	July 20..	Hull, second championship..	M.-W.	18								5		4		3				5	5	r, Clear.....	Pilgrim 1.						
17	July 22..	Eastern special.....	S.-W.	28							1			d.w						3	3	m, Clear.....	Chieftain 2.						
18	July 23..	Atlantic cruise	S.-W.	20	1	2	4											3	4		4	f, Clear.....	Prize given by Tigress goes to second boat.						
19	July 25..	Cor. Marblehead.....	S.-W.	10							2		1							2	2	r, Rain, calms...	Fluky race.						
20	Aug. 1..	Beverly, first championship.	S.-W.	10										18.0						1	1	l, Clear.....							
21	Aug. 8..	Cor. Marblehead.....	S.-W.	10							3	4	2	1						4	4	l, Clear.....							
22	Aug. 15.	Fall River.....	S.-W.	15												2				2	2	s, Clear.....	Shark 1.						
23	Aug. 22.	Cor. Marblehead.....	S.-W.	10						1		2								2	2	l, Clear.....							
24	Sept. 2..	Hull.....	M.-W.	15								2					3			3	3	m, Clear.....	White Fawn 1.						
25	Sept. 5..	Beverly.....	S.-W.	10										2	1					2	2	m, Foggy.....							
26	Sept. 7..	Cor. Marblehead.....	S.-W.	10						1	2	3	w	4						5	5	f, Foggy, rain, sea							
27	Sept. 12.	Cor. Marblehead.....	S.-W.	10						1				2						2	2	f, Clear.....	Sail off.						
Starts.....					4	4	4	4	2	4	9	6	7	13	7	8	7		37	63	100								
First Places.....					4						2	5		1	5	2	2	1											
Second Places.....						4	1			1	1	1	1	1		1													
Sail Overs.....														1															
Total Places.....					4	4	1			3	6	1	2	6	2	3	1												
Total Prizes					3	1				2	6	1	1	5	2	2	1												

S. Seawanbaka. Private. C. Classed by corrected length. W. Classed by waterline length. s. o. Sail over. g. Grounded. d. Disabled. w. Withdrew. n. t. Not timed. p. Disqualified, with or without protest. m. Mile race. l. Light wind. m. Moderate. f. Fresh breeze. s. Strong wind.

SEA-SICKNESS.

TEN years ago I published in the pages of the *Lancet* (December 17, 1881), a paper on this subject, in which I ventured to propose a new hypothesis of its etiology. That hypothesis has never, I believe, been criticised or contradicted, and though I cannot therefore say it holds the field, I may well be excused if I venture once more, through a different medium, and with further explanations, to make a statement of my views. The question is one that possesses so little interest for the great majority of men and so much more for the mass of the traveling and particularly the sea-going public; its effects are so extensively felt and appreciated; the knowledge of physiology, thanks to the continued efforts of Professor Huxley and others, is becoming so very widely diffused, and the study of sea-sickness, which is essentially a physiological study, is so well within the range of ordinary comprehension, I feel I hardly require an excuse for bringing the matter before the public.

We know that sea-sickness is but seldom due to one individual cause, but most commonly depends upon a combination, a concatenation, of causes; and it seems to me that one of its principal physiological conditions is the one that I have already suggested, viz., a rarity of the pulmonary atmosphere. Speaking roughly, and for our present purpose, the pneumogastric nerve (which I denominate the key of the position) supplies the larynx, the lungs and the stomach, though these are not at all the only organs that it does supply. We know too well enough, what reflex action means and how it happens; it occurs in consequence of intimate nervous connection. We know also that sensations are not always felt and do not always produce effects where they originate or where they may occur, but often in some near or distant part of the economy, but always in a part which is more or less closely and intimately connected with it in respect of innervation. We can therefore well believe that irritation or distress affecting a branch or branches of the pneumogastric may be reflected therefrom, and so produce irritation and distress elsewhere. As medical men we know it for a fact.

The first effect of the vessel falling is a sense of apprehension, which causes us instinctively, intuitively, automatically, involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, to close the glottis and to hold the breath, so as to be ready by fixing the chest for any great or small or sudden exertion. The constant and continued repetition of this provokes and irritates the laryngeal branches of the pneumogastric nerve, and is of itself sufficient in my opinion to upset the movements of the stomach, and so produce nausea and vomiting. The next effect of the continued fall is the descent of the large abdominal viscera, which draw down and drag upon the diaphragm, and so extend and elongate the thoracic cavity; that the pulmonary atmosphere becomes attenuated. This produces an effect upon the principal filaments of the pulmonary branches of the pneumogastric nerve (as we find in the *mal des montagnes*) which also, being reflected to the stomach, adds fuel to the fire, and results in sea-sickness. It will thus be seen tolerably clearly and conclusively how and why it is that in sea-sickness, pure and simple, I am disposed to throw the blame upon the pneumogastric nerve, and I put it forward as a rational and tangible physiological explanation of the phenomenon.

Accept this merely as a hypothesis. What shall we expect to follow?

1. The good effect of certain drugs administered upon a rational basis, and after certain methods, but always under medical advice, and which for obvious reasons cannot be discussed here. The homeo-paths, however, and still be comforted when they hear that some of the drugs may be taken mimetically.
2. The only, yet the almost universal, inclination, to lie down and do nothing, and the great relief from lying flat upon the back.
3. The occasional failure of the adoption of this method, for even then the laryngeal spasms may continue.
4. The greater frequency and severity of sea sickness in man than in the lower animals, and in the erect than in the recumbent posture.
5. Its dependence mainly on the lengthwise and jumping, jerking motion, rather than on the lateral.
6. The almost invariable ultimate accommodation of the system to the motion, when once this susceptibility to fear and apprehension, which is only natural, has been subdued by use and wont.
7. Its occasional continuance in those who cannot control their apprehensiveness, correct their intuitions, or accommodate them-

selves to the movement, in other words those who are preternaturally sensitive; and its occasional return in the case of old and practiced sailors who have been too long ashore.

8. Its frequent occurrence even in the case of seasoned sailors, when they leave a steamer for a sail boat, or vice versa, by reason of the change in the character of the motion. Or when the system becomes disordered, and other things combine to produce nausea.

9. The extraordinary effects that occur on landing when, the motion having ceased, the sensations continue; in this respect impressions on the pneumogastric nerve form no exception from the rule of other nervous sensations.

10. The good effects of abdominal pressure when properly applied.

11. The relief experienced on bending low when the vessel falls, and more particularly by drawing the deepest possible breath whenever the vessel begins to fall.

12. Occasional immunity.

I may say here that when a boy I found the latter plan (of No. 11) effectual whenever I felt sea-sick; it seemed to come to me intuitively, but I could not then explain it. I have often felt sea-sick, but never was so, unless indeed one calls that sea-sickness when, 21 hours after leaving London by boat for Leith, I was literally awakened in the morning by a most abominable stench in the berth in which I was, and rushed up on deck to relieve myself. I doubt if any amount of inspiration could have prevented that, for the sickness then depended on the sense of smell. But I can explain it now, in the way I have done; and again, some people are sick at sea, because they think they are sea-sick, and the obvious explanation of the facts and one that is worth consideration.

I do not claim it as the only cause, for, as I have said, probably many causes combine to produce it. That varieties exist I cannot doubt; but would you call that sea-sickness when you catch a sea-bird with a baited hook and the moment it is hauled on board it vomits on the deck? I call it the vomiting of extreme terror. Do you call that sea-sickness from which old seamen are said to have suffered lately on board the fast cruiser, H. M. S. *Latona*? I call it the sickness of excessive motion. Is that sea sickness which is said to have caused firemen in overheated stokeholes to jump overboard? I should call it the insanity of drink, provoked by intense heat and severe toil. Or would you apply the term to what once occurred within my own knowledge in an open boat, when there was not a ripple on the surface and hardly any movement to be felt, yet some were sick? It is not worthy of the name, and is due entirely to mental and sympathetic influence. Why is civilized man alone unable to swim without practice, and why does he drown when he falls into the water? He may be handicapped with clothes; but that is not the reason, for he is not always clad. The answer is because he thinks he cannot; he is handicapped with fear; he loses courage and forgets to try. Again, some people are sick at sea, because they think they will be; then they feel so, and therefore are so (it is wonderful how frequently ideas beget sensations, and such sensations actions). But sickness such as this is hardly worthy of the name; I call it phantom sickness. Professor Rosenbach, of Breslau, who has lately written on the subject, truly says it is questionable if they are cases of sea-sickness. I am at one with him in thinking that visual perception is not an essential factor in the case; for if it were, it would not happen in the dark so much as in the light, with the eyes closed as when they are kept open; the position of the body and the direction of the motion would not so much affect it, and it would be comparatively easy to control it. But I differ from him if he thinks that the determination of the moment at which the disturbance occurs, which was pointed out by Herbert Mayo 60 years ago, affords any explanation whatever of the phenomenon. I admit, and always have admitted, the co-operative influence of special sensation, and of common sensation in the shape of passive motion and what is called the muscular sense; I make due allowance for unstable equilibrium, for mechanical disturbance of the stomach, disturbed relation between the fluids and solids of the body, the cerebrospinal and sub-arachnoid fluids, and even the labyrinthine lymph; and I acknowledge the effects of sympathetic and of mental, nay, even of moral, influence, but still I look for something more.

To return now to the action of the glottis. I was passing along Buchanan street the other day when I saw a hansom cab going down the street in which the horse had slipped its bit. Instinct urged the driver to check his horse by tightening the rein, but the

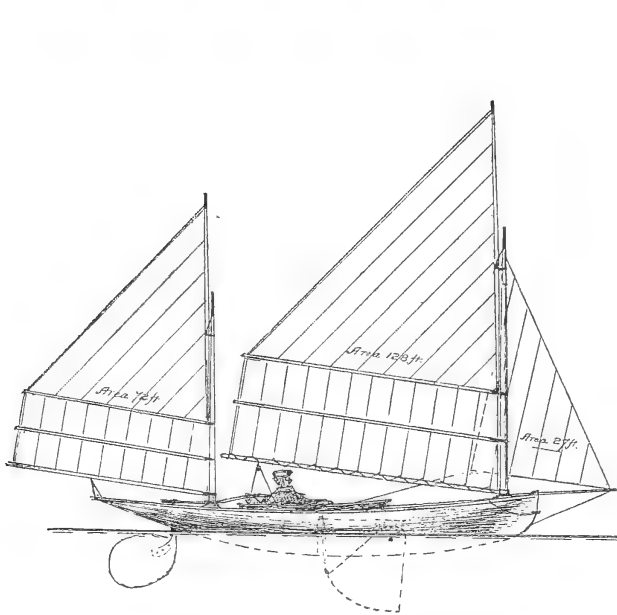
more he pulled the faster went the horse, until at last some good Samaritan seized the bridle and stopped it. Had the driver checked his instinct by the lessons of experience, he would probably have slackened the rein, and the horse would have stopped of its own accord; apprehensiveness, however, prevented this. So we often find that instinct and intuition have to be guided by experience. The former, as I have said, usually lead us to close the glottis and to fix the chest when the vessel falls, whereas the latter, viz., experience, supported now by reason, teaches us to leave the glottis open and to breathe freely. The infant dangled in its nurse's arms (Bell upon "The Hand") "will be at rest as it is raised, but in descending it will struggle and make efforts." The little child, tossed up and down in its father's arms, may feel secure, but objects to too much roughness, and fears the same attention from a stranger. The downward movement causes apprehension.

There is in this, as in most other affections, a certain amount of predisposition or the reverse to be considered. The man who goes on board ship with an overloaded stomach, a system goaded by freedom at the table, and an indolent life, will here be called upon to pay the penalty, to yield a tribute, for his quondam pleasure: while one who has been temperate in the satisfaction of his appetite, and has led an active or laborious life, is likely to prove a comparative good sailor. This accounts for the comparative freedom of the very old and very young; if affected at all, they are troubled less, the system is sooner habituated to the change, and the attack soon passes off. In all my experience I very rarely, if ever, found that one who had risen from the bed of sickness, especially that of any wasting disease, was as much affected as one who had led what is called a "pleasurable" life. Here at least, if nowhere else, the poor and sick come off comparatively well, and Lazarus is often spared the sufferings of Dives.—J. R. Stocker, M.B., M.R.C.P., in *Nautical Magazine*.

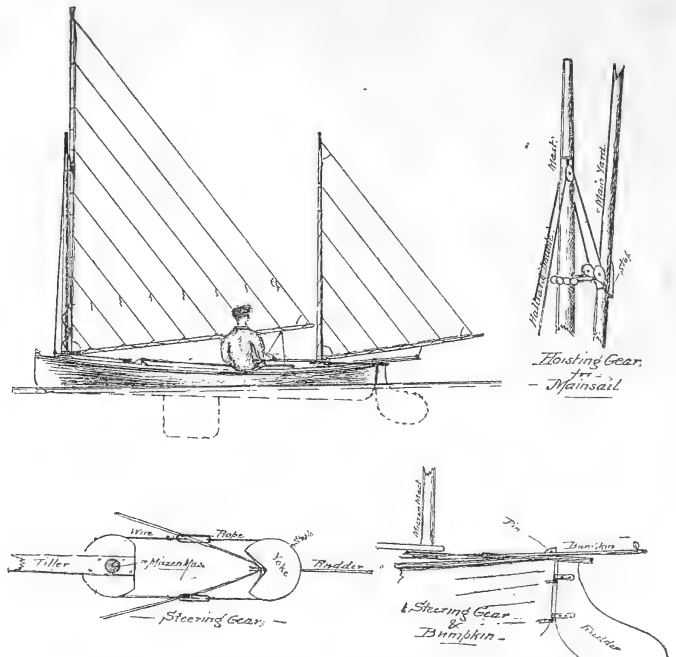
IO.—We have lately obtained the following dimensions of Io the cutter which defeated the 25-footer Needle:

Length over all.	28ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	23ft.
Beam, extreme.	8ft.
Draft.	5ft. 10in.
Least freeboard.	1ft. 10in.
Ballast—iron keel, including floor and bolts.	5,200lbs.
Head room.	5ft. 9in.
Mast, fore side of stem.	8ft.
Deck to cap.	25ft. 9in.
Deck to sheave.	37ft. 9in.
Bowsprit outboard.	25ft.
Boom.	25ft.
Gaff.	17ft.
Perpendicular.	38ft.
Base.	45ft.
Sail area, S. C. Y. C. (about).	900sq. ft.
Corrected length (about).	26.5ft.
Mainsail.	420sq. ft.
Sailsail.	78
Jib.	154
	652
Working topsail.	140
	792

A FITTING MEMORIAL.—Messrs. W. D. and A. James, the former gentleman being the owner of the fine screw yacht *Lancashire Witch*, have purchased a large piece of land at East Cotes from Lord Gort, reported at a cost of £200. The ground adjoins the field recently presented by Lord Gort to the inhabitants of East Cotes for a recreation ground. The land has been purchased for the purpose of erecting a large building to be used as homes for aged seamen, and will be endowed by these gentlemen as a lasting memorial to the memory of their late brother, Mr. F. E. James. Plans have already been prepared and we hear that the building will be commenced at an early date.—*Lancashire Witch*. [Mr. F. E. James, former owner of *Lancashire Witch*, was killed by an elephant some two years since while hunting in Africa.]



PROPOSED SAIL PLAN FOR SINGLEHANDER.
20FT. 6IN. OVER ALL, 16FT. L.W.L., 4FT. BEAM, 1FT. DRAFT.



CANOE YAWL "MADCAP," SAIL PLAN AND DETAILS.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—This club has ordered three 16ft. racing boats from Mr. James Collins. Four cabin yachts and three tuckups have been added to the fleet and the membership is rapidly increasing.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. E. Blake. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

RIGS FOR SMALL CRUISERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For two summers I have been locked up, so to speak, in an inland town, and have done little yachting or sailing, but I have enjoyed none the less the weekly arrival of the FOREST AND STREAM, and have done always a little sketching and designing from time to time. This last summer my camp has been pitched on the shores of one of the great lakes, and I took the opportunity to rig up a little cruiser which, while not all I could wish owing to lack of time and money, has performed so remarkably well that I think a description of her main characteristics may be interesting to some of your readers.

Looking about for something in which to disport myself, I at last found a 16ft. x 32in. x 14in. skiff with two fine, well-modeled ends, both alike, which *faute de mieux* I bought ready made and proceeded to deck in for some \$75. forward and 4ft. aft, with a 9in. waterway all around. I rigged her with two leg-of-mutton sails, one right in the eyes and one smaller one aft, much after the fashion of the modern sailing canoe, except that both are plain leg-of-muttons without battens, and about as effective and handy sails as I have ever used. The centerboard is a "drop" plate of 3/16 in. iron weighing 90lbs. and is an embodiment of the value of low weights. I tried a light wooden board for experimental purposes and found that in light air there was no perceptible difference in speed, while in a breeze the heavy board kept her on her feet and to windward in a remarkable way.

Finding that the boat carried a strong weather helm, and being averse to carrying a jib, I conceived the idea of putting on a very large and heavy rudder, and got one cut out of a 30 in. boiler plate weighing about 90lbs. The success of the experiment was complete, the big rudder acting as ballast, steering apparatus and after deadwood all at the same time and I recommend it, considered fast, and thus not only in light air and smooth water, but in fresh breezes and pretty heavy chops, and with only her skipper on board on the weather rail. Her stiffness is remarkable, as is also her steadiness in running off the wind in lumpy water, due to the power of the big rudder. For the hull I should prefer something with a little more deadrise and with overhanging counter like the FOREST AND STREAM cruiser you figured three or four years ago; but for rig and equipment I can scarcely suggest any improvement except in putting a batten across both sails about 18 in. up to aid in quick reefing.

I hope next summer to carry the same governing ideas into a slightly larger craft of better model. I have been very much pleased with Mr. Dyer's design for a deep canoe, and think her depth and rockered keel are a great step in advance, but I hanker myself after a little more beam.

My chief interest is in single-handers of a more comfortable type than the standard 30 in. canoe. There are many like myself, who are fond of sailing and like to have an occasional tussle with another boat, but we don't care to balance ourselves outboard on a crazy sliding seat 3ft. outside the wale, and we look for something in which we can smoke our pipes in comfort and still keep the fast fellows in sight.

My friend Mr. Tyson thinks his flying proa, with a little attendant canoe sailing alongside and keeping him from turning bottom up, is the true solution of the difficulty, and will fill the required void, but while admitting the excellent qualities of the proa, I see several drawbacks, among which are the awkwardness of the outrigger in coming into the house, the drag on the lee side on one tack and on the weather side on the other, making it impossible to so place the center of effort that the boat shall at all times carry an easy weather helm. I prefer on the whole the catamaran to the proa, but I think a properly modeled boat of 4 1/2 beams or so, a perfected and enlarged "Mersey canoe," will fill the bill for a perfect single-hander much more nearly than either.

HENRY K. WICKSTEED.

COBURN, Ont., Nov. 1.

[The single-hander sketched by Mr. Wicksteed is very similar in sheer plan to the latest type of English canoe yawl, such as Snake and Torpedo.]

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Newell Martin, R. L. McDuffee, Wm. D. Hobart, Hugh Stevenson, New York; A. Schroeder, Evert D. Newman, Brooklyn.

CANOEING ON THE PACIFIC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Seattle C. C., of Seattle, Washington, was reorganized and incorporated on Oct. 19 with a capital stock of \$1,500; divided into 100 shares of \$15 each. From the board of trustees the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. B. Riley; Vice-Com., R. T. Engelbrecht; Secy., W. N. Redfield; Purser, H. M. Lawrence. Have our own house, situated on Lake Washington, on the terminus grounds of the Madison Street Cable Railway Co., two story house, 30 x 50 ft., containing large club room, dressing room, lockers and work room up stairs; down stairs the entire floor is devoted to canoes; a large veranda projects from each floor overlooking the lake, have now 25 members, and at the present rate of application will have our full quota by spring. Lake Washington is 28 miles in length, varying in width from one to five miles, it is fresh water and partly inside the city limits; 3 1/2 miles from club house, and also connected by Black River with the lake is Puget Sound, a fine body of salt water for the cruising canoe man, with its 2,000 miles of shore line. With such natural advantages we are confident of a large and flourishing club. The courtesy of the club is at all times extended to A. C. A., W. C. A., and Pacific coast canoe men.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 7.

GEO. B. RILEY.

CANOE AND CANOE-YAWLS.—The racing of the season at Hendon again showed that, lengths being equal, the 30 in. beam canoe, with small sails, can hold her own with canoe-yawls of 4ft. to 5ft. beam, especially when the crews are equal; but the decisive test which was hoped for in the competition between the Snake (yawl) and the canoes, and in which it was by some expected that the past experience would be upset, unfortunately did not come off. There is little doubt to our mind that a canoe-yawl, such as Snake, of 18ft. length, 5ft. beam, and 160ft. of sail, manned by a crew of two men, ought to beat a canoe of 18ft. length, 2ft. 6 in. beam, and 122ft. of sail, manned by one man, in almost any weather; and it is hardly fair racing to cause them to sail in the same race without time allowance. The two boats would rate respectively 0.5 and 0.3, and on the 6-mile course the yawl would give a time allowance of 4m. 25s. under the Y. R. A. scale.—*Field*.

PHOTOS OF THE MEET.—Mr. Stoddard has now ready a very handsome collection of 55 views of the 1891 meet at Willsborough Point. As his visit was made on two very windy days the views show some rough water, and made excellent pictures. The great Sea-voy Serpent shows to good effect in one view. No edition of the "Glimpses" will be issued this year.

New Publications.

THE LABRADOR COAST.

THE LABRADOR COAST: A Journal of Two Summer Cruises to that Region, with Notes on its Early Discovery, on the Eskimo, on its Physical Geography, Geology and Natural History. By Alpheus Spring Packard, M.D., Ph.D. N. D. C. Hodges, New York, publisher.

This book is attractive reading at this time, when a popular interest in Labrador has been awakened by the return of one of those anomalous students' expeditions which for the past thirty years have periodically visited that repulsive region during summer vacations, in the character of explorers. But beyond this it is especially valuable and important because it covers scientifically, as aptly set forth in the title, a field of analytical investigation which has long been neglected or overlooked. The economic possibilities of the country are, moreover, duly weighed and presented. The distinguished author has modestly entitled his work "The Coast of Labrador," but it really includes abundant information about the interior as well, with its flora, fauna, minerals, natural products and resident peoples, much of which, of course, has been known to laymen for three centuries or more, as attested by a voluminous bibliography of no less than 198 titles printed at the end of his volume, besides 24 charts and hydrographic surveys, not including ancient maps and charts of early voyagers, dating back to the year 1503.

Critical readers, to whom considerable portions of Labrador have become familiar by personal acquaintance, might take exceptions because the professor does not sufficiently recognize otherwise than incidentally, perhaps, the value of the contributions to the general fund of information which many writers have made since long ago; and they may reasonably marvel why the observations of old wood runners and voyageurs should be set aside in order to give place to the so-called "discoveries" of recent investigators who happen to have a scientific tag attached to their credentials. By some such discrimination the credit of the discovery of the courses of the Mississippi River has been awarded to Henry Schomburgk, when the identical regions had been traversed over by Allan Morrison, his guide, for more than thirty years previous. But, of course, it is the official stamp which gives value to the guinea. The halo of the discoverer gives the glory to the discovery.

As a matter of fact Labrador was one of the earliest discovered parts of the continent. Its streams, watersheds, mountain ranges, forests and coast lines were pretty thoroughly traced more than two centuries ago, while many of its natural features were known in detail. Cartier Espejo, Jeffers and Hackitt, in the fifteenth century, and Fathers Lauré and Albanel, in the sixteenth, traced most of its interior water courses and divides. In the seventeenth the navigators Chabert, Charlevoix, Coats and Cook, added much to what was already known of the coast. André Michaux, the botanist, looked it over in 1793. The Moravian have occupied the northern coast for one hundred and twenty years, and David Cranz, their historian, wrote voluminously and accurately of Labrador and its peoples from 1765 to 1789. The Hudson Bay Company have trapped all over it for a still longer period, and Peter Cartright and John McLean, two of its officers, added a great deal to the current fund of information during their incumbency of sixteen and twenty-five years respectively. It was John McLean who discovered the High Falls of the Northwest River (which empties into Hamilton Inlet), in 1883. In 1817 Dr. Edward Chappell wrote very fully of the Indian

tribes. In 1813 Davies described the Hamilton Inlet, which is also known by the several names of Groswater Bay, Eskimo Bay, and Mouktoke Inlet. In 1869 Dr. Elliott Coues contributed a list of 164 birds which he collected in that year, and Charles Hallock furnished a series of photographs of the coast and interior for *Harper's Magazine*, giving portraits of the Montaignais Indians and Eskimo found at Hamilton Inlet, with a full ethnography of the former, and contributing many interesting utensils and relics of the tribe to the museum of the Long Island Historical Society in Brooklyn. In 1863 Prof. Hind presented extensive researches throughout the interior, and from 1880 to 1891 Prof. Packard, the author of the book under review, has made Labrador his especial study, describing not only its mammals and avifauna, of which he finds twenty-eight and one hundred and ninety-eight species respectively, but its insects, invertebrates and its glacial and drift phenomena, as fully set forth in the text. Mr. John Macoun, the Canadian naturalist, has also compiled a catalogue of some 3,000 plants reported by various travelers as growing on the coast of Labrador. In 1853 Mr. Joe Gundy, who was for half a century a voyageur in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, traveled from Fort Nasquapee in central Labrador to fort Garry (now Winnipeg), a distance of 2,400 miles, on snow shoes. He and Antoine Michélet, another employee, were unrelenting explorers. In 1860 H. M. Surveying steamer Bulldog, under the celebrated navigator Capt. McClintock, charted Hamilton Inlet, throughout its entire length of 120 miles, going up as far as the Nor'west River post, and into the Grand of Hamilton, and Tom Liscom rivers at the head of the Bay, a region which has been a rendezvous and principal fur entrepot of the Hudson Bay Company for the southern district of Labrador since the beginning of the century. During the period extending from the year 1874 to date by the Dominion Survey of Canada, under Dr. Robert Bell, has covered the greater part of the interior of the province, the water sheds and timber belts, of which the principal one was discovered to have a width of 800 miles, and finding spruce trees 4ft. in diameter where only a stunted growth was suspected.

From these abundant facts it may be concluded that Labrador is neither a desert nor a *terra incognita*, for a country cannot be wholly inhospitable to support such an abundance and variety of plant and animal life; and it seems strange to an old traveler who read in the published newspaper reports that a party of students from Bowdoin College are credited with having discovered a race of Indians "hitherto unknown to white men," as well as a high fall whose existence has hitherto been problematical. I am therefore surprised to see that Prof. Packard has dignified the work of this party by the title of "The Labrador Expedition," and that they have achieved "the most important geographical discovery which has been made in the interior of Labrador." Of course due importance must attach to accurate measurements, and all that. It is the impression, however, of Dr. Robt. Bell, chief of the Dominion Survey, of whom I have made inquiry, that the falls cited by these gentlemen were really the High Falls of Nor'west River, and not of the so-called Grand River, which is locally known as the Hamilton River, the description of the chain of lakes, the portages, the distances, and the tracking, answering quite accurately to the former, which is the route annually traversed by the fur brigade in July. There is no analogous chain of lakes on the Hamilton River, though there is a high fall some fifty miles from its mouth. The high falls of the Nor'west River post are just off the regular thoroughfare from Nor'west River to Fort Nasquapee, at the Heights of Land, and a detour of twenty miles has to be made by the brigade to flank them. The distance from Fort Rigoleto to Nasquapee is 300 miles. No less than twenty falls and rapids are passed on the journey, and the trip occupies a month.

Doubtless the fur collectors and the wood runners (*coureurs des bois*) of the Hudson Bay Company acquired a very intimate knowledge of the interior of the country. That this knowledge was not imparted to cartographers is due to the reticent policy of the company, as well as to the fact that the interior Indians (Montaignais) were naturally jealous of intrusion upon their trapping lines. With the exception of agents and employees at the posts, no white men were allowed to trespass on the Indian territory, and therefore no whites ever visited the interior except upon business emergency. Settlers along the coast held no communication with the interior beyond the edge of the timber belt to which they resort for shelter in winter. The Nasquapees are strictly coast Indians, but have often been confounded with the Mountaignais. Eskimos are seldom seen south of Rigoleto, in latitude 55deg. The Red Indians are extinct since thirty years ago. The entire Indian population of Labrador is about 6,000.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

*The fur product of Labrador is of itself worth \$300,000 per year to the Hudson Bay Company.

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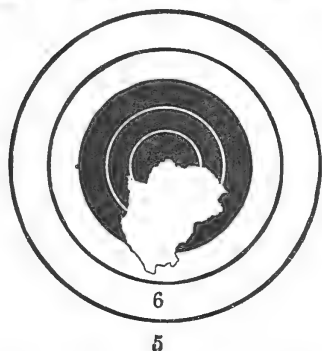
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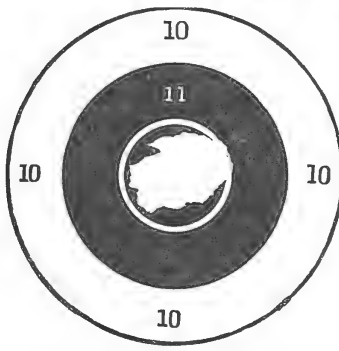
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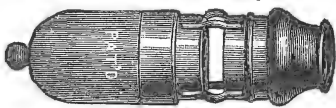
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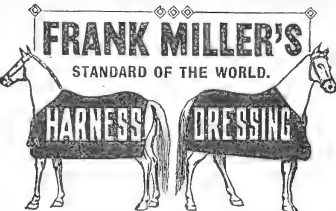
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In 1892 and the years that shall follow, as in 1891 and the years that have passed, the FOREST AND STREAM will stand for all that is best and truest in field sportsmanship; and it will strive to merit from its growing hosts of friends a continuation of that warm appreciation and indorsement with which it is now favored.

One word remains to be said. The paper will be enlarged to thirty-two pages, but the price will remain unchanged; \$4 per year.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS.

CONSIDERABLE space in Secretary Noble's annual report, just issued, is devoted to the subject of our national parks. These are four in number, and of them the Yellowstone Park is by far the largest, and, from all points of view, the most important. The others, of recent establishment, we owe to the wisdom and far-seeing policy of the Secretary of the Interior, to whom also must be given the credit for the setting apart of the large forest reservation adjacent to the Yellowstone Park, which practically, though not in name, adds about 1,500 square miles to the area of that reservation.

The report with regard to the Yellowstone shows a very favorable condition of things there. Game in the Park is continually increasing. The buffalo are quiet and contented; small herds are often seen, and some of these are accompanied by calves. The estimates of their numbers vary from two to four hundred, the latter being, in our judgment, the nearest to the truth. We have often called attention to the great numbers of elk to be found in this region, and now "the most conservative estimates place their numbers at 25,000." Mountain sheep, deer and antelope are numerous, tame and increasing. There are a few moose in the Park. The overflow of all this game into the adjacent territory will furnish good hunting to those who visit the region.

The effort to stock waters of the Park before barren with game fish appears to have been very successful. Six different species of fish have been planted in as many different lakes, and of these at least five appear to be doing well.

Mr. Noble calls attention again to the urgent need of legislation for the Park, and alludes to the dangers that threaten the National pleasure ground in the following words:

It is to be much regretted that there is an entire absence of law to punish depredations there, as they affect the forests, the game, and the wonderful formations. The attention of Congress has often been called to the necessity of such a penal statute, and it is now again recommended as necessary. The measure known as the "Vest Bill" has repeatedly passed the Senate, but in the House, while always favorably reported, it has unfortunately been accompanied by an amendment foreign to the bill, granting a right of way through the Park to a railroad. This was the case in the last Congress, and, as on former occasions, those who had been instrumental in urging the bill thought it better that it should fail than pass with this provision.

The Secretary's opinion, as hitherto expressed, has been that a railroad would be detrimental to all the purposes for which the Park was set apart. It is earnestly hoped that Congress will not give up to a private enterprise any part of what it has set apart for the education and enjoyment of the whole people. If one such railroad franchise is granted, it will result in the practical abandonment of that region as a forest and game reserve. Each year demonstrates the wisdom of Congress in setting apart this magnificent domain and the necessity of keeping it under Government ownership, free from private or corporate intrusion. It embraces one of the largest forest-bearing districts in the Rocky Mountains, and contains the headwaters of some of our greatest rivers. The importance of preserving such tracts as affecting the water supply of the country has already been discussed in this report. * * *

There should certainly be no hesitation or difficulty on the part of Congress in providing means by which the regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior for the protection of the Park may be made effectual. As it is now, the Park is placed under the care of the Secretary, and he is authorized to make rules and regulations for its government; but as no penalties are provided, there is no way in which such regulations when made can be properly enforced. No punishment can be inflicted for acts which should really be denounced as crimes; such, for instance, as the firing of the forests, the destruction of the game, and spoliation of the objects of interest within the Park. All that

now can be done is to turn the offender out of the Park, and thus give him an opportunity of returning and renewing his malicious acts.

The forest reservation which was set aside by Presidential proclamation last March is in charge of the Secretary of the Interior, and he has extended over it the same rules and regulations which govern the Park, and has directed the Superintendent of that reservation to protect it. This was necessary because this reservation is a hunting ground both for whites and Indians, and the forests which cover its mountains are in constant danger of fire from these wandering and often careless invaders.

The Yosemite Park contains some of the most wonderful scenery on the Continent, as does also the Sequoia Park. In both of these is found also a little game. In these parks the most important objects which are in danger of destruction are the giant trees, of which each park contains some. These are now being protected, but much more remains to be done, and a further knowledge is needed of the exact conditions which prevail in each park.

It is gratifying to see that the Federal Government is taking hold of this matter of National Parks in a way so much more intelligent than could have been hoped for a few years ago. For this wise action we have to thank Mr. Noble, and while at present but few people comprehend the importance of what he has done, the day is not far distant when he will receive from the general public that measure of gratitude which his action deserves.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE final joint meeting of representatives of the U. S. Fish Commission, the Fish Commissions of New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ontario and Quebec, delegates from the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, the Cheaper Food Fish Association of Rochester, and other bodies interested in the protection, preservation and propagation of food fish in the Great Lakes, has been called for Tuesday, Dec. 8, in the City Hall, at Hamilton, Canada. The call is signed by R. B. Roosevelt, chairman, and A. D. Stewart, secretary, of the Joint Convention. The object of the meeting is to consider the report of a sub-committee, which met at Rochester, Nov. 10, and to make recommendations to the Governments and State Legislatures concerned looking toward the harmonizing of the laws of the States and Canada upon the subjects mentioned. It is admitted that the States must surrender to the General Government their jurisdiction over the waters of the Great Lakes for the purposes above named if any advantageous and binding agreement is to be reached with Canada looking toward the accomplishment of a worthy end.

The Red Star steamer Rhynland, which sailed from New York for Antwerp yesterday, carried from the U. S. Fish Commission 500 catfish consigned to the Belgian Government. Request was made for these fish several years ago, but the Government was not prepared to rear them until recently. Belgium has extensive areas of sluggish water suitable for the American catfish, and now without fish. The shipment includes 100 spotted catfish (*Ictalurus punctatus*) and 500 of the common horn pout (*Amiurus nebulosus*), a few of the latter being of the marbled variety. On Nov. 13 Commissioner McDonald was informed by Herr Max von dem Borne of the safe arrival in Berneuchen of the following American fishes, sent in the care of the chamberlain's son: Three hundred and twenty-three sunfish, 76 catfish, 80 minnows, 2 dogfish (*Amia calva*), 6 calico bass, and 1 white perch. Only 15 fish died on the steamer and 5 on the railway journey from Antwerp to Berneuchen. This is the most successful trans-atlantic shipment known. Our brilliantly-colored sunfishes and crappies attract most favorable notice in Germany, where no fishes of the family are native.

Clinton Gilbert, who died in this city last Sunday, in his eighty-fifth year, belonged to the "old school" of sportsmen. He was for many years a member of the New York Association for the Protection of Game. In 1877 he succeeded Royal Phelps in the presidency of the society, in which office he was succeeded by Robert B. Roosevelt.

The sportsman in the field who in badly broken English attempts to control a half-broken dog is not likely to make an unbroken success of it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WINTER SPORTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

II.

I AM delighted with my selection of Newbern as a headquarters for my winter campaign among the fish and wildfowl, and more than convinced of the wisdom of my choice. Had I come here as a star invalid in search of a sovereign balm and spicy breezes, the extraordinary cold snap of the 16th to 19th would have set me back discouraged. As it was, the cold wind from the north-northerly and from the east-easterly, only had the effect to drive the whole assembly of ducks, geese, brant, swans and shore birds, which had been dallying along the sedges of the River St. Lawrence and about the rice lakes of Iowa and Wisconsin, down into Currituck and the North Carolina sounds, and that delighted the sportsmen. It would seem as if everything that could fly scooted before that intensely cold and bitter blast and came down here into the neighboring waters. They had to fly that far to find comfort and rest, nay more, they found the finest food in the land, clams, fish, valisneria, that succulent delight of the canvasback and redhead ducks; and seeds of grass and rice from the garnered fields, with sheltered coves and alternate points of land to suit, and sand dunes piled upon the beaches, where the gulls and petrels play bo-peep with the surf. Vast flocks of crows came careering on the blast bound for the upland and pine woods. Herons, gulls, terns, sandpipers and cranes huddled together among the marshes, and the hovering buzzards sought shelter behind the favoring lee of some deserted negro quarter. Right here within the city limits old Bill Taylor, a colored man, killed a blue heron by Trentside, which measured 6ft. from tip to tip of extended wings, and offered to sell it for a quarter, with no buyers. It was a beautiful specimen, which collectors might have envied. Then the black ducks got together on the river, right in front of town, and a venturesome sportsman picked up a few. An expert gunner who did not begrudge the time might have filled a boat, but Newbern is a busy community, and there are no gentlemen of leisure here except those of color. It is hard for the latter to get a move on themselves; but the cold snap made them hustle. More than half the population of Newbern is black.

I met one of them, a middle-aged ducky, on the morning of the seventh day, the 18th, I think, when I was trying to warm myself by a lively constitutional before breakfast; or rather, he overtook me as I walked. I had heard him shuffling briskly behind me for a couple of blocks, with that peculiar "dot and go one" gait which every native recognizes; and by a forced sprint he made a lap on me.

"Right cold day, boss!" he said, forging half a length ahead.

I told him in the happy vernacular of the country that it "certainly was."

"Mighty hard on us, boss," he continued, "coming so sudden, and so warm the day before."

That is what I thought to myself it must have seemed to the poor people of the Northwest where the heft of the blizzard struck. As it was, we in Newbern were only on the outside edge; we were comfortable by comparison. The coming of the cold wave was heralded by a dense black cloud which overcast the northern hemisphere about sundown. At noon, previously, the thermometer had marked 71 degrees; at 8 o'clock the next morning it indicated 27 degrees. And great Eolus! how the ducks did drive before the stress of weather, and even now they are huddling, as I have mentioned, between the mainland and the outer beach. The North Carolina sounds are full of them. The regular packet steamers which ply hence to Norfolk and Elizabeth City bring almost daily reports of them.

But this peculiar advantage in the location of the landlocked waters of this State as a winter home for wildfowl, and the easy accessibility of Newbern to every important commercial point within 200 miles, constitute but a modicum of the reasons why it seems the most desirable headquarters on earth for the sportsman.

From Newbern to Morehead it is only an hour and a half by rail (Southern schedule time). Beaufort, which is a charming watering place with an excellent modern hotel, hobnobs with Morehead; clustering islands lie between. Across Bogue Sound is the outer beach, with the illimitable ocean washing its seaward line. The salt water flows through Bogue and Topsail inlets into the Sound, which is as prolific with fish life as Indian River in Florida, and without its sand flies. Within this sheltered reach of water sailboats may travel securely and indefinitely, north and south. Here the counter currents from the tropics and the arctic meet. Here all the varieties of the fish fauna of the two antipodes cross fins. Whales and hair seals disport with the angel fish and cero, shad and porgies with hogfish and baracouta. All the peninsula lying between Core Sound and the river Neuse is cut up into estuaries and intricate channels which only experienced guides can navigate intelligibly. The uplands swarm with turkey, partridge (quail), deer, bear, coons, opossums, foxes, hares and squirrels, and the swamps and "pocosins" with water fowl and shore birds.

From Newbern to Washington, N. C., there is steam transportation via Pamlico Sound and river, with duck, goose and brant shooting all the way; and from Washington there is rail and steamboat for fifty miles northward into Albemarle Sound, which is the focus of another as fine sporting ground as can be found anywhere, with no end of rivers emptying into it, and bars and islands and shoals choking it, and canals and railroads leading through cypress swamps and grass marshes and pine forests back into the more densely and more civilized parts of the country. From Newbern there is also ready access by steamboat with Roanoke Island, famed for sport, war, colonization, and succumbent grapes, since the first advent of Sir Walter Raleigh; and three miles from the northeastern seldge of the island is the famous watering place hotel at Nag's Head, with sand dunes which shift with every violent storm, sometimes piled to a height of 200ft., and often burying groves and hamlets out of sight as they shift and form in cumulative drifts. There is no better shooting for geese, ducks and swans than can be found at Roanoke Island right now, and if any of your readers care to try it, they have only to take

the Old Dominion Canal Line or the Southern Railroad at Norfolk and run down there; and they will find Spence Daniels at Manteo, ready to take them out or board them at very moderate prices. He has a little coterie of New York, Baltimore and Norfolk friends who are always regular customers in the shooting season, and some of them come down in their own private launches and enjoy themselves right royally.

From Newbern there is also transportation by rail and boat to Kinston, 50 miles up the Neuse River, and thence to Goldsboro and the up country; and all the intermediate farms and woods are full of game in great variety. Last week I saw the proprietor of a lumber camp only 12 miles up the Kent River, above Newbern, who is cutting timber for the Prettyman mill, and he told me that his boys got five wild turkeys one morning which they had flushed and located the evening before, and they were only rough log-cutters and not sportsmen at all. Quail can be had for the trouble of walking them up anywhere outside of the city limits, and if one is going deep into the woods he may as well carry heavy ammunition for bears.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have never seen any such categorical statement printed anywhere of the attractions of the Eastern Counties for sportsmen as I have just now given, and mine is meagre enough, because I have to be concise. Later on I shall give you much of it in detail, if my health is spared and my plans do not miscarry. These localities, I fancy, are not visited by strangers, because the proper points of departure are not familiar to the public. For example, there is direct semi-weekly communication from Newbern by sailing packet with Hyde and Dare counties, which are so swampy, and so interspersed with jungle, lake and bayous, as to be fit for hardly anything but hunting. There is more game in Hyde and Dare counties than there is in the whole of New York State and Maine put together. The run of 90 miles from here to Swanquarter can ordinarily be made in ten hours by boat, or one can go by land, crossing the Neuse River at this point and the Pamlico River at Wakely. There are good accommodations at Swanquarter at \$1.50 per day, with no end of turkeys, quail, deer and bear within gunshot. Thence there is a good wagon road to Fairfield, and steamboat twice a week from there to Norfolk, as your intelligent correspondents Dr. Capehart, of Avoca, and Frank Heywood, of Norfolk, have mentioned. I happen to be boarding with the gentleman for whose pretty little daughter this river steamboat is named. A week is ample time for a round trip, returning from Norfolk to Newbern by the regular routes.

Ten miles across Croatan Sound from Roanoke Island is Stumpy Point, whose people live by fishing and hunting. They drink yupon tea and never shave. An impenetrable swamp cuts them off behind. The broad sound lies before them. They never see strangers, and the only company they have is the momentary presence of passing steam craft. Perhaps I may head an expedition to visit this isolated community and carry them some looking glasses and Yucatan gum. Capt. Southgate, of the steamer Newbern, runs close by on his regular trips from Norfolk, and will drop off passengers who have provided skiffs to take them ashore, and receive them aboard again by appointment.

Certainly this is the very time of year to enjoy sport in this section, from this on to January, and even a month later. Ordinarily, duck shooting is but cold comfort at the best, for it is when the wintry blasts are keenest that the duck shooter gathers his heaviest bags, and often noses get blue and fingers and toes grow numb while the patient sportsman watches his stools. Yet here in November, and up to Christmas, yea, all winter long, there are balmy days when the soft tints and the ruddy tints of the morning light in themselves, and the exciting whirl of rapidly succeeding flights and the splash of those that pitch headlong into the waters as they settle near the decoys, add a zest to the sport of duck shooting which only an enthusiast can appreciate or describe. Here it scarcely ever snows. Killing frosts, so called, seldom occur. Roses persist in putting forth their blooms despite the recent freeze, and there is winter foliage enough to give the landscape an agreeable tropical cast. Blows and high winds are rare, and the lapsing days alternate between light breezes and intervals of calm. The skies are fickle, sometimes overcast, but bright and sunny for the most part. They say the climate is more equable than that of Florida. I have in mind some desirable quarters for sportsmen, right on the river front, at the home of the postmaster, whose sister is a professional taxidermist and whose brother has a sharpie of approved pattern.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

IN MAINE WOODS.—II.

IN CAMP, Piscataquis County, Me., Oct. 26.—In a recent letter I gave some personal experience in regard to illegal game killing in this county. I know that the experience of one man is not enough for the basis of a thoroughly reliable generalization, but in saying that I am convinced that in the southern and more settled part of this county at least, the greater part of the illegal killing is done by the natives of the county or the State, I am supported by the opinions of all whom I have asked about the matter on the spot. Of instances in point I could give dozens, but with some little account of what I have seen on this present trip I am willing to let the statement stand.

I had not visited this region for two years. I had engaged a guide, who had built a good camp on the shore of one of my favorite lakes where I have camped many a time, where game and fish were plenty and where heretofore I could be reasonably sure of quiet and rarely a visitor. Formerly it could not be reached in less than forty-eight hours from Boston and with good weather and good luck at that.

But I am saddened by many a change. This lake can now be reached in twenty-four hours from Boston. A steamboat now takes us swiftly over ten miles of the trip where formerly we paddled our canoes. A new railroad penetrates the wilderness, and mills and clusters of houses have sprung up where once was only wilderness. Think of it, you reader of FOREST AND STREAM, who have been so blessed as to see Onaway Lake in the olden time—one of the very loveliest and most secluded sheets of water in Maine. A hamlet has sprung up at its foot and there the morning express train on the Canadian Pacific Railroad stops and the passengers breakfast.

It seems incredible and unbearable sacrilege, but it is the actual and the irrevocable. How good a chance think you there is now for caribou on Benson Bay? How long will Barren Mountain and Chairback be their retreat? During the past year some one has been minutely describing in letters to FOREST AND STREAM the waters about Monson; and I have trembled lest my old lakes and hills should be written up; but lo! the railroad itself is here, and I see that "the jig is up," I perceive that "I have lived;" that already I belong to "a former generation."

Well, we came to our camp. There was the dear old lake; and the grand old mountains, right and left, looked down on it; but the sound of many rifle shots greeted us before we emerged from the forest. To-night, including our party of three, there are eleven men in the camp, and ten Winchester and a shotgun or two complete the arsenal. Three deer, two of them does, were hung up; and another large doe was shot the next morning—all of them driven into the lake by dogs. Two dogs are in the camp.

Not one man besides myself of the whole party belongs outside this county. The dogging goes on unmolested. The warden was here a while ago; but he cannot be everywhere, you know, and his movements are as well known and timed as are those of the policeman on his beat by those who wish for any reasons to shun his attentions.

A net has been set in the lake. Here is one morning's haul: 24 suckers, 1 pickerel, 8 huge togue (lake trout), 1 muskrat and 1 loon.

Time and again since I stepped from the train have I been importuned to permit the use of a dog for my benefit. It is the very simplest thing in the world to obey or to break the law. Any one can get a deer here any day in twenty or thirty minutes by use of a dog. It is an absolute certainty. These men will go home with their deer; and their wives and children and neighbors will admire their prowess, but the only hardihood it required was in disregard of the law and the only skill was that of the butcher. There was not even "the music of the hounds upon the hills" to enjoy or boast of. An occasional yelp in the thicket, that was all. Any kind of a cur that can follow a deer track and can bark will do.

Now, let me freely admit that, for the poor man who needs meat for his family, the killing of a deer in this way is, the law aside, the surest, quickest and most humane way. There is no danger of the deer going off wounded to suffer and die in the woods. Then, too, he is shot just where he is wanted and can be best handled, and all the meat can be saved. This is, however, butchery, the "fall meat killing," not hunting, not sport—heaven save the mark! Of the matching cunning with cunning, and protective instinct with skill and endurance and nerve, there is nothing at all. But the men who dogged the deer and set the fish net were not the needy dwellers in the wilderness. They were men who were here for "sport," for "a good time," and considered that in this way they were having it.

Now as to the law. Though, as I said in a previous letter, I thoroughly condemn the view taken by so many otherwise good men who break the game law, I can thoroughly understand it. I know just what its weak point is, but it is there, and I know how plausible it appears to them. Who is "the State," any way, that it should interfere with what they and their fathers before them have always done? They have never seen "the State." But they like to range the woods and lakes and they know venison and moose meat to be good.

To whom does the game belong if not to them who live here? Why should they hold their hands in September or January in order that strangers from outside of Maine (here "the State" for a few moments dimly shows its outline—when it is needed as a witness) may come in October, November and December to share with them the desirable things of the country?

Then the warden! Who does not know that he is merely "Bill Smith" or "Sam Brown," a fellow who has himself broken the law scores of times, and has no right to turn about and for the mere incentive of pay prevent others from doing the same thing? No. He is the common enemy, and we will outwit him every time we can and make his work as difficult as possible. Moreover, the "man from outside the State" often brings money in his pocket, and is willing to pay well for what we can show him, and it is but natural and right that he should have a set of horns to take out with him for his pains.

Something in this way the matter appears to many of these men—mingled sometimes with the feeling that the law is made by men who do not know the true merits of the case and more for the benefit of strangers than the people who should be first consulted. With all this there is an inability to realize that the big game of the country is almost gone, and that it will vanish from these woods just as surely as it has (while we were looking on and before we were aware of it) vanished from areas a hundred times as large, unless instant and stringent methods are adopted for preserving it.

Piscataquis county has a noble situation for preservation of game. The Canadian poacher does not affect the southern part of the county. His operations do not, I think, to any appreciable extent, affect this county, unless it be in the northernmost townships. It is a great county, nearly 50 miles wide from east to west and over 100 from north to south. It reaches from Millinocket to Moosehead and contains three-fourths of the surface of the latter lake. It contains Katahdin Mountain and Chamberlain, Chesuncook and Allegash lakes, and hundreds upon hundreds of other lakes, and almost all the great rivers of the State head there or derive most of their water from it. As a natural home for deer, caribou and moose it cannot possibly be surpassed, and all these animals are here. I believe Piscataquis county contains at this moment the best moose ground in the United States.

But unless something is done to stay the hand of slaughter this region will soon be as barren of moose as is Massachusetts, Ohio or Mississippi.

I recognize the truth of what one of your correspondents said, viz., that he who points out an abuse is bound, if he can, to point out the remedy.

If he can! I have thought of it much and almost ever since I began to hunt.

It is evident that present State laws unaided will not work the change. Miss Hardy, the person best informed on the subject, has left no doubt of her own almost despairing view of it.

One thing seems to me evident, viz., that united action

on the part of all who hunt is needed. Is even a faint approach to such a thing possible?

THE "ROUND ROBIN" PLAN.

The following is the best I can suggest. I cast it into the discussion for what it is worth. If it could be followed out successfully in a single community the example might make it easier in others and in time we might arouse a firm, intelligent sentiment throughout the whole State which would not only take care of all lawless tendencies on the part of residents, but would effectually deal with the detestable "sport" from abroad, whether he proved to be a Boston policeman, or a Pearl street merchant or a professor in Yale College.

"The Round Robin Plan" is a name which I suppose will, to most persons, be self-explanatory, but for the sake of any one who may not know its origin I will say that "The Round Robin" is a form of signature by several persons to a document which makes it impossible to tell who was the first signer and therefore shields all alike from what may be dangerous or invidious prominence in the matter. The names radiate from a center like the spokes of a wheel. In thinking of this plan I have had in mind the case of this particular community. It presupposes that at least some one man could be found with sufficient public spirit and willingness to sacrifice something to the cause to make the initial move.

My idea would be to have such a man, who should be a man of known interest in game matters, attempt by persuasion and discussion to induce one or two others to join with him in a league to which members should be added as fast as the right men could be secured.

The object of the league should be to fairly consider the whole fish and game question, to discuss the pros and cons, its past and its future as well as the present, to get data in regard to destruction of game and its successful preservation, and then, and not till then, to formulate a pledge. I would not care even to dictate the pledge. I do not think I know enough to make one thoroughly wise and politic. Its first essential should be that it should be one which, all things considered, was likely to be kept. The league should by all means include in its membership the very men whom I have described as good men in other respects, but yet men who had again and again broken the game law. Unless these men can be led to see the folly of the present course and can be induced to join in some effort at regulation of the evil, the evil will go on to the one sure result which we know.

The league should be formed by men who are willing to stand up among their fellows and own that they had been law-breakers in this matter and who therefore had no stones to throw at any one else and no claims of special virtue to make for themselves. But they should be men who were willing now to make effort to preserve for their region and community the advantages which they have come to see are in danger.

What these men should agree upon would be a matter of altogether secondary interest. The main point would be to get an agreement which they themselves had made and which they were willing to live up to. They might differ from the State law as to close time, number to be killed per individual or the manner of killing. I would not much care. Anything to change to system, instead of the go-as-you-please recklessness of to-day. This league should agree to let "by-gones be by-gones," to start anew, and to give fair warning to all that from this time on it meant, by every means in its power, to restrain evil doing in respect to what it had decided upon as evil doing. There would be the special ones who would not join and whose refusal would involve trouble. Neighborhood grudges and old scores and jealousies would stand in the way. All this I know; yet I believe patience and wisdom, and, when necessary, united and sustained force, would bring about an improved public sentiment and a better order of things.

If it were thought best that the State law as it stands should be made the means of help, then, till a better law could be passed, the league could see to it that the law was enforced, and the odium that now attaches to informing against a neighbor, be he never so mean and despicable, would not be felt. The previous warning and the weight of the organization would sustain it.

An organization is the first desideratum. Hence I have called it the "Round Robin Plan," by which I intended to indicate the way to secure to the aid of such a scheme the very men who now help to make it a necessity.

BOSTON, Mass.

C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

THE SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent Julia M. Hooper in FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 22 tells of a new bird song. I had often heard the same song and supposed it to be music of the male sparrow until last spring.

Among my wild pets there is a song sparrow, a male, with an interesting history. Years ago I named him "Wabbles."

I cannot relate any part of his history without betraying confidence, as I have sold it for publication. So will simply say that last spring "Wabbles" persuaded his little mate to nest in the woods near my cabin.

Early in the spring I heard this female sing the new song. There was no chance for a mistake. I could tell the birds apart, and, too, I frequently heard both songs at the same time.

In late fall and early spring the male song sparrow warbles by the hour. The song is very low but musical and tender. I have listened to it with delight when the thermometer has marked 3° below zero.

Your correspondent tells of another song and credits it to the brown thrasher. She makes the time the middle of March, and I feel assured that she has erred either in bird or time. It certainly must be an uncommon thing to find a brown thrasher in Massachusetts as early as the middle of March. It seems that she did not see the singer; therefore, I suggest that she heard the song of the hermit thrush. The song which she has translated into the words *tu-lee, tu-li-lee* is the same that I hear every spring, the last of March or first of April. It is the song of the hermit thrush in migration. It is a beautiful strain—the winding of a silver horn, but it is only the pre-

lude. The true song is seldom heard away from the summer home.

To me the song of the hermit thrush is the sweetest sound in nature. It is not a plaintive, pensive or tender strain, but satisfies the senses and clings to the memory like the recollection of some great joy.

I shall never forget a song I once heard in the woods of northern Maine. I was in a bark-peeling camp at the time. A rainy day had sent the crew to their homes in the settlement until the next morning; and I was left alone.

The rain poured down in torrents. The wind howled and roared through the treetops, flinging great sheets of water on to the bark roof of the camp. My spirits were depressed and gloomy. Financial troubles, the loss of a cherished home, had disheartened me, and life seemed hardly worth living.

Just before night the rain suddenly ceased. The sun burst through the clouds and the wind completely died out. Save for the sound of dropping water, the forest was silent and solemn. A glowing sunset, painting all the clouds of the western sky, aroused me from my miserable thoughts. Just then the song of the hermit thrush floated up from a neighboring swamp. Clear and pure the flute-like notes slowly echoed through the silent woods. The moist and hollow atmosphere magnified the slightest sound, and I could distinguish the fine trills which form a part of this famous song, *O, phoe-re-al, phoe-re-al!* represents the strain as near as I can give it in words.

I would that I were able to express in fitting language the feelings with which I am inspired when I listen to the song of the hermit thrush. It satisfies my sense of the beautiful as no other song can. And yet I am never quite satisfied. There is something I do not understand. Something beyond me, a shadowy mystery. After I have listened to the strain, and while its memory still lingers, I find myself longing to know the whole secret of its charm. However, years ago I settled the matter in my mind and note-book, as the following entry will show: "The song of the hermit thrush is the Spirit of Nature chanting the mystery of life. When the mystery is solved we shall understand the song."

Day faded into twilight, and twilight into night, and still that exalted anthem solemnly pealed through the forest. It was after 10 o'clock when the strain died out in a few broken notes.

Thanks to the hermit thrush, my thoughts were turned into a new and healthy channel: I fell asleep that night on my fragrant bed of fir boughs, at peace with the whole world.

CAPE ANN, Nov. 27.

LIFE HISTORIES OF BIRDS.

ORNITHOLOGISTS and others interested in birds from a more popular standpoint have for years been hoping that Captain Charles A. Bendire, one of our most able and experienced field naturalists, would give to the world the results of his studies of American birds, and for a year or two past it has been known that he was engaged on such a work. Captain Bendire is perhaps best known as an oölogist, and it has generally been supposed that his work would be nothing more than an oölogy, a description of the nest and eggs and of the breeding habits of the species about which he might write. Such a work was greatly needed, for there is now nothing satisfactory on this subject, but Captain Bendire was not willing to confine his work within the narrow limits which such a title would enforce. His wide and long experience, which extends from ocean to ocean and from Arizona to Canada, has furnished him with a knowledge of our birds equalled by few or no students of bird life in this country, and the results of this experience are soon to be given to the world.

We have recently had the privilege of looking over the proof sheets of the first volume of Captain Bendire's work. The title of which is "Life Histories of North American Birds, with Especial Reference to their Breeding Habits and Eggs." This is a well-chosen title, and is broad enough to allow the accomplished author the scope required to give a vast fund of observation from the very full field notes which he has accumulated.

The first volume, which is now practically completed, contains 414 pages of quarto text and 12 colored plates of eggs. In it are given the life histories of the turkeys, grouse, quails, pigeons, hawks, eagles, vultures and owls, a fund of interesting, new and valuable information which will surprise and delight ornithologists and sportsmen alike, when they see the volume. This superb work will be published conjointly by the Smithsonian Institution and the United States National Museum, and in the character of its execution it will be the worthy compeer of anything that has been issued by them. The matter which it contains will be a source of pride to its author, and satisfaction to all students of North American birds.

At the present time it would be premature to say more about this work, but before very long the sportsmen of America will have an opportunity of judging for themselves as to the interest of the life histories which are so charmingly given in its pages.

"THE FATE OF THE FUR SEAL."

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is no danger of being drawn into a personal controversy with me, for the simple reason I never have, as yet, weakened any writing of mine by indulging it. I state the facts as to the physical data, which Mr. Dall at first declared "a gross exaggeration." He says now, in the face of my statement, that he will wait for other evidence. Of course he will; but fur seals have been, and will continue to be as long as they exist, very constant subscribers to my table of measurements, and that places them on the ground to-day just as securely as it placed them sixteen years ago.

That group of fur seals in the United States National Museum is mounted in exact accord with my views, but not as an example of a harem as it lodges on the rookery; it contains a number of young males up to four years, and all the individuals of the group are widely separated one from the other, so as to give every point of each animal free inspection by the visitors. This is the first group of fur seals ever mounted in something like their natural shape, and the desire to permit a full view of every portion of each animal's body caused me to scatter the group.

I don't doubt that Mr. Dall bought seal skins at St. Michael's, Alaska, for 12½ cents apiece in 1866; that is not the point. I have seen seal skins sold on St. Paul's Island in 1874 for 45 cents apiece to visitors, when they were worth \$10 at that time in London, and sold at that quotation.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

ROCKPORT COTTAGE, Cleveland, O.

WOLVES IN FLORIDA.—Clifton Springs, New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your or Mr. Chapman's note about "Wolves in Florida" I would say that I purchased winter before last the skin of a very large black wolf, as black as any bear, killed near Fort Mears, south Florida. I sent it to the National Museum, Washington, and last winter a skin dealer in Jacksonville had another one, very dark (but not black), killed down in Lee county, south Florida.—GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

BUFFALO CROSS BREEDING.—Mr. Samuel B. Duryea, of Brooklyn, has just received a four-year-old buffalo bull, which will be the nucleus of a stock of cross-breeds. Mr. Duryea promises to conduct experiments in the lines laid out by Buffalo Jones.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR DECEMBER.

THE various scientific societies of New York city will hold during the month of December meetings at the dates and places given below. The members of each society are invited to attend the meetings of all the societies, and visitors who may not be members but who are interested in the subjects announced are welcomed at all the meetings of the societies. The dates of meetings and papers to be read at the meetings of each society will be found under the proper headings below:

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Regular meetings will be held on Dec. 7, 14 and 21, at 8 P. M., in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College. Dec. 21.—Popular lecture course. Lecture by Prof. H. L. Fairchild, of Rochester University, on "Mountains, their Origin and History," illustrated by lantern views.

THE TORREY BOTANICAL CLUB.

Meetings will be held at 8 P. M. in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College. Dec. 8.—Papers on the "Flora of the Catskill Mountains," illustrated by specimens and lantern views. Dec. 30.—Lecture on "Friendly Bacteria," illustrated by the lantern.

THE NEW YORK MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Regular meetings will be held on Friday evenings, Dec. 4 and 18, at 8 P. M., at the Mott Memorial Library, 64 Madison avenue.

THE LINNEAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

A meeting will be held at 8 P. M. at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, on Dec. 16. Subject: "Remarks upon the Birds of Corpus Christi and Nueces Bays, Texas," by Messrs. Geo. B. Sennett and F. M. Chapman.

Next to the Turkey.

NEW LONDON, N. H., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Next to the turkey, I can truthfully say that nothing gave me more genuine satisfaction on Thanksgiving Day than the receipt of the dear old FOREST AND STREAM. I read it each week from A to Z, and find between its covers a host of joy and comfort.—BYRON.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

OF a recent trip to Newfoundland Mr. Wakeman Holberton writes:

Col. Cecil Clay, his son and I returned from our long but successful trip to Newfoundland, after an absence of over five weeks. Our programme was carried out without any hitch or disappointment from beginning to end; notwithstanding the fact that, owing to a change in the law allowing caribou to be killed after September 1, a number of professional hunters had shot for the market over the ground back of Hall's Bay, we found caribou sufficiently plenty for sport, and we might have killed twice as many as we did. Col. Clay killed five, his son one, and I four, and I refused five easy shots. I missed two shots, but they were moving at long range. The four I killed dropped dead at the shot, and my new Winchester (.40-65) turned out to be a perfect weapon. Col. Clay secured several fine specimens for the National Museum. The weather, as usual, was very bad, but he succeeded in taking a number of photographs. We saw two wolves and 145 caribou during the trip, and shot a number of willow grouse which were just changing color. In regard to the caribou, I do not understand how it is that Capt. Kennedy and others whom I read about have such trouble in killing them. I rather think it comes from careless aiming. Last year our party killed twenty-two without losing a single one wounded and without any great trouble. I believe that if these sportsmen would only be particular to aim at the shoulder they would find that nine out of ten of these great deer would rarely go fifty yards, and a .40-65 is abundantly heavy enough. If they shoot at the whole beast regardless of any particular spot, they will generally hit too far back and their game will go for a mile or more, even if the rifle carries a 50-caliber ball.

I regret to say that on my return I found my great dog Pete (Rory O'More stock) had been either stolen or killed. He was six years old, beautiful in color, excellent in the field, and a gentle and true companion for over six years. We all miss him as we would a dear friend, and we shall never see his equal.

W. HOLBERTON.

THE ONLY THING THAT I DO KEEP SECRET is the exact locality, for the ground is becoming better known each year, and we find that our shooting is interfered with by so many strangers. They really do not kill much game, but they get round the lake and bang away at the ducks and geese so that they go elsewhere. We have always made it a point to do no shooting near the lake, considering that as neutral ground where the birds can rest in peace.—X, Y, Z.

ST. VINCENT'S ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is but a small part of that portion of the world comprised by the United States that has not been well trodden by the hunter, and few are the streams and waters that the enterprising fisherman has not poked a rod over and dropped a fly on their surfaces; but I think I have struck a fresh field, where there are worlds to conquer—game that was never shot and fish that were never caught.

I had occasion recently to visit Apalachicola, on the west coast of Florida. The name is familiar enough to all, but of that region's resources for game and fish as little is known generally as of the interior of Africa.

At the invitation of a gentleman owning an island about twelve miles from the town, I visited the place (which is easy of access by sailboat or tug) to see what it might bring forth in the way of sport. The island, comprising an area of 11,000 acres, was recently acquired by its present owner with a view to making it a game preserve, being the resort of a great variety of wildfowl, deer, etc.

It seemed especially intended by nature to be a game resort, having a linked chain of fresh water lakes, some fifteen or twenty, of all sizes, some covering several acres, surrounded by rushes, forming capital blinds from whence to shoot over decoys, then intervals of marsh, the grandest kind of snipe ground, as proven by the hundreds that arose as our boat was paddled along near the shores.

To a sportsman accustomed to tramping over a soft marsh, leaving a boot now and then in the ooze, it may seem a sybaritic tale that I tell, when I say that, sitting in a skiff in an arm chair, all I had to do was to load and fire as fast as the operation could be performed. The greatest bother was to decide whether to shoot at the dozen snipe in a bunch on the right or the pairs on the left, for there were snipe to the right, to the left, in front and rear. It was unnecessary to send a dog to put them up. They got up of their own free will and accord, and it was unnecessary to move a step from my position. All I had to do was to sit in my arm chair and shoot. What a dude, to go snipe shooting in a boat and an arm chair! Let me qualify the accusation by explaining that a pet rheumatism took this special occasion, of all times, to afflict me; and locomotion in gum boots through a marsh was impossible, hence the arm chair, with a negro to paddle the boat, and by the same token act as retriever, and quite as well as a dog; but then the marsh ground was so clean and clear of weeds or high grass, that every dead bird could be seen from the boat, and none were lost. I shall not enumerate my bag, as some fellow who never misses his bird would say, "Mighty few birds," "pears to me, for such an opportunity;" but then he has not experienced what a twinge a sudden turn for a shot gives a fellow rellow rejoicing in a rheumatic attack in shoulder and back. Even a good shot would not get every bird fired at. It would have been inhuman slaughter to have killed as many as could have been bagged; being, as it were, a case of how long you would keep it up. For a change, Dick suggested ducks; so we drove the boat into a little opening in the rushes, constituting a partial screen or blind, and every few moments along came a flock of teal or a pair of mallards—just often enough to make it interesting and not let the gun get too hot.

The young man in charge of the island was all this time apologizing for the paucity of the morning's sport by saying that, owing to the extremely warm and pleasant weather, the birds had not yet arrived, and he was praying for a storm at the North and extending South, that would bring along the usual flight—declaring that he had never in his years of residence on the island seen so few birds at this season—never known game so backward in its flight—owing, as he asserted and as was potent to any observing man, to the drought, for it has been as great South as North, and summer weather has prevailed, which is not (as we all know) favorable for game.

I know I shall be called to account by some skeptic, and the exclamation of "Oh, what a whopper," at the perusal of what I assert, that in paddling through the narrow bayous not once did we fail to return with two, three or four, and not infrequently half a dozen, mullet that jumped into the boat. To one who is not familiar with the habits of this excellent fish my story may sound fishy. When frightened they leap from the water in every direction, and generally toward the object one would suppose they would avoid. They are quite as likely to jump entirely over or across the boat as into it. At night it is only necessary to put a light in the boat to get it half filled with fish, weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

At St. Vincent's Island and around its entire shores, comprising thirty or forty miles, every bayou and bay is fairly alive with mullet, and even in the fresh water of the bayous and ponds they are so numerous that at one throw of the cast net our colored man Dick dumped out as many as two dozen, all the net would contain. At a point further down the bay, where a regular fishery is located, at one haul so many were taken that the forty men employed in curing them could only take care of less than half the catch; and the hundred barrels of dead and wasted fish were cast forth upon the waters. The bay was covered with them for miles—a shameful destruction.

St. Vincent not only affords every species of wildfowl shooting, but deer and wild turkeys. The latter are more abundant on the main land, but deer are plentiful, and a good hunter has no occasion to return empty handed from a stroll through the tall pines and palmetto trees that cover the area of the island not occupied by the ponds and marshes.

This island seems to be favored with every requisite for a game resort, being some miles distant from the mainland, except at one point where a long point makes out from the main shore, and deer swimming over in great numbers, especially when hunted by dogs, as they are in the season, and as no dogs are permitted to run them on the island, they find immunity from the hunters, and as the feed is abundant, they make it their breeding ground and multiply.

As an additional attraction, the waters surrounding the island are teeming with a great variety of fish—the silver and spotted sea trout, the latter running in weight from 1 to 20 lbs.; sheephead, bass and tarpon. The last are seen in large numbers in the channel in front of the island and would afford great sport to the skillful fisher-

man. No one has yet had the skill to take one here; in fact, no effort has been made, as Apalachicola does not as yet boast of the science necessary. Not being provided with the proper tackle to handle this gamy fish, I did not sport; but they are there, and in great abundance, and are only waiting for a Lorillard or a Hecksher to "come down" like Captain Scott's coon, when such skilled fishermen essay their capture.

With a view to test the question of the fine red snapper and grouper fishing as claimed, I accepted the kind offer of Captain Whiteside, agent for the owner of St. Vincent Island, to take a sail outside the bar in the local pilot boat, and one pleasant morning we sailed out about eight miles to the banks, where rumor said these fine fish were to be caught. With a favorable breeze we reached the banks in an hour's sail, and hauling jib to windward let the boat drift, dropping our heavy lines over the side, and almost instantly a big red snapper was hooked, and gave the young man handling the line a lively tussel, ending in losing the fish alongside. It was but a moment, however, before three other lines had each a fish, and each man after a severe tug landed a fifteen-pound grouper on deck, and for an hour this lively sport continued until we were really ashamed to take any more. The deck was literally covered with these great handsome fellows, for the grouper is handsomely colored, a dark red with tiny white spots along its sides, and is greatly esteemed as an edible fish.

The proposition to drop a few miles further out to the red snapper banks, for a change, was vetoed on the ground that we had done quite enough fishing for one day outside, and a second proposition to run in and try the silver trout was accepted instead. Drawing the jib and heading for the bay, we soon reached an old wharf, built at a distance out from the shore, and having tied up to it, we changed our tackle for lighter fish, and in just an hour we caught (there were seven fishing) two hundred and ten silver trout, one of the most beautiful fish of the Southern waters, its sides shining in the sun like burnished silver. The head of this fish is a counterpart of our brook trout, hence its name; but it bears no resemblance beyond. It runs from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; those we caught would very nearly average the latter weight. The next question was, what was to be done with our catch. Our consciences were, however, set at rest by a suggestion to distribute our fish among the shipping lying near loading lumber. Our donations were thankfully accepted, as some of the vessels had just arrived from foreign ports after a long voyage, and after diet of salt junk, old Jack welcomed the toothsome contributions with great unanimity. So we had the satisfaction of knowing our catch had found a welcome market, and no wastage resulted.

It is a well-known fact that good fishing on the lower Florida coast is becoming scarcer every year, but the waters of Apalachicola Bay, where so little fishing is done, have apparently experienced no diminution, and the field is still ample. To those cruising on the west coast of Florida in their own yachts, as is becoming each year more common and extended, it is but a short run as far west as Apalachicola, where fish and oysters abound to such an unlimited extent, and it is only necessary that this fact be known, presumably, to induce yacht owners to visit it. St. Vincent is the only island on the coast, however, that affords such superb shooting, as all the others are mere sand islands, containing no fresh water ponds or marshes, and have consequently no game. And although the present owner had not in contemplation when purchasing the island the formation of a club, but more a view to private uses and stock raising (there are already on it some 400 head of cattle and a large number of wild hogs), he has, as I learn, consented to the organization of a club, should a sufficient number of gentlemen be found desirous of availing themselves of the opportunity presented thereby for good shooting and fishing.

It would be particularly desirable to a few men of means for private ownership for this purpose, and as good sport of the kind is becoming scarce and mostly absorbed by clubs, an island possessing such attractions is not likely to remain long unappropriated.

The rush of tourists to Florida increases every winter, and so much shooting (every man nearly takes his gun) is rapidly diminishing the game all through the country.

The time was, and only a few years ago, when every bay and lagoon was teeming with birds, but when the fashion demanded that every woman's bonnet should be decorated with some kind of a bird or its feathers, men were sent to Florida to procure them, and one expedition returned, it is said, with one hundred thousand bird skins, shot during one winter. Such destruction is now felt, and although the authorities have now prohibited the slaughter, it is like locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

On the Apalachicola River wild turkeys and ducks are shot wantonly from the decks of the steamboats, and alligators all along the banks come in for a fusillade from the rifles of the passengers. On my recent trip on this river I saw numbers of turkeys shot as they were running along the banks, that were of course wasted, as the boat could not stop to pick them up; and every flock of ducks that rose was fired into, killing or maiming more or less of them. Not only on the ground of wanton cruelty should the owners of these boats prohibit the use of firearms, but it is a great annoyance to many passengers to have rifles and shotguns banging away around them, to say nothing of the danger to life from careless use of guns by mere boys, as some of them were. It is a theme the FOREST AND STREAM might properly bring to the notice of the proper authorities (the owners of the steamers) in the cause, and enter a protest against such wanton destruction of such rare game as the turkey, as well as every other bird coming in for slaughter, as is now the case on the river boats on the Southern rivers.

R. L. O.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—The cold wave of the first part of the week sent the temperature down in this State to 12 deg. above zero. Numerous fishing and hunting parties encamped along the rivers in south Missouri had a tough time of it during the week. During the blizzard-like storm last Tuesday a flock of wild geese was stranded on the hills in the western suburbs of this city, and the small boy, in the person of Ray Bennett, was on hand, and with the aid of his dog caught one of the geese alive, which he saved for his Thanksgiving dinner. Wild turkeys must be plentiful this season; Union Market is burdened with them.—ABERDEEN.

GROUSE NEAR NEW YORK CITY.

LAST Saturday a week ago I had a very pleasant day with the partridges of Murray Hill, N. J., about twenty-three miles from New York city, on the line of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Two of us secured five nice birds, and by way of variety added a beautiful specimen of the gray fox to our game bag.

Such a result was far more than I had even dreamed of, as the locality is easy of access, and I found the place actually crowded with gunners. On the cars you could scarcely make a move without rubbing against a sportsman or stepping on a dog in the baggage car. I saw one man on the Summit platform who roused my ire. He had a highly polished gun in one hand and was holding a dog by a chain with the other. The dog was restless and somewhat difficult to manage, and once I saw the man give him a cruel kick under the jaw with his heavy boot. I tried to "hoodoo" that man, and if the "spell" I breathed upon him worked, he had most infernally good luck that day. I hope it did. There should be no good luck for the man who abuses his dog.

Mr. Udo Bender, son of Mr. Bender of the *Maritime Register*, upon whose invitation we made the trip, met M. and the writer at the Murray Hill station about 8 in the morning. M. is no shooter, and when Udo and I took to the woods he laid a course for the house, where we found him in the afternoon well fed and cared for. Stuart Toms, a local gunner, joined us at the station, and said he knew where to find some partridges, and he did.

While walking through a patch of briars on the sunny side of a piece of woods we started a fox. Udo saw the fox sneaking off through the tall grass, but Toms and I being between him and the fox he could not shoot. I climbed the fence and got into the woods, and in a few minutes somebody yelled, "Look out," and bang! bang! went the guns. The idea of jumping another fox out of that bunch of briars never occurred to me, and while I was looking for a rabbit to break cover out came a fox about 20 yds. away. The first barrel of No. 8s knocked him over, but up he got and was legging it in great shape when I caught him in the side of the head with the other barrel. That settled him. On examination we saw where both foxes had been lying in the briars, and although we had walked within ten feet of them only one fox, the female, got out at first. Later in the day we met a party of gunners who had killed the female.

The woods looked hardly dense enough for partridges to my eyes, and the first one to get up was such a surprise that it got away in safety. A little further up the hill two more jumped from a clump of cedars, giving Toms a shot, but he failed to score. Then a rabbit scooted from under a brush heap ahead of me and I heard the patter of his feet on the dry leaves after he was out of sight; a tree had caught my charge of shot. A partridge got out from the side of an old road and gave me such a pretty shot that I could not help killing it. While standing with the bird in my hand I heard another one jump to the left, and then followed two reports, but the bird came sailing at full speed over the tops of the scrub oaks. It was a long shot, but down she came, and it made me feel quite proud of my little 16-bore. The next bird fell to Udo's gun, and after that we had quite a walk before another was flushed. Again I was the lucky man, getting a beautiful open shot.

Finding no more birds in that piece of woods we walked to the house and got outside of a substantial lunch Mr. Gus Schultz prepared for us. He is running a bachelor establishment, with two big St. Bernard dogs and a few cats for company. I sampled some of the finest butter I ever tasted, his own make, he told me. Then Udo and I started out to give the birds another shake, M. joining us. We only raised three birds, two we only heard the flutter of their wings, but the third got up near Udo and he promptly downed him. Five partridges and a gray fox is not a bad bag for a place as thickly settled as Murray Hill, and within 23 or 24 miles of a city of 2,000,000 of inhabitants.

W. L. HALL.

"THE SAGINAW CROWD."

SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 12.—"The Saginaw Crowd" returned Oct. 24. Of course we had the best time yet. Every one was well pleased with the trip, and found as much game as usual, though more hunters there after it. We could count thirty-five foreign sportsmen staying with the farmers at this one little prairie town. I inclose a clipping taken from the local paper:

The hunting party of which Messrs. Bond, Barnes and Paddock were members returned to their homes in Chicago on Sunday evening, after a stay of nearly four weeks at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Williams, in New Yorktown. These gentlemen have been in the habit of making this place their headquarters for several years for a season of water-fowl shooting, and have almost come to be considered as members of Mr. Williams' family. They are thorough gentlemen—of great prowess and superior marksmanship, as is evidenced by their score this season, showing a mortality of 3,600 birds, 3 deer, and 1 antelope.

Reads almost like slaughter. Over 3,600 birds; and after all these people were there a month and had a party of about half a dozen.

Under date of Nov. 8 I have a letter from Harry, our teamster, saying that the weather has been nice ever since we left, and lots of game. He said that about a week before he wrote two of the farmers there went out and shot sixty geese in one afternoon. It was blowing hard and made the shooting good. The next day one of the party went on another field and killed fifty single-handed in two hours. Again two men on a barley field stubble in one afternoon killed sixty greenhead mallards. In fact we found the mallard shooting over decoys on the stubble to be about the nicest sport yet; great big greenheads and what a fine bag they made. Sharp-tailed grouse were also plentiful. A party of three would get from twenty-five to thirty-five in a day's shooting, which we considered excellent as we had no dogs with us. We found more snipe than usual. The writer bagged thirty-nine in one day's shooting, besides ducks and other game.

If I can find time to get at it, will write up the incidents of the trip, making another chapter for FOREST AND STREAM relating the seventh pilgrimage of "The Saginaw Crowd."

W. B. MERSHON.

A NEW BULLET IMPLEMENT.—The Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., have just received letters patent on a new and useful implement for sizing bullets.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 28.—It is customary for the city press of Chicago to fall over itself a good deal every year by way of eulogizing the annual game dinner given by Mr. Drake, the proprietor of the Grand Pacific Hotel. I have mentioned it myself before now, the more willingly because it is a Chicago fixture 36 years old—older than the Grand Pacific Hotel by many years. This time I wish to mention it in order to give a chance for the descriptive writer who was detailed for the dinner by one of the morning dailies here. The account begins as follows:

There was never anything like it before. All the fowls that cleave the clouds from the lakes to the gulf, all the beasts that ruminate over the broad plains of the Southwest, or run wild in the rocky fastnesses of the Sierras contributed to the feast. Reed birds and rice birds from the dank marshes of the sunny South; quails, prairie chickens, jack snipes, plovers and partridges from the Illinois meadows; blue-winged teals and butterball ducks from the crystal lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota; brants from the far north, sage hens from the Colorado plains, wild turkeys and gray squirrels from the forests of the Northwest, a whiff of Northern pinelands, a reminiscence of magnolia blooms from Southern forests—all these were there.

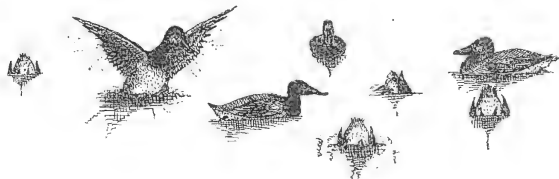
The heavily accentuated plurality of the pluralness of the quails, snipes, plovers, teals and brants of this story speak well for the abundance of the wherewithnesses of the repast, but very ill for the acquaintance of the his-

general property of the people, the special property of him who is man enough to reduce it to possession. They treat wild game as if it were poultry. But which of that crew, to whom South Water street ministers and upon whom it depends—which of them ever bought a setting of eggs to keep up the stock of poultry? The man who sins through love of sport I can easily forgive, but what pity should any of us have for the vendors of game, who knowingly, deliberately and by wholesale magnitude of method set about destroying that which does not belong to them, and that which they are expressly forbidden by law to touch? In these late game law cases, prosecuted this summer, there came to be some fear that "public sentiment" would be antagonized if the prosecution was carried on till it became "persecution." I know that when Mr. Abner Price counted out 132 prairie chickens, the so-called "property"—which he could not own—of B. Aaron & Son, and when Justice White confiscated them (Aaron buying the lot back in for \$10), it was said by some, including Justice White, that this was punishment enough, this fine of \$30 that was imposed for twelve other birds, and that it would be "persecution" to try to get Aaron & Son fined for the possession of the 132 birds. A few, however, seeing the opportunity to teach a lesson where it has so long been needed, forbore the spontaneous pity at the agony evinced by Mr. Aaron in

summer. This is a little hard on Mr. Aaron—to look forward to 132 suits, or say even 20 or 30 of them—but it'll be the makin' of the pup.

Two days ago a Madison street restaurant, in this city, hit upon the sensational and disgusting idea of decorating its plate glass front with dead quail. I counted 24 strings, reaching from top to bottom of the great window, and made a rough average of 45 birds on each string. This would make at least 1,080 dead quail in one window. It was a sad sight. But now, where do the quail go? Who kills them? Why are they killed? Who invites their killing?

There is some unwritten history in the records of the Palmer House which causes the management of that hotel to weep convulsively, when it looks thereon in bitter meditation. This dates back till last June, at the time of the great tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. It may be remembered that the Possum Club gave a banquet at the Palmer House, to which everybody was invited. The guarantee, however, did not fill, and a deficit of \$66 was after several months found remaining, for which the hotel had succeeded in getting no settlement, as the Possum Club seemed to exist only when it happened to feel like existing. In short, this \$66 remains a debt upon Chicago sportsmanship to-day. It will never be settled until the Possum Club holds a meeting



W. TOWNSEND
1891.

AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XIII.

ON THE CELERY BEDS.

torian with good sportsmanlike usage in the matter of speaking about game. I presume the "elks" and "deers" will be found further on. But that isn't what I wanted to get at. I don't even want to be so sensitive as to point out that the "Illinois meadows" no longer supply either partridges or quails, let alone prairie chickens and jack snipes, and I wouldn't for the world say a word about the wild turkey supply of the forests of the Northwest, because Southwest may have been intended. But I do just wonder whether all those very plural birds mentioned as coming from Illinois did really come from Illinois? If so, unless Mr. Drake was fortunate enough to have his quails, prairie chickens and partridges given to him by admiring friends, he broke the game law of Illinois, which forbids their being sold at any time.

Doubtless Mr. Drake purchased of South Water street, and knew nothing of where the game came from. It is on that street that the game laws are violated most dangerously to the welfare of sport. Catch South Water street and you save the bird. The individual violator, the country shooter or city shooter, who is not familiar with the mazes of the conflicting laws, may err and be easily forgiven, the more so as his crime is petty and not grand. The sinning finger is not the one that pulls the trigger—some poor devil hard put to it to support a family, perhaps—but it is that of the dealer who quotes a price per head on this property of the people. The dealer is the chief *particeps* in this crime. If no money could be obtained for game, if it were unlawful and impracticable to sell it, we could afford to be without open and close seasons, could afford to shoot the year round, each man as he liked, take humanity as it runs, and still we should have more game than we have now.

It's cold in a duck blind, and my market-shooter goes out of it when he sees no dollars drawing in over his decoys. His legs tire of tramping the "Illinois meadows" for quail at nothing a dozen. It's not the Esau sons, but the great spawn of Jacob, the unsportsmanlike, unmanly, stomach-conscienceless, gulping part of this mixed people of ours that is getting away with this wild game, the

parting with \$30 through his ignorance of the law, and caring little for a public sentiment that never helped sport or sportsmanship one iota, remarked: "Why, then, let's persecute."

Accordingly Game Warden Bortree swore out five informations against B. Aaron & Son, for having in possession for sale five pinnated grouse, making a case for each bird. The prosecuting attorney for this district construes the clause, "each bird shall constitute a separate offense," to bar an action for a total number. It is the intention to bring suits for a few birds at a time, a case for each separate bird, until the 132 birds shall be exhausted, or B. Aaron & Son be driven to drink. The first of these cases was set for trial before Justice White this week, but was continued till next Wednesday. The plea of defense is *res adjudicata*, or a thing already in judgment, they setting up that these birds, having been confiscated by due process of law, could not be brought again into court. The State, by its warden, represented by F. S. Baird, attorney, in its brief sets out that this confiscation clause is simply a temporary and necessary process to dispose of contraband game, and has nothing to do with having such game for the purpose of sale; that the fine imposed was for birds not included in or found with this lot of 132 birds; that no information was ever sworn out for these 132 birds or any part of them. On this showing Justice White can hardly fail to find for the State. The case will probably be appealed. It may be better to let it go up. All South Water street is watching it. Probably it is a South Water street fund that is backing it. It is a fight between the sportsman element and South Water street. This fight ought to go on, though it tear our game law wide open—the genial dealers threaten that—and tangle up the whole social fabric of our fair land in a hideous internecine war, as some of our gentler souls seem to fear it will. It is unfortunate that the warden caught an ignorant firm like B. Aaron & Son and not one of the bigger and shrewder dealers; but the lesson to these will be a lesson to the market. The Illinois Association never did lick anything before this

and "passes the hat." Then it will be paid easily enough, without much question as to where the blame belongs for letting the matter run on so long. The real difficulty has lain in the fact that the flower of the Possum Club blooms only in the winter. There has been no meeting since that of last June. It might be well to call a meeting of the club at an early date, as possums should now be about ripe. Until that joyous season be arrived, the Palmer House should not seek to intrude sordid matters on the careless minds of the possum eaters. Once the season is arrived, however, and the club in banquet assembled, anybody can have \$66 who happens to want it.

A real live wild gray wolf, big as a St. Bernard—Chicago wouldn't have a wild wolf if it wasn't a big one—was found one morning this week at Twenty-fifth street and Indiana avenue, about a mile and a half from the heart of the city, and perhaps eight or ten miles inside of the heavily populated district. When discovered the wolf was trying to eat a dog for breakfast. The dog-catchers' wagon went in pursuit, and after a long chase the wolf was run to earth in a hole near the breakwater on the lake shore. He was taken to the dog pound. No one knows where the animal came from. It is probably a specimen escaped from captivity somewhere in the city. For a few days all the papers west of here have been wild with merriment over Chicago's wolf story, and the papers here print a half column at a time of clipped comment about the wolf.

A novel legal process was taken here this week, by which Wilson & Co., furniture dealers, issued an attachment for a valuable dog, said to be worth \$200, the property of Mrs. Helen G. Wyng, who was in their debt and who was said to be about to leave the city. Constable Flemming met Mrs. Wyng at the depot, and demanded custody of the canine.

"I have a great attachment for this dog," said the lady. "So have I, madam," politely responded the constable. He got the dog.

Mr. J. M. Oliver, of Swan Lake Club, lower Illinois River country, at the first of the week told me that the

duck shooting on the club grounds had been very good, bags running over 50 and 60 birds being not uncommon. Mr. Ed. Bangs bagged 78 big ducks one day and 83 the next. Dr. Henrotin got 57 one day and 63 the next, mostly mallards. On the 23d the keepers wired up that the birds were in by the thousands and wanted some one to come down. The first heavy cold snap drove the birds down and they had worked back north by the 23d. The cold storm of this week will doubtless send them nearly all south, except a few mallards.

Last week Mr. Oliver bagged 115 quail in 3 days near New Vernon, Ill. He says they started 17 beavies in one day. This will give an idea of the quail shooting in this region for this fall. Mr. Oliver seems one of the fortunate sportsmen. This fall he killed his sixtieth deer. And he told me about a trout stream up in Michigan—but that would freeze everybody's young blood.

The raw and disagreeable cold of yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, has to-day changed to heavy snow. It is too early yet to learn who went hunting and who did not, but it is probable that only a few went afield. There was the usual amount of trap-shooting. On the whole, Thanksgiving Day here was not exceptionally brilliant in a field sportsman's point of view. Fort Dearborn Club is the only sporting organization I know of which is effusively thankful about anything. It is thankful that the Milwaukee team didn't beat it 27 birds out of 200, instead of 17, as see trap columns. It seems that the Milwaukee shooters fell on to the Chicago boys in a very harsh, abrupt sort of way last Tuesday.

Nov. 29.—The cold storm has brought in from the north a scurry of fowl, probably the last of the season. Six inches of snow yesterday, about the heaviest recorded for November. E. HOUGH.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

WHEN the grouse leaves his home to visit the feeding ground, he flies swift and straight at the distance of from 3 to 30ft. from the ground. When he arrives within about 50yds. of the place, he sets his wings and sails in a straight line and alights on the ground. Generally he does not take a circle or sweep around on this occasion. The grouse does so only when, disturbed and frightened, he wishes abruptly to check his flight and alight at some point while in full flight; by doing this he saves himself from being injured by coming in violent contact with the ground.

The places to which the grouse resorts for the purpose of obtaining his food are usually from 200yds. to a half mile or more away. On these excursions many grouse are killed by coming in contact with telegraph wires and other obstructions. A section boss informed me that his men have picked up along the tracks as many as three grouse in as many miles in one morning, and that for days together during the months of September and October they rarely failed to find one. This occurred in the Mohawk Valley, where in places the birds are rather abundant.

One of these places where the grouse obtains his food is lowland adjoining streams where the wild grape flourishes. The grouse is passionately fond of this fruit, so much so that he will linger around the vines for hours together, feeding as opportunity permits, and when shot at this season his beak will be found stained purple with the juice of the grape. Another place to which the grouse resorts is those woods where the chestnut trees abound. Of these nuts the grouse consumes great quantities, swallowing them whole. The grouse also eats clover leaves, small frogs and the fruit of the sumac, which will be found scattered over the snow around the tree where he has fed.

In the early part of September the grouse resorts to the pine woods for the purpose of eating the huckleberries; when disturbed by an intruder he moves swiftly, with a darting sort of zig-zag motion, at the same time jerking his tail from side to side in such a manner as to display the white feathers, and when he does so he looks extremely like the rabbit when he jumps away. On one occasion under these circumstances I actually shot a grouse, supposing that it was a rabbit.

Another place that the grouse visits is an apple orchard. He does so for the purpose of eating the tender buds. I knew a farmer to kill three birds one afternoon, shooting them from a window of his house, which was close to the orchard. He apologized for taking such an advantage by asserting that the birds damaged his young fruit trees.

At times a ruffed grouse may be found under an apple tree that stands solitary far out in the field. He goes there to pick up the seeds of those apples that have remained ungathered. I recollect once in the month of December walking along a woodman's road about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and seeing off in the field about 60yds. away an old apple tree. I noticed that the ground was bare under it, while there was a snowy wilderness all around. I noticed also that several dead branches lay under the tree, and that among these there was one branch that had rather a peculiar and suspicious look to me. I proposed to go nearer and investigate. After I had gone about 25yds. I came to a pile of stones, and I sat down and looked under the tree again. The same appearance was presented as when I had looked before. I was still in doubt. Cocking my gun, however, I advanced toward the spot. I had taken but a few steps; when the mysterious looking branch moved, then darted a short distance and flew. As it left the ground I fired.

When I went up to the tree I did not find a grouse but a handful of his feathers scattered over the ground. This bird flew about 300yds. to the woods. As I approached he fluttered out from under a dwarf hemlock and went skimming away about 4ft. from the ground. When 30yds. off I shot him. DORP.

OUR FICKLE GAME LEGISLATION.

THE record for the year 1891 comprises alterations in the statutes of the thirty-three following, all of which are noted in the current edition of the *Book of the Game Laws*:

Alabama,	Massachusetts,	North Dakota,
Arkansas,	Michigan,	Ohio,
California,	Minnesota,	Oregon,
Colorado,	Missouri,	Pennsylvania,
Delaware,	Montana,	Texas,
Florida,	Nevada,	Wa-hington,
Georgia,	New Hampshire,	West Virginia,
Idaho,	New Jersey,	Wisconsin,
Illinois,	New Mexico,	Wyoming,
Indiana,	New York,	Manitoba,
Maine,	North Carolina,	Nova Scotia,

OUR GAME SUPPLY.

IN the present day of repeating rifles and shotguns and improved breechloading firearms generally, the important question is, Where is our future supply of game to come from? The sporting papers are full of suggestions more or less crude, and the sportsmen themselves are worried and divided over the best way to overcome the difficulty. Many are "taking time by the forelock" and solving the question for themselves by joining clubs or buying large tracts of land. This, while it is to a certain extent successful, seems to be rather a selfish, though natural, way for looking out for Number One; but it appears to me hardly the true way. There is, I think, always a feeling in the heart of a true sportsman when shooting over preserved ground that he is killing comparatively tame birds or animals, and it does not afford the same satisfaction as when the game is entirely wild and the shooting free to every one. I do not wish to put myself on record as being opposed to clubs, for they have many good points, and one of them is the fact that they do much to preserve game and invariably help stock the surrounding country. Their members generally obey the game laws; in fact, the first thing a club does is to limit the number of fish and game to be killed and to increase its stock by careful breeding.

The average sportsman is naturally selfish when shooting or fishing on unpreserved ground; he knows that game is scarce and hard to find, so when he does happen to get a good chance he kills all he can. Now, it seems to me that the first duty he owes to his brother sportsman and to the coming generation is to content himself with a moderate bag. Sportsmen are naturally loath to do this, for the reason that they feel that the next man that comes along will undoubtedly take advantage of his generosity and kill to the last one, particularly if he happens to be a market gunner. And speaking of the latter individual, we ought to "face the music" at once and prohibit all shooting of game for the market. Our small supply of wild game is too valuable to waste in that way. This fact I believe is universally admitted by all excepting the market men and those who make believe they like the stale and tainted stuff that is kept year in and year out in the freezing houses and sold in season and out at the restaurants. The State of New York and some other States are already moving in this direction, and the present law prohibiting the transportation of game out of the Forest Preserve unless accompanied by the person that shot it is doing much good. I am sorry to have to say that this law as far as venison is concerned is evaded by the residents of the North Woods. The temptation to provide themselves with a good supply of meat for the winter's use is too great. Deer killed during the cold weather are hung up to freeze, and in that climate will keep until spring. Of course it is impossible in that great wilderness when the snow lies deep to prevent it with the very small force of wardens now employed by the State.

Much good is being done by the FOREST AND STREAM and other sporting journals in the way of educating sportsmen to a higher standard, and if it were only possible to induce the public to read up more on these matters, still greater benefits would follow. Even with the present increase of guns and gunners there ought to be in this great country sufficient game to provide our overworked people with a fair amount of sport, certainly at least enough to tempt them out to enjoy an occasional health-giving tramp through the woods and fields.

Our wealthy sportsmen, who can travel from one end of the country to the other in search of their favorite game, might easily lend a helping hand, not only by setting a good example themselves, but also by making it a point to force others to respect the laws whether they are so-called sportsmen, marketmen or keepers of restaurants.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

OHIO NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was estimated that from our city alone fully 600 left by train Monday P. M. for different sections of the State, and all were bound to that particular place where the birds were most abundant. Such a motly throng of shooters has not been seen at our depots for many years. Generally in pairs they came, some decked in canvas coats and vests and rubber boots, all ready for the morrow; others more modest, and probably the most capable had their outfits in big valises, and would have passed for commercial travelers if it were not for their dogs and guns. With such a collection of dogs, guns and hunters, it would seem that the quail family would soon become extinct; but from latest reports there are enough left for fair sport next fall. The writer, accompanied by two congenial spirits, left here Monday evening for Green-wich, a small hamlet on the Big Four road, where quail were reported "thicker than bees at harvest time."

In fact, there were a great many and we had very fine shooting, but left most of them there when we came away. Altogether we had a most enjoyable time. Our host, Mr. Tom Thompson, of the Thompson House, exerted himself to make it pleasant for us, and was ably assisted by his estimable wife, who, besides furnishing us with edibles fit for an epicure, insisted on preparing some of our quail for us. Shooting was fine, feed good; but writer enjoyed the evenings at the "grocery store" as much as anything else. Such stories were related! One man had killed 105 squirrels in less than two hours, within a mile from town. Another had seen turkeys more plentiful than quail were now, and had killed nine at one shot, etc., etc. But it all happened about thirty years ago or just before the war. What interested the writer most was the fact that there was owned in the town a common hound and a shepherd dog that would find quail and stand them as staunch as any setter. The shepherd dog would also retrieve. C. F. P.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since the first day the weather has been favorable, large numbers have taken advantage of the same and vast quantities of game have been bagged. There are far more gunners than ever before, and they have better guns, but there are more quail than for many years past. This is caused, first by favorable winters, and second, by the action of farmers. A large portion of Ohio farmers were, like the writer of these lines, raised principally in this State when there was more forest than field, and both forest and field were alive with game. The result

was that most of us boys became pretty fair hunters. As old men, there is still a lingering desire to spend an occasional day with the gun. The farmers have formed game protective societies and keep pot-hunting hoodlums from their premises. They also feed the quail during severe winters. The result is that very good gunning prevails nearly every season. Our State fish and game wardens, as they average, are not of the least advantage, but the end sought by our game laws is mostly accomplished by our farmers. Any reputable gunner can obtain the privilege of gunning to a reasonable extent from his farmer acquaintances, or by introduction from proper parties known to farmers. Thus the game question here is being satisfactorily solved, and without visible assistance from the State Commission. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. George Howland and I had a most delightful outing of a week in October, catching three pike, total weight 45lbs., one 38in. long, the other two 36in. a piece; and killing all the small game we could use in camp and sending a good lot home. Our local paper the other day recorded: "R. S. Dupuy, and his sons, James and Frank, of this city, and Dr. Van Dupuy, of the Soldiers and Sailors Orphans' Home, at Xenia, O., went hunting yesterday, over on Tygart, and will be gone until to-morrow evening. We hope they will be loaded with game." We did have a splendid time, bringing home a buggy load and dividing it out among sick friends at home.

IRONTON, Ohio.

JAMES DUPREY.

THE GAME FIELDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Shooting in northwestern Iowa has been good this year. A great many chickens were killed before the season opened, but there was fair shooting, even then, after Sept. 1. A friend and I bagged 107 chickens in four days' shooting. Our shooting was mostly done in Dickinson county.

October rains filled a great many sloughs that were dry, and brought more ducks about here than I have seen before in this locality in several seasons. Most of the ducks that came early were gray ducks and pintails, some spoonbills and teal. Lately there has been good shooting at mallards and bluebills. Nov. 7 two of us killed 28 mallards, 4 widgeon and 8 bluebills in one morning shoot near Newell. We were through shooting at 9 o'clock A. M. Three days later, in the same slough, we shot 46 mallards in four hours. It was snowing at the time, though not very cold. Several good bags of ducks have been made along the Des Moines River since the ponds froze up. C. E. Willey shot 24 mallards on the 14th in Lizard Creek, a small branch of the Des Moines, where ducks are never found except in severe weather. There are a great many quail here, but they are protected this year.

CONOIS.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Nov. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed one of your numbers said that Jackson's Hole was becoming settled, and that it would be only a question of time when the large game of this place would be destroyed. There have been more Indians here this summer than ever before, and they have killed hundreds of deer, elk and antelope. And that is not all. J. D. Sargent, who claims to be Hamilton's agent, has just sent out a wagon load of elk heads to be shipped to New York, which he claims to have killed himself. Now Sargent claims that through the influence of the Hamiltons, the laws of this State have been changed so as to permit non-residents to kill game, but even as it is he is trying to keep a hunting resort, as you can see by a letter which I inclose. Nearly all of the settlers are in favor of preserving the game of the State, but there is no court of justice of any kind here, and we are powerless.

FRED. E. WHITE.

JACKSON'S HOLE, Wyoming, Nov. 10.

ONTARIO MOOSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding the comments made by the *Toronto World*, as printed in to-day's FOREST AND STREAM, I should like to say that nothing in the account of "Moose Hunting up the Ottawa" would imply that the moose were killed in Ontario; as a matter of fact this was not the case. The *Toronto World* knows that the Ottawa at Mattawa is the boundary between Ontario and Quebec. All the moose we heard of being killed by visiting sportsmen were killed on the Quebec side, though we must confess that we did hear of many killed by the natives in Ontario. We are readers of the FOREST AND STREAM and *Book of the Game Laws* and therefore knew that it was a closed season in Ontario. It was a buck deer that the New York lawyer shot from the steamboat, not a moose, and the account should have so stated. We dodged no inspectors, excepting to bring the head home, and we do not understand that we violated any law in doing this.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.

NIAGARA.

RHODE ISLAND GAME INTERESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your inquiry as to the work of the Rhode Island Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, I have to report that all of our suits, in the main, have been decided in favor of the association. We have won a suit for shooting out of season on the evidence of being in the woods with dog and gun, "pursuing with intent to kill"; having birds in possession and snaring, on evidence brought against one of the worst offenders, convicting him of tending and setting snares. We have established the fact in the courts that we can get conviction and sentence under our laws, and we practically stopped shooting out of season and snaring. We lost one case where we had a buyer for the summer resorts convicted of having twenty-one birds in his possession. The case was brought wrong, in my opinion. Twenty-one warrants were made out to get a conviction on each bird. We won the case on one bird, and sentence was given. He was ably defended, and escaped on the others on the plea that having been fined on one bird, it could not be proved on which one of the twenty-one he had been convicted on, and therefore he should not be fined twice for the same offense; rather weak, but as he virtually owned

the country justice, it stood. The case has been brought in another form, and he may yet have to settle.

The society stands well, and we have done a great deal of work with our means. Woodcock have been very plenty, quail fairly so, and partridges, that we thought would be plenty from the number of young birds, are very scarce, from some unknown cause.

May write you further at later date.

A. L. ANDREWS, President.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 24.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMS.—Charlestown, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I inclose you a slip from the Concord Statesman, which shows how the "abandoned farm" problem is being solved in some parts of New Hampshire. The farms are sought for summer residences. Other regions tell the same story. Sunapee Lake and the towns around it, and the borders of Monadnock Lake, and the slopes of Monadnock itself, show the same influx of purchasers from the cities as soon as it was known that desirable property for summer homes was in the market. Mr. Neal says, just as I wrote you a year since, that the thin soil was worn out, but if Prof. Atwater is right, even that is not correct, and by proper treatment even these old hill lands may be made to "blossom like the rose" again. We have not felt such an inroad in the Connecticut Valley yet, for the few deserted farms here, as a general rule, are too far from the railroad to be easily accessible, but death sometimes makes a vacancy in the most desirable situations. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would like to start a nice "stock-farm," I can point them to a rare opportunity just open in this town, 50 or 60 acres of the best meadow land on the river, with a new house, never occupied, and large barns for hay, horses and cattle. I have no interest in the matter, except for the good of the town, but will introduce any one to the executors. It is a wonder to me that more people from New York do not discover this beautiful region. We are only seven hours from the city, with three trains a day.—VON W.

CAMP RECOLLECTIONS.—The rewards and pleasures of life in camp are not all fleeting, for often in later months come recollections of the old camp on the shore of the lake; of the gamy bass we worked so hard to land; of the ducks we dropped at such long range; of the screeching old loon we captured with the faithful rifle; then of the spread cooked over the old stone oven, although rough at some times, always tasting better than any meal ever eaten in the first-class hotels; and lastly, the after-supper puff. With what ease he sits there, with old Max at one side, while on the other old Sport sits with his head on his master's knee. How often we see this picture when out on our fall gunning trip, and how often we see at the further end of the tent a person who seems to be troubled about something. His elbows are on his knees, face covered by hands, and he is scratching his head furiously. What can be the matter? Oh, nothing. He is only thinking how he fired both barrels into his only bevy of the day, not ruffling a feather. But cheer up, old man; it's only a day off with you. He does not need this advice, for next morning he is one of the first up about camp, and after a warm breakfast, or even before, he is off, and not long afterward returns with a full bag. Like the true hunter he is, one day's bad luck does not discourage him, but he would readily confess it made him feel a little sore for the time.—BOSTON.

Camp-Fire Gickerings.

"That reminds me."

AS I sat in my city office last week and read "Kin's" article on the "Big Coon of Split Rock Mountain," my thoughts ran back to many a hunt he and I have had together on the desert plateau in Wyoming, as well as under "Old Dix" of the Adirondacks, or in the region round Lake Champlain, and I put down the paper with a pang of regret that those days were no more—a pang, however, that was softened by the memory of one incident of the coon hunt which "Kin" has somehow failed to relate. "Kin" has told how the coon was bagged, and there his narrative comes to a dead stop at the foot of the pine that towered above the precipice. I am not so sure he will pardon me if I tell what happened next, but I have trespassed before on his good nature, and I'll risk it once more.

"Kin" is a big tall fellow of six feet three, and the build of a football guard, and he has the perfectly natural failing of priding himself on his strength—as other big men have had before him. Consequently it is not to be wondered that on this occasion he volunteered to carry what coons the party might kill. For this purpose he had brought along a guide basket, and when the fallen monarch of coondom had given his last kick and been effectually convinced that he was dead, it was placed in the basket and this was then raised to "Kin's" shoulders by the willing hands of his two companions. "Kin's" first impression when he once had his arms fairly through the straps, was that the coon felt even heavier than it had looked, but he did not have much time to figure it out, for Guy Ferguson, the wiry, the greyhound, the walking machine of bone and sinew, was under way and urging Hunter to find more grandfather coons.

Up hill and down ledge they went at a rate that would have winded a champion six-day pedestrian, and it seemed to Kin that the coon grew heavier every step. He heartily regretted his bargain and wished time and again that the old coon was still safe in its tree—anywhere, in fact, but on his back. But wishing did no good, and Lacy never slackened his pace. When they had gone a couple of miles Kin ventured to remark that the coon had the heft of a yearling steer. Guy promptly volunteered to carry the little thing if he "was tired" and Kin as promptly refused, but he had never been so badly used up—not even on that winter's day four years ago, when he walked fifty-four miles on an empty stomach.

At last daylight came, and the hunters brought up in the quiet dawn of the Sunday morning at the Bay Farm. Kin slipped the basket off his tired shoulders and let it fall to the ground. Out rolled the coon and a rock that would weigh 24 lbs.

Kin looked around in a dazed way for an explanation, but the hunters had silently slipped away, leaving him to work out his own solution of the problem. JACK.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

MAINE FISH AND GAME.

THE remarkably low water continues, and in the back woods the season of ice is at hand. It is now pretty certain that the spawning of all the trout family has been at low water this year. Ponds in New England that usually supply sufficient water to drive sawmills are now so low as to give almost no water at all to the half-dried-up streams below. Lakes that have hitherto been considered sufficient in water supply to run whole cities of factories have been drained to their last foot of water this fall. The bottoms of rivers have lately been seen that have never been seen before. Where are the trout and the landlocked salmon? Generally they have tried to ascend the streams for the purpose of spawning, as is their wont, but generally they have failed. In many cases they have ascended a short distance and have been stranded in streams by the still further drying up of the water during October and November. In some instances men, with the true instinct of sportsmen, have been to these pools and have contrived to liberate the trout, either by digging channels that would permit them to get back into the ponds and lakes below or by carefully lifting them out and carrying them back to deep water. Several of the partially dried up tributaries of Moosehead Lake in Maine have been looked out for in this way. Accounts come of an Indian guide who has traveled a number of miles through the woods to one of the tributaries at the head of Moosehead and has liberated a great school of big trout that were in a pool where they must have perished from the simple drying up of the water. At Rangeley the Fish Protective Association has been looking out that the trout which have struggled up stream to spawn and have become stranded by the falling of the water, did not perish. At the head of Richardson Lake and at the mouth of Sawmill Brook a great body of trout were struggling for weeks to reach the upper waters. They began trying to ascend late in September, but the stream was too nearly dry for them to succeed. Some of these trout have been stranded. And, alas! I hear that some of them have been jigged out of the water. In one case a pole was rigged with a hook at the end, so it is told, and by this means great trout have been dragged out of the water, only to be wasted. At the mouth of the same stream the usual fall run of bluebacks has not been seen, probably for the good reason that there was not water enough for them to go up the stream in. At the Upper Dam there has been water enough all along, so that it would not be possible for the trout to get into water shoal enough to strand them. Trout are reported to have been spawning on the old beds at Trout Cove. What the result will be to the eggs thus left when the late rains bring up the lake several feet over these spawning beds is a question.

Mr. John B. Drake, of the Boston produce trade, is a lover of the woods and the rod and line. He did not get away to Maine during the trout season, as usual, and has been obliged to content himself with a trip to New Hampshire for black bass and the possibilities of some duck shooting at a pond that he is very well acquainted with. He found the pond almost too low for bass fishing and decidedly too low for duck shooting on the marshes. The old gentleman he had with him as boatman says he has never seen that pond as low in 20 years, and he has located rocks and shoals in it that he never saw before.

Mr. I. T. Waterman, of East Auburn, Me., with his son, C. E. Waterman, has just arrived from a very successful deer hunt in the vicinity of Roach Pond, some 40 miles from Mount Katahdin. They shot six deer, all that the law allows them to have. They say that they saw 29 in all while away and could have got several more. Their prizes were displayed in a milk wagon in the streets of Auburn and Lewiston the other day and excited a good deal of attention. One, a very fine buck, they will mount. Now there is just a shadow of suspicion that these deer could not have been hunted fairly, but that dogs were employed to run them into the water. Perhaps the suspicion is all wrong, but if it is, then the gentlemen had most remarkably good fortune. Will they tell the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM how they succeeded in getting so many deer?

The officers and members of the Megantic Club, the headquarters of which are in Boston, feel rather proud of the success their brethren have had in hunting on the grounds of the club's preserves this fall. There have been killed this fall, two moose, three caribou and twenty-seven deer thus far, and there is a month more of open season on this large game yet. President Bishop has worked very hard for a moose this fall, but has not succeeded. He believes that moose are growing more and more scarce in Maine, and that they are in great danger of annihilation. He will try again next year, and spend a good deal of time and money to secure the head of a bull moose. This will be the last one he ever expects to get.

Mr. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston Advertiser, has been spending his vacation with dog and gun in New Jersey. At the old homestead he was joined by his brother Charlie, of the Philadelphia Record, and the older brother, who has won fame as the writer of John Wanamaker's advertisements, came down for a few days. The Gillam boys all love the dog and gun as well as they love the newspaper profession, and of course they went gunning. Quail they found to be scarce, and partridge more so, and it was too early for great success in duck shooting in the vicinity of Cape May. Ernest did not get his deer this year, though he watched at the runways for a couple of days, waiting for the dogs to drive the deer into gunshot. Hounding deer is legal in New Jersey for a certain length of time, I believe. It is not easy to make Ernest believe that it is cruel and terribly destructive to deer to hunt them with dogs. He is a good shot, even at a flying deer, with a rifle, and he

knows of no other way to get such a shot except by watching at the runways till the dogs drive the deer up. SPECIAL.

HIS MAJESTY ESOX LUCIUS.

RUMORS had reached us concerning the big pike in Lake Sanford. There had been plenty of open talking about the trout, but in regard to the pike it was different, such valuable information being held as much too precious to be given to the passing stranger.

It was only through the courtesy of a genial body of sportsmen most fortunate in their possessions that Frank and I found ourselves one summer's day en route through the Indian Pass, and before the sun had set we had emerged from the swamp at the head of Lake Henderson into the little green lane at the upper end of the Deserted Village, and a half hour later were washed up and widening that jolly circle before the blazing logs under the hospitable roof of the Adirondack Club. There was a general thanksgiving when fair Stella's heels clicked merrily in the hall without, that welcome sound, the dinner bell, making a most fitting accompaniment.

It was a case where "good digestion did wait on appetite and health or both." It was on the morrow that my story begins.

It was just threatening rain by the time we started, and the dark lake, fringed here and there with waving stretches of wild rice, looked in prime condition for a strike. Then a fine drizzle set in, and by the time we reached the lake the wind was drifting great shifting patches of "squall" scurrying across the dark water. Putting on our "sou'westers" we pulled down the inlet, swung off the first bed of rice to our right and overboard went the spoon. Slowly we crept around the edge of the point, Frank rowing and I in the stern with the rod. Just as we cleared the point that rod bent double, and I yelled to Frank to hold up a bit, as I guessed we had struck a log. In an instant the line slackened, and with a roar out of the wet he springs, showing his full length, and falls back with a plunge, the black water seething about him.

I shall never forget the impression that first leap made upon me, to say nothing of Frank. Here was the king of the pike family!

When I recovered my senses I found things fairly safe, "His Majesty" fairly rational and leading like a lamb, and Frank, with his eyes bulging from their sockets, heading with long strokes for deep water, all the while hurling at me in plain French such sound advice as "not to give him an inch, unless you have to;" and "mind he don't run in on you." His suggestions, numerous enough to have sufficed for the management of a modern naval combat, were only cut short by another ugly plunge on our quarter. Again the old rod bent, quivered and recovered herself for a sudden maneuver. The last exhibition of temper gave me a good 10 yds., for the fish seemed for the first time since being struck to weaken, and I put the little reel to a test.

And now, while he sulks in three fathoms, let us look at the rig we are fighting him on. Having fished wholly in trout water, we came badly prepared for these big fellows. An old-fashioned lancewood, of some dozen ounces, minus two guide rings; a small click reel—no gaff, not even a big net—and lastly a spoon composed of the best of gangs and the lid of a tin box bent into shape with a pair of pliers. So much for the armament.

Again and again the old fellow plunged and sawed, and generally had things his own way, yet still the good rod held. One time he is too quick for me on a short line; and down goes the rod and half my arm with it under water. It is a relief when he rolls lazily to the surface, while Frank declares he thought I was going overboard that time along with the whole outfit.

And so the fight continues, and my arm begins to ache with the continuous strain.

"Give him fifteen minutes more, and then let's try our chances at beaching him," says Frank, and I agree to it. There the old monster lies half out of water like a veritable "Monitor," while we trust to luck and continue slowing in a great circle. I measure him with my eye. He is longer than the rod case at my feet, and that is over four feet. He seems to be getting sick of it. His last plunge brought him rolling heavily to the surface. No trout could have stood such punishment. We glance at the watch. It is nearly an hour and three-quarters since he took the spoon, just off the point, which lies now a thin strip of green far behind us. Now and then I can see he is getting ugly and below the waves that lap about his huge green bulk, it is comforting to see the big hooks sunk deep in his jaws, securely locking them.

Suddenly he sinks straight beneath the surface. The reel sings and I feel he is gathering his strength for another desperate dash—a second's pause—an ugly rush—and the next instant he has broken the line. The waters close over him. He is gone! I sink in the bottom of the boat feeling strangely tired. We look at each other; then we both laugh—a laugh that sounds more like the loon's than human. Then we wend our way silently homeward. Not a word passes between us. Not until we reach the club house and the little jug with its tiny handle is handed down from its corner in the cupboard: then Frank, with the air of a judge, breaks the silence with "Here's a health to the king, may he live to a green old age to fight many as good a battle." F. BERKELEY SMITH.

"SLEDGING."—I am informed by Mr. Ferriss, of the South Mountain Fishing Club, that "sledging" in Maryland waters means stunning fish by means of stones as they lie under the shelter of rocks or in rock clefts. The stunned fish is dipped out with a net before it recovers from the effect of the concussion.—B.

THE TARPON HOUSE, advertised to-day, is in a country famous for shooting and fishing.

TO DENVER VIA BURLINGTON ROUTE.—Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1 P. M., or St. Louis at 8:25 A. M., and arrive Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Through sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. All railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 5:45 P. M., St. Louis at 8:15 P. M., and Peoria at 3:20 P. M. and 7:50 P. M. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.—Adv.

YELLOWSTONE PARK FISHES.

THE Fish Commission has recently published in its "Bulletin" some interesting and valuable reports of its explorations of waters in various regions of our country. Among these the reconnaissance of the streams and lakes of the Yellowstone National Park by Dr. David Starr Jordan, on account of the popular sympathy with the efforts of the Government to protect and improve this great "pleasuring ground" and the effective manner in which the explorer has handled his mission of inquiry, is attracting well-merited praise. This paper is rendered all the more acceptable by the many fine illustrations which enrich and explain the text.

Dr. Jordan's exploration was made in the fall of 1889 at the request of Commissioner McDonald. Dr. Charles H. Gilbert and Mr. W. W. Spangler assisted in the investigation, and the most hearty and intelligent coöperation of Capt. F. A. Boutelle, Lieut. W. E. Craighill and Lieut. Edwards, as well as the services as guide of Mr. Elwood Hofer, contributed greatly to the successful prosecution of the work. Numerous streams of the Yellowstone, Madison and Snake River basins were examined and trout were found in the following: Yellowstone River; Yellowstone Lake, Riddle Lake, Solution Creek, Trout Creek, Alum Creek, Antelope Creek, Black-tail Deer Creek, Lava Creek, Lupine Creek, Gardiner River, Madison River, Gibbon River, Cañon Creek, Horse Thief Spring, Heart Lake and Witch Creek. In Riddle Lake trout live at an altitude of 7,900ft.

According to Dr. Jordan the Yellowstone Park is a plateau with an elevation of 7,000 to 8,000ft. above the sea, and for the most part covered with lava of Pliocene age. The lava flow was fatal to fish life. Since its surface has become cold the waters flowing over it have been inhabited by plants, insects and crustaceans suitable for fish food, but not with fishes, since the streams leave the lava beds over falls having a height of 50 to 308ft. "The water of the geysers and other calcareous and silicious springs does not appear to be objectionable to fishes. In Yellowstone Lake trout are especially abundant about the hot overflow from the Lake Geyser Basin. The hot water flows for a time on the surface, and trout may be taken immediately under these currents. Trout have also been known to rise to a fly through a scalding hot surface current. They linger in the neighborhood of hot springs in the bottom of the lake. This is probably owing to the abundance of food in these warm waters, but the fact is evident that geyser water does not kill trout. The Hot River, which drains the Mammoth Hot Springs, flows into Gardiner River. Trout abound about the mouth of this stream, and here, as in numerous other places in the Park, the conventional trick of catching a trout in cold and scalding it in hot water is possible." The number of fishes found in the Park was very small, including only ten kinds, of which two are suckers, four minnows and chubs, a grayling, a whitefish, a red-throated trout, and the inevitable scourge of all trout waters, the blob or freshwater sculpin. The fish fauna was augmented in August and September, 1889, by the following plants by the Fish Commission: Five thousand trout (*fontinalis*) in Glen Creek and in Gardiner River above the falls; 1,000 rainbow trout (*irideus*) in Gibbon River; 1,000 Loch Leven trout in Firehole River, above Keppeler's

Cascades, and 1,000 Williamson's whitefish in Twin Lakes, and the same number in Yellowstone River below the lake. One of the species of sucker was found to be infested with a flat intestinal worm, sometimes reaching a foot in length, but apparently not affecting the health of the fish. The large chub of Heart Lake and Witch Creek (*Leuciscus atrarius*) was full of eggs at the end of September, unusually late in the year. About the whitefish Dr. Jordan reports as follows: "The mountain whitefish is abundant in the Madison River below the falls. It is said to be equally common in the Yellowstone, but none were obtained by us. It is a slender and graceful fish, readily taking the fly like a grayling or trout. It is most abundant, so far as we have noticed, in the eddies or deeper places in swift streams. It seems to be essentially a river fish, rather than an inhabitant of lakes." "The grayling is very abundant in the Madison River below the junction of the Firehole and the Gibbon. Numerous specimens were collected for us in Horse Thief Spring, a small stream just outside the limits of the Park, by Mr. Lucas. The grayling is said to ascend the river in summer as far as the Firehole Falls and Gibbon Falls. It is said also to

be found in the Gallatin River, in the northwestern part of the Park."

Dr. Jordan refers all the trout of the Park to a single species, represented by numerous color varieties, but all black spotted and having a characteristic red dash across

the throat. "The trout of the Yellowstone Lake and of many of its tributaries above the falls are infested by a parasitic worm (*Dibothrium cordiceps*)," which has been

made the subject of a special report by Prof. Edwin Linton. "In the trout examined the presence of many worms was accompanied by a shrunken or irregular

condition of the ovaries or testes. Perhaps spent fish are more likely to be wormy. According to Mr. Arnold Hague, the best trout are in swift or deep waters; the

wormy ones about eddies or among logs or masses of floating vegetation. The wormy trout takes the fly freely, but is in general little gamy. In fact, all the

Yellowstone trout seem less active than is usual for the species." Dr. Jordan accounts for the presence of the blob in Gibbon River above the falls by its probable trans-

near the bridge below the mouth of the Hot River. Dr. Jordan considers it identical with, or a slight variety of, the gray sucker of the Platte Valley. It is closely similar to the common long-nosed sucker of the Eastern States, and is believed to reach a length of 18in. The color is "dark gray, irregularly mottled and barred with black."

2. THE RED HORSE SUCKER (*Catostomus ardens*).—This is a large scaled species, represented by examples measuring from 6 to 16in., occurring in Witch Creek and Heart Lake. It was considered to be identical with the common sucker of Utah. "This fact, together with the general affinity of the fishes of Heart Lake with those of the Great Basin, suggests that the fauna of the Upper Snake River, above the great Shoshone Falls, may have been derived from the Great Basin rather than from the Lower Columbia." Tape worms flourish in this fish, sometimes occupying more space than all the abdominal viscera, yet the parasitized suckers appear to suffer no loss of flesh because of the infestation.

3. THE DACE (*Rhinichthys dulcis*).—Like the well-known black-nosed dace of the East this little fish inhabits cold and clear mountain streams. It reaches a length of about 5in., and is to be found in cascades and swift brooks. The fish is believed to be suitable for introduction into trout streams as food for trout.

4. THE BROOK MINNOW (*Agosia nubilosa*).—This small dace-like fish inhabits brooks and swift waters, resembling the last species in appearance and habits, and was taken rather commonly also in the warm waters of Witch Creek. It belongs to the Columbia Basin, extending southward at least to Utah.

5. THE UTAH CHUB (*Leuciscus atrarius*).—The chub abounds in Heart Lake and ascends its tributary, Witch Creek, into water having a temperature of 88°. The females were full of eggs in October. In Utah Lake the fish reaches a length of 20in., and is very destructive to young trout.

6. THE BANDED CHUB (*Leuciscus hydrophlox*).—A handsome species growing to a length of 4in. Dr. Jordan found it in Heart Lake and Witch Creek. The fish has been taken in Blackfoot Creek, Idaho, a tributary of Snake River. "Color silvery, a plumbeous lateral band, dusted with dark points; traces of red coloration on belly in largest specimen."

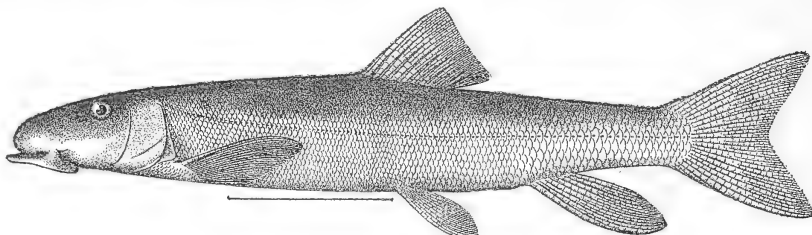
7. THE MOUNTAIN WHITEFISH (*Coregonus williamsoni*, var. *cismontanus*).—Found in the Madison River below the falls, and attributed also to the Yellowstone. "It is a slender and graceful fish, readily taking the fly like a grayling or trout. It is most abundant, so far as we have noticed, in the eddies or deeper places in swift streams. It seems to be essentially a river fish, rather than an inhabitant of lakes." From the typical Williamson's whitefish the Park variety differs in its much more slender body and shorter fins. The Montana whitefish, described by Milner from Chief Mountain Lake, is considered by Dr. Jordan to be identical with Williamson's—a conclusion reached independently by the writer some years ago.

8. THE GRAYLING (*Thymallus ontariensis*).—This fine species was found abundant in the Madison below the junction of the Firehole and the Gibbon. The supply used in stocking the Yellowstone was taken in Horse Thief Spring. In the Gallatin this grayling is very common, as we have announced in FOREST AND STREAM. We cannot admit the identity of the Michigan and Montana grayling with that of Alaska; *signifer* has a much higher dorsal fin besides good character about the skull, which make its separation easy.

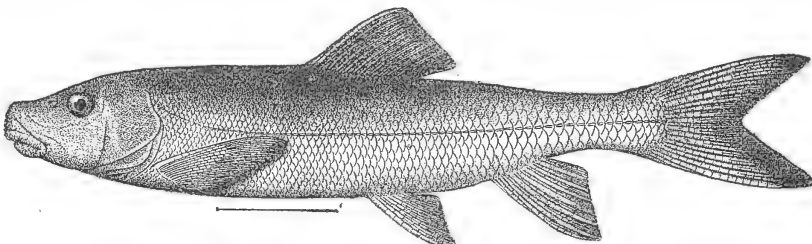
9. THE RED-THROATED TROUT (*Salmo purpuratus*).—Dr. Jordan refers all the black-spotted trout native to the Park waters to a single species, the *purpuratus* of Pallas, for which he uses the doubtful name *mykiss* of Walbaum. Variations in the number and size of the black spots are common, but the essential characters remain the same. Yellowstone Lake is believed to have been stocked originally from Snake River, through Pacific Creek, Two Ocean Pass, and Atlantic Creek, and an interchange of individuals across the Continental Divide is still a probable occurrence. The existence of a tape worm in this

trout was discussed in our columns of Oct. 22. "The wormy trout are leaner and more compressed than others, and the sides of the belly are likely to show ridges and lumps. The flesh is said to be redder in the diseased fish, and the external color is more likely to be dusky or brassy." Spent fish are probably more likely to be wormy.

10. THE MILLER'S THUMB (*Cottus bairdi*, var. *punctulatus*).—This pest of salmon and trout waters abounds in the grassy bottoms of Madison River, Gibbon River, and



1. GRAY SUCKER.



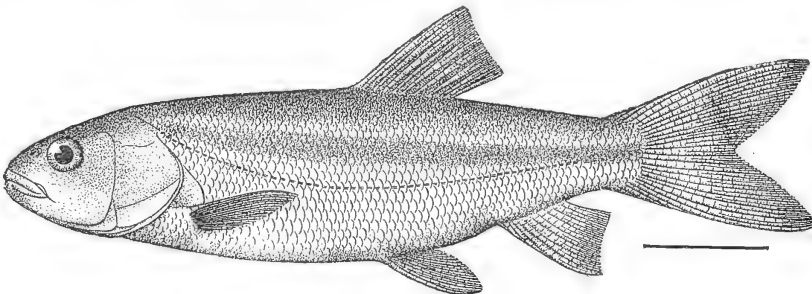
2. RED HORSE SUCKER.



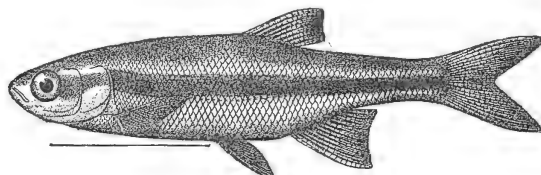
3. DACE.



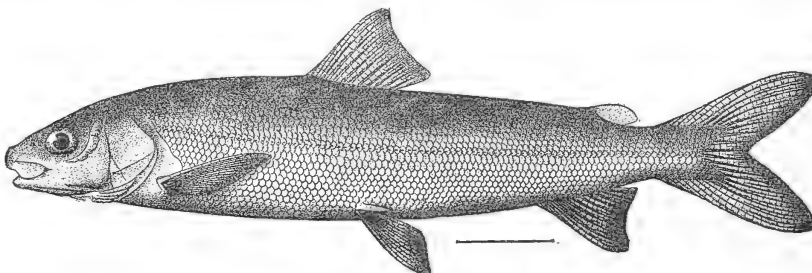
4. BROOK MINNOW.



5. UTAH CHUB.



6. BANDED CHUB.

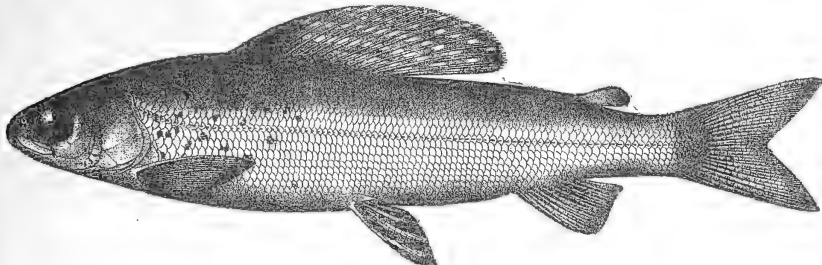


7. MOUNTAIN WHITEFISH.

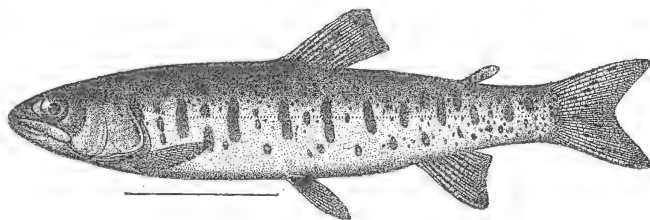
Cañon Creek. In Gibbon River it occurs both above and below the falls and may have been transported over the barrier by some fish-eating bird. As a destroyer of eggs and young fish the Miller's thumb perhaps has no equal. Commissioner McDonald has seen one of moderate size

waters of North America, one of the species extending southward as far as the Alabama River. One variety is frequently found in caves in the limestone region from Indiana to Tennessee. None of the blobs much exceed 7in. in length; some of the largest examples we have

tiveness to eggs and young of the salmon. The rainbow (*Salmo irideus*) is equally destructive. The young fry are devoured in enormous numbers by fish-eating birds. In the region referred to the writer has shot gulls and terns, and on holding them up by the legs young salmon



9. THE GRAYLING.

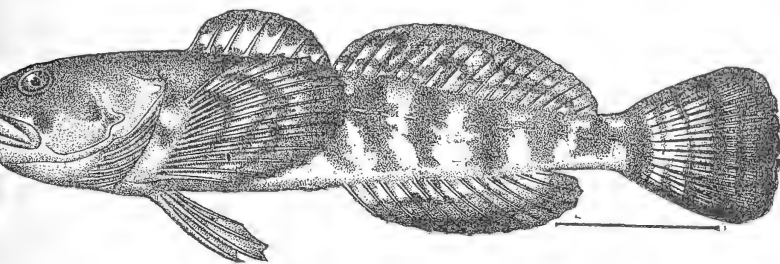


9a. RED-THROATED TROUT (YOUNG).

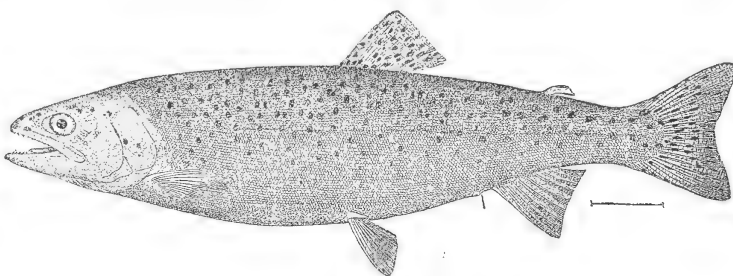
eat scores of young trout almost in the twinkling of an eye, and the writer has observed salmon nests that were entirely stripped of eggs by the same insidious and ubiquitous marauder. Wherever salmon and trout are found in America it is safe to say that the

seen are from Wytheville, Va. The species are usually represented by vast numbers of individuals, making up by numbers what they lack in size, and it is almost impossible to exaggerate their power for mischief. Around the margin of Karluk Lake, Alaska, we have seen nest

dropped out of their mouths. Near the river mouths marine flounders and sculpins enter the brackish water and feed upon young salmon. In the ocean seals and sea lions continue the destructive work. The adult fish, when entering the rivers for the purpose of spawning,



10. MILLER'S THUMB.



9b. RED-THROATED TROUT (ADULT).

Miller's thumb may be seen keeping the species in check. About twenty species of blobs are recorded in the latest catalogue of the fishes of North America, and one of these, *Cottus richardsoni*, runs into nine varieties. These fishes are now placed in the genus *Cottus*; but were formerly united under the name *Uranidea*. There are several sections of this genus, those containing the largest number of species being *Potamocottus* and *Uranidea*. The one described above belongs to *Potamocottus*. The blobs are found in nearly all the fresh

after nest of the red salmon emptied of eggs by these small fishes. The eggs are rapidly digested, and the capacity of the blob for the destruction of salmon is greatly increased by this circumstance.

In FOREST AND STREAM of April 3 and 10, 1890, attention was called to the vast number of enemies against which the salmon has to contend for its existence. On the spawning grounds are the blobs, and, besides these, are the black-spotted and red spotted trouts of the region. The Dolly Varden (*S. malma*) is famous for its destruc-

must run the gauntlet of incessant seining across the river mouths; they must endure the hardships incident to the ascent of the rapid and rocky streams; and when they reach the shoal waters in which their eggs are deposited bears await them, to give the finishing touches to the work of destruction. If we add to all of these hardships and death-dealing agencies the obstructions and pollutions of salmon streams in populous regions, the wonder is that any of the anadromous salmon are left to reproduce their species.

T. H. BEAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 26.—Mr. Jeff. Smith, whose petition for appointment for fish warden for work in the Fox Lake district was mentioned last week, has just received his commission from the Governor. He starts the first of next week for the lake country, where the cold weather has already frozen some of the lakes hard enough for ice fishing. He will finish his work of warning the residents against ice fishing, and will look out to see whether any parties already warned have begun to fish. He says he will stop this fishing before it begins, if possible. Jeff. Smith should not be mistaken for his cousin, Ike Smith, who keeps a summer resort hotel, over beyond George Clark's. It is Ike Smith who is too lazy to fish through the ice, and not Jeff. Smith. The latter will see to it that nobody, lazy or otherwise, fishes through the ice up there, he says. Jeff. Smith lives in Chicago most of the time and has property there, but also owns property near the neck of Catherine Lake. He tells me that he has already been approached by several of the residents who want to know whether there "would be any trouble" if they should set out a few lines "just to catch a few fish to eat." He told them there would be. That "fish to eat" plea is very threadbare, likewise very transparent.

Last week I offered a short letter from Dr. Bartlett, bearing on a damage suit brought against him in Schuyler county. Some time ago mention was made of the \$5,000 damage suit brought in that county by a market-fisherman by the name of Smith. Not being clear as to which suit was which, I wrote to Dr. Bartlett for information. It seems that these two cases are the same, and that the \$5,000 has dwindled down to a \$62 verdict, with a new trial on that, as the following letter will show:

ILLINOIS STATE FISH COMMISSION—Quincy, Ill., Nov. 21, 1891.—The status of our case in Schuyler county is about as follows: Smith, of Meredosia, owns or claims to own the fishing right in a portion of what is known as Coal Creek; across this creek, which is quite wide—large enough for a steamboat to go into it—he places a combination pound and wing-net, wings from net entirely across one side of stream and within a few feet of the shore on the other side. We were advised of this net being there, and I ordered the Lotus there and warden to take it up, which they did, taking net to Beardstown for safekeeping. Smith replevins the net and sues myself and others for trespass to a close, or in other words, going on to an inclosure and committing trespass. Damages claimed, \$5,000. A jury gave the plaintiff, Mr. Smith, a verdict for \$62, which we excepted to, and upon argument for a new trial it was granted. An indictment has been found against Smith for violation of the law in setting his net in said Coal Creek, and will be tried next term of court. Fishing still good at office boat, two gentlemen of New York making a nice catch there a few days ago.—S. P. BARTLETT.

The last sentence of the letter has reference to the official joke of the Illinois Fish Commission, which I have detailed earlier as duly investigated by myself. For fuller particulars apply to the two gentlemen from New York. To-day I talked with Mr. W. H. Haskell more fully about the "landlocked salmon" in Trout Lake, Wis. It seems that one of these fish was sent to the Smithsonian Institute, and reply was received that it was neither the landlocked salmon nor the lake trout. No further description was vouchsafed. The fish, as described by Mr. Haskell, has a general silvery tone of body, with large bluish or purplish spots, black in the center. The flesh ranges, like that of the brook trout, from nearly white or faint pink to deep salmon color, according to the individual. It is very delicious eating. The highest weight reported is 22½ lbs. In the fall, after the close of the

spawning season, these fish spread all over the lake, feed on the surface and break water in schools. They can then be taken on the fly or the spoon. After that they seem to sink and spend the year in deep water. Trout Lake has outlets, but this fish is not reported from any connected water.

E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

STRIPED bass are still being caught in considerable numbers in the Hudson River, particularly off Sing Sing. They are found in the deep channels, and take sand worms in preference to any other bait. It is unusually late for them to be taken on the rod and reel, and while they undoubtedly remain in the river all winter, they will soon stop biting.

Inquiries for tarpon tackle are beginning to be made at the fishing tackle stores and already a number of ardent fishermen have left for Florida. Many changes and improvements have been made in the tackle used for the big herring, particularly in the way of snelled hooks. The cumbersome and expensive chain has had its day, the linked wire, rubber-covered snell and many others have been tried and found wanting; the latest and best seems to be the braided linen snell wrapped with copper wire. This snell is hitched to a special hand-made forged steel 10 0 hook. The wire winding should commence about 3in. above the hook. The object of this is to allow a shark, if hooked, to bite off the snell, and to prevent its being chafed off by the rough lips of the tarpon. Of course the tarpon is allowed to swallow the bait and the unprotected part of the snell passes into its throat. This is the rig used by Dr. Grymes and other expert tarpon fishermen.

Fishermen should remember that these fish are big and powerful fighters, and that it is useless to expect to kill them with cheap tackle. Many anglers have been disappointed after going to the expense and trouble of a trip to Florida, to find that they lost most of their fish; in fact, I know several fishermen who, while they struck a number of tarpon, never saved a single one. Some lost them because they got "rattled," but in most instances it was due to cheap reels and lines. Cheap reels become useless with the first run of these big fish, the spoon expands under the pressure of the swelling lines, for all lines will swell when wet, particularly the cheaper grades, and the line, of course, parts at once when the reel fails to work properly. The reel should be large enough to take 600ft. of first-class linen line not smaller than No. 18 or better No. 21.

With proper tackle and a little experience in handling large fish there is little risk of losing even a 200lbs. tarpon. Another cause of these fish breaking away is the use of too stiff and too short rods; if the rods have a little spring they are not half so apt to tear out. Some of them are made so stiff that they do not give a particle, and this affords the fish too much purchase and brings all the strain on the line. Mr. John G. Hecksher's pattern of rod seems to have given the best results, for while considerably stiffer than a striped bass rod, it still has a good deal of spring.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between those points.—Adm.

DERRYFIELD BEEF.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: Thanks to "Kelpie" for supplementing my memories of William Stark's poem; he is all right as far as he goes, but the whole poem would fill a page of FOREST AND STREAM. Some of it was genuine poetry, too, for Stark was a talented man, though eccentric, and his brain finally gave way, and he died in an asylum.

I knew him well, and remember his stocking a deer park in the suburbs of Manchester with a herd of elk from Wisconsin some thirty years ago, and visiting it with him to see them one bright morning in the early "sixties." He also had some rare wildfowl and a trout brook. He was years in advance of Austin Corbin and many others.

The poem referred to Manchester, New Hampshire—not Massachusetts, as printed. The country right around Amoskeag Falls was called "Derryfield," being an outlying district of the old town of Londonderry, Ireland, originally settled by emigrants from Londonderry, Ireland, commonly known as the "Scotch-Irish." They were strong men, and left a mark not only on the history of the State but of the Union.

The names of McNeill, McClary, McCrillis and McGaw are well known beyond the limits of New Hampshire.

Some of the same emigrants found their way over to the western edge of the State, and "Derry Hill," in our neighboring town of Acworth, marks the site of their farms, though the name of old "Deacon Finlay" is the only one I can recall.

I should like to meet "Kelpie," for we have evidently "camped on the same trail;" and if FOREST AND STREAM plants that bivouac at Chicago at the Exposition in 1893, and "the Pibroch of Donuil" calls the clans together, I hope that those of us who are still in the flesh may get together round the camp-fire and form a personal acquaintance with each other. I should hope to see "King-fisher" and "Awahsoose," too, and the genial poet from Louisiana, as well as "Bourgeois" and "Piscoc;" but we should miss and mourn those, who, like "Nessmuk," "Wells" and "Ned Buntline," have already gone to the "happy hunting grounds." How man's visions of a future life are colored by his tastes in this one. To the wild Indian it is an eternity of field sports with his favorite horse and dog. To the music-loving Jew it is an everlasting sacred concert, which would be apt to pall on unmusical organizations. Who can tell? VON W.

TRULY ODD IF ODDLY TRUE.

W. R. Davidson, a well known citizen of South Nyack, went out on the river this morning to lift one of his "cat lines" and was surprised to find on the end of the line one of the largest sea gulls ever seen in this part of the Hudson. The bird had probably made a dive into the water for a fish and caught one which was fast to the hook. The hook caught in the bird's mouth and held him there until Mr. Davidson's arrival. The gull will be kept alive by his captor.—New York Times.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sylviane" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grippell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adm.

Fishculture.

THE KANKAKEE FISHWAYS.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I concur with Mr. Hough that the fishway law of Illinois should be enforced so long as it is a law, and the Wilmington Water Power Co., recognizing the right of the Legislature to enact such a law, has constructed the fishway over the large dam in the Kankakee. The laws should be obeyed, whether we believe them right or wrong. Private opinion must not stand against public acts; but is it unreasonable to criticize the wisdom of the law makers, when they permit Chicago to empty its foul sewage down the Des Plaines and the Illinois rivers, causing an effectual bar to the passage of fish from what Mr. Hough claims to be the main breeding grounds of that system of rivers and yet compel mill owners to be at the expense of opening their dams for the passage of fish which cannot reach them?

I can perhaps appreciate the supposed benefits to be derived from fishways on streams open to the passage of salmon, shad, sea trout, sturgeon or any other anadromous fish that periodically leave the ocean and push on up rivers for the purpose of depositing their spawn, but I do claim that they are of little if any benefit to rivers like the Kankakee.

I do not believe that an efficient fishway can be a cheap one also. A cheap structure can be built up which one fish out of a million can struggle up, but one large enough to allow an easy passage for the larger portion of fish which may approach a dam will cost much money and be expensive to maintain. Our Holyoke fishway is costly, but it is not efficient. It is really valueless for the purpose intended. Its entrance, as one of your correspondents suggests, is quite a distance down stream, but of necessity that must be so, for it would be impracticable to bring the mouth of the structure within the whirlpools caused by the water falling from a height of 30ft.

I have no controversy with your correspondent Mr. Hough. He seems to have faithfully and conscientiously worked for the fishways along the river, but when he longed for the day that the Wilmington dams might be removed in hopes that a few fish might run the river more freely, it seemed to me that he considered more the sport of a few anglers than he did the material prosperity of the dwellers in that beautiful valley. Those dams and canals and locks with their necessary adjuncts, which he wrote so flippantly about (as I felt), cost nearly six hundred thousand dollars, and surely the owners of that property have some rights that all should be willing to respect.

The fishway over the Wilmington dam has been completed, I believe, to the satisfaction of the Fish Commissioners. I trust that it may prove of use to the people of the State of Illinois, but I fear that none now living will ever be able to ascertain any benefit to the fisheries of Momence that can justly be attributed to it. E. S. WATERS.

MAINE FISH HATCHING.

THE season is proving more difficult for the obtaining of landlocked salmon and trout eggs than was at first supposed it might. Actual cold weather has come on without rise enough of water in the streams tributary to the principal trout and salmon lakes in New England to enable the fish to reach their usual spawning beds. The Maine Commissioners have had to net their landlocked salmon at Edes Falls, tributary to the Sebago waters, for the reason that the fish could not get up to the weirs. There was not water enough for them to ascend. The Commissioners have scarcely taken above 800,000 eggs where they reasonably expected to get 1,500,000. And they are in a quandary as to how they can begin to fill their obligations and the desires of others for restocking. The eggs of the sea salmon taken at the Government hatcheries at Orland, Me., this fall will not come up to half of the number expected. Low water has prevented the parent salmon from reaching their usual breeding haunts, and the people interested in the hatcheries have failed of finding them. The Lake Auburn (Me.) Fish Protective Association has completed its spawn taking work for the season. The society has been more successful than its neighbors in the same State, and has done much better than might have been expected, considering that the fish have not been able to run up the brook as usual. Trout have been seen at the mouth of the principal spawning stream with their back fins out of water, and in this position they have been netted and taken for breeding purposes. This season 400,000 eggs have been taken, where twice that number were hoped for. But the record compares well with the previous season, when 425,000 eggs were obtained. Nearly 100 trout were taken that were worth detaining for breeding purposes, and nearly all of these weighed over 2lbs. They went back into the lake last week, apparently none the worse for the process of having been stripped. At Rangeley the success of the association there is not yet reported. It should be good, since the resources of that region are greater than almost anywhere in the State. The streams are larger, and the trout and salmon are large enough to yield a greater number of eggs. SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease, By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 4 to 8.—Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill.
Dec. 10 to 14.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, at Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.
Jan. 5 to 8.—The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's Dog Show, at Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary Greenville, S. C.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central City Kennel, Jackson, Mich. Chas. H. Ruhl, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Sixteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington City Kennel Club, Washington, D. C. Fred. S. Webster, Sec'y, 788 Broadway, New York.
March 15 to 18.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—Annual Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

1892.

Jan. 10.—Second Annual Trials of the Bexar Field Trial Club, at San Antonio, Texas. G. A. Chabot, Sec'y. Amateurs only.
Jan. 18.—Trials of the Pacific Field Trial Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

IRISH SETTER CLUB'S TRIALS.

THESE trials, which commenced on Nov. 23 and were concluded Nov. 25, must be conceded to have been a great success, the work of some of the dogs in the stakes being quite equal to and surpassing many of the performers in the other trials. Of course, as a class, there is much to be done yet to bring them to the point to which their ardent admirers would like to see them, but I am confident, placed in the hands of men who thoroughly understand their profession, the Irish setter can and will take a prominent part in future trials. It remains with the breeders, however, to do their share, by careful breeding to good field performers



PAXICO AND PEARL'S FAN.
United States Field Trials.

and trained dogs. Let the bitches while in whelp be hunted, and the same intelligence be devoted to their interests as has been the cause of the prominence that the English setter holds, and there is no cause why the Irish setter men should despair. The presence of two such enthusiastic Irish setter men as Drs. Wm. Jarvis and G. G. Davis added greatly to the interest of the trials. On the vice-president, Dr. Rowe, devolved the arrangements of the trials, and everything passed off very smoothly; Major Taylor, Luke White and J. B. Stoddard giving general satisfaction. In the first series each brace was given long opportunity to show what was in them, and there was no hurry at any part of the meeting. It was the expressed opinion of all present that the Irish Setter Club should follow up the good work, and next year I hope the entries will be doubled; and with so many men coming into the breed just now there is no reason why they should not every one lend a helping hand, either with their money or their dogs.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Monday, Nov. 23.—It was a dreary outlook this morning when we opened our shutters. The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind blew almost a hurricane. Every one had settled that this was a most uncalled-for damper on the Irish Setter Club to commence with; but suddenly it cleared up, and the sun coming out it was decided to start after lunch. This would allow the



J. B. B.

CHAS. BARKER AND PROMOTION.
United States Field Trials.

ground time to dry out a little, as the wind was still very high. The judges appointed were Major J. M. Taylor, Luke White and J. B. Stoddard. The start was at the Blair farm, and the first brace in

THE DERBY.

MAID OF BORSTALL-SQUAW, were sent off at 1:26 in a large grass and sedge field. Maid of Borstall (Ichiquin—Onota Belle) was handled by T. M. Aldrich and Squaw (Darragh Pat—Ruby Glencho) by H. B. Anderson. The start was not productive of much incident, neither dog ranging far from handlers, though Squaw was the better ranger of the two. They both turn too much to handlers, being afraid to launch out very far on their own account. After going some time Maid pointed near woods, and Squaw coming in in front made a hesitating point, as birds flushed wild. Then two more birds were flushed. Going into the cover after these birds, nothing was done, though singles flushed wild. Very slow work in the cover. Out into open fields again in sedge by a plum thicket, Squaw roared to a point on a bevy, which Anderson put up; dog steady to shot and wing. Then in high sedge Maid flushed a single. Squaw, a bit further on, pointed a single very nicely, Maid backing to order. Some more roading by Squaw to a fir tree, where she pointed, but broke point and nothing found, and the heat closed at 2:30. Most of the time the dogs did not range more than 20 or 30 yds. from handler, though Squaw made a fair cast or two now and then, and was much the best on bird work.

LEIGH DONE VI.—FINGLAS.—Leigh Done VI, (Fly—Betsy Leigh), a lightly-made dog, was handled by Mathies. Fing-

las, an importation from Mr. O'Callahan's kennels, brought over by Mr. S. L. Foggis this last summer and sold by him to Mr. Bishop, is by Fingal III.—Aveline, and W. T. Irwin had charge of him. Put down in sedge grass Finglas started off well, but Leigh seemed to have no idea of range, trotting most of the time round his handler. Going up hill Leigh made game in an uncertain manner, stopped and Fingal backed capitol to one side, but Leigh moved on and nothing found. Through the sedge, in which Finglas seemed hardly at home, we passed into pine woods, Finglas making rings around the others, but flushed when he struck the birds. He evidently is not accustomed to cover work and high grass. In pines a single flushed wild, and Finglas coming up stopped as another single rose just in front of him, and it looked like a flush; he was steady to wing. Then out of woods in sedge, near other corn, Mr. Bradley's horse flushed a large bevy at the edge. These birds were followed, but dogs did nothing more, and ordered up at 3:27. Finglas ranged out fairly well, but seemed ho'hered when the ground was not open; he hunted out the likely places, and with a little training on this ground he would no doubt do much better, as he has good action. His long journey from Kansas, with only a day's rest, may have affected him, as he has a reputation on the other side as being an excellent field dog under English conditions of field work. Leigh Done VI. will not go further into the stake.

ELCHO'S MAID—COLERAINE.—This was expected to be a good heat, as George Gray thinks a good deal of his entry, Elcho's Maid (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid), and Coleraine is well known through her excellent work in the English trials last spring. She is a litter sister to Finglas. It must be said that she has not been herself since she arrived not long since from England, she being seventeen days on the water, and has never eaten a good square meal since she arrived, has seen very few quail and was an entire stranger to this style of country, her only work here being in the Oklahoma country. Starting at 3:29 Geo. E. Gray handled his own bitch and W. T. Irwin handled Coleraine. Both started off in good style and quite refreshed our spirits after the slow pottering work of some the others. In sedge Coleraine was the first to score, pointing stylishly on a bevy which flew into the woods as handler flushed, Maid backed fairly and they were steady to Irwin's flush. Both dogs then got points on singles in high sedge, and were steady to shot and wing. Along the pine woods Coleraine seemed hardly to understand this high sedge business; afraid of losing her handler. Going into pines after flushed birds Maid, under a pine tree, made a point and as Gray went up to flush she moved on but stopped as



MR. HUNTER AND BLACK WONDER.
After winning Pointer All-Aged at Bicknell, Ind.

bird flushed just in front of her. Coleraine backed nicely. Then Coleraine dropped to a bevy side of woods, Maid coming in in front. Both ranged busily and with much judgment here. Alongside a brook Maid then pointed and Coleraine honored it. Higher up Coleraine pointed some single birds which flushed wild and then she flushed one, but was steady to wing. Dogs were then called up at 4 o'clock. Coleraine had a little advantage on birds, showing a good nose. Both ranged out well and at good speed. By far the best heat so far.

ROSE OF CLAREMONT—BESSIE MAVOURNEEN.—Rose of Claremont (Claremont Patsey—Nino) was under the guidance of Geo. McClin, and Bessie Mavourneen (champion Tim—Curren Belle III) was handled by E. T. Mathias. They were cast off at 4:06 just outside of some woods, but neither started off with much vim. Starting with a flush near pines the birds went into cover. After quartering several fields at a slow rate, neither dog ranging out at all, Rose made game but moved on, and the bird she should have nailed flushed to one side, a yard or so away, and wind was right for scent. Out of woods Rose rather blinked as she pointed a bevy, but was steady to flush. Dogs ordered up at 4:37. Neither ranges out at all, the handlers could find almost as many birds alone, as the dogs trotted along in front of them most of the time.

PRIDE OF PATSEY—ADONIS.—The former, by Claremont Patsey—Nino, was handled by Geo. A. McClin, and Adonis (champion Tim—Curren Belle III) by F. J. Schuyler. Down at 4:38. Neither got off at all fast in the ragweed. It was not long before Pride almost walked on top of a bevy which flushed when stopping to wing, both acting fairly steady. Then by a fallen tree in woods both pointed a single and were steady to flush. Just before getting out of woods both dogs either stopped just on or flushed some single birds, trees too dense to see. It was in many cases difficult to tell one red dog from the other. Then both made casts round a single which flushed wild, in fact several got up that the dogs should have scored on, but their nasal organs seemed deficient in a bird dog's most requisite faculty. Ordered up at 5:09, near the Model farm. Neither showed much hunt and will be retired from the stake. In justice to Adonis I may say that his education has only just commenced, for he is only ten months old.

NUCKET A BYE.—This bitch (Redfern—Gypsy Maid) was handled by her owner H. B. Anderson. Sae was put down at 5:15 toward home, as dark was drawing on apace. She ranged out fast and wide, compared to the others, and on hillside went up to a bevy in good style, and was steady to wing. Birds flew into woods and were followed, but we did not come up to them, though Nugget hunted round at a merry rate. Out of woods in sedge she pointed a single, which a judge flushed as he came out of woods. Then she did a pretty piece of work, dropping to a point at speed, she moved on as handler came up and, making a cast, she located the bevy, pointed, and was steady to Anderson's flush and

shot. After this she was called up, at 5:45, when it was almost dark. Nugget hunts with a vim, shows judgment and a good nose, and is moreover a busy, merry sort of worker, especially in cover. This ended the day's running, and we had got a line on the sort of work we might expect from the Irish setter. Some of them had shown excellent merit as Derby dogs, under the adverse condition of ground and wind.

TUESDAY.

It was announced last night that Elcho's Maid and Squaw, Nugget and Coleraine, should run to decide the winners in the Derby, with Finglas, Maid of Borstall and Adonis in reserve. A slight frost during the night made the morning air crisp, while a warm sun did its best to make us all comfortable. The ground had dried out nicely and conditions were favorable to good work.

ELCHO'S MAID—SQUAW were the first brace put down in stubble near woods at 9:26. At the start Maid made game, but nothing came of it; Squaw ranging further out. Into cover at the edge, Squaw pointed and Maid honored it; both moved on and a single flushed wild. Roading out of woods and then in pines not far off, Maid nailed a single in good style and was steady to flush. Then going into pines, at the edge Maid held a bevy nicely, and Squaw helped the good

W. H. Child's Leigh Done VI. with E. B. Bishop's Finglas.
George E. Gray's Elcho's Maid with E. B. Bishop's Coleraine.
George H. Kendall's Rose of Claremont with B. M. Vaughan's Bessie Mavourneen.
F. H. Perry's Pride of Patsey with H. E. Richards's Adonis.
H. B. Anderson's Nugget a bye.

Second Series.

Elcho's Maid with Squaw.
Nugget with Coleraine.
H. B. Anderson's Nugget, first money, \$200, and Rev. R. O'Callaghan's subscription of \$15.75.
E. B. Bishop's Coleraine second money, \$125.
Geo. E. Gray's Elcho's Maid third money, \$75.
Mr. Anderson also wins the \$50 for handler of winning dog.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

The drawing for this stake last night had resulted as follows: Geo. E. Gray's Hope with R. E. Lutz's Jim Beatty.
E. B. Bishop's Finglas with C. P. Hubbard's Jessie Jones.

and were followed. Duke came very near flushing two birds, just stopping on top of them. Then returning Duke nailed another single. Points on scent at edge of woods for Duke, Don backing, closed the heat at 4 o'clock. Duke showed very fair hunting sense and intelligent range. Don acted poorly, rambling round his handler most of the time.

LIMERICK—EDNA II.—This was a good heat, dogs being cast off at 4:03 in a grass field. Limerick (Glen Elcho—Nora) was handled by John White, and Edna II. (champion Elcho, Jr.—Romaine) by Joseph Hawkins, of S. C. Bradley's kennel. Both dogs started at a good gait, ranging wide and intelligently over a large field, where, by cover, Limerick was the first to find and pointed a bevy, Edna backing nicely. White flushed and dogs were steady to wing. Following these birds Edna wheeled to a single in a bunch of sedge, and to the left at the same time Limerick pointed a brace, and both were steady to their handlers' fire. This was a very pretty piece of work. Then Limerick pointed another, but it flushed wild. Edna just at the edge of woods pointed another single, Limerick dropping to do her honor. Hawkins flushed and fired, Edna steady, but Limerick moved as bird flushed. Then Edna while galloping at speed stopped at the foot of a pine tree as a bird flushed. Going into the open some distance off Edna made a pretty point, then drew



N. ROWE. H. B. DURYEA. A. MERRIMAN. JOHN WHITE. J. M. AVENT.
EASTERN FIELD TRIALS, 1891.



OWNERS AND HANDLERS AT EASTERN FIELD TRIALS, 1891.

work by a stylish back; both steady to flush. After these birds in pines Maid roaded to a flush and was steady to wing. Lower down, Squaw made game and roaded to a single, which she pointed, Anderson flushed, shot and dog steady. Elcho's Maid then held up at 9:50. Squaw going alone not far from here nailed a bevy and dropped to the birds as they flushed wild. Then called up at 9:54. Elcho's Maid had a turn by herself, but found nothing, and was called up at 10:03. Several singles were flushed by horsemen which she might have located. Elcho's Maid had somewhat the advantage on birds, showing more bird sense: range and speed about equal.

NUGGET—COLERAINE.—These two were put down outside of woods in sedge at 10:03, and both started off well. On a hill Coleraine began her work poorly by a flush, but was steady to wing. After some varied ground had been worked out Nugget in open pointed and Coleraine dropped as she backed, nothing found. Coleraine showed no sign of game,

Max Wenzel's Ready II. with G. G. Davis's Silk. Michael Flynn, Jr.'s Sedan with Geo. E. Gray's Blue Rock. Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Duke Elcho with F. L. Cheney's Onota Don. C. T. Thompson and W. H. Child's Limerick with Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Edna H. F. H. Perry's Claremont Patsey with E. B. Bishop's Coleraine. This was an excellent filling, and one the Irish Setter Club should feel proud of. No time was wasted after the Derby winners were announced in casting off the first brace.

HOPE—JIM BEATTY, at 11 o'clock. Hope (Brian Born Jr.—Biddy) was handled by owner, and Jim Beatty (Lee Grouse—Lew) by J. W. Howse. Both started well. Ranging through some fields, into woods and then into open again, when Hope stiffened out on a bevy, Jim honoring the point. Gray flushed, shot, and dogs were steady. Going into pines after scattered birds, Hope scored again, Gray firing at the flush, dog steady. Nothing more was found and dogs called up at 11:35. Hope did all the work on birds and was the better ranger, showing fair judgment and nose.

FINGLAS—JESSIE JONES.—Put down in open sedge field at 11:46, neither got out very far. In an orchard Jessie thought she had something, pointed and was backed by Finglas. The bitch moved on, but after some roading failed to locate, and then both started on another quest. Nothing done, however, and neither showing much hunt they were called up at 12:20, as it was lunch time. After this welcome respite and a chance to stretch our limbs, these two dogs were put down again at 1:22; but still they were unable to find game, and were finally called up at 1:39. Finglas seemed to have lost the little snap he had yesterday, and ranged rather listlessly, paying more attention to his handler than to the work on hand. Bessie did better ranging, but neither will do for the finals.

READY II.—SILK.—Cast off at 1:45. Ready II. (Red Dash—Ready) was handled by H. B. Anderson and Silk (champion Chief—Gypsy Maid) by F. J. Schuyler. Soon after starting Silk dropped to a point, and moving on after a while a single flushed wild. Going into woods each flushed a single, and then Silk pointed another, Schuyler fired and dog steady. Getting out of the woods and into a corn patch, Silk pointed a single in good shape, Schuyler fired again, and dog dropped to shot and wing. Then we hunted out some corn, and dogs were ordered up at 2:16. Both dogs ranged fairly well, and the work on birds was in favor of Silk, who was well broken; but neither showed very good powers of scent and their chances are small for a second appearance.

SEDAN—BLUE ROCK.—We were told to keep our eyes open on this heat, as something better was coming, nor were we disappointed. Sedan (Chester D. Herald—Nancy) had the services of the well known handler, S. C. Bradley, and Blue Rock (Muskerry—Nancy Lee) was handled by owner, Geo. E. Gray. Starting off at 2 o'clock, both ranged out well to their work, and after covering some ground, Blue Rock, at the edge of cover, scored on a single, and both dogs then roaded carefully out of woods, but did not locate further. Higher up in pines Sedan froze to a bevy in good style and Bradley fired at the flush. Dogs were sent after these birds, and in pines two or three points were noted with no result, but afterwards a single flushed wild, evidently running ahead. Then Blue Rock pointed where bird had flushed; both dogs roading, Sedan soon nailed a single in picturesque style, and at the same time to the right Blue Rock pointed, but he was not so fortunate. This was all done in the space of two minutes. Getting out into the open, Sedan soon came to a point, but nothing found. Dogs were called up at 3 o'clock. The heat was in favor of Sedan as far as sense and nose went; pace and range about the same.

DUKE ELCHO—ONOTA DON.—The former, by champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid, was handled by S. C. Bradley and Onota Don by champion Chief—Bizreena, was handled by Horace Smith. Cast off at 3:05 in sedge field. Down by a ditch Duke pointed a bevy, Don at the time being round handler's heels, dog steady to flush. Up in pines in a brier thicket, Duke held another bevy; Bradley put up the birds and dog steady to shot and wing, birds flying into thick pine woods

on and pointing again, Hawkins put up two birds some distance off; Limerick had been called to back and did so 20yds. ahead. Soon after this dogs were called up at 4:32. This was the best heat yet, both beating out their ground well and showing good nose. These dogs from Thomasville are certainly the best ranging dogs of the stake and show every evidence of the association with men accustomed to handling high class field dogs.

CLAREMONT PATSEY—COLERAINE.—We were now quite near the Model Farm buildings, and dogs were cast off at 4:45. Claremont Patsey (Frisco—Nellie IX.) was handled by Geo. A. McClintock, and Coleraine (Finglas—Aveline) by W. T. Irwin. Twenty yards from the starting place Coleraine stiffened on a bevy 40yds. away, and Patsey coming across wind in his cast went right into the "brown" of them, a bad piece of business. Coleraine held her point steady till flushed. Followed birds, when in bottom Coleraine dropped



EASTERN FIELD TRIALS, 1891.
MR. HUNTER WITH DAISY HUNTER.



EASTERN FIELD TRIALS, 1891.

JOHN WHITE WITH DUKE OF HESSEN AND COUNT GLADSTONE.

but ranged off as soon as allowed to. Nugget roaded into the edge of the cover, nailed the birds and Anderson shot as they flushed, Nugget behaving nicely. After these birds in woods, Coleraine was the first to spot a single, Irwin fired; this was repeated higher up, and Nugget also put another to her credit, pointed again, and roading on nailed it, following suit directly after, Coleraine backing. All this within a few yards and was an opportunity for pretty and careful work well carried out. Further on Nugget pointed again and was held for Coleraine to back, bird flushed wild. Dogs were called up at 10:46. Nugget had shown some superior work on birds and fully demonstrated the fact that there are Irish setters that have just as good a nose and can handle their birds just as carefully as any other. Coleraine was found clogged with burrs, and no doubt this accounted for her indisposition to range toward the end of heat. This was her handler's care. Judges soon announced H. B. Anderson's Nugget first, E. B. Bishop's Coleraine second and Elcho's Maid third.

SUMMARY.

Irish Setter Club's Derby—First Series.

Nelson McIntosh's Maid of Borstall with L. A. Van Zandt's Squaw.

to a point, drew on and then gave it up, made a cast over a ditch, dropped to a good point, Patsey coming up, dropped, then moved in ahead of the other and birds flushed all round. Marked down on hill, where Coleraine improved her opportunity and pointed two birds. Near cover on the hill Patsey stopped and then roaded in a very uncertain manner, and stopped again just as the bevy flushed wild. At the same time higher up Coleraine had dropped to a small bevy and was steady to Irwin's flush. Then into the woods for singles, where Patsey did not improve his chances by flushing a single, and just as the heat closed Coleraine pointed larks. Dogs were then called up at 5:15. Coleraine did good work in this heat, and made a good bid by her superior nose and steadiness for a prominent place in the Stake. This closed the day's work.

WEDNESDAY.

It was given out by the judges last night that Limerick and Coleraine, Hope and Sedan and Blue Rock and Edna should be brought to the field to-day to run in the second series. There was no hurry, as we had all the day before

us, so a late start was made. The day opened cloudy, but the sun came out as we cast off the first brace, LIMERICK—COLERAINE, at Hargreave's Farm, some distance from town, at 9:44, in corn stubble. Outside of pines after ranging for about 15m., both going well, Limerick pointed in sedge and the birds were flushed by White some distance ahead; Coleraine backed and both were steady to shot and wing. On through oak woods and at edge Coleraine dropped to a single which Irwin put up. Presently Limerick made game, roared a bit and then cast off. Out of woods, in sedge, both pointed a single, which rose a yard or so away, and were steady to wing. Dogs were called up at 10:33. Limerick had good pace and range and showed some good work on birds. Coleraine needs conditioning, for she settled down a good deal toward the finish of heat. Down 4m.

HOPE—SEDAN.—These two were cast off in corn stubble at 10:34, both going off at a good gait and ranging out intelligently. In pines Sedan soon nailed a bevy and was held on point for Hope to back, when Bradley flushed, and dogs behaved nicely to shot and wing. Then followed some good work on the singles. Sedan was the first to point one; then further down both stopped to a bird. Still in pines, higher up, Hope nailed her bird, Sedan honoring the point in good style. Then Sedan stiffened out on scent, and Hope, instead of backing, passed in front, but nothing resulted from the *four pas*. Crossing a hollow in pines, Sedan came to one of the prettiest points in the trials, and Hope's stylish back completed the pretty picture. Gray clinched the good work by putting up a single, Fred, and Hope was steady, but Sedan broke a trifle, stopping at caution. They were called up at 11, nothing further happening. Sedan did good work on birds, and showed best nose. Hope also ranged well and performed quite creditably.

BLUE ROCK—EDNA H.—In corn stubble again these two were cast off at 11:01. After ranging out well through several fields, Blue Rock dropped to a point near a fence by pine wood, and Edna came in from the side, backed, but handler could find no game. Blue Rock roared on down the fence but failed to locate anything. Passing into cover Edna came to a full stop, and was held for Blue Rock, who was working out further in the woods; not coming, Hawkins was told to flush, and a single got up, Edna dropping to wing. Further on Blue Rock coming toward us pointed a single, Edna backing nicely, and dogs were steady to Gray's fire. Then further on Blue Rock just stopped in time as a single rose out of the briars and several others followed suit, dog steady to the flying birds. In pines Blue Rock pointed false. At 12 o'clock the dogs were called up. Edna showed the best work and style and better range, though Blue Rock also merited praise for his work. This dog has quite a reputation on the other side. He was a winner at the Irish setter trials last year, and also a bench winner at the Birmingham, Eng., show of 1890. He was imported by Mr. Covert, and a full description was given of him in FOREST AND STREAM after the Chicago show last spring. It was time for lunch now and the judges had a consultation, and not agreeing exactly ordered

COLERAINE—EDNA H.—Out for another run at 1:20. After ranging out some time Edna, side of lowland, pointed some feathers where a single had flushed, and a few yards away Coleraine nailed a bird, which Irwin flushed, and then another got up to one side; dogs steady to shot and wing, Edna having been brought round to back. Near a pine tree further on Coleraine picked up another single and Edna dropped to a point like a flash on bare ground by a little patch of grass, from which Irwin put up a bird, Edna backing in good style. This good work on singles convinced every one that Coleraine was entitled to a high place in the stake, and after the dogs were ordered up at 1:50 judges soon decided that Sedan wins first, Coleraine second and Edna H. third. After handlers and owners had received congratulations we all trotted home, and the first Irish setter trials had come to a close and were counted a great success.

SUMMARY.

Irish Setter Club's All-Aged Stake—First Series.

Geo. E. Gray's Hope with R. E. Lutz's Jim Beatty.
E. B. Bishop's Finglas with C. P. Hubbard's Jessie Jones.
Max Wenzel's Ready II. with Dr. G. G. Davis's Silk.
Michael Flynn, Jr.'s Sedan with Geo. E. Gray's Blue Rock.

Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Duke Elcho with F. L. Cheney's Onota Don.
C. T. Thompson and W. H. Child's Limerick with Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Edna H.

F. H. Perry's Claremont Patsey with E. B. Bishop's Coleraine.

Second Series.

Limerick with Coleraine.
Sedan with Hope.
Blue Rock with Edna H.

Third Series.

Coleraine with Edna H.
Michael Flynn, Jr.'s Sedan first money, \$200, and Elcho cup, donated by Dr. Wm. Jarvis.

E. B. Bishop's Coleraine second money, \$125.
Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Edna H. third money, \$75.

Sedan, the winner, is a well-made, rangy bitch, and if I mistake not has made a good appearance on the bench. Coleraine is a capital made one, small but full of type, and so is Edna H., which I commented on favorably in the Chicago bench show report last spring.

After the Irish Setter All-Aged Stake had been decided and we had all returned to the hotel, it was found that the rule requiring that the first and second winners should run together had not been complied with. This necessitated a return to grounds just outside of the town, where Sedan and Coleraine were cast off and run about twenty minutes. Sedan flushed a bevy, no other game was found and the party returned to town.

H. W. L.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE second annual field trials of the National Beagle Club were held at Nanuet, N. Y., Nov. 23-28. They were a complete success from beginning to end, but the enjoyment was somewhat marred by a day of hard rain and by the scarcity of game. At the opening of the season rabbits were abundant, but many have been shot, and at times during the trials it was almost impossible to make a start.

The country was fairly well suited for the meeting. There are many pastures overgrown with furze and low bushes, where there was some splendid sport; there are no stone walls; the swamps are few and small; the underbrush is not so dense as to impede one seriously, but the briars were abundant and very sharp.

The club was fortunate in choosing for judges Pottinger Dorsey and W. S. Clark. These gentlemen worked hard and followed the bounds faithfully throughout each race. Their decisions were just and impartial, and were well received by all interested parties except one gentleman. He made himself prominent by systematic "kicking," but the decisions which he criticised so severely were pronounced correct by all disinterested persons who saw the races.

The success of the meeting and the enjoyment of those present were due in great measure to Mr. H. L. Kreuder, of Nanuet. Not only did he attend to the numberless details of the trials, but he took the best of care of all the dogs, threw open his house for the club headquarters and royally entertained all who were present. The kind hospitality of

Mr. Kreuder and the ladies of the family will not be forgotten by those present at the trials. As a slight token of appreciation the club presented to Mr. Kreuder on Thanksgiving night a polished oak desk and chair. Our host was taken by surprise, but replied in a very neat speech.

The Massachusetts contingent arrived on Sunday morning and other club members came in during the afternoon. On Monday a large representation was present, but to the disappointment of all rain fell in torrents nearly all day. As it was evident that no field work could be done, the bench show, which by programme was to be held before the trials, was not hurried, and it was 11 o'clock before the first class faced the judges.

In the challenge class for dogs, 15in. and under, Racer, Jr., met Tricotrim. Both are well known. Racer better in expression, muzzle and carriage of stern, took the blue ribbon. There were no entries in challenge bitches.

In the open dog class nine beagles faced the judges. First went to Hunter, a young dog of great promise: good in head, forelegs straight and clean, good bone and well-carried tail. Fleetwood, second, is soft in coat, weak in head and bitchy in appearance. Roy K., third, is a little long cast and light in muzzle. Fairy's Lee, vhc., has good bone, but is poor in expression and carries tail badly.

No challenge bitches. The open bitch class gave the judges something to think about. As there was not room to judge them in the kennels, they were taken out on the lawn in the pouring rain. After consideration, June Rose and Fannie Racer were given equal first; both were in fine condition, and are handsome, stylish bitches. Second went to Belle of Rockland, a bitch showing true beagle character. Third was captured by Gypsy Forest. She was shown in perfect condition, has good legs and body, but is poor in head. Lady Lill, vhc., is a bitch of the correct type, but, chilled by the rain and cold wind, she moved poorly and would not show to advantage, otherwise she would undoubtedly have been higher on the list.

In challenge dogs, 15in. and under, that pretty beagle Royal Krueger took first. In challenge bitches Ava W. won. She is well known. In the open class Clyde took a blue ribbon. There were five entries in the open bitch class. Belle Ross, good in legs, feet and body, and in splendid condition, took first. Second went to Judy, who loses to Belle in body and running gear. Nibs, good in body but poor in muzzle, took third. Foxy, vhc., is light all over. In the puppy class The Pasha and The Czar, litter brothers and perfectly matched, took first and second respectively. The Pasha was in a little the best condition. Roup C., third, is light all over.

In the evening Harry Twyford and John Bateman were elected members of the club, and it was decided to begin the running of Class A., dogs 15in. and under, on the following morning.

TUESDAY.

The rain had ceased but the sky was overcast and a cold northwest wind was blowing. The party left headquarters at 7:45, and a short walk brought us to the hunting grounds.

First Series.

HUNTER—RING.—The first couple were ordered down on the edge of an oak grove, Hunter was handled by A. Parry, and Ring by T. W. Chapman. Ring at once ranged the wider and showed more dash and spirit than Hunter, who is a young dog of little experience and depended too much upon his handler. Working through the woods Ring gave tongue, but failed to find. After ranging for some time, Hunter trailed to a start. Ring was at his heels at once, but the scent seemed to be very poor on the wet leaves and neither dog followed well; there were some bad checks, and the driving was slow and unsatisfactory. Dogs tested for gunshyness and found all right. After being down 40m. they were ordered up and race given to Ring. The poor work was undoubtedly due to the water-soaked ground and strong wind.

TRICOTRIN—ROY K.—These dogs were cast off at 9:18 in oak scrub. Tricotrin was handled by D. C. Wixom, while G. E. Eska looked after Roy K. Tric ranged better than Roy, who depended entirely on his handler and showed little desire to hunt. Walking out of the oaks into a briar field Eska saw a rabbit in its form. Picking Roy up he threw him at the rabbit. The dog landed almost on the cottontail and ran him by sight at a great pace for a few yards and then stopped. Tric, called up, overran the track, circled, picked it up, ran about 100yds. and lost. Taken up at 9:40 and heat given to Tricotrin. Neither dog showed much spirit and the work done was very poor.

TONY WELLER—STORMY.—At 10:10 these beagles were cast off in a briar field, C. E. Eska handling Tony and Geo. Laick Stormy. Tony was all fire and hunt, but Stormy acted as if frightened by the crowd, ranged poorly and showed no wish to hunt. Tony gave tongue and trailed toward the spectators, but the rabbit was jumped by them before he had time to start it. Both dogs being called up, Tony took the track first, and together they drove the rabbit through the briars. Tony did most of the work, and Stormy showed but little life till he caught sight of the rabbit crossing the road. This put new spirit into him, and a pretty run followed, but Tony did much the best work whenever the rabbit made a fling. Ordered up at 10:55 and race given to Tony Weller. This heat was far better than those which had preceded it.

BILL NYE—RACER, JR.—Ordered down in a field of briars at 11:03. Bill, handled by his owner, W. H. Hyland, and Racer, Jr. by C. E. Eska. Both dogs started off with life and ranged well. A rabbit was jumped by Judge Dorsey and then dogs were called up. Bill took the track at once. Racer packed well, and together they did some fine driving till the rabbit made his fling. Both circled well, but Bill, making a beautiful cast, took the track, and during the rest of the race cut out all the work. Racer ran well and showed style and hunting sense in his work, but did not try to press to the front, seeming satisfied to follow. Bill Nye took the race after a half hour's run.

FLEETWOOD—FAIRY'S LEE.—Down at 11:40 in the briar field, Fleetwood looked after by F. W. Chapman, and Fairy's Lee by T. S. Field. Both started with life. Fairy gave tongue first and trailed prettily to a start. Fleetwood backed to him, but did not try to set the pace and was content to give tongue and follow. After some fine trailing by Fairy's Lee, the brace was taken off the rabbit, which, being but quarter grown, dodged here and there, leaving but little scent. Drawn away, the dogs worked in the thicket but failed to start. Taken up at 12:18, heat given to Fairy's Lee, who did much the best work all through the race.

SEDGEWICK—STORMY.—Sedgewick, the bye dog, was put down in edge of a swamp at 12:25 to run with Stormy, who had already run one heat, Sedgewick handled by D. C. Wixom and Stormy by his owner. Stormy started and did some splendid driving in the swamp, his beautiful voice ringing grandly. Sedgewick ran with him and tongued but little. The rabbit was lost in the wet swamp, both dogs giving voice occasionally. This heat was very unsatisfactory, as nearly all the driving was in the thick brush, where it was impossible to follow the dogs and see which was doing the work.

A halt was now made for lunch under some walnut trees, and sandwiches and cider were very acceptable to the hungry sportsmen as they sat in picturesque attitudes on some very hard rocks. After consultation the judges decided to run the second series in the order reported below.

Second Series.

TONY WELLER—BILL NYE.—Tony was handled by C. E. Eska and Bill by Wm. Hyland. These fine dogs were put down at 1:55 in thick saplings. Coming out of the woods

into a pasture both worked carefully. Here John Bateman, who had followed all the heats and tired out many a younger man, jumped a rabbit. Both dogs being called up and started even, Tony took the track first, and in a short run to a stone wall, where the rabbit holed, did most of the work. Tony cast across the wall, but Bill trailed to hole and marked. Bunny was taken from the wall and dropped in the field. Tony hit the track off at once and did some pretty work, making all the running across the field to a stone wall. Here he marked a burrow in which the rabbit had gone to earth. Ordered up at 2:30 and heat given to Tony. Some beautiful work was done in this race in full view of the spectators.

Just as the dogs were ordered up, the rabbit holed by Tony dodged out and ran into the brush at foot of the hill.

FAIRY'S LEE—RING.—Ordered down at 2:45 and put on the track of the rabbit. Fairy took the track first, Ring harked to him, and well packed they ran bunny through the open field, first one and then the other leading. Ring did much better work than in the morning, showing fire and life. It was now late in the day, dry, and very hard trailing. With many checks they drove across the open, both doing well, but Ring a little more rapid in his work. Drawn back, they did some pretty driving down the hill to the railroad track, where they were checked and failed to find, though both tongued occasionally in the swamp. Ordered up at 3:13 and decision reserved.

TRICOTRIN—STORMY.—Put down at 3:24 in open pasture, both dogs handled by owners. Stormy showed much the greater vim and desire to hunt; Tric was indifferent and hunted listlessly close to his handler. After beating a number of fields, Stormy started a rabbit in a swamp and drove him among the spectators, when he took refuge under a stump. Judge Clark bolted him out. Tric took the track and did some rapid work across a mowing field to a barn, where the rabbit went to earth. Stormy meanwhile was at fault. Drawn away to new ground, Tric showed more life, but no game was put up. After being down nearly an hour, they were taken up to be put down again in the morning.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning dawned clear, frosty and still. The party got an early start, and seven heats were run during the day.

TRICOTRIN—STORMY.—were put down at 7:50 to run off their undecided heat of yesterday. Both were handled by their owners, and worked through Demorest's orchard and a swamp to a sunny hillside, where Stormy did some pretty and rapid trailing, but failed to start; Tric followed him, but was mute. Back again in the swamp Tric got on to a rabbit and alone hustled him across the railroad track into the open woods. Stormy, put on with him, drove for some distance, doing all the work. Taken up at 9:00 and race given to Stormy, who, throughout the heat, had shown the best hunting qualities; he has a splendid voice, but is inclined to use it when there is little need.

The second undecided heat of Tuesday was next disposed of, and

FAIRY'S LEE—RING.—were laid on at 9:20 in a swamp. The dogs were handled by their owners, who worked them out of the swamp on to a side hill covered with sumach bushes. At first the dogs moved slowly, Ring having a trifle the best of it in ranging. A rabbit was started by that master of the art, John Bateman, and the dogs were called up and put on together. Neither took the track quickly, but after casting here and there Fairy's Lee hit it off with Ring at his heels. On the hillside both did pretty and stylish work, but finally lost in the open field. The handlers now did a little hunting for themselves, and bolted the rabbit from a stone wall. Both dogs were hot on, tonguing beautifully and running in full view. It was a most exciting race. Fairy's jolly handler mounted a large stump, and while he did some wonderful high kicking, called to his beagle: "Sing to him, Fairy, sing! Now the Fairy's talking! See the Fairy, hear him sing!" Both were hunting well when ordered up. Down 45m. and decision reserved.

TONY WELLER—RING.—were the next couple and were loosed at 10:20 on the sumach hillside. F. W. Chapman looked out for Ring and C. E. Eska steered Tony to victory. Both dogs got away full of fire and hunt, and after ranging for a few minutes were called to a brush heap where a rabbit had been jumped. After a little casting they took the trail together. Going down the hill Tony did the best work, but in the swamp Ring was leading as they went out of sight in the brush. Here on account of the bottomless mud it was impossible to follow closely, but they were heard merrily tonguing for some minutes. There was a check at the railway, but Tony crossed, cast in the swamp and carried the track away in fine style. Here a big cur took a hand in the running and spoiled the sport for a few minutes, but he was soon left by the beagles. Both cast prettily; Tony caught the scent first and did a beautiful piece of work, following the track through a culvert under the railroad and led into the swamp. Ring meanwhile was at fault on the other side, but backed to Tony, and together they drove the rabbit to the point of starting. Tony doing most of the work. Taken off at 11:55 and heat given to Tony Weller.

The judges now made the awards in Class A: Tony Weller first, Ring and Fairy's Lee equal second, Bill Nye and Stormy equal third.

Class B—For Bitches 15in. and Under.

The running now began in Class B, and the first brace ordered down was

LADY LEE—FANNY RACER.—Lady was handled by her owner, A. Parry, and Fanny by C. E. Eska. They beat through a pasture into the woods, where the spectators kicked out a rabbit. The dogs were called up and started even. Lady took the track first, Fanny backed well, and in open set the pace. Both worked well, showing great style and eagerness. While at fault on the side hill both backed to a hand driving near by. This dog was caught, and the bitches working beautifully drove a rabbit downhill into the swamp, and after some minutes brought him back again. Up after a half hour's run and heat given to Fanny Racer, who was a little the fastest and very quick on the turn.

FLORA K.—DORA were cast off at 12:15 on the hillside, where the last couple were taken off the rabbit. Dora was handled by Geo. Laick, and Flora by C. E. Eska. The dogs made bad work of it, but Flora finally picked up the track and with Dora did a little driving, but soon lost. Both worked with some little energy and gave tongue occasionally, but accomplished nothing. Ordered up in a half-hour and heat given to Flora K.

This finished the racing for the morning, and after lunch on the hill

GYPSY FOREST—NELLIE were loosed at 1:25, Gyp handled by A. Parry, and Nellie by D. C. Wixom. Both started off well, showing good action and style. In the woods Mr. Wixom saw a rabbit under a tree, called up his dog and poked puss out with his gun. Gyp was near, and both dogs went off at a terrific pace. It was nip and tuck between them, and altogether the fastest thing yet seen. They were at fault at a brook, but Gyp picked up the track first and in the open field cut out the work. When checked, Gyp circled wide, showing judgment and hunting sense, while Nellie potted trying to work every inch of the track. The rabbit was then jumped by some of the party and both beagles, hot on, ran to a final loss. Working through some young wood, both ranged well, but Gyp covered the most ground. It was now very dry and many likely places were drawn blank. At last a rabbit jumped from the weeds. The dogs took the track at the same moment, but lost after a short run. Soon

after Judge Dorsey saw a rabbit, and calling the dogs started it in sight of both. As it jumped Gyp came within an inch of catching it, and both beagles dashed down the hill at great speed, Gyp working two turns and Nellie one. Hard pressed, the rabbit took refuge in a wall, and both dogs marked the hole. After being down two hours, they were taken up to be put down again in the morning.

BELLE OF ROCKLAND—COUNTS JUNO.—Belle was in charge of C. E. Eska and Countess was handled by F. W. Chapman. Both started badly and with little vim. Mr. Wixom bolted a rabbit from a thicket and Juno picked up the track and ran it alone, but Belle was too fond of her handler to leave him and refused to take the track. Taken up at 4. Countess Juno won.

This finished the day's sport and all returned home thoroughly tired out. A delicious game supper, in which rabbit and quail figured, put every one at peace with himself and the world.

THURSDAY.

The morning was clear and frosty, but in the afternoon rain fell and interfered with the sport, only three races being finished.

NELLIE—GYPSY FOREST were put down in Demarest's orchard at 8 to finish the undecided heat of yesterday. Both started merrily, Gyp ranging the better. On the sumach hill Nellie tongued, and both dogs followed the trail for some distance, but it came to nothing. Judge Dorsey then bolted a cottontail from a bunch of grass. Nellie took the track first, but Gyp did most of the work and trailed to hole and marked, with Nellie close behind. The driving was slow and difficult. An unsuccessful attempt was made to get the rabbit. Then the crowd sang "The Suwanee River," and as bunny did not come out even then, he was probably killed by the first note. Drawn away, much good country was hunted without result, but at last both dogs got on a rabbit and hustled him through the thickets and briars at great speed, Gyp setting the pace but with Nellie close behind. Heat given to Gyp after being down three hours. This suit only confirmed the opinion formed yesterday, and the race should have been decided long before it was.

JUNE ROSE—TONE.—Tone, first prize winner in last year's trials, was cast off with June Rose at 11:10, both dogs handled by their owners. June showed the most vim and found after a few minutes work. Tone was on at once and away they went at a killing gait, leaving judges and handlers to smash their way through the briars as best they could. At the road the rabbit made a fling which June worked very prettily and flew down the hill, with Tone a good second. Checked, Tone cast well and hit it off; June on at once and together they did some rapid work up the hill, both dogs keen. In a long run each worked many flings without much advantage to either. Taken up at 12:20 and race given to June Rose. Fine work was done by both dogs, but June was the faster and in much better condition for hard work.

This heat ended the first series and the judges selected the couples to run in the second series as reported below:

Second Series.

COUNTS JUNO—FLORA K. were put down at 12:10 in a pasture, Messrs. Chapman and Eska handling them. Juno moved slowly without vim, while Flora hunted at a snail's pace, yapping occasionally. Up at 1:05 and the walk given to Flora K.

FANNIE RACER—GYPSY FOREST were set loose at 1:55 in edge of woods immediately after lunch. Gyp did not move with her usual style, showing her long, hard race of the morning; Fanny was full of life and spirit. Much ground was covered without finding fur. Rain began to fall as we re-entered the familiar brier field, where a half-grown rabbit was seen by Mr. Parry. It took two pokes of a stick to start him. Both dogs took the track but the driving was difficult, as the rabbit was sulky and would do nothing but dodge. The rain now came down in earnest and a start was made for home without deciding the race.

FRIDAY.

The rain had ceased and the sky was cloudless. The party made a late start, as it was almost impossible for the tired hunters to get away from their beds. There were many false starts and much babbling, but it was no use, they could not lead off. Only five heats were run, as game was very difficult to find.

GYPSY FOREST—FANNY RACER.—These stylish, pretty beagles were put down at 8:25 in Demarest's pasture. Both worked with spirit, and getting out of the field were put on a rabbit in oak underbrush. The leaves had not yet fallen, and in a few minutes judges, handlers and the few spectators who followed the hounds were dripping wet. Gyp went off in the lead, doing most of the work, though Fanny got in a turn now and then, but was not running in the form she displayed yesterday. Ordered up at 8:55 and race given to Gyp. Fanny is young and inexperienced, but will be heard from later.

TONE—NELLIE were laid on at 9:30 in our old stamping ground, the brier field. Both got away poorly, seeming stiff after yesterday's hard runs, but soon warmed to their work and moved better. Tone trailed prettily to a start. Nellie was with her at once, both hot and eager. At first Tone did the better work, but Nellie improved, and during the last of the race had everything her own way. Taken up after a half hour's run and heat given to Nellie. This was a very fast race and difficult to follow. Tone is out of condition; when in shape she is a hard one to beat.

Final Series.

JUNE ROSE—GYPSY FOREST.—Cast off at 10:15 in the briars, to run for first prize; both handled by their owner, A. Parry. Together they trailed prettily to a start in a bull brier thicket. Leading alternately, they pressed the rabbit at a great pace through the thicket, both dogs full of snap in spite of the thorns. But they could not carry the rabbit out of the bull briars, and the whole run covered but little ground, the rabbit constantly twisting, turning and playing all his tricks. Thrown off several times, they cast well, picked up the track, and were running when ordered up at 10:55. Race and first prize given to June Rose, who did the best work during this pretty run. Gypsy Forest took second prize.

FANNIE—TONE.—These beagles were put down at 11:10 to determine the third prize winner. Fannie opened first, trailed finely, but lost. The spectators started a rabbit and both dogs were called to the track and failed to take it for some minutes; then, tongue once or twice and lost in the briars. Called away, a long stretch of country was drawn blank. At last a rabbit was started in the open oak woods. Fannie did some pretty hunting, and led at first, but at a turn circled the wrong way, and Tone hit it off and had the rest of the race to herself. Tone did better work than in the previous heat. Up at 12:40 and race given to Tone. As Nellie had previously beaten Tone, the result of this race gave her third prize.

Class C—Dogs 13in. and Under.

ROYAL KRUEGER—CLYDE.—These dogs were down at 12:50 in the briars. Clyde handled by A. Perry and Roy by D. C. Wixom. Both started with style and dash, moving about alike. Roy gave tongue where the previous brace lost their rabbit, Clyde tackled with him and they did some pretty hunting, but failed to find. Ordered up at 1:27 for lunch. Cider, sandwiches and hot baked beans made the Bostonians feel at home again. Down once more at 2:10. Gun fired to test the dogs and the report started a rabbit. Both dogs did some fine hunting, but Clyde was faster and cast better when checked. The ground was very dry and trailing difficult, and the rabbit was finally lost. Up at

2:45 and heat and first prize given to Clyde; second to Royal Krueger.

Class D—Bitches 13in. and Under.

First Series.

BELLE ROSS—JUDY.—Cast off at 2:50 in briars. Belle handled by A. Parry and Judy by C. E. Eska. Judy was timid and bolted back to her box, but when brought up the second time did some ranging, but was under no control. For an hour and a half the country was scoured, but no fur or sign of it was found. Up at 4:25 to be put down again in the morning.

In the evening the field trial committee decided, in order to finish the field trials as soon as possible, to run the puppies with C. S. Wixom as judge; at the same time the regular judges could go on with Class D.

SATURDAY.

Before daylight the party were astir and hunting grounds were reached at an early hour. The sky threatened rain at sunrise, but later the sun broke through the clouds. Mr. Vredenburg, secretary of the A.K.C., accompanied the party, and saw the poorest sport of the week.

BELLE ROSS—JUDY at 6:50 were taken into oak scrub to finish undecided heat of yesterday. Judy, a timid little thing and unacquainted with her handler, was kept in chain till the rabbit was up, so as to give her every possible chance to show her quality. Put on a heat track with Belle, Judy refused to hunt. Belle ran prettily and was given the race. Judy is said to be a fine hunter, and it was unfortunate that her owner could not be present to handle her.

TOXY—AVA W.—Put down at 8:03 where last brace were taken off. Ava moved merrily and hunted well. She trailed through an open field and worked a fling very nicely, giving tongue in a beautiful pleading voice clear as a bell. Toxy seemed frightened by the crowd and worked poorly. Ava W. won in twenty minutes. Both handled by their owners.

NIBS—ROMP C.—Set loose in the briars at 8:23. Nibs, energetic and gay, hunted with spirit. Romp made little or no effort to find. A cow smashing through the bushes put up a rabbit and both dogs were put on the track. Nibs did all the work. Up at 9:13 and race given to Nibs. She is a very small beagle, but shows snap and life in her work.

Final Series.

NIBS—BELLE ROSS.—Laid on at 9:21 and moved about alike, showing spirit and hunting sense. Two very small rabbits bolted, but neither dog could do much with them, as the scent lay poorly and the rabbits refused to do anything but dodge. Taken up in a half hour. The judges gave equal firsts to Nibs and Belle Ross. Ava W. took second and Romp C. third.

Class E—Puppies.

There were but three entries present in this class, Juno having failed to appear, and they were run together.

ROMP C., THE CZAR, THE PASHA.—These pups were put down together at Blauvelt's at 7:11, C. S. Wixom acting as judge. They started no game and neither was very ambitious to hunt, but Romp C. showed a little more vim than the others and was given first. The Pasha second and the Czar third. The poor work done by these pups shows that the age limit should be extended or the class abolished.

The Absolute Winner.

The races to determine the absolute winner now came on, and better sport was expected. Romp C. Ava W. and Belle Ross were withdrawn. The judges first ordered down **CLYDE—TONY WELLER.**—They were cast off at 10:04 in the briars, Clyde in charge of A. Parry and Tony looked after by Harry Twyford. They started well, both working prettily and full of fire and hunt. Tony was the first to give tongue, Clyde trailed with him, but mute; the trail came to nothing. Other country was hunted, both working hard and occasionally finding scent enough to give tongue, but failing to get away; one promising track was carried into the swamp, but lost there. Then followed a long and tedious hunt for fur, but at last Judge Dorsey got up a rabbit from the sunny side of a rock. The dogs were put on together, Clyde hit the track a trifle in advance of Tony and going up the hill had the best of the race, working three turns in succession. Tony then settled down to business and during the rest of the race his work was superior to Clyde's. Each dog was running as if for his life, but Tony was the speedier and cut out most of the work, though Clyde took a lead in it now and then. Up at 11:47 and race given to Tony Weller.

TONY WELLER—JUNE ROSE.—Down at 11:53 on trail where last brace were taken up. Tony had had work enough to excite his best efforts, while June, just taken from her box, started without her usual life. Tony picked up the track at once and in the open woods caught a couple of turns in great style, and led away at a clipping gait through the swamp and up the hill. June did not hark to him, and before she knew what was going on was far in the rear and out of the race. Up at 12:06 and race given to Tony Weller, who thus became the absolute winner. Three hearty cheers were given for Tony, and the National Beagle Club trials for 1891 were at an end. Tony Weller (Keno—Fly) is a white, black and tan dog, whelped March 24, 1885, and is the property of Wm. H. Child. Tony is well known on the bench, and in these trials proved himself a splendid field dog. He is a rapid, energetic and stylish worker, possessed of fine judgment and hunting sense.

The judges announced that the specials were awarded as follows:

The Forest Beagle Kennels, with Hunter, June Rose, Gypsy Forest and Lady Lee, won the specials for the best kennel of four on the bench and in the field. With Hunter and June Rose they won the special for best brace on the bench.

Glenrose Kennels, with Ring and Tone, won special for best brace, dog and bitch, in the field.

Pocantico Kennels, with Stormy, won special for dog with best voice.

Hornell-Harmony Kennels, with Ava W., won special for bitch with best voice, and with Nibs special for dog winning the greatest number of heats owned, entered and handled by breeder.

Wm. H. Child, with Tony Weller, wins the club medal and the special for best trailing.

SUMMARY.

Entrance fee in each class \$5. Twenty-five dollars added in all classes where there are ten or more entries. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., third 20 per cent., of entrance fees and added money.

Class A—Dogs 15in. and Under.

First Series.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Ring beat Forest Beagle Kennels' Hunter.

Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Tricotron beat Rockland Kennels' Roy K.

Wm. H. Child's Tony Weller beat Pocantico Kennels' Stormy.

Wm. H. Hyland's Bill Nye beat Rockland Kennels' Racer Jr.

Edwin Fields' Fairy's Lee beat F. F. Ogiers's Fleetwood. Pocantico Kennels Stormy beat Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sedgewick (a bye).

Second Series.

Tony Weller beat Bill Nye. Fairy's Lee and Ring (dead heat). Stormy beat Tricotron.

Final Series.

Tony Weller (Keno—Fly) beat Ring (Victor C.—Try R.) and won first prize.

Ring and Fairy's Lee (Lee II.—Fairy) were given equal second.

Bill Nye (Rip Van Winkle—Queen Nellie) and Stormy (Royal Krueger—Pussie) were given equal third.

Class B—Bitches 15in. and Under.

First Series.

Rockland Kennels' Fanny Racer beat Forest Beagle Kennels' Lady Lee.

Rockland Kennels' Flora K. beat Pocantico Kennels' Dora.

Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsy Forest beat Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Nellie.

F. F. Ogiers's Countess Juno beat Rockland Kennels' Belle of Rockland.

Forest Beagle Kennels' June Rose beat Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Tone.

Second Series.

Flora K. beat Countess Juno.

Gypsy Forest beat Fanny Racer.

Nellie beat Tone.

Tone beat Fannie Racer.

Final Series.

June Rose (Frank Forest—Juno II.) beat Gypsy Forest (Frank Forest—Sue Forest) and won first prize.

Gypsy Forest won second.

Nellie (Rattler—Rosebud) won third.

Class C—Dogs 13in. and Under.

First Series.

Bradford S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest) beat Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger (Bannerman—Cora) and won first prize.

Royal Krueger won second.

Class D—Bitches, 13in. and under.

First Series.

Bradford S. Turpin's Belle Ross beat W. H. Ashburner's Judy.

Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W. beat Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Toxy.

Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Nibs beat Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Romp C.

Final Series.

Belle Ross (Ross W.—Cricket) and Nibs (Royal Krueger—Midge) won equal first.

Ava W. (Royal Krueger—Midge) won second.

Romp C. (Tony—Skippy) won third.

Class E—Puppies.

Glenrose Kennels' Romp C. (Tony—Skippy) won first.

Rockland Kennels' The Pasha (Mac—Fanny K.) second.

Rockland Kennels' The Czar (Mac—Fanny K.) won third. BRADLEY.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Monday, Nov. 30.—There was every promise on Saturday last that we should have fair weather to commence these trials in, but even down here the weather indulges in vagaries that upset the best laid plans. Yesterday opened with a snowstorm, and toward night a heavy frost set in, so that all thoughts of running to-day had to be abandoned. There are several visitors here and the full complement of handlers. Those present are Messrs. P. H. O'Bannon and Harry Smoot, Sperryville, Va.; R. L. McCook, New York; Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.; Captain Wainman and F. L. Bevan, Ashboro, N. C.; S. L. Boggs and Joe Lewis, Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. A. Upson, Cleveland, O.; J. M. Tracy, Hempstead, L. I.; N. Wallace, Waterbury, Conn.; C. C. M. Hunt, Palmyer, N. Y.; J. H. and J. A. Hunter, Sanborn, Ind.; S. C. Bradley, J. B. Stoddard and John White, Thomasville, N. C.; J. M. Avenet, Hickory Valley, Tenn.; Charles Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.; D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, La.; Charles Barker, Ravenna, Neb.; John Lewis, Ramsey, N. J.; E. T. McMurdo and C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.; S. J. McCartney, E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del.; Dr. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; B. Waters, V. M. Haldeman and Major J. M. Taylor, and Angus Cameron, England.

The draw for the Setter Derby took place this morning in the club room. The order of running is: E. J. Meyer's Prima Dona with Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark; J. K. Garnet's Ned Noble with N. T. Harris's Wun Lung; Royal Phelps Carroll's Iza with Blue Ridge Kennels' Landress; W. B. Meares, Jr.'s, McMurdo with Harry Northwood's Amy Robsart; W. F. Burdell and J. D. Poston's Latonia II. with J. M. Avenet and Bayard Thayer's Camille; Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, Lora with Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper; Randolph Kennels' Randolph's Roy a bye. The club has secured another farm in place of the Smith farm, that was so far away from town. This is the Hargreaves farm, and the ground is excellently adapted for the trials. Game is plentiful and there is little brier and thick cover, making it an excellent place for the running of the Derby Stakes. Jack Frost still holds the soil in his firm grip, but the sun melted most of the snow during the day, and no doubt a late start will be made in the morning. H. W. L.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1.—The trials commenced this morning with a late start in delightful weather. Snow nearly all gone. In the first heat Hope's Mark had the better range and hunted with more judgment than Prima Donna and did best work on birds; neither did well toward the finish. Wun Lung ran rings round Ned Noble, and had the best of it on birds and was steadier. Iza had better range and speed than Landress, but little judgment; Iza had little the best of it on birds, but neither are likely to be seen in finish. Amy Robsart showed better work than McMurdo, the latter breaking in several times, and will hardly remain in. Latonia was lame when called to run with Camille; hurt her shoulder in wagon. Camille then ran with Randolph's Roy, Camille under little control and starting with a long chase after hare; neither steady to wing. Afterward Roy had slight advantage on birds, but Camille showed best pace and range. Lora and Bob Cooper will both stay in; they ranged well and were about equal on birds. This ended first series. Judges have just announced that Bob Cooper, Wun Lung, Hope's Mark, Amy Robsart and Lora remain in, and Iza, Camille and Ned Noble in reserve.

The Pointer Derby draw resulted: Jas. E. Mahaffy's Prince, Jr., with Charlottesville Kennels' Mainstay; Hunter Bros.' Black Wonder with J. R. Daniels's Promotion; Charlottesville Kennels' Outcast with W. G. Brokaw's Bob; Charlottesville Kennels' Exile with Beresford Kennels' Dauntless.

We regret to hear that Mr. Thomas Statter, of Manchester, England, whose name is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as one that was long identified as an owner and breeder of some of the most celebrated pillars of the stud in the Laverack setter, is now a confirmed invalid. To pass the time away he has written a book on pointers and setters, which will shortly be published. Such a book is bound to be interesting to the present generation, who have necessarily an imperfect knowledge of the earlier dogs to which they delight in tracing back the pedigrees of the dogs they own to-day—Rhobe, Moll, Blue Dash and all the rest of them.

LORD CLOVER'S PEDIGREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When compiling the "Prize Pugs of America and England," I had even better facility for obtaining information regarding prize pugs than the owner of Lord Clover can possibly command, yet I failed to obtain any reliable information regarding champion Little Dorrit, and came to the conclusion that such a dog was a myth, hence the curtailing of the pedigree. Of course I was in possession of a pedigree advertised by a former owner of Lord Clover, which gave champion Little Dorrit as his grand dam, but I did not consider such information reliable. In fact Lord Clover is not the grandson of champion Little Dorrit. There is not now and never has been any champion Little Dorrit, and he who advertises a pedigree which includes such a dog makes a great deal more serious breach of the rules which should govern dog breeders than would result from curtailing a disputed pedigree.

I am glad to see, however, that our friend comes down to plain Little Dorrit in his last letter. Let him stick to that and I shall feel that the "Prize Pugs of America and England" has accomplished something toward the end for which it was compiled.

With respect to the alleged discrepancies in the "Prize Pugs of America and England," pointed out in our friend's letter, I would just say that if he read with as much intelligence as he appears to write, he would scarcely have attempted to find fault. He claims that on page 14 I give one pedigree for Stingo Sniffles and on page 130 a different one. Now, as a matter of fact, on page 14 the pedigree mentioned is in a quotation from the English *Kennel Gazette*, and is printed between quotation marks, and the error contained therein is not mine. Moreover, the quotation does not come under the head of pedigrees, and an intelligent reader would never look for a pedigree in that portion of the book, which refers to the origin of the pug generally.

It would be equally clear to an intelligent reader that Little Dunt, mentioned in Rustic Queen's pedigree, is a printer's error, and should be read Little Dorrit, and more especially is this clear if Rustic Queen's dam What's That's pedigree is turned to on a subsequent page.

I am glad to find that our friend, who has evidently been straining himself in the effort, has been able to find so little real fault with the "Prize Pugs of America and England." It is very evident that he is sore because the pedigree of his dog has been called into question, and this in the more noticeable from the way in which he attempts to hit off his reference to my editorial career with the scissors; but this, too, falls flat, for, on reference to the "Prize Pugs of America and England," he will find the following sentence: "There is in this work very little which the writer claims as original, except the method of compiling information."

Yes! no doubt of it he is sore! He should not blame me so much, though, but turn his attention to those who attempted to find the dog a "champion" granddam on his maternal side. Had it not been for the one first prize which Lord Clover was particularly lucky in winning, even his curtailed pedigree would never have appeared in the "Prize Pugs of America and England."

M. H. CRYER.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.

THE PEARL OF PEKIN INCIDENT.

DENVER, Colorado, Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 19th inst. Mr. W. Wade takes issue with Mr. J. H. LeMoine, in regard to the language used by the latter in commenting upon the Pearl of Pekin vs. Chicopee Lass controversy.

The rule governing the riding over of an opponent's dog was made to cover such cases as that of Mr. J. J. Edmonds' riding over Pearl of Pekin in her course with Chicopee Lass. Had some stranger ridden over Pearl, Mr. Bartels (the owner of Pearl) would have been and should have been the one to suffer thereby, but as Mr. Edmonds (his opponent) was the one to ride over Pearl, Mr. Bartels was not the one who should have suffered by the accident. On the contrary, Mr. Edmonds should have suffered the consequence of his own act, even though it was an accident, and should never have allowed his opponent to suffer by any act of his own, even though it be an accident. Neither law nor equity will in such a case allow the opponent, an unoffending party, to be the one to suffer. For this reason the rule was made, and it was made mandatory: "The course shall be given to the owner of the dog so ridden over, etc.," is certainly mandatory. There is no room for discussion, as to the meaning of the rule, and when the majority of the Executive Committee of the American Coursing Club sustained Mr. Edmonds, they knowingly rode over the rules which they were elected to enforce.

Accident cuts no figure, for the rule was made for the purpose of imposing the penalty upon the proper party, whether the riding over be an accident or not. In a case of this kind the Draconian rule (as Mr. Wade is pleased to term it) works no hardships; it merely puts the hardship where it belongs—on the offending party and not on the injured party. Surely Mr. Wade would not expect the innocent and unoffending party to suffer by the act of an opponent, and have the offending party escape without a scratch, even though the act were unintentional.

When I consider how plainly the rule reads and how imperative and mandatory it is, I must agree with Mr. J. H. LeMoine in denouncing the decision of said executive committee as a "most unrighteous decision" and an "outrageous departure from honest judging."

I notice that Mr. Wm. Green, who judged the Great Bend meet of 1889, and who is conceded by the leading coursing men of the country to be its best judge of coursing, in *Turf, Field and Farm* of the 20th inst. takes the same stand that Mr. LeMoine has taken, to wit: Mr. Edmonds' intent, cuts no figure. How any one can construe the rule otherwise is beyond my comprehension. It is certainly not necessary to be a lawyer to understand the rule; any one able to read ought to be able to understand it. It is very evident that Mr. Wade is no lawyer, as he has informed us. Had he been he would have read the rule and would not have called Mr. J. H. LeMoine to task for stating the truth, and calling spades spades.

JOHN H. GOWER.

DOG CHAT.

ON Tuesday evening, Nov. 24, the handlers and visitors present at the Irish setter trials at High Point, N. C., were invited to a little social reunion in the dining room of the hotel. Speeches were made by nearly every one present, and whether it was the juice from the apple that steamed in the *Item* trophy or the enthusiasm developed by the success of the trials, we do not know; but certain it is that considerable oratorical ability was displayed by one and another. This led Mr. John White, in his inimitable style, to tell us that he was certain the emancipation of Ireland was now an assured fact, although this did not interest him personally so much, as he was of Norman descent himself. Then Mr. Stoddard, who had acted as one of the judges, made a humorous break that we who are acquainted with this veteran handler will appreciate. The joker rose to his feet and opened his speech with, "I never had but one Irish setter, and that I shot." This brought down the house, but he saved himself by claiming it was an accident. Tom Aldrich, in his dry, humorous way, told us how he had started the Irish setter trials by running his dog in the first heat. The vice-president took the chair and Mrs. Jarvis and Davis both spoke feelingly and to the point on the red dog, and altogether it was a very pleasant two hours that we spent.

We have received the premium list of the dog show to be

held by the Rhode Island Poultry Association, Dec. 17, at Providence, R. I. The classification is liberal, sexes being divided in all breeds. The prizes are \$3 and \$2 in every class, and each breed has a special of \$1 for the best. Several specials are given in cups and money. The entry fee of \$1 and \$1 kennel fee is, however, rather too much for the amount of prize money offered. Entries close Dec. 12 with Mr. R. G. Davis, Box 1061, Providence, R. I. It is intended, we believe, should this little show stir up enough interest among Rhode Island fanciers, to form a kennel club and apply next year to the A. K. C. for admission. There are numerous members of dogdom in this section of the country, and there should be little difficulty in holding a good show in Providence, especially as its close proximity to Boston would draw a big entry from the city of culture.

Mr. Pritchard, manager of the Fleur City Kennels, writes us enthusiastically about their new mastiff Cardinal Beaufort. He is making up into a grand dog, his hocks, about which there was some doubt, having come all right, and altogether this country seems to have agreed with him; and it is intimated that their Ilford Chancellor must look to his laurels. It will be remembered that Cardinal Beaufort was a prize winner in the best company on the other side before Mr. Moore purchased him for Mr. Whitney.

The proprietor of the Menthon Kennels will offer at the coming New York show a free service to Lord Bute to the best American-bred St. Bernard bitch, and for the second best a free service to Lord Thorndale, or by paying \$65 the service of Lord Bute can be secured instead.

When we met Mr. Roger Williams at the Lexington, Ky., show he told us that he had just shipped a greyhound pup to Dr. Van Hummel and expatiated on its merits to some extent. He was not far wrong, for that was Van's Peter, that afterward won the Great Bend Derby with only three weeks' preparation.

The Central City Kennel Club, of Jackson, Mich., held its annual meeting in the parlors of the Commercial Hotel and elected officers as follows: Pres., Dr. Edwin L. Kimball; Vice-Pres., S. H. Slifer; Sec'y, Chas. H. Ruhl; Treas., Chas. W. Sarvis. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Sarvis for the successful and entirely satisfactory manner in which he superintended the bench show last year, and he was unanimously chosen to serve as superintendent of the bench show to be held Feb. 16 to 19 inclusive. Mr. Sarvis, through his intelligent supervision of last year's show, made many friends for the club.

As a result of his advertisement in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Mr. R. D. Stocking has sold all his dogs and he wishes us to say that "those not receiving answer to their inquiries will know why."

Among the new kennel ads this week are the following offers for sale: W. H. Hyland setters; C. R. Raynor, setters; Will Allen, pointers; 988 Prospect avenue, setters; 173 Bergen avenue, St. Bernards; Prairie Mound Kennels, setters; Dana Rhodes, setter; S. B. Bowen, mastiffs; John P. Barnard, bulldogs; Box 70, beagles; Ray Hildebrandt, beagle; H. F. Littlefield, collies; H. Fred Church, terriers; D. A. Goodwin, setters; C. T. Brownell, setters; P. H. Hacke, Barzois; Dr. Lordy, setters; W. F. Foss, setters; Edward Lever, terriers; J. G. Glover setters; Jos. Baird, setters; Janitor, pointer; Geo. W. La Rue, setters; F. A. wants two setters.

In the Albany suit brought by George B. Gallup against August Belmont and other members of the American Kennel Club for libel, the General Term on last Monday gave judgment for the defendants.

Wife—"My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog."

Husband—"Well, never mind, my dear, I'll get you another one some time."

Wife—"But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your hunting dog."

Husband (wildly)—"Where is my gun?"—N. Y. Herald.

THE "SIBERIAN BLOODHOUND"

TREATOR, Ill., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the discussion regarding the Massachusetts law, it may be interesting to many to know the origin of the so-called "Siberian bloodhound." Some twenty years ago Mr. George E. Stevens first introduced to the general public a number of great Danes, which he imported for use in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. He pictured them on his bills as great ferocious monsters, with red mouths and blood dripping lips, in pursuit of Eliza Harris. To further thrill the public he called them "Siberian bloodhounds." The name originated in his own fertile brain and was purely the inspiration of a theatrical manager, who was seeking something sensational for advertising purposes. These animals heavily chained and muzzled he paraded up and down the streets in the different cities he visited. Other enterprising managers soon followed his example, and within a few years every place of any importance had been introduced to the great "Siberian bloodhound." It is not to be wondered at that an ordinary legislature made the mistake of believing that these dogs lived on raw human blood.

Mr. Stevens now lives at St. Joseph, Mich., and while he has discarded the "Siberian bloodhounds" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he maintains a kennel of sporting dogs and manages a theatrical company of a different kind. J. W. FORNOF.

CASHIER'S WINNINGS.—Cincinnati, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If Matthew Henry had been prompt and had nerve enough he could have won some money by accepting my offer to bet that Cashier was eligible to challenge class in pugs at Lexington. Too late now, as per letter from Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, dated Nov. 17, the American Kennel Club has decided that under Rule 18 Cashier was not. Rule 18 reads that "in estimating number of prizes a dog has won, with reference to competing in challenge class or not, the prizes won in open class shall be calculated up to 12 P. M. of day preceding the closing of entries of (next) show." This is a plain case of a "poor rule that don't work both ways," and shows the urgent need of a new rule to govern just such cases as Cashier's, where a dog has won his four firsts in open class and is honestly entitled to the win he made in challenge, looking at the matter from a common sense standpoint. One day deprives him of this, a close call and the first case of the kind I've heard of. The only grasshopper that was flying in the field had to hit me, but I can stand it; so can Cashier, and we'll both come up smiling for the next round just the same.—A. L. G. EBERHART.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. *Potteen, Superba and Irene II.* By E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., for two wheaten and one red Irish terrier bitches, whelped Jan. 13, 1891, by Mars (Benedict-Irene) out of Sandy (champion Dennis-Sandycroft Vim). *Gem of Gem.* By A. W. Purbeck, Salem, Mass., for white and

red greyhound dog, whelped Aug. 23, 1891, by Gem of the Season (Ivanhoe-Fly II.) out of Lady Clara.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Maud Torrington—Gem of the Season. A. L. Page's (Stanley, N. J.) greyhound bitch Maud Torrington to A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season (Ivanhoe-Fly II.), Nov. 22.

Bernard Beauty—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Worcester, Mass.) rough St. Bernard bitch Bernard Beauty (Don-Gretna) to his Count (champion Apollo—champion Miranda), Oct. 2.

Dell—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Worcester, Mass.) rough St. Bernard bitch Dell (Everest—Squa) to his Count (champion Apollo—champion Miranda), Oct. 3.

Bayadere—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Worcester, Mass.) rough St. Bernard bitch Bayadere (champion Bayard—Brunhilda) to his Count (champion Apollo—champion Miranda), Oct. 10.

Kitty—Gem of the Season. W. Tozier's (Fairfield, Me.) greyhound bitch Kitty (Jack Keeley—Needle) to A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season (Ivanhoe-Fly II.), Nov. 15.

Wrinkle—Bradford Ruby II. Mrs. H. Hammond's (Chicago, Ill.) pug bitch Wrinkle (Joe II.—East Lake Virginia) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Nov. 11.

Rubie—Eberhart's Cashier. Mrs. B. Strauss's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Rubie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Nov. 23.

Gyp—Red Rover. S. Matteson's (Camden, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gyp (Prince Albert—Golden Floss) to T. J. Hook's champion Red Rover (champion Obo II.—Weststock Dinah), Nov. 12.

James Mortimer sends us the following list of visits to King of Kent, all of recent date, with the apt remark that the long list goes far to show that the popularity of pointers is not on the wane. The list is: J. E. Smith's (Dubuque, Ia.) Mollie Bang, Quick & Vickery's (Lewell, Mich.) Daisy, F. S. Webster's (Washington, D. C.) Lassie Bang, J. B. Wickery's (St. Paul, Minn.) Chicago Fawn, Robt. Leslie's (Lynd, Mass.) Belle Randolph, D. H. Moore's (Boston, Mass.) Babe Graphia, J. N. Pike's (Malden, Mass.) Clip, F. Larkin, Jr.'s (Sing Sing, N. Y.) Betsy Bracket, Wm. F. Taber's (Long Branch, N. J.) bitch by Mainspring, W. E. Field's (St. Louis, Mo.) Queen, Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) Woolton Game, Chas. B. Pine's (Bar Harbor, Me.) Mollie Bang, F. E. Lewis's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) Lady Tammany, Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Sal, Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Nan.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

East Lake Virgie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Nov. 13, two bitches, by O. P. Klauke's Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

Bonnie. L. E. Noble's (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bonnie (Sir Herbert—Marvel), Nov. 3, eleven (five dogs), by Wheelock's Scotch Bonivard (champion Bonivard—Mirza).

Kathleen. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Kathleen (Play Boy—Banshee II.), Nov. 18, seven (two dogs), by his Nailer (Badger Boy—Sandy).

Kitty. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Kitty (Ben—Fortune), Sept. 14, five (four dogs), by his Vortigern II. (champion Vortigern—Luce).

Lily of Gainsboro. A. W. Purbeck's (Salem, Mass.) greyhound bitch Lily of Gainsboro (Laocoon—), Nov. 18, seven (four dogs), by his Gem of the Season (Ivanhoe-Fly II.).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Lass. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 17, 1893, by T'm out of Baby Flora, by Seminoles Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. L. Abbey, Detroit, Mich.

Elo. Red Irish setter dog, whelped August, 1887, by champion Elo, Jr. out of Maggie H., by Seminoles Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. J. G. Ely, Hamburg, Conn.

Captain S. Red Irish setter dog, whelped 1889, by Seminoles Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. H. Harker, East Liverpool, O.

Dinah. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1890, by Glenn out of Lady Trefoil, by Seminoles Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. Atlee Burrell & Co., same place.

Little Bonnor. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 10, 1891, by Bonnor out of Ruby N., by Seminoles Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. O. Spencer, Ind.

L. W. Clute. South Ballston, N. Y., has sold: *Nellie D. Croxeth.* Pointer bitch, whelped March 9, 1887, by Count Croxeth out of Lo Faust, to Earle & McNaair, Elburn, Ill.

Lenox. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June, 1889, by Fresh out of Lott, to C. H. Hookroy, Remington, Pa.

Bright C. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 7, 1891, by Van L. out of Nellie D. Croxeth, to D. F. Perry, Columbus, Ind.

Liver and white pointer dog, same litter, to C. E. Morris, Wilton, Conn.

Bonny Croxeth and Thora Croxeth. Liver and white pointer bitches, same litter, to Wm. Geneste, New Orleans, La.

Lenor. White, lemon ticked, pointer bitch, same litter, to C. H. Miller, Spencer, Ind.

Madrell. Liver and white pointer bitch, same litter, to E. Bercher, New Orleans, La.

Lily White. White, ticked with lemon, pointer bitch, same litter, to E. K. Zimmerman, Johnstown, Pa.

Rex—Dircy whelps. Pug dogs, whelped April 18, 1891, one to F. C. Vuger, South Elberton, N. Y., and one each to Geo. Moore and J. E. Brownell, Schenectady, N. Y.

Gipsy. Pug bitch, same litter, to Mrs. T. Loveland, South Ballston, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THERE are now two pending dates for shoots in the contest for the Amateur Revolver Championship of America. The first is at the rooms of the New York Pistol Club, No. 12 St. Mark's place (8th street), near 3d avenue, on Saturday evening next, Dec. 5. Any New York revolver shot wishing to compete under the conditions will find an opportunity on that evening. President Oehl, of the club, will shoot, as well as several members.

The next date already fixed is for Philadelphia, to be at the new Wurflein Rifle and Pistol Association rooms on the evening of Dec. 12. It is likely that some ten members of the association will then make scores. A representative of *FOREST AND STREAM* will be present and conduct the contest.

Other dates have been asked for at various points, and will be arranged as rapidly as possible. The Williamsport Club and the Wayne Club, both of Pennsylvania, have expressed a desire to enter the list with their revolver constituent, and will be given opportunity of rolling up scores.

With the opening of the shoots the suggestion was sent from *FOREST AND STREAM* to the various revolver making companies that they offer prizes supplementary to the main offer of the Winans trophy to the winner, provided the winning was done with a revolver of their make. The Colt Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co. promptly responded from Hartford that they would be pleased to offer one of their dainty and accurate 22-caliber Lightning rifles as a gift to the man who takes first place with a Colt, and the Smith & Wesson Co., from Springfield, Mass., as announced in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, offers the winner a choice of revolver from their works, and, in explaining their gift, say:

"We impose no conditions in connection with the giving of a prize to the winner of the revolver championship. It is for our interests to encourage all such contests, and we have sufficient confidence in the accuracy of our revolvers to believe such inducements to use them quite unnecessary. Their own merits and record will determine this point to our satisfaction, and we do not consider it among the impossibilities that the winner may trace his ability to assume the title to the fact that he used the Smith & Wesson revolver in the contest."

As already stated, *FOREST AND STREAM* will add to the main prize a purse of \$100 cash, to go 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the second, third and fourth place men respectively. This for the encouragement of the men who try but miss it by perhaps a fraction of an inch on the aggregate. With the opening of the shoots

interest has gone up with a bound. As it is desirable to bunch the shooting as much as possible, FOREST AND STREAM would esteem it a favor if shooters in other cities would write about dates, etc. Chicago, St. Louis and Boston should each furnish a batch of targets for the final measuring up.

NEW JERSEY RIFLE SHOOTING.

[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]

HEADQUARTERS OF CLUBS.

Miller R. C., 80 Hudson street, Hoboken.
Union R. C., 223 First street, Hoboken.
Friday Night R. C., 210 Washington street, Hoboken.
Excelsior R. C., 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City.
Seitz R. C., 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.
Palisade R. C., 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

The Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark, N. J., held a most successful outing at the Newark Shooting Park on Thanksgiving Day. Shooting, bowling and athletic events were the features of the day. In shooting, first prize was captured by J. Coppersmith with a score of 67, and he was made the recipient of the "Old King" medal. C. Townsend followed with a score of 59, securing the second prize, a handsome silver medal. John Bandier secured the third prize and bronze medal with a score of 56; fourth prize was secured by F. Freisenhner, 41; fifth, G. U. Wiegman, 34; 6th, F. P. Laury, 37; seventh, J. Donnelly, 30; eighth, H. D. Tovering, 29; ninth, Alderman F. A. Freisenhner, 29; tenth, Gu. Goerk, 29; eleventh, Fred Knothe, 28; twelfth, A. O. Hunkizer, thirteenth, Marcus Furth, 8; fourteenth, Chas. Roh, 7; fifteenth, A. Mibler, 6. Members who shot on this target were asked to subscribe a prize valued at not less than \$1. A number of handsome prizes were distributed to the shooters.

Point target, first prize, G. D. Wiegman; second, John Bandier. The day's sports ended with desperate endeavors of the members to catch a lively pig. A fine dinner was served to the now thoroughly famished members and guests, who discussed it with a relish. It closed up a day of excellent sport. The club is now in very good standing and at present one of the leading clubs of Newark. The club's second team will shoot a match with the Putnam R. C., of the same city, at the Our Own's range, on Wednesday, Dec. 2.

EXCELSIOR RIFLE CLUB, Jersey City, Tuesday, Nov. 24, 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250. The scores made in the shoot for weekly class medals were as follows:
W. Manning..... 25 25 25 24 24 24 24 24 22-241
W. Boag..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 22-238
W. Robidoux..... 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 23 22-236
W. J. Hennessy..... 25 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 21-230-224
O. C. Boyce..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 23 22-230-221
J. Hughes..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 23 22-229
C. L. Finney..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 23 21-228
C. Baule..... 25 25 25 25 25 21 20 20 20-226
W. Weber..... 25 25 24 23 23 23 23 23 20 18-224
J. Speicher..... 25 24 23 23 23 23 23 23 21 21-221
G. C. Varick..... 25 24 23 23 23 23 23 23 21 20-222
B. Clark..... 25 25 24 22 21 21 21 21 21 20-221
F. Hansen..... 25 24 24 23 23 21 21 20 20-218
Adam Hauck..... 25 23 23 23 23 21 21 21 21 18-217
The medal winners were: First class, W. J. Manning, 241; second, J. Hughes, 229; third, C. Boag, 238. During the evening Chris Baule was prevailed upon by Colin Boag to tell of his exciting adventures with a band of cannibals way back in the 50s. Chris had been talking for about fifteen minutes when he noticed that every man but himself had left the place.

PALISADE RIFLE CLUB.—Capt. John Reinhardt, Jersey City Heights, Tuesday evening, Nov. 24. Ten shots, off-hand on 25-ring American target, possible 250:
Capt. Reinhardt..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 22 22 22-231
C. Schrodter..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 21 21 21-227
G. Finger..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 21 21 21-227
Geo. L. Graf..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 21-227
James Johnson..... 25 25 24 23 23 23 22 21 21-226
H. Rosenthal..... 24 23 23 23 23 22 22 21 21-222
L. Harvey..... 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 20 20 10-221
G. G. Thompson..... 24 23 23 23 23 22 21 20 20-218
J. J. Dwyer..... 25 24 23 23 23 22 22 21 21-218
The club sat down to an excellent spread on Thanksgiving Day at their headquarters. Speeches were made by Capt. Reinhardt and Sec'y Finger. An exhibition of fancy shooting was given by Geo. G. Graf and S. Johnson, which was well received by the guests present.

UNION RIFLE CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., Capt. Henry Becker, Nov. 24. Ten shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:
A. Meyers..... 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 21 21-225
C. Schrodter..... 25 24 24 23 23 21 21 21 20-223
F. Brandt..... 25 24 24 23 23 20 20 20 20-220
G. M. Roedel..... 25 24 24 23 23 20 20 20 20-218
J. Meyer..... 25 24 23 23 23 20 20 20 20-218
T. Fitzsimmons..... 25 24 23 23 23 21 21 21 20-218
L. J. Sinclair..... 25 24 23 23 23 21 21 21 20-218
L. Soh..... 25 24 23 23 23 22 21 19 19-217
H. Becker..... 25 24 23 23 23 22 21 19 19-217
H. Harmon..... 25 25 24 23 23 21 21 19 18-216
F. K. Hoyt..... 25 25 24 23 23 21 21 19 18-216
L. H. Hart..... 25 25 24 22 21 21 21 20 20 19-215
S. A. Russell..... 25 25 24 23 21 20 19 19 19-214
F. V. D. Heyden..... 25 24 24 24 23 22 19 18 17-213
B. J. Link..... 25 23 23 23 23 19 19 18 18-210
J. Feuerbach..... 25 24 23 23 21 20 20 20 15-210
C. W. Russell..... 25 24 23 23 21 20 20 18 17-206
D. Meyers..... 24 24 23 23 21 20 20 18 17-206
F. Kalmeyer..... 24 24 23 23 21 17 17 17-200
H. Watson..... 24 23 23 22 22 19 18 17 17-200
F. Kleist..... 24 23 20 20 20 20 20 18 15-200
L. Schmidt..... 24 23 23 21 20 19 18 18-200
The medal winners were: First class, A. Meyers; second, G. M. Roedel; third, Joseph Feuerbach. Team shooting followed, with this result, between teams captained by L. Schmidt and F. Kleist:
Schmidt's Team..... 231
Kleist's Team..... 229
A. Meyers..... 231
C. Schrodter..... 229
G. M. Roedel..... 231
F. Brandt..... 231
J. Meyer..... 230
L. Soh..... 233
J. D. Sinclair..... 228
T. Fitzsimmons..... 228
H. Becker..... 230
H. Harmon..... 224
F. K. Hoyt..... 212
L. H. Hart..... 210
F. V. D. Heyden..... 230
B. J. Link..... 210
J. Feuerbach..... 210
C. W. Russell..... 210
D. Meyers..... 210
F. Kalmeyer..... 210
H. Watson..... 210
F. Kleist..... 210
L. Schmidt..... 210-1765 Chas. Wiskow..... 210-1767

FRIDAY NIGHT RIFLE CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 27. Ten shots off-hand, 25 ring targets, possible 250:
E. Phalon..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 23 20-233
A. Guerber..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 22 22 19-230
H. Spahr..... 25 25 25 24 23 23 22 22 20-227
L. Geils..... 25 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 19-222
C. O. Miles..... 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 20 20-221
F. Mullen..... 25 25 24 23 23 21 21 20 20-219
T. Davison..... 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 20 20-219
J. Campbell..... 25 23 23 23 23 22 21 21 20 18-216
C. Gardner..... 24 23 23 21 21 21 21 30 19-209
The club held a well attended reception and presentation gathering on Nov. 17, a gold medal was presented to genial "Chris" Guerber for making the highest average during the year. President August Guerber made the presentation speech, Chris gracefully responded. Refreshments were then discussed, after which the company were entertained by George Jeffries in inimitable song, and his Hebrew impersonations raised shouts of laughter. Messrs. Eddie Phalon and Lou Geils rendered some excellent banjo solos. John Chavanne and George Brandt also favored the company.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—Captain Richard W. Dewey, Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday, Nov. 25. Ten shots, off-hand, American 25-ring target, possible 250. The scores made in the shoot for class medals were:
D. Miller..... 25 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 21-237
C. Judson..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 22-237
L. Soh..... 25 25 25 23 23 23 23 23 21-235
G. Schlecht..... 25 25 24 24 24 23 23 23 20-235
W. Forkel..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 21-233
F. Brandt..... 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 21 21-233
B. Fischer..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 23 21 20-230
V. H. Kruse..... 25 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 20-229
H. Kattenkamp..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 21 21 20-229
Capt. Dewey..... 25 25 23 23 23 23 23 23 22-228
A. Stadler..... 25 24 23 23 23 23 22 21 21-227
F. Liell..... 25 24 24 23 23 23 21 20 20-224
J. Carragher..... 25 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 20-224
G. C. Varick..... 25 25 24 24 23 23 22 21 20-224
C. A. Rogers..... 25 24 24 23 23 23 21 21 20-222
J. Tobler..... 25 24 23 23 23 21 21 21 20-221
A. Meyns..... 25 24 23 23 23 21 21 21 20-221
W. T. Taylor..... 25 24 23 23 23 21 21 21 19-221
H. Cordts..... 25 23 23 23 23 21 21 21 21-219

H. Selteneich..... 25 23 23 23 23 22 22 21 18-218
L. Lohman, Jr..... 25 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18-217
L. Lohman, Sr..... 25 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18-217
P. Kammer..... 25 24 23 23 22 21 20 19 18-205
J. J. Devitt..... 23 23 23 23 20 20 18 18 18-202
F. Dunstead..... 25 25 25 25 20 18 17 16 14-202
A poultry shoot followed. Geo. Schlecht secured first pick with a clean score, 25 25-75. H. Selteneich secured second with a score of 25 25-73. H. Lohman, Jr., F. Brandt, and J. H. Kruse followed respectively with scores of 25 24-72, 25 24-72 and 25 24-72. A social session followed. JAY H. KAY.

MAGAZINE ARMS.—The Secretary of War in his report for presentation to Congress says: "During the year a board has been appointed consisting of officers of the ordnance, cavalry and infantry, to consider, test and report upon magazine small arms. They have considered the arms in use by the principal European armies, but a satisfactory smokeless powder is an essential element for consideration in fixing upon the reduced caliber. Their experiments and reports of similar trials made abroad indicate that magazine arms are still so far from perfection that it is not wise to change from our present excellent single loader to a magazine system in too great haste. If we have been slow in this matter we have at least been slow in the great expense incurred by most foreign nations in adopting an unsatisfactory magazine arm prematurely. The board, which has not as yet made a report, is still conducting experiments, and is giving American inventors every aid and facility for perfecting and testing their arms."

Trap Shooting.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 8.—Springfield, N. J. Union Gun Club, all day shoot at bluebirds. E. D. Miller.
Dec. 25.—Athens, Pa. Tournament, at kingbirds and live pigeons. W. K. Park, Sec'y.

1892.

June 13-18.—New York State Sportsmen's Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Mowry, Sec'y.

THE CLUB CUP.

The second contest for the possession of this massive silver trophy occurred on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Bergen Point, N. J., on Tuesday, Nov. 24. The cup is competed for yearly and is open to teams of four representing the Larchmont, Tuxedo, Carteret, Country and Westminster Kennel clubs. On the first competition, which was held on the grounds of the Country Club, the Carterets captured the prize; their team then defeated the Larchmonts on this occasion, they scored an early victory, but without a hot fight, the team of the Country Club pushing them to the extreme, and a shoot-off was necessary to decide the contest. The weather conditions on the day of the affair were far from being pleasant, a cold, cutting atmosphere and a sharp wind chilled the shooters when at the score, and heavy wraps were in demand by the spectators who left the shelter of the clubhouse to witness the prominent club men present. We noticed J. B. Metcalf, Geo. Van Wageningen, J. Bryar, Newberry Thorne, D. Thompson, H. C. Beadleson, Robt. B. Lawrence, Arthur Duane, Jordan L. Mott, Jr., E. S. Chapin, W. Hoey, Dr. G. Lee Knapp, W. Gerard, Clarence Dolan, W. G. Murphy, W. Watrous, Charles Duggin, Judge Dugro, David Johnson, F. T. Moorehead, R. B. Floyd-Jones, Paul G. Thebaud, E. A. Schultz, F. E. Potts, Vincent Murphy, E. J. Leelan, W. H. Locke, W. H. Stafford, Oakleigh Thorpe, Justus von Gump, Harry C. Squires and C. de Quilflet. The contest began at 10:50 A. M., with Mr. John S. Hoey as referee.

The race was shot off in squads of three, one from each club, each man shooting his string of 25 birds. The first squad were Messrs. W. B. Smith, Geo. Floyd Jones and W. G. Brokaw, and they had as good a lot of birds as were trapped during the contest. Mr. Brokaw was probably the most unfortunate of the contestants in the whole match in the loss of birds. With one exception his birds were veritable screamers—driver following driver; even the few incomers that fell to his lot were of the fastest kind and were harder to kill than the majority of quarterers. At the conclusion of the first squad's shooting the Carterets were in the lead by two birds. Of the second squad men L. S. Thompson and J. Seaver Page carried off the honors. The former is one of the youngest members of his club, and this was his maiden effort in a large event. He shot in grand form and was the only one to pass up a clean score. Mr. Page's work was also of a high order, his birds being a hard lot. He scored 23 with his two birds scored as lost dead out of bounds. In the third squad each club put in a tried man—Chauncy Floyd Jones represented the Country Club, Capt. Money the Larchmonts, and Fred Hoey the Carterets. The birds in this squad were almost as good as those of the first, and the scores are really better than they look in cold type. Capt. Money was particularly unfortunate in drawing a hard lot of birds, as was also Fred Hoey, but the latter did not seem to be up to form. At the conclusion of this squad the Carterets still held the lead by a single bird.

The excitement at this point was great, and as the men representing the club were known to be good finishers the work was watched with interest. The first to miss was Edgar Murphy, but as he was shooting a hopeless race, his club being out of the hunt, it made no material difference. It was the scores of Kent and Dolan that were watched, and as Dolan lost his 4th bird the followers of the Country Club set up a rousing cheer. Their joy was short lived, however, for Kent dropped his very next bird. In the 10th round Dolan lost another bird out of bounds, and the race for the second time was a tie. Kent kept killing straight, and it looked as though both would kill out, when Dolan again had hard luck, his 23d, a fast driver, hit with both barrels, falling dead just outside the 50yds. boundary. This gave the lead to the Country Club, and when Mr. Kent stepped to the score on the 25th round it seemed a foregone conclusion that he would kill and that he would win, but that was not what happened. He did not do for a right quarterer that was released from No. 1 and did not out of the boundary without a feather ruffled, and as Dolan killed his bird the race for the third time was a tie. For a few moments there was great excitement, and as soon as it had subsided the tie shoot was started, each man shooting at five birds, the Carterets winning by three birds to the good.

Second contest for the Club Cup. Conditions: Strict Hurlingham rules, 50yds. boundary. No entrance money. Score:

Carteret Gun Club (Captain, Fred Hoey).
Geo. Floyd Jones..... 01222122222222222221-32
L. S. Thompson..... 2211122112111211122-25
Fred Hoey..... 22122202002222222222-18
Yale Dolan..... 21202121222222222222-27
Recapitulation—Geo. Floyd Jones had 6 direct right quarterers, 1 left-quarterer, 6 straight drivers, 6 right-quartering drivers, 2 left-quartering drivers, 3 left-quartering drivers, 1 incomer to the left and 1 towering incomer. L. S. Thompson had 6 direct right-quarterers, 3 left-quarterers, 3 straight drivers, 6 drivers to the right, 2 drivers to the left, 2 right incomers, 2 straight incomers and 1 towering incomer to the right. Fred Hoey had 4 direct right-quarterers, 7 left-quarterers, 2 straight drivers, 7 right drivers, 4 left-quartering drivers and 1 left incomer. Yale Dolan had 4 direct right-quarterers, 1 left-quarterer, 3 straight drivers, 7 drivers to the right, 3 drivers to the left, 2 right incomers and 3 incomers to the left.

Country Club (Captain, J. Seaver Page).
W. B. Smith..... 22222222222222222220-30
J. Seaver Page..... 112112111122212122222-23
C. Floyd Jones..... 222221222222222222221-21
W. Kent..... 22222018212221222222222-37
Recapitulation—W. B. Smith had 5 direct right-quarterers, 2 direct left-quarterers, 4 straight drivers, 7 drivers to the right, but none to the left, 4 incomers to the right, 1 incomer to the left, 1 straight incomer and 1 towering incomer. J. Seaver Page had 4 direct right-quarterers, 4 direct left-quarterers, 3 straight drivers, 7 drivers to the right, 2 drivers to the left and 2 right-quartering incomers. C. Floyd Jones had 5 direct right-quartering drivers, 4 left-quarterers, 4 left-quartering drivers, 2 drivers to the left, 1 incomer to the left and 1 straight incomer. W. Kent had 2 direct right-quarterers, 2 direct left-quarterers, 5 straight drivers, 5 drivers to the right, 4 drivers to

left, 3 right quartering incomers, 3 left quartering incomers and 1 straight incomer.
Larchmont Gun Club.—Captain Money.
W. G. Brokaw..... 01222222222222222220212-19
E. R. Ladew..... 020211122222222222222222-15
Capt. Money..... 1102111122111202120021-20
Edgar G. Murphy..... 102222222222222222222222-27
Recapitulation.—W. G. Brokaw had 2 direct right quarterers, 2 direct left quarterers, 5 straight drivers, 5 drivers to the right, 4 drivers to the left, 1 right quartering incomer, 1 incomer to the left, and 1 straight incomer. E. R. Ladew had 2 direct right quarterers, 1 direct left quarterer, 4 straight drivers, 3 right drivers, 4 drivers to the left, 4 right incomers and 2 left incomers. Capt. Money had 2 direct right quarterers, 6 direct quarterers to the left, 3 straight drivers, 7 drivers to the right, 3 drivers to the left, 3 incomers to the right, and 1 straight incomer. Edgar Murphy had 3 direct right quarterers, 3 left quarterers, 3 straight drivers, 10 drivers to the right, 3 drivers to the left, 2 right quarterers to the right, 2 incomers to the left, and 1 straight incomer.

The tie was then shot off and resulted:
Carteret Gun Club.
Geo. Floyd Jones..... 02222-4 Fred Hoey..... 22222-5
L. S. Thompson..... 2102-4 Yale Dolan..... 22122-5-18
Recapitulation.—Geo. Floyd Jones had 2 right quartering drivers, 1 direct left quarterer, 1 left quarterer, 1 straight driver, 1 driver to the right, and 1 right quarterer. Fred Hoey had 2 drivers to the right, 1 direct right quarterer and 2 direct left quarterers. Yale Dolan had 2 straight drivers, 1 driver to the right, 1 driver to the left, and 1 direct right quarterer.

Country Club.
W. B. Smith..... 20222-4 C. Floyd Jones..... 21210-4
J. Seaver Page..... 122221-15 W. Kent..... 02202-3-15
Recapitulation.—W. B. Smith had 1 driver to the right, 1 driver to the left, 1 direct right quarterer, and 1 right incomer. J. Seaver Page had 1 straight driver, 1 driver to the right, 1 direct right quarterer, 1 direct left quarterer, and 1 incoming right quarterer. C. Floyd Jones had 1 straight driver, 1 driver to the right, 2 direct right quarterers, and 1 direct left quarterer. W. Kent had 2 straight drivers, 2 drivers to the left, and 1 incomer to the right.

The second victory of the Carterets gives them a good hold on the cup, as it belongs to the club winning it three times, not necessarily consecutive. The next contest will occur at Tuxedo. TEE KAY.

SPRING HILL TARGETS AND TURKEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:
On the great turkey day of this Yankee Nation the Spring Hill Gun Club held a most successful shoot on their grounds, at Blauvelt, Rockland county, N. Y. This station, on the West Shore R. R., is situated in the midst of a most picturesque country; high lands predominate; it has never been boomed, except in the dreams of the farmers of the locality, therefore the name is not familiar to many city people. It is less than one hour's ride from New York; excursion fare \$1. The necessities of railroad building placed the track in the valley, and the necessities of the gun club led them to buy a plot of ground in the valley just opposite the station. They erected a neat and handsome club house, two stories high, in the upper of which they partake of their now famous dinners. No pork and beans nor tough sandwiches for this crowd, but generous roast beef, turkey, stuffed with oysters, chickens (roast and in potpie), chocolate, and fruits in their season. That's the way these boys live as they shoot. Most of them reside in New York city or thereabouts, and that is the reason their shooting is mostly done on holidays, when they gather early and stay all day and have a good time generally. C. M. Hathaway has been president for the past two years, and that means plenty of shooting and the best of them. The club is what can be had. The club is very prosperous, numbers some 30 members, and is gaining all the time. No charge is made for the dinner. The scores of Thanksgiving Day are as follows:
First sweep, 6 live birds each, \$3 entrance, 3 moneys, dead birds belong to shooters, ties div.
Hathaway..... 20122-4 W. J. Simpson..... 21012-4
Schortemeier..... 20220-3 Craft..... 21912-6
Jones..... 20212-3 Moeller..... 20201-1
Richmond..... 21211-6 "Bolton"..... 21201-4
Dr. Allen..... 21221-6

Second sweep same as first:
Hathaway..... 12120-4 Simpson..... 21012-5
Schortemeier..... 10035-3 Jones..... 11002-4
Moeller..... 20222-5 Creighton..... 11002-4
Richmond..... 12022-5 She..... 00001-1
Craft..... 10201-5 Bolton..... 11010-4
Dr. Allen..... 012010-3
Third sweep same as first:
Moeller..... 11221-6 Jones..... 21121-6
Hathaway..... 20201-3 Craft..... 22210-4
Richmond..... 01210-5 Creighton..... 11021-5
Dr. Allen..... 01210-5 Blucher..... 00202-2
Simpson..... 21112-6 Blucher..... 00002-1
Schortemeier..... 112200-4

The scores were not over good unless one considers the superior quality of the birds, which were largely country birds, cooped only the day before, and, therefore, strong and acquainted with the country and full of a desire to get back to home and loved ones as soon as possible. The dinner being been duly dispatched the targets were gotten out and preparations made for a big hurrah in them; but, alas! it commenced to rain about 2 o'clock and by 4 o'clock was too dark to shoot. Nevertheless three sweeps were shot, 10 birds each man, 18 entries—rainy—kingbirds, bluebirds and Standard-Keystones mixed, viz: J. Bogart 6, Blauvelt 5, W. Taylor 6, Miller 6, Shortmeier 5, Creighton 6, Yal, Craft 5, Jones 8, Allen 10, Moeller 4, Hathaway 6, Bogart 7, Creighton 7, Pearson 10, Simpson 8, Bolton 2. All ties divided.

Second, same as first: Creighton 7, Bogart 5, Miller 2, Baker 5, Hathaway 6, Jones 6, Simpson 9, Shorty 9, Allen 9, Rush 9, Taylor 8, Vail 6, Craft 8, Cray 3, Shelb 4, Southwell 3.

Third, same as first: Creighton 5, Bogart 7, Miller 6, Hathaway 7, Baker 7, Shorty 8, Rush 2, Simpson 8, Allen 9, Taylor 8, Vail 8. Medal match, for gold and silver medal to first and second, 10 kingbirds, 18yds.: Simpson 10, Allen 9, Jones 8, Pearson 7, Blauvelt 7, Rush 7, Hathaway 6, Bogart 6, Moeller 4, Southwell 3. Thus ended the day. If there is a livelier club hereabouts we would like to know it. AD VANCE.

MILWAUKEE—CHICAGO.

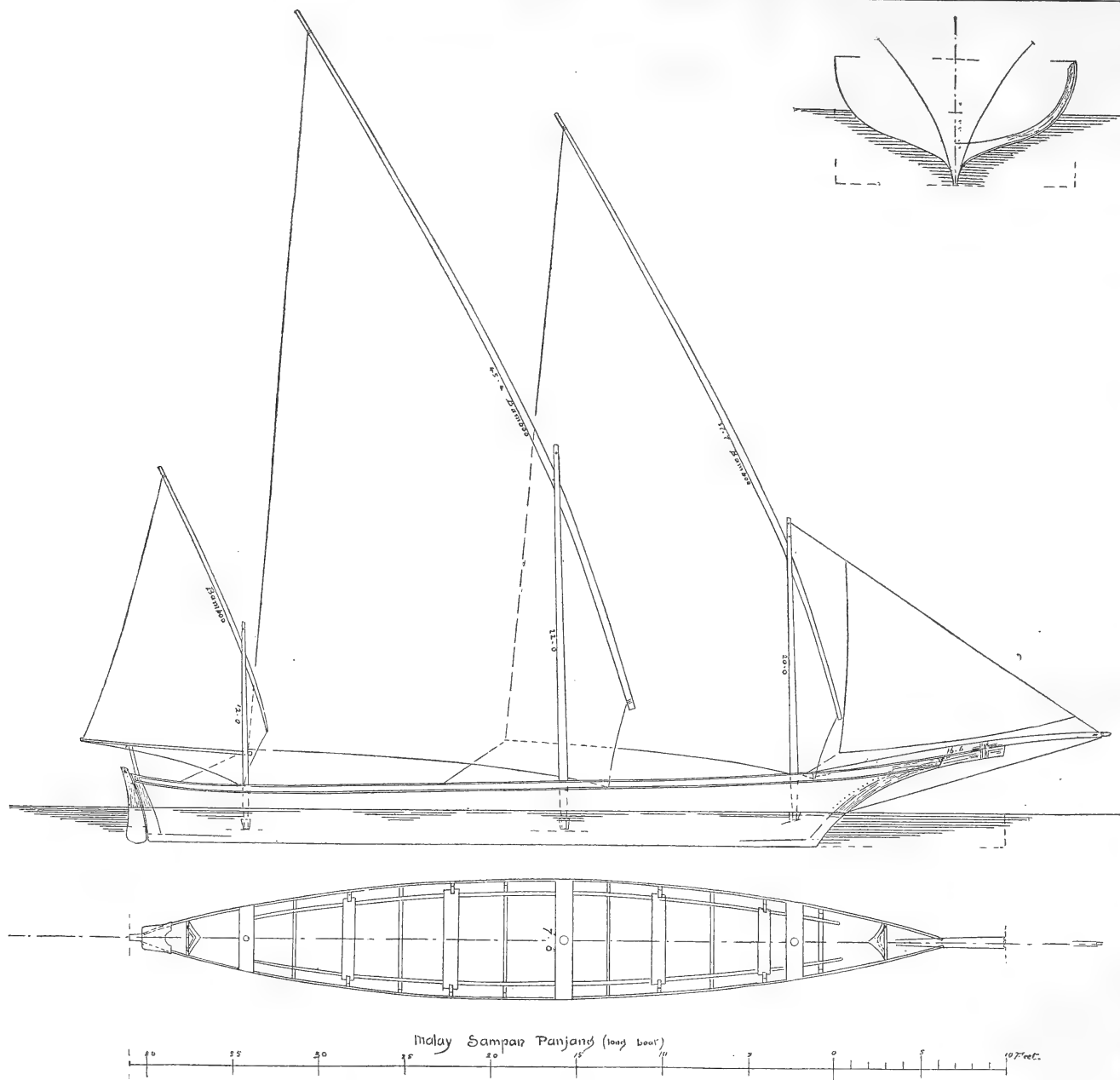
CHICAGO, Ill. Nov. 25.—Fort Dearborn Club, of Chicago, sent a team of 12 shooters to Milwaukee this week to shoot the return match with the Milwaukee Field and Trap Association, whose team was defeated by Fort Dearborn Club on the occasion of their visit to Chicago. The match was shot yesterday, Tuesday, Nov. 24, and Milwaukee wiped up the earth with the Chicago team in horrible style, winning by 17 birds. Conditions: 12-men teams, 20 live birds per man, American Association rules, shot as 13 individual races, totals to count. The sad tidings:
Dr. Williamson, Milwaukee..... 201102121212201230-16
Dr. Hutchinson, Chicago..... 1100111001200112122-14
J. E. Price, Chicago..... 222211022002222222-15
Geo. L. Deiter, Milwaukee..... 21021011212100222221-11
Geo. Anderson, Milwaukee..... 112112222122222-121-1
Geo. Farmer, Chicago..... 1101022102221122211-11
John F. Burnham, Milwaukee..... 02212111002222122222-17
A. Hoffman, Chicago..... 22222222222222222222-20-17
A. C. Anson, Chicago..... 11222201212201012212-17
F. P. Stannard, Milwaukee..... 022222222222212102222-17
H. Ehlers, Chicago..... 22221220120122201014-14
C. Schmidt, Milwaukee..... 20222210222010122222-16
C. B. Dicks, Chicago..... 020210002-0121220202-11
H. Bosworth, Milwaukee..... 1212110202222112222-18
W. L. Shepard, Chicago..... 1222010122120120010-14
A. W. Trise, Milwaukee..... 01222212222222222222-17
A. H. Chapman, Milwaukee..... 100220201121210122-14
J. D. Gammon, Chicago..... 2122020020012121021-14
J. P. Carmichael, Milwaukee..... 2012212222000122112-16
C. E. Felton, Chicago..... 2121211212032011011-16
A. Kleinman, Chicago..... 112112212121012112-19
R. Merrill, Milwaukee..... 212101221212222122-19
S. Munner, Milwaukee..... 112212101211002222-17
A. Thomas, Chicago..... 020212222220122222-17
Total—Milwaukee, 202; Chicago, 183.
Mr. H. H. McKinney refereed the match, Mr. E. P. Thomas scoring. The deciding match will be shot this winter, probably at Chicago. E. HUGHES.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gordon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J. Nov. 25.—At Perth Amboy this evening

number which has been made in a number of cases in electing more members of the executive committee than a Division is entitled to, is a very good instance of the fact that two wrongs do not make a right. The requirements of the constitution in regard to the number of members representing each Division are very plainly stated, and were carried out for some years, but of late have been clearly disregarded in a number of instances, mainly through carelessness and hurry at the meetings of the Divisions; two, we believe, at present having one more member than they are entitled to. It is now proposed to remedy the matter by changing the constitution so as to legalize this blunder, in which case two of the Divisions will be left until next November with one member less than their allowance. It is not contended in making this change that the present number is too small or that a larger number will facilitate business, but the sole reason is that as members have been elected in the face of the fact that the limit was being exceeded, the limit is to be changed to make the matter regular. While the matter is in one way a trivial one, it is most important in another; if the Association cannot live up to rules which are good in themselves and plainly printed in its book, but must continually change the rules to make them fit the whims of members and committees, then there is no use in attempting any fixed system of government. Another instance

"There was no such thing as reefing or in fact any means of reef-



ducing the huge sails; it was simply a question of weight of crew vs. propelling power, the sheets being eased off only when there was a dangerous amount of water on board. Once on a wind the boat was kept fairly buoyant and well under control; but when it came to easing off the sheets the amount of water that came on board was really even alarming, and in fact at times one might as well have been sitting in a sluice of salt water.

"The pace can be imagined from the fact of our overhauling and passing to windward all the European racing craft, men-of-war cutters, etc., some of which had started three-quarters of an hour ahead of us, but before they had got up to the third dogboat (five miles). I was much amused at the astonished looks of the Curacao, peeping over the weather gunwale of their cutters as we went by them at a steamer's pace with our array of human bodies poised out over the side.

"Having raced in 10, 20 and 90-tonners in English waters, I must admit that this sort of racing, where every man is so thoroughly a component part of the boat, the sustained pitch, excitement as well as the pace, beat any of my previous experiences. Taking the Malays in their own waters, coupled with their exceptional dexterity as boat sailors, I really think that they would run away from vessels of a similar length—even Uldia and Buttercup—except, perhaps, in a case of a hammer to windward in a seaway, where the depth of hull and lead would, I think, prove the victor, a conclusion I should very much indeed like to see tried. Unfortunately the yacht club here possesses nothing that can come near the Malay 'sampar panjang,' as when competing with any of our local yachts, the native craft came in fully half to three-quarters of an hour ahead.

"Having a fine breeze outside, and being able to fetch the fourth flagboat in one tack, we soon reeled off the first round, a good eight miles, in a little over the hour; our boat being heavier manned and ballasted, the Tigress, in the run in with the lighter wind along shore, was able, with a favorable puff, to run up to and overhaul us. This led us, as it unfortunately subsequently proved, to pitch overboard a lot of our ballast, for when once more outside on the second round we met with a harder breeze coming in more from the eastward, necessitating this time a lot of tacking—the loss of ballast here telling, as we had hard work to overhaul the other boat. The breeze hardening, every one was out to windward, and we had frequently, even then, to let all sheets 'go flying' before we could spare a hand to bale out.

"Once or twice I quite thought we should never be able to get rid of all the water on board, and, as a finishing touch when hauled close up to the flagboat before the first run in, with no less than twenty men out on the gunwale, a sudden whirlwind, caused by some heat eddy coming off shore, caught us 'slapaback.' This, with the huge lateen [settee?] sails, tacks hard down to the masts, all hands out on the one side, near as a toucher finished us, the only expression escaping the Malays as some went into the sea, while others sprang across to the opposite gunwale, being 'this time swamped!' Luckily, the gust swept over us as suddenly as it came, leaving us filled right up to the thwart; while the Tigress, profiting by our mishap—for, strange to say, they escaped this sudden gust—just managed to weather the flagboat, and was off flying, leaving us with all hands hard at work bailing, there luckily being a large stock of ballers always carried on board. It was nearly ten minutes before we got sufficiently clear of water to enable us to bear away after our opponent, who, however, had got too far away by this time, and at in any easy winner.

"The Malays said that in all their experience they had never, while in a hard breeze, been caught in a similar violent eddy. The Unco told me that he thought that nothing could have saved our swamping, and made sure that we were all in for at least an hour's floating about before the masts could have been unshipped and all the sails and gear got clear.

"For my own part I did not at the moment think much of the danger of being swamped, having such confidence in Malays and their mode of treating such a mishap, having so frequently seen them racing in their kolehs—a smaller canoe-shaped craft; and when quite swamped the crew, generally of four hands, going overboard immediately, holding the boat upright, while one hand remained inboard and baled away, the others then scrambling

in, and were off sailing again, all in the space of a few minutes. This, however, I learned could not have been so readily done in so much larger a craft as ours, Unco Khalid significantly remarking that he invariably took care to get well into a sail when the numerous and inquisitive sharks, of which he told me the Malays invariably have a great dread when overboard anywhere beyond the harbor limits; and just now the water police report an unusual number of sharks about the roads, the late heavy monsoon weather having probably caused them to leave the China seas for smoother waters. With a knowledge of this, and the constant risk of having to swim for it, I shall in future most decidedly venture with less confidence in a race in a 'sampar panjang.'

The following dimensions of the two boats have been taken from the drawings:

DIMENSIONS OF HULL AND RIG.			
	Sampar Panjang.	Koley.	
	Ft.	Ft.	In.
Length over all.....	47 3	34	6
l.w.l.....	40 9	30	
Beam extreme.....	7	5 1 1/2	
l.w.l.....	6 1 1/2	4 5	
Least freeboard.....	1 4	1 4	
Sheer, bow.....	4	1	
stern.....	8	7	
Draft.....	2 3	1 8	
Masts, from stem.....	16 6	9 8	
gunwale to truck.....	14 9	25 4	
foresail.....	9 4		
Bowsprit, beyond l.w.l.....	14 9		
Boom.....	26		
Sprit.....	35 8		
Foresail.....	400sq. ft.		
Mainsail.....	533sq. ft.		
Mizen.....	75sq. ft.	157sq. ft.	
Jib.....	75sq. ft.		
Total.....	1,083sq. ft.	690sq. ft.	
S.A.....	33	23 27	
Corrected length, S. C. Y. C.....	36 88	28 00	
Rating, Y. R. A. rule.....	9 00	3 45	

The crew of the larger boat would include 8 men on the ropes, 3 to bail, 3 to tend sheets, 7 general hands and 1 steersman. Judging from the midship section, the displacement would be under 3 1/2 long tons, while the crew would probably weigh 1.5 tons.

The second drawing shows the "koley" or "koley" mentioned by Mr. Dare, a smaller boat, the one shown carrying 15 men, while some are but 10ft. long with a crew of two.

The construction is as novel as the other features of the boats; they are carved built, with sawn frames, natural crooks, spaced some 3ft. apart in the larger craft. The planking is of syriah, a coarse variety of cedar. The garboards are steamed by laying them on horses over a fire until they are quite hot, when water is poured on, steaming and softening the wood. The planks are dovetailed to each other on the edges, the dovetails being 3in. long and about 6in. apart. Before the planks are finally put in place after being fitted, a narrow strip of palm bark or pith is laid on the lower plank, the upper one being driven down on it. After the planks are on, a number of cross beams are laid across the boat at every 3 or 4ft., and ropes of vine or cane are run under the boat, the ends of each rope being fast to a cross beam. Wedges are then driven in so as to tighten the ropes and bring the planks together; and the hull is left for a month to allow the planks to shrink, the wedges being constantly tightened. When thoroughly dry, the planks are fastened to the frames with tree-nails, very few metal fastenings being used about the boat.

The two boats are by chance of a length familiar to American yachtsmen, the larger being but 9in. over the 40ft. class, while the smaller is just 30ft. l.w.l. The sail areas, however, correspond very closely to those of canoes rather than of decked and ballasted yachts of the same length, the ratio of the square root of the sail area to the l.w.l. being from .80 to .85, while in a racing canoe it is from .75 to .80; the corresponding figures for a modern racing yacht running from 1.30 to 1.50. The probable performance of these boats beside the decked yachts is the merest conjecture, but if it were possible to bring one beside the present 30ft. class, the larger boat, under a corrected length classification, would just sail on even terms with Kathleen, giving a little time to Mildred, Saladin and Hawk. If there is anything in the bugbear of a large canoe in the yacht classes, which has been used to hinder the adoption of the new classification, these boats would be the ones to realize it; but it seems hardly possible that they could make their way to windward without the addition of a centerboard.

The most remarkable fact in connection with these craft is the close resemblance to various typical boats of widely different eras and countries. There is a very close resemblance to the noted Viking ship which was dug up in Norway in 1880, after a burial of probably little less than ten centuries. This vessel was a war ship, designed to carry a large crew, and propelled by oars rather than sails, consequently she is wider and of flatter section than the fast sailing sampar panjang, but the close relationship of the two models is very plain.

DELAWARE RIVER OPEN RACES.—The Cooper's Point Y. C., following in the wake of the P. Y. C., gave their first open race on Sept. 26. Every yacht club on the Delaware was represented, save the Trenton, 40 miles away, and no fault of theirs either; 32 boats crossed the line, and the winning boats received their prizes promptly. The C. P. Y. C. antedates even the old reliable and time-honored Riverton Y. C. A class has been opened for tuck-ups; five boats have already entered, Mr. C. W. Gale, of the Annie, P. Y. C., being the first with an entering wedge well driven home. This is encouraging to a club reorganized this year, especially so when Wm. L. Grant, Jr., Riverton Y. C., offers a prize for the boat making the quickest time over the Reedy Island course next year (sixth annual). Open races bring yachtsmen together with an exchange of opinions nautical, and fraternally breaking up the odious clanishness often existing and establishing among yacht clubs a brotherhood of jolly good fellows well met. I promise wherever the C. P. Y. C. flag is flown it will be respected. Good men make a good club. In this connection I beg to thank the FOREST AND STREAM for the interest taken in Delaware River yachting, so far as we are from the great center of the sport.—R. G. WILKINS (Cooper's Point).

WADENA.—The new steam yacht Madena, owned by J. H. Wade, of Cleveland, is now on her way from that port to the sea by way of the St. Lawrence River. As she draws 11ft. she will be pontooned through the canals. She will fit out at Portland, Me., for a voyage to the other side, where her owner will join her for a trip around the world.

UTOWANA. steam yacht, Mr. W. W. Durant, has shipped a new crew at Cowes, commanded by Capt. F. Blow, late of the Pandora, steam yacht, and her owner and family will rejoin her in the Mediterranean.

NEW YACHTS.—The Herreshoff Mfr. Co. have an order for a 35ft. cutter for Vice-Com. Morgan, and also one for a 2 1/2 rater for the Clyde. Stewart & Binney have an order for a 30ft. cutter similar to Fancy.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 28 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1838, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. O. Yonkers, N. Y.—For targets send to the Dennison Co., No. 194 Broadway, New York.

W. L. S., Boston, Mass., would like to hear (through this column) of a good shooting center in California.

A. H. P., who asked about importing birds from Canada, is requested to communicate with W. W. Hart & Co., 11 Jacob street, New York.

P. H.—There is probably nothing serious the matter with your gun, but it might be well to show it to a gunsmith. The holes might be filled up.

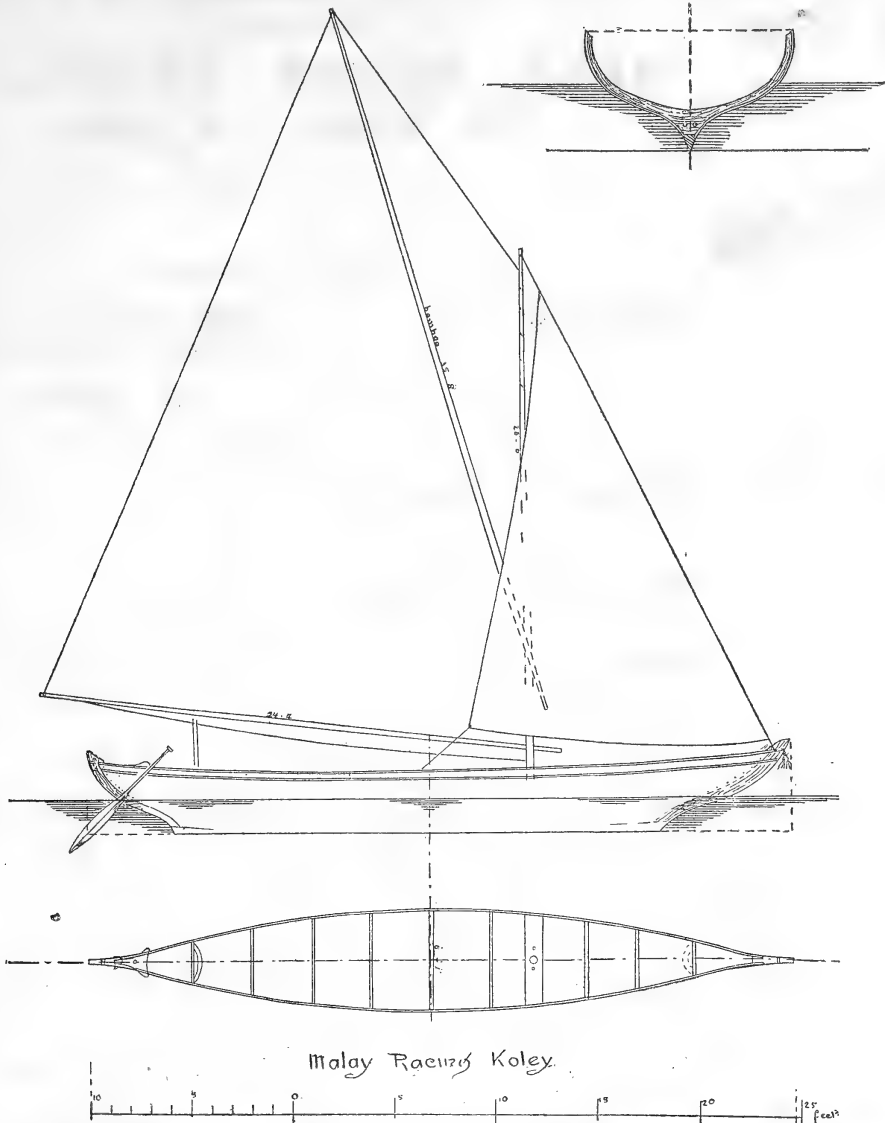
E. U.—Please inform me through your answers to correspondents what breed of dogs are considered the best for bear hunting and where a dog and bitch can be bought. Ans. A cross-bred or mongrel, having some hound blood in him. We do not know where to refer you. Write to Mr. N. C. Locke, Salem, Mass.

J. M. C., Chicago, Ill.—Frederick Law Olmstead, the landscape architect for the World's Fair, wants to fill the lagoons in the park with various kinds of aquatic birds. He says that by removing a bone in the wing they would be unable to fly away. Is it practical? and if so, what bone is removed? Ans. The scheme is practicable. The bones to be removed are the pinion, which is the joint at the end of the wing, and corresponds to the human hand.

C. C., Dundas.—The game laws of the Province of Ontario prohibit the taking or killing of wild duck by means of any of the appliances known as "batteries, swivel guns or sunken punts." Would you kindly give a short description of the above through your correspondence column, and oblige a subscriber? Ans. A battery is a boat so constructed that when occupied by the shooter its deck is on a level with the surface of the water. A sunken punt is substantially the same thing. A swivel gun is a heavy gun of large bore, too large to shoot from the shoulder, and is mounted on a swivel for aiming.

C. A., Hamilton, Ont.—Will you kindly furnish me information as to the care and feeding of trout in winter in our not-over-mild climate. My pond is near Hamilton, and is about an acre and a half in size, with a normal depth of say 4 ft., fed by bottom springs. In May last I put upward of 6,000 American brook trout fry in it. They have grown amazingly—which is proof that the water is suitable—and have not been much fed, except the first two months on sheep's liver, fly food being very plentiful. The very largest of them will measure about 6 in. The pond is not subject to flooding, as very little surface water can get into it, so that I am practically supplied by pure spring water. The ice last year at its thickest was about 14 in. Please inform me as to what I shall feed the trout on, how often and whether they will require that the ice be broken up in some parts to admit air—and any other information you or your readers may think necessary. As this is my first experience in trout raising, I confess I know little about the subject, and for that reason will be all the more grateful for your published information concerning it. Ans. Although your pond is shallow the probability is that brook trout will winter in it safely, and require neither feeding nor cutting of air holes. It is well understood among fishculturists that when the water cools to 36 deg., or less trout will take little or no notice of food, but become sluggish and indifferent to animal life around them. Feeding is not practiced, except in small artificial ponds having a steady inflow and exit of water. The springs which supply your pond will insure a safe temperature for the fish, and natural food sufficient for their needs will doubtless be found. In small artificial ponds trout are fed three or four times a week during the winter in the warmest part of the day. There is no natural food, and feeding is necessary to prevent the big fish from eating the little ones.

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There is a delightful dearth of dead languages in this book. The sportsman who looks between the covers for a description of some game bird—a description which will enable him to identify the creature should he meet it in the woods or on the water—is not compelled to shut the book, drop a bad word or two upon it and go in search of some Greek and Latin dictionaries to find out what the description means.—*New York Herald.*

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VOL. XXXVII.—No. 21.
{ NO. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE "FOREST AND STREAM" IN 1892.

THE first number of the FOREST AND STREAM in its enlarged size will be that of Jan. 7 instead of Jan. 21 as announced last week.

The issue of Jan. 7 will also be made the beginning of Vol. XXXVIII. The present volume will end with No. 24, Dec. 31. In future the two volumes per year will comprise the first and the last six months respectively—January to June, and July to December, inclusive.

A further change, to be made with the beginning of the year, will be in the quality of the paper used. We have selected a new paper, of tint and texture better adapted to the satisfactory printing of illustrations. The pictorial features will be more important in 1892 than they have been in the past.

AMERICA'S MILITARY ARM.

A SORT of report of progress comes from the Board of Military Experts on the selection of a magazine arm in the annual report of Gen. Flagler, the new chief of ordnance. This is to the effect that the tests made of the various magazine arms presented and secured for test have been such as to make it inadvisable at this time to make contracts for the re-armament of the United States Infantry. While there are but 24,000 men in round numbers in the United States Army, there would no doubt follow the announcement of a new arm demands from a number of States for a supply to arm the State militia, so that not only would the expense reach a very large figure, but a blunder on the part of the guiding United States officers in the matter would provoke very widespread criticism. Civilian soldiers are apt to be very sharp commentators in a matter of this sort.

There is a wide difference of opinion among army officers in this matter. Gen. Sheridan was a warm advocate of adopting the best gun then in sight rather than hold back in the hope of securing a better weapon, even though that hope was founded on a probability practically amounting to a certainty. Gen. Breckenridge was also earnest in this direction, urging that it was destructive of the morale of an army to know that its arms are obsolete and inferior. It cannot be said that there is any want of encouragement for inventors and mechanics who are working on the problem of an improved small arm. A dozen governments of the Old World are in hot haste after the last and best thing out in this line. Inventors are welcomed, and having introduced their ideas through the proper channels, are given full opportunity of showing the advantage of whatever they offer. Practically all that has been done abroad by the expenditure of vast sums of money was placed before our Army Board and subjected to their judgment.

It must be borne in mind that the conclusion to retain the single-loader as the official arm of the United States Army does not mean that the Springfield is to be retained, though that would not be such a great catastrophe. It has been virtually decided to abandon the large 45-caliber in favor of the smaller 30-caliber. This is a step toward a magazine arm. The smokeless powder, in one

of its many varieties, is also to be adopted. So that, apart from the advantage of a magazine arm for close range in shooting, our army will have a weapon of the longest range, shooting an elongated pencil bullet, with the advantage of doing away with the cloud of black powder smoke.

There is not the least cause for alarm or worryment in this cautious haste of our army advisers. So far as the drill of our State militia force is concerned, when they have learned to shoot well standing at 200yds. or less and have learned the art of prone shooting at 500 or 600yds., they are accomplished marksmen and could readily adapt themselves to the demands of work at 1,200 or more yards, provided the arm was capable of it. It might truly rouse the professional pride of a uniformed force to know and feel that they had the best arm in existence, and this is a point well worth covering, providing there is any chance of its remaining covered, and this is just the ground taken by Gen. Flagler when he says, "It is hoped that this country can produce a better arm; and until it can or until it has been demonstrated that it cannot, it would be wise to defer a change from the excellent single-loader, now in service, to a magazine system."

It would make a long and interesting chapter to tell of the race which has been going on in Europe now for several decades to find the ideal small arm. The advance has been very great, but the new weapons, however finely they have passed examinations in proof houses and before committees, have not been given the only satisfactory test of real use. As it is in arms so it is in respect to powders. The test in the case of the ammunition is a matter of time, and cannot be hurried. A lot of cartridges which have been tucked away for years in a magazine may come to the front fighting line at a critical moment. Will they stand the test and show results? This is a question which no cautious army officer would answer in the affirmative respecting any of the new powders, whatever rival inventors and agents may noisily claim for their several compounds. America is not losing very much in the way of risk by going slow in the matter, and it has much to gain. For domestic use, so to speak, that is, putting down riots, etc., our military, regular and militia, are amply provided, and if they are to be strengthened for this work, it is not in the direction of extra long range, small-calibered rifle, with plethoric magazine, but rather in the direction of machine guns and gatlings. The resolution to go slow on magazine arms need not deter any militiaman from working for his badge bar, nor prompt any regular to cease trying to get on the army team.

THE SIX-INCH TROUT LAW.

GENERAL RIPLEY'S paper, read at the annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League and printed in our columns this week, contains among various important matters a renewal of the 6in. trout limit discussion, which has induced legislation in most of the commonwealths in which trout and salmon are native. Reference to the *Book of the Game Laws* shows that a 6in. trout law is operative in Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Utah, Vermont and Wyoming. In Maine, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania trout 5in. long may be taken. California has fixed the limit at 8in. for all trout except brook trout, and we are in doubt whether the native species (*Salmo irideus*) is intended or the introduced *fontinalis*. Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, whose indigenous trout are chiefly black-spotted species of large size, apply the same rule framed for brook trout (*fontinalis*) in the East. Michigan fixes the 6in. limit for brook trout, rainbow trout, grayling and landlocked salmon—species showing a wide range of variation in size at maturity—and New York has a similar array of species of diverse limits of growth. In Vermont it is lawful also to take salmon trout and landlocked salmon measuring 6in. Washington includes among her salmon the steelhead, which is really a large river trout (*Salmo gairdneri*).

Manifestly there is room for reflection and the mingling of common sense with some of our protective laws if we mean to accomplish the best results. We trust the whole subject will receive careful consideration and free discussion, leading up to harmony and strength of action in the near future. The basis of the 6in. law, as expressed by its supporters, is the necessity of providing

for at least one spawning before the capture of the trout. The opposition to this limit comes chiefly from regions in which the brook trout spawns when less than 6in. long and seldom exceeds 6in. at any time of its life. There is, besides, a large body of anglers who prefer small trout to large ones for the table. We invite expressions of opinion on this important and eminently practical question, as well as upon the need of discretion in the application of comprehensive laws.

OUR BOYHOOD NUMBER.

OWING to the change of plan noted in another column, by which the enlargement of the FOREST AND STREAM will be made on Jan. 7 instead of Jan. 21, as first announced, we shall defer to the initial number of the new volume publication of the material in hand for our special "Boyhood Number," and originally promised for Christmas week. A detailed announcement of the papers will be made next week.

THOSE DELMONICO WOODCOCK.

SOME eighteen months ago, in July, 1890, Dr. Willett Kidd, the game protector of the district in which New York city is included, visited Delmonico's restaurant and found that woodcock were then served there out of season. He promptly put the case into the hands of District Attorney Platt, of Westchester county. Mr. Platt manifested a willingness to do his duty as a public officer with alacrity and dispatch. This willingness mysteriously gave way to reluctance and the alacrity to procrastination, and the dispatch in turn to innocuous inaction. Not even were the papers served. At length, since District Attorney Platt and his assistant, Mr. Verplank, were so crowded with work that they could not attend to the Delmonico case, the protector employed as outside counsel Judge Nelson H. Baker. Judge Baker was for an immediate, aggressive and uncompromising prosecution of the case. In due course of time Judge Baker was so overwhelmed with other business that he really could not give any time to the Delmonico case. The papers were still not served. Protector Kidd then transferred the case to New York County, and gave it to District Attorney Nicoll. This was done, we believe, at the close of last year, or in the beginning of 1891. For some reason the case has not been tried, and this is the more worthy of note because the evidence is said to be very clear, and the District Attorney is believed to have a perfectly good case. We understand that the last stay of proceedings secured by the defendants will expire to-day; and we shall watch with much interest the further progress (or delay) of the case.

SNAP SHOTS.

DR. GEORGE BROWN GOODE, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, best known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as the author of "American Fishes," and editor of "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," two unflinching springs of information concerning the natural history of fishes, sailed to-day on the steamer Werra of the North German Lloyd Line to the Mediterranean. After twenty years of hard and unremitting labor in behalf of the National Museum and the U. S. Fish Commission, Dr. Goode is obliged to seek much needed rest, and he will pass the winter in Italy and perhaps Sicily, renewing acquaintance with his friends among the zoölogists and particularly the ichthyologists. In the museums of Genoa, Florence and Naples he will find many of the curious deep-sea fishes which have formed the object of his most recent studies, and will endeavor to arrange for important exchanges of specimens.

We have in hand for publication in our issue of Jan. 7 a capital portrait of Mr. Walter Winans, in revolver shooting position, on the Bisley range. Mr. Winans is the donor of the Winans Trophy, for the American Amateur Revolver Championship, now in progress under direction of the FOREST AND STREAM, and enjoys the distinction of being regarded as the most expert revolver shot in Great Britain.

The annual dinner of the Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held next Thursday evening at Young's Hotel, Boston.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TO JOHNNY—A DOG.

I'll write a tribute to thee, faithful friend,

While yet you live and rest you at my feet;

Full many a line—aye volume—has been penned

On subjects of less merit than I'll treat:

Perchance I'll write mere words, which one may do,

And even rhyme, and then say nothing, too.

But then I'll do my best, as you have done

In all the duties falling to your share;

If I as fairly write as you have won,

There are no words of praise the world can spare—

For fewer they than other words you know

As well as I; but then 'tis better so.

Ab, me, I've thought some time there is no end

To all the myriad words of ours, mute, sir,

And of them all I write you, faithful friend—

I of them all those two plain words prefer.

If honor can be thus to you conveyed,

In gold and granite be those words insid!

Thro' all the lapse of time what earthly race

Has served as humbly faithful, or as true?

Unswerving—dauntless still in grief or grace,

Consistency I ah, is't not found in you?

What reck you if in rob's or rags he go,

Your master leads, let follow joy or woe.

Ab, Johnny! as you slumber there and dream,

With fitful start of foot and prick of ear,

I'm thinking all things are not as they seem

To us, who dimly see and faintly hear—

Judging more feebly still of all we mark—

Our longest strides are stumbles in the dark.

Else why these cherished virtues should be thine

I cannot guess; their nobleness alone

Lifts your poor tribe so high I blush for mine,

And dread the weaker impulse of my own!

The faults you have let those less ardent name,

My pen would fail or nature get the blame.

Ab, Johnny, in thy darker mind or brain

Doth Reason never throw her brighter light?

'Tis sure you feel, and cry for joy or pain;

You know that this is wrong or that is right;

Your other senses quick and normal seem,

So, if you do not think, how can you dream?

Cannot you tell a better coat from mine?

Some one of happier mood? of quicker tread?

Do you not see some easier lots than thine—

Some luckier dogs, and prettier, better bred?

Why plied you then, in unambitious joy,

And wax your tail content, a poor man's dog?

Ab-ha, old doggie, have you no reply

But just a joyous shake and wag of tail?

Or am I dull to fail to read thine eye,

And know thy answers, though thy tongue doth fail?

Methinks I know or guess them, and I sigh,

To end my effort here.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL RUN.—II.

[Concluded from Page 367.]

WELL, at the end of a week I bade good-bye to Mr. Knight, his brother-in-law Mr. Dunbar and other jolly good sportsmen, with mine host Dipman, and hired the Clara Brown to transport me to Olympia. The trip along these tentacles of this devil fish of a sound is very pleasant. The scene is constantly changing, ducks are flying continually (or such a matter), the wooded shores rise boldly as a rule, the air is delicious, a place where "every object pleases and only man is vile." At Olympia I changed boats, taking the Potter, one of the swiftest boats on the sound, and after a quick trip, during which Mt. Rainier, 60 miles away, showed himself from base to crest in unapproachable style, we saluted Tacoma at 5:30 P.M. At this city, near the confines of the huge Tacoma Hotel, I saw the largest black bear it was ever my good fortune to inspect. He was a monster, as big as the oft-quoted "steer" and as good natured as big, kept for the delectation of the guests of the hotel.

After staying here a few days (during which I discovered an old army comrade with whom I campaigned many a day during the troublous times of '61 to '65, whom I had not seen for 20 years, and enjoyed the interview as only old soldiers can), I left for Victoria, B. C., stopping at Seattle and Port Townsend, making the tortuous entrance to the 6x8 harbor of Victoria in good shape after a thoroughly interesting and pleasant trip over the beautiful waters of island-studded Puget Sound, lovely beyond compare. After looking over the city, and concluding not to purchase it at present, I set sail, or paddle, for Vancouver, where I tarried several days, absorbing the lovely scenery which was revealed across the charming Burrard Inlet, and as I looked time and again and thought of the goats wandering among the peaks which rose rank upon rank, snow-clad, into the empyrean, I recalled "Yo's" fascinating stories of sport among those very mountains, and wished, oh! how I wished, I were with him among the "eternal hills." But no.

Sauntering along the principal street of this enterprising city of twenty thousand people, which had been razed to the ground, with exception of one single house, several years since by fire, but now risen in power and full of pluck, I saw in the window of a little watch-repairer's den some fishing tackle. That was plenty. In I went. Hadn't been there two minutes before two men came in to get some hooks to go fishing out to a lake three miles away. Asked me to go along. Of course. That's the way fishermen do. But my tramping togs were in my trunk, and they wanted to make the next car (electric of course), as their time was short, to get out, fish, and get back by dark. So I thanked them heartily and got directions from the watch man to go out a certain street back of town until I came to the bridge across an inlet from the bay where I could probably have some sport with trout with the fly or beef. Thither I repaired myself, but naught responded to my wiles excepting one trout and quite numerous bullheads, different from any beautiful fish of that euphonious name I ever saw. They had a variation of horn or spine on each jaw as usual, and a lovely fluted collar just underneath reaching down-

ward and backward, and could steal bait with neatness and dispatch like any good for nothing. A fisherman came down toward evening to whip the inlet, who said that some evenings he had very good sport with trout of a pound or two. From him I learned that across Burrard Inlet was the mouth of a stream called Linn Creek, where trout were wont to be taken, that there was a ferry to Moodyville near by, and that it was as good a stream, accessible, as he knew of. He had my unfeigned thanks for this morsel, and I determined that the next day, my last in Vancouver, should see me investigating the properties of said Linn Creek aforesaid.

It was 8 by the clock, and when I stood by the side of the dock where the little propeller lay smoking, and when some quarters of beef had been contemptuously dumped on the bow, the whistle shrieked one heart-breaking shriek and we backed out. After a pretty half hour's trip in the cool air, the sawmill village of Moodyville was reached, where gangs of hungry saws chew up timber and spit out lumber for the yearning bowels of big ships. I had sampled the beef for bait, and betook myself to the creek via a plank road the first half mile and a plank walk the last half, through a fine old moss-hung forest, and then I struck the lovely, brawling stream, but clear as the air above it. Such limpidity did not augur well for success. But the scene was charming. The almost impenetrable, undefiled woods stood guard on either hand, an unbroken array. There were reaches of game and boulders, by the side of which sang the sparkling waters. There were convenient drift piles and isolated logs, above and below which were fine hiding holes for possible pounders. The day was perfect, the air just comfortably invigorating, and I couldn't have improved the *tout ensemble* if I would. I rigged a cast and cast the rig, and continued to ditto in some of the loveliest reaches of water that ever were, until I grew too tired. Then I rigged a piece of beef and caught a little foolish dog salmon, the fin of which I took and caught a small trout. Then I caught another larger and poked along up stream, crossing here and there as logs were handy, for I hadn't the necessary wading boots. I surprised a mink sneaking along just around a bend, saw some wildcat tracks, obtained occasional delicious vistas through the overhanging branches of rocky mountain faces and glistening peaks ahead, lunched by the track of the babbling brook, after which a quiet smoke I took, and so loitering along downward, I let the sweet influences of this soul satisfying day soak into me without let or hindrance. But you can't describe it, you know. The description of perfect bliss was lost long ago, irrevocably.

I reached the little sawmill hamlet as the day was drawing to a close, gave my dozen fish to an Indian boy, sailed across the wimpling waters of Burrard, glinted with the slant rays of the setting sun just dropping behind the headland at the foot of the inlet, and concluded that I had had a royal day of it.

The next morning I filled a tolerably good sized lunch basket with a pretty good assortment of jam and things, inspected the steamship Empress of India, the pioneer of the C. P. R.'s Trans Pacific fleet to Liverpool, took my seat in the "Great Overland Flyer," and amid the huzzas of the assemblage, I modestly acknowledged the compliment, bade good-bye to the Occident and rolled off homeward.

And what shall I say of the scenery of the next thirty-six hours? Not very much I guess. It won't do. You can't describe it any more than you can bliss. How can I give any adequate idea of the noble Frazer and its terrible cañon, as well as that of the Albert? How shall I describe the magnificent glaciers everlastingly moving and yet never moved? How tell of that gorgeous panorama among the Selkirks, where hour after hour those gigantic rock-ribbed and snow-crowned peaks ranged themselves in terrible majesty that we might gaze spell-bound and acknowledge Jehovah? How shall I convey the awe-inspiring effect of standing in a pass scarce a hundred feet wide, while on either side peaks rose almost sheer into the heavens eight thousand feet from the track? Describe it? Not in the flesh.

I state it as my conviction, that there is not on the globe another place where for thirty-six hours, or thereabout, a railway train runs at twenty miles the hour amid such grandeur. I have seen the Rockies from Mexico to British Columbia and lived among them, but I don't remember any such ride as that. I may be wrong. If so, it won't hurt any one.

We ran through a cut in a huge snow rock and land slide that had pulled up right across the track at the mouth of a snowshed a few days previous. Thirty feet high it was, solid, of snow, ice, rocks, huge trees and everything else gathered in its fearful descent. A cut had been made in it for trains, and right in it we stopped for steam, weather mild, snow melting and the whole besom ready to start again at the drop of the hat. I begged the engineer to go long with all the frenzy I had, and we presently crept out of it. I creep ever since when I think about the squeeze we might have suffered.

We rolled along day after day until we reached Fort William, on Lake Superior, where in 1867 I saw an Indian scalp dance just outside the Hudson Bay stockade, where I outfitted for a trip up the Nepigon. Only the H. B. buildings, three, I think, and the stockade there then, and the propeller had to anchor a mile out in the bay. Now there are huge elevators, wharves, round houses and a city. I ran down while the engines changed and viewed the old buildings that stood amid such primitive scenes twenty-four years ago, but all was so changed I should not have recognized the surroundings. Tempus fugit, don't it? Near the crossing of Nepigon, on a fine iron bridge, nearly 100ft. above the water, there is now a hotel. I caught a glimpse of Red Rock H. B. post down the river a way, where the boats stopped on our way up the river on the occasion referred to, and I just ached to be on that noble river again with rod, line and good company.

Into North Bay, at the junction of the Grand Trunk, we rolled on time the sixth day, and here I left the pleasant acquaintances formed en route, and rode down to Trout Creek, where two years ago I had some very nice sport with the trout and of which I informed your readers. Two days I stopped here, having fair success, though it was a little too early for vigorous biting. Still, I made fair catches. I arrived there Friday evening. Saturday I fished. When I got back at evening the German landlord, on seeing my string, remarked:

"I got some, too."

"How did you catch them?"

"Mit my hands."

"I mean what bait did you use?"

"I don't use any bait. I catch 'em mit my hands."

I looked at him with an expression of "Too thin," and after a little chaff he said:

"Vell, I show you to-morrow."

"Good," said I.

Next morning at breakfast he laid beside my plate seven beautiful fish, eight or nine inches long, and as much alike as "two peas." I sampled them satisfactorily, and after breakfast he, my friends Carr and Bartlett, both sportsmen, and I went up the creek into the woods a little way, where he said he flipped the trout out with his hands from beneath the rocks and roots near the bank, and amid a little good-natured chaffing he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves to the shoulder and stepped down to the brink. A triangular wink went round between the waiting spectators. He stooped down, ran his hand under one stone and another, fingered around behind a root, under the bank, pulled his arm out of the almost ice-cold water, rubbed it, slapped it; moved a little further up, tried it again; crossed over, looked wise, shook his head, tried it again, and finally flipped a big frog out from under a stone, at which there was a combined shout from the audience.

"Well, why don't you catch 'em?"

He shook his head and replied, "I don't believe dey vas here to-day."

"Oh! no," said Carr. "Who's got a line?"

I had something that would answer, so he cut a limb, took a piece of frog skin for bait, and soon had a trout dangling, and said, "Oh! no, no trout here," and then caught another one.

"Don't give it up so," shouted I to the hand fisher, so after he had once more stimulated the circulation in his arm he continued the farce, trying here and there where he could get under the stones without wetting his feet. But he didn't keep it up long. Said it was too cold. So he pulled down his sleeves, put on his coat, and we rambled back to the hotel, gradually dropping the subject, for we didn't wish to rupture the *entente cordiale*. But he still maintained that he caught the fish as we saw him trying to do, and that that was the method by which he and others were accustomed to poach trout in preserved streams in the old country. Who can tell? O. O. S.

WINTER SPORTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

LETTER III.

Waifs from Currituck.

CURRITUCK SOUND, though incidentally credited to Virginia, because its most direct approaches are all within the territory of Virginia, lies geographically entirely within the bounds of North Carolina. Back Bay, which is a northerly projection of the sound connected by a narrow arm, is wholly in Virginia, and some of the best shooting is obtained there. The Ragged Island Club, of which Mr. Clarence Woodward is president, and your live correspondent, Alex. Hunter, the vice-president, is within the Back Bay waters, and is reached from Pongo Ferry, which is on the line of the Sound Transportation Company navigating the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, en route from Norfolk to Newbern. It can also be reached by a 16-mile drive from Virginia Beach, which is a popular watering place accessible by rail from Norfolk. The Martin's Point Club grounds are wholly within the jurisdiction of North Carolina, and so are the holdings of most of the other prominent clubs; and these are all reached by the rail and wagon route aforesaid, or by an outside steamboat plying between Norfolk and Knott's Island.

Currituck Sound has been the objective point for progressive gunners for the past twenty years and more. I remember that the Havemeyer boys (the sugar refiners) were in the vanguard of pioneers. They used to send home barrels of canvasbacks, season after season, to distribute among their wandering friends in New York, long before the rest of the sportsmen caught on to the racket. Before this time, for a generation, the shooting had been almost exclusively on Chesapeake Bay and its several tributaries. Then Havre de Grace was a famous resort, and so was the Potomac. Now, alas! the fowl have almost disappeared from those waters, and even in Currituck they are less abundant than they were even ten years ago. I am not convinced that congregations of canvasbacks are numerically less than they have been for the past ten years, but, from what I can see and learn, the "use" more in other places now, especially on the western or main land side of the North Carolina sounds, where much hardship, trouble and expense, and some intelligent coaching, is required to enable the gunners to get at them. Of course the annual fusillade along the marshes which border the channels and creeks where the fowl feed has a positive decimating effect, but this shooting, in my opinion, has not driven the ducks off from their old haunts so much as physical changes which affect the distribution of the wild celery plants, upon which they principally feed.

Celery is a purely aquatic plant growing wholly under water and it thrives only on marsh muck. Deposits of sand on the beds kill the bulbs. As it is a dioecious plant it may be disseminated to some extent by floating seeds drifting off to other localities, but the chances of propagation by this process are infinitesimal. When sandbars and shoals form upon it, as they do constantly, the plant dies. There is no doubt at all but that the sounds are constantly filling up, and that land will ultimately take the place of existing water areas, just as it has been doing for ages past. An emergence of no more than 4ft. would reclaim an immense territory which is now in the transition state of swamp and marsh, including not only Hyde and Dare counties, but four-fifths of what are popularly known as the Eastern Counties. It is hard to realize the fact, but a solid substratum of sea sand or shell rocks (coquina) underlies the whole region at a depth of 4 to 15ft.

I use the word celery advisedly, because it is not locally known by any other name. Valisneria is not recognized, though I have heard it called eelgrass, channel weed and tape grass, from the tapelike appearance of its long leaves. The scientific name (*V. spiralis*) is applied because of the spiral form which the stalk assumes in its development. I find that one must use the vernacular of the country where he visits, else intercourse will not be intelligible.

The Currutuck Shooting and Fishing Club was one of the very first established. Its grounds included Deal's Island and adjacent marshes, distant three miles only from Knott's Island, and in 1874 afforded superlative shooting at a very trifling cost. Andrew Powell, Esq., wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM in that year as follows:

"White swans, geese, ducks, etc., congregate here in such great numbers that there is scarcely a single moment, day or night, when they may not be heard at their sport or seen on the wing, or in the waters. At one time, and in one body, I saw a mass of ducks and geese, called a 'raft,' covering not less than one hundred acres of the surface of the water, and this within three miles of our grounds. In no portion of this country that I have visited have I seen game so plentiful. From the time the steamer enters the mouth of the Sound until she stops at her destination, some thirty miles below, wildfowl are never out of sight."

Furthermore, he gives the following precious bit of information, which sounds like buncombe to club members nowadays, when each duck that is gathered costs about \$25 to shoot:

"Our superintendent will open the club house on Oct. 15, and from that time until Feb. 15, will meet guests on steamer, convey them to the club house, supply them with decoys, boats, gunner, and board at the rate of \$2.50 a day. Cost of the round trip \$24."

These rafts, mentioned by Mr. Powell, form during severe northeasters, and afterward break up into smaller bodies and scatter throughout the surrounding creeks and channel ways. Protracted cold weather always drives the ducks further south. The water in the creeks is seldom more than three feet deep, and averages about a foot. In many places the growth of the celery is so dense as to make it difficult to navigate a small boat. A glance at the sketch map which accompanies this article will show the lay of the land. There is the outer beach with its wild drift and sand dunes, stretching along the coast for 200 miles, its seaward line almost as straight as a rule, and broken only by occasional inlets, which shift, and open and close with annually recurring storms, while its inner margin is quaintly irregular and deeply indented with re-entering bays and points of land. These points are favorite stands for gunners, because wildfowl, like mariners, take their ranges therefrom, as they trade between their feeding grounds. Inclosed between the mainland and outer beach are the several bodies of water designated as sounds, some portions of which are studded with islands, many marshy and others covered with cypress and pine. The inshore edge of the beach is also agreeably diversified with trees of various kinds, of which pine predominates, and the club houses, of which there are so many, and of which we read so much, are usually pleasantly situated on eligible sand knolls in the midst of pretty groves, with an outlook over the marsh and water. Some of the club territory will accommodate as many as twenty gunners at a time, the property line stretching three or four miles. I believe that every available foot is occupied from Virginia Beach to Hatteras, so that with the exception of individual private holdings there is no place called public domain where the fowl shooter may hunt *ad libitum*. Church's Island, owned by Nettie Midgett, a very nice person, is one of these private holdings. It is four miles from Coinjock, which I mentioned in my last letter as being on the regular route of the Newbern boat. Besides duck, geese and swan shooting, the club grounds generally afford bay bird and good upland shooting.

Of course your readers all know what club life is. Its incidents are monotonously similar, indoors and out, and it seems to me that a man must be an insatiable ogre who can put in an uninterrupted fortnight with incessant shooting. Natural diversity and an interest in the study of natural objects could alone redeem the time for me. Many of your correspondents, however, write of sport in a most captivating way, with which I might be able to sympathize more keenly were it not fated that I must be perpetually on the wing, with rod and gun in hand. As it is, my taste for ripe canvasback is in no wise impaired when it comes to the table; for, by my halidome! it is a goodly bird, comely to look upon and luscious to the taste, when, by the grace of the cook, it is not spoiled in the kitchen, but rare done to that degree that the juice follows the knife. As served, so carved, *secundum artem*—each plump breast first gashed lengthwise and basted with the juice of a lemon squeezed from its golden rind, and seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt; and when this *sauce piquante* imbues the whole, slice two longitudinal strips for the ladies, and place the wings, each with its full proportion of breast, upon the plates of the swains expectant. *Aussi, en passant, un verre du Chambertin.*

Would you then have me re-state the often-described devices of batteries, sinks, blinds and swivel guns, and the best approved methods of setting out decoys, off shore or on, when I am in such high estate with cook and carver; or shall I again recount for callow youth the vicissitudes of bleak December days when the sleet drives into the blinds and all the caloric in the heated gun barrels cannot suffice to warm the benumbed fingers? These things become stale and tiresome in the recital. When I get down to Stumpy Point, perhaps, and take pot luck with the beach men who never shave nor have seen a looking glass, I may be able to deal somewhat in novelties. Meanwhile, I will revert once more to my entrancing trip down the Albemarle Canal with good Captain Southgate, of the steamer Newbern, and his attentive satellites in the cabin and pantry. Captain Southgate is his own steward and we live high on the products of the country. I tell you it is a rare chance when one falls on lines where the captain is a good liver and does his own marketing. Besides, the captain is genial. He is just old enough to be juicy and ripe. I have heard that he lacks five years of sixty. His officers are intelligent gentlemen and good navigators. Passengers who are strangers to each other when they come aboard get to be a family party while the day is still young. They follow the sinuous windings of the Elizabeth and North Landing rivers without once getting into a personal snarl, and they traverse the direct line of the connecting canal in a straightforward and proper manner, according to Scripture. The canal, of course, is wide enough and deep enough for any craft which navigates the sounds. Steamboats and sailing vessels often pass each other. Sometimes there are long strings of oyster schooners and lumber vessels which tail out in the wake of laboring tugs. Sometimes we pass great rafts of logs, fourteen sticks abreast and a quarter of a mile long, that almost choke the passage. Occasionally there is a bunch of tugs, pile-drivers, lighters and scows all jammed up together. A string of telegraph poles extends the whole length, with numbers on each pole, so that a break or an accident can be located by wire within two rods of the exact locality of its occurrence. Turnpike and railroad bridges swing open at intervals. From the promenade deck one can look over the tops of the canal banks, across the marginal cane brakes, into

the dense cypress swamp which lines both sides. The embankments are all of white sand, which has been thrown out of the bed of the canal. All the swamp is underlaid by sand. Some people's idea of a swamp is, that it is a morass or slough grown up to grass and full of bogs. A North Carolina or Virginia swamp is one of the most beautiful forests in the world. Sweet gums and cypress crowned with mistletoe, long-leaved pines, live oaks hung with vines, stately magnolias and bright-leaved myrtle, holly brilliant with red berries, yellow jasmines and sweet briars climbing all over the foliage in spring, purple asters and daisies blooming against the sides of the banks, and washed by the swirl of the big waves which the boat piles up in passing. Considerable areas of the swamp are wet, but large portions are cultivated. Farmhouses occur at intervals, with here and there a sawmill, a log landing or a country store. Occasionally one sees new buildings going up, indicating business life. There are few birds and very little game to be seen—a few crows and buzzards, an eagle, and once in a while a deer. One day we saw a veritable rabbit swimming across the canal, with his long, big ears set like sails. Straight ahead there is a lovely vista, with the pines and vines reflected in the water. Pongo Ferry is an historic place, associated with the Revolution. So is North Landing and Crow Island. Commodore Vanderbilt commenced business here by trading sweet potatoes and redbirds at North Landing; but Currutuck Inlet afterward closed up so that his vessels couldn't get in, and so he had to abandon trading, and started in as a deck hand on a steamboat. Capt. Marshall Parks, supervising inspector of steam vessels in this district, told me this.

The transition from the close canal and the mural foliage to the wide expanse of the open sound is agreeable. The way across Albemarle is lighted at night by 10 plug lights, each composed of three iron tubes 16ft. in length, set up on piles in mid water, and filled with petroleum gas once a fortnight. So the steamer threads its watery way by gas-lamps at night, which serve as bases for sailing courses as well as beacons. Government owns and operates the lights, makes the gas on a little shell mound in the sound, and fills the receivers twice a month. It is all very unique and interesting.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

OFF TO THE WOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I usually start in early in September after several frosts, but this season the weather held warm as mid-summer all the month, and as it drew toward its close I could wait no longer. There was one advantage since the frosts were low, and the swamps, usually miry, were comparatively dry. It is a day's travel from the nearest point of supplies to the terminus of the highway at the entrance of the trail, an old disused toll road. At the appointed time my teamster, with a farm wagon and a heavy pair of horses used to the woods, loaded up and made the last clearing in time to make camp, have early supper and shift the load on to a jumper, over which was put a canvas cover to protect from possible rain.

Perhaps it will be of interest to learn what I took in for supplies for the winter. Following are the principal items: Pork, codfish, smoked ham, beans, flour, potatoes, and a variety of vegetables, sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, dried apples, crackers, vinegar and other condiments and spices; butter, lard, Royal baking powder, together with paraffine candles, kerosene, etc., etc. These will be supplemented later with wild meat, that is if I have usual luck. The principal game is caribou, and it won't take much of it to supply camp, as I don't hanker after it; an occasional meal is enough, and it suits best in a stew with onions and potatoes.

We got away on the trail at break of day and the load, not heavy on wheels, was all the team could draw, and as the sun came up, making it almost unbearable for man and beast, frequent stops were necessary. Rocks, roots, stumps and gullies made travel at best but slowly. Then there were blowdowns to cut out or a new road cut around them. It would appear wonderful to an outsider the way the team would pick their way in bad places, only horses used to the woods could get along safely. Many pole bridges and corduroys had got displaced by spring freshets, and unless the gaps were of more than a step in width no replacing was necessary, as the horses would carefully pick their way. The driver walked behind the load, seldom touching the reins. Once on a steep sidehill the load overturned, but was soon righted and no damage, as the load was packed and corded to meet such mishaps. We stopped for dinner at a cold spring brook, unharnessing the horses, which were reeking with sweat. As the team needed a long rest I started ahead to swamp out, for the worst of the road was from now on, getting to camp at 4 o'clock with three partridges that I had snipped on the way and soon had doing in the pot for our supper. Just about sundown the team came in. After supper the supplies were put under the roof of the dingle and a look was taken near by for trees, for the next forenoon was to be put in in cutting and hauling logs into the campyard for my winter supply. After dark there were a few games of high-low-jack, a final smoke and an early turn in.

Daylight found us astir, and the teamster's ax was laying low the giant birches until breakfast. Soon as the camp was put to rights I joined him and by 11 o'clock 9 big trees were in the roomy campyard. Then a dinner of fried pork, fried onions and boiled potatoes, with biscuit and tea, and we parted, him for the clearing, myself to commence the task of reducing the big trees to stovewood.

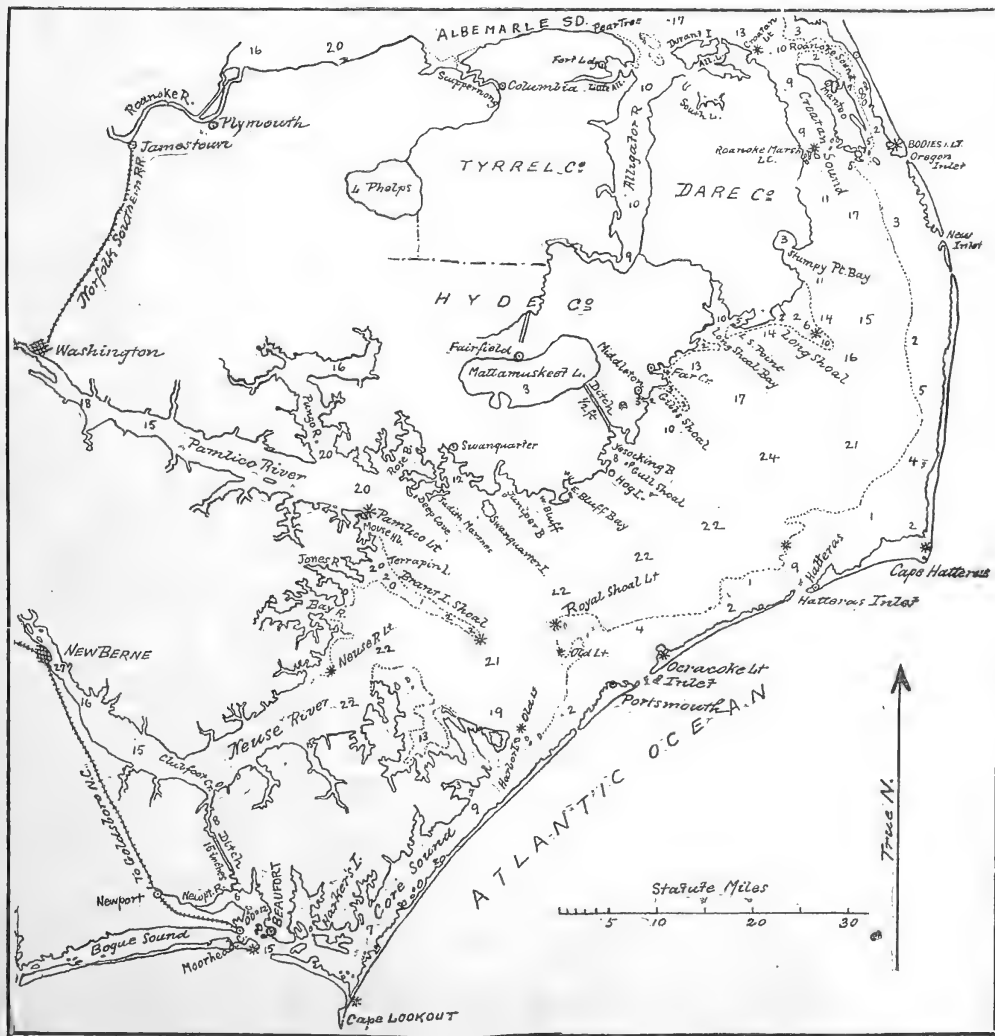
HUNTER.

MAINE.

It is hard work to select an acceptable Christmas present, something that will give real pleasure. For the sportsman there is nothing more pleasing than a book which deals with his favorite topic. He enjoys its perusal, and the satisfaction it gives him is a lasting one. FOREST AND STREAM's free illustrated catalogue gives the intending purchaser a wide range of selection and offers many suggestions which at this season of the year are very timely.

TRULY ODD IF ODDLY TRUE.

A party of young women living in Fulton, Mo., arranged a coon hunt to which no men were invited. They started out with four dogs, two guns and two axes, and immediately lost themselves in the woods, where they spent the night. When found the next morning they were crying, in a row on a log, and had no coons. —New York Evening Post.



IN MAINE WOODS.—III.

IN CAMP, Piscataquis County, Me., Oct. 27.—Before I left Boston I let my wild and daring resolve to go to the Maine woods be known to some of my friends. Various were the emotions excited. One excellent lady, whom I honor and love, shivered at the very thought of how I would be sure to freeze. "Go to the Maine woods at this season of the year! Awful!" I protested that it was just the season to go. Then came the question, "But why do you need to go so far, and at such an expense, to find woods? There are plenty of woods just out beyond Dorchester [I am not sure but she said in Dorchester] and it will only cost you 5 cents to get there."

Thus does the un hunting and uncaring mind regard the matter. (You see I have taken your word into my vocabulary and coined another by the same rule.)

Well, there are several thousand reasons why the Dorchester woods will not serve as well as those of Maine for my present purpose. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM know most of them and can conjecture the rest.

My guide is asleep in the sleeping tent some rods away and I sit in the log cooking camp, where there is a stove and a table. The rain falls fast, and delicious to me is its sound on the roof—and I also hear the wash of the waves of the lake on the rocks hard by. Guide says he cannot read after dark. His eyelids button down tight the moment he tries it. He has worked hard all day—so he leaves the world to me. I cannot express the comfort of this silence. The rattle and roar of things is shut out. I have been doing—not what a morning's mail demanded—but just what I wanted to. I have been very busy all day, nevertheless. In the first place I have read over again, for the hundredth or two hundredth time perhaps, a lot of Emerson's poems, half the volume. This must always be done in camp if one would get the true enjoyment of the woods and waters. I want to write you a letter some time to prove that Emerson is not only our best poet of nature but our greatest American poet, anyway. His poems "The Sea Shore," "Wood Notes" and "Monadnock," now—but, as Kipling would say, "that is another story"—and I will come back to camp.

Yesterday, like to-day, was cold and cloudy, a genuine "camp day," and, as such, a day to thank God for and to be enjoyed. But we had our hunt all the same. We had set up a target on the beach and were puncturing it in good style at 130 yds., when, despite our racket, a big, fat buck was good enough to crash into the thin ice up in the dead water and give us our warning. We quickly took it, and with quickened pulses heard him now and then breaking more ice and working his way down toward the outlet. At length he stepped into full view. A shot through the skull and he fell stone dead. I shall not tell whose rifle did it. Our score at the target was just about even when we ceased practice. We both fired at the deer and he is dead. It was a case of most sudden death. Nothing but execution by electricity could be quicker.

By the way, I happen to be, so far as I know and believe, the first person who suggested the latter method. My letter to the New York Tribune, when I was a lad at school, many a year ago, was widely quoted and much commented on, mostly in a humorous vein, but I was in earnest, and I have lived to see the adoption of the method by the State of New York, and with credit to the dignity of the State and the cause of humanity. Let me once more attempt the roll of prophet, though this time by no means that of advocate. Why may not the time come, and that speedily, in view of all the inventive genius now devoted to it, when a weapon shall appear which will throw an electrically charged bullet which shall kill or stun an animal if it so much as graze the extremest part of him, as surely as if it pierced his brain or heart? Heaven defer the day, say I, but I fear it.

Well, we hung up and dressed the deer, and a fine fellow he was, and honestly killed. Just before we go out of the woods we may want one more, but for a week I would not give a cent to shoot another.

I rather want a caribou, however, and if a clear day comes we shall try the bogs.

I have been preparing the skin of a loon. It was the one that was caught in the net of which I spoke in a former letter. I now understand how a loon keeps warm and enjoys life even in icy waters. His white vest is lined with a double thickness of fat, stitched and quilted in among the roots of his feathers in an amazing way. The warmth inside cannot get out and the cold cannot get in. How huge are his muscles and how stout his bones! He is at the same time a stern-wheeler and a side-wheeler, for under water both feet and wings play their part. His outfit is perfect for his business.

I was astonished to find nothing in his gizzard but gravel stones and mud and bits of roots—not a trace of organic matter. Yet he seemed in good condition, and the men who set the net declared that the night before his death he was several times heard to laugh. If any one suggests that a loon's laugh does not mean enjoyment, what, let me ask, does it mean? I will entertain any suggestions. Meanwhile I shall believe that a loon can laugh and be happy on an empty stomach. If so, his secret would seem to be worth finding out.

To-day we have discovered that some animal has dragged away the entrails of several deer which the deer-doggers left. They were dragged away in a mass into the swamp, and for a distance we could plainly follow the trail. We want to think that it was a bear that did it, but certain tracks on the sand beach near by prove that a black cat (fisher) has been about. Now, could a black cat do what has been done? We think not, but the doubt gives opportunity for valuable excitement and speculation. Meanwhile we bait again with the entrails of our deer and set many traps and long for to-morrow.

So you see we are very busy and have little time for folly or dissipation of any sort. We only wish the advocate of "Dorchester woods" could know the degree of our content. Would she not envy us! Truth to tell, perhaps she would not, but would even prefer her home in Boston to a camp on this lake shore this dark and rainy night. People vary so in their tastes!

But I must to our sleeping tent. My rifle is "loaded for b'ar."

C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

MONKEY TALK.

IN the November New Review Prof. R. L. Garner relates his further experiments with monkeys in his endeavor to learn their language. We extract from the paper these paragraphs:

"Since writing the sounds used by the capuchin monkeys, as well as I could represent them by the letters of our alphabet, I have had no reason to alter the literal formula by which they are expressed; but I have found that the word which I had construed to mean *food*, and sometimes perhaps to mean *drink*, has a still wider sense. It is difficult to formulate in human speech anything equivalent to it, since our human mode of speech has been so changed by accretions and by our higher modes of thought that we cannot grasp the thought from such a slight suggestion, and our habits of redundancy make us incapable of their modes of speech. It impresses me that the sound formerly described as meaning *food* is used in some way as a kind of 'shibboleth.' It is possible that this may arise from the Simian idea of food as the chief source of all happiness, and that the satisfaction which it gives is the supreme thought of his life, and in this manner, he associates that sound with every kindness and pacific office, but from a lack of opportunities I have not been able to ascertain to what extent these are associated ideas with him.

I have described in my former paper the fright which I gave to a monkey named Jokes, in Charleston, and at the time of writing that article I had not been able to renew friendly relations with him. After a lapse of some ten or twelve days from the time I had frightened him, I resorted to harsher means of bringing him to terms; I began to threaten him with a rod. At first he would resent it, but when he failed to frighten me by his threats and assaults, he soon yielded and came down from the perch in his cage, although greatly frightened. He would place the side of his head on the floor, put out his tongue, and utter a very plaintive sound, having a slight interrogative inflection. At first this novel demeanor quite defied interpretation; but during the same period I was visiting a young monkey of the same kind called Jack; we were quite good friends for comparative strangers, and he allowed me many liberties with him, which the family to whom he belonged assured me he denied to others. On one of my frequent visits he displayed his temper and made an attack upon me because I refused to let go a saucer from which I was feeding him some milk. I jerked him up by the chain and slapped him sharply for this, whereupon he instantly laid the side of his head on the floor, put out his tongue, and made just such a sound as Jokes had made several times before, under the stress of great fear. It occurred to me that must be a sign of surrender or submission. And many subsequent tests have confirmed this opinion.

But my daily visits to Jokes had not won him back after a lapse of more than two months, and on my approach he would manifest great fear and go through with this strange act of humiliation. I observed that he had a great dislike for a certain negro boy on the place, who teased and vexed him very much, so I had the boy come up near the cage, and Jokes would fairly rave with anger. So great was his dislike for this boy that he seemed to forget all other things about him in his efforts to get to him. I would feign to beat the boy with a stick and this gave Jokes great delight. I would hold the boy so near the cage as to allow the monkey to scratch and claw his clothes, and this would fill his whole Simian soul with joy. I would then release the boy and drive him away with sticks and wads of paper, to the evident pleasure of the monkey. I repeated these things many times, and we became the very best of friends again. After each encounter he would come up to the bars, touch my hand with his tongue, chatter and play with my fingers, and show all signs of friendship. He always warns me of the approach of any one, and his conduct toward them is very largely controlled by my own. He never fails to greet me with the sound described in my former paper. The sound is a compound, as I have shown by reversing the cylinder of the graphophone, and repeating it backward. This will be referred to farther on.

I may here relate that on one occasion a boy was teasing Jokes with a stick, when I approached the cage and put my hand in, and allowed him to caress it; in the meanwhile the boy would reach his hand into the cage under my arm and catch Jokes' tail or toe, which seemed at first to surprise him greatly, but in a trice he detected the author and flew at him with great violence, and every time the boy would reach his hand into or toward the cage the monkey would spring at him and try to catch his hand. In his haste and anger he once grabbed my hand in mistake; but he discovered it so quickly that I had scarcely realized the situation myself before I found him crouched down and his head on the floor, his tongue out, uttering that peculiar sound (which I cannot reduce to letters), in the most suppliant manner, and he continued to do so until he had been assured of peace. When he assaults any one else he always returns to me and touches my hand with his tongue, which seems to be a kind of sign of a covenant.

Another little monkey of this species which I visited a few times was called Jennie. Her master had warned me in advance that she was not kindly disposed to strangers and I should watch her, that she might not do me any harm. At my request he had her chained in a small side yard and forbade any of the family entering it. I approached her little ladyship with the usual salutation, which she seemed to recognize at once, and I sat down by her and began to feed her from my hands. She seemed to regard me as a friend, but of a different species. She eyed me with evident interest and some suspicion, but when I would utter that sound for *food* she would respond promptly. While we were indulging in a kind of mutual investigation of affairs a negro girl, who lived with the family and frequently fed Jennie, being overcome by her curiosity, came into the yard and came up within a few feet of us. I at once decided that I would offer her as a sacrifice on the altar of science, so I arose and placed her between myself and the monkey and began to sound the "alarm" or "menace" with great vigor. Jennie flew into a perfect fit of fright. I continued to sound it, and at the same time to attack the girl with a great display of violence, thus causing the monkey to believe that the girl had made the alarm. I then drove the girl away from

the yard with a great flourish of paper wads and pea-nut shells, and returned to the little monkey to pacify her. She became quite calm and seemed to think I was her hero, but for days she would not allow the girl to feed or approach her. This quite confirmed my opinion as to the meaning of this peculiar piercing sound.

A few weeks later I went to Cincinnati to visit my chimpanzee friends again, and I found immediately that they gave evidence of understanding one of the words which I used on approaching them. This word I had learned from the record of their speech which I had made last year. I have not had the opportunities to experiment with them which would justify my giving a very full account of any of their traits of speech, only to say this, that I am quite sure from my studies of their vocal character in the graphophone, and by listening to them in their cage, if I could be more intimately associated with them I could soon master their language; but they are kept in a large cage, entirely inclosed in a house of glass, the outer doors of which are kept closed to avoid any change of temperature which might tell on their health, and the keeper is so apprehensive of some ill befalling them that he keeps them forever under his eye. I succeeded in getting their attention as I tried to utter a sound of theirs, and I could get the female to come to me every time I would use it. I cannot fully describe it here, although it comes within the compass of human speech, and is not very difficult to utter. It is not quite, but nearly, represented by *h-ou-uh*, very slightly nasal, and, so far, the only trace of a nasal intonation in the vocal products of any of the lower animals which I have ever detected. They have more words than a capuchin monkey, and all the words they speak, so far as I have ever been able to hear, can be reproduced by human vocal organs. My recent visit to them has quite satisfied me that I can make myself understood by them; and while it is premature as yet to mention it, I am now trying to arrange for a trip to interior Africa to visit the *troglodytes* in their native wilds, and if my plans (which are all practicable) can be arranged, I agree to give to the world a revelation which will rattle the dry bones of philology in a wholly new light. Mr. Edison has kindly agreed, if I can make certain arrangements, that he will aid me in the phonograph feature—the only thing which makes these studies possible—and I promise to perform some feats which will be worthy of public attention."

MORE SHARK NOTES.

I AM glad to see that my communication to your columns, "Sharks and their Ways," has called forth experiences of others; in this way we may arrive at the truth. The experience of some of these writers is opposed to mine, but that of a late writer who observed the habits of sharks at Pensacola confirms mine, and I am induced to think that possibly the habits of sharks in Southern waters may differ from those in Northern seas. My observations have been made in tropical oceans and on the east coast of Florida. In Florida waters the species noticed were the dusky shark, the hammer-head, the shovel-nose and the nurse shark; these I have taken with rod and reel, from 2 to 6 ft. in length, and like the writer from Chicago, I have never seen them turn over to seize the bait.

As game fishes the sharks do not, I think, stand high; the most common of them, the dusky shark, when hooked, circles round on the surface and usually bites off the line and escapes. If so hooked that the line cannot be cut, the struggle is furious but short, the shark giving up in much less time than a game fish of half his size, such as a channel bass, salt water trout or snapper would do. I once hooked a shark about 5 ft. long which fought longer than usual, and when brought to gaff he was found to be hooked in a side fin, so that he retained his full powers. So also with the hammer-head. The shovel-nosed shark I have found to be the most active of them. The nurse shark lies on the bottom, and its bite is not felt or its presence known to the angler till he raises his rod, then the fish comes up like a log, without resistance.

MARIETTA, Georgia.

HABITS OF WHITEFISH IN PONDS.

WE are indebted to Col. Marshall McDonald for the following interesting and important information about the feeding habits of whitefish in ponds, contained in a letter from Mr. C. G. Thompson of Warren, Ind. Mr. Thompson is a member of the firm of Smethurst & Thompson, proprietors of the Star Roller Mills. These gentlemen have an abundant supply of good water and ample space for ponds. They have established a hatchery on their property and devote their energies and resources chiefly to stocking public waters. Plans for constructing trout-hatching boxes, like those used at Northville, Mich., were obtained from the U. S. Commission and the hatching appliances are successfully operated. The results with wall-eyed pike, known at Warren as pickerel, have been particularly gratifying, and Mr. Thompson expects to liberate fully 1,500,000 fry in the river next spring. A pond is now being constructed with dimensions of 300 by 200 feet and a depth of 16 feet; this is to be completed by October next and will be used for landlocked salmon and lake trout. The establishment now contains whitefish, landlocked salmon and wall-eyed pike. It is intended to add sturgeon and other fishes next summer and lake trout as soon as possible.

Mr. Thompson feeds his whitefish on mill-feed (called also shorts and middlings) and he finds that these fish, as well as catfish, carp and wall-eyed pike, thrive on such rations. Mr. W. F. Page uses the same material very successfully for black bass at the Neosho station in Missouri.

Two years ago Mr. Thompson procured 12 large whitefish at West Sister Island, Lake Erie, nine of them are now living and have made good growth. Eighteen months ago he received some whitefish fry from the Sandusky station of the U. S. Commission. Several hundred of these survive, measure 10 to 12 inches in length, and weigh probably from 10 to 12 ounces. Last spring Mr. Thompson obtained about 5,000 fry from Put-in-Bay and placed them in the pond with the larger whitefish; but found that "the old fish ate them up as fast as a chicken can pick up corn, consequently we got few fish from that lot. This was a revelation to the whole fish fraternity, as every one supposed that whitefish did not eat anything of the kind—but they do—and one whitefish one year old will

If your shooting friend does not read FOREST AND STREAM why not give him a Christmas present and do a little missionary work at the same time by subscribing to the paper for him. It will give him pleasure fifty-two times a year. Do you realize that next year \$4 will buy you 1664 of these big pages, and all of them devoted to wholesome, manly sport.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

OREGON WILDFOWL.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 23.—Since last writing a most unusual streak of good luck has been with the sportsmen of Oregon. Weather as balmy as springtime, and more ducks than ever. On Nov. 8 the writer and a friend opened the ball at about 6:30 in the morning, from a blind on Muskrat Point, in the Moose Lake, on Columbia Slough. This blind is of peculiar construction and merits more than passing notice. First, a large hole is

light. A trip to the lake on Wednesday without dog or gun showed a grand sight. The lake was as full as it could be of all kinds of birds, from the piping little teal to the largest of the swan family. Let them rest to-day and we will come again. This was what I told Harry, and although very impatient, he thought this the best plan. How well the plan worked and how true the prophecy remains to be seen.

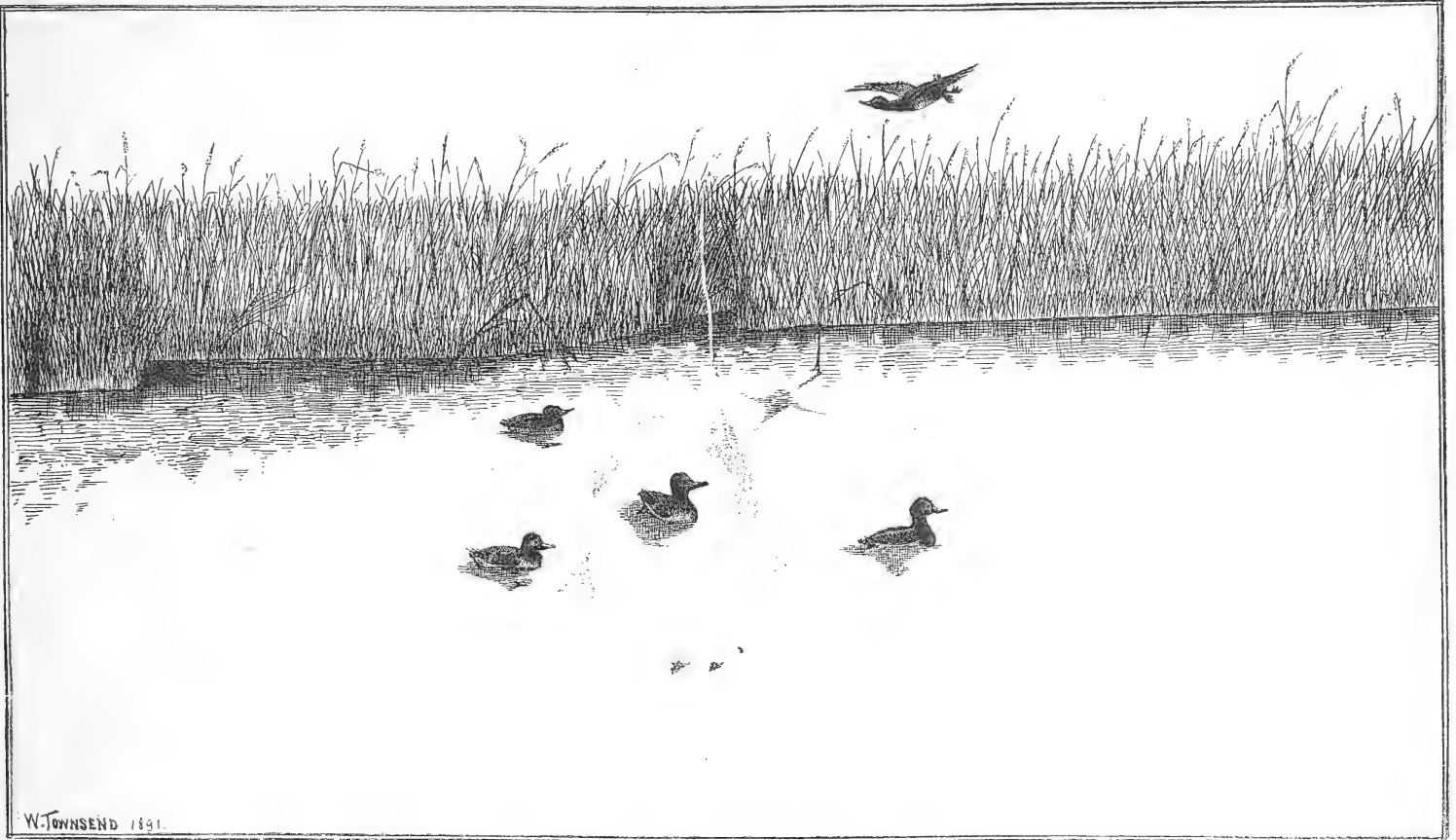
We got to our blind at about 5:45, and as there were no birds in our lake, of course, we felt somewhat crestfallen. However, we put our decoys out and then sat in the blind to wait for daylight. A bright moon was shining and anon we could see large flights of birds passing over. At about 6:30 we began to shoot, but the birds flew high and decoyed poorly for an hour. Then they came, and for three hours we had all the shooting we wanted. Then they stopped for a while and we picked up our dead birds. At noon we had all on the bank, and on counting found we had 102 ducks. Then we had lunch and got in our cripples, and after killing a few more, made our string count 127. This is the best shoot that I have ever had, and Harry says that for a short shoot it is his best. At about 10 o'clock the sun was so hot that we were obliged to dip our guns in the water so we could hold them.

Our daily papers are the most wretched accountants in the world, that is as regards sport. They get their information from people that are not sportsmen and who

clean up 10,000 young fry very easy. They chased about day and night, like trout, for 10 days after young fry were placed in with them. Now we have constructed pens 12 feet long and 6 feet wide, and as soon as hatched they will be planted in them and fed properly until they can swim and will then be transplanted to the large pond. In that way we feel confident of success in the highest degree."

All fish which have come under Mr. Thompson's observation eat the young of their own or any other kind. This agrees with the experience of others. Shad kept in one of the Government carp ponds at Washington thrived wonderfully on a diet of young carp, which were not intended for their support and which were supposed to be safe company. In a Fish Commission aquarium in the same city a number of shad about an inch long were placed with some yearling shad measuring about 4 in.; but the larger shad immediately began to devour the smaller ones and the two sizes were quickly separated. The young shad has teeth in its jaws which sometimes persist until the age of two years, but when mature the fish has no teeth and its habits change. Perhaps the same is true of the whitefish.

THE FOOD OF YOUNG WILD DUCK.—During the summer of 1884 I was on one of the surveying parties engaged in laying out the land between Calgary and Fort Edmonton into township sections and lots. For a time in the month



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XIV.

REDHEADS—A COSY SPOT IN THE WILD RICE.

of May and early June we were camped near a small lake on the shore of which grew some rushes, and the slope to which from the prairie was very slight and gradual. Around the border there were thousands of wild ducks of all varieties engaged in the process of hatching and rearing their young. Being appointed cook and camp-keeper to the party, my duty was to stay by and watch the camp to protect it from roving Indians. The lake was about 200 yards from the camp where the tents were erected. Having a telescope I had opportunities of watching what was going on. Most of the birds were incubating, but as the young hatched they at once went to the water. My curiosity was aroused as to how they lived and what they fed on; so one bright afternoon I crossed the creek and walked over to the lake. I found the water literally swarmed with small frogs, and black-with tadpoles in various stages of growth. The little fluffy ducks were filling themselves with this, to them, dainty food, while young grass along the banks and the larger frogs formed the chief sustenance of the old birds. So bountifully has nature provided for all her creatures, and yet each and all prey on one another.—J. MACKELCON (Toronto, Ont.).

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—1 yak (*Bison grunniens*), 1 green hangurst (*Ostinops viridis*), 1 ground rattlesnake (*Crotalophorus milvatus*), 2 green snakes (*Cyclophis vernalis*), 4 common hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), 1 common black snake (*Bascanium constrictor*), 1 black hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus niger*), 2 glass snakes (*Ophiosaurus ventralis*), 33 water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), and 29 garter snakes (*Eutamias striatilis*). Presented—1 brown bear (*Ursus amercanus*), 3 red foxes (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), 1 opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), 1 red-tailed buzzard (*Buteo borealis*), 1 carinated tree boa (*Herpetodryas carinatus*), 1 black snake (*Bascanium constrictor*), 1 striped terrapin (*Chelopus insculptus*) and 4 alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*).

TO DENVER VIA ARLINGTON ROUTE.—Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1 P. M., or St. Louis at 2:25 A. M., and arrive Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Through sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. All railroads from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 5:45 P. M., St. Louis at 8:15 P. M., and Peoria at 3:20 P. M., and 7:50 P. M. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.—Advt.

dug in the ground, which is quite high well above the water, and a drygoods box 6 ft. long, 4 ft. deep, and 4 ft. wide, is let in flush with the top of the ground. Then a wire screen 2 ft. wide is laid and fastened on above this but at an angle of about 45°, and then dead grass is thrown on the wire. This makes nice room for the dogs on either side, and they are thus well sheltered from any cold winds. Then a good seat is constructed in such a way that it can be moved to suit the convenience of the shooters.

All of our decoys (about eight dozen of mixed trash, canvas and geese) having been set out, we were ready for the birds. And how they flew: the green-winged teal was strongly in the majority, as the count will show. For half an hour the mallards, widgeon and a few sprigs came; and then as suddenly they stopped coming. But what is this? A large white object is seen coming down wind and straight for the blind. A little judicious calling, and then the writer scores his first swan; and a very proud day this was for him. After waiting for an hour, we feel the wind grow stronger from the east, and down come the birds. Then we commence the rapid-firing system, and after another hour or perhaps two the flight is done. Now let us get in all of our dead birds, for it is ten o'clock. How many? Well, we have sixty-one birds. Then we go to lunch, and on our return are surprised to find the lake full of birds again. We frighten them out and they do not come back as soon as we expected; however, about 2:30 the fun begins again, and the shooting is fast and furious for a time. Then we pick up and pack out a distance of half a mile to the train, and a half hour's ride brings us home. On counting up, we find sixty teal, twenty-three widgeon, nine mallards, four sprigtails and five canvas. The swan and a few snipe we get on our way to lunch make the total 107 birds; and this in weather in which one would be ashamed to wear an overcoat.

The 15th was almost a repetition of the 8th, with the exception that nearly all of the birds were large, only two teal and one butterball to mar the beauty of ninety-three mallards, widgeon, sprigs and canvas. Mr. Harry Beal was my companion in both of these shoots, and we will shoot together for some time to come, at least I hope so. Now comes our first ducking in the dark of the moon. The two former shoots were made in the full

have been to guessing school for a short time, so are not to be blamed for their errors.

The pheasant, grouse and quail season is closed. Very few of these toothsome birds have been taken this year compared to former years. The season opens on the first of September, and then the birds have gone to the mountains and tail timber. This is as it should be for a few years. SAND HILL.

THE BLACK PARTRIDGE IN AMERICA.—I was glad to see in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3 that an attempt has been made to introduce the black partridge, and heartily hope it will succeed, being sure that American sportsmen and naturalists would be delighted with them. I have lately read that they are found in Cyprus, so they probably exist also in Asia Minor and northern Africa. It would be easier to take them to America from that part of the world than from India on account of the shortness of the voyage. I hardly agree with Col. Ramsden in thinking that the prairie grass is not high enough, having frequently put up the partridge on slopes of the Himalayas, where the grass was not more than one or two feet high, and that only in patches. There is also no fear of Illinois being too hot, for the bird is common in parts of the Punjab, near the River Ravee, where the summer heat is really scorching.—J. J. MEYERICK (England).

THE HORTON STEEL ROD MANUFACTURERS report that the improvement in make has been followed by a corresponding increase of sales, which goes to show that they are growing in favor with the fishing public. The rods are to be sold the coming season at a much lower price than heretofore, and the prospects are that the Horton Co. will have all that they can do to supply the demand.

NORTHERN NEW YORK.—Philadelphia, N. Y.—Large numbers of bass, rock bass, pickerel and bullheads were caught in the river, on Indian River, at or near this place. Suckers are speared in large numbers every spring by means of a torch made of cotton batting soaked in kerosene oil.—RAY SPEARS.

TAKE A COMPASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to what Dr. Morris and others have written about finding one's way in the woods and out of the woods, I would say with Mr. Seymour Van Santvoord, don't trust too much to your knife blade and finger nail, but always carry at least one compass. A year ago last October I was obliged to spend a long, cold, fireless, supperless night about ten miles from the nearest habitation, all because I had been so foolish as to leave my compass at home.

Suppose that a man finds himself about 4 P. M. in a strange valley, with the mountains rising on both sides two or three thousand feet, and the saturated clouds almost touching his head. Try your knife and thumb nail now. The shadow comes all right, the light coming from the opposite side. Cross the valley to make sure. The light still comes from the opposite side, because it is the most open away from the mountain. Try it in the bottom of the valley. It is the lightest up stream. Will I have to climb to the top of that ridge where the light must come from the west and south? But it will be dark almost before I get there, and that would be a choice place to camp. Better stay down here in the valley where at least the force of the wind is broken, and make the best of it till morning. This was my experience. That night it rained, and I had no shelter, matches, nor supper, but I nearly had a chill before morning.

On the other hand, the knife and nail method is often useful, and has taken many a poor fellow out of the woods before dark. I know a man who bet the guides in ascertaining locality in the Adirondacks, that he could go two hours into a tamarack swamp and come out within three more. They took him up. The day was dark and the sky uniformly overcast, so that one could scarcely tell just where the sun was out in the open. He came out on time and it was thought he must have a big "bump of locality," but he himself said it was simply by the use of his knife blade on his thumb nail. NIK.

Essex, New York.

SHAWANGUNK NOTES.

ON the 12th inst. a box containing 28 ruffed grouse was sent to the office of the National Express Co., at Rockland, Sullivan county, N. Y., for shipment to Washington Market. The agent suspected that the contents had not been killed according to law and held the box until Game Inspector Snyder examined it. All the birds had been snared, and prosecution of those concerned in their capture and shipment will follow.

In spite of the severe statutory penalty, violations of the game laws in this respect have for years been flagrant in Sullivan, Pike and Sussex counties. In Pike county thousands of ruffed grouse, not to speak of other birds and rabbits, are snared and shipped to New York or sold to local speculators in game every season. Those who buy game thus caught on speculation or for their own use, knowing the facts, deserve as severe punishment as the trappers themselves.

The counties concerned should have an organization composed of their own citizens to watch for violations of the game laws. The Rockland case is a good beginning, but much more is needed. Every package of game sent to our railway stations should be examined, and all birds, rabbits, etc., found to have been illegally killed should be detained and the shipper brought to account. Such proceedings would soon bring to light the trappers and the extent of their lawless work.

If it can be proved that the sender had twenty-eight snared birds in her possession she can be made to pay at the rate of \$50 for each of them, in which event the total amount of the penalty will be the very tidy sum of \$1,400.

The name of the shipper is probably fictitious, and the sentimental railers at our game laws might begin with that fact in acquiring sounder views. We hear much of the farmer's table being impoverished by game laws made in the interest of city anglers and gunners. The snared grouse in question were destined for epicures who patronize high priced restaurants in New York—people who know little or nothing of Sullivan county and, if possible, care less.

Both rabbits and grouse are abundant this season, while their scarcity throughout the region was remarked last fall. Hunters informed us that foxes were becoming so numerous as to threaten the extermination of the gray rabbits. Now the rabbits are proving a pest to the farmers. The foxes were also charged with destroying grouse during their nesting season. Speaking of the matter in FOREST AND STREAM last winter, the writer suggested that two unusually mild winters in succession might have something to do with it, by permitting an undue increase in the number of carnivorous rodents and snakes. Although not extremely cold, last winter was long and tolerably severe, with plenty of snow on the ground from December until March.

Whatever the exact cause or causes, it must be admitted that natural conditions in some way have more to do with determining the scarcity or abundance of both grouse and rabbits than protective game laws.

A number of Kingston sportsmen have purchased a tract of land at Lewbeach, on the Beaverkill, with the view of forming a game preserve there. They propose to create a pond some twenty-five acres in extent, by a dam 20 ft. high and fifty rods in length. This will give a deep body of pure water. A fish hatchery will also be built and several thousand trout fry will be liberated every year. The Beaverkill is a splendid trout stream, and the big fellows are expected to take up their quarters in the deep waters of the pond.

The extensive trout pound built by the Hartford Park Association two years ago, is now well stocked. Some weeks since several members with their families spent a few days at the club house. While most of the gentlemen were out looking up a deer to replenish the larder, a member hid himself to the pond with rod and flies, and in a short time landed several fair-sized trout. Next season the pond will doubtless afford some excellent sport.

Signs of boars and black bears are plentiful in Forestburgh, and after the first good snow falls there will be a general meet of the Hartford Park people. Bruin and the wild porkers will have to hustle.

Four young Jersey cattle—a bull coming two years old, two heifers of the same age and a last spring's calf—belonging to a farmer at Bushkill, Pike county, Pa., escaped from their pasture and took to the woods, becoming

as wild as deer, and, indeed, looking very much like deer. They fly on the approach of man, and have runways, as deer have.

A short time ago the bull was so frightened as to get pretty far from his runway, but he soon got back, not minding a fence that was in his way, instantly making kindling wood of the rails. Of course the bull is dangerous. Most of the Jersey bulls are cross when in what we call a tame state, but this fellow, being wild, is as furious as the bulls of Barbara, and his capture alive would be difficult, if not impossible.

A few scores of wild cattle in the wilderness of Porter, Lehman, etc., would make very good substitutes for deer, and the hunting of them for deer hunting. Viewing these cattle in this light, one feels like suggesting that the animals be allowed to struggle for subsistence in order to see what comes of it.

When we reflect that until recently wild cattle existed on the cold moors of northern England, the suggestion may not seem extravagant. In form, size and color the cattle of the Channel Islands—Alderney, Jersey and Guernsey, resemble the wild breed, and in a state of nature would be likely to take on more deer-like traits.

B. F. HENLEY.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

THE GAME FIELDS.

LEXINGTON, Va., Nov. 23.—I have intended for some time past to let you hear something of the game in this section, but have postponed writing from time to time hoping to be able to give a better account of game than the early season seemed to promise.

On Dec. 16, 1890, we had a snow fall of 28 in., which lay on the ground for weeks; and in that part of the county in which I do the greater part of my shooting, I heard of two coveys of birds, that had taken shelter in corn shocks, being found starved to death. I had hoped that the mortality in other parts of the county would not be so great; but my hopes proved vain.

During the period of thirty years that I have been shooting I never saw game so scarce. A tramp of ten or twelve miles has more than once proved fruitless. I should be glad if the Legislature would pass an act protecting the birds for at least two years.

On the other side of the Blue Ridge, in the counties of Amherst, Nelson and Bedford, I hear that game was never more abundant, and that large bags are frequently made.

Deer are reported to be in numbers in the mountains north of us. One party in a hunt of six days killed six deer and one bear. T. M. S.

A large moose was shot the last of September this year in the Umbagog Lake by the two Thurston brothers. They claim to have shot him on or near Pine Point, which was on the New Hampshire side of the State line, which cuts the north bay of Umbagog in two diagonally.

The moose was a large bull, bearing good-sized antlers, and weighing six or eight hundred pounds dressed. He was wading in the lake at a place where, years ago, before the dams were built to hoist water, moose used to wade across the lake.

Charles Davis got in the best hunt of the season in Elliptown, Piscataquis county, last month, that we have heard of. He was trailing and stalking deer on Blue Ridge and had the good fortune to shoot two, and while dressing them saw two bears approaching, probably attracted by the smell of venison. Charlie's trusty Winchester lay handy by, and he blazed away at the largest—a bear of about 400 lbs.—rolling him over; but the smaller kept straight on for him or the venison. Charlie kept peppering away until he secured them both. They sent the head to Colebrook, N. H., to be mounted, although they were offered \$50 for it.

Many deer have been shot about Umbagog this fall, and some bears.

Partridges are fairly plentiful, and the usual amount of water birds have been killed.

Now, and for the last six weeks, the most of the guides have been trapping fur-bearing animals, such as bear, otter, beaver, mink, fisher, lynx, martin (sable), fox, etc., etc., with very fair success.

Deer are abundant everywhere throughout the lake country, and moose seem to be on the gain. J. G. R.

BETHEL, Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On reading the letter from Mr. Andrews on the subject of game protection in Rhode Island, I was indeed glad to hear of the good results with which he had met; and hoping to be of some use to his association, I propose to disclose one of the worst nests of game law breakers in Rhode Island.

The town of Narragansett Pier contains no less than twelve large hotels and two large restaurants, besides many cottages. The great rush to this place is, only for two months of each year. These months are July and August, just the time of year when game should be unmolested. During this season the hotel keepers offer fancy prices for half grown quail, partridge and woodcock.

There are plenty of men in the surrounding towns of Wakefield, Peace Dale and Kingston who jump at this chance and kill off all the game before the law-abiding sportsman gets a chance. This is so year in and year out, and it will be just the same next season; so, if a steady watch is kept secretly, they may make an example of one or two of the scamps. My summer home is in Narragansett Pier, and I would like to see the birds let alone until the opening day, which is October 1 for quail; heaven knows, soon enough. T. DE C.

NEW YORK CITY.

Foxes are abundant, several having been killed this fall. Parties leave here nearly every day, and seldom return without a brush or two. Quite a lot of partridges were killed this fall. Reports from the Adirondacks say partridges were never more abundant than during the last fall. RAY SPEARS.

PHILADELPHIA, N. Y.

There is a bear skin on exhibitions in Hudson's gun store that takes the cake. It is 9 ft. in length and 8 ft. across in the widest place. The bear that wore this skin was a grizzly, and he lived in far-off Alaska. Judging from the size of the skin, he must have been as large as two

ordinary cows, and could not have weighed less than 2,500 lbs. It is by far the largest bear skin that has ever been seen in Portland, and even old bear hunters who are told of its dimensions shake their heads in an incredulous manner until they see it with their own eyes.—Portland Oregonian.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE ruffed grouse rises at times from the ground with his head directly toward the person approaching in the field. Not with the intention, however, of flying in that direction, but on the contrary, just the opposite. When the grouse does this he is usually along the skirts of the woods, sunning himself in the leaves.

When disturbed at this time he springs up with lightning-like rapidity and whirls away on his side with a backward curve that exposes to view for a moment the under surface of his body and wings. After he has gone about 20 ft. he rights himself, and flying low, goes away in a straight line.

This remarkable flight of the grouse is somewhat similar to the feat performed by the acrobat when he turns a somersault sideways by placing one hand upon the ground.

Commonly the grouse flies across the shooter or directly away, the bird turning around at the last moment and leaving the ground either with a spring, or after a short run. When the grouse flies he does so with a sort of rocking motion, caused by his working his wings alternately. He does this for some distance, after which he usually sails along with his wings set, and in this manner will go a long way before he alights on the ground.

The grouse, also, in his flight swerves considerably, at times to the right and left. He often does this for the purpose of placing an obstruction between himself and the danger behind him.

On one occasion I saw an ardent sportsman fire at a grouse in the woods about 35 yds. off. But the most of his charge of shot went into a large pine tree which happened to be directly in the line of flight and behind which the bird had just darted and disappeared. But for that tree the gentleman would have probably shot his grouse. DORR.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—Across the street from where I daily grapple with things rises the vast and beautiful structure known as the Woman's Temple, built by the W. C. T. U., and one of the finest buildings in this city. This organization, at its meeting in Boston last month, passed a resolution against vivisection, and also one against the practice of wearing the skins of birds as millinery ornaments. The resolution, as printed at the time, read as follows:

"Resolved, That we hereby express our disapproval of the custom of wearing the bodies, wings, or feathers of birds (except those of the ostrich) as part of our clothing or headgear, and we call upon all right-minded women to unite with us in efforts to abolish this destructive and cruel fashion."

It must be a great trial for certain of the ladies to subscribe to the foregoing. Indeed, the resolution should have had an amendment, embodying one exception among the feathered race. The wearing of the wings, tail, body, head, or the total or fragmentary frame of the English sparrow should have been not only allowed, but encouraged. This would have helped us all out of our troubles, and would have relieved the State of Illinois from the delicate position in which it now finds itself placed. To-day, in short, is Sparrow Day, the beginning of the two months' season during which the State will pay 2 cents a head as bounty on English sparrows. There is a swarm of English sparrows sitting over on the Woman's Temple now discussing the question, and probably indorsing the resolution as it stands above. The small boy will revel in destruction now for a while, indeed, has been doing so for a long time; for many a peck of heads nipped untimely will be sworn through as the full fruit of December. The law will cost the county a barrel of money, and will kill thousands of decent sparrows of other species, in spite of the fines imposed for killing or for paying out bounty on any but the English sparrow. But if the ladies would only consent to wear sparrow wings on their hats now, with what a sigh of relief could the tax payer go down into his pocket for his share of the sparrow tax. This is a very ill-built, misfit world.

Not much shooting here just at present except at the trap. The quail season for Illinois closes to-day, Indiana season closes Dec. 20. The market is full of Wisconsin and Michigan venison, shipped illegally of course.

Some mallards still linger along our timbered streams. Numbers were seen last week on the Kankakee at Mak-saw-ba grounds. Their pursuit seemed too hard to certain ease-loving members of the club, to wit, Geo. Holden, J. P. Card and L. R. Brown, who went rabbit hunting instead. The three killed fifty rabbits in one day. They purposed having a great joke on one of their friends in the city, and intended to put all these in one big sack and ship them to him "collect." On the next morning, however, when they wished to put the rabbits in the bag, they found them all frozen stark and stiff and their legs pointing in about 400 different directions. They had to postpone the shipment and wait for a thaw.

Any one liking rabbit shooting—I confess I always rather did—can find all of it he cares for in the timber mottes along the edge of the Kankakee in Indiana. Thayer, Shelby, DeMotte, Lowell, any of a dozen towns would be good enough. Vandalia, Ill., is another good point. E. HUGH.

DUCKS IN FISHING NETS.—Erie, Pa.—I've been told that one fish boat brought in here 1,300 ducks last evening and another 1,000 from their nets. The fishermen say that the ducks dive for the wheat and other grain lost from passing vessels and when rising are caught. In former years but few ducks have been caught thus here, and this present experience is, as yet, as unexplainable as it is unusual. The damage done to the gill-nets by the ducks in their efforts to escape is so great as to render a duck haul, though never so large, a bit of poor luck for the fishermen, even though the netted ducks are salable, if they have not been in the water too long.

WHERE HAS ALL THE GAME GONE?

"THE blackhearts used to come to Toronto Bay in hundreds of thousands every spring. Once, about fifteen years ago, I killed 400 at a single discharge of my double-barreled, but they don't seem to come any more, somehow," said an old sport.

"Thirty-five years ago this fall," said a lumberman, "I went with a lot of fellows up the St. Lawrence River on a steamer, and we fairly plowed our way through ducks. Why we killed hundreds with our revolvers just for fun, and even knocked them down with sticks and stones."

"What could you do with so many?" I said.

"Do! Why we never bothered about them again after they fell."

"In 1867, I and two other fellows discovered a herd of 200 odd elk yarded up in the snow, in Oregon. We killed every one of them in a few hours," says an old miner.

"I've seen a hundred thousand hogs fattened on wild pigeon squabs in Kentucky," says an ancient pioneer.

"Forty years ago," said the first settler of Peel county, Ontario, "I stood by that rock in the river, with a pitchfork, and pitched out fat salmon till I had a pile on the banks nearly as high as a man."

"And then?"

"Oh, I took a dozen or so of the best and left the rest to rot. We all did it every spring. But there has not been a salmon seen here for ten years now; it's a judgment on us."

"Yes," says an old ranchman, "I've seen the prairie north of the Canadian River so thickly strewn with dead buffalo, left untouched where they fell, that one might have walked sixty miles on them without ever touching ground."

These are only a few out of thousands of well known facts, and yet people keep on asking "What has become of all the game?" If they wish for a fuller solution let them turn to the department of this journal in which each sportsman tells of the size of his latest "bag," and further let them turn to the cover and advertising pages, and mark the growing multiplicity and perfection of infallible, deadly, wholesale engines of destruction of every possible kind; each year shows us something new, with greater precision, range, power and rapidity than ever before, while the luckless wild things are endowed no better than when a bow and arrow were their worst foes. Let them note these facts, I say, and ask once more where has the game gone to. For my part I should be quite contented to see the total abolition of what is known as sport with the gun. ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

INDIANA SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.

WE have received from Mr. F. M. Gilbert a copy of the subjoined resolutions, sent to him by a committee of the leading sportsmen of Evansville:

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 3, 1891.—F. M. Gilbert, Esq., Game Warden First District, Indiana: At a meeting to-night the following resolutions were adopted, and I herewith present them to you:

Whereas, We represent the citizens of Evansville who believe in recreation when possible to leave our work, and we love gun and dog, and find our only sport in the pursuit of quail; and

Whereas, We are not market shooters, but shoot only for our own pleasure and the few quail that our families eat, and we therefore do not gain any recompense from shooting; and

Whereas, Matters have reached such a pitch among the farmers that no matter how gentlemanly in deportment we are, we are ordered off (often with curses and all kinds of foul abuse) from nearly every farm in this section, and it has become impossible to realize any enjoyment from our guns and dogs; and

Whereas, We learn and firmly believe that the farmers keep us from shooting the game (which is the property of the State and not theirs) in order to themselves kill it, contrary to law, and sell it; therefore be it

Resolved, That we call on you to do your duty as Game Warden, and arrest and cause to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, every farmer who brings in netted or trapped quail, or quail taken in any illegal manner against the statutes of the State of Indiana. That we call on you to cause to be prosecuted the proprietor of any store, grocery, provision store or restaurant that sells or offers for sale any quail illegally taken. That we call on you to prosecute any express company, steamboat, railway company or common carrier of any kind that shall take game of any kind out or the limits of the State of Indiana.

We hereby pledge ourselves to assist you by any means in our power. Respectfully,

ED. L. DURHAM, Secretary pro tem.

J. F. KNIGHT, President pro tem.

A QUAIL'S FREAK.—One afternoon last month I shot a quail which fell near a brook. When told to "find," my dog Bang surprised Let and me by jumping into the brook and putting his head under the overhanging bank, locating the bird without doubt. I gave a stamp and out came the quail and paddled for dear life across the brook. Our efforts to make the dog understand the situation only resulted in his redoubling his attempts to get under the bank, and so Let jumped into the brook and retrieved the quail himself. We found that I had broken his wing, and so had made this cunning and unique attempt at escape. —F. LIN (Plain Hill, Conn.).

MISSOURI GAME.—Alexandria, Mo.—Quail appear to be an average this year. I have seen three flocks of a dozen birds each. The common rabbit is fairly numerous. This seems to be a great year for coons. The gila monster in the Keokuk Park is flourishing. —JASPER BLINES.

Books make good holiday gifts, and give more pleasure in proportion to the money expended than anything else. If you want a good book on shooting, fishing, natural history, or any other subject connected with outdoor life, consult the list of the Sportsman's Library in this paper, or better still, send for FOREST AND STREAM's free illustrated catalogue of works on outdoor sports.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Tackles. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

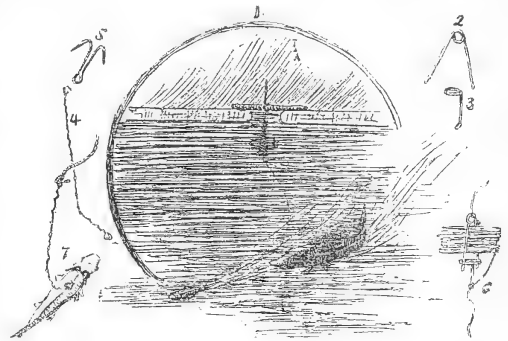
THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When the Frost King with chilling breath congeals the surface of many thousands of lakes and ponds through the Northern States, he is hailed with delight by those who, either for pleasure or profit, enjoy the sport of catching pike, pickerel and other varieties of fish from holes cut through the ice. The art of taking fish in this manner is an ancient one, much skill having been displayed and ingenuity shown in the construction of the various appliances and forms of tackle used, the essential point being so to arrange the tackle as to give the greatest possible certainty of hooking the fish securely. To accomplish this there must be an abundance of coiled line to run freely out when the bait is seized, the bait being secured in such manner that it can not be stripped from the hook, although easily gorged by the fish, and the hook of such a pattern as will give the most uniform results.

That the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may profit by the teachings of those whose many years of experience have taught them the proper thing, a plain description of the most killing and successful tackle known will be given with instruction, which if followed can not fail to bring ample reward to him who will brave the cold and wintry winds in pursuit of this exhilarating pastime. The lines used should be good and strong, not less than 45ft. in length and plenty of them, as the more lines used the more are the chances of success. Seine twist, hard-twisted (which can be purchased by the pound and cut into proper lengths), makes very substantial lines. To arrange the coil of the line bend a piece of spring brass wire (size No. 16) 9in. long into a spring the shape of a hairpin (Fig. 2), with an eye or loop in the bend. Make



from a shorter piece of wire a ring 4in. diameter (Fig. 3), having a downward projecting stem an inch in length, with a small loop at the end.

Tie the hairpin at eye into and a few inches from the end of the line, pass the opposite end of the line through the ring and the loop of the stem, a half-hitch of the line around the stem will hold the ring in position, the distance from the ring to the end of snell being the depth that the bait will hang below the ice and can be easily changed according to the varying depth of the water. Coil that portion of the line between the hairpin and the ring by cross-winding around the thumb and little finger of the open hand; place the coil in the hairpin, compress the ends of the hairpin and insert them into the ring, the spring pressure of the hairpin against the ring will hold the coil in place (as seen in Fig. 7). When in use the ring slips easily from the hairpin the instant the bait is seized, freeing without resistance the coiled line and giving ample opportunity for the wary fish to swallow the bait.

The ring should be sufficiently tight upon the hairpin to prevent the opening of the coil from the exertions of the live minnow bait, which may be of any variety of small fish. Chubs, suckers and dace from 5 to 10in. in length are preferably the best, being hardy, they live longer upon the hook, and when properly baited are as lively at the end of a week's time as when first put on the hook, proving of great advantage where the lines are to remain set in the ice for several days' duration. The hairpins, rings and snells should always be made of brass wire, as steel or iron wire corrodes, rusting the lines. In making snells (Fig. 4) use soft wire, size No. 24, double and twist a piece of the wire 28in. long, leaving a small loop at the end for the hook, twist and fasten with solder a strong loop at the other end for the line. The hooks (Fig. 5) used are very killing, being especially suitable for the taking of those varieties of fish which kill their prey before swallowing the same and are called the "barbless double-pointed" hook. They are but little known at the present day, although hooks of the same pattern, crudely made, were used during the bronze age and are still found among the remains of the European lake-dwellers.

They are easily baited, leaving the bait perfectly natural in appearance, and do not arouse the suspicions of the fish; but once swallowed, whether large or small, the hook will not tear out, break or become dislodged. They should be carried in a small box separate from the lines. In baiting, break the skin of the minnow just ahead of the dorsal fin with the point of the hook, push the end of the snell under the skin at least an inch toward the minnow's head, prick through the skin and loop with the point of the hook, and bring the loop to its place in the shank of the hook, drawing the shank back under the skin with the points of the hook flaring upward, outward and backward (as in Fig. 7).

In setting out lines, they may be tied to sticks laid across the holes in the ice, but if allowed to remain for

any length of time are apt to become frozen in, making caution necessary in cutting out not to sever the line. To guard against this, as well as to mark the holes in case they should become covered with snow, get as many pieces of heavy galvanized wire 2ft. long as there are lines in number, bend at two-thirds of the length in each an eye or loop of 1 1/2in. diameter, also a small loop at the longer ends. The longer ends, with lines attached, should hang in the water and the sticks placed through the large loops and across the holes. A miss blow of the ice chisel or axe in cutting out will not harm the wire, and the short ends of the wires projecting above the ice mark where the lines are set, the wires also preventing the fraying of the lines against the ice at the bottom of the holes.

The coiled line hanging below the ice can not clog nor freeze, and a glance will reveal by the coil being broken that a fish has seized the bait. Fish often bite best during the very stormiest and coldest of weather, when the ice is forming rapidly. At such times all devices which are used above the ice to indicate the hooking of the fish, or give out line, are practically worthless.

In cutting holes an axe is often used, making the work quite fatiguing when the ice is thick, the ice chips, clogging and breaking the force of the blows, the water rushing in causing a great deal of splashing, help to make the work disagreeable before a decent hole can be finished; an ice chisel will remedy all of this, and with such an implement nice round holes, neatly bevelled out at bottom, can easily be made. Any blacksmith can make a good ice chisel by welding into the end of a 3/4in. round iron bar 4ft. long a piece of tool steel, drawing out thin, 3in. in width and chisel-shaped, sharpening well, and forming a knob at upper end of the bar to prevent slipping through the hands.

Pike or pickerel do not gather in schools, but go about singly in search of their prey, making it necessary in setting lines to place them where the fish in search of food will find the bait, the fish moving from the deep to the shallow water. In setting lines cut the holes from 20 to 30yds. apart, following the contour of the shore, along the edge of deep water, which can generally be told by the rushes. Find with a sounder the depth of water at every hole and lower the bait half way to the bottom, never using holes where the water is more than 20ft. in depth.

Snags and stakes of all kinds should be avoided, as fish instinctively go to them when hooked, to free themselves from the line, winding it into a labyrinth of puzzles, and though rarely escaping, causing much annoyance and trouble. When the line has become snagged, follow its course from the hole, by cutting a row of holes directly over it until the snag is reached, if the fish can be located it can be gaffed by tying the gaff hook to a pole, and a strong pull will break the line or snell, which if badly snagged is not worth fretting about, providing the fish is landed. The sticks when placed across the holes should be parallel with the shore, that an even strain may come upon the line and stick, as most fish when hooked make a rush for deep water, and a large one is apt to break the line or stick if misplaced. The lines should be looked at twice each day, the fish taken off, rebaited and reset. Always play a large fish until well spent, as they make their final struggle at the hole. Kill, when landed, by a blow on the back of the head. In removing the hook a thin, flat stick makes a capital disgorger, by inserting in the bend of the hook and removing from the gullet of the fish.

The hooks patterned after models made in this city can be procured from the leading tackle dealers in New York city. A hand-sled with a box thereon, in which may be carried the fish, minnow pail and other things, will be found very convenient and save much time when used.

Mr. Lewis Bullard and the writer visited a small lake situated twenty-five miles distant from this city, on Feb. 23, 1891, and set out sixty lines that day, taking them up on the morning of the 26th, our catch being twenty-eight pike and two bass, aggregating a total weight of 220lbs., the ten largest weighing 22lbs., 22lbs., 21lbs., 18lbs., 16lbs., 11lbs., 6oz., 11lbs., 9lbs., 13oz., 8lbs., 4oz., 7lbs., 10oz., respectively, the largest fish being 44in. in length. In the capture of the largest two we had an exciting time, one of them being taken where ice was barely sufficient to withstand our weight, and so clear that the fish, seeing us, could not be brought near the hole without arousing all its energies and having to be played for several minutes before becoming sufficiently subdued to be gaffed. The other fish had wound the line several times around a pole which had been pushed into the muddy bottom to serve as an anchor for boats. His struggles had loosened from the bottom this pole weighing several pounds and we found the fish towing it around beneath the ice. This fish in its efforts to get free had so contused and bruised itself that it literally sweat blood when taken from the water.

The passage by our last Legislature of a bill prohibiting the use of night or set lines in fishing is construed by the State Game Warden to apply to fishing through the ice as well. This will deprive many of their winter's sport and cut off a large supply of food fish, as our pike cannot be taken with any certainty of success by any legitimate means except through the ice in winter.

The pike (*Lucius lucius*) is the shark of the fresh waters. The terror of the inland seas. He enjoys not the company of his kind, but roams about alone, seeking what he may devour. There is a greener glitter in his wicked eyes as he perceives the sucker bait, and glides toward it with scarce a movement of the fins or ripple of the water. The sucker, aware of danger, in obedience to nature's greatest law, endeavors to be free. Alas! poor sucker. One sweep of that might tail, one grasp of those cruel jaws, another victim to the greed of that insatiable maw, one more tragedy in Nature's play. The ring slips, the coil unwinds, the hook pricks. Alarmed, what a grand rush he makes for the dark blue of the deep water! Kerchug! The good stout line comes taut, the hook tears at his vitals. Thoroughly frightened now, he swims round and round in search of friendly stake or snag to let him free. The nasty bit of wire, rasping between those cruel jaws, is the goad that spurs him on. One more great surge to part the line, and the fight is over. Far out beneath the ice he lies, sullen and morose. Conquered is the monarch of the lake. BEN O. BUSH.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between those points.—Advt.

THE SIX-INCH TROUT LAW.

A paper read by Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley before the Vermont Fish and Game League.

I HOPE we are bent on practical work, and that full discussion as to the best modes of preserving, and even increasing, our game and fish supply, may be had; and that a free interchange of thoughts and views on that subject may result in legislation of a more practical kind than some with which we have been afflicted in times past. I have very strong convictions of my own about these matters, and although I am aware that in many respects they differ from other equally earnest workers, I propose to take this opportunity to ventilate them.

Legal restraint is the sole and only means of preservation. Just how far that should go and how best be applied, is the question that should interest us most. The only object of such restraint is that the rate of destruction may not exceed the rate of natural increase.

Do our present laws, fairly well observed as I think they are, effect this? I think you will agree with me that they do not, and that the supply of the four choicest varieties of fish and game native to our State—trout, black bass, partridge and woodcock—is found less and less abundant every year.

What is the remedy? Artificial propagation? Such means cannot be applied to the birds at all, and it is extremely doubtful to my mind whether it is the best means of preserving and increasing the supply of trout, and much more so that of the bass.

In my judgment there is a better remedy. First, shorten your open season for all fish and for all game; second, make the limitation of size on fish such that it will insure every fish born into the world one chance, at least, to attempt to reproduce its kind. Our laws prohibit the killing of trout less than 6 in. in length and of bass 10 in. Now a trout, male or female, that is just under 6 in. long on the 31st of August and is put back into the water, on that day is not mature and cannot, as a rule, propagate its species during the succeeding autumn; next May, however, he is of legal size and may be legally killed, and yet has had no chance in the world to do his share in the work of restocking the streams. The trout of 9 in. long on the same 31st of August, however, is one year older than his 6-inch comrade and is fully mature, the female can deposit spawn capable of being fertilized by the male of the same size who is able to perform his functions. These two fish, if thrown back on the last day of the season, or at any time during the season, will breed during the succeeding autumn.

It is true that both may be killed during the next season, but they will have done one year's work toward keeping good the population of the stream. I shall be met at once with the assertion that female trout of 5, or even 6 in. in length frequently have spawn in them; this is true, but that spawn, borne by an infant, so to speak, is not capable of being fertilized. They are like pullets' eggs, the product of an animal with all the instincts of reproduction, but, being immature, are without the capacity for successful work in that direction. If my views are correct, and I am supported by the opinions of such world noted experts as Seth Green, Spencer F. Baird, Annin, Fred Mather, Livingston Stone and Col. McDonald, is there any logical reason for the existence of a 6 in. law? On the contrary, is there not a good reason for a 9 in. law? Does not the complaint of hardship and injustice of the 6 in. law come mainly from people who live high up among the mountains or adjacent to small streams or remote from large ones? Where the brooks are small and the trout correspondingly so? Do not they say that the 6 in. law is entirely in the interest of the town sportsman who lives near the larger waters, or who has more time and better facilities for reaching them? Do they not claim constantly, clamorously, that the law deprives them of the pleasure of fishing in their small brook for the benefit of others who fish in larger waters? If you expect these men to obey your law cheerfully you must show them a good reason for the existence of the law, and this I think is possible. You must show them also that you yourselves are willing to forego some part of your own sport for the general good.

Nor would a 9 in. law be a hardship to any one for more than two years, since the 6 in. trout of to-day would certainly be above the legal size in 1893. Who shows his basket of 6 in. trout with any pride? No one; but a basket of 9 in. trout is a pretty sight, and even in such baskets you will always find the largest on top. If any one doubts the beneficial results of such a law well enforced, he is past my power of conversion. I have been asked frequently why it was that in some brooks trout never grow to over 6 in. in length; my answer is that they do grow to a larger size, but at the 6 in. period of life they have outgrown such water and the food supply in them, and leave for broader and deeper waters. It may be that in some ponds entirely land-locked there is found a family of very small trout that breed successfully. If this is so it is because the food supply has been insufficient for, perhaps, hundreds of years; and a race of dwarfs has been the result. There are, of course, exceptions to all rules, and it may be that in very rare cases very small trout have bred and multiplied in free running waters, but the general rule is the other way, and it is by general rules that we must be guided in these matters.

On bass the limit is 10 in. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the habits of these fish to venture an opinion as to the nature of the 10 in. bass as breeders, but it could do no harm certainly if the limit was fixed at 12 instead of 10 in. Now as to seasons.

The destruction of game must be kept far within rate of natural increase. There can be no doubt that the number of persons who fish and shoot for sport or profit is much larger than it was twenty years ago, while the pot-hunters are always with us, and the number of these increases in a much larger proportion. I think that we must expect their numbers to increase in the future also.

The more interest you and I take in these matters the more others will take. This very meeting will add to the number of men who will go afield next year. Improved weapons and tackle play an important part, also and it is fair to assume, and we must assume, that in proportion to the amount of game in the forests and fish in the waters, a larger percentage is destroyed in each succeeding year. The summer boarder, so-called, plays his part, and it is by no means an unimportant one, in the work of extermination. In my judgment there is but one means of checking this diminishing of the supply, and that is shorter open seasons.

I would have the open season for trout commence on

the 15th of May and close not later than the 15th of August. This, with the limit as to size made 9 in. instead of 6, I think, would be all we could do at present for the trout. If it proved insufficient after a trial of say four years, I would again shorten the season and make the limit of size 10 in.

As to birds I would make the open season for both woodcock and partridges commence on the same day, and that day not earlier than Sept. 15; and the first of October would be better. I would have it close as to both on the last day of November. This is in line with the best and most recent laws of the most carefully preserved States. In Maryland the season for quail opens on the first of November and closes on Dec. 24. The same short seasons prevail in many other States, much more favorably situated for the natural increase of game than Vermont is; and if they find it necessary to so restrict the season, and with fifty birds to our one, are willing to forego a little this year for the sake of next, ought not we to be equally willing? Nay, is it not a greater necessity for us to do so than it is for them?

I would allow of no exceptions to the operations of the general law for any local reason. The application of the laws should be uniform throughout the State. Local exemption is frequently brought in favor of the summer visitor, or more frequently by the landlord. We welcome all who come among us for health or pleasure, and as becomes good sportsmen, we hold out the right hand of fellowship to all brothers of the rod or gun, but we who live here have also some rights which the visitor is bound to respect.

Among the other means of destruction the match or side hunt stands prominent for utter infamy. I had hoped that relic of a barbarous age had found its last ditch, but some such hunts have taken place in this State this year. Can there be anything more abhorrent than the sight of a whole community, or all that can be prevailed on to go, turning out simply for the purpose of determining which side can do the most of the villainous work? Such proceeding should be and is discountenanced by all true sportsmen and might well be the subject of legislative enactment.

ANGLING NOTES.

PROFESSOR BICKMORE in a recent lecture brought up the old question, why salmon and trout rise to artificial flies. This subject, though more or less threadbare, is always of interest to anglers, and nearly every one has his own theory which he believes to be correct. There is no doubt, I think, that all creatures, whether fish or fowl, naturally and instinctively snap at anything which resembles food. The most intelligent dog possessing the finest possible nose will snap at a cork if you throw it toward him when he is watching you at the dinner table, and chickens, when expecting food, will rush after a handful of gravel thrown on the ground. So it is with fish, they are usually on the constant lookout for something to satisfy their appetite, and anything that touches the water is immediately seized, particularly if it resembles in the least what they are in the habit of feeding on, though as quickly dropped if not what they expected it to be.

Wild trout that have never suffered from the deceitful practices of man will readily seize a bare hook if moved quickly through the water, and if it is covered with a bit of red or white flannel over even a splinter of wood, it becomes a deadly lure. As they become better educated they require closer imitations, and in over-fished waters nothing but the most carefully dressed midges on the thinnest of gut will induce a decent sized fish to rise.

One of the best examples of this is found at our fishing clubs. They usually turn out their trout a month or so before the opening of the season; and when first fished for, the members have no difficulty in killing their full allowance; but as the days go by the fortunate survivors become more and more difficult to catch; so that after a month or six weeks of fishing they become so well educated that none but experts have any chance to fill a creel.

I have frequently watched the actions of wild trout for hours at a time. There was a fine pool within half an hour's walk of the hotel at Ralston, Pa., where I used to spend my summers. This pool was just below a fall and was dark and deep. It contained a fair supply of trout from half to three-quarters of a pound in weight. Below the pool the water flowed over a bed of solid rock and was not, as a rule, over a foot deep. When undisturbed the fish would drop down to these shallows and lie in the sun, sometimes a dozen at a time. If a leaf or bit of twig, or, in fact, anything fell on the water, the trout nearest to it would dart at it as quick as a flash, sometimes take it in their mouths and drop it again as if tasting it, and sometimes strike it with their tails as if in play. Often they would play like kittens and chase one another about the pool for several minutes at a time, and occasionally they would seem to lose their temper and indulge in a row which sometimes ended by the weaker one scudding off with a mutilated tail. As trout get older they become more shy and rarely feed at all in the day time, and as a rule, exhibit a supreme contempt for all kinds of artificial lures. After dark they will steal out from the deep holes under the bank and hunt up minnows in the shallows, but during the day they will not venture near enough to the surface to even see a fly.

The practice of setting aside certain waters as sanctuaries for trout seems to be meeting with great success in Maine, and it is high time it was tried in our Adirondack waters. The idea is an excellent one.

SCARLET-IBIS.

CRAPPIES IN PONDS.—Mr. A. H. Eggborn, of Eggbornville, Va., introduced 11 crappies into a pond in 1887 and now the water is well stocked with them. Individuals weighing from 1½ lbs. to 3 lbs. are found, but most of the fish are too small for the table. They can jump as nimbly as the jack or pickerel. Mr. Eggborn considers the crappies as next in rank to black bass and brook trout as a pan fish. The species is known in the locality as silver perch.

VIRGINIA BASS.—Lexington, Va.—Bass have been perhaps more abundant this year than for some previous years, large numbers being caught in the North River and the James. Some good catches were made as late as Nov. 5.—T. M. S.

ONONDAGA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

IN the Syracuse *Courier* Mr. Henry Loftie give this account of the admirable work accomplished by the Association and the State force:

"People know but little of the work that has been done by protection in this vicinity through the influence of the Onondaga Anglers' Association," said a prominent member of that organization to a *Courier* representative last evening. "Our private protector, Harry Jackson, is paid by the Association and by subscriptions of the citizens of Syracuse. Since last March Mr. Jackson has taken 42 nets and made 45 arrests. Some cases have been settled by paying fines and others are in the hands of the attorneys. Jackson could have done more work if the Association had had more funds at their command. He has proved himself a very efficient officer and at times run the risk of losing his life.

"State Game Protector Harry Hawn has taken on Oneida Lake, rivers and Skaneateles Lake 128 nets and made 63 arrests. Some have paid their fines and the balance of the cases are in the hands of attorneys. Mr. Hawn is working under the direct orders of the State and is dictated to by them entirely. Skaneateles Lake has been thoroughly cleaned of illegal netting and it is claimed at the present time there has not been 50 trout taken this fall where usually they have been taken out by the barrel.

"Superintendent J. W. Pond, State Fish and Game Protector, has done great work. He is always on the wing, and he comes in on our territory when we least expect him. I know of several raids made in this section by him. He always leads the protectors. He often sends a stranger on the fishing grounds to get the points, and when the proper time comes he gets the men and the nets. Every one who knows of his work says he is a most persistent worker and the best superintendent we have ever had, and when we get the annual report from the Commissioners it will surprise some of us. We can then compare Mr. Hawn's work with other protectors, and will see the good work that has been done for protection by Superintendent Pond.

"I notice the work which has been done by the State force, commencing Jan. 1 and ending Sept. 1, 1891, is as follows: Number of nets seized and destroyed, 190 fyke nets, 157 trap nets, 1 pound net, 2 purse nets, 240 gill nets, 11 seines, 3 spears, 4 eel racks, total value \$16,874. One hundred and ninety-one persons were prosecuted, nearly every one of whom were convicted. Amount recovered in fines, \$6,261.46. One hundred and seventy-nine suits are still pending, mostly in Supreme Court.

"Soon the Anglers' Association will have a meeting at the Business Men's Association rooms and every one who believes in protection and having the best fishing grounds at our door should come to the meeting and join the Association which will help us pay our debts and continue this work. We cannot do this work without funds, and it is necessary that every one who loves angling should join the Association. We notice some anglers object to a hatchery on Oneida Lake. I do not think they understand it. If there is no hatchery there the lake would not be protected as well. The writer knows that when pike run up the stream to spawn other fish follow them and eat up 50 per cent. of the spawn. If the State has a hatchery there, they certainly would give better protection. If the State has 5,000,000 of fry for other waters, they hatch out 10,000,000 and put back into the lake 5,000,000 of matured fish. Would we not have better fishing by having better protection and 5,000,000 matured fish put in this lake annually? Oneida Lake cannot be protected by one protector. When it becomes State waters they must then give it better protection, which means better fishing. I, for one, say 'give us a hatchery.'

"The Commissioners have at all times assisted us in every way they could, for they well appreciate the work we have done toward protection in central New York. The writer has fished in most all waters in central New York, and has never known when the fishing has been as good and the waters as free from nets and illegal fishing as at the present time.

"Great credit is due the efficient Commissioner of State Fisheries, President Blackford, who is a worker. Munroe Green is working night and day to hatch the fry to be delivered throughout the State during the winter and spring to stock the different waters."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2.—After a while there won't be any place at all but Chicago. This, at least, is the inevitable result if the average Chicago man's hopes and beliefs come true. At any rate, it is already an easy saying that the best of everything comes to Chicago. This is true, from the World's Fair down to fresh lobsters, and equally true in regard to fish. The largest tarpon ever caught is now in Chicago. It is beautifully mounted and now rests in good similitude of life in the anteroom of J. V. Northam & Co.'s wholesale house, at 150 Monroe street, just across the street from my office. This is the fish mentioned so prominently by *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time of its capture last season. It was taken by a lady, Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, of Frankfort, Ky. The record, as appended to the case, gives the weight of the fish as 205 lbs., length 7 ft. 3 in., time in playing 1 hour 25 minutes. The rod, reel, line and hook on which the fish was taken are in the case below the fish. They make only a plain tarpon outfit, the rod being simply a 7 ft. stick of natural bamboo, 2 in. at the butt and thick as one's finger at the tip. The arrival of this fish at the city seems to have awakened an unusual tarpon interest here for this winter. Several parties will go South, probably to Fort Meyers, in the hope that the Caloosahatchie may hold still larger specimens for the City by the Lakes. Chicago is the only real tarpon center.

Dr. S. P. Bartlett, secretary Illinois State Fish Commission, and Mr. H. L. Watlington, secretary of the Illinois Valley Association, were in my office to-day. They just came from Mr. Geo. E. Cole, with whom they had had a long talk in regard to the organization of a State league, to be made up of all the different local and protective societies of the State, on the plan first and exclusively suggested in these columns in the issue of Nov. 26. Among men like these mere schemes or visionary plans hold little weight, but in regard to this project there seemed to be the most favorable opinion, and so the gentlemen above informed me. They further stated that

plans looking forward to such an organization were about to be put in effect. I should not be surprised if the Kan-kakee, Fox, and other local game and fish societies will have word from the State Fish Commission on this head before their annual January meetings. This would leave the matter of an organization, so far as these meetings were concerned, a simple and easy thing, the appointment of delegates for a convention being about the only thing needful. Dr. Bartlett thought Chicago a better place for such a convention than Springfield, and this is probably true, as the heaviest associations center here.

I asked Dr. Bartlett how he would feel about applying a part of his scanty appropriation toward the expense of a paid secretary and he said he thought he would favor that, as it would take considerable detail work off the hands of the commissioners. All in all, the outlook for a State League is a good one. I believe that such a league here would be the result of no mere bluster, and that it would not end in talk. It would be organized for working purposes, and it would do work. I am much disposed in favor of the paid officer for the harder detail work of these associations, and believe that is going to be the way to get more attention and more work out of the bodies of sportsmen. What is everybody's business is nobody's, but if it were one man's business he would attend to it, if he found a business duty. If he did not he could be jumped on direct. If thus saddled with the work and the privilege of getting jumped on he ought to be paid for it.

Dr. Bartlett reports the status of the suits against him by the Illinois River fishermen, whose nets he has confiscated, as being now in a very satisfactory condition. "The only trouble is," said he, "they sue me personally, and not in my capacity as an officer. All they want is to make me personally go to expense and inconvenience, though they know I can beat them in the suits. However, I guess I can wear them out."

Mr. Watlington reports a very flattering state of affairs for the Illinois Valley Association at La Salle. They have brought some nineteen suits, and have won them all. It certainly looks as though they would keep their promise to break up all netting and seining above the Copperas Creek dam of the Illinois.

A meeting of the Swan Lake Club was to have been held for the purpose of discussing the situation on Lake Senachwine, the scene of the once supposedly legal netting operations of the keepers of the club, the Woods Bros. The result of the meeting is not yet made known, but the position of the club is not hard to prophesy. If netting is found to be of questionable legality in those waters, the club will have the keepers stop such netting, no matter how that affects the club lease, of this I feel quite sure. Swan Lake Club is not disposed to knowingly violate or see violated any of the game or fish laws, and this has been declared here all the time, even at the time of the warden's efforts to catch and show up the Woods boys as violators not only of law but of their club agreements.

E. HOUGH.

THE NORTH SHORE.—Mr. Alex. Starbuck tells us that on his 1891 excursion to the North Shore he was surprised to see the great multitude of anglers that visited the North Shore. He writes: "There were at least three hundred between Port Arthur and the 'Soo,' and of these fully one hundred and fifty came under our immediate observation. I presume your publication of the North Shore letters had much to do with it, for several of the parties whom I met here so stated. Now, I only hope they all had as good sport as I had and could endure without a murmur the lake's capricious temper. I noticed that 'Podgers' was not enthused with North Shore trout as I described it. I am inclined to think he is too ambitious and wants more trout to a day's sport than generally falls to the patient angler. After a period of forty-five years angling in almost every part of this country, including trips to the famed Nepigon, where one becomes sated with the sport, I must confess I prefer the North Shore for the pursuit of the trout, beautiful above any other place. True you sometimes have grand storms that lash the shores with frightful violence, but again you have weeks of such charming and exhilarating weather as to delight you beyond measure."

NOVEMBER SALMON.—On Nov. 21 Capt. George McDonald caught an eight-pound salmon in Newark Bay. Believing that other individuals were captured on various parts of the coast, we applied to Fish Commissioner Blackford for information on the subject, and have the following reply: "Along the Atlantic Coast at this season of the year stray salmon are often taken. During the last month probably 100 salmon, weighing from six to twenty pounds, have been caught in the mackerel weirs off the coast of Massachusetts." We should like to see the experiment tried of winter fishing for salmon in the Gulf of Maine by the method followed in the Baltic, as described in FOREST AND STREAM Jan. 8, 1891.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

"Forest and Stream" Nursery Rhymes.

There was a young man in Nassau,
Who failed to obey the game law;
He killed prairie chicken,
Gave his bird dog a lickin',
And cursed every one that he saw.

As we could not catch him killing small game
We fined him for swearing, and now he's quite tame.

KANSAS. W. J. D.

Sing a song of big fish—
I cannot tell a lie;
Caught it on a grizzly-king,
It was the dropper fly.
Played four and twenty minutes,
Before it came to gaff,
And weighed by its own scales
About 'steen and a half.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishculture.

HUDSON RIVER FISHWAYS.

AT the meeting of the New York Fish Commission last Tuesday reports from the game and fish protective force were read, showing that during November the sum of \$656 had been collected as penalties and unlawful nets to the value of \$625 had been destroyed. Applications for brook trout fry for private club waters were refused.

Commissioner Burden reported that the New York Central, Harlem, New York & Northern, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and New York, Ontario & Western railroads had courteously consented to haul free of charge over their respective lines the Commission's new fish cars. It is probable that the West Shore will do the same. It is, indeed, on the part of the railroads, a fitting recognition of the work of the Commission, which by stocking the waters is making business for the passenger agents.

Commissioner Burden read the following report from Mr. W. H. Rogers, who had been asked to examine the obstructions of the Hudson River. He explained that the estimated cost to the State would be diminished by \$6,500 if the owners of the Sandy Hill and Fort Edward dams were required to put in the ways, in compliance with the law:

AMHERST, N. S. Nov. 26, 1891.—Henry Burden, Esq., Commissioner Fisheries, Troy, N. Y., Dear Sir: I herewith inclose a short report of matters as they appear to me on the upper Hudson. With reference to Baker's Falls it may not be necessary to put a fishway on the mill wall, as the fish may go over the fall and through the small fishway in the dam; in that case a saving of \$9,500 will be effected there, and if it is thought advisable to put but one way in the other dams where I suggest two, a further saving of about \$3,500 will be the result, and the whole work may possibly not involve an expenditure of over \$35,000. This can be determined when I next visit the place. Should any further information be desired on the subject, I will, of course, supply it, as far as possible, at any time. Yours very respectfully, W. H. ROGERS.

REPORT ON DAMS AND FALLS ON THE UPPER HUDSON, STATE OF NEW YORK, WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF FISHWAYS. BY W. H. ROGERS.

Henry Burden, Esq., Commissioner of Fisheries, Troy, N. Y.:

SIR: As you suggested I visited the Upper Hudson during the first week in November. The water being unusually low I had a good opportunity to view all the obstructions to the ascent of fish, and to examine in detail the local difficulties to be overcome, and to make in each case an approximate estimate as to cost. A second visit, however, when the water is at medium height, will be necessary in order to figure more closely for actual construction. The following facts, however, will afford sufficient data to justify legislation upon this subject the coming winter.

1. Fort Edward Dam.—This is a new wooden dam, built during the past summer, is about 17ft. high, with from 3 to 4ft. depth of water below the dam when I was there. To overcome this obstruction I would construct a fishway on the main dam on the same principle as to location as the one at Mechanicsville, the crib work of 8x8 or 9x9 as desired, the whole except the floor of the channel way to be of chestnut or other hard wood and bolted, ballasted and anchored to the dam in a substantial and workmanlike manner, and with proper ice heads and oak roofing. [This] can be done for about \$3,000.

2. Baker's Falls.—This obstruction I consider the most difficult one on the river on which to locate a successful fishway. A second visit when the water is higher will be necessary, at present I would recommend that two fishways side by side be put in the lower portion of the fall to enable the fish to pass into a still-water located about one-half way up. To do this a temporary dam will have to be built at the lower side of the still water in order to turn the water off the face of the fall below, so that a channel way can be excavated in the rock in which to place the fishway. With proper ice heads and oak coverings, ice logs, etc., will pass over it without injuring the structure. This part of the obstruction can be thus made passable for any sort of fish for \$3,000. Then I would build a fishway similar to the one at Mechanicsville, on the opposite side of the river by the mill, against the stone wall, and thus pass the fish into the mill channel, where they will have a free passage through the gates as at Mechanicsville. A channel will also need to be blasted through the ledge of rock out to the main channel at the lower entrance of the way where the fish will come naturally from the still waters referred to above; this part of the work can be done for \$3,500. I am not quite sure but that salmon can work their way from the still water up over the long sloping fall to the dam and would therefore recommend that a small fishway be put in the dam directly above the hollow in the fall, through the zigzag course of which the fish may get up. I could form a better opinion of this if I saw the falls when the water was higher. This small way would cost \$500, therefore to master this fall fully will involve an expenditure of from \$7,000 to \$7,500.

3. Sandy Hill Dam.—This is about 12ft., with 2 to 3ft. depth of water below. A reef or small island of rocks divides the river into two channels below the dam. Therefore, I would put in two fishways, as per blue print C, which will cost \$1,750 each. One, however, may be sufficient at present.

4. Glens Falls.—This is a much more formidable obstruction, and, including the dam, the difference in the water level from below the fall to the surface in the pond above is about 45ft. There I would build the way in strong crib work against the mill wall from the dam down to the foot of the fall, covering the crib work outside with 3 or 3½-inch hardwood plank to protect the work from injury by descending ice and logs, and in places with iron if necessary. This way will be about 250ft. in length and will cost about \$7,000 to \$7,500.

5. State Feeder Dam.—Is about 14ft. high. A fishway against the flume wall as at Mechanicsville will be easily put in here at a cost of \$2,500. One on each side of the river would give more accommodation to the fish. The two can be put in for \$4,000.

6. Palmer's Falls.—Presents the most formidable obstruction on the river, being about 85ft. from the lower level of the water to the top of the dam above the crest of the fall. At first sight this fall presents an obstruction to the ascent of fish quite impossible to overcome even by the best skill and any reasonable expenditure of money. But upon closer inspection of the fall on its east side, a way is found to locate a fishway of proper construction at a reasonable cost, and which will allow fish of any kind seeking to ascend an easy pass to the upper waters of the river. I have not been able during my short visit to the place to figure very closely as to the cost, but I would say that \$12,500 to \$15,000 or possibly less would do the whole work in a substantial manner. It will require about 800ft. of fishway to produce a proper stream for shad and all other fish to get over the fall, including a proper shad ladder on the Troy dam as per blue print. Good fishways of the Rogers patent can be put on all the dams and falls now obstructing the ascent of fish from the Troy dam to the top of Palmer's Falls for from \$40,000 to \$45,000.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$8. Training vs. Breeding. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

(For fuller details see issue of Dec. 5.)

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 10 to 14.—Freeport, Ill. T. E. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnis, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Greenville, Sec'y.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Rowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 4 to 12.—Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Jackson, Mich. Chas. H. Ruhl, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, 738 B'way, N. Y.
March 15 to 18.—Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, Deatonsville, Va.
1892.

Jan. 11-12.—Bexar Field Trials, San Antonio, Texas.
Jan. 18.—Pacific Field Trials, Bakersville, Cal.
—Southern Field Trials, New Albany, Miss.

THE CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

THESE trials so far have progressed without a hitch, and the meeting has been a pleasant one. The absence of Mr. Churchill who was to have judged with Messrs. J. M. Tracy and N. Wallace, has led to some trouble in securing a third judge. Dr. Jarvis very kindly officiated till Thursday morning, when other engagements compelled him to give up. Then Mr. E. W. Clarke was associated with the two gentlemen named above in judging the All-Age Setter Stake; but now Messrs. Tracy and Wallace are going it alone for the rest of the meeting. Birds are fairly plentiful and the country hunted over is well adapted for trials, being much better than last year. Among the visitors not already mentioned, that have dropped in during the past week, are Messrs. E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.; H. B. Duryea and R. L. McCook, New York; A. D. Lewis, Hempstead, L. I.; E. W. Clarke, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., and Dr. H. J. Thomas, Winston, N. C.

THE SETTER DERBY.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1.—It seems as if there was just as little dependence to be put on the weather down here as in any other part of the country. Sunday—snow, wind and heavy frost, and the biggest fog fire none too warm; but now, as I write, the night is quite balmy and the day has been almost too warm for walking. Of course most of the snow has disappeared, and the local weather prophets predict a pleasant week. Yesterday was a big loafing spell for most of us, and none were sorry to jump into the saddle this morning and canter to the Hargreaves Farm, about five miles from town. A late start was made on account of the frost, which, however, soon disappeared when old Sol began his day's duty in earnest.

First Series.

The first brace to be called was

PRIMA DONNA—HOPE'S MARK.—There was a delay of half an hour after the judges arrived. Some of the handlers, including Mr. Rose with Hope's Mark, had taken their dogs to the farm ahead in mistake. At 10:35 the brace was put down in sedge. It was at once seen that the new grounds were well adapted for the trials, nice undulating stretches of sedge grass, wheat, etc., with comparatively little cover and few briars. Soon after starting Hope's Mark showed some of his former brilliant tactics, making wide casts in the sedge, till finally he brought up stiff on a bevy. Prima Donna was brought up to back, did so, and Rose flushed the birds, both dogs steady. We ranged after the singles, and here the trouble began. Both dogs pointed frequently and honored each other, but nothing but disappointment awaited them. Hope's Mark got out to his work with greater judgment. Then on the hill we thought surely he had them, Prima Donna backing him, but a false alarm again. Then in cotton Hope's Mark flushed a bird. Then Hope's Mark flushed a bevy and we all wondered what was the matter with the dog that smothered competition at Bicknell. After this both dogs pointed birds that flushed wild. Prima Donna evened things a little by flushing inexcusably a single, dropping to wing. Dogs called up at 11:32. Both had fair range, Mark far the best, and his first bevy redeemed the rest of his heat.

NED NOBLE—WUN LUNG.—Ned Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble) was handled by S. C. Bradley, and Wun Lung (Capt. Bethel—Enid) by D. E. Rose. Down at 11:36 in sedge, off they both went at speed. It was soon apparent, however, that the wiry little Wun Lung was doing his best to show us that his name did not handicap his wind in any way. He certainly is the fastest mover on the ground, and withal is under good control and works to his handler. Going through woods, handlers flushed a bevy, but it went to one side of our course, they were left and soon after a bevy flushed wild out of briar thicket. Wun Lung was in thicket and it is presumed he pointed, the other dog going in just after him. On up the hill, by a corn patch and in sedge, Ned Noble pointed lark, and then roared toward woods. After some time had elapsed Wun Lung nailed a single which flushed wild in swamp and briars, dog steady to wing. Out into ragweed 100yds. further on Wun Lung pointed several birds in a little bunch of tangled briars, Ned honored the point; Rose fired, Ned a bit unsteady, lower down, 20yds., Ned nailed another. Wun backing this time. Bradley fired, dogs fairly steady. Going on, at edge of a swamp Wun Lung pointed a bevy in the thick briars. Lower down Ned at the same time pointed outlying birds of this bevy, which flew into the swamp, when Ned got one of the scattered birds and then flushed one, dropping to wing. Dogs were called up at 13:35. Wun Lung is a little different class to the other, ranging wide and fast while Ned noble peters a bit and is not so cocksure on his birds. It was getting late, and we were all pleased to find the lunch wagon quite near, so we lunched *al fresco* and quite enjoyed the warm sun.

IZA—LAUNDRESS.—They were put down after lunch at 1:45 in cotton patch. Iza (Rodrigo—Ollie S.) was in charge of J. M. A. Vent and Laundress (Roi d'Or—Belle of Piedmont) was handled by J. B. Stoddard. In dwarf pines, Laundress was the first to attract attention as she pointed, and while waiting for Iza, who had gone off somewhere, a single flushed wild to one side of pointing dog. Nothing found after. Then Iza pointed and Laundress coming up went through two birds as A vent flushed one to Iza's point; both dogs became demoralized as he fired. A vent dropped his dog with his hat. After due punishment, they moved on into woods, when Iza pointed, then roared on toward edge of woods she nailed the balance of bevy and was steady as A vent fired at the wild flush. False points for both ensued some distance further and at 2:42 they were called up. Iza

had a wide range, good speed and fair nose, while Laundress was unsteady to flushes, she worked more to the gun. McMURDO—AMY ROBSART—McMurdo (Roi d'Or—Mildred) was handled by J. B. Stoddard and Amy Robsart (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl) by H. M. Short. Cast off at 2:49 in weeds at edge of cover they both started well. Amy in woods pointed, then moved on, McMURDO not honoring her. However, in a corn patch Amy nailed a bevy in good style, McMURDO doing his duty but indifferently; Short fired, Amy steady, but the other not. Birds were followed and Amy scored a single, Short fired and Amy behaved nicely, but McMURDO chased as birds flushed, came back to order and received the punishment due him. Then of these birds McMURDO pointed a single, Amy backing, but the former spoiled the good work by breaking in again. Working out a cotton patch Amy found another bevy, which Short put up and the bitch was steady to wing. After scattered birds in woods, McMURDO nailed a single in briars and behaved quite nicely to shot and wing. Higher up and out of woods Amy scored another single, which flushed as Short came up. After this dogs called up at 3:35. The heat all through was in favor of Amy Robsart, who worked with good judgment and ranged out well. She will certainly be near the top at the finish if she keeps it up.

LATONIA II.—CAMILLE.—Latonia II. (Paul Gladstone—Latonia) was handled by N. B. Nesbitt and Camille (Jean Val Jeau—Haidee) by J. M. Arent. When called out it was found that Latonia had in some way injured her shoulder since starting in the wagon. How it was done Mr. Richards could not tell, as he had been with her nearly all the time. She was tried in the field for a minute, and though she gamely made a cast it was obviously cruel to run her, and she was withdrawn and Camille ran with the bye dog, Randolph's Roy.

CAMILLE—RANDOLPH'S ROY.—Randolph's Roy (Ned—Bett's Nell) was handled by F. L. Bevan. Cast off at 3:43 in standing corn stubble. Almost at the start Camille put up a hare and away she went after it, and Arent turned and smiled on the judges, for it was no use to whistle, she meant blood. She was lost some time, but was finally brought up to Randolph's Roy, who had been held up. Working into corn patch, Camille seemed to have been demoralized and went right into a bevy accompanied by the other dog; both chased, and it looked all up with Camille. It was unaccountable after her good work at High Point. On in corn, Camille flushed a single, then stopped and waited for rest to flush, which they did as Arent came toward the dogs in front, and birds flew into oaks. Going through this cover, handlers flushed several birds that the dogs should have nailed. In cotton patch Randolph's Roy dropped two or three times to a single, and was steady to flush. Then a false point was put to his credit and one for Camille closed the heat at 4:39. Camille had best pace and range, but Roy behaved better on birds and showed fair training, being under good control, but is something of a potterer. Neither will do for finals at this rate.

LORA—BOB COOPER.—Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.) was under the care of Chas. Tucker, and Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.) was handled by D. E. Rose. Put down where others were taken up at 4:35; both started off in good style. In high sedge and weeds Bob thought he had something but was mistaken, roared on, then made a cast or two, then pointed, but left it, and then pointed again as he finally reached the bevy. Rose fired to flush, dog steady; just before this a single had flushed to the right; very likely the bird Bob was first on. After these birds and in bottoms Lora pointed a single which flushed wild, Bob coming up at the same time. In open, higher up, Bob pointed, moved on and Lora coming up to back got nearest the birds and pointed, but Bob had them first. Tucker fired, dogs steady. Bob, in woods, pointed but broke it, nothing found and out of woods Lora pointed a single in hollow, Bob honoring the point. Nothing more was done and dogs called up at 5:24. Bob Cooper had the best range and nose and behaved quite well on his points. Lora also did well, showing good nose. The next order was "Home!" some four miles away.

WEDNESDAY.

Second Series.

Last night it was given out that those dogs that would be required for to-day were Amy Robsart and Iza, Bob Cooper and Wun Lung, Lora and Hope's Mark, Ned Noble and Camille. The spotting system is expected to do away with so many beats, but here were more dogs left in than would have been the case under the old beat system. According to the work done Iza, Camille and Ned Noble had no business with the others in the second series. The weather was cloudy, the sun breaking out now and then and ground was in good condition for scent. The start was on the new farm again, about five miles from town, and the first brace,

AMY ROBSART—IZA, were sent off at 9:47 in ragweed and sedge. Iza soon after starting ranged off to one side and found a bevy in woods and was steady to Arent's fire, then she nailed two singles, when dogs were brought together again to look for scattered birds. Amy, in dwarf pines, pointed some singles, and birds flushed wild as Short came up, dog steady to shot and wing. Out of pines into sedge field and ordered up at 10:11. The work done was in favor of Amy Robsart in intelligent range; bird work about equal.

WUN LUNG—BOB COOPER.—This promised a lively heat, for both are fast, merry rangers, and but for Bob's want of training on birds one is nearly as good as the other. Cast off at 10:16 in open, both started off at their usual gait and, hunting independently, soon got separated, and Wun Lung was held up till Rose could find Bob and bring him round. It is a difficult matter for one man to handle two such fast rangers as these two, but Rose is getting accustomed to it now. Starting again in pines Bob at once pointed a bevy; Wun backed and both were steady to shot and wing. Then Wun scored points on singles of this bevy. Bob then pointed a rabbit. No more game was found, though both worked hard, and Wun Lung's beautiful and untiring style of casting is something remarkable, he keeping up such a high speed all the time. Up at 10:36. First and second places were filled, and the trouble was with third.

LORA—HOPE'S MARK then put down at 11:03. Both went out to their work well. Soon Lora flushed a bevy, and going after singles Hope's Mark pointed and Lora coming in flushed the single. Then Hope pointed again, drew on and flushed a bevy, but was steady to fire. This was not stake work by any means, though the cover was thick and in swamp. Dogs up at 11:15, and

NED NOBLE—CAMILLE, put down at 11:32 in same place—sedge and corn stubble. Some distance was covered before dogs made any signs of game when Ned pointed, left it and roared on some way, but failed to locate. After a while, in bottoms, Camille flushed a bevy. On hill above Ned pointed false, then moved on. Dogs brought together. After this Camille pointed false, and both pottered round some time in thicker over swampy ground, but found nothing and were called up at 12:04, neither doing good work and only confirming their previous running in the stake.

Judges then consulted and called for Wun Lung and Hope's Mark, why, it was hard to tell, as on the work done Amy Robsart had shown equally as good, if not better, work than Hope's Mark, and Wun Lung's position must have been assured. Down in corn stubble at 12:06, both ranged out independently, but the speed and intelligence was much in Wun's favor. No game was found and weather getting warm, a break was made for lunch at the farm near by, dogs being called up at 12:25. After discussing the varied contents of our lunch baskets and sundry skylarking by the most athletic members of the company, these two dogs were

called out again at 1:21. In woods both pointed, but Wun was sent up to back Hope's Mark, nothing found. This side of oaks Wun Lung pointed birds, Hope's Mark honored him, Rose shot and dogs were steady. Into woods and Hope's Mark pointed, moved on and pointed again, uncertainly, two birds, which Rose fired at, and Hope's Mark needed caution and a collar pull. Then he dropped to another single as it flushed wild, and dogs were called up at 1:30 and judges announced Wun Lung wins first, Bob Cooper second and Hope's Mark third. Amy Robsart should certainly have been equal third, if not entirely so, as her work was consistent and she made no mistakes.

SUMMARY.

Central Field Trials Setter Derby—First Series.

E. J. Myer's Prima Donna with Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark.

J. K. Garnett's Ned Noble with N. T. Harris's Wun Lung, Royal Phelps Carroll's Iza with Blue Ridge Kennels' Laundress.

W. B. Meares, Jr.'s McMURDO with Harry Northwood's Amy Robsart.

W. F. Burdell and J. D. Poston's Latonia II. with J. M. Arent and Bayard Thayer's Camille.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Lora with Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper.

Randolph Kennels' Randolph's Roy a bye.

Second Series.

Amy Robsart with Iza.

Wun Lung with Bob Cooper.

Lora with Hope's Mark.

Ned Noble with Camille.

Third Series.

Wun Lung with Hope's Mark.

N. T. Harris's Wun Lung wins first money, \$400.

Blue Ridge Kennels' Bob Cooper wins second money, \$200.

Blue Ridge Kennels' Hope's Mark wins third money, \$100.

The winner of the stake, Wun Lung, is by this time well known and must indeed be looked upon as truly a phenomenal youngster. He is one of those lucky dogs that come so seldom. Born at an opportune time, Feb. 19, 1890, he was well enough on to run in the Southern Trials Members' Derby, at Lafayette, La., in January last, and his merit was at once appreciated, winning first prize, and following this up by a second in the Derby open to all. It is fresh in the minds of your readers the record he made at Bicknell, Ind., winning third in the United States Field Trials Derby. Coming on to High Point, N. C., he won first in the Derby at the Eastern Field Trials, beating the dogs that were placed above him at Bicknell, an honor his owner must be proud of. Then to this place, where he wins first in the Setter Derby. Honors enough in all conscience for one year, making a record never excelled by any field dog the world over. Only one dog, besides himself, has ever run in two succeeding Derbys, and no dog has run with such success.

Bob Cooper is aptly described by a spectator who has invested in Blue Ridge Kennel stock, "He's a little runt, but he can go"—and find birds, too. Hope's Mark is heavier built than either and is quite a handsome dog.

POINTER DERBY.

First Series.

After the finish of the Setter Derby there was no delay in commencing the above stake with

PRINCE, JR.—MAINSTAY.—Prince, Jr. (Prince Black—Flirtation) was handled by E. I. Martin, and Mainstay (Mainspring—Barnard) by Capt. McMURDO. They were cast off at 1:47 in corn stubble, Mainstay getting to his work the best of the two. The latter soon pointed a bevy and was held for Prince to back, McMURDO fired and dogs steady. Then in swamp below two birds flushed wild to Mainstay's uncertain point. This was very thick cover and it was almost impossible to see the dogs; Mainstay before he came out of it got four points on birds. Then Prince scored a bevy with Mainstay backing, birds flushing wild. Mainstay then in cover stopped on a single which also needed no urging to "raise." Nothing more of moment was done excepting a flush by the Captain, and dogs were called up at 2:32. The heat was all in Mainstay's favor, his ranging and nose being much superior to the other.

BLACK WONDER—PROMOTION.—Black Wonder (Ike—Bang Bang's Pride) was handled by owner, John Hunter, and Promotion (Lord Graphic—Bell) by Chas. Barker. These two were winners at Bicknell, Ind., last month, and a good heat was expected, but Black Wonder was contrary and soon spoiled his chance for stake money. Cast off at 2:33 in corn stubble. Crossing a ditch, in sedge, Black Wonder flushed a bevy. Following the scattered birds, Promotion nailed one of them and followed it by three more, Black Wonder backing, and then he dropped as two others got up. A false point for Promotion followed, and then Promotion picked up another bird and was steady to Barker's shot. Black Wonder was now lost, and Promotion was held up. The former dog was found on a point in woods and held for Promotion to back; a single flushed wild; however, and Black Wonder followed this up by another point on a single. Down in swamp, Black Wonder roared to a point on a woodcock, and this about finished the heat at 3:49. Promotion did steady work, and though not fast he finds his birds and handles them well. Black Wonder was heedless and not at all at his best.

OUTCAST—BOB.—Outcast (King of Kent—Hops) was in charge of C. E. Buckle and Bob (Arkos—Loole) was handled by Hart Height. They were sent off in sedge at 3:22, and both got on well in their work, but Bob had the speed and range of the other. The first work done was a point for Bob, Outcast backing, on a bird of bevy flushed by horsemen. Then in sedge in open Outcast nailed some single birds and behaved well to flushes. Outcast, while Bob was pointing, went in ahead of him, and a rabbit got up. Another point to Outcast, which did not develop game, and then both roared to birds, which flushed wild, Height shooting. No more game work done, and dogs called up. Bob beat out his ground better than the other, had good pace and range, and was steadier on points. Darkness was coming on, and home was now the order.

THURSDAY.

The morning opened dull and cloudy, with signs of rain. The last brace in first series of Pointer Derby was cast off about three miles from town. They were

EXILE—DAUNTLESS—Exile (King of Kent—Hops) was handled by Capt. McMURDO, and Dauntless (Arkos—Loole) by S. C. Bradley. Cast off at 9:10, both ranged out with a

win. Soon after starting Dauntless made game in ragweed, roared to points, finally leaving the bevy, which flushed 20 yds. to one side, and then dropping to flush; Bradley shot. Continuing the course toward woods, Dauntless made an uncertain point on a single and then pointed where bird got up. Going into corn stubble, Exile pointed, moved on and a bird flushed. Dogs were then held up and moved to Hargreaves farm. Off again at 10:01 and held up again at 10:16. An unsatisfactory heat, twisting and turning in search of a bevy that had been flushed. Finally, in swampy ground, Dauntless ran right into a bevy, this terminating the heat. Exile did the only work, showed fair range and pace, but not exhibiting much intelligent work. Dauntless will not be considered further.

Second Series.

The judges then called for BLACK WONDER—BOB, which were put down in sedge at

10:39, and soon, near a ditch, Black Wonder repeated his previous tactics by flushing a bevy, and both chased a bit. Following the birds in swamp thicket, where Bob roared some time, finally coming up with a single, which flushed wild. Black Wonder pointed false, but moved on as Hunter came up. Some more ground was thrashed out, but nothing found and dogs up at 11:00. Bob improved his chances in the stake by being easily handled, but we know that Black Wonder can do better work than he has done here; he needs some more training.

PROMOTION—MAINSTAY, had evidently been spotted for the two first places, and were sent off together in sedge at 11:15. Promotion was the first to show game, pointing several times uncertainly, till finally he nailed them, and Barker flushed and killed, dog steady. On the singles Mainstay was the first to find, and Promotion made one of those pretty pictures we sometimes see in the field, backing the point with forefoot on a rail fence. Then horsemen and judge flushed several birds that dogs should have scented. Promotion got another point in thick cover, was honored by Mainstay, and Barker put up the bird. Soon after this dogs were called up, and it was easily seen that Promotion's place on the slate was settled. Both dogs hunted independently and with good sense. Now the difficulty was to find the third winner out of an indifferent lot.

EXILE—OUTCAST were called out at 12:03 to see if they could do better than Bob, which nearly every one had slated for third place. They ranged for twenty minutes without finding, and when called up the judges announced Promotion first, Mainstay second, Bob third. A decision that met with full approval.

Summary.—First Series.

J. A. Mehaffey's Prince, Jr. (Prince Black—Flirtation) with Charlottesvill Kennels' Mainstay (Mainspring—Barnard).

J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Black Wonder (Ike—Bang Bang's Pride) with Dr. J. R. Daniels's Promotion (Lord Graphic—Belle).

Charlottesvill Kennels' Outcast (King of Kent—Hops) with W. G. Brokaw's Bob (Arkos—Loole).

Charlottesvill Kennels' Exile (King of Kent—Hops) with Beresford Kennels' Dauntless (Arkos—Loole).

Second Series.

Black Wonder with Bob.

Promotion with Mainstay.

Exile with Outcast.

Dr. J. R. Daniels's Promotion wins first money, \$400.

Charlottesvill Kennels' Mainstay wins second money, \$200.

W. G. Brokaw's Bob wins third money, \$100.

The winner, Promotion, was described in the United States Field Trials report. He is a lemon and white dog, and while not a fast worker, beats his ground out thoroughly and is good on his birds. He is now owned by Mr. D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O. Mainspring is a handsome-looking liver and white heavily ticked dog, and is a good ranger, keeping well out to his work and under good control. Bob is a good-looking white and liver colored dog, a careful hunter and has a fairly good nose.

ALL-AGE SETTER STAKE.

First Series.

The drawing for this stake took place last night and entries filled well. The first brace down,

COUNT ERIC—DAD WILSON, Jr., were cast off after lunch at 1:36 in corn stubble. Count Eric (Count Noble—Fannie W.) was handled by N. B. Nesbitt, and Dad Wilson, Jr. (Dad Wilson—Lit) by H. M. Short. Both settled down to wide ranging and Count was soon lost. After he was found Count was the first to point, but broke it before handler came up; at the same time higher up in cover Dad Wilson, Jr. pointed a single and Count brought to back. Short fired and missed, dog steady. Higher up Count pointed another single, Dad Wilson, Jr. backing stylishly. Next it was Dad's turn to get one, which Short killed, dog did not retrieve. Up at 2:36. The work on birds was nearly all in Dad Wilson, Jr.'s favor. He was easily handled and worked stylishly. Count is not very obedient but has good range, pace and nose and works with a snap.

DAISY HUNTER—BONNIE BONDBHU.—This was expected to be a good heat, but there's many a slip, etc., and the good thing did not come off. Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.) was handled by her owner, John A. Hunter, and Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu) also by her owner, Geo. A. McClin. Down in ragweed at 2:41, both started off with the usual vim. Bonnie commenced with a false point. Meanwhile Daisy was lost in cover, and was found some distance ahead after 15 minutes' search. Edge of pines on hill Bonnie pointed, and Daisy coming down wind backed prettily on sight. McClin put up a single. Then Daisy got one and Bonnie Bondhu honored the point; Hunter killed and Daisy retrieved in good style. Dogs were taken up at 3:20. On birds they were about equal, but Daisy was not hunting with her usual attention to the run.

RUPERT—NATALIE II.—Cast off in corn stubble at 3:28. Rupert (Roderigo—Bo Peep) was handled by part owner J. M. Arent, and Natalie II. (King Noble—Natalie) by N. B. Nesbitt. Both off well. In corn, just out of woods, Rupert was the first to find a bevy. Natalie honored the point from the top rail of a fence and birds flushed wild. Natalie scored on the scattered birds and birds were followed to cover. Both dogs then struck points in woods, Natalie on the main part of bevy, Rupert outlying birds. Then Natalie pointed footscent. Both pointed by a fallen tree, roared and at edge of woods Natalie nailed a single nicely. Into cover, where Natalie pointed false, and so did Rupert afterward in open. Going into cover again Rupert pointed a single, Natalie backing prettily, Arent shot and missed, dogs steady. In corn Rupert then pointed but nothing came of it. Then both pointed a bevy and handlers fired at flush, dogs steady. Dogs called up at 4:14. Both ranged well, with good pace, Rupert showing somewhat the best nose.

HARRY C.—THE CORSAIR.—Sent off in ragweed at 4:16. Harry C. (Roderigo—Countess House) was handled by S. C. Bradley, and The Corsair (Dan Gladstone—Haidee) by D. E. Rose. Both dogs ranged out with speed and in good style. After going some distance Harry pointed in ragweed and was held for Corsair to back, which he did, and Bradley flushed, fired and killed, dogs steady. Harry retrieved fairly well. Then Corsair pointed false. Then Harry nailed another bevy in his wide range and Corsair was brought to back. Bradley fired at flush, killed, and Harry was held while The Corsair retrieved the bird in nice style after a cast or two. Afterward Harry C. found another bevy and dogs were called up when it was getting dusk. Harry ran in something like true form and will be a formidable competitor. The Corsair I have seen do much better.

FRIDAY.

How the rain did come down this morning, and the wind blew a hurricane. Of course all thought of hunting was out of the question, and it was supposed we should not get out at all to-day; but, the weather clearing toward noon, a start was made after lunch. The ground was naturally very wet, and the going not at all in favor of the dogs. The first series in All-Age Setter Stake was continued with

DOLLY—BLADE.—They were sent off in a field at the edge of the village. Blade was first to point, but moved on, then stopped, and Dolly coming round in front from a cast, nailed the bevy; Short fired and missed, dogs steady. Following these birds down in briar thicket, both got points on birds,

that flushed wild. Roading down the ditch, they secured a couple more; then Dolly pointed, left it, and Blade, on the other side of the ditch, pointed a single that flushed wild. The dogs were almost identical in markings, both so heavily marked with black that it was almost impossible to distinguish one from another. Dolly soon after pointed false in pines and was backed by Blade, who did the same further on. Dolly pointed false again, and then on hillside she dropped to some scattered birds that flushed wild; Short fired, killed, and Dolly retrieved in good style. Following the marked birds, Blade got another single in woods, was well backed by Dolly, and Tucker flushed. Called up at 2:48. Neither had much range or speed, but of course the condition of ground was against them, but they did well on their birds.

EDGE MARK—TOP MARK.—Down at 2:47 in open grass field. Edge Mark (Skidmore—Flo Maclin) was handled by S. C. Bradley and Top Mark (Gath's Mark—Burd Helen) by H. M. Short. Both started at a good pace, but Edge Mark soon dwindled down and did not range out as he should have done. Edge Mark at top of woods made game, roaded, but failed to locate, and birds flushed wild the other side of the belt of timber. Then Top Mark pointed a single nicely, and same time, higher up, Edge Mark followed suit. Bradley fired and missed, dog steady. After this they passed several singles, which should have been scored on, and were called up at 3:33. Top Mark showed fair range and speed, and had better style and nose than the other, Edge Mark hunting too low without decision.

LON NOBLE—COUNT GLADSTONE.—Down in ragweed at 3:36. Lon Noble (Count Noble—Alphonse) was handled by Chas. Barker and Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl) by John White. Count at once got out to his work, ranging well and at speed, the other not comparing favorably in this respect. Lon started with a false point in sedge. Then dogs were moved to other ground. Here Count was the first to point, was backed by Lon Noble, and White flushed; dogs steady to wing. Beating out a large field Count dropped to a point, then moved on toward cover, where in sedge near the edge, Lon flushed birds and got the punishment due for this *faut pas*. Then she was redeeming herself by a point on a single, when Count came in ahead and took the point, bird flushing wild. Count pointed again, no result, and both roaded into pines, where Count made an uncertain point; and dogs were called up at 4:24. The heat and work done was all in favor of Count Gladstone, the other will be counted out.

PAUL BO—ANTEVELO.—Were then cast off for the last heat at 4:28 in wheatfield. Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep) was handled by Frank Richards and Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.) by Chas. Tucker. Both dogs ranged out at good speed, Paul Bo showing most judgment. Paul soon found a bevy and was well backed by Antevolo, Richards killed but his dog does not retrieve. Paul followed this up by another single point, Antevolo refused to back and was near flushing when Tucker dropped her, Richards shot, dogs behaving well. Going into pines dogs flushed a bevy. Following the birds Antevolo, at the other side of wood, nailed a single and so did Paul, both handlers fired and Richards killed and had to bring the bird himself. Then further on Paul dropped to a point, was backed, but nothing came of it. Paul near pines went up to a bevy in good style, Antevolo drew in front and pointed and birds flushed wild, Richards shot, dogs steady. Little more was done and dogs called up, as it was getting dusk. The heat was all in Paul Bo's favor, he running a good race, and Antevolo ranged well, but her tendency to steal the points will go against her.

ORLANDO A BYE.—At the same time that the last heat was being run Judge Wallace had Orlando out to run his bye. Orlando is by Roderigo—Bo-Peep and his part owner J. M. Avent handled him. He ran 45m. and ranged out well and at a good pace. He pointed twice on singles and then on a rabbit. Afterward Avent walked up a bevy and Orlando secured another point on a single. This ended the day's work several miles from town.

SATURDAY.

There was a heavy frost last night, so we did not hurry the start this morning, as the ground was pretty hard, though the warm sun soon softened it out. The start was again at the Hargreaves farm, which is one of the prettiest bits of country in this neighborhood. Long stretches of sedge and grass, at intervals broken by clumps of timber, not too thick, and with a noticeable absence of briars. The judges called up eight dogs in the second series. These were: Daisy Hunter with Count Eric, Harry C. with Paul Bo, Orlando with Antevolo, Dad Wilson, Jr. with Count Gladstone.

Second Series.

DAISY HUNTER—COUNT ERIC.—Put down in open at 9:29, they both ranged out well, first into corn, then into sedge. In a little spinney Daisy made game, then pointed in a questioning manner, moved on, and nothing was found for some time. Dogs worked apart too much; this was Count Eric's fault, for Daisy laid to the course, but Count was lost for some time and Daisy was held up for a while. Then in woods Daisy was put down again, roaded to two birds and only just stopped in time as they flushed wild. Called up then at 10:35, Count being still lost. It was an unsatisfactory heat, Daisy Hunter getting really no point on game.

HARRY C.—PAUL BO.—Down at 10:42 in ragweed, and both soon put acres behind them. Both dogs made game in woods, pointed and bird flushed wild. In the open Paul stood to a single and was well backed. This was repeated in the same order, Richards firing. In woods Harry C. nailed a single in capital style. Dogs called up at 11:20. Paul Bo ran an excellent race and Harry C. improved his chances.

ORLANDO—ANTEVELO.—Put down where others taken up in grass field at 11:25. A bevy flushed wild and then on, Orlando's superior scenting powers brought him to an outlying bird to the right, Avent fired, missed, dog steady. To the left Antevolo stopped on a single, that flushed in a hurry. Then Antevolo was missed and Orlando held up. Off again together, they skirted timber where Orlando was said to have flushed a bird. After this, lower down he nailed a single in sedge, edge of woods. Avent missed the shot, and dogs called up soon after at 12:15. The heat was all in favor of the dark colored dog Orlando, who was under good control and working with good sense. Then we galloped to our lunch baskets at the barn near by.

DAD WILSON JR.—COUNT GLADSTONE.—Cast off near farm at 1:04. Both pointed in woods at start, but nothing found. Count pointed again, then working through a cotton patch Dad nailed a single in good shape, and as Short fired and missed, dog steady, a bevy flushed wild ahead of Count. After this Count was missed and not found for ten minutes. Dad working out ground to the left, Short flushed a bevy. After the scattered birds, when Count was the first to come up with them and secured a couple. Then through the fence both dogs pointed the balance of birds. A false point for Dad ensued. In woods, Mr. Tracy flushed a bird, and Dad dropped to wing. Count, at edge of timber, put a bevy to his credit in fine style, Dad honoring nicely. White fired, missed, and dogs steady. On the scattered birds Count did well, nailing them in the bottom land. Up at 1:50. All Count Gladstone's heat, after he was found, running a good race with plenty vim and style. This ended the second series, and judges called for the winners of the Derbys to run the absolute winner heat.

WUN LUNG—PROMOTION.—Sent off at 1:56 in corn stubble. Both ranged out wide, but Wun Lung's greater speed and

wide casts were very noticeable, as usual. This dog reminds one of a bag of springs, always eager and on the go. To find new ground the dogs were worked chiefly on bottom land and swamp, when the open country would have suited Wun Lung much better. Promotion being at his best in broken, swampy cover work. In swampy sedge Wun Lung pointed, Promotion honored, Wun Lung drew on, pointed, but nothing found; both roaded, and 50yds. further, in sedge, Promotion came up with the bevy which flushed wild. Then he pointed fur and false pointed, Wun Lung backing. Down by ditch Wun Lung pointed undecidedly, nothing found, but higher up the hill in cover Promotion soon pointed three birds and was steady to Barker's "raise." In ragweed, edge of wheat, Wun Lung pointed a lark. In thick pines Promotion pointed a large bevy which flushed as judges came up. Taken out of woods and coming out of a swamp Wun Lung stopped, Rose thinking there could be nothing ordered him to move on, when a single flushed. Judges consulted, and it was an anxious moment, for it meant \$400 for one or the other. No decision was arrived at, and dogs were ordered to work toward pines again. They hunted out swamp alongside the railroad and Promotion found birds. Barker shot and killed, dog steady. Dogs ordered up at 3:10, and coming up the hill judges decided that the pointer Promotion was the absolute winner of the Derby and \$400 additional money, making \$800 that Mr. Barker takes from the meeting.

All-Age Setter Stake, Third Series.

The judges then wanted
ORLANDO—PAUL BO to run again, and it was generally thought that the heat was to comply with the rule about first and second running together, as these two were the favorites in the race, although before the stake was commenced nobody wanted anything but Daisy Hunter. Down in ragweed at 3:19. In pines Orlando pointed false, but Paul's nose served him truer, for outside of cover he dropped to a bevy; Richards flushed the birds, fired and missed, dog steady. Then lower down Orlando spotted a single, Avent fired at it and killed. Orlando retrieved the bird fairly well. A point on fur for Orlando. In woods Paul Bo pointed a single in fine style, and was held some time for Orlando to come up; not coming Richards flushed the bird, fired and missed, dog steady to both. Higher up Orlando pointed false. Throughout the heat Paul Bo was much superior in pace and range, and handled his birds faultlessly. Dogs up at 3:56. Judges had a confab and ordered out.

HARRY C.—COUNT GLADSTONE.—Cast off at 4:01 in ragweed and sedge, Count showing a little the best in speed and range. In cotton patch Count pointed false. Then one of the prettiest sights of the trials was seen as they both pointed in woods on the dry leaves; both are stylish dogs, and their quivering flags and uplifted fore feet made us anxious to reproduce the scene by the aid of our trusty "Hawkeye," but the old saying is true—what a lot of things a man sees when he hasn't got his gun. Nothing came of the point, and Count, in a wheat field, repeated the performance with the same result. Then he was lost for some time. Meanwhile Harry C. just out of woods in sedge, nailed a single, which Bradley shot at but missed, dog steady. After this the heat was all in Harry C.'s favor, he finding the birds and being under good control, which cannot be said of Count, who was heedless in the extreme. When called up, judges decided Paul Bo first, Orlando second, Harry C. and Count Gladstone divide third money. The decision was well received, as Count's previous work fully entitled him to recognition, though Harry ran throughout the stake a much better race and some people thought he was entitled to the whole of third money.

SUMMARY.

All-Age Setter Stake—First Series.

Edward Gray's Count Eric (Count Noble—Fannie W.) with J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr. (Dad Wilson—Lit).

J. H. and J. A. Hunter's Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.) with Geo. A. McClin's Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu).

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Rupert (Roderigo—Bo-Peep) with Bert Crane's Natalie II. (King Noble—Natalie).

Greenfield Hill Kennels' Harry C. (Roderigo—Conness House) with E. O. Damon's The Corsair (Dan Gladstone—Haidee).

J. Shelley Hudson's Dolly Hill (Ben Hill—Dolly S.) with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Blade (Toledo Blade—Sula C.).

Francis S. Brown's Edge Mark (Skidmore—Flo Maclin) with B. M. Stephenson's Top Mark (Gath's Mark—Burd Helen).

B. Ridgway's Lon Noble (Count Noble—Alphonse's Girl) with Adolph Dill's Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).

Richard Merrill's Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl) with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.).

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando (Roderigo—Bo-Peep) a bye.

Second Series.

Daisy Hunter with Count Eric.

Harry C. with Paul Bo.

Orlando with Antevolo.

Dad Wilson, Jr. with Count Gladstone.

Third Series.

Orlando with Paul Bo.

Harry C. with Count Gladstone.

Richard Merrill's Paul Bo wins first money, \$250.

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Orlando wins second money, \$150.

Greenfield Hill Kennels' Harry C. and Adolph Dill's Count Gladstone divide third money, \$100.

Paul Bo is a handsome, well-made setter, as becomes his parentage. Consistent in his work, showing a keen nose combined with free and intelligent range. Is decided on his points and makes few mistakes. Orlando was described at High Point. Harry C. is a handsome, heavily marked dog, shows plenty of pace and range, and here he proved that he had excellent scenting powers. Count Gladstone is a little dog on the Wun Lung pattern. Full of vivacity and eager for his work, he gets over a lot of ground, and delights in mystifying his handler as to his whereabouts; this is his only fault, as he is well trained otherwise, has a good nose and goes to his birds with decision and snap.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Monday, Dec. 7.—Another wet morning and consequently no work could be done in the trials. These wet days, although they afford a welcome rest for some of us, are exasperating to the majority, who are anxious to keep down their hotel bills and get the agony over as soon as possible. Toward noon, as usual here, the rain stopped, and after lunch we started in a field almost in the village with

THE POINTER ALL-AGE STAKE.

First Series.

The draw had taken place on Friday night last, and the first brace down was

NICK OF NASO—DUKE OF HESSEN.—Cast off at 2:25 in sedge. Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo) was handled by John Lewis, and Duke of Hesse (Luck of Hesse—Blarney) by John White—"a pair of Jacks," as a man facetiously termed them. Both dogs settled down to wide ranging, but a deal of ground was beaten out before any game was made. Duke was the first to point in sedge just out of cover, Nick of Naso backing, but nothing resulted, and further up the

hill he pointed a bevy, and White wounded bird, but dog could not find it; Nick backed. Further up Nick came up with a single, but pointed twice before he nailed it; Lewis fired and missed. Afterward Nick made game, roaded into oaks, pointed, but Lewis could not find; dog moved on, and stifening out again ten yards further on, Lewis put up a bevy, fired and missed, dog not quite steady. Then going through woods, both were found at a point at the other side; nothing came of it, however. Casting back a few yards higher up, Nick of Naso pointed a single that flushed wild. Nothing more being done, dogs were ordered up at 3:14. The race was pretty nearly all in Nick of Naso's favor; was under better control than Duke, but the latter had slightly the best range. Both stylish workers, as two such handsome bench show dogs would naturally be.

WILD DAMON—DON FIS HEL.—Cast off at 3:18 in the same field. Wild Damon (Damon—Flora) handled by C. E. Buckle and Don Fis Hel (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang) was handled by Geo. A. McClin. Wild Damon started with a flush on bevy. Wild Damon made wide casts and was much the speedier ranger. Coming back from a long cast to the rear Damon pointed prettily in woods and was held for Don Fis Hel to back, and then Buckle flushed the bird, dogs steady. Then to the right Don Fis Hel nailed one nicely, but McClin missed it, dog steady to shot and wing. A long tramp for about twenty minutes ensued, when Wild Damon pointed, but nothing found in the high ragweed, he roaded and drew to a point several times, but nothing was done. Then Don pointed false, Wild Damon backing. In oaks Wild Damon, making a nice cast, winded a single, which flushed wild just after he pointed. Dogs were called up soon after at 4:20. Wild Damon did the best ranging and had the keenest nose, handling his birds well. Don Fis Hel ran better than heretofore.

DEVONSHIRE DON—ROCK II.—Cast off at 4:22 in sedge field. Devonshire Don (Molton Baron—Village Star) was handled by Dr. Thomas, his owner, in the absence of his trainer J. B. Stoddard, who was laid up with the grip at Thomasville, N. C. Rock II. (champion "Graphic—Lady Belle") was handled by S. C. Bradley. Both got off well to their work. After ranging out some time Rock pointed stylishly in sedge, Bradley could not find, and dog moved on a pace or two and birds flushed wild. Don backed but left it and working round up wind nailed the balance of bevy, which was marked down in woods. Dr. Thomas shot and killed, Don retrieved the bird at once but dropped it about 5yds. away and would not fetch after mouthing the bird a bit. Of course, the dog was handicapped rather by the change of handlers, though the Doctor worked his dog well. Going into the woods some pretty work was done on the singles, both pointing about the same time, Doctor shot at his bird, but missed. Then Rock nailed another, which Bradley killed and dog retrieved in good style. Afterward Rock pointed, moved on and stopped as a single flushed a yard from Bradley's feet. Working out of woods and over a lot of ground Rock pointed and Don honored it, both showing good style, Rock left the point and roaded, but failed to locate game. Dogs called up at 5:08. The heat was a little in favor of Rock II., who ranged out well and with good judgment, running much better than last year. Both did well on their birds and Don's slight unsteadiness was doubtless due to a more or less strange handler. The weather was very cold and raw and we were all glad to get back to our firesides again.

SUMMARY.

All-Age Pointer Stake—First Series.

H. R. Baldwin's Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo) with Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hesse (Luck of Hesse—Blarney).

Charlottesville Kennels' Wild Damon (Damon—Flora) with N. R. Fishel's Don Fis Hel (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang).

Dr. H. J. Thomas's Devonshire Don (Molton Baron—Village Star) with C. E. Connell's Rock II. (Graphic—Lady Belle).

C. C. M. Hunt's Barker's Grouse (Mainspring—Swain's Fly) with R. R. Moore's Grouse (Underwriter—Trix).

Charlottesville Kennels' Maid of Kent (King of Kent—Hops) with A. L. Sanford's Frank W. (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cote).

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 8.—The All-Aged Pointer Stake was concluded this afternoon.

Starting near town, Barker's Grouse and Grouse, handled by Bradley and Lewis respectively, ran a poor race, Grouse not running up to form; neither dog ranged out well. Grouse, however, was the best and found a bevy and a single to Grouse's bevy. Maid of Kent and Frank W. was the next brace down, and ran much better. Handled by Buckle and Lewis, Frank pointed two bevs to Maid's one and ranged nearly as well.

Second Series.

Duke of Hesse and Wild Damon ran first, Wild Damon starting with a bevy to good point; he soon found another and retrieved well. Afterward pointed a single and a bevy and handled his birds well; only range in Duke's favor. Rock II. ran all around Grouse in the next heat and secured one bevy and retrieved well. Frank W. and Maid of Kent ran another heat, when Maid pointed a bevy to Frank W.'s uncertain single.

Judges then called for Duke of Hesse with Maid of Kent and Wild Damon with Frank W. in

Third Series.

Cast off after lunch, Duke of Hesse found his first bevy and retrieved nicely to kill. Then Maid pointed a bevy and also retrieved well. Down nearly an hour, Wild Damon and Frank W. then ran for two hours, but there was little point work. Wild Damon pointed one bevy and Frank the other just at the close of heat. Judges then announced Maid of Kent winner of first money, \$250; Duke of Hesse second, \$150; Frank W. third, \$100. Duke of Hesse also wins the Pointer Club special.

The Free-for-All Stakes commence to-morrow. Drawn as follows: R. Merrill's Paul Bo with B. Ridgway and F. S. Brown's King's Mark; E. Gray's Count Eric with Charlottesville Kennels' Rip Rap; Charlottesville Kennels' Maid of Kent with J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's Chance; J. M. Avent and N. T. Harris's Antonio a bye. The race for absolute winner of All-Age Stake will also be run.

H. W. L.

SPANIEL PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, held in New York on Dec. 1, it was decided to award the following cups at the forthcoming Westminster Club show, viz.: The American Spaniel Club's field spaniel cup, solid silver, value \$100; the American Spaniel Club's cocker spaniel cup, solid silver, value \$100; the American Spaniel Club's stud dog trophy, value \$25; the American Spaniel Club's American Field cup, solid silver, value \$100; which, with the usual cash prizes offered by this club, will make keen and unusual competition.

It has also been decided to hold the second annual dinner of spaniel exhibitors and lovers of the breed during the show, arrangements for which are in the hands of Messrs. Wilmerding and Keasbey, to which all spaniel men are invited. The annual meeting of this club will be held on Feb. 24, 1892, at 4 P. M. ROWLAND P. KEASBEY, Sec'y.

New York, Dec. 4.

DOG CHAT.

ALTHOUGH the Gordon setter as a class in England is far ahead of the breed in this country, still it would seem that they yet require some special aid in bringing their field trial qualities to the front. The English Gordon Setter Club will therefore hold a field trial meeting next spring. There will be two events, one for Gordons not more than fifteen months old and an all-aged stake.

Mr. John Hay, of Pembroke, Wales, has sold two greyhounds to a fancier in Brazil, South America. This is the gentleman who sold the noted greyhound Pious Pembroke to Mr. Purbeck, of Salem, Mass.

Mr. Augustin Daly, the well-known theatrical manager, brought with him on his return from his recent European trip two bulldog pups by Bruce II. out of an own sister to Leonidas. He also purchased two St. Bernards by Lord Bute out of Streatham Baroness. There are no more generous bidders for dogs than members of the theatrical profession, and it is therefore pleasing to note a disposition on their part to seek dogs of thorough breeding instead of lavishing their affections on the homely mongrels that the ubiquitous sidewalk dealer cajoles them into purchasing.

The English Kennel Club will hold its next show June 6, 1892, at the Agricultural Hall, London. This will suit the American visitor nicely, allowing him to take in the home shows before crossing the briny, as we understand is the intention of several prominent fanciers in this country. The habit seems to be growing on some of them.

The number of visitors that attended the late Crystal Palace show in England was 33,591, against 28,507 in 1890. It is certainly wonderful how well dog shows take in and around London, especially when they have them every few months.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Harry Twyford, the manager of the Oriole Kennels, and who is popularly known to show goers in this country, is a brother of the Mr. Twyford who bred the fox-terrier crack Dominie, which at the Sheffield show was the cause of a sensation when Mr. Vicary, one of England's best judges, put him over the great Result. This Mr. Twyford, though he has relinquished exhibiting, we are told by *Fanciers' Gazette*, has just refused \$2,500 for a trio of his fox-terriers.

This journal also tells us that at the Sheepdog Trials near Denbigh, in the Amatur Stake, a well-known bench winner, Ormskirk Charley, a son of the Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher, penned his sheep in seven minutes. As he had to drive three sheep liberated from a pen round a flag to the left along a distance course, pass through twice between two marks, and then pen the sheep, within ten minutes, the performance was a very meritorious one. The smartness and intelligence which he displayed (though he was unlucky with his sheep) is a telling reply to those who are never tired of impressing on us the fact that the present type of collie is altogether unfit for his proper avocation.

"*Mutum in parvo*" some one termed Mr. Sydney Smith when he was over here last spring, and it seems that the dog, St. Bernard, does not occupy all his attention, for we see that he has been elected councilor (alderman) for the Northeast Ward, Leeds, for the next three years.

Mr. C. E. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill., in a quiet way is securing some excellent breeding stock in mastiffs. His latest importation is Ilford Cameo, from Mr. Cook's kennels, and she came over on steamship America.

Poor champion Dublin Scot seems to be having a wandering time of it now that his days of usefulness are drawing to a close. He has again changed hands and is at present owned by Messrs. Gould and Johnson, of Hull, Eng.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.) says: "FOREST AND STREAM gives illustrations of two cups which are offered for competition to greyhound coursers. In artistic design and originality the Americans beat us hollow with their cups. The Luse cup, named after the donor, is a most graceful structure, surmounted by a silver model. The National Greyhound Club's Derby cup looks old-fashioned and solid, and is much preferable to the commonplace shape which is so much in vogue among Englishmen. We refer to the empty egg-shell pattern on a lanky stem."

One of the notable catalogues of the year is that just sent us by the Menthone Kennels, of Phoenixville, Pa. Its arrangement is excellent and very artistic. The first part of the book contains a well executed picture and a history of the Hospice of the St. Bernard, in aid of which a fund is now being raised. Pictures of Lord Bute and other dogs follow with pedigrees, etc., of dogs in the kennel. The St. Bernard standard is also given; in fact, take it all in all, it is the best kennel catalogue we ever remember seeing. Mr. Krosking, the proprietor, does not, we are pleased to notice, forget to thank and enumerate the sporting journals which have helped his kennel by referring to his dogs. Lord Bute, we hear, is getting along excellently.

Looking at the Barzoi discussion now going on in the English *Stock-Keeper*, from an outsider's point of view, "Russian Bear," writing from Moscow, Russia, hits the nail square and bears us out in our oft expressed opinion when he says: "Now as to breeding Barzois, if the English want to manufacture a new breed of dogs there is no one in the world who can stop them from it, but if they want to breed Russian wolfhounds, they must stick to the Russian taste, and the ears, eyes, hindlegs, etc., must be formed as is wanted in a Barzoi, and not in an English greyhound." He also says that it is admitted that the Barzoi of to-day in Russia is not up to the standard of that of thirty years ago, either on the bench or in the field, but that they expect with care to breed up to the former standard.

Dr. H. T. Foote, having a farm of thirty acres in New Rochelle, has made the boarding and treating of dogs and horses a special feature, and having exceptional facilities for this he should do well, the location is so convenient to New York.

The Anglo American Kennels have sold the St. Bernard Young Alton, that they imported last summer, to Mr. Rudolph Stuckey, of Pittsburg, Pa., proprietor of the Keystone Kennels. The dog is excellently built, we have been told, and at fifteen months old weighed 170 lbs. Mr. Stuckey has at last made a good move in getting a stud dog into his kennel whose legs are beyond reproach. Mr. Symonds also tells us that he has sold the bull-terriers Queen of the Dale and Common, both seen on the bench in Canada shows this fall, to Mr. N. E. Smith, of Montreal, Canada, and Prince A. I. has been telegraphed for by a noted fancier in Spokane Falls, Washington, Mr. A. B. Jackson, traveling freight agent of the Northern Pacific R. R.

Dr. C. M. Rounds, of San Antonio, Texas, deserves the sympathy of his fellow sportsmen. In the death of Wun Lung's Sister he has lost a merry worker and a rare little hunting bitch. It will be remembered that we spoke very favorably of her at the U. S. Field Trials when she ran such a good heat with Hope's Mark. Dr. Rounds purchased her from Mr. McCartney just before these trials. She was

brought on to Lexington, N. C., to run in the Central Trials Setter Derby, when on Saturday last a swelling developed in her throat, symptoms of diphtheria were noticed, and despite every care she died in a couple of days.

Mr. T. J. McCartney has been engaged to take charge of "The Retreat," a sporting lodge belonging to Gen. Miles and Mr. John A. Morris, of lottery fame, and both of New Orleans, La. The estate comprises about 10,000 acres and is fenced in. It is stocked with deer and there is any amount of feathered game. Particular attention will be paid to the kennel, the training of field dogs being under Mr. McCartney's especial care.

It was not long before Mr. Angus Cameron "caught on" and one of our principal Eastern kennels will have the benefit of his experience. The Hempstead Farm Kennels have secured his services to train their dogs for the field, it being their intention to go into field trial competition extensively. During the winter Cameron will be located near Thomasville, N. C., and will commence at once, after the trials, on his Derbys for next year.

Mr. W. L. Washington has purchased from Major Jamieson the noted Irish setter bitch Ileen, by Ch. Ponto out of Ch. Drenagh. The Irish setter in this country is bound to come to the front, when such well bred recruits are constantly being imported.

Mr. Jarrett, the popular manager of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, drops us a line now and then, and when he does there is generally a little news picking in it. He tells us that the Roslyn Dolly pups are "great"—"four champions, at least." These are by the English dog Gladus. This kennel has lately been anxious to breed some blues, and now they have three pups out of Golden Flirt of this color. Christopher, we are pleased to hear, is standing his new country well, and is being extensively sought at stud. The Chestnut Hill Kennels, despite all the collies they have sold this year, have still sixty-eight dogs of that breed, and twenty-six couple of harriers and a dozen Irish terriers make up a pretty good kennel. Their St. Bernard, Donna Silva, that missed to Plinlimmon, was bred last week to Mrs. Smyth's King Reinit.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Luckwell and Douglas for the very excellent photographs of the noted cockers Ch. Black Duke and Black Dufferin. We all know how difficult it is to get good pictures of spaniels, but the photographer in this case has scored a success.

We have received information of such a character as to warrant a belief that the Oak Grove Kennels, of Moodus, Conn., of which Mr. F. C. Fowler is the proprietor, may be accorded the confidence of breeders.

Trim, one of the most valuable hounds of the pack owned by A. B. F. Kinney and John M. White, of Worcester, Mass., died last Sunday of pneumonia. Trim was an unusually strong working hound and was a winner of the endurance medal at the recent trial of the Brunswick Pur Club, at Princeton. He was of native blood and was bred by Mr. Kinney.

Those who wish to attend the Philadelphia field trials at Jetersville, Va., should write to Mr. C. E. Connell, the secretary, at once, so as to secure transportation, accommodations, etc., at the trials. The two special cars, placed at the disposal of the club, will be attached to the train that leaves Broad street, Philadelphia, at 7:20 A. M., Monday, Dec. 14, and will go through without change.

Mr. D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., must be congratulated on his purchase of the pointer Promotion that has made quite a record for himself in the U. S. Field Trials Pointer Derby, where he won second to Black Wonder, and at Lexington, N. C., at the Central trials, he turned the tables on the latter, winning the Pointer Derby and following it by beating Wun Lung in the absolute winner of Derby heat. Promotion is by Lord Graphic out of Belle, and while not a brilliant worker in the field, he still ranges in a telling manner and gets the birds with decision, which is generally a *sine qua non* with the sportsmen. We notice that Mr. Upson advertises a litter brother of Promotion in our business columns, and he should not be long before he finds a purchaser.

Among the new announcements in our ad. columns to-day we note the following offers for sale: Fox-terriers, American Horse Exchange, O. Stewart Bamber; pointers, Jauloir, O. L. Bossa, Bar Harbor Kennels, D. A. Upson; setters, J. L. Beers, P. J. Schild, Oak Grove Kennels, A. J. C. Smith; beagles, Beebe Bros.; rabbit dogs, J. H. Miller, H. L. Kreuder offers beagles and J. B. Holden pointers at stud.

TEXAS FIELD TRIALS.

THE second annual meeting of the Bexar Field Trials Club will be run near San Antonio, Tex., Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 11 and 12. Open to all. Programme and prizes:

Puppy Stake—Open to setters and pointers whelped after Jan. 1, 1891. Retrieving required. Entrance \$2.50. Two prizes—\$10 to first, \$5 to second. Entries close Jan. 11, at 9 o'clock A. M.

Derby—Open to setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1890. Retrieving required. Entrance \$5. Three prizes—\$30 to first, \$20 to second and \$10 to third.

All-Aged Stake—Open to setters and pointers which have not won first in any all-aged stake at a meeting held under the management of a regularly organized field trial club. Retrieving required. Entrance \$5. Three prizes—\$65 to first, \$30 to second and \$15 to third.

Special Prize—Pitcher and cup, valued at \$30, donated by Scott & Lemmon, Diamond Front Saloon, to the best dog run in the All-Aged Stake and owned in Bexar county.

G. A. C. SABOT, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (unfilled free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Golden Dust. By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for white black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 7, 1891, by Blenheim Shiner (Blenheim Rubicon—Blenheim Brilliant) out of Jess.

Golden Chip. By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 23, 1891, by Blenheim Shiner (Blenheim Rubicon—Blenheim Brilliant) out of Vixen (Scarsdale—Delta).

Roy Belton. By M. Herrington, New York, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 14, 1891, by Fervid (champion Rockingham—Saddlebags) out of Dora Belle (Blue Dan—Princess Llewellyn).

Myron McKee and Lillian Russell. By J. M. Brown, Newport, R. I., for black and white ticked English setter dog and white, black eye, bitch, whelped Nov. 24, 1890, by Don (Bo Bondhu—Princess Kittle) out of Tinnie B. (Figaro—Fairly Blonde).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Chip II.—Moses K. H. G. Hammett's (Newport, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Chip II. (Jersey—Chip K.) to J. M. Brown's Moses K. (Obo II.—Black Bess II.), Nov. 17.

Dorothy—Monarch VI. C. P. Lawshe's (Trenton, N. J.) bull bitch Dorothy (Caliban—Hillside Girl) to Retnor Kennels' Monarch VI. (Monarch—Sling), Nov. 23.

Gwynnie—Soudan. R. H. Alberts, Jr.'s (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Gwynnie (Belthuss—Wonna Gladstone) to L. L. Ingram's Soudan (Druid—Ruby), Dec. 1.

Dixie B—Sir Edward. Jas. E. Hair's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Dixie B. (Mack B.—Pet Barwya) to his Sir Edward (Belthuss—Wonna Gladstone), Nov. 30.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Sissey. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Irish terrier bitch Sissey (Apprentice Boy—Nelly), Nov. 18, eight (four dogs), by their Valley Boxer (Bob—Liffey).

Elip. Mr. Kerr's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Elip, Nov. 6, four (two dogs), by J. P. Martin's Blenheim Shiner (Blenheim Rubicon—Blenheim Brilliant).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Rose Graphic. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1889, by champion Graphic out of White Rose, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to A. H. Higginson, Boston, Mass.

Dash. Liver and white pointer dog, by Beppa III. out of May F., by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to A. H. Higginson, Boston, Mass.

Alcester's Flirt. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 26, 1891, by Meteor, Jr. out of Mamie, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to C. B. Pines, Bar Harbor, Me.

Albert's Nancy. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 9, 1891, by San Roy, Jr. out of Nell o' Warwick, by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to H. J. Baughn, Ridgeville, Ind.

AN ENLARGED "FOREST AND STREAM"

WITH the issue of Jan. 7 next, which will be the first number of its thirty-eighth volume, the FOREST AND STREAM will be permanently enlarged from twenty-eight to thirty-two pages.

This change has been made necessary by the growth of the special interests to which the paper is devoted, and by the corresponding requirement of more space for their adequate presentation. The enlargement is to be taken as an earnest of our purpose to increase the interest, usefulness and value of the FOREST AND STREAM; and by means of the better opportunities thus afforded, to maintain for it the character it has so long enjoyed as the representative sportsman's journal of America.

Each of the departments will be benefitted by the change—Sportsman Tourist, Natural History, Game Bag and Gun, Sea and River Fishing—and, in particular, our news columns—the Kennel, Yacht and Canoe, Rifle and Trap. The generous amount of space now given to Kennel will be maintained, and the room devoted to Trap Shooting will be so enlarged as to make the department the most comprehensive and the best arranged contemporary record of that sport.

Since this journal was established eighteen years ago, the popularity of sports with the rod and the gun has advanced with giant strides; and in the development of those manly recreations the FOREST AND STREAM has taken no unimportant part. With their growth it has kept equal pace in worth, in influence, in circulation and in generous public recognition. What it has been it will be. The record of the past contains the abundant promise for the future.

In 1892 and the years that shall follow, as in 1891 and the years that have passed, the FOREST AND STREAM will stand for all that is best and truest in field sportsmanship; and it will strive to merit from its growing hosts of friends a continuation of that warm appreciation and indorsement with which it is now favored.

One word remains to be said: The price will remain unchanged; \$4 per year. Subscribe now.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

SOME good scores are piling up in the contest for the possession of the Winans Trophy and the Amateur Revolver Championship of America. Last Saturday evening several strings were put on record at the gallery of the New York Pistol Club, No. 12 St. Mark's place, among those shooting being President Oehl, of the club, and Officer Petty, of the New York police force, one of the very few out of the 3,000 policemen carrying revolvers in this city who has an accurate knowledge of their use. On next Saturday evening there will be shooting for the trophy at the gallery of the Wurflein Rifle and Pistol Association, 227 North Eighth street, Philadelphia. A quartette of good revolver shots have already signified their intention of being ready to put up fine scores, and this they will no doubt do. The Wilmington (Del.) Rifle Club, which has some excellent pistol shots in its membership, responds to an invitation to fix date for shoot as follows:

There is very little gallery shooting done here, even with the pistol, and none at all with the revolver, so that the contest you are conducting is a little out of the line of our revolver shooters. I have regretted several times that your match could not have been arranged to be shot at the regulation distance of practice of 50 yds., with full charge ammunition and at the standard American target, which is so generally used among revolver experts. However, the contest will no doubt be interesting to those fond of gallery work and prove stimulating to the growing interest in the revolver.—HOWARD SIMPSON, Sec'y.

There are a number of excellent revolver shots in this city who are just now absent from town. Ample notice, however, will be given of the closing of the entry lists, after which the announcements of results will be published as speedily as possible.

A Trophy for Jersey Rifle Clubs.

IN ORDER to stimulate a renewed interest in gallery rifle shooting FOREST AND STREAM has decided to arrange a series of tournament shoots, open to any regularly organized rifle club in New Jersey, and it will give an elegant trophy to the club winning the greatest number of matches. Each club that enters will shoot two matches against every other club, one on the range of each club. The teams will comprise five men each. A meeting will be held at the Millers' headquarters, 80 Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10, at 8 o'clock, and each club that desires to enter a tournament is requested to send two delegates. At this meeting full details in regard to rules, trophy etc., will be given. All rifle clubs desiring to enter are requested to communicate with J. H. Kruse, 223 First street, Hoboken.

The Our Owns Are Alive.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 8.—The Our Own Club, of this city, intends to do considerable match shooting this winter, and is ready to receive challenges from any club in the country for gallery contests. On Dec. 2 their second team defeated the second team of the Puritan Rifle Club, on the Our Own Ranges, by a score of 1,032 to 1,021. To-night the return match was shot, the conditions being 10 men per team, 10 shots per man, 12-ring targets, 75ft., and 22cal. rifle. The score:

Our Owns.	Puritans.
Freisenheuer.....101	Carpenter.....104
Goyek.....107	Lauren.....99
Heber.....103	Hausman.....105
Donal.....105	Ralshe.....91
Uhl.....93	J. Kopf.....93
Furth.....103	Woods.....92
Cherry.....110	Morris.....92
Cherry.....110	Helb.....103
Halsey.....100	Danger.....103
Wolf.....93-1,005	C Kopf.....100-979

The Independent and Volunteer rifle clubs shot a well-contested match on the former's range last night, the result being as follows:

Independent.	Volunteer.
J. A. McCallum.....110	Reilly.....109
T Cox.....105	Blythe.....114
J. B. McCallum.....138	Meter.....105
Berry.....103	Doherty.....102
Rummell.....109	Pfeifer.....110
Parks.....110	End.....108
Smith.....110	Scheib.....106
Townley.....108	Knaich.....105
F. Cox.....100	Huebner.....110
Camp.....109-1076	Huebner.....104-1068

Zettlers' Weekly Shoot.

The following scores were made in the badge competition of the Zettler Rifle Club, at 219 Bowers, on Tuesday evening: L. Flach 247, C. Perovial 245, J. A. Boyken 244, C. G. Zettler 243, H. Witte 242, M. Dorrier 241, H. Holger 241, S. C. W. Plaster 241, F. C. Ross 240, V. Steinbach 240, B. Zettler 240, C. E. Janzner 240, F. Hecking 237, F. Lindkorf 236, M. B. Engel 235, F. Fabarius 233, M. Tropp 233, N. D. Ward 226.

Trap Shooting.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 12.—Fulford vs. Brewer, 250 live birds each, at Woodlawn Park, Long Island.
Dec. 17.—Essex Gun Club, monthly club shoot, at Marion, N. J.
Dec. 17.—Freche vs. Smith, 100 live birds each, at Marion, N. J.
Dec. 19.—Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, open sweepstakes at 50 artificial, at Rutherford, N. J.
Dec. 19.—Open sweepstakes at live birds, on John Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 19.—Maplewood Gun Club, practice shoot at artificials, at Maplewood, N. J.
Dec. 19.—South Side Gun Club, regular club and open shoot, on club grounds, near Emmet street station, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Athens, Pa., tournament, at kingbirds and live pigeons, W. K. Park, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, open tournament at artificials, at Rutherford, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Maplewood Gun Club, open tournament at artificials, 1892.

Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club, open tournament at artificials, on club grounds, near Emmet street station, Newark, N. J.
June 15-18.—New York State Sportsmen's Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Morry, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

JUDGING from the present outlook this will be the liveliest season on record in trap shooting circles, and the quantity of powder and shot expended, live birds and targets trapped will be enormous. The dealers in live pigeons and the grounds where exhibitions will be a little above the average, the supply will be plentiful and the quality first-class. The late cold snap has already added slightly to the cost of birds.

Club shoots, club tournaments, individual and team contests without number have been and are about to be arranged, and the devotee of the sport who cannot get his fill of ruffling feathers or smashing "crockery" must be a gourmand.

The event of events for the vicinity of New York, is, of course, the contest to take place at Woodlawn Park on Saturday between those giants of the smooth-bore, E. D. Fulford, of Bridgeport, and John L. Brewer, of Hammonont. Not only New York, but the entire shooting world as well is deeply interested in the outcome of this event, which will take place on the grounds where exhibitions are given. The conditions of the match call for 250 live birds per man, 12-bore guns, 30yds. rise, strict Hurlingham rules, except that the inclosure is to be the boundary. The stake is \$1,000 a side. The match will be called at 10 A. M. By special arrangement boats will leave the foot of Whitehall street every hour during the day, connecting with special trains on the Sea Beach Railroad, which will take the spectators to the grounds. These men are conceded on all sides to be in a class by themselves, the fact being proven by their marvelous work at Marion on Nov. 12, 13 and 14, when Fulford killed 100, 99, 94 and 24 against Brewer's 98, 94 and 25 in three consecutive matches and a tie shoot. For two men to face the traps for three consecutive days and kill 693 out of 650 birds is sufficient to give them a classification of their own.

It has been said that the birds on the first and second days were of inferior quality. Granting this, how many men are there in this or any other country who could equal the above record even if the birds, each and every one, were tied fast? But there will be no cause for complaint as to the quality of the birds in Saturday's match, provided of course that the weather is what it should be. The birds are to be furnished by Mr. Brewer and the "Captain Jack" is not able to choose good flyers, the job need not be undertaken by any one else. There is one point on which the lovers of the sport can rest content, and that is, that the above match will be shot strictly on its merits and that the best man will win.

The Essex Gun Club, of Newark, will hold its monthly club shoot for prizes at Marion, on the 17th inst., and a good time is expected as usual. In the competitions for prizes each man is rated at a given number of points per shoot, and the member gaining the highest number of points above his allotment during the season wins first prize. The members are also divided into three classes—A, B and C—the first shooting at 30, the second at 28 and the third at 30yds. rise. Thus far Lemuel Thomas, who is rated at 8, has a score to lead for prize; Harry Sme being a good second. This shoot will be open only to club members. The birds will be furnished by Al. Heritage, "Old South Pay," and will be of a quality to make the members shoot their best.

The South Side Gun Club announces that it will hold its annual open-to-all tournament at artificials on New Year's Day, on its well-appointed grounds, near the coal chutes below the Emmet street station, Newark, N. J. A fine programme of events will be arranged, the object being to suit all comers. Plenty of ammunition of all kinds will be on hand, as will be an abundance of refreshments, liquid as well as solid. A feature of the day will be a public trial of the Hobart system of rapid firing, devised by my old friend Wm. R. Hobart, who says the system is bound to be a go, and will be more popular than any of the rapid-firing systems now in vogue.

Gus L. Freche and Harry Smith, two well-known Newark shooters, will have a test of skill on the Marion grounds on the 17th inst., each man to shoot at 100 live pigeons, under Hurlingham rules, for a purse of \$100. A few weeks ago these men came together in a 50-bird race, Smith killing 43 to Freche's 39. Gus was not satisfied with the result, hence the coming match. Freche is a veteran at the business, being an old member of the Essex and Newa-k gun clubs, and the hero of a hundred odd matches, while Smith is a comparative tyro, his shooting career

having been started in January, 1891, with the Essex Gun Club. Up to the last four months he seemed unable to strike anything faster than about a 75 per cent. pace, but since then he has been shooting great guns. At the October shoot of the Essex he killed 42 out of 44 birds and killed 34 of them straight with his first barrel. On Thanksgiving Day he killed 39 out of 42 birds. If he is in the above form on the 17th he will come very close to being a winner.

The big guns of the trap-shooting world have a chance to make a neat little pot, provided they can nerve themselves to cover a bet offered by John Erb, the well-known proprietor of the Old Stone House grounds on Bloomfield avenue, Newark. Mr. Erb says he will wager \$400 against \$1,000 that no man can kill, on his grounds, 94 out of 103 pigeons under the following conditions: Mr. Erb to furnish the birds and to have notice at least two weeks before the trial is to take place; the shooting to be governed by Hurlingham rules, except that he will give the shooter the advantage of shooting from one instead of five traps; 12-gauge guns; 30yds. rise.

Mr. Erb also says that he will wager \$500 even that no man can kill 94 out of 100 pigeons, on his grounds, under same conditions as above, except that they shall shoot from five traps. Who wants a piece of either of the above amounts?

My old friend Neaf Aggar, the well-known and popular salesman at Henry C. Squires, has furnished me with the following description of the new W. W. Greener hammer gun, which will be used by E. D. Fulford in his big shoot against J. L. Brewer on Saturday. The gun was delivered at Squire's store on Thursday night and Neaf describes it as "a beauty." It has two sets of barrels, one for trap and one for field work. In shape for trap work the gun weighs 7lbs. 12oz. The barrels are 30in., full choke. The stock is 14 1/2in. in length, with 2 3/4in. drop at the butt and 1 1/2in. drop at the cone. It is the highest grade gun made by this handled any gun. The loads to be used by Fulford are as follows: 44rs. Schultze powder in both barrels; 14oz. No. 7 chilled shot in right barrel and 14oz. No. 6 in left, the whole loaded in Squire's tournament shells.

The success which attended the recent series of shoots, held under the auspices of the Trapsshooters' League of Essex County, N. J., gave a great boom to the smashing of crockery within the confines of the county. As is known, the League comprised six clubs, and each month a team shoot and individual tournament was held on the grounds of one or another of the clubs, until each one had received its share of the benefits. First prize for teams was won by the Maplewood Gun Club, whose team captured five out of the six contests. At the conclusion of the series of shoots the League was disbanded and a new organization was formed, it being the intention of the projectors to include in this all the clubs in the seven counties comprising Northern New Jersey. Recently, however, it has been deemed advisable to abandon this plan and organize a League which shall be open to every club in the State. A few days ago I had a talk with Mr. W. R. Hobart, who is an old-timer in shooting men with Von Lengerke & Detmold, and who is an old-timer in devising schemes for the advancement of trap shooting. Mr. Hobart's idea is to arrange a tournament on one of the following plans: First, to form a New Jersey League, each county to have a series of preliminary team contests for the purpose of deciding upon the strongest team in the county, the leading teams to be afterward brought together in a series of contests to decide the State championship. In this event the final series of shoots would be held on in each county. His other plan was to have a team of ten, twelve or fifteen men from each county come together in a series of shoots for the State championship, instead of holding the preliminary shoots as above. In case the former plan should be adopted the teams would comprise five or six men each. In either case it is intended that each man shall shoot at twenty-five artificial targets, either Standard Keystones or bluerocks.

The plan for organizing a league on either of the above lines would be practically as follows: Every club affiliating would be required to pay \$2 as an entrance fee and ten cents dues for each member on its roll. Previous to the beginning of a tournament each club would pay into the league treasury the sum of \$5 (or any other decided figure) upon the amount derived from this latter source to constitute a fund for the purchase of prizes for teams and individuals according to the schedule adopted.

After carefully considering the two plans outlined by Mr. Hobart I am inclined to think that the one calling for county teams would "freeze out" too many shooters. In Essex county, for instance, there are over a score of active gun clubs, and at least seventy-five really expert shooters, four-fifths of whom would be unable to take part in a contest under the second plan. By adopting the first-mentioned plan every shooter in the State could take part on one or another of the teams in the preliminary series of shoots. I have been requested by the projectors of the affair to invite discussion on this subject and hope to hear at an early date from every club in New Jersey. Any communications on the subject will be cheerfully accorded space in these columns.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club announce that on Saturday they will run an all-day's tournament at artificials on their well-appointed grounds at Rutherford, N. J., the main attraction to be a big sweep at 50 targets per man, \$5 entry. A big turnout of experts is expected.

The Maplewood Gun Club will run a Xmas Day shoot on their pretty grounds at the Maplewood station of the D. L. & W. R. R. Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M., the regular programme to comprise events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets. The special attraction will be a team contest for a holiday dinner, to be eaten on New Year's eve.

Newarkers are looking anxiously for the appearance of a volume descriptive of the hunting experience of a well-known local scribe and an equally well-known member of the shooting fraternity, who recently made an extended trip through Morris county, N. J. Private advices credit the pair with having "begged" (I am inclined to believe that the informant misspelled this word) three partridges and one rabbit. The forthcoming book will be written by the brother of the author of "The Hidden City," and will be copiously illustrated.

Considering the fact that there are 313 shooting days in the year, it seems rather curious that so many conflicting dates should be claimed for tournaments in certain localities. Recently one of the Newark clubs arranged a two-days tournament, publishing the dates fully a month in advance, notwithstanding which another of the local clubs, less than a week before the above tournament took place, came out with the announcement of an all-day tournament, to be held on one of the dates claimed by the club first mentioned. The result was a flat failure for both affairs. The clubs should have agreed that the first party can and they can do this in no better way than by avoiding dates already claimed in arranging their tournaments. As soon as a date has been fixed on send it to FOREST AND STREAM to be placed among the fixtures. We aim to make the fixtures a complete guide to all coming events.

I have heard a large number of sportsmen speak in the highest terms of the manner in which they were treated by the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold during the recent busy season, in the way of having their orders promptly filled. In one instance a party rushed into the store at 11 A. M. and said that he wanted fifty shells loaded with 48rs. of Schultze powder and 1oz. of No. 8 shot, but if he could not get them in fifteen minutes they would be useless to him. At present the firm has his order filled and left the store, although they had to be specially loaded. Little instances of this kind, where trivial amounts are concerned, tend to show the caliber of a firm.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

The Murphy-Thompson Match.

An exclusive party was admitted to the grounds of the Carteret Club at Bergen Point, last Thursday, to witness the match between Edgar G. Murphy and L. S. Thompson. The day was a good one for the sport, but the birds as a whole could have been much better. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, for a stake of \$1,000 a side. J. S. Hoey was referee and Justus von Lengerke scorer. Murphy was looked after by Fred Hoey, while W. E. Smith did the honors for Thompson.

Murphy is well known as a veteran match shooter, while this was Thompson's first appearance in anything but sweepstakes events. The former's friends had no trouble in having their bets covered, and in consequence some \$12,000 or more of Thompson money found its way into the pockets of Murphy's backers.

Thompson won the toss and walked to the score first, killing a straight driver by using both barrels. Murphy followed with a good first-barrel kill of a fast left-quarterer. At the end of the twentieth round the score stood 20 for Murphy to 14 for Thompson, the latter losing 4 out of his first 10 birds. On the second round the scores stood 37 for Murphy, 33 for Thompson. On the

next round Murphy gained one kill. On the fourth round Murphy led by two birds; on the next round he gained two more, and the score ended with 88 kills by Murphy against 82 by Thompson, the former losing 7 and the latter 9 birds dead out of bounds. The scores follow:

Edgar G. Murphy.....	11111111111111111111-20
L. S. Thompson.....	01110111111111111111-17
	11111101111101111111-18
	11111101111101111111-15
	11101101110111011111-16-86
	101010101010111111-14
	11111101111101111111-17
	11111101111101111111-18
	11101110101010011110-14-82

Thompson shot a 7 1/4-pound Greener gun, using V. L. and D. shells, loaded with 42rs. of E. C. powder and 1 3/4oz. of No. 7 1/2 shot in the right barrel. In the left barrel he used 45rs. of E. C. powder and 1 3/4oz. of No. 7 shot. Murphy shot a 7 1/4-pound Francotte gun and used V. L. and D. shells. He had 42rs. of E. C. powder and 1 3/4oz. of No. 7 1/2 shot in both barrels.

The Union Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 8.—For the last twelve months the members of the Union Gun Club have striven earnestly to roll up good scores at the monthly shoots, the main attraction being a gold and pearl medal valued at \$25, this to go to the member winning it the greatest number of times during the season. There were also four other prizes. Up to to-day E. D. Miller, R. H. Breintnall and E. Collins had won it twice and R. Briant had won it once. To-day's contest was therefore very interesting. In this contest each member shoots at 20 singles and 5 pairs of bluerock targets, lies being shot off at 3 singles and 1 pair. As this was the final shoot of the season Manager Miller combined with it a good programme of open events, and offered two prizes of \$3 and 2 respectively for averages. Shooting began at 10:30 and was not concluded until dark. Among the visitors was Samuel Lyon, president of the North Side Gun Club, of Massapeh, L. I. C. H. Townsend, of FOREST AND STREAM, was scorer. The results of the several events are given below:

Warning shoot, 10 singles, \$1 entry: Collins 8, Hobart 7, Lyon 7, Drake 6, Miller 6.
Warning shoot, 10 singles, \$1 entry: Hobart 9, Sigler 8, Collins 7, Miller 7, Breintnall 7, Drake 6.
Regular programme, No. 1, 10 singles, \$1 entry: Miller 10, Breintnall 9, Collins 8, Hobart 8, Drake 8, Smith 7, Lyon 7, Sigler 6.

No. 2, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry:
Lyon.....111111011111-14 Miller.....01111111111111-13
Hobart.....111111011111-14 Sigler.....010101111111-11
Smith.....111111011111-14 Collins.....011111011111-11
Drake.....111111011111-13 Breintnall.....110101010111-10

No. 3, 20 singles, \$2 entry:
Hobart.....111111111111-17 Collins.....1110111001011111-15
Sigler.....111111111111-17 Miller.....010101111111-16
Miller.....10111011011111-17 Lyon.....11111101011111-16
Breintnall.....111111011111-17 Drake.....11111101011111-15

No. 4, 5 pairs, \$1 entry: Miller 8, Hobart 7, Breintnall 6, Collins 6, Sigler 5, Drake 5, Smith 3.
No. 5, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry:
Miller.....111111111111-15 Hobart.....01111011111100-11
Smith.....011111101110-12 Breintnall.....101101011111-11
Collins.....101101101111-11 Lyon.....111110100011-10
Sigler.....11001101110111-11 Drake.....1111110101110-10

No. 6, 20 singles, \$2 entry:
Miller.....10111011111111-18 Sigler.....0111111000111111-16
Collins.....11111010011111-18 Breintnall.....1101110110110111-14
Smith.....11111010111001-16
Lyon L. Hobart withdrew.

No. 7, 5 pairs, \$1 entry: Miller 5, Breintnall 8, Smith 7, Hobart 6, Sigler 6, Collins 5, Drake 5.
No. 8, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry: Miller 14, Breintnall 12, Smith 11, Collins 11, Sigler 11, Lyon 10, Lindsey 7.
No. 9, 10 singles, \$1 entry: Breintnall 10, Hobart 9, Sigler 9, Lindsey 7, Collins 7, Smith 7, Miller 6, Drake 5.

No. 10, club prize shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:
Miller.....1111111111111111 11 11 11 10 11-29
Sigler.....1111110101111111 10 11 11 10 11-25
Collins.....0010110110111111 11 11 11 10 11-23
Breintnall.....1101011011101111 11 10 11 10 11-21
Lindsey.....111010101010111101 11 11 10 11 10-20
Briant.....1110101011111010 11 10 10 10 10-20
Smith.....1111111101111111 10 10 10 10 10-15

Miller's victory of to-day made him the final winner of the medal, he having won first place five times; second prize, a shell case, went to E. Collins; third prize, pair corduroy trousers, to R. Briant; fourth prize, \$2.50 gold piece, to M. F. Lindsey, and fifth prize, \$2 cash, to D. Terry. The best average to-day was won by E. D. Miller, R. H. Breintnall being second. The wind blew strong and fully all day, which accounts for the poor scores in some events.

Canajoharie Gun Club.

The scores of the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club were received too late for our last issue, and in consequence we are obliged to publish them in an abridged form:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds, \$1 entry: Horton 10, Weeks 9, Walrath 9, Fulton 9, Giesel 9, Pierson 8, Roberts 6, Sanders 6, Pegnim 5, Chapman 4, Partiss 2.

No. 2, 15 kingbirds, \$1.50 entry:
Giesel.....11111111111111-15 Goggin.....01111111111100-12
Pierson.....11111110111111-14 Betts.....10111111111104-12
Roberts.....01111101111111-13 Walrath.....10011111111110-10
Rockworth.....01111101111111-13 Portiss.....10100111111100-9
Chapman.....10111111111101-13 Pegnim.....0100011011010-8
Horton.....11001011111111-12 Sanders.....01001010101011-8
Weeks.....11111101111111-12

No. 3, 10 live birds, \$5 entry, 3 ground traps, 4 moneys, all ties divided:
Lord.....211121211-10 Horton.....0101210122-7
Goggin.....221121210-9 Giesel.....1022010111-7
Betts.....211121210-9 Walrath.....1022010111-6
Pierson.....211121210-9 Sanders.....1101011300-6
Rockworth.....211121210-9 Pegnim.....01010110-6
Bancroft.....112012102-8 Portiss.....2020010101-4

No. 4, same as No. 1: Pierson 10, Walrath 8, Giesel 7, Betts 7, Saunders 7, Roberts 6, Horton 6, Rockworth 5, Fulton 5, Weeks 4, Chapman 4, Partiss 3.

No. 5, same as No. 2:
Roberts.....11111110111111-13 Sanders.....11111011011111-13
Horton.....11111110111111-12 Rockworth.....1111110110110-10
Pierson.....11111011111111-14 Giesel.....10111110001111-9
Betts.....11111111111111-14 Chapman.....10110110110110-9
Goggin.....11111111111101-13 Portiss.....11001100010110-8
Walrath.....01111111111011-13 Fulton.....10101000011110-8
Weeks.....11011101111111-13

No. 6, same as No. 2:
Pierson.....11111111111111-15 Weeks.....10111111111110-13
Sanders.....11111111111111-15 Horton.....01011111101111-13
Walrath.....01111111111111-14 Pegnim.....10111100010101-9
Roberts.....01111111111111-14 Giesel.....01010111000011-8
Chapman.....11111111111110-14 Fulton.....11100110010100-8
Rockworth.....01111111111111-13 Portiss.....11110000001011-7

No. 7, same as No. 1: Rockworth, Weeks and Sanders 10; Giesel and Chapman 9; Walrath, Bancroft and Roberts 8; Pegnim, Piersons and Horton 7; Wessell 5.

No. 8, same as No. 2:
Rockworth.....11111111111111-14 Giesel.....01010101011111-9
Piersons.....11010101111111-12 Chapman.....11011000110110-9
Weeks.....10100110110111-10 Fulton.....10011011101010-9
Sanders.....11001010101011-9 Pegnim.....11001010010011-6
Walrath.....10011111111001-9 Roberts.....10010000000001-3
Bierbauer.....00101011111111-9 Portiss.....10010000000001-3

No. 9, 5 pairs of doubles, \$1 entry: Sanders 6, Weeks 6, Walrath 6, Horton 7, Piersons 6, Pegnim 7, Portiss 4, Chapman 6, Bierbauer 6, Giesel 3, Rock 8, Roberts 4, Fulton 7, Wessell 4.

No. 10, same as No. 1: Weeks, Rock, Horton and Sanders 10; Piersons 9; Chapman, Pegnim, Giesel and Bierbauer 7; Roberts 5.

Walnut Hill.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Dec. 2.—The exceptionally fine weather of to-day brought out a goodly number of trap-shots of the Massachusetts Rifle Association to participate in the regular fortnightly series of matches. The main interest was centered in the twelfth crown and the gold coin match, in which there was unusually sharp rivalry. Messrs. Burrett, Black, Bowker and Choate were tied for first place with 19 out of a possible 30 birds. In shooting off the tie Mr. Barrett made a clean score of 15, which entitles him to wear the champion gold medal until the next shoot. Mr. Choate, who crowded Mr. Barrett very sharply, missing only one bird, used a 5 1/4-pound, 20-gauge gun.

Twenty-five targets, square system of firing: Barrett 19, Black 19, Bowker 19, Choate 19, Bennett 16, Curtis 16, Cook 15, Hosmer 15, Snow 14, Gale 13, Gore 12, Parham 12, Rule 12, Nichols 11.

Lake View's Chicken Shoot.

WORCESTER, Mass.—The Lake View Gun Club held an all-day shoot at the club grounds Thanksgiving Day, and it was a success from start to finish. There was a large attendance and many participated in the contests. Shooting began at 9:30 A. M. and continued till dark. The novel feature of the day's shoot was the "chicken" shoot at stationary and flying targets. Twenty-five birds were won by different members of the club. At the stationary target, birds, rise, each of the following succeeded in getting one or more birds: H. Groves, H. V. Faiman, Cal Williams, J. Cummings, and Jim Manning. Blue-rock contests were then begun.

First match:			
A G Powers.....	11101-4	H L Bond.....	00101-2
C Forehand.....	11101-4	Wm Brown.....	11101-4
F Clark.....	01000-1	Wm Brown.....	11100-3
M Stanton.....	00000-0	M F Kelsey.....	11100-3
Gates.....	00000-0	J Roper.....	00000-0
C Williams.....	10001-2		
Tie: Powers 3, Forehand 2.			
Second match:			
P Clark.....	11110-4	M Kelsey.....	10000-1
C Forehand.....	11110-4	J Moore.....	10000-1
W Brown.....	11110-4	G Lewis.....	01000-2
N Parker.....	11101-4	C Williams.....	01100-2
J Cummings.....	01100-2	A G Powers.....	11000-2
H Graves.....	01100-2		
Third match:			
C Forehand.....	11111-5	J Moore.....	01000-1
P Clark.....	01000-1	C Lewis.....	00000-0
M Kelsey.....	00001-1	M Stanton.....	01000-2
N Parker.....	01100-2	C Williams.....	00000-0
H Graves.....	00001-1	M Kelsey.....	00000-0
W Brown.....	01110-3	C Goodell.....	10110-3
C Goodell.....	10110-2	J Cummings.....	01001-2
A Powers.....	01111-4	H Bond.....	01010-2
Fourth match:			
W Brown.....	10110-3	L E Hill.....	10000-1
J Moore.....	00000-0	E Danes.....	01000-1
C Forehand.....	11000-2	C Forehand.....	01000-1
A Powers.....	01110-3	E Welsh.....	10110-3
Fifth match, 3 pair doubles:			
A G Powers.....	01010-2	W Brown.....	011010-3
C Forehand.....	01001-2	E Welsh.....	101100-3

W Brown won tie for first. Miss and 25 cents: C. Forehand 5, W. Brown 0, A. G. Powers 0, E. Welsh 5. Match for 2 chickens: W. Brown 4, C. Forehand 2, A. G. Powers 4, E. Welsh 2, H. W. Eddy 1, Eaton 0, F. Murray 0, J. Cunningham 1, C. Williams 1, C. Forehand 4, Powers won tie. Eighth event, 3 pair doubles, 25 cents: C. Forehand 4, E. Welsh 2, W. Brown 3, A. G. Powers 3. Ninth event, 2 chickens: C. Forehand 2, E. Welsh 3, J. Cummings 2, W. Brown 4, H. W. Eddy 3, F. Murray 0, A. Powers 4, C. Williams 2, J. Manning 0, C. Forehand 4, E. Welsh 4. Welsh first and second on tie. * Re-entered. Tenth event, 2 chickens: P. Clark 4, E. Welsh 3, H. Eddy 2, W. Brown 5, E. Daniel 0, J. Cummings 1. For whip: W. Brown 4, C. Forehand 4, A. Powers 5, J. Roper 1, E. Welsh 2, H. Eddy 1, John Roper 0, E. Daniel 1, J. Mann 2, R. Baker 2, 1, Field 1.

The Boiling Spring's Officers.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Dec. 5.—The following officers have been elected for the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club: President, E. A. Jeanneret; Vice-President, C. H. Coe; Treasurer, R. H. Peck; Secretary, P. A. Jeanneret (Box 11, Rutherford, N. J.); Corresponding Secretary, Louis Lyle. The monthly club shoot was held to-day, 15 members taking part in the hunt for prizes. The conditions were 25 keystones, 5 traps. In the first event the scores were as follows: Blauvelt..... 11111111111111111111-24
Huck..... 0101100110110110001110-14
Paul..... 1010001110000111111111-14
Krebs..... 0101100110111111111111-15
Peck..... 1001111111111111111111-18
Lane..... 1011101111111111111111-18
Meyer..... 1011101111111111111111-20
Pellens..... 0101101111111111111111-16
Collins..... 1101111111111111111111-18
Klees..... 1111111111111111111111-22
Jeanneret..... 0010011111111111111111-13
Second event..... 0111100111111111111111-16
Blauvelt..... 0111100111111111111111-16
Meyers..... 0101001101111111111111-12
Krebs..... 1001100111111111111111-13
Paul..... 1001101000111111111111-8
Jeanneret..... 1011011111111111111111-17
Burgess..... 0100000101000111111111-18
Klees..... 1010100111111111111111-9
Klees..... 1011101111111111111111-18
Peck..... 1001101111111111111111-17
Lane..... 0011101111111111111111-17
Collins..... 1001110110101111111111-6
Richardson..... 1000000000100111111111-9
Outwater..... 1001111111111111111111-18
Machen..... 0101111111111111111111-16
Huck..... 0011101111111111111111-20

Shoot for a Supper.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 4.—Yesterday twenty members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club assembled at their club house and divided into two teams, of 10 men each, for a shoot at 25 kingbirds each man, unknown angles, 5 traps, the losing team to pay for supper for the party. The teams were captained respectively by Colonel Courtney, of the Lefevre Arms Company, and George Mosher, of the Hunter Arms Company. The scores follow: Courtney's Team..... 11111111111111111111-24
Mowry..... 1101111111111111111111-22
Montgomery..... 0100111111111111111111-21
Lefevre..... 1111111111111111111111-21
Holloway..... 1101101011111111111111-19
Poynter..... 1101101011111111111111-18
Spangler..... 1100011101111111111111-19
Byron..... 0101111111111111111111-21
Pettie..... 1011001111111111111111-19-184
Mosher's Team..... 1001100001111111111111-16
Becker..... 0101011111111111111111-21
C Walters..... 0101111111111111111111-21
Chase..... 1111111111111111111111-21
D Walters..... 1011011111111111111111-18
Holden..... 1111111111111111111111-25
Ayling..... 1100110111111111111111-19
Thompson..... 1000000111111111111111-11
Barnum..... 1011000111010100001110-12-165
The supper was discussed at the Hub Café. The same teams will again try conclusions on Dec. 10 for a supper to be served at the Maple Bay Hotel.

Toronto Gun Club.

TORONTO, Dec. 3.—A large number of shooting enthusiasts attended the opening winter shoot, held under the auspices of the Toronto Gun Club, at Stark's grounds this afternoon. The club in reducing the price of birds, has taken a wise step toward making the club and the sport more popular. George Briggs acted as master of ceremonies in his usual happy style. Owing to early darkness a large number of intending shooters were unable to take their turns at the traps. First shoot, five birds: George..... 12111-5 Henry..... 11011-4
Rogers..... 12211-5 Charles..... 11020-3
Emond..... 02111-4 Teat..... 10101-3
Sweepstakes, ten birds: Charles..... 12121112-9 Henry..... 212021212-9
Eles..... 121210212-9 Beatty..... 20112121-9
Rogers..... 12110122-9 McDowell..... 21102212-9
Wakefield..... 121210122-9 Bickerstaff..... 101212121-9
Johnston 0, Jaytee 3, C. Ayre 2, J. Ayre 2, Smith 3, Warrington 3, T. Soden 5, Sloper 3, Miller 1, McCrady 2, J. Simpson 2. Ties at 9 divided by Blea and Rogers.

Garfield Thanksgiving Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 3.—Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, braved a keen and cutting wind on the great national jubilee day and had a little fun at the live bird traps, about 500 birds being handled. Low scores were the rule, the high wind making shooting very difficult. The boy Willie Palmer tied top score with 16 out of 20. In view of his years this was remarkable. He bids fair to be a steady and able shot. There was quite a good little

attendance. Considerable regret was expressed that Mr. Snifkins, one of the club's best and most regular attendants, could not be present. Score: Shoot No. 1, 5 live birds, 5 ground traps, 28 and 30yds. rise, Illinois State rules:

Ball.....	00112-3	W Northcott.....	21120-4
Gross.....	11021-4	S Palmer.....	21010-3
Lauterbach.....	11011-4	W Sparks.....	10222-4
S M Meek.....	11020-3	J Northcott.....	02212-4
Hicks.....	21011-4	W Palmer.....	10111-4
Brown.....	21110-4	Waldron.....	02201-1
Baird.....	10120-3	Sidway.....	21101-4
Richards.....	20112-4	Kent.....	00012-2
Bowen.....	02021-2	Fisher.....	00201-1
Norfolk.....	01201-3		

No. 2, same in every particular as preceding: Pilz 1, Bortree 3, Bell 2, Cross 1, Lauterbach 4, S. M. Meek 2, Hicks 4, Brown 4, Richards 1, Bowers 3, Norfolk 1, Baird 3, W. Northcott 3, S. Palmer 2, W. Sparks 2, J. Northcott 3, Wm. Palmer 5, Cruver 3, Steck 4, Kent 3, Sidway 4, Fisher 2, Waldron 1, Eich 4.

No. 3, 5 live birds each: Pilz 3, Bortree 5, Cross 5, Lauterbach 4, Hicks 4, Brown 3, Richards 2, Bowers 2, Norfolk 2, W. Northcott 2, S. Palmer 3, Sparks 5, J. Northcott 1, Wm. Palmer 3, England 4, Shick 3, Sidway 5, Cruver 3, Young 2.

No. 4, same as others: Shick 4, Sidway 1, England 5, Cruver 3, S. Palmer 3, Cross 2, Lauterbach 4, Hicks 3, Young 2, Bowers 5, Wm. Palmer 4, Pilz 5, O'Brien 5, "Cop" 1, Gillette 4, W. Northcott 3, Dr. Meek 4, Sparks 5. GARFIELD.

Artificials at Maple Bay.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The following scores were made at Maple Bay yesterday, by members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, the shooting being at artificial targets: C Walters..... 1111011111111111111111-19
Lefevre..... 1101111111111111111111-17
Ashton..... 1111111111111111111111-23
Courtney..... 1111111111111111111111-20
Walter..... 1111111111111111111111-20
Mowry..... 1111111111111111111111-24
Weiderman..... 11101-4
Ayling..... 011001100011111111-16
Ayres..... 11101111111111111111-15

Money vs. Davenport.

CAPT. A. W. MONEY, the English trap-shot, met and defeated L. T. DAVENPORT in a 100-bird match at the Larchmont Gun Club, on Dec. 8. The birds were a capital lot, trained almost to dodge the showers of shot. Davenport used a 7 3/4 pound Lefevre gun, Scultz powder, 45rs. in both barrels, and 1 1/2 oz. of shot in V. L. & D. shells. Capt. Money shot an F. T. Baker gun, made in London, and weighing 7 1/2 lbs. He used E. C. powder and V. L. & D. shells. The score ran, at 100 birds, 80yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, \$1,000 per side: Capt A W Money..... 020212022120212020112120-18
L T Davenport..... 211012022222222222222222-19-79
Dead out of bounds—Davenport 8, Money 5. Killed with one barrel—Davenport 14, Money 43. Two barrels—Davenport 59, Money 38. Right quarterers—Davenport 36, Money 40. Left quarterers—Davenport 14, Money 18. Hithersalls—Davenport 8, Money 15. Incomers—Davenport 23, Money 22. Towerers—Davenport 6, Money 5. A return match will be shot at the Carteret Gun Club grounds, Bergen Point, next Tuesday.

Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 5.—About 300 sportsmen visited the Forest Gun Club grounds this afternoon to witness the match between James A. Mills and S. J. Hithersall. The conditions of the match were 25 live pigeons per man, modified Hurlingham rules, the loser to pay for their birds and an oyster supper for ten; each shooter to invite four friends. At first both men were considerably rattled, and they missed their first and second birds, but after that they settled down and did some good shooting, as the birds were strong, fast flyers. Harry Thurman acted as referee, Dr. Kerr as trap-puller, and Wm. Green as official scorer: J A Mills..... 002101212012121121101-20
S J Hithersall..... 0021020120101212021121-17
Mr. Hithersall not being satisfied with the result, another match was immediately made, to come off in about two weeks, to be at 50 birds per man. Time of match 1h. and 27m. After the pigeon match was finished the target traps were immediately put out and the following sweeps were shot, rapid-firing system: First, 10 birds, entrance \$1, div. 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent.: Landis 10, David 7, Morrison 6, Thurman 9, E. Wolstencroft 8, Kerr 4, Mills 6, Willard 8, Whitcomb 5, Martin 4, Hithersall 5, Adair 8. Second, 10 birds, entrance \$1, div. 30, 20, 10 per cent.: J. Wolstencroft 9, Willard 8, H. Thurman 7, Mills 5, Landis 10, W. H. Wolstencroft 9. Third, 10 birds, \$1 entrance, div. 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Thurman 5, Willard 8, Landis 8, J. Wolstencroft 10, W. H. Wolstencroft 8, Mills 5.

Big Sweep at Burnside.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 27.—Watson's Park was the scene of some fine shooting yesterday, the attraction being a sweepstake at 50 live birds per man, \$25 entry, American rules to govern, excepting that the boundary was 50yds. The contest was close throughout, I. W. Dukes finally winning first pot with a score of 47 kills. The detailed scores follow: I W Dukes..... 11222121111222211110-47
W P Mussey..... 12221122122121210101101222222221222122-47
J L Wilson..... 120212201221212121111222222221222122-45
A C Conson..... 22010101121213020102222121210111222222-43
Geo Hoffman..... 1221221221222121110222101110100122121201-40
To-day the Chicago Shooting Club held its monthly shoot at 50 live birds per man, American Association rules, the result being as follows: Atwater..... 111121202221212112-19 M Eich..... 2011101121201212221-17
Vadsworth..... 122221221221222122-19 A Anson..... 2111011212122212122-19
Atwater receives an allowance of two birds, which makes him the owner of the club medal, this being the third time he has won it. After the above event Atwater and Eich had a friendly shoot at 25 Peoria blackbirds each, the former breaking 21 to Eich's 19. RAVELTGG.

The South Side Shoot.

THE weekly shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, took place on Saturday afternoon, all the shooting being at artificial targets. The attendance was rather light, but the scores were up to the average. The first event was at 25 targets per man, in which Breintnall broke 71. In the second event, same conditions, Breintnall broke 83. Event No. 3 was at 10 targets each, Breintnall breaking 9, Phillips 8, Terrill and Beam 7 each, Knight 6, Douglas 5 and Thomas 4. Event No. 4, same: Breintnall, Phillips and Terrill 8 each, Knight, Douglas and Thomas 6 each, Beam 4. Event No. 5, same: Terrill, Douglas and Beam 8 each, Breintnall, Phillips and Thomas 7 each, Knight 5 and Osterhaus 4. Event No. 6, same: Osterhaus 9, Phillips 8, Terrill 7, Breintnall 6, Douglas, Thomas and Beam 5 each. In a number of events at 3 pairs of doubles each the following totals were made: Breintnall 6, 6, 6, Beam 7, 6, Osterhaus 5, 7, 3, Thomas 4, 4, 5, Phillips 7, Douglas 6. The final three events were at 10 singles each, the totals being: Breintnall 9, 10, 7, Phillips 8, 9, 7, Thomas 8, 8.

Shooting in Connecticut.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Nov. 27.—The South Side Gun Club of this place held its second annual tournament to-day, on the Baxter grounds, and quite a number of outside shooters were present, among them being Milton F. Lindsley, of the American Wood Powder Company, Hoboken, N. J.; Enoch D. Miller, Union Gun Club, Springfield, N. J.; Wm. R. Hobart, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, New York; S. J. Lyon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Near Appar, representing Henry C. Squires, New York, and A. H. Merriman, Meriden, Conn. All the shooting was done at artificials. The scores are given below: No. 1, 10 straightaways, 75 cents entry: Appar 8, Lyons 8, Hobart 10, Lindsley 9, Sanford 8, Blakeslee 7, Hendrie 8, Miller 10, Ferris 5, Thomas 9, Bristol 6, Merriman 5. No. 2, 10 singles, 3 angles, \$1 entry: Appar 8, Lyon 8, Hobart 7, Lindsley 9, Sanford 5, Blakeslee 2, Hendrie 7, Miller 9, Bristol 5, Merriman 6, Thomas 6, Ferris 2. No. 3, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry: Appar 14, Lyon 14, Hobart 9, Lindsley 13, Sanford 10, Blakeslee 7, Hendrie 8, Miller 12, Bristol 10, Merriman 6, Thomas 7, Grant 9. No. 4, 10 singles, \$1 entry: Appar 9, Lyon 8, Hobart 8, Lindsley 7, Sanford 9, Blakeslee 8, Hendrie 8, Miller 10, Bristol 6, Ferris 5, Thomas 7, Grant 3. No. 5, 10 singles, 75 cents entry: Hobart 9, Lindsley 8, Lyon 4, Sanford 9, Blakeslee 5, Miller 9, Bristol 7, Hendrie 8, Thomas 6, Merriman 6, Grant 7. No. 6, 30 singles, \$2.50 entry: Hobart 15, Lindsley 16, Lyon 13, Sanford 16, Appar 17, Blakeslee 14, Miller 18, Bristol 13, Hendrie 17, Merriman 11, Grant 13. No. 7, 10 singles, \$1 entry: Hobart 8, Lindsley 9, Lyon 6, Sanford 6, Appar 9, Blakeslee 7, Miller 8, Bristol 6, Hendrie 8, Thomas 6, Merriman 6. No. 8, 10 singles, gun below the elbow until target is in the air, \$1 entry: Hobart 8, Lindsley 3, Lyon 6, Sanford 8, Appar 9, Blakeslee 4, Miller 9, Bristol 5, Hendrie 1, Merriman 7, Grant 7. No. 9, 10 singles, 75 cents entry: Hobart 8, Lindsley 8, Lyon 4, Appar 8, Blakeslee 6, Miller 9, Bristol 7, Hendrie 9, Merriman 7, Thomas 6. No. 10, 5 pairs, \$1.50 entry: Hobart 8, Lindsley 6, Lyon 3, Appar 7, Miller 6, Bristol 3, Hendrie 4, Merriman 4. No. 11, 15 singles, \$1 entry: Hobart 10, Lindsley 7, Lyon 7, Appar 10, Blakeslee 7, Miller 8, Hendrie 9, Thomas 3, Sanford 9. No. 12, 5 pairs and 10 singles, \$2.50 entry: Hobart 15, Lindsley 16, Appar 16, Miller 19, Hendrie 7. No. 13, 15 singles, \$1.50 entry: Hobart 14, Lindsley 10, Appar 13, Miller 11, Hendrie 15, Lyon 12. No. 14, 10 singles, 75 cents entry: Hobart 10, Lindsley 7, Appar 9, Miller 10, Hendrie 9, Lyon 9, Grant 5, Thomas 7. No. 15 was a walking match, miss-and-out, Lindsley coming out the victor by breaking 8 straight; Miller was second with 7. In an extra event, at 10 singles, entry, Hobart broke 10, Miller 9, Appar and Hendrie 8 each, and Lindsley 7. The final event was under similar conditions, Appar and Miller breaking 9 each, Hendrie and Lindsley 8 each. In all events ties were divided.

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE annual meeting of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was held at the Exchange, West End, Coney Island, on Saturday, Dec. 5. President R. J. Dwyer occupied the chair. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed that the club was in good financial condition for its first year. Over \$1,200 had been paid out, without including the cost of the entertainment of the visiting clubs at the interstate shoot. The gold badge presented to the club by George Engeman was awarded to J. B. Voorhes; R. J. Sutherland won the Borden badge as second prize, and the Quimby medal for bluerock shooting was won by D. Monsees. The election of officers for the ensuing season was then held. R. J. Dwyer refused to accept the presidency on account of business engagements, and C. E. Morris was unanimously chosen to fill the position. A. Chambers was re-elected vice-president, John J. Van Dyne recording secretary, R. J. Sutherland treasurer, and William A. Weber captain. President Dwyer appointed William A. Weber, G. F. Kleish and R. J. Sutherland as a committee of three to revise the by-laws of the club and submit them at the meeting to be held next Saturday. It is proposed to shoot at ten birds instead of seven, and to change the date of the club shoots from the last Wednesday of each month to a more favorable day. It is also proposed by some of the members of the club to issue invitations to several of the leading clubs to form a Long Island Shooting League, instead of the Interstate League, all the shoots to be shot off on each club's grounds.

The Smoothbore at Claremont.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Dec. 5.—The fine weather drew about a dozen members to the weekly shoot of the New Jersey Shooting Club to-day, and some lively sport resulted. The scores in the various events were as appended: Ten clay pigeons each, unknown angles—Schaeffer 8, Richmond 7, Pope 8, Bigoney 6, Schoevling. Keystone system, twenty singles each—Richmond and Schaeffer 10, Simpson 17, Hunt 16, Hobart 15, Pope 14, Compton 13, Grief 9, Schoevling. Walking match, ten birds each—Sundermann 5 1/2, Compton, Vincent and Pope 5 each. From unknown angles, ten pigeons each—Hobart 6, Bigoney, Pope, Richmond and Schaeffer 5, Grief 3. Nine singles, Keystone system, and three pairs each—Schaeffer, Hobart, Simpson and Hunt 13, Compton 10, Pope 7. Walking match, ten singles each—Schaeffer 9, Bigoney and Hobart 8, Hunt and Compton 7, Richmond 6, G. F. Grief 3. Ten singles each, Keystone system—Sundermann 10, Hobart and Simpson 9, Pope, Hunt and Compton 6, Vincent 5, Grief 3. Thirteenth match of the series of twenty singles each, Keystone system, for a Marlin rifle—Simpson won. The other scores were: Compton and Richmond 18, Hunt, Sundermann and Bigoney 16, Pope 15, Vincent 14.

Pop Anson beats Wilcox.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 28.—Pop Anson, the well known captain and manager of the Chicago nine, showed the people of this section that he could shoot as well as play ball, at Watson's Park this afternoon. He was stacked against J. L. Wilcox in a match at 100 live birds each, the winner to be the one to break 100. A side, and the story of the affair is best told by the appended score: A Anson..... 212121212121212001-16 J Wilcox..... 22212221211111110-1
122112212222212121-19 20120110101221022-1
22101211212111111-18 211212110121102212-1
12112222222221201-18 122122121210000021-1
121122111212121111-20 002122121212121212-1

The contest for the Gun Club medal at 10 live birds per man was won by E. M. Steck, who grased 10 to Jas. O'Brien's 9.—RAVELTGG.

Riverside Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Regular shoot of the Riverside Rod and Gun Club at 25 bluerocks, 15yds. rise: Davenport..... 111100111100101101111-19
Pauckner..... 1010101010110110001011-12
Abbs..... 101101101010101010101-14
Hafner..... 10110101010110101011-17
Higginson..... 10110101001010100010-12
Ties on 19, Higginson won. Several sweepstakes were shot.—DAVE.

Wellington Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 5.—There was a larger attendance than usual at the weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club to-day, and some good scores were made notwithstanding the strong wind which blew across the traps from the southwest. Twenty-four events were shot. C. B. Furber, one of the crack shots of Bath, Me., shot under the name of Buck.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Cresswell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is announced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilent," and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. *Canoe and Boat Building.* By W. P. Stephens. Price \$5.00. *Canoe Handling.* By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. *Canoe and Camera.* By T. S. Steele. Price \$1.50. *Four Months in a Sneak-box.* By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. *Canoe and Camp Cookery.* By "Seneca." Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

CHESAPEAKE BAY CANOES.

THE two vessels shown in the accompanying drawings may be classed either as canoes or yachts, being closely allied in type to the ordinary canoe, while in size and adaptability they are really yachts. The *Island Belle*, owned by Mr. E. L. Woodside, of Baltimore, Chesapeake Bay Y. C., is a racing canoe 35ft. 2in. over

The other boat, the *Daisy*, owned by R. S. Dodson, St. Michaels, Md., is described as follows by our correspondent: A novelty in canoe architecture is the canoe-yacht *Daisy*, recently constructed by R. S. Dodson, of St. Michaels, Md. The *Daisy* is the most elaborately finished vessel of her class that ever floated. The yacht is unique, having three masts and carrying foresail, mainsail, spunker and jib, containing 88yds. of light canvas. In length the *Daisy* is 40ft., breadth of beam 8ft. and in depth 3ft. The cabin is well forward and is 4ft. deep and 10ft. 8in. long. It contains two berths of ample dimensions, aft of which is a space 44x8ft., which is used as a dining-room. It is approached by two companionways with the usual slides, doors, etc., the whole constructed of Southern pine and oak. The after deck is 13ft. long. The forward ventilators of the cabin are not only used for light and air, but for the passage of the cables. Besides these are five other windows, all set in brightly burnished brass.

The deepest parts of the *Daisy's* lockers, running aft in both port and starboard sides, are 15in. The cockpit is 24x12 1/2 ft. The centerboard is 9 1/2 ft. x 33in. The foremast is 37ft., the mainmast 28ft. and the spunker 18ft. long. The *Daisy* was not rigged for speed, but for a pleasure boat for the owner's family. For racing the boat could be supplied with topsails, watersails, staysails, etc., the whole to contain not less than 200yds. of light canvas. The brass wheel is forward of the spunker, but the steering gear is so arranged that it can be unshipped in a moment and a tiller substituted.

The *Daisy* was "dug out" of five logs of Eastern Shore pine, taken from the owner's forests. The hoisting arrangements and all blocks, etc., are of Haggerty's patent, and are the second set ever used in the Chesapeake. The brass work was furnished by

be made not later than three clear days before the race on payment of double entrance fees.

A proposal by Mr. Cooper to allow a certain amount of outside ballast on canoe-yawls was negatively.

After a few remarks from Mr. Nisbet and others, suggesting sundry alterations in the arrangements of the annual regatta, the meeting dissolved.—*Field.*

CANOEISTS' WINTER HEADQUARTERS.

A MEETING of canoeists of New York and vicinity was held at the Harvard Rooms, 729 Sixth Avenue, on Dec. 4, to perfect plans for winter headquarters. Among those present were Messrs. Seavey, Palmer, Hand and Elliott (of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division), Whitlock, Scieffelin, Dudley, Farmer, Haviland, Dunnell and Burchard.

An organization was perfected, to be known as the "Canoeists' Winter Headquarters," and the following officers were elected: President, Lafayette W. Seavey; Vice-President, W. S. Elliott; Secretary, James K. Hand; Treasurer, F. L. Dunnell; Council, Wm. Whitlock. The election of the other members of the Council, four in number, was laid over until the next meeting, to be held at the Bencing Rooms, 19 West Twenty-fourth street, on Dec. 18, at 8 P. M.

A constitution was adopted, and among other business a finance committee was named by the president, consisting of Messrs. Elliott, Palmer, C. J. Stevens, H. C. Ward, Robt. H. Peebles, J. H. Bagg, Wm. Lawrence Dudley, Irving V. Dorland, and Theodore S. Osholm.

It was reported that already \$150 had been pledged for the expenses of the headquarters during the winter. The finance committee will meet at the Harvard Rooms on Dec. 11, at 8 P. M. The officers have the selection of rooms in charge. Committees on entertainment, etc., will be appointed later. The scheme calls for lectures, and talks on sailing, camping, rig, aid to the injured, etc.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. *Steam Yachts and Launches.* By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$5. *Yachts, Boats and Canoes.* By S. S. Hedges. Price \$3.50. *Steam Machinery.* By Donaldson. Price \$1.50.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

SMALL YACHTS AND LARGE CANOES.—Our illustrations this week include several craft of widely different origin but of the same general type, being in fact merely larger specimens of the great canoe family. In general proportions, displacement and sail area, in their light flexible rigs, and in the nature of their ballasting, they are very closely allied to the modern 16x30 racing canoe. When we consider how completely the canoe or dugout of Chesapeake Bay is separated from the sampan pangang of Singapore, the resemblance between the two in model and rig is most remarkable. As each is reputed to be very fast, a further comparison of the complete lines would be most interesting.

THREE DAYS WITH A SMALL YACHT.

"I think that Bobby and I will take the *Sea Mew* to the race at Stony Point next week," casually remarked Max, as he stretched himself into an easier position in his steamer chair and brushed off an obtrusive mosquito with the *Evening Record*. "Wha-at? Oh Max!" I exclaimed from the depths of a hammock. "Eh? Did you speak, my dear?" he says, and I work myself to an upright position in time to catch a wicked glance of mirth over the top of his paper. "Oh, Max," I say in a wheedling tone, "you have been all summer promising to take me on a cruise, and this is such a good chance." "But, my reckless child, consider; a cruise in the *Sea Mew*. Do you realize that the yacht is only a 20ft. sloop and that the proverbial cat, if swung at any decent rate of speed in her cabin would have its head knocked off in a minute." "We shouldn't spend so much time in the cabin," I valiantly argue. "Then there are only sleeping accommodations for two, and I know Bobby won't agree to sleep on deck," Max says with a wicked grin. A brilliant thought strikes me. "We can take Nina (Bobby's wife), and she and I can stay at the Cliff House o' nights." "Well, that is one way out of it," says Max with admiration at my cleverness. Then he adds as a clincher, "but how about meals, and you'll be awful seasick." "Pooh," I retort contemptuously, "you know Nina and I are like the Captain of Pinafore fame,

'We were never known to quail
At the fury of the gale,
And we're never never sick at sea.'

and as for meals, catch you and Bobby getting your own meals on the yacht; you know when off on a 'time' you always get your breakfast and dinner on shore and only lunch on board the *Sea Mew*." "Ve-e-ill," drawled Max, in an exasperating tone of voice, "since you seem so anxious to go, and have really explained away the greatest drawbacks to your going, I might as well tell you that Bobby and I meant all the time to take you and Nina." When he makes this remark my feelings beggar description, but following my usual custom when vexed, I count ten before I answer him a word, and by that time I realize that if I want to go I had better be careful; so I content myself with looking haughty, a proceeding that affords him intense amusement, and well it might, for the effect is much marred by the fact that a hammock is not a good background for a high and haughty pose.

Sails in the *Sea Mew* are by no means new to me, for though primarily a "racer" (as sundry cups on our sideboard, of hideous design but undoubted value, can testify), she carries one or two people very well, and I have been out for long sails and in hard blows but never so far as Stonyport.

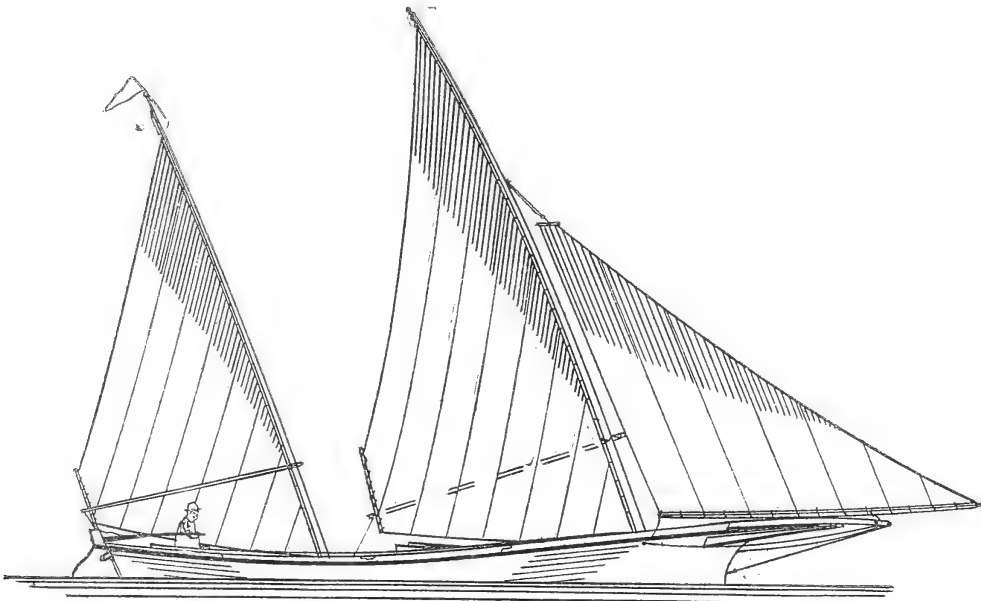
The small brown cottage on the point was in a turmoil for a week, and then one breezy morning, just as the cottagers were awaking to the fact that it was a superb yachting day, and the poor people in the old fishing town across the bay were taking up the heat and burden of another day of toil, we spread our white wings and glided from our moorings.

We stole past the crumbling old fort, past the club house from whose flagstaff the familiar tricolor was not yet floating, past the tiny lighthouse guarding the harbor entrance, out to the open sea. Once out from the lee of the land the strong east wind strikes us; it fills the white sails and heels the boat well over to port, and with a cloud of feathery foam at our bows, and an ever widening wake behind us, we are laying a straight course for Stonyport. The breeze holds fresh till afternoon, so fresh, in fact, that the process of making coffee and chocolate, over an eccentric oil stove that comprises the cook's galley of the *Sea Mew*, is a decidedly dangerous proceeding. Toward evening the breeze dies down, and just as the gun at the grim old fort booms a salute to the vanished sun, we come to anchor in front of the club house of the Rocky Bay Y. C.

The harbor is full of yachts, from the mighty *Susquehanna* to the tiny catboat on our starboard quarter, whose hilarious crew slept for one night on the planking of their little craft, with a huge rubber blanket over all.

"Hullo," says Max, pausing in his work of furling the mainsail, "there's the *Mirage*," and thereupon he utters a wild barbaric "yowl" without rhyme or reason to being a that is well understood on a small sloop just to port of us, for an answering "yowl" comes from her deck, and soon her tender, containing sundry be-capped and be-buttoned yachtmen is alongside the *Sea Mew*. Several other tenders gather with more caps and buttons, and Nina and I from our retreat in the cabin, wonder (hungrily) if they mean to make a situation of it. We are liberated at last, and recover the kindly Cliff House, to whose generous table we do ample justice.

The morning dawns clear and fair with a steady west wind, just the ideal of a yacht-racing day. It is good to leave the land behind us and feel again the motion of the boat and have the salt wind blowing in our faces. The harbor is full of the pleasant turmoil of preparation for the race. Halliards are rattling, spars are creaking, rigging is snapping, mainsails, jibs and topsails are being tugged up, only to be dropped again to the deck; yachtmen are scattered all over the yachts, from the extreme ends of the bowsprits to the topmasts, pulling, hammering, twisting, in an



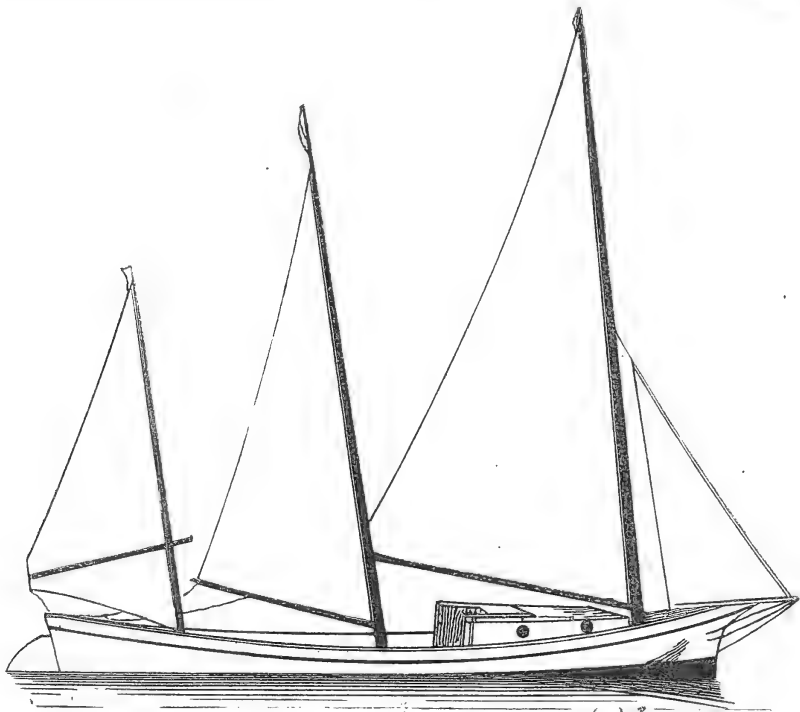
CHESAPEAKE RACING CANOE "ISLAND BELLE."

all; 35ft. l.w.l., 7ft. beam, and about 10in. draft. She is a prize-winner, and recognized as one of the fastest craft on Chesapeake Bay, being specially fast in running and reaching. She was built by S. Covington, of Tighman's Island, Talbot county, Md. In all the races outriggers are used, in order to carry the large sails. The drawing was made from a very good photo sent us by Mr. J. G. Morris, secretary of the Chesapeake Bay Y. C.

Tapping & Fox, of New York. The spars are of Norway pine and the upper works of white pine.

The *Daisy's* model is considered perfect, and with the canvas she now carries cannot be surpassed in sailing qualities by any vessel in Chesapeake Bay. With a moderate breeze and under easy canvas the *Daisy* has made ten knots with ease.

FRANK A. HEYWOOD.



CHESAPEAKE CRUISING CANOE "DAISY."

ROYAL C. C.

THE autumn general meeting of this club was held at the Criterion Restaurant on Nov. 19, when there was a good muster of members. Before the business of the meeting the sailing members using the club course at Hendon, presented a very handsome album of canoeing photographs to the senior mate, Mr. George Herbert, as a slight recognition of his untiring zeal and energy in attending the races. Mr. Herbert in reply thanked the members very cordially and expressed his regret that his colleague, Mr. Baden Powell, was unfortunately unable to attend the meeting through illness. A vote of sympathy with Mr. Baden Powell was unanimously passed by the meeting. The business proceedings commenced with the reading of the annual report, which was adopted, and the meeting then re-elected the officers of this year to serve for 1892. Mr. Church having resigned his seat on the committee, Mr. J. A. H. Nicholl was elected to fill the vacancy.

Several important alterations were made in the rules, the first having regard to the classification of paddling canoes. After much discussion and several amendments to Mr. Porter's original motion the following was passed, under which races will be paddled next year: "Length not exceeding 16ft., greatest beam not less than 20in., no other limitations."

With regard to the sailing canoes there will now be no limit placed on the fore and aft position of the centerboards, and the restrictions as to well space are withdrawn.

A proposition by Mr. R. de Q. Quincey to admit sliding seats for one year led to a very animated discussion. In the end, however, the advocates of this innovation were not sufficiently numerous to carry the motion.

An important alteration was made in the conditions under which the Challenge Cup is sailed for. There will now be only one competition in the year, with a time limit of four hours. It was also decided that post entries for the challenge cups could

eager effort to have everything snug and shipshape; small boats are flying between the yachts and the shore or between different yachts, carrying crews or last-thought-of items.

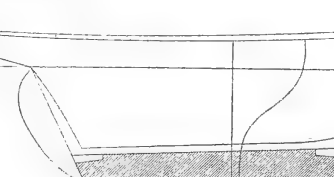
In rowing among the yachts we fetch up alongside the *Mirage*. "Hello, Dick," says the saluting skipper of the yacht, who is twisting at some obstinate rope at the bows. "Going to beat today?" "Blest if I know," replied Dick, tugging at his very small racing cap to do the polite to me. "You see that racing dink?" nodding toward a rakish cutter just to starboard of us, "she knocked us all out at Marblehead last week; but she's only good for much in a slim breeze, and to-day we're in for tall sailing. When she comes to duke hunting the *Mirage* isn't it, but with a good breeze like to-day she'll show a clean stern to any boat of her size."

I suppose yacht races are much the same everywhere. There is the same officious puffing tug for the judges' boat, with its fluttering shreds of bunting, that mean so much to the watching skippers; the same sailing to and fro of the yachts all ready for the fray, but caring as if they didn't care anything for any line or any other boat, while all the time each captain is keeping a watchful eye and steady hand to get the best windward position for the rush. Suddenly "bang" goes the preparatory gun and the yachts huddle

through a glorious afternoon, with blue sky overhead and blue seas all around us, and that far off white speck, stationary in the midst of the blue water, is the tiny lighthouse that marks the home harbor. We make up for lost time during the last few miles of our voyage, laying over to the wind, and forging through the water at a rattling good speed, and just as the gun of the flagship the harbor booms "colors," and the many colored pennants flutter down from the masts like so many birds, we pick up our moorings in front of the little brown cottage, and our three days' cruise is over.

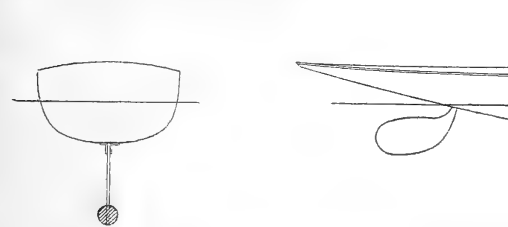
YACHT BUILDING AT BRISTOL.

THE visitor, whether yachtsman or mechanic, who turns aside from the familiar paths of travel between New York and Boston for a visit to the clean and well-ordered shops of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company at Bristol, R. I., is certain at any time to be well repaid for his journey; and just now in particular the trip is of special interest, from the presence of two racing craft which are likely to become famous next summer. The first of these is for the same class as the renowned *Gloriana*,



ROGERS' 46-FOOTER.

a little closer together, like frightened doves, and the helmsmen are a little more wary of the line than before, for woe to the careless yacht on the outward side of the line when the last gun is fired. "Bang," goes the starting gun. A breathless pause, and then like a flash across the line swoops a white sloop, with three others following closely in her wake, the water boiling along her counter, and her crew clinging like leeches to her deck. And the first class



25FT. RACER DILEMMA.

have started and are away on the first long tack for their beat out to the stake boat. "Bang," and the second class have started, and are following in the wake of the large ones. "Bang," and the third class have started, and the blue ocean seems alive with white sails. After awhile they all disappear, not to come back till late in the afternoon.

Yachts ought always, in a race, to sail before the wind on the home stretch, and as one after another they come in sight, with mastsails, spinakers and balloon jibs spread, it seems as if the slender hulls must sink under so much canvas.

The *Mirage* crosses the line, far in advance of her dreaded rival, and a spectator skipper waves his cap in triumph to us as he passes, while Bobby nearly falls overboard from the fervor of his congratulatory salutes. We fall in behind the last straggling yachts and again pick up our moorings in front of the club house, where now the band is playing gayly.

I have begged the privilege spending one night on the yacht, and Bobby is very willing, for, as he says, "Rocking in the cradle of the vasty deep is all very well in poetry, but a stationary bed is good enough for me." The opal and crimson lights of sunset are dying out when we row to the *Sea Mew*. Each of the anchor yachts has a light hung in the rigging, and from these and from cabin lamps of the various boats long lances of light silver and shimmer across the darkening water. The jolly crew of the *Mirage* are celebrating their victory, and we hear the twang of a banjo and catch scraps of "Up dar in de sky," or "O Lord! Melissa," and other nautical melodies. A fair of cornet is vrestling with "Home, Sweet Home" and making a dismal failure of it. The *Sea Mew* rocks and sways on the swell like a cradle, the salt wind makes queer little moans and whistles as it breathes through the rigging, and the current gurgles and laps around the rudder chains under the stern. Nothing is so utterly calm and care-free as a pleasant night on board a snug yacht. Breaking in on to the peacefulness of the night, some nervous strokes from a clock measure the time, and the bells of the *Sea Mew* come "ting-ting, tang-tang, tong-tong," with many variations in tone and keys. To the music of these bells and the last passionate strains of the "M in Réve" waltz from the band, we turn in.

From a wild dream of shipwreck and disaster, I awake to the consciousness that something is wrong. The cabin is dark, save for a faint gleam that wanders in through the port holes, and which only serves to intensify the general obscurity. I lean on my elbow and listen, but hear nothing in the cabin save the measured breathing from Max's berth, that assures me he is still undisturbed. But why is the usually sober and steady *Sea Mew* leaping and plunging, and dancing round so like an excited horse. I shall never find out what is the matter if I lie still, so I feel my way to the door, which I cautiously open and look out. The faintest light is dawning in the east over a leaden sea, whose waves are lashed into foam by a strong nor'easter.

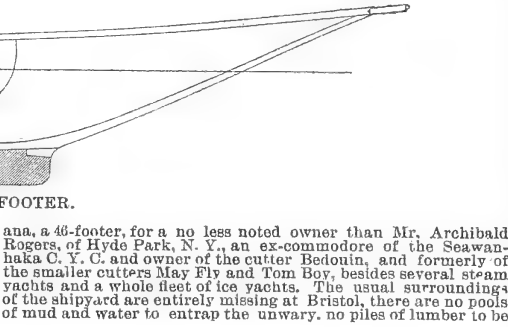
The yachts around us are tugging and pulling at their hawsers, as if to haul up bodily the rocky foundations of the harbor. The surf is breaking in thunder on the rocks and ledges beyond the harbor, and the light or two glimmers faintly from the fort, while over all the light house lantern sheds its clear and cheery rays, as if to say, amid all the clatter and tumult of wind and sea, "Sleep on, I still keep watch and ward."

Suddenly, as I turn to go back, the gale tears from my hand the door I had so cautiously opened and flings it with a crash against the side of the cabin. The racket half awakes Max, who sits up in his berth and yells in tremendous tones, "There she goes, stand by the mainmast."

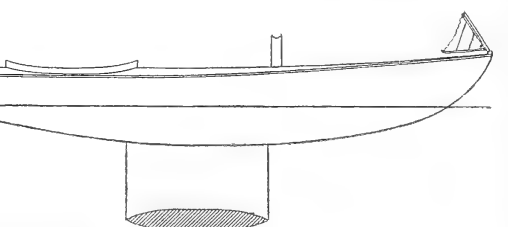
I close the door and keep whist, concluding that he is the victim of nightmare, and he is soon asleep again.

By the time we row over to breakfast the gale has abated and is succeeded by a drizzly, drozzly, drenching mist that covers land and sea. The committee on ways and means are forced to the following conclusions: Whereas the two gentlemen are obliged to be at home the next day, and whereas they do not mean to leave the yacht behind them it only remains for them to face the storm and mist and sail her home. The *Sea Mew* is staunch and trim enough to face a gale, but the swell is likely to be unpleasant. Nina and I are offered a choice between a tempestuous voyage in the yacht and a safe but very ordinary trip in low bars. Sometimes we hear an answering horn, and once a spectral yacht loomed up before us, her hull and spars magnified by the thick mist into twice their natural size. As we plunged heavily past us, on the swell, no one was visible on her dripping deck but a ghostly helmsman, clad all in oilskins, at the wheel, and so weird and strange was her whole appearance that she might have well passed, to an imaginative mind, for the ill-fated *Braave*, with Yanderbroken himself at the helm.

After noon the wind freshens and comes more from the west, the mist assumes a thinner appearance and seems suffused with a golden color, and before we know it the dun-colored curtain is folded up and rolled away across the sea; and lo! we are sailing



ana, a 46-footer, for a no less noted owner than Mr. Archibald Rogers, of Hyde Park, N. Y., an ex-commander of the *Seawanhaka* C. Y. C. and owner of the cutter *Bedouin*, and formerly of the smaller cutters *May Fly* and *Tom Boy*, besides several steam yachts and a whole fleet of ice yachts. The usual surroundings of the shipyard are entirely missing at Bristol, there are no pools of mud and water to entrap the unwary, no piles of lumber to be



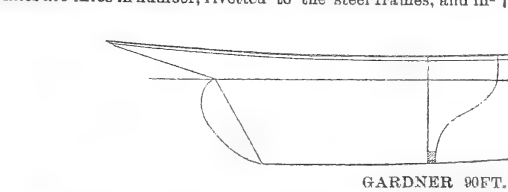
climbed over, no shaky planks to be traversed before reaching the inner precincts; but after a pleasant stroll through the quaint old town, and along the shores of the upper part of Narragansett Bay, the visitor steps from the street directly into the building shops, which are located, of course, on the waterside; the offices and machine shops being further inshore, on the other side of the street.

The shops consist of two high and lofty buildings, amply lighted on the sides and with galleries high above the main floors. Down the center of each house is a solidly constructed building way, the floor being removable in sections, making room for one or more yachts as required. The shops are heated by steam, and are always warm, dry, and well lighted, all the work being done therein during the winter months. The lead keels, the boiler houses, etc. The wider and newer building contains the steel plant, rolls, punches, shears and drilling machines.

On entering the main shop the visitor is confronted by the sharp stem of a most curious craft, even more extreme and unconventional in outline than her older sister. The general form of the new boat is shown in the accompanying sketches, which were made by eye only, and with no measurements other than the general dimensions heretofore published as follows: Length, over all 72ft., l.w.l. under 46ft., beam about 13ft., 3in., draft about 10ft., 6in. While the drawings do not pretend to any great accuracy in detail they are sufficiently correct to show the leading peculiarities of the new boat. The overhang is 2ft. greater than *Gloriana*'s, the waterline length being also increased, as she measured but 45ft. under the measurer's tape, or a foot under the limit of her class. The sheer, rake of sternpost and midship section, as well as the general character of the body of the boat, are so similar to *Gloriana* that the difference would be apparent only to one very familiar with the former. The great point of difference is in the shaping and placing of the lead keel, in which a wide departure has been made in the direction of the recent work of the English designers.

For several years past the work of most designers, of Eife, Watson, Gardner and Burgess, has tended in the direction of a triangular outline for the lateral plane, with the greatest draft at or near the heel, as in *Liris*, *Kathleen*, *Minerva*, *Yama* and *Gossoon*; and in *Gloriana* Mr. Herreshoff followed the general practice, but without going to such an extreme in draft and triangular outline as in *Barbara*, for instance. Within the past two seasons, especially in the smaller classes of English yachts, a very different form of lateral plane has been adopted, the keel contour from the fore end of the waterline downward being irregular and broken, the keel, in fact, taking the form of an appendage rather than an integral part of the hull. Thus far the "fin keel," as it has been named, is confined to yachts of 25 to 6-rating, or from 25 to 33ft., but Mr. Herreshoff has made bold to carry the experiment into a larger size of yacht, and has embodied the same idea in the new 46-footer. As the sketch shows, the fore edge of the lead keel drops quickly down from the bottom of the boat, being of course sharpened away to a mere vertical edge, the two vertical sides showing much the same curve as a rifle bullet. The keel contains probably 21 long tons of lead, and is bolted in the usual way to the oak keel. In each upper corner a piece is cut out and filled with wood, thus allowing the weight of the lead after trial to be made very readily by adding lead for wood at one end or the other. The keel is quite wide and deep.

The stem, keel, deadwood and sternpost are of oak, the rabbet line being so placed that all the lines of the hull are carried out than *Gloriana*'s at each end, while the same round sections in the bows and flat ones in the counters are preserved. The frames are similar to those in *Gloriana*, steel angles 13x13x1/4, spaced 16in., no wood frames being used. Outside the steel frames are four wide diagonal straps on each side, also of steel, running from keel to gunwale, two being abreast of the chainplates. The chainplates are three in number, rivetted to the steel frames, and in-



GARDNER 46FT. SCHOONER.

side of the planking. The deck beams are also of angle steel, the mast partner being a circle of angle steel, the flange of which are rivetted the ends of four wide diagonal straps which radiate from it to the sides. There are in all eight of these straps across the upper side of the deck beams, making a series of four X's covering the whole length of the deck, and adding greatly to its stiffness.

The planking for some 4ft. above the rabbet is of Georgia pine in a single thickness 1 1/2 in. Above this the skin is double, an inner skin of 3/4 in. white pine with an outer one of 3/4 in. Georgia pine. The planks are about 5in. wide, and very carefully laid, the seams of the two skins breaking joints, while at each butt of either skin an inside butt strap of wood is placed. The seams of each skin are very carefully fitted, so that no caulking is required; the result being a smooth surface of wood with no putty to swell out of the seams. The two skins are fastened to each steel frame

by screw bolts and nuts of yellow metal, and between the frames brass washers are put in from the inside, firmly uniting the inner and outer skin. The advantages of this construction are strength, tightness and a smoother surface. The sheer, rake, plank sheer and bulwarks are of oak, in single thicknesses. *Gloriana*'s deck was of 1 1/4 in. pine, matched and glued together, but the new yacht will have the usual deck of narrow pine, with seams caulked and payed with marine glue. The yacht is now planked, but the deck is not laid, and nothing has been done inside, but the interior will be similar in arrangement to *Gloriana*, a main cabin, ladies' cabin aft, and the usual toilet room and closets. The sail plan will be similar to *Gloriana*'s, but of somewhat greater area. The new yacht will be commanded by Capt. Chas. Barr, formerly in *Owene* and before that in *Minerva* and *Shona*. Captain Barr has made a very enviable reputation in but three seasons, and he is still a young man. With such an owner and so clever a skipper there is no fear that the boat will not be well sailed.

The other racing craft, Mr. Morgan's 35-footer, is now set up in the new shop; a very different boat from *Gloriana*. She is an enlarged *Dilemma*, the 25ft. racer that has been so much talked about this fall, and consequently is almost a huge canoe, and in fact is being built as a canoe is, on moulds, keel upward. *Dilemma* was designed and built late in the season by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff for experimental purposes, and in the moulding of the idea, she is a novel and interesting craft. The hull is much like a canoe, long, narrow and of little depth, with a nearly flat floor and quick bilge, though with a strong rocker to the keel and an overhang to each end. Like a canoe, she has no proper keel, but has the same flush deck with a high crown and an elliptical opening for the crew.

The chief feature is the appendage by which she obtains her stability, her beam being but 7ft., and the hull proper drawing only a couple of feet. Underneath the center of the keel is a securely bolted steel plate, some 4ft. deep and 8ft. long, to the lower edge of which is bolted a cylinder of lead with pointed ends, some 10in. in diameter. The plate weighs 889lbs. and the lead cylinder two tons, the total draft being between 5 and 6ft. The after overhang is quite long, and the sections are flat, as in *Gloriana*, but the bow is by no means so long. At the same time it overhangs the waterline considerably, while the transverse sections give it the same character as *Gloriana*'s, though at a mere glance the overhang is very different. The boat is rigged with a mainsail and jib only, the jib tack being fast to the stemhead. She is very fast, also very comfortable to sail in, being always on an even keel, or nearly so, and so far as safety from capsizing, speed, and ease of handling, she is a type admirable for day sailing and racing. What would happen if the lower part of the keel, either in this type or in the 46, should bring up against instead of on a rock, is an interesting subject for conjecture.

The Morgan boat will be 35ft. l.w.l., about 50ft. over all, 8ft. beam and 8ft. draft. She is building on the system long used by the firm for their small boats and yacht yawls, a solid mould of plank is put out for each frame, spaced some 15in. apart; the two timbers for the frame are steamed and bent on the mould, being held by iron dogs, and the floor knee is then bolted to them. The series of moulds, each with a complete frame attached, is then set up on the floor in the proper positions; the oak keel piece, after being rabbeted, is stretched on top, the frames are then beveled, ribbands are run around them, and the boat is planked up; being then turned over and the moulds removed, after which the deck frame is put in. Last week the moulds and frames were in place, the keel fastened to them, and the work of beveling has just commenced. Just ahead of the Morgan boat was a very handsome catboat of 30ft. over all and about 24ft. l.w.l., for Mr. Williams, of Philadelphia, who will use her on the New Jersey coast. There is but little overhang forward, but the bow sections are round and full. The workmanship and finish are especially good. The only other sailer the firm has built are the 25-footer, or rather 23-rater, for the Clyde, and a similar craft for an American owner, neither of which have been commenced.

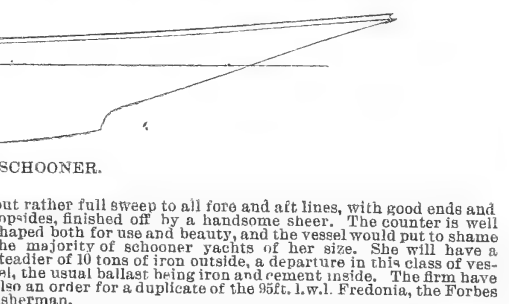
Just astern of the 46 is a steam yacht now nearly completed, for the use of Mr. J. B. Herreshoff, a very convenient and serviceable craft. She is 82ft. over all, 38ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. draft. With moderate power and small engine space, there is an ample amount of room left for the owner. The deck, of one thickness, and with marine glue in the joints, is very roomy, there being flush hatches to the engine and boiler room, and the crew's quarters, the latter being aft, so that it is broken only by a rather large pilot house. Inside the pilot house a stairway gives access to the owner's quarters, there being a large and well lighted main cabin just abaft the stairs, with very good headroom. In this cabin are four sofas making up into canvas berths 32in. wide, with ample room for cushions and pillows behind them during the day. Forward of the passage is a second cabin, with two bed berths. Lockers, closets and drawers are fitted everywhere, giving no end of stowage room. The hull has steamed oak frames and double skin, thus giving a maximum of interior space for wooden construction, while the exposed portions inside are very neatly finished. The interior work is in very good taste, butternut being used in all the cabins. The engine is a two-cylinder compound, driving a 40in. screw, four-bladed, from which a speed of 10 knots is expected. The yacht has rather a high freeboard and a good sheer. She will be schooner-rigged, the foremast stepping on deck over a specially heavy deck beam, while the mainmast also steps on deck.

Across the street near the machine shop is the steel frame of a steam yacht similar to *Vivienne*, built two years since, but longer, being about 120ft. l.w.l., 5ft. beam, and 7ft. 6in. draft. The frames are ready to set up at any time, while a triple compound engine is completed in the shop, so that the yacht can be completed quite rapidly to fill an order. The light draft would make the vessel a very desirable one for the coast. The firm have also an order for a duplicate of the last No. 103, built two years since, of 73ft. over all, 36ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. draft, described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Aug. 7, 1890.

YACHT BUILDING IN BOSTON.

WHILE Boston is turning out no racing yachts as yet for 1892, there is a reasonable amount of activity in designing and building, and quite a number of craft are under way. The principal work just now is in the line of fishing vessels, the very successful work of Mr. Burgess a few years ago in the *Carrie E. Phillips*, followed by the *Fredonia* and other fine vessels, having brought the work of designing these vessels into the hands of recognized designers in place of the builders or fishermen who formerly cut the models for the fishing fleet. The *Carrie E. Phillips* proved a remarkable boat, having cost but \$9,500 originally, which sum she has made for her owners twice in two years, sheally selling for \$8,000. The owners, Benj. F. Phillips, Capt. Maurice Powers, and others, decided on a larger vessel of the same type, and placed the order with Messrs. Stewart & Binney, the successors to Mr. Burgess.

The new vessel, now half completed, is the largest and most powerful of the fleet, being 97ft. l.w.l., 24ft. beam and 12ft. 6in. draft. While similar to the *Phillips*, the bow has been filled out considerably, though not to the full extent which the latest fashion demands, with the fullness carried out into the overhang aloft; but the waterlines show a fair and pleasing fullness in place of the knife bows with the accompanying shoulders of so many of the older models. The whole model is one that would please a yachtsman, powerful but clean cut, with a fair and easy



but rather full sweep to all fore and aft lines, with good ends and topsides, finished off by a handsome sheer. The counter is well shaped both for use and beauty, and the vessel would put to shame the majority of schooner yachts of her size. She will have a stealer of 10 tons of iron outside, a departure in the class of vessels, the usual ballast being iron and cement inside. The firm have also an order for a duplicate of the 95ft. l.w.l. *Fredonia*, the Forbes fisherman.

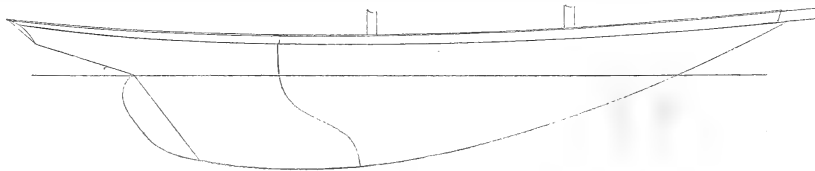
In yachts they have an order for a schooner of 45ft. l.w.l. and 4ft. 6in. draft, for a New Orleans yachtsman; a 30ft. keel cutter of about 9ft. beam for a Philadelphia yachtsman; two keel boats 21ft. l.w.l., one for Dr. Franklin Dexter, and one for a Marblehead yachtsman; two keel sailing boats of 21ft. l.w.l., for Messrs. Henry Taggard and Herman Parker, and an 18ft. catboat for a Boston owner, making a total of nine vessels. The 21ft. boats are a fine little craft, of moderate cost and with

snug rigs, intended for knocking about Marblehead; they carry a mainsail and one headsail, with tack to stemhead. The firm have made a number of sales during the fall, the latest being the keel 80 Saladin, built and sailed for two seasons by Mr. Fowler.

At Lawley's yard a large fleet is laid up afloat in the basin, while the rather limited beach is crowded with the smaller craft. Volunteer lies on the railway, while among those hauled up are Tomahawk, Saladin, Glady's, Mildred, Rosalind, Alga, Thelma, Nerissa and the little cruiser Orinda, well known to all of our readers. The Lawleys have struck a popular type of boat in a steam yacht of 60 to 70 ft., of moderate power and with very fair accommodations, of which they have designed and built a number. Just now they have two 60 ft. yachts well advanced and are laying the keels for two 70 footers. On the beach to the north of the joiner shop a new and much-needed ship house is nearly completed, a much lighter and better building than the old shed;

Back again to Tarr & James yard and there is seen a third vessel by a local designer whose boats have been very successful, the construction being still further advanced, the planking being partly completed. The vessel is a large one and of good model, but quite hollow in the bows. She is built with a garboard of 4 in. thickness, the rest of the planking being but 2 1/2 in., all of oak. The thick garboard is edge bolted into the keel in order to strengthen the bottom. The next stage of construction is seen in Story's yard again, the successor to the Phillips, mentioned elsewhere. The vessel is planked and celled and ready for the deck frame. She is the finest looking of the fleet, a large, bold-looking and shapely craft.

Just across the road in Adams' yard is a fisherman, just ready for launching, a boat that has already attracted a great deal of attention about Boston. The "Gloriana fisherman," as she is called, was designed by a student of the school of designing in Charlestown, whose modesty has led him to conceal his name.



THE "GLORIANA FISHERMAN."

and in it the keel of the Gardner schooner will be laid as soon as the steel is received from the mill. From the accompanying rough sketches it will be seen that the new boat is fully up to date in the matters of ends and oddity, having a shovel snout and a chicken bone keel.

The design, which is for Mr. Louis M. Clark, of St. Louis, was made last spring, but after seeing Gloriana Mr. Gardner was not slow to appreciate the value of her full lines, and the new design was filled out in the bow until very like the Herreshoff boat. The alteration, however, was much less than would commonly be imagined, being mainly above water. As the full sections of the bow necessitate a very shallow forefoot, it became necessary to cut away freely; and this, in connection with the position of the center of lateral resistance required for the peculiar sail plan, led to the keel outline shown in the drawing. The yacht is somewhat of an anomaly; her owner has stated that he is building her for cruising and not for racing; and the draft, but 13 ft. 6 in. on 30 ft. waterline, should be nearer to 18 ft. if she is to go to windward with Volunteer. At the same time she has a sail-plan that outdoes the latter in size and proportions, the mainmast being, as stated, 6 ft. longer and stepped at the middle of the loadline, while the foremast is even further forward than Volunteer's. It is needless to say that her model is fair and easy throughout, and with a lead keel 25 in. wide on the bottom and 24 in. deep she will carry her ballast low, and with 22 ft. 6 in. beam, about 8 in. less than Volunteer, she should stand up under her rig. If she is well handled and raced in earnest the trial between the centerboard and keel will be an instructive one.

BUILDING AT ESSEX.

IT is well worth half a day of a yachtsman's time to run up to Essex for a look at the fleet of fishermen in all stages of construction in that busy little town. Within a radius of a hundred yards of the little drawbridge over the Essex River, a vessel may be traced through all the stages of her growth from the time her keel timbers are hauled on to the ground until she is finally towed away down the narrow and winding stream to the sea. In the yard of Tarr & James there was laid last week the keel of the new Fredonia model, the scarpus being cut and the first sections of the keel in place. At Story's yard, over the river, was a part of the keel with most of the frames of the forebody set up, for a fisherman of 70 ft. l.w.l. and light draft, from a design by Mr. Wm. Waterhouse. The vessel is of moderate dimensions, rather wide and shoal, with little deadrise and a quick bilge. The work of timbering her out was going on rapidly and she is probably in frame before this.

While a good look at her is enough to stamp as a myth the current rumor that she was really designed by Herreshoff to demoralize the fishing fleet, her likeness to her famous prototype is plainly seen. Her general outline is shown in the drawing, the dimensions being 88 ft. over all, 79 ft. l.w.l., 22 ft. 9 in. beam, 12 ft. draft, 10 ft. depth of hold. The forward overhang is 13 ft. and the after overhang 15 ft. As yet she has no outside ballast, but there is talk of adding some, and she is likely to need it. The bowsprit is 23 ft. outboard, main boom 61 ft. and fore boom 23 ft. 9 in. While laying claim to the salient features of Gloriana, the whole character of the design is different, the bow being much deeper, consequently calling for fuller sections, while the after body is finer. The vessel does not show the same distribution of the displacement as in Gloriana, even making a full allowance for the difference between a yacht and a fisherman. She has, at the same time, met with a general approval from the many critics who have inspected her, and may turn out a success. She will be launched this week.

Back again to Tarr & James' yard, and the last vessel is found, lying afloat beside the bulkhead nearly ready to be towed away, a duplicate of one of the later Burgess designs; the original, built this year, having been christened Gloriana. This is a large vessel, but with a hollow bow, which results in a marked fullness forward of the chain plates to a degree that is unfair to the eye. As one boat leaves, another is launched, a third is decked in, and so the work goes on until the visitor is led to wonder what becomes of the old vessels.

A YACHTSMAN DROWNED AT SEA.—A very strange story was cabled from Gibraltar to New York on Dec. 7, announcing the drowning of Mr. Oswald Jackson, a well known New York yachtsman. From the meagre details given it appears that Mr. Jackson, who sailed from New York on Nov. 28 on the Fulda, of the new Mediterranean line, fell or was washed overboard on Nov. 30. On the evening of that day a man was seen swimming astern of the ship and every effort was made to save him, but by the time the great vessel had been turned and stopped he could not be found. It was not for some time that Mr. Jackson was missed, and nothing is known as to the way in which he fell from the ship. Mr. Jackson built the sloops Mistral and Iola, and later the schooner Fenella. He was 53 years old and served with credit in the rebellion, reaching the rank of major. He leaves a wife and two children.

CAIMAN.—The new Lorillard houseboat recently put into Norfolk, having sustained considerable damage to her topsides. She sailed from Wilmington, Del., for Jacksonville.

TITANIA.—It is reported that Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, who has

just returned from Europe, will race Titania next season, with Capt. John Barr at the wheel.

WADENA, steam yacht, Mr. J. H. Wade, has arrived at Boston.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

X. T. X., Philadelphia.—A few days ago while tramping through a marsh I had the misfortune to get my new hip gum boots filled with salt water. Do you know of any method or process to adopt for thoroughly drying the same? The boots have felt lining, and my boatman tells me they can never be made dry again. Ans. Hang them up in a warm dry place and they will dry out, or heat up some oats or sand and pour in and out.

S. C., Chillicothe, O.—Last evening some of our hunters got into a discussion as to the breed we call the quail and the Southern partridge. I remember reading an article in your paper in which the bird was discussed, and the writer suggested we call it "Bob White." If it is possible to find that paper I should like very much to have it, and if not please refer me to some inexpensive book by the authority of which we can settle our questions. Ans. The writer who suggested "Bob White" was the late Walter L. Steele, of Rockingham, N. C. The best book on the subject is Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners." Price \$2.50, for sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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"FOREST AND STREAM."

On January 7 the "Forest and Stream" will be permanently enlarged to 32 pages. The price will remain the same.

DECEMBER DAYS.

FEWER and more chill have become the hours of sunlight, and longer stretch the noontide shadows of the desolate trees athwart the tawny fields and the dead leaves that mat the floor of the woods.

The brook makes its shrunken strands of brown water with a hushed murmur over a bed of sodden leaves between borders of spiny ice crystals, or in the pools swirl in slow circles the imprisoned fleets of bubbles beneath a steadfast roof of glass.

Dark and sullen the river sulks its cheerless way, enlivened but by the sheldrake that still courses his prey in the icy water, and the mink, that like a fleet black shadow, steals along the silent banks. Gaudy woodduck and swift-winged teal have long since departed and left stream and shore to these marauders and to the trapper who now gathers here his latest harvest.

The marshes are silent and make no sign of life, though beneath the domes of many a sedge-built roof, the unseen muskrats are astir and under the icy cover of the channels fare to and fro on their affairs of life, undisturbed by any turmoil of the upper world.

When the winds are asleep the lake bears on its placid breast the moveless images of its quiet shores, deserted now by the latest pleasure seekers among whose tenantless camps the wild woodfolk wander as fearlessly as if the foot of man had never trodden here. From the still midwaters far away, a loon halloo to the winds to come forth from their caves, and yells out his mad laughter in anticipation of the coming storm.

A herald breeze blackens the water with its advancing steps, and with a roar of its trumpets the angry wind sweeps down, driving the white-crested ranks of waves to assault the shores.

Far up the long incline of pebbly beaches they rush, and leaping up the walls of rock hang fetters of ice upon the writhing trees. Out of the seething waters arise lofty columns of vapor that like a host of gigantic phantoms stalk, silent and majestic, above the turmoil, till they fall in rain-tossed showers of frost flakes.

These are days when almost complete silence possesses the woods, yet listening intently one may hear the continual movement of myriads of snow fleas pattering on the fallen leaves like the soft purr of such showers as one might imagine would fall in Lilliput.

With footfall so light that he is seen close at hand sooner than heard, a hare limps past; too early clad in his white fur that shall make him inconspicuous amid the winter snow, his coming shines from afar through the gray underbrush and on the tawny leaves.

Unseen amid his dun and gray environment, the ruffed grouse skulks unheard, till he bursts away in thundrous flight. Overhead, invisible in the lofty thicket of a hemlock's foliage, a squirrel drops a slow patter of cone chips, while undisturbed a nuthatch winds his spiral way down the smooth trunk.

Faint and far away, yet clear, resound the axe strokes of a chopper, and at intervals the muffled roar of a tree's downfall.

Silent and moveless cascades of ice veil the rocky steeps where in more genial days tiny rivulets dripped

down the ledges and mingled their musical tinkle with the songs of birds and the flutter of green leaves.

Winterberries and bittersweet still give here and there a fleck of bright color to the universal gray and dun of the trees, and their carpet of cast-off leaves and the dull hue of the evergreens but scarcely relieve the somberness of the woodland landscape.

Spanning forest and field with a low flat arch of even gray hangs a sky as cold as the landscape it domes and whose mountain borders lie hidden in its hazy foundations. Through this canopy of suspended snow the low noontide sun shows but a blotch of yellowish gray, rayless and giving forth no warmth and, as it slants toward its brief decline, grows yet dimmer till it is quite blotted out in the gloom of the half-spent afternoon.

The expectant hush that broods over the forlorn and naked earth is broken only by the twitter of a flock of snow buntings that, like a straight-blown flurry of flakes, drift across the fields, and sounding solemnly from the depths of the woods the hollow hoot of a great owl. Then the first flakes come wavering down, then blurring all the landscape into vague unreality they fall faster, with a soft purr on frozen grass and leaves till it becomes unheard on the thickening noiseless mantle of snow. Deeper and deeper it enfolds the earth, covering all its unsightliness of death and desolation.

Now white-furred hare and white-feathered bunting are at one with the white-clad world wherein they move, and we, so lately accustomed to the greenness of summer and the gorgeousness of autumn, wondering at the ease wherewith we accept this marvel of transformation, welcome these white December days and in them still find content.

SALMON AND NETS IN CANADIAN RIVERS.

IT HAS been the general experience of the lessees and owners of the fishing privileges in Canada of late that salmon have been growing more and more scarce each year. At the majority of the rivers the fishing this year has been a failure. There is no longer any doubt that the cause of this growing scarcity is the constant and excessive netting of these fish on their journey from the ocean to their fresh-water spawning beds. Instinct directs the fish, when about to breed, to fresh waters, where the young can be hatched under favorable conditions for survival and growth; and so strong is this instinct that once started the fish never turn back. Their habit is invariably to closely follow the line of the shore as they ascend to the rivers in which they breed; and the result is that the perfected net appliances now in use along the shore line of the lower waters are fatally effective. When one considers the great number of nets now in use, and the long shore line over which they are set at the points most favorable for their purpose, the wonder is not that salmon are now scarce in the upper waters, but that any escape successively all the snares planted on their paths from the sea.

Persons most familiar with the facts are of the opinion that unless the Dominion Government promptly adopts some decided and effective measures to enable a larger number of the fish safely to reach their spawning grounds great danger of total extermination of the species will be incurred. At present all nets are supposed to be raised from 6 o'clock P. M. on Saturday to 6 o'clock A. M. on Monday of each week. But it is asserted positively by numerous and reliable witnesses that even this regulation is in many instances not complied with. The owners and lessees of the river privileges believe that they are entitled to somewhat more generous treatment, and propose a petition to the Government that those nets be hereafter raised during three full days and nights of each week, which shall be the same stated three days and nights for all nets. In this they ask only just consideration and fair play. The owner or lessee, besides paying a large sum for his right to angle, is obliged to contribute at considerable expense to guard and protect the salmon while in fresh water. He provides employment during the fishing season for no inconsiderable number of persons, and he incidentally makes a market for supplies which in the aggregate are heavy, and the proposed plan, if adopted, would not in reality prejudice the interests of the net fishermen, but in the long run would actually benefit him, by allowing a larger number of fish safely to pass up and cast their spawn, and thus increase the now diminishing supply. The sportsmen remain at the salmon streams but a comparatively short season; and no amount of angling, by however expert fishermen, can possibly de-

plete a stream, since it is a well-known fact that only a small portion of salmon can be induced to rise to a fly. Not so with the net fisherman. Instinct keeps the ascending fish unfalteringly near the shore, and there the trapper sets his nets, and keeps them set day and night between two and three months of each year. If the fish escape the first net they must still encounter scores of others, some perhaps more skillfully arranged to make their capture certain. Their chance of reaching the spawning ground and perpetuating their species is infinitely small. A large proportion of those that do escape are either wounded or are badly scarred by the nets, as any angler can attest.

One important fact should be borne in mind by the authorities to whose charge the interest of the Canadian salmon rivers are entrusted, viz., the salmon always return to breed in the same waters where they themselves were bred. If the families native to those streams are prevented from reproducing their species as nature intended, they will have no successors of their kind, and the grandest fish that swims must there become extinct.

Besides this evident interest which the Government ought to feel to guard and preserve and perpetuate its salmon, it ought in justice to recognize the right of the anglers to a fair consideration for the large sums which they contribute to the revenue for their privileges. The net-fishermen pays out a nominal sum for the right to set his nets, and seems to be reaping a harvest at the expense of the angler. It is an injustice which should be remedied, and the intended petition seems to be a reasonable one, which should meet with favorable consideration, especially as the salmon rivers would thereby become more valuable and return increased revenue to the Government for rentals.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE members of the international fish and game committee met in Hamilton, Ont., last week, and adopted a resolution approving the New York codification bill, save as to the wild fowl open season, which it was thought should extend from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 or Dec. 30, and a resolution asking the Canadian Fish Commissioners to secure a law as to nets and seasons for St. Lawrence River waters uniform with the New York law.

The match between the new and old champion at the Fountain Gun Club grounds on Saturday last was an admirable exhibition of the capabilities of men and arms in modern trap work. It was an exciting match for the spectators, with the neck and neck race which the men were making from start almost to finish. Everything worked smoothly, the arms were of the best and fully up to the skill of the men, while the birds were the best ever put into traps hereabout. With such a match of so high an order it is befitting that the pen picture report of it should be of similar grade. Such a report FOREST AND STREAM presents to its readers in the present number. Our trap reporter was fully up to the occasion, and every thing which any trap enthusiast would care to know of the match is embodied in his admirable report.

Our enterprising and alert Chicago correspondent sends us by wire the new shooting rules of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and the FOREST AND STREAM is thus enabled to print them in advance of all other journals. Our Trap department is full of interest this week. The interest will be maintained through the new year without encroachment on the space usually given to other departments.

The Delmonico woodcock case may after all come to trial. At the expiration last week of their last stay the defendants put in an answer denying their guilt, and now, it is to be hoped, there may be a speedy trial.

The New York Tribune did some "fine writing" the other day about the sportsman who sees "the feathered tail of his pointer" stiffen on point. Horace Greeley would have known better than that.

Our National Park correspondent sends us an extremely interesting and instructive account of the tameness shown by wild animals when secured from pursuit by man.

The list of papers for our "Boyhood Number," which we promised to print to-day, has been unavoidably crowded out. Look for it next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN MAINE WOODS.—IV.

IN CAMP, Piscataquis County, Me., Oct. 28.—Our traps are undisturbed this morning, and the great question whether it was a bear or a fisher that dragged away the entrails of the deer remains unanswered. Next to the fun of solving such a question is the fun of having it to speculate about and discuss. It is another glorious "camp day."

The wind is high and the lake wild, with the white caps chasing each other like wild horses across its surface. The rain of last night was snow on the mountains, and what we can see of Katahdin is white and the lesser peaks all wear powdered wigs. Whew! How the wind must tear across those peaks! The sight reminds me again of Lieut. Peary and his faithful wife and his little party left away up on the western coast of Greenland. I have thought much about them of late, and wonder whether his broken leg has healed and whether they will succeed in their attempt to reach the northernmost point of Greenland, and if they will ever succeed in getting back in their little eggshell of a boat across Melville Bay, with its jostling and grinding icebergs.

This again reminds me to look for a newspaper clipping which I preserved from the account by the "special correspondence of the New York Herald," which I find, and from which I want to quote a few lines. The correspondent of the *Herald* who accompanied the expedition on the steamer Kite, which landed Peary's party on the Greenland coast, writes from the Straits of Belle Isle, Newfoundland, under date of June 15. The portion of the account which I give is as disgusting as one often reads. It will be remembered that the expedition was a "scientific" one, and was under the patronage of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, one of whose representatives was in charge, if I mistake not:

AFTER WHALES WITH RIFLES.

"We have sighted large numbers of whales coming up to the Straits. Half a dozen sportsmen gunned for them with rifles. Mr. Gibson, I believe, hit one, for the monster bellowed as if in distress. We shot many ducks and puffins, but did not succeed in getting a single one."

"If the firearms are discharged at the rate at which they are going off now for a few more hours we shall reach Greenland helpless and the bears will be saved."

What a truly scientific procedure and what an edifying spectacle this must have been! Think of these "scientific gents," as "Truthful James, of Table Mountain," would have called them, sailing along serenely on the deck of their steamer and pouring rifle bullets into the sides of whales till they were afforded the refined pleasure of hearing the wounded monsters "bellow in distress." Think of these same people blazing away at the sea fowl and slaughtering myriads, not one of which did they recover.

In the same way have alligators been shot from the decks of Florida steamers, and buffalo from the windows and platforms of Union Pacific trains. Well, what is to be done about it? Nothing except to hold it up to the execration it deserves, and to publish the names of the doers wherever they can be found out, and to preach at all times and places the better gospel. "All honor to FOREST AND STREAM for the good work it is doing in this cause," say I.

It will tell in the end. Would that it might tell before the end! But the humane sentiment may come about in season to save a few robins and bluebirds that our children's children may see for themselves and not have to depend on tradition to prove to them how marvelous a thing was the flight of a bird through the air.

It is plain, however, that before that time women will so far become—what shall I say?—enlightened that they will see the enormity of wearing crushed and mutilated song birds on their hats. Will you let me quote the words which Longfellow puts into the mouth of the Preceptor in his "Birds of Killingworth":

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught.
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught?
Whose habitations in the treetops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!"

"Think every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed window of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love.
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Let us, in mercy's name, teach our children such words and sentiments as these if we would hope for better things. We shall wake up some day to the real nature of this slaughter. The rage to kill we can forgive in the boy, but in the man it is shameful. The boy's healthy impulse we can guide into good channels without depriving him of his enjoyment. The noxious beast shall still be trapped or shot, and legitimate game shall still be lawfully pursued, but for the rest the camera and the aquarium shall come in to help, and life preserving shall absorb the healthy energy and furnish delight more helpful to the coming man than slaughter ever could have done.

I am, it seems, in a quoting and wrathful mood to-day, and while it is with me let me ask space for one more quotation. It is from a New York *Tribune* review of the book "New Light on Dark Africa" (remember the title), by Dr. Carl Peters, leader of the German Emin Pasha relief expedition of 1889.

The movement was set on foot by German statesmen and in behalf of German interests, and among its avowed purposes was not only the advancement of German commerce but to "fulfill a debt of honor." Fifteen thousand pounds were subscribed for it, and into Africa went Dr. Peters with a small army of soldiers and carriers. What ideas of "honor" governed the leader, and how much "new light" he carried into "Dark Africa" let the following tell:

"From Dr. Peters's standpoint the Massais had no rights

which the Germans were bound to respect, and their demand for compensation in return for safe conduct through their country was looked upon as a species of insolence to be answered only by bullets. At one place a large force of natives seemed determined that their rights as lords of the soil should be recognized, and made a strong hostile showing. An insult like this to the great German nation could not be for an instant tolerated, and Dr. Peters at once determined to punish its perpetrators. Waiting till they were sound asleep in their village he arranged his men for an attack. On their way they met an old native in charge of a large herd of cattle. In answer to his request that they would not frighten the cattle, says Dr. Peters, 'a bullet passed through his ribs and permanently silenced his insolent tongue.' A sudden charge was then made upon the village, and the Massais were shot down like sheep as they sprang frightened from their huts. Naturally the survivors resented the action of the white men, and it was only by the greatest good luck that any of the party escaped from the country alive. In traversing the region occupied by another tribe, driving a flock of stolen goats and sheep, the older natives refrained from any attempt at annoyance, but some of the young boys of the tribe tried several times to steal a sheep. On each occasion the party fired volleys into the bushes, and the shrieks of the children 'proclaimed that just punishment had overtaken the evildoer.' Evidently both the natives in the employ of the party and those of the different tribes encountered were alike regarded as of no account. One of the carriers fell ill and could not travel. He was left to die on the road, and Dr. Peters naively remarks, 'The lions, which roared on that night louder than usual behind us, unfortunately left no doubt as to the poor fellow's fate.'"

I know of no form of comment that can add to the bare statement.

Evidently our game protective associations will have to include wild men with the wild birds and animals they seek to protect, if they are to be comprehensive and do their full duty.

I have shot but one bird since I came into the woods. It was a ruffed grouse and it was shot with a .45cal. Winchester, and properly, too, the body remaining intact, the back part of the head and a portion of the neck being carried away by the ball. It was not sport. It did not "advertise to be." It was mere chicken killing and because we wanted partridge stew.

Guide killed another and in precisely the same way, and our appetites were good. In former years I have often taken a shotgun into the Maine woods, but latterly I have taken only my Winchester and relied solely on what I could do with that.

Evidently shotguns have been here, for on a tree I found hung up a noble specimen of that now all too rare bird which Antoine Bissette calls the "pill-beatin' woodpecker" and for which the wanton killer could find no better use than to hang it up on a tree for a target. I dissected the fine creature—in my way—wishing I had Dr. Shufeldt at my elbow to tell me the hundredth part of what he knows about it.

I preserved his crimson crest, his wonderful chisel bill and ivory skull, his needle-sharp claws and his stiff and bristly tail, on which he rests so much of his weight when he taps out his telegraph message on a dead stub. He proved of interest enough to fill one long evening. He will outlast his larger cousin of the Southern States, him of the ivory bill, but he will finally go down before the breechloading shotgun and the man who must shoot at everything that flies.

To-morrow we hope for a good day on the hogs and something to make subject of a different sort of letter.

C. H. AMES.

THE FALL HUNT.

AT the foot of the range on the headwaters of the noisy little brook which crawled out from under the rocks and went dancing along on its merry way down the deep cañon to the sound of its own sweet music, the camp was made under the drooping firs; and near by a steep hillside, carpeted with bunch grass, offered sustenance to the sweating ponies, tired out with their long climb up the mountains. A hearty dinner was next in order, and a plump blue grouse, the head of which had been neatly clipped with a rifle ball by my eldest son Byron while on the toilsome climb up the mountain, and now dressed, cut up and broiled on the bed of hot coals, was pronounced too good for a king.

As the sun was rapidly sinking behind the range, no time was lost; and while the two younger members of the party climbed the mountain to the north and north-west, the old uncle followed the little brook down the cañon to begin his climb further to the southward. Half a mile downstream I turned to the west and began the toilsome ascent of the mountain, cheered to something of the oldtime eagerness by the fresh deer sign along the brook and the old game trail I was now following.

On the first shoulder of the mountain I found myself leg-weary and out of breath; and as a big tree was found fallen across the trail, I seated myself on its trunk to rest and scan carefully the hillside above. About 150yds. above me, across a small ravine, something was seen shaped like a pair of ears, but in color blending perfectly with the background beyond and difficult to distinguish with certainty.

A slight movement of the creature's head soon satisfied me that it was a deer, and also of the fact that it was watching me intently. Its body could not be seen, and as I dared not move and the deer appeared to be lying down with its body hidden behind a big log, no other plan save that of a careful shot at its head seemed at the time at all feasible. The distance was too great for a sure shot, but taking the best aim possible to me I touched the hair trigger. At the sound of the rifle the ears disappeared and a lucky headshot seemed to have been the result. A moment after the ears again appeared, slowly rising to their original position, and it became evident that the ball had passed just above the head, causing the ears to droop, but a clean miss after all. On trying to eject the empty shell it was found to be wedged fast and could not be ejected. Nothing remained save to find a stick or rod with which to punch out the clinging shell. A stick was found with but slight movement on my part, but in my haste to trim and prepare it for the emergency, a hurried slash of the knife blade cut the thing off three inches too short. Still the patient deer waited motionless upon the

necessary pantomime and I grew wildly excited as I crawled back along the tree in search of still another rod. Found at last and the villainous shell ejected, another shell was hurriedly inserted, and as I rose to see if the Job-like patience of the courteous deer still held out, I was amazed to observe that my change of position revealed the fact that the deer had all this time been standing up broadside to, and that the drooping bough of a fir tree growing in the little ravine between us had heretofore completely hidden its whole body, now plainly in sight. The waning light on the east side of the range, already in deep shadow, tended to obscure everything in view. A second shot was more successful and dropped the deer in its tracks. It proved to be a buck fawn, which, by the way, always seemed to me to be the fool of the deer family. Certainly he had only himself to blame, as his inordinate curiosity had proved his ruin. Night having come by the time the deer was dressed, I returned to camp, and soon both the unlucky boys appeared empty handed.

The daylight of the next morning found us breakfasted and girt for another weary climb. Each having chosen his own route, we separated and again the toil began. Up, up, higher and still higher the old uncle toiled wearily, until the summit was reached without the sight of a single deer.

The sun was now far above the eastern horizon, and the wary deer were already well hidden in the dense thickets which clothed the mountain side, in places entirely to the crest of the range.

Following along the crest to the northward, suddenly the plunging jumps of a deer were heard just below me in a dense thicket, and as the sound indicated that the direction of his run was campward diagonally down the mountain, I followed as silently as possible. Coming at length into a grassy opening, the deer sprang into view from the edge of the thicket and went bounding off down the open hillside with the strange bound of the mule deer, every foot leaving and striking the ground together, and with all its legs hanging down like table legs while in its bounding flight through the air, and as the gun came instinctively to my shoulder I saw at a glance that its next jump would land it on the very crest of a knoll in front and the next would carry it down the steep pitch beyond, possibly entirely out of view, so steeply did the mountain side break down at this point. It was evident that the deer must be caught on the next rise, and although I have no recollection of cooking or aiming the gun, the whole thing was done instantly "with the finger of instinct and the eye of faith" (never was there a truer expression) and as the graceful body, bunched together in its plunging flight, rose again like a glass ball from a trap, the sharp crack rang out; and I stood in delighted astonishment, wondering whether the deadly stricken animal ever would stop rolling and tumbling down the steep mountain side. However, he brought up at last against some bushes, and I hurried down to find a young buck with the most beautiful antlers I had ever secured. Their beauty seemed perfection itself. Two slender tines without prong or spur, and perfectly matched, they rose nearly a foot above his shapely head, and curving gracefully inward they gave him the appearance of an African antelope. I inwardly resolved to attempt the impossible and mount the beautiful head at all hazards. But alas for the unexpected! On our return homeward late that night (the hunt for the two boys having proved a blank) while one of them was unloading the deer from the pony it slipped and fell heavily to the ground, breaking one of the antlers off short.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!"

ORIN BELKNAP.

Natural History.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

IN several ways the grouse alights on the ground. Although for this purpose the bird maneuvers according to circumstances, and adapts himself to his surroundings, yet it appears to be his object and desire to place himself in such a position that the moment he touches the ground he can instantly look in the direction of the danger he has left behind.

For this reason, perhaps, it is, as well likewise as to lead his pursuer astray, that the bird usually before alighting turns off to the right or left, and describes in his flight the segment of a circle.

The grouse always lights in an opening or on ground that is comparatively free from shrubbery. And he often stands and gazes intently through the covert at the person approaching.

Rarely indeed the grouse completes a circuit. I have seen one only do this, and it was a grand sight. This bird started 200yds. away, and being shot, came toward me, standing in the shadow of the forest trees. When nearly opposite, he swerved suddenly and went sailing round in a circle of about 20ft. in diameter, and alighted within it, facing his pursuer. In no other way could the bird have stopped at this point, flying as he did, while to have done so immediately would have been perhaps disastrous.

Occasionally a grouse, by a mere flourish of one of his wings, will whirl round, hardly more than on his own axis, and then drop on the ground.

But the ruffed grouse at times in his flight does not deviate at all, alighting in a straight line. When the bird does this, he sometimes sails along till he reaches the ground, and the moment he does so he runs on swiftly. Or perhaps he may take refuge under a dwarf evergreen or other thick cover beside which he has come down. Under the evergreen he stands on the ground with his back against the body of the shrub, precisely as he stands on a limb with his back against the body of the tree.

DORR.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

FAVORED TEXAS.—Norris, Texas.—I am a thorough sportsman, and think I live in the best game country in the United States, there being bear, panther, deer, turkey and quail without number, besides the finest black bass fishing imaginable in Devil's River, which is about five miles from the ranch. I keep a pack of hounds and a pointer. Have killed 13 panthers in a little over twelve months.—H. C. G.

GAME IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our summer's gone long ago. Winter is here, and with it everything settles down for a long rest. The game can now travel the wagon roads and trails; even look into the hotel windows without being disturbed. It is now the turn of the animals to enjoy themselves and go on sight seeing and pleasure excursions. The other day a party of blacktail deer came to the Hot Springs to see the captive elk and other animals in the wire inclosure. They walked up and down one side for some time, looking at the animals and trying to get into where they could get a better view of the elk, deer and foxes. They showed more curiosity than the usual visitors who have never seen captives before. They walked about the old camp grounds, then up over "the formation" out of sight in the timber. Even the coyotes call on the captive foxes in the evenings and unite with them in giving us a prairie concert, sometimes ending in a fight. I believe the coyotes would kill the foxes were it not for the boxes in which the foxes can hide and "stand off" their enemies. Since the two antelope were killed last summer the elk and deer have been shut up nights to keep them away from any night prowler with a taste for tender meat.

All the animals are soon to be shipped to the National Zoological Park, Washington, D. C. There are two black bears, Johnnie and Sue; two elk, Rain-in-the-face and Billy; one blacktail deer, Laura; three foxes, one beaver, two porcupines, one eagle, one osprey. A few nights ago the beaver escaped from his tin-lined box. It was supposed that he would make for the nearest water, and follow down stream to Gardiner River; but when found he was up on the Hot Spring terraces, where McCartney used to coat specimens. Although somewhat crippled, and having the use of only one forefoot, he had tunneled into the Hot Spring deposit several feet; he was all covered with white formation, and was "working like a beaver" when recaptured. If he works as hard in his Washington quarters he will soon have a comfortable home there.

All the animals are in fine condition. The elk and deer are as large as those running wild, the beaver and foxes are even larger and fatter than those of the same age in a free state, showing how well they have been cared for by Private Welch, their soldier attendant.

The capture of these animals was volunteer work on my part, and represent only part of the total number captured. Two elk died, two antelope were killed, one bear escaped, and another was killed and eaten by a larger one while chained up to a post at Yancey's. One beaver drowned himself while in a trap. Not much use mentioning four muskrats that would get into the traps set for beaver. A great many full-grown bears could have been captured in the Park during the summer if we had had suitable cages to keep them in. A full-grown wild grizzly when first trapped will make such desperate efforts to escape that no ordinary cage would hold one five minutes. They will smash through very heavy planks and timbers of native lumber. Even a common lynx will go through an inch board. Nothing but hard wood and iron will hold them.

Of late years a number of bears have made a practice of living about the hotels and camps in the Park. They are becoming "parasites" or bruin tramps, taking what they want, making no effort for self-support, and living on the table waste. They are "hog robbers," no longer worthy a sportsman's attention. One very large bear at the Upper Geyser Basin Hotel is as regular about coming to his meals as a "star boarder." Once when the yard man was taking a large piece of waste meat to the pig pen, bruin met him in the trail. The yard man, not at all frightened, held out the meat. The bear walked up, took it from his hand, went to one side a short distance, and ate the grub as unconcerned as though it was the proper thing to have his meals brought to him. The bears get in the pens, eat with the pigs, or rather drive them to one side and eat what they want. I believe but one hog has been killed by them the past summer. At the slaughter house in Swan Lake Basin, at least nine bears live on the refuse which is thrown to the hogs. They get into the pen, quarrel with the pigs, cuff them out of the way, often making them squeal with pain, and fight each other, the big ones driving the others off. So far they have not attempted to kill any of the pigs or sheep that are corralled near by every night. The herder and butcher have become so used to the bears that they do not fear them much, except when they meet them after dark; then they are willing to give half the road. There are about twenty-five bears who are living about this way during the season: they are in color black, brown, grizzly-gray and cinnamon.

All game appears to have increased in and about the Park. Even the mountain lions are more numerous; more have been seen this fall than for years past. As he

was pulling into camp on Little Specimen Creek a freighter on the Cooke City road saw a very large lion cross the road and enter a thick bunch of willows fifty yards from where he camped. His dog would bark at the brush, but would not enter. Going in he found an elk had been killed and buried. The lion had taken one meal. When the man returned a few days later the elk was all gone: nothing but bones remained to mark the cache. Another elk killed by a lion was found on Upper Soda Butte Creek a short time ago. These animals must kill quite a number of elk, deer and sheep during the year; I have no idea how many there are in the Park; the number may be anywhere from ten to fifty or even a hundred.

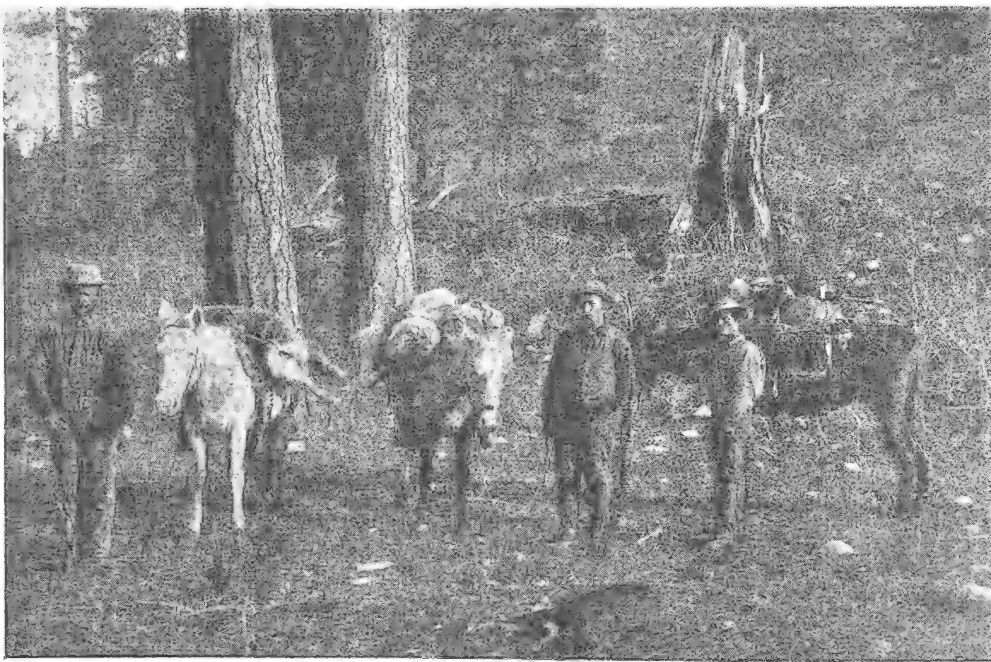
The Government scout, Felix Burgess, was out looking up the buffalo. He succeeded in finding seven bands, three on Nez Perces Creek, four in Hayden Valley or Alum Creek country, where they mostly winter. He reports the largest of the bands to number about 100, the next in size about 75, while the smallest has about 20 in all; he thinks there are not less than 350. He did not succeed in locating the buffalo that are known to range on the east side of the Yellowstone, where they have often been seen in summer by members of the Geological Survey, and in winter by Scout Willson. All the buffalo are well toward the center of the reservation, where they can be protected from poachers and specimen hunters. This is important, as \$1,000 spot cash has been offered by Eastern parties for three specimens (head and hides) three years old or over—quite an inducement for any one to kill the animals wanted if they could get them out of the

vents his men covering as much country as he would like. Since the new Forest Reserve has been placed under his control he has a section of country 69 miles north and south by 72 miles east and west, almost 5,000 square miles to look after, to keep down the fires and protect the game. This whole section, with hundreds of square miles about it, is without settlements, and is a rough, mountainous and timbered country. The parties who are doing the poaching are well known to the officers, and like the pitcher that goes too often to the well, will get taken in some day. Occasionally some one gets inside the Park line, kills an elk, and is out at once. A few days ago the sergeant stationed at Soda Butte found a camp of this kind with the elk meat hanging up in the trees, but could not find the men. He brought the whole camp to Fort Yellowstone and turned it over to the commanding officer.

The troop stationed here have been moved to their new quarters; all the buildings are well designed and comfortable; they are much more attractive than the old rough structures at Camp Sheridan.

I must not forget to mention the fish planted by the U. S. Fish Commission in 1889 and '90. I find all the plants doing well, much better than many expected. In October I saw trout rise to the surface in Shoshone Lake. These were lake trout, planted in 1890. I saw several others a short distance out in the lake as I was riding along the shore, they looked to be about 6 in. long; and in a beaver dam on Heron Creek I saw a few more, the dam was about one and a half miles from the lake.

While looking for beaver sign along Nez Perces Creek, I saw a native black spotted trout at least 15 in. long. Several fish of this kind and size were seen by Capt. Edwards's men while camped on the creek last summer. How these fish got into Nez Perces Creek I am unable to learn. Von Behr trout were planted there by the U. S. Fish Commission; if there are many of the large trout seen by myself and others they will prove destructive to the small ones planted. Several of the plant were seen during the summer; they were about 6 in. long. I did not succeed in finding any in October. Possibly they were higher up the creek than where I looked; neither could I find nor learn of any of the whitefish planted in the Yellowstone above the falls. Another thing about this fish, I have never seen one up as far as the mouth of Hellroaring Creek. I have inquired of most every one who has fished the Yellowstone in the Park if they ever caught a whitefish or saw one



IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.

From a photograph by Mr. F. BRACHT, of New York.

Park. There is little danger of our buffalo getting outside the reservation lines this winter. Soldiers are stationed at the Lower Geyser Basin, Norris and Soda Butte; then there are the watchmen at the hotels; and frequent snowshoe scouting parties will be sent out from Fort Yellowstone at the Mammoth Hot Springs. If all are vigilant no one can get near the buffalo without being seen.

Mr. Burgess tells of elk by the thousand. He says they are very numerous in Hayden Valley and the open country along Pelican Creek. He also tells of the familiarity of the foxes, who stole his belt from under his head, and one in daylight stole his riding bridle; he had to chase the bold thief quite a way to recover the bridle. I suppose the foxes are no tamer nor more impudent here than elsewhere. Yet I have known them to cut the strings off a saddle within two feet of the head of the sleeping owner, to steal bridles and straps, cut harness and rob the mess box. I have had them come within a few feet of the camp-fire while several men were standing around. They are often as tame here as Indian dogs when no other dogs are about.

The mountain-sheep and antelope have returned to Mt. Evans and the Gardiner Cañon, coming down on the flat, in sight of the town, to their winter camp ground. A year ago last winter, it is said by parties who wintered in Jackson's Hole, south of the Park, several thousand elk starved to death in that section of the country. My informant says that the ranchmen had to camp by their haystack every night after the snow got deep to keep the elk out of the hay yards. Dogs were of no use, for they would get at the hay in spite of dogs or fences. He killed twelve elk one day in going eight miles. They were so poor and weak that they could not get up even when he tried to help them with his snowshoe pole; he killed them to end their misery. In the spring he dragged off his meadow over one hundred dead elk. Other ranchmen had to haul away from their ranches, meadows and stock yards hundreds of elk. One man threw into a stream 200 taken from 160 acres of land. That same winter—1889-90—I found very few carcasses in the northern part of the Park; the elk got very thin and quite a number died; but not more than were to be expected. Last winter was very open; game could live anywhere and do well. This winter promises to be rather hard.

There has been some hunting in the Park this summer and fall. The limited number of men at the disposal of the acting superintendent who can be used as scouts pre-

in the Yellowstone, or its branches above the mouth of Hellroaring. I could learn of nothing but trout being taken or seen.

I saw several small fish in the Fire Hole River below the Lower Geyser Basin. I think they were young of the Loch Leven trout, planted above Keppeler's Falls, 33 miles above Old Faithful. No fish were planted by the Commission in 1891. Prof. Everman, Asst. U. S. Fish Commissioner, Prof. Jenkins, of Bloomington, Ind., and Mr. Lapham were out on a twenty days trip looking over the country, with a view to the establishment of a fish hatchery, investigating the condition of the various plants made in 1889-'90 and doing much scientific work connected with the fish interest in the Park.

Prof. Forbes, of Champaign, Ill., spent a few days here completing the work commenced last year—a scientific investigation of the fish food supply.

The snow is considerably deeper here now than last year a month later. We also had a cold snap in November; the thermometer registered at the Hot Springs—16° at Soda Butte—28° and in other parts of the Park as low as -32°.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of this season of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held last Monday evening. The president, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, entertained the club at dinner, after which the regular business of the Association was transacted. The counsel, Mr. Thos. N. Cuthbert, reported that their suit against the Hotel Brunswick for serving grouse out of season had been brought to a successful end by the payment of the full amount claimed by the Association. The suit against Murello had not been reached, neither had the suit against Keyser. A committee was appointed to draw up proper resolutions of regret at the loss of their late member Clinton Gilbert, at one time president of the Association, and for many years a regular attendant at their meetings. A unanimous resolution was passed thanking Dr. Kidd for his services in bringing offenders against the game laws in this district to justice. "More power to his elbow!"—W. H.

If your shooting friend does not read FOREST AND STREAM why not give him a Christmas present and do a little missionary work at the same time by subscribing to the paper for him. It will give him pleasure fifty-two times a year. Do you realize that next year \$4 will buy you 1662 of these big pages, and all of them devoted to wholesome, manly sport.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

A WEEK AMONG THE TOAD HILLS.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.—"Uncle Amuel wants to see you," so said Eddie Stephens one November morning, as I was putting on my coat to go down town. "All right," I replied, "I'll stop and see him as I go down the street." I had a suspicion as to what I was wanted for, and my suspicion proved correct, for the first words Amuel said were, "Let's get ready and go up in the Toad Lake country next week after deer." I thought a moment before replying, and he continued, "Now don't say no, but come along and we'll have a grand good week out in the woods, if we do not get a single deer." "I'll go," I replied. "You get all the camping outfit ready and I'll see to the team," he said. It made a busy Saturday for me, but when evening came all was ready for our start Monday morning. Amuel is the youngest brother of my all-around friend and chum Stephens; we were off a year ago together after deer and had so pleasant a time we were willing to try it again. Monday morning found us started for the long drive to the Toad Lake region. Our party consisted of three, as Walter Hayden, a surveyor and "cruiser," wanted to go with us for a couple of days. How rough the road was. It had frozen quite hard during the night, and to drive faster than a walk was impossible in many places, sometimes for miles at a stretch. None of us knew exactly where we were going. Hayden thought he had a pretty clear idea, and as one of his hobbies is map making, he had drawn and given me a couple, supposed to represent the most prominent features of the country we were going to; but, as he was puzzled to tell the bottom from the top of the best one he had drawn, I did not trust too entirely to finding our way or locating according to map. The first excitement came when we had gone about eight miles on our way. Amuel suddenly told the driver to stop, and the following dialogue took place between him and Hayden:

"There's a deer over there."
"Where? I don't see it."
"On that brush point that runs out into the marsh."
"Oh, that white thing! I don't think that's a deer."
"Yes, it is; look close now."
"I believe it is. There, see it move?"
"You go around that side, Hayden, and I'll go this, and we'll get it."

Away they went, and by this time the driver and I had climbed up on top of the baggage and were trying to see the deer. The driver was greatly excited, and exclaimed, "I've never seen a deer yet, and if there is one there I want to see it." I pointed out the white object to him, and at the same time assured him that it was no deer, for Amuel and Hayden were quite close now, and no deer with ordinary deer sense would let itself be approached in the open like that. "I saw it move," said the driver. "Oh, why don't they shoot?" The seeing it move was certainly imaginary, for the hunters were now soberly retracing their steps to the wagon, and the large white rock was left in peace. It was a tender subject with them all the trip, and is still, and I had an effective weapon to crush them with when they grew too hilarious. But they repaid the account with interest before we had been long in camp. On we went, enlivening the way by anecdote and incident; on that bluff yonder to the north of the pine slashing Stephens shot the big buck that he and I had chased all the afternoon; just east of that Amuel had shot his first deer of this season, and a little beyond the Ottertail River, which we soon crossed, was where Hayden helped a man kill a bear; and still further along was a great pine hollow at the butt, which hollow had furnished him a camping place all one long winter night.

About noon we left the main road and turned east toward the Toad Lakes. On and on we went. The driver was in despair at the roughness of the road. At length we saw a lake on our right which Hayden declared was Little Toad. We gave up trying to reach the junction of the Toad rivers, where we had thought to camp, and concluded to stop on the shore of Little Toad Lake. We turned toward the lake, drove through a beautiful grove of jack pines, crossed one marsh, came to another that was impassable, concluded that we did not want to get to the lake, turned about and made our camp in the grove of pines we had just passed through. A more beautiful place I never camped in. We could think of no name that just fitted it, so said, "Let it be Nameless," and Nameless Camp it was. Dinner was soon ready and the driver started back with the team.

We made everything snug about the camp and then started to explore the country. Deer signs there were everywhere, runways like well beaten sheep paths. If a light fall of snow would come we would be in for rare sport. We went as far as the junction of Big and Little Toad rivers, then returned to camp. Neither Hayden nor myself saw a deer, but Amuel caught sight of one a long way off. Soon after supper we went to bed, filled with anticipations of the morrow.

At daylight we had our breakfast eaten and were off. I was put on a runway while the others went on east. For two hours I staid at my post. The first living thing I saw, aside from the squirrels, was a hunter coming stealthily through the woods. He was nearly on me before he saw me and was vastly astonished to find a stranger away off there. He had killed four deer in one day the week before and was now on his way up into the Toad Hills on a hunt. After he went on silence reigned for a long time, till suddenly the sharp cracking of a breaking stick down the trail aroused me. At the first glance I saw nothing, then I caught a glimpse of a gray object in the brush, I stepped out on the trail to get a better view, with my Marlin ready, for I never shoot at anything in the brush until I know what it is. I was

sure a deer would be in sight in a few seconds, when to my disgust an Indian appeared, and his large pack, covered with a gray blanket, was what had so fooled me. Just as he appeared I heard Hayden just behind me say, "Look out, don't you shoot," and from that time on he and Amuel insisted that I had better keep still about the "white rock," for had not I mistaken an Indian for a deer? But I felt that I was justified in being ready just as I was for what might appear.

We now went north to Twin Lakes. Here Amuel started three deer, of which he badly wounded one, but it got away, and although we tracked it a way by the blood the trail was soon lost. Feeling somewhat discouraged we went north of the lakes toward the hills, then concluding to go east to Big Toad Lake, which Hayden said was only a mile or so away. We tramped for more than an hour, and then finding ourselves in a seemingly interminable thicket of poplars and brush, and the lake apparently as far off as ever, we decided to go back and make a drive at Twin Lakes and then to camp.

We separated, Hayden and I going one way and Amuel the other. We had gone about a quarter of a mile, when the crack of Amuel's Colts rang out. "He's shot a deer," we both said, and paused a moment; but hearing nothing further started on, when the rifle cracked again five times in quick succession. "That's a signal for us to come," said I. "No," said Hayden, "he's wounded a deer and is shooting at it." "I know better; that's Amuel's signal for us, and you can do as you please, but I'm going back!" "Well, if you insist on going back I'm going too." So back we went. We found Amuel standing by one of the largest bucks I had ever seen. He had a standing shot over 350 yds. away, hit him full in the neck, the ball going through into the spine, dropping him where he stood. He was a magnificent creature, and four days later weighed 208 lbs. dressed. The first words Amuel said when I came to him were, "That head is yours." The head is now in the taxidermist's hands, and I expect will soon be placed on the walls of my study.

We soon had the deer hung up and dressed, and then we decided to carry out our original programme, only Hayden and I were to stop at a house we had seen in the woods on our way over and find out if they had a horse team that we could get on the morrow to haul the deer to camp for us. We found an old German at the house, who said he had a horse team, but it was at Detroit City then and would not be home until night.

We made the drive as planned, but without success. Amuel started a deer that ran toward Hayden and in plain sight of him, but just before coming within range turned from its course and disappeared behind a bluff, to be seen no more. Hayden was grievously disappointed at not getting a shot, and all the more so that he must go home in the morning. "When I saw that deer coming, I said 'you are my meat,'" he lamented, "and now it looks as though I've got to go back home like the ordinary gang who go out every year and never bring in anything."

We were very gay, however, in camp that night, and Hayden began a Chippewa war dance in the tent, from which I promptly ejected him, and he finished his dance out under the pine trees, emitting meanwhile a succession of whoops that must have caused profound astonishment to all the beasts and birds within five miles of Nameless Camp.

At daylight the next morning we were out, and a drive was made at Twin Lakes, but without success. Hayden now bid Amuel and I good-bye, and went back to camp to get a lunch and start on his long walk to Detroit City. He was obliged to go, as he was under contract to go north with a party to survey and mark a lot of pine timber. We told him to order a team to come out after us Saturday, and I agreed to hang a white handkerchief on a jack pine at the place to turn off to get into where the camp was. Reluctantly he left us.

We at once started for the old German's to see about getting the buck hauled to camp, for, as Amuel said, "I can't hunt until I get that deer out of there." We reached the house, and in response to our knock were told to "come in." We entered, greeted by the savage barking of a large dog. The one room of the house was small, and in it we found five men, one woman, the dog, a bed, six hundred-pound sacks of flour, sacks and barrels of potatoes, feed for the pigs, the harness for the horses, and in fact everything that belonged to the farm except the live stock. Six rifles and one shotgun stood in the corner, three beautifully ornamented German pipes hung on the wall, but in all my experience of roughing it I never saw as many different things in one small room as there. We were most heartily welcomed, however, and as soon as our errand was explained, in which explanation all their limited English, my equally limited German and Amuel's Danish (which he speaks fluently) were brought into use. They gladly hitched up the team and went for the deer. Fortunately we had to cut a road only a short distance, and at 11 o'clock had the deer hanging up by its tent.

What course should we take for the afternoon? We finally decided to try and reach Big Toad Lake. We put in that whole afternoon tramping through the woods in the direction we supposed the lake to be, but failed to reach its shores. We had a very enjoyable afternoon, however, passing through the big pine woods, groves of jack pines and also hard wood, and once for a long distance we skirted the edge of an immense spruce and tamarac swamp. We also crossed the bed of what had been quite a large lake, marked on the maps (not Hayden's) as Mud Lake, but now entirely dry and the bottom a mass of white sand. Not a deer did we catch sight of, although tracks and runways were found everywhere. At length we brought up at an uninhabited house on the Big Toad River. I do not wonder that no one lived there, for a more dreary, desolate-looking place I never saw. The body of the house was made of tamarac poles, the gables shingled *à la* Queen Anne, and the steep roof thatched with marsh grass. The board shutters were tightly closed and the door secured by an immense padlock. Turning our back upon this deserted home, we went down the river to the ford, and then separated for our four-mile walk to camp, which I reached at dusk without having seen a deer, and Amuel came in a few minutes later, having had the same experience.

We woke many times in the night to find the tent all lighted up by the glory of the full moon. Toward morning Amuel awoke me to ask if I heard that thing crying

out there. I listened and heard the same peculiar cry that had waked us a year ago while we were in camp on the Little Falls cut-off of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Then the cry beginning far off finally came near the tent, and the picture is still very vivid to me of Amuel scantily attired, just as he crawled from bed, standing in front of the tent, in the nipping November air, peering up into the branches of a tall pine, trying to locate by the fitful light of the waning moon, as it shone through the tops of the waving pines, the beast or bird that had disturbed us. "I see it," he said, "a great dark bunch up there; what it is I can't tell, but I'll find out." Just as he raised his rifle to find out, with a final cry the thing left the tree, and a great owl flew noiselessly on into the woods, while Amuel with many a shiver crawled back by my side to get warm.

As soon as light the next morning we were off, and at 10 o'clock found us about a mile north of the Toad hills, and neither of us had had a shot at a deer. I had caught a glimpse of the tail of one in a dense poplar thicket, but that was all. "Let's go up on one of the hills and look at the country," said Amuel. We selected the one that looked the highest, a perfect cone, rising sheer from the level ground about 200 ft., I judge, without a tree on it. Short of breath we were when at last we stood on the top; but what a superb view! North, east, south and west, as far as eye could see, stretched the forest, the dark green of pine and spruce, intermingled here and there by the gray of the hard woods or tamarac, and unbroken save by the lakes and here and there a pine slashing. We could see Island Lake, Height of Land, East and West Twins, Little Toad, the bed of Mud Lake that we had crossed the afternoon before, and Big Toad. Between us and Big Toad were the other Toad hills, one of which we now found was a little higher than the one we were on. "What shall we do?" said Amuel. "Let's go to Big Toad if it takes all the rest of the day," I replied. "All right," he responded. So taking the direction we started in a direct line through the woods and across marshes. After a two hours' tramp we stood at length upon the shore of the lake. It is a large lake, with a beautiful gravel beach, and we resolved to try its waters next summer for bass. I felt rather discouraged that night as we lay in bed, for we had only one day more and I had not had a shot at a deer.

The next morning we found that a very light snow had fallen; not enough for tracking, however. We separated to make a drive at the Twin Lakes. Soon I heard Amuel shoot three times. When I found him I learned that he had wounded a big buck, and had also started a doe and fawn.

We took the slight trail and followed those deer until 1 o'clock, when in disgust Amuel said, "Let them go. I'll go up through here and you go down across the slashing, and we'll swing around toward camp." I started off, but had gone only a short distance when I heard Amuel shoot. I turned and saw him on a rise of ground, and just then he shot again and yet again, and then whistled for me. I went up, and there lay a great fawn nearly full grown, killed by the first shot, which severed the spinal cord.

"I think I've got another one down here." We went a few rods down the old trail and there lay as fine a doe as I ever saw. They were the ones we had been following so long. On leaving the trail and cutting across had brought Amuel and the deer almost face to face in the old logging trail. Oh, the perversity of things! If Amuel had been a few rods further back he would not have seen the deer, and they would have run right on to me. But such was my lot, I was not to get a shot at a deer on the trip.

We hung the deer up and dressed them, then started for the old German's again to get his team to haul them out. We were about five miles from camp by the trail, and it was dark by the time these deer were hung alongside the buck at Nameless Camp. The old German and his wife and sons were as much pleased at our success as we were, and in every manner possible tried to express their pleasure. After we had gone to bed, Amuel straightened himself out, gave a big sigh of supreme content and said, "Well, we've had a good time, and I'm satisfied."

In the morning, as we went to make our last drive, I hung the handkerchief on the pine at the place to leave the road for camp. It was growing cold fast. We found the Twin Lakes all frozen over, and on our return to camp from an unsuccessful morning hunt, we found the well which Amuel had dug in the edge of the marsh frozen so that an ax was necessary to get to the water. There were two buffalo birds at the tent, which Amuel said was a certain sign of cold and snow. The birds were about the size of bluejays, only instead of being blue, white and black, had the dun, black and white color of the chickadee. I had never seen any before, and was surprised at their tameness, coming within three feet of us again and again. Shortly after dinner the team arrived, driven by one of the proprietors of the lively stable himself; the driver who brought us out having given up his position rather than come in for us over the bad roads. We broke camp, loaded up, and as we left the pine grove to turn into the road homeward, I reached up and took the handkerchief from the limb of the jack pine and with it waved a farewell to Nameless Camp.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn., Dec. 2.

VIRGINIA LANDS POSTED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received so many letters of inquiry of late from Northern sportsmen, asking about the shooting in Virginia and North Carolina, that I find it impossible to answer them as I would like to—individually. I will therefore respond through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, all the more readily from the fact as that journal is publishing for its patrons all the information it can obtain about the shooting status of the Old Dominion and Tar Heel State. By writing a plain statement I will at least save some sportsman a long fruitless trip, to say nothing of loss of time, temper and tin.

I often meet in my travels during the shooting season parties of disgruntled Northerners who have left home with glowing visions of glorious sport, and retracing their steps sadder and madder men. It is a safe and sound rule for a stranger never to start for either of the sister States without having an objective point and completed arrangements with some reputable native. Many,

too many, Northerners set off to visit certain Southern sections that they learn by hearsay is a good game region, and they are almost sure to fall into the hands of irresponsible parties, whose sole object is to make all out of them they can.

I have just returned from a hunting trip of several weeks' duration in Tidewater, Virginia, being to the manor born, and knowing everybody, have had all the sport I desired both in quail and wildfowl shooting. I found that the posting of land both in Virginia and North Carolina had become an actual mania. Old barren meadows, where a field lark would starve; swamps that a prowling coon would turn up his nose at, piny woods that nothing that runs on four legs, or birds of any feather could exist, all posted. The sign meets the eye everywhere, and even neighbors are warned off—the generous character of the people all changed. Away in the backwoods, where the foot of a stranger never treads, one sees the proclamation and promulgation, often written in barbarous lettering, warning persons "from gunning on these yer premisses."

In a measure the Eastern sportsmen are responsible for this state of affairs. I know of an incident that happened last fall. A party of strangers chartered a car and had it switched off at a station not a hundred miles from Norfolk, Va., and roamed over the neighboring country at will, breaking down fences, leaving gates open, shooting at everything that had wings, and shipping their game home, without any courtesy shown at all to the Grangers. Now every acre of land in that section is posted.

A small unknown farmer can offer but few inducements to his guests. It is only the large land owner, well-known and popular, that can give his friends a *carte blanche* to shoot where and when they please.

It is the same way in the North Carolina Sounds, the best grounds are club preserves and rigidly guarded, and they, under the present indiscriminate incessant gunning, are almost worthless—but few clubmen have gone there for the past three or four years. Miss Midgett has a resort for sportsmen in the Sound, but the whole adjacent territory is so lined with batteries, blinds and sink-boxes that the ducks are driven away, and only on wild stormy days can any shooting be had. In Currituck every day but Sunday is open, and irresponsible parties shoot in the night and slaughter the wildfowl in every conceivable way. The game laws are practically inoperative. I belong to three Currituck clubs and know whereof I speak. The keepers of my Currituck clubs write me that they have never in their experience known ducks to be so few in numbers, and so shy.

It is true I had some very fine duck shooting at the Ragged Islands, in Back Bay, adjacent to Currituck Sound, which is situated in Princess Anne county. I was a guest of Mr. C. A. Woodward, of Norfolk, Va., who, by the way, is president of the club. A Norfolk syndicate has bought these islands, thirty-two in number, after a hard legal fight and tedious litigation. This property is a sporting principality. Under the Virginia county and State law wildfowl can only be shot on Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, thus giving the ducks three days rest. The result is obvious. I believe a few Eastern gentlemen of unexceptionable references might get into that club. It certainly is the finest shooting grounds I have ever seen north of Florida.

My advice to those contemplating a "go-as-you-please" trip to Currituck is like the advice of Puck to those contemplating matrimony, "Don't."

About the Dismal Swamp shooting, I would advise inquiring sportsmen to write to Messrs. Driver & Hargrove, Driver's Post Office, Nansemond county, Va.

ALEX. HUNTER.

WILDFOWL IN OREGON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Tuesday, Dec. 1, was a red-letter day in my hunting experience. It was a day, which for general sport with shotgun and retriever, is seldom equaled. So I shall request FOREST AND STREAM to tell our Eastern brethren about it.

Messrs. W. A. Story, Harry Beal and the Sewell brothers have a fine lake just outside the limits of the city of Portland, on Columbia Slough; and as the weather was suggestive of ducks Mr. Storey invited me to have a day's shoot with him. He also invited two young friends, Freddy Beal and Al. Versteeg. It seems that nothing pleases my friend S. better than to be teaching the young idea how to shoot, and he never loses an opportunity to interest the boys in this direction. He always has a gang of kids at his heels, and some of these self same kids are becoming so expert with the shotgun that we older sportsmen must look well to our laurels or take a back seat.

We boarded the Vancouver motor at 7 A. M., and in half an hour were at the cabin. This "cabin" is a very neat house that would furnish comfortable quarters for a good-sized family. After placing the boys in a good blind at the lower end of the lake S. took me into a blind at the upper end of the lake, where we were to shoot side by side for the day. I believe that he had good reasons for having both of us in one blind, although he gave but one.

This was my old Irish setter Mike's eighth birthday and he celebrated it in grand style. He seemed to forget all his aches and pains. Rheumatism, gray hairs and stiffening bones were "not in it," and nothing short of a regular puppy spree would do him.

A rheumatic old dog seldom retrieves a wounded canvas even on his birthday; but on this particular day the old dog held his own pretty well with Storey's Pat, the most powerful and ambitious dog in Oregon. Pat is Mike's younger half brother, and he seemed disposed to entertain his old relative according to the strictest rules of dog etiquette.

By 8:30 A. M. we had our decoys out and our guns in our hands ready for the day's work. It was the same spiteful sort of weather that had ushered in one other well-remembered day two years before when we killed a sledload of canvasbacks. The wind came in gusts on our left; the dark clouds rolled up from the south in a fretful sort of way; the mountains off to the east looked cold and gray, and the bluffs along down the Columbia were spotted with alternate rain and sunshine. The decoys nodded and bowed gracefully, and again we saw that we had struck a "canvas" day. "Mark west," said Storey. A moment of silence and then four quick reports in rapid succession announced the fate of three out of

a band of five canvas that had swung in to investigate. The trio struck the water dead, but not without those involuntary plunges peculiar to the canvasback in the death struggle. But their momentary struggles only the more reddened the wavelets with their rich crimson life blood.

"Mark! north!" and the simultaneous cracks of our guns brought down a pair of fine mallards that had split on the blind. And so it went on throughout the day, with now and then some shot or incident that called forth hearty congratulation, joke or laughter.

"Shake! Now we are even," said Storey, as he neatly dropped a single that I had missed clean with both right and left. Then we shook, and our ha-has would have decoyed a band of laughing hyenas, as he explained that I had served him the same trick four years ago at Don's. What a memory!

He had wiped my eye after four years waiting. I felt proud that he had been forced to wait so long. A drake canvas plunged straight from the clouds at the decoys. My old Parker sent him a greeting that met him squarely in the face, and the blood spurted as if he had been lanced on the jugular as he fell dead in the blind. A band of three all fell at the crack of Storey's left, two stone dead and one tipped. Never in my experience have I seen so many dead birds with so few cripples in a day's shoot as yesterday.

The wind blew our dead birds ashore, and the dogs took care of the cripples. The bays at the other end of the lake were making things lively, and we were surprised to see the birds falling so rapidly at their hands.

At four o'clock in the afternoon our decoys were all stowed away and we proceeded to count up. Mr. Storey and I had bagged 141, while the boys counted out 75, a grand total of 216 birds.

I feel that much of our success was due to the fact that both Harry Beal and Mr. Storey have been untiring in their efforts to make this a model preserve.

The birds have plenty of feed and are guaranteed absolute rest five days in each week, but they must fly high the balance of the time.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—Mr. R. S. Cox, the young man with the pleasantest smile in Chicago, has returned from his favorite shooting grounds at Rice Lake, Ont. Mr. Cox is not above swatting a duck on the water, if he gets a chance. At Rice Lake, the other day, there drew in to his decoys a mixed flock of ducks, six teal, four mergansers and two mallards. These lit among the decoys, by Mr. Cox's permission, and immediately thereafter Mr. Cox accomplished the difficult feat of taking a general shot at the bunch and killing all six of the teal, and two of his inflated decoys, worth \$1.25 a piece. The rest got away. "I never kill any but good ducks," says Dick. And then he smiles.

Last Saturday night Mr. C. D. Gammon, Mr. H. Parlington and Mr. Ed. Hughes left for Ontario, Canada, for a moose hunt. They do not divulge the exact nature of their plans, but say they have a sure thing.

Mr. Harry Higginbottom and two friends are back from a big game hunt in the country below the Yellowstone Park. They killed 14 elk. This is hurried. I do not know whether or not they were in Wyoming.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, of Piegan, Mont., perhaps the best outfitting guide of the Northwest country, writes me that during the week preceding Nov. 17 Baron von Grothuss and a hunting friend killed, at Two Medicine Lake, not far from Piegan, six mountain sheep (big-horns), two elk and a bear. Two of the sheep were large rams. Mr. Schultz would be the best man to write to for any one wanting to kill a bear. He offers to secure at least four shots at bear for any party he takes out or no pay, which is fair enough. This is for the bear season, which is best in May. Mr. R. D. Perry, of Braintree, Mass., who was out with Schultz last May, killed four bears. Unquestionably a big game hunt can be made successful in that country.

The taste for a wild, desperate, blood-curdling, awfully awful Western time after savage beasts seems to have broken out in the East, and I expect a whole lot of folks back there think they are regular devils. This is what the Associated Press thinks about it under the head of "Brutal Killing of Wolves."

GREENSBURG, Pa., Dec. 9.—Paul H. Hacke, owner of a stock farm near here, conducted a "wolf hunt" there to-day. Two Western wolves were the victims of the "chase," the dogs being Russian wolfhounds. Neither of the wolves was given a chance for his life, the first being turned loose in about an acre of ground surrounded by a high board fence. Four dogs were let at him, but the wolf was not hurt and would have won the terrific fight had not three more dogs been turned loose. The wolf was then driven in a few moments amid the yells and shouts of a delighted mob. Believing that the second wolf would give a lively chase, even against the entire pack of wolfhounds, fourteen in number, Hacke had it turned loose in a ten-acre field. For a few moments a wild scene ensued, but the wolf was easily captured. Just as it was crouching for a leap over the fence and into a thicket the leading hound caught it by the neck and dragged it back to the howling pack, by which it was torn in pieces in a moment. The chase is the first of a proposed series to be held on the Hacke farm during the winter unless the authorities prevent.

The authorities ought to prevent. The Barzois ought to be taken to the place where the wolves live wild and not have trapped wolves brought to them. To kill an animal in a pen or against odds which make escape impossible is not sport in any sense; and it disgraces good dogs to engage them in that way. This is precisely similar to a "coyote chase" which I once saw at Hutchinson, Kan., and which I took pleasure in censuring as severely as I knew how. Penned game is not game, and to kill it is butchery and not sport. Even a wolf should have his chance. The Associated Press is right, if it has its facts right.

Mr. W. L. Shepard, of Chicago, is the most unfortunate man in the world. He always has a grievance with Fate, and something is always happening to him. Mr. Shepard was duck hunting with Mr. Abner Price, guests of Mr. Fahnestock, on the grounds below Peoria, on the Illinois River. Abner is an oldtime duck shooter, but he says he never saw more mallards even in the oldtime days. He located pretty quick, and in a couple of days walked out of the marsh with 165 mallards in his pocket. Mr. Shepard was not so fortunate, and the mallards shunned him, so that when the time came to start for home he was in deep chagrin over the smallest of his string. Mr. Price took pity on him and gave him a few dozen ducks, so that in all he had fifty or more. These he put in a big carry-all bag, which he put on top the luggage in the wagon, and then the party started for the

railway station. Somewhere on the road the bag fell out of the wagon and was lost. Then Abner sweetened Mr. Shepard for another fifty mallards. Then they came home.

Mr. P. F. Stone and brother were at Paducah, Ky., last week, and while there Mr. E. Rhinehart, of that city, took them out quail shooting. They got 45 birds in six hours. Mr. Stone says that mallards were reported plenty at Reelfoot Lake, Tenn., and mourned the necessary refusal of an invitation to go over to that famous ground.

Mr. R. A. Turtle and two friends were rabbit hunting this week on the Kankakee, and killed 60 rabbits. Mr. John Earle, Mr. McCabe and Mr. A. J. Atwater, of this city, with Mr. G. C. Noble, of Goshen, Ind., had a quail hunt last week. Mr. Atwater attributes their lack of success to a red calf, which flushed all the birds. This beast took a great notion to Mr. Earle, and persistently followed the party wherever they went.

Recently we had a wild-wolf chase in the Chicago streets. Now it is a bear chase. Yesterday a brown bear belonging to an Italian escaped and was pursued all through Hyde Park precinct by an excited populace. The bear finally treed and was captured. Chicago is getting to be an awfully wild place. It will be a royal Bengal tiger next.

Some Chicago inventions: It was a Western man, I am told, who invented the Mack automatic weedless trolling gang. This is now handled by the Sportsmen's Novelty Co., of Chicago, in which, I believe, Col. C. E. Felton is largely interested. This gang can be put on any spoon. The hooks are guarded so that they skate over weeds or through rushes, but are sensitive to the strike of a fish. Being automatic, they need no setting or adjustment. This is a device which should save much profanity. Col. Felton tells me it is very practical.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Antoine, well-known in the Chicago sporting goods trade, point out an improvement in their red V. L. & A. shell, consisting of a further widening of the conical pocket. This, with the treble No. 2 primer, they think make the shell hard to beat.

Jimmy Nicholls, of the late Jenney & Graham Gun Co., is now acting as agent for the gelbite product, the invention of Dr. Emmons, of the East. Of this I had not heard much until lately. It was formerly handled here by the American Powder Co. The explosive was billed for improvement, and this may have transpired. This week Nicholls had some of it out at Burnside and asked the boys to try it. Mr. Mussey and Mr. Wilcox were shooting a 25-bird race, the result of which was 17 to 16 in favor of Mr. Mussey. The latter used gelbite shells for his last three shots and they killed the birds with remarkable keenness, so he thought.

Mr. Fred Allen, of Monmouth, Ill., the inventor of the world-known Allen duck call, was in town yesterday. He says he never saw a heavier south-bound flight of mallards down the Mississippi than there was this fall, though they kept in mid-river and gave little shooting. From the heavy fall flight he predicts a heavy flight up for next spring, and says he never knew this to fail.

Mr. A. Hirth, of the Spalding's tackle department, has been off duty for a week with a bad knee, the lingering result of a street car accident.

E. HOUGH.

QUAIL IN KANSAS.

FORT SCOTT, Kan.—It has been the fortune of the writer to shoot quail in almost every State between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains, over every kind of cover, assisted by all kinds of dogs and in company with all kinds of men, from the most contemptible pot-hunter up to the thorough sportsman who would scorn to shoot a bird on the ground, although he knew the bird had five chances out of six if he undertook to kill it on the wing. Some recent experiences in Kansas were so different from all previous ones, that they may interest others who have always shot quail in thick, brushy cover.

The land around Lyons is almost level, and is all prairie, with no brush even along the little streams. The land where the quail are found is mostly under cultivation, and at this time of year one-half of it is in winter wheat and the rest in cornstalks that are eaten down by cattle till they afford but little cover. The farms are fenced with hedges, many of them 15 to 20 ft. high, and there is a strip of weeds and grass several feet wide on each side; and if there is a road on either side it is usually grown up the same way, except a single track along the middle, and as the roads are all four rods wide, they afford a good deal of cover. In addition there is along each hedge a large amount of tickle grass, tumble weeds and corn husks, lodged there by the winds. At this time of year the quail are nearly all found right along the hedges, because there and nowhere else are found food, shelter and protection from the hawks, which always abound where quail are numerous. The reader will see from the above that it is an ideal place to make a heavy bag with little labor, if the birds are there; and I can assure him that they are, or were there, for there are not so many as there were by 250 to the writer's certain knowledge. When the birds are flushed they fly along the hedge twenty to forty rods and alight close to it, so there is no bother about marking them. There is a good prospect for getting half a dozen shots at a bird if he is not killed.

My trip to Lyons was a business one, but there is always a shotgun and shooting suit in my trunk at this time of year, and finding that a few days could be spared for sport I inquired of the landlord and he referred me to George Hibler. Yes, George said, there were a good many and he would go with me. He was on hand in the morning with a pointer and a 12-gauge Greener that looked as if it had seen a vast amount of service. "Now," said George, as we drove out of town, "this pointer is a great dog to run along the hedges and find coveys, and that is about all he's good for. We'll go by Sherm. Podge's and get his black bitch. She's great on singles and dead birds." We took the bitch into the buggy and let the pointer run. He trotted along the road some 200 yds. ahead of us, looking neither right nor left and apparently thinking of anything else than birds. Presently he turned into the weeds at the roadside and stood looking back at us and wagging his tail. "Covey of birds there," said George. "Don't believe it," said I. "Yes there is, for money, marbles or chalk," said George. "Put the bitch out and see what she will do," said I. She went along the road at a fast run, but when opposite the pointer she stopped short, in the very act of crouching for another leap, turned her head toward the roadside

and became an ebony statue. "Give it up now?" asked George. "Stop a little bit," said I, "I want to enjoy that sight a minute longer." "Well, enjoy it till I go back to where I can get through the hedge."

When George came up on the other side we put them up; about fifteen plump fat fellows, that went off with such whirr and speed that I only fired one barrel. We got one apiece. The pointer found one of the dead ones, and after carrying it into the road dropped it and trotted along as before, but the bitch kept along the hedge, working the ground very closely, and about thirty rods along the hedge came to a point. Birds got up in quick succession, one, two and three at a time, and six were killed in a few seconds. Before we gathered the dead birds and got into the buggy the pointer found another covey further along the hedge and we had a good time with them, getting five.

George said, "Now we will take the dogs in and drive to Bill Porter's place, where we can put the horse up and hunt right." As we drove along seven prairie chickens flew across in front of us, too high and far away for a shot, but we stood up in the buggy and marked them into some prairie grass a full half-mile away, and were fortunate in marking them exactly by the end of a hedge and a haystack way beyond them. Prairie chickens are very wild so late as this in the season, but these were evidently tired by a long flight and we decided to try them. We drove to within 200 yds. of them on the leeward side, and then walked rapidly but silently toward the spot, keeping the dogs to heel. They gave us a 40 yd. rise. I got lots of feathers the first shot but did not stop the bird, but the second barrel dropped one. George's first barrel snapped, but he crippled one badly with the next, and it came down some 50 rods away, where we found it dead. I had paid no further attention to the one I feathered so freely, but as we drove along the road in the direction of their flight the dogs smelled something, and running quite away along the hedge found a place they could get through. They came back and found the chicken alive, but unable to fly. With a little coaxing the bitch brought it to the hedge and, with a good deal of pushing, got it within my reach. This certainly was a display of unusual intelligence in the dog.

It was 1 o'clock when we reached Porter's place. After putting away the horse, George said, "Let's see what Uncle Pete put in the picnic basket." Eggs, beefsteak, ham sandwiches, mince pie, pickles, and cake. Then we were ready for quail.

"Now," said George, "here's a solid mile of hedge, and there are half a dozen coveys along it." We soon raised a covey, and shortly afterwards a second and a third one, all flying ahead of us, and before long every few steps got up one or more birds. They generally darted through the hedge from the man that flushed them, but the man on the other side had a good shot. Most of them flew far enough out from the hedges to drop on bare ground when shot, so but little time was lost hunting dead ones. When we had worked about two-thirds the length of the hedge we made a detour and began hunting back from the far end, so as to double them up and save walking. It would take too long to detail this part of the day's shooting. It would be impossible anyway, for it was too lively to be remembered, except in a general way. We put in four busy hours along that mile of hedge and bagged 50 quail.

We hunted five other days, but owing to bad weather and poorer hunting grounds our bags dropped to 32 one day and did not exceed 45 any other day.

If any of you want to shoot quail at Lyons, call on George Hibler. He is a gentleman and a sportsman.

O. H. HAMPTON.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 11.—Sportsmen have enjoyed excellent shooting in this vicinity this fall. Plenty of rabbits and squirrels. Partridges and gray squirrels have been exceedingly plenty this year. Otters have been caught near here; they were supposed to be extinct in this county, the last having been caught years ago.—E. H. B.

OHIO QUAIL.—Barberton, O., Dec. 11.—We are having beautiful weather, which makes it delightful quail shooting. I can go out on an afternoon with Royalty II. and Bruce S., and in a couple of hours make a good bag, and we are still leaving plenty for seed.—STANSTEAD.

AN ENLARGED "FOREST AND STREAM."

WITH the issue of Jan. 7 next, which will be the first number of its thirty-eighth volume, the FOREST AND STREAM will be permanently enlarged from twenty-eight to thirty-two pages.

This change has been made necessary by the growth of the special interests to which the paper is devoted, and by the corresponding requirement of more space for their adequate presentation. The enlargement is to be taken as an earnest of our purpose to increase the interest, usefulness and value of the FOREST AND STREAM; and by means of the better opportunities thus afforded, to maintain for it the character it has so long enjoyed as the representative sportsman's journal of America.

Each of the departments will be benefited by the change—Sportsman Tourist, Natural History, Game Bag and Gun, Sea and River Fishing—and, in particular, our news columns—the Kennel, Yacht and Canoe, Rifle and Trap. The generous amount of space now given to Kennel will be maintained, and the room devoted to Trap Shooting will be so enlarged as to make the department the most comprehensive and the best arranged contemporary record of that sport.

Since this journal was established eighteen years ago, the popularity of sports with the rod and the gun has advanced with giant strides; and in the development of those many recreations the FOREST AND STREAM has taken no unimportant part. With their growth it has kept equal pace in worth, in influence, in circulation and in generous public recognition. What it has been it will be. The record of the past contains the abundant promise for the future.

In 1892 and the years that shall follow, as in 1891 and the years that have passed, the FOREST AND STREAM will stand for all that is best and truest in field sportsmanship; and it will strive to merit from its growing hosts of friends a continuation of that warm appreciation and indorsement with which it is now favored.

One word remains to be said: The price will remain unchanged; \$1 per year. Subscribe now.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

TROUTING IN THE CASCADES.—I.

THE MOLALLA COUNTRY.

IRA MOODY, an old friend of mine, had written me that if I would notify him when I could come out he would meet me at Willamantic Falls with his grays and spring wagon and take me where I could find some trout.

Now, although Ira was an old settler in the Molalla country, and as Bob Bailey says, "had driven back the howling wolf and killed the bar," I knew that his knowledge of trout, at least, was decidedly limited. Bear and cougar hunters generally catch trout with pin-hooks and worms. Did you ever observe with what skepticism and suspicion a regular old moss-back bear hunter examines a book of flies? Courtesy forbidding rudeness he generally compromises with his feelings and suggests that it might be a good plan to take a few worms or salmon eggs along, as the trout out his way "might not be catchin' with them things." The boy would dig all the worms for you and no bother at all. You are always referred to "the boy" in trouting matters, as it is rather beneath the dignity of a man who kills panthers and bears for pastime to know much about such trivial matters as trout fishing. And the boy, conscious of the responsibilities resting upon the son of such a sire, gravely condescends to give you a little information, but with a curl of contempt on his lips that says louder than words, "These city fellows think they can fish, they have my sympathy."

I had seen a little of the Molalla country in a business way and felt satisfied that there must be fine trouting out there. So after consulting with Billy Newman and my wife (it is always a good plan to consult your wife about such matters, even if it does humiliate you), we concluded that we would notify Ira to meet us at the Falls on June 1. Promptly the Latona blew her whistle at 12 M., the first day of June for her landing below the falls. There was Ira with his son Fay, the grays and the spring wagon; and ashore went four happy beings, my wife, Billy, myself, and last but not least happy, Mike, my red Irish. By the way, the last-mentioned individual is particularly fond of these fishing trips. He has more leisure time to devote to rabbits and such on these trips than when hunting canvasbacks.

Ira was fairly luminous with joy and Fay's 6x8 grin prognosticated plenty of worms and information. The tents, cooking utensils, rods and other luggage were soon loaded and everything was ready for the start, but Ira thought that "the woman" and Fay had better mind the team a minute while we went up street, as he wanted to see a man before going out. Of course, we found the "man" (that same old man) at the usual place, and, although we all took modest drinks Ira's cheerfulness was not in the least diminished.

Away we went, everybody happy. Ira, however, now and then cast reproachful glances at the tents and cooking utensils, for undoubtedly he had counted on entertaining us as his guests. A better man never lived than generous, plain-spoken Ira Moody, but my plans for the trip did not include any soft beds with shingles over them.

The sun was low down in the west when the grays stopped in front of the rude but neat house on the Molalla. I wanted to go on to the mouth of Canyon Creek and pitch our camp that night, but I felt that the suggestion of such an idea would be an insult to Ira and his family. I think my wife suspected me, for catching my eye, she frowned ominously. That settled it, and we gladly stopped. Billy of course was highly pleased with the decision. Of all men I ever knew none likes a hot supper and feather bed better than Billy. However, he is an admirable man in camp—a regular fuss and feathers, who would rather cook, carry water, cut wood, smoke his pipe and tell yarns than fish. I do not wish to be understood as speaking disparagingly of his qualifications as an angler, for he can catch trout when he wants to, but he dearly loves camp. Everybody was happy. The horses were glad to get home, for it had been a long, tedious trip; even Mike and Ira's "bar" dog after the customary sniffs and snarls became chums and doubled teams on the diggers and pine squirrels.

After supper, while the women were chatting over their tea and Billy and Ira were swapping whoppers, Fay and I strayed out into the yard. You see I was trying to stand in with the boy, and I am glad to say that he and I were soon fast friends. Standing there we could look right up into the Cascade Mountains: on and up "where Nature's heart beats strong amid the hills," all somber and gloomy in the shade of the seemingly endless primeval forests, now softly wrapping themselves in their night robes of fog lifted up from the lovely valley of the Molalla.

"Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer."

Fay pointed out the course of Cañon Creek, which seemed almost to drop down from between two mountain peaks away off to the east. Eight miles above us Cañon Creek emptied into Milk Creek, which empties into the Molalla, which empties into Pudding River, which empties into the Willamette, which empties into the great Columbia, and on to the sea.

I had known Ira for many years, and of course we had a great deal to talk about that night. He was in his glory, and so it was not surprising that my wife found it necessary to intimate that we were keeping the good people up very late. I glanced at the old clock on the wall, which was significantly pointing at the XI mark. Ira, speaking one word for us and two for himself, suggested that it was too early for city folks to go to bed; but, notwithstanding the fact that we were cutting short one of Ira's best stories, we retired.

"To sleep! perchance to dream—"

No, not a bit of it. That poetical lullaby does not fit our case.

A flea is about the smallest but most active agent His Satanic Majesty has on earth. Webster defines an imp to be a puny devil. Eureka! For size, appetite and general cussedness I will back the Oregon flea against any other representative of his tribe on earth. On the Molalla they are all full grown and have attained the thirty-second degree. They are as big as kernels of wheat, striped like Bengal tigers, omnivorous and omnipresent.

Eastern people will not believe this until they visit this country. Then they will probably conclude that a judgment has been visited upon them for their disbelief. At Portland it is proverbial that even at church you can always distinguish the Eastern lady from the native. While the Eastern lady will twist and wriggle in agony, her face suffused with blushes of confusion, her Oregon sister will coolly moisten her finger and go for Mr. Flea as unconcernedly as if it was part of the service.

The flea is the plague of this country, which without his impish would be altogether too blissful for mortals.

With glassy eyes and haggard faces we were up early, accidentally kicking over a few stools and other furniture to bring our friends to an awakening sense of the fact that it was time to get up. Of course they thought that visions of trout had hurried us out of bed. But it wasn't—it was fleas. I cannot understand how a human being with a skin less thick than that of a rhinoceros can sleep not only soundly but sweetly with these puny devils chewing at him and running hurdle races over his anatomy.

I have lived in this country many years and yet must admit that one full grown healthy flea will keep me awake all night; and when the second night comes and "exhausted nature seeks repose," if he crawls under me, lies on his back and applies teeth and toe-nails simultaneously, he will land me flea-footed in the middle of the floor. I learned, long since, that a box of flea powder is as much a necessity on a trip into the country, either summer or winter, as hat and boots.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

WORLD'S FAIR FISHES.

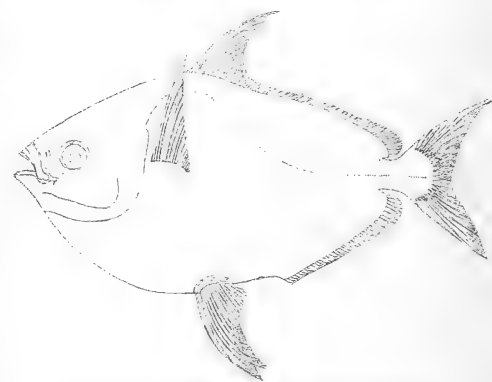
IN our issue of Nov. 5 was published a synopsis of the exhibit now in course of preparation by the U. S. Fish Commission for the World's Columbian Exposition. It is our intention to keep FOREST AND STREAM readers advised of the progress made in carrying out the details of this most comprehensive display, and to call their attention more particularly to some of the rare and curious fishes which will form an attractive part of the exhibit. In the article referred to mention was made of the opah and the escolar—two remarkable fishes recently obtained on La Hava Bank by Gloucester fishermen. As these were the first examples of the kind taken in waters adjacent to our east coast, as far as we know, they are proper subjects of a popular description.

THE ESCOLAR (*Ruvettus pretiosus*).

This large and showy fish is related to the mackerels, which it resembles in shape. The escolar is found occasionally in the Mediterranean, at the Canary Islands and Madeira, and in the West Indies. The name here adopted for the fish is Portuguese, and is thought to have been derived from the Spanish *asscolar*, which means to scour or burnish, in allusion either to the extreme sand-paper-like roughness of the skin or the active laxative properties of the oil secreted by the bones of this species. Lowe applies the name *scourfish* to the escolar, and older writers use for it the designation *ruveto*.

At the Canaries the escolar arrives during winter in great schools, and is caught with hooks in a depth of 100 fathoms. In Madeira it is recorded by Lowe as a common and well known species, which is never long absent from the markets. It is caught, however, only in deep water, far from the shore, in fine weather, at depths varying from 300 to 420 fathoms. Here its associates are the cherna (*Polyprius cernium*) and the coelho (*Præmetheus atlanticus*), fishes which live habitually near the bottom. According to Poey the escolar is rarely seen at Havana. It may be caught, however, on dark nights in depths of 300 fathoms. The fishing occurs in September and lasts until the middle of October, when fishing for sailfish (*Tetrapturus*) has closed and before the arrival of the red snapper (*Lutjanus blackfordi*). Poey says it is seen at the surface of the water enveloped in a luminous mass which surrounds its body.

In the Mediterranean the escolar reaches the weight of 40 lbs., at Madeira Lowe heard of individuals weighing



THE OPAH (*Lampris guttatus*). Length about 4 ft.

30 lbs., Poey believed it to grow to the weight of 100 lbs. and the larger individual obtained by the U. S. Fish Commission was upward of 6 ft. long and must have approximated 100 lbs. in weight.

At Malta the fish is highly esteemed for food; at the Canaries its flesh is considered a great delicacy. At Madeira Lowe described its qualities in the following terms:

"The flesh when cooked is delicately white and flaky, but soft and insipid; and both before and after it is dressed abounds, as if it had been steeped, in a pure limpid oil, which is not, however, at all rank or strong in taste. On this account, and from the unsightly color of its skin and general coarseness, it is but rarely seen at English tables, and, eaten incautiously, it is moreover said to cause speedy diarrhoea. It may, however, cer-

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of the association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Thursday evening Dec. 10. Vice-President Edward E. Hardy in the chair and fifty members being present.

Eleven applications for membership were presented and referred to the committee on membership. The following were elected members: Roland C. Nickerson (life), Chas. H. Andrews, Edw. J. Andrews, G. W. Cramp-ton, Wm. L. Davis, G. W. M. Guild, Geo. H. Perry, Robt. W. Sise, L. F. Whitney, Ithamar Howe, Eugene A. Loomis, Chas. H. Curtis, Wm. A. Morris, Wm. E. Litch-field, Jabez B. Fellows, Chas. H. Eastman, Frank P. Black, Wm. Thos. Warren and W. P. Harris.

Mr. H. H. Kimball, chairman of the nominating committee appointed to present a list of candidates for officers for 1892, made the following report: That the nominating committee had unanimously tendered the nomination for president to President Edw. A. Samuels, but that he had declined a renomination.

The following ticket was then presented and accepted to be voted on at the annual meeting in January: For President, Hon. Geo. W. Wiggins; Vice-Presidents, Edw. A. Samuels, Augustus Hemenway, Edw. E. Hardy, Ivers W. Adams, Hon. James F. Dwinell, Dr. John T. Stetson and Horace T. Rockwell; Treasurer, Andrew J. Lloyd; Secretary, Richard O. Harding; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee: H. H. Kimball, Chas. G. Gibson, John N. Roberts, Dr. M. A. Morris, C. J. H. Woodbury, Dr. W. G. Kendall, Dr. Heber Bishop, W. F. Keith, Wm. C. Thairwall, Rollin Jones, Wm. B. Smart and Fred. R. Shattuck. Membership Committee: Edw. T. Barker, Arthur W. Robinson and Walter C. Prescott. Fund Committee: Benj. C. Clark, Edward Brooks and Dr. W. A. Power.

Mr. Ivers W. Adams, chairman of the committee on

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. *Kennel Record and Account Book.* Price \$3. *Training vs. Breaking.* By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. *First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds.* Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

(For fuller details see issue of Dec. 3.)

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnis, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Greenville, Sec'y.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Rowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Jackson, Mich. Chas. H. Ruhl, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, 733 B'way, N. Y.
March 15 to 18.—Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

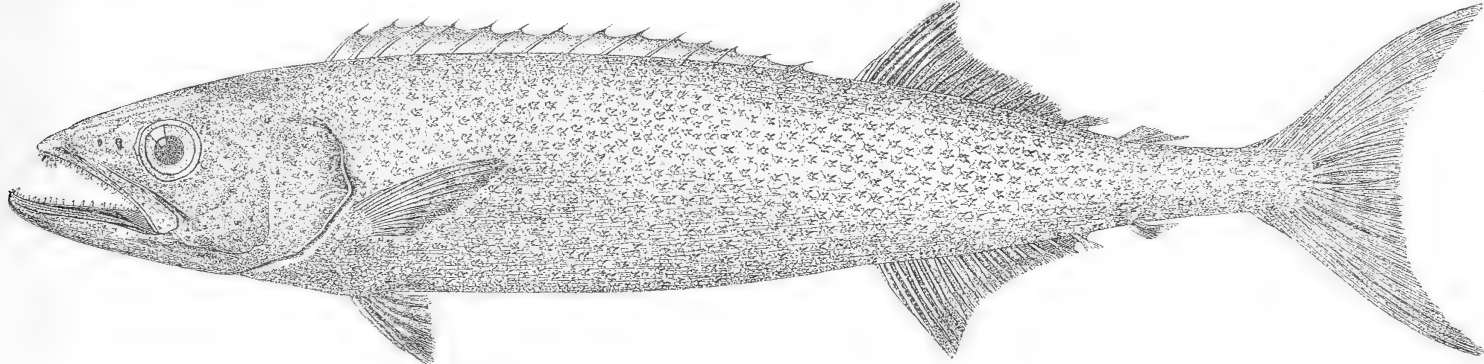
FIELD TRIALS.

1892.

Jan. 11-12.—Bexar Field Trials, San Antonio, Texas.
Jan. 18.—Pacific Field Trials, Bakerville, Cal.
—Southern Field Trials, New Albany, Miss.

THE CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

THESE trials were brought to a close on Saturday last, and must be chronicled a success. The club was seriously handicapped by the absence of Mr. Churchill, whose inability to attend should have been made known to



THE ESCOLAR (*Ruvettus pretiosus*). NEARLY ONE-FIFTH NATURAL SIZE.

perfectly well-known and regular annual visitor to that island, and to be found in the market in its proper season.

This fish attains to the length of about 4 ft. and its depth is nearly two-thirds of its length. The specimen taken by Capt. Lee weighed upward of 100 lbs. The young has not been recorded; only adults or individuals nearly full grown have been obtained.

Although the jaws of the mature opah are toothless the stomach has proved to contain cuttlefish, crustaceans and remains of fish. Iceland fishermen claim that trout are pursued by this species. The bait used in fishing for it at Madeira is a whole fish (cavalla or chicharro), and the favorite depths of 50 to 100 fathoms are found not far off shore. The season is in spring in the early tunny fishing. It is probable that the opah comes near the island for spawning, as Lowe records a female, about 3 ft. in length, full of roe on March 30.

The flesh is partly red, like beef, and partly white; it is said to look well when boiled, but is somewhat dry and insipid, resembling that of the dolphin (*Coryphæna hippuritis*). At one time it was so highly esteemed in Madeira that every opah taken was carried to the governor of the island, and could not be sold without his license.

This is one of the most beautiful of the Atlantic fishes, having attracted the admiration of even the dull Portuguese fishermen, whose name for it (*peixe cravo*) signifies "the pink of beauty." As Lowe had the opportunity to examine a number of fresh specimens, and described their colors with great fidelity, we cannot do better than quote from his description:

"The colors are truly splendid. When quite fresh and uninjured the whole body appears covered with a rich brocade of silver and rose or lilac, formed by the scales, reflecting on the middle of the sides golden tints; but pure silver and rose-lilac on the back, silver and more rose than lilac on the belly. The whole sides, cheeks and opercles are spotted with round and oval pale or silvery whitish spots, shining through the scales; becoming toward the throat and sides of the breast or belly irregular and confluent, forming wavy mosaic marks or bands. The raised sides of the groove embracing the base of the dorsal and anal fins, and the rows of imbricated scales running up between the rays of the caudal fin, are bright pure silver. The head, opercles and back reflect bright iridescent ultramarine tints. * * * The naked keel of the breast and throat is dark rose color mottled with brownish black. The naked muzzle before the eyes, the lips and lower jaw are rich vermilion. The upper lip and top of the muzzle are tinged with olive brown; the lower lip and jaw beneath blend into white. The tongue is white, tinged with vermilion. The ends of the maxillaries are silvery. Their iris is clouded with gold and vermilion on a silver ground; the pupil is a bluish black. The edges of the orbits are dusky brownish.

"The fins are of the brightest vermilion, as if varnished with red sealing-wax; a little paler and transparent toward the edges."

T. H. B.

Books make good holiday gifts, and give more pleasure in proportion to the money expended than anything else. If you want a good book on shooting, fishing, natural history, or any other subject connected with outdoor life, consult the list of the Sportsman's Library in this paper, or better still, send for FOREST AND STREAM's free illustrated catalogue of works on outdoor sports.

arranging for the annual dinner, reported that it was to be held at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Thursday evening, Dec. 17, at 6:30 o'clock; that the committee had secured a number of distinguished speakers and that the '91 dinner promises to be a grand success.

Messrs. Chas. F. Munroe, Wm. Howe Mills and Geo. B. Appleton were appointed as a committee to audit the treasurer's accounts and report at the annual meeting.

Mr. Ivers W. Adams moved that the association employ an officer whose duties in part shall be to investigate complaints of violations of the fish and game laws of this Commonwealth, to obtain evidence leading to convictions, to confer with officials of the State when advisable and assist in any other work the Board of Management may desire. Compensation to be determined by the Board, one-half of expense to be paid by voluntary contribution.

After discussion it was referred to the Board of Management.

RICHARD O. HARDING, Sec'y.

CITY SEWAGE AND BASS.—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12.—I have noticed some discussion over the effect of the Chicago sewage on the fish of the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers. This sewage empties into the Des Plaines River and runs down that stream, which empties into the Illinois River opposite the Kankakee River. Discoloration of the water below this point is noticeable, but fish are taken even in the low water of the summer, at Marseilles and points above Marseilles and below the mouth of the Des Plaines. At Willow Springs, on the Des Plaines River, some of the best big-mouth bass fishing around Chicago was had this summer. Mr. J. M. Clark and others, of this city, will certify to this. In the high water of the spring there is no question in the world that bass run up the Illinois River, the Kankakee River, and even the Des Plaines River. Still better proof of this than the summer fishing is the vast number of game fish netted this very spring, illegally, under the Riverside dam on the Des Plaines River, which has no fishway. The talk of Mr. E. S. Waters, of Holyoke, Mass., as to the uselessness of fishways on these streams because of the sewage, is altogether ill-founded. I would rather have anything against me than just plain facts. These are them.—E. HOUGH.

CHICAGO FLY-FISHING CLUB.—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 9.—A movement is on foot among a few of the rather few Chicago fly-fishers to organize a club for practice and for the development of the sport in this region. A meeting is called for Wednesday evening next week. After a year or so of work, a tournament will probably be held. This prettiest branch of angling has been quite too much neglected here.—E. HOUGH.

TO DENVER VIA BURLINGTON ROUTE.—Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1 P. M. or St. Louis at 8:25 A. M., and arrive Denver 8:15 P. M. the next day. Through sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. All railroads from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 5:45 P. M., St. Louis at 8:15 P. M., and Peoria at 8:30 P. M. and 7:50 P. M. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Blue Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.—Adv.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between these points.—Adv.

the club before the meeting commenced, so that they could have made other arrangements. We have in previous issues stated all the news connected with the meeting, so that there is little more to be said. The visitors and handlers present were well pleased with the way Mrs. March, of the March House, looked after our creature comforts, providing a generous table and comfortable quarters to the best of her ability, and her charges were not exorbitant.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Tuesday, Dec. 8.—After the bleak, raw weather of yesterday the genial sun and mild temperature of to-day was very grateful to those condemned to sit in the saddle all the time with no greater excitement to keep us warm than points and backs. There were only two more braces to run off in the

ALL-AGE POINTER STAKE.

First Series.

BARKER'S GROUSE—GROUSEDALE were cast off at 8:41 in the open sedge field near the village. Barker's Grouse (Mainspring—Swain's Fly), handled by S. C. Bradley, and Grouse (Underwriter—Trix), handled by John Lewis. Soon after, Grouse found a bevy in sedge and Barker's Grouse went in front and flushed. He redeemed himself in part by afterward pointing a bevy, in cover, which flushed wild. His next move was to nail a single of these birds. Bradley shot and missed, dogs steady. Several opportunities to find singles were not taken advantage of and both should have been spotted out. Grouse was, however, the best of the two in range and bird work, but was not near his proper form. They were called up at 9:35. Grouse raged round handler most of the time and pattered to some extent.

MAID OF KENT—FRANK W.—This heat livened us up a little. Maid of Kent (King of Kent—Hops) was handled by C. E. Buckle and Frank W. (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cute) by John Lewis. They were cast off at 9:38 in sedge. Nothing was done for some time, and then Frank was the first to find and pointed a bevy in good style in the open; Maid honored the point, Lewis fired and Frank retrieved the wounded bird very well. Then Maid pointed and was backed by Frank; no result. Maid roared and then pointed a single, Buckle fired and missed. On out of cover and we traversed considerable likely ground before Maid pointed false, Frank backed. At edge of dwarf pines Maid pointed, roared, but nothing found. Frank backed. Afterward at edge of woods Maid stopped to a good point on a bevy. Buckle fired, missed, dog steady. In cover soon after Maid stepped up a single, and knowing she had no excuse to offer, meekly dropped and turned to Buckle with a look of "Yes, I know, but get it over quick." Buckle gave her a tap or two and on she went again. Frank then pointed in the open, drew on and roared to a bevy, side of woods, which flushed wild. Then dogs were ordered up at 10:26, and this finished the first series.

Second Series.

After a little consultation the judges called for DUKE OF HESSON—WILD DAMON.—They were cast off in sedge and ragweed at 10:35. Soon after, Wild Damon pointed a bevy which Buckle flushed, dog steady. To one side Duke pointed too, but nothing more was found. Following the bevy, no work was done on them. After this Wild Damon came up with a bevy in the open. Buckle flushed, fired and killed, dog retrieved in good style, following the scattered birds into pines. In cover, Wild Damon found a single which flushed wild. Then Duke dropped to a point, then roared, footscent probably. Going out of cover, Wild Damon pointed another bevy and Duke honored him, when birds flushed wild. Going into cover after them, Wild Damon drew up suddenly and Duke backed, but the former was mistaken. Dogs ordered up at 11:11. The work done in heat was much in Wild Damon's favor; ranged well and showed good sense and nose.

BARKER'S GROUSE—ROCK II.—Why the former was called

up on the work he had done is not discernible, and he still further hurt his previous good reputation by poor work in this heat. The only work done in the few minutes' run was a point by Rock II., and Bradley flushed the bevy, dog steady. Bradley killed and Rock retrieved nicely. Up at 11:27.

MAID OF KENT—FRANK W., were then called out again. Maid pointed a bevy, to which Frank backed. Buckle flushed the birds and dogs were steady. Following the birds into cover to the woods where Frank dropped to a single, which flushed wild; and dogs were called up at 11:55, and judges, after consulting, decided that Duke of Hessen, Maid of Kent, Wild Damon and Frank W. should fight the battle out after lunch. It was certainly apparent that Rock II. had done equally as good work as any of those named and better than one, Duke of Hessen; and Nick of Naso, who had put up a better race than Duke in the first series, should also have had another look in, though of course Duke had a little the best in pace and range in that heat, Nick found the birds, and that is what we are after generally. Plenty of time was taken for lunch, the sun was warm and it was no use hurrying with only two heats to run.

DUKE OF HESSEN—MAID OF KENT.—Starting off in open sedge field at 1:23, dogs were soon separated, Duke being lost, and then when found we waited for Judge Wallace, who was looking for him. Then Duke pointed his first bevy. White fired at the flush, killed, and Duke retrieved in good style. Maid had honored the point with style. Down in woods to the left Maid then pointed a bevy. Then dogs were separated again, Duke being lost. Found, some time after Maid pointed another bevy, which Duke honored, and Buckle firing, killed, and Maid retrieved very nicely. This closed the heat at 2:23.

WILD DAMON—FRANK W.—They were put down in corn-patch at 2:23. After going 20m, without finding game they were held up and a move made along the road to fresh fields and pastures new. Soon after being put down again, in cotton patch and at edge of woods, Wild Damon pointed a bevy, which Buckle flushed, dogs steady. Then Frank W. pointed by a fence, but nothing came of it. Dogs then ranged for a long time; birds seemed scarce, and we were all getting out of patience, when Frank W. nailed a bevy in the open; Wild Damon backed well, and Lewis fired and killed, and Frank retrieved in good shape. Dogs were immediately called up, and judges soon decided that the prizes should be awarded, Maid of Kent first, Duke of Hessen second, and Frank W. third. In this decision there were two dogs, whose work had fully entitled them to consideration in the stake money, left out in the cold, and popular opinion placed Wild Damon first, Rock II. or Frank W. second, and Maid of Kent third.

WEDNESDAY.

The All-Age Stake—Absolute Winner.

PAUL BO—MAID OF KENT.—This morning was admirably suited for an early start and had we begun proceedings at 7:30 A.M. we might have run two heats in the four-hour race as well as the absolute winner heat in the All-Age Stake. As it was we did not commence till almost 10 o'clock, having ridden about four miles to the Hargreaves farm. The above brace was cast off at 9:56 in the open fields. The English setter Paul Bo was handled by Frank Richards and the pointer Maid of Kent was handled by C. E. Buckle. Both ranged off well and Paul Bo was the first to find, pointing a bevy, which when flushed Richards shot and killed and, as usual, Paul refused to back. As rules in this meeting call for retrieving it is a matter for surprise that Paul has not had his education made complete by being taught this simple adjunct. However, it is not unlikely that, following the example of the Eastern Field Trials Club, the rule requiring retrieving will soon become a dead letter. It is a mere matter of education and has little to do with a dog's natural field qualities. To resume the work of the heat, the scattered birds were followed into woods, when both dogs ranging out of sight they were found on points and both behaved well to wing. Still on the track of these birds, in bottom land at edge of woods, Paul pointed twice on singles. Then we passed into open country to look for another bevy. It was not long before Paul's good nose spotted the whereabouts of another bevy, at which Richards shot and missed. Maid was not near to back. Then dogs were called up at 12:28. The heat in nearly every particular was in favor of Paul Bo in range, pace and intelligent beating out of ground and in handling his game. The heat was awarded to Paul Bo.

SUMMARY.

Richard Merrill's English setter Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl) against Charlotteville Kennels' Maid of Kent (King of Kent—Hops).

Paul Bo declared absolute winner of All-Age Stake and \$250.

An intermission of about two hours then ensued, till the lunch baskets arrived, which time the Hawkeye and Kodak friends used to good advantage. No time was wasted over lunch, and the first brace in the

FREE-FOR-ALL STAKE, First Series.

RIP RAP—COUNT ERIC. were cast off at 12:05 in ragweed near the farmhouse. Rip Rap, the pointer, by King of Kent—Hops, was in charge of that veteran handler Capt. McMurdo. Count Eric, the English setter, by Count Noble—Fannie W., was handled by S. C. Bradley. The dog may have been somewhat handicapped at first by a strange handler, his regular handler, N. B. Nesbitt, being compelled by his indisposition to give up the task and leave for home. In our opinion, however, the dog ran a better race than he has yet shown at the trials. Mr. Bradley seemingly being able to get more work out of him than he has previously shown. Almost at the start Rip Rap found a bevy of four or five birds and was steady to flush. Then he pointed several yards further on, but there was no result. In woods Rip Rap pointed another bevy, Count backed, McMurdo fired and missed. Roading out of woods Rip Rap pointed. Then he pointed again, footscent very likely. At this time Count was hunting off by himself as usual. In some sedge, just out of woods, Rip pointed a bevy and was steady to wing. Then the other dog was found higher up. It was not very long before Rip Rap nailed two birds by a plum thicket, McMurdo put them up, fired, but missed. Higher up in sedge Rip Rap got another one which McMurdo killed and dog retrieved very well. At 12:46 the dogs were brought together again, Count having been lost. He was, as usual, paying little heed to his handler, but soon improved in this under Bradley's careful management. Rip Rap was running an excellent race, never getting too far from the gun, but still hunting with good range and intelligence. The difference in style was very noticeable, Rip running in his usual snappy, high-headed manner, but Count looks more like a lost dog with drooping stern as he gets along over the fields at a slouching, but fast gait. After traveling about half an hour, Rip Rap found another bevy at edge of woods and Count honored the point; McMurdo missed the birds and Rap was steadier than the other dog, who moved forward a little. Following these birds Rap found a single, and Count pointed but nothing found. Down by the railroad Rap found a single, Count backing, and bird flushed wild, after waiting for the dogs to be "photoed." Now it was Count's turn to get a bevy and Rap honored in his stylish manner and dogs were steady to the flush; Bradley fired and wounded bird, and while Count was finding, the bird flew in front of Rap, who made a grab for it and took the consequences meekly. Of these birds Rap got a single, Count backing. Then Count pointed false twice, Rap backing the last one from the front with style. The atti-

tudes this pointer strikes in the field fill both the artist and the sportsman with admiration and one forgets his rather plain head when viewing his fine quivering frame. After this McMurdo walked up a bevy that Count had been pointing; Bradley fired and killed, but bird was not retrieved, as Count was not near to see it shot. Following them into thick cover Rap stiffened out to another point. Count backed well and McMurdo put up these birds, both dogs being steady. Then Rap just stopped as a single flushed wild. Just out of this cover, in ragweed, Count pointed, but nothing found. Here Count was hunting well and was under good control. He soon nailed a bevy near the woods. Rap honored his point stylishly, and Bradley firing, killed and the Count retrieved nicely. Count followed this up at edge of woods with another point to his credit, Rap backing and Count moving as a single rose to one side. Then he nailed another bird, which Bradley killed, but the bird fell too far away. This was at 2:20 and both dogs were going strong, and we realized that this was going to be a banner heat if they kept it up. Count's next work was to find a bevy; Bradley killed and Count made a good retrieve. Outside of oaks Count nailed a fine bevy and was held for Rap to back; then Bradley flushed, but missed the birds; both dogs steady. At edge of pines Count followed this up by getting another bevy, but there was no kill. Ranging into swamp, in bottoms, Rap pointed a bevy which McMurdo put up, and dog was steady to wing. Count was ranging off to one side. About a hundred yards further on Count pointed a single, and then Rap nailed another one, Count backing him, and dogs were steady to the flush. Count was not to be denied, however, and getting into corn stubble he scented another bevy, which Bradley flushed. Then Rap in same place made a no-game point, footscent probably. By some woods Count did the same, but roading on, at edge of woods he caught up with the birds and pointed; below him Rap nailed a single, which flushed wild. Both dogs roaded further into woods, and soon Rap dropped to a single, McMurdo fired and missed, dog behaving nicely. Down in some corn stubble Rap came up with another bevy, stiffened out as usual, and McMurdo shooting, missed, but a crippled bird in the bevy tried to rise at the same time as the others and dropped within a foot of Rap's nose, but he behaved admirably, not moving till ordered, when he at once picked the flutterer up and retrieved. Down in a ditch Rap pointed, drew on, pointed again, but McMurdo could find nothing; dog roaded and at last in sedge came up with the bird, McMurdo killed and Rap retrieved nicely. Moving across some sedge fields Rap pointed in a thick briar patch and a single flushed wild, dog steady. Dogs now separated, Count going off to the right. Meanwhile Rap pointed unsteadily in pines and roaded on, nothing found. Rap was still going well, but Count had slowed down to a walk and was a very tired dog. In sedge just before the finish he pointed fur. Dogs were called up at 4:05, Rap still going strong. Considering the excellent record Count Eric had made on birds in this heat he had every one's sympathy during the last half hour, as he was a very plucky dog, answering his handler's motions when he could hardly put one leg ahead of the other. On bird work he was the best, but Rip Rap had the speed and endurance and was given the heat. This was a splendid heat, the dogs finding fifteen bevy with the consequent singles. Obedience was also in Rip Rap's favor, though to Mr. Bradley's credit be it said, he handled a strange dog in a masterly manner, getting the good work out of him that we knew was in him.

THURSDAY.

MAID OF KENT—CHANCE.—The air this morning was frosty and nipping, and the hoar frost lay thick on leaves and the blades of the sedge grass, but the warm sun soon evaporated all this and as the day wore on it was quite warm. This brace was put down near the town at 8:11. Maid of Kent, the pointer (King of Kent—Hops), was handled by C. E. Buckle, and Chance, the English setter (Roderigo—Bo Peep), was handled by his part owner J. M. Avert. They both went off well and kept up a good range, but it was nearly an hour before game was found, when at the edge of pines Chance flushed a bevy and was soon lost to view. Searchers scattered in all directions to find him, and Avert fired twice to attract the dog's attention, which had the desired effect. Meanwhile Maid of Kent had been keeping to the course and ranging on through corn stubble. Then Chance was brought up and at once went off into pines, when he pointed false near the outside. Going through sedge field Maid retrieved a dead rabbit in most approved style, and she must have thought her handler had a queer way of expressing his thanks when the whip tingled her hide. At 9:49, at the edge of pines, Maid just stopped on or flushed, could not see which, a bevy, the bitch dropped to wing. Then she was held up for Chance, and following the singles, when Chance dropped to a point and Maid backed, but nothing found. Some yards further Maid pointed a single, and to the left Chance also nailed a bird, which Avert killed and dog retrieved. Then Maid pointed, drew on and nailed one under a tree. Dogs separated again and Chance while away pointed false twice. Lower down in woods Maid pointed a bevy and Chance was brought round to back, when Buckle killed, and Maid retrieved fairly well. Following these birds Maid secured one, Chance honoring her point; Maid was steady at the flush but Chance was not; Buckle killed and Maid retrieved well. Then an uncertain point for Maid and the bird flushed wild, Chance also pointing directly after near same place, with no apparent result. In woods near the main road Chance went off on another of his explorations, and Avert had to mount and go after him, the dog was eventually found by the guides and brought up to business again. Chance then soon found a bevy and Maid showed lots of style when she honored the point; Avert shot and missed, dogs steady. Following the scattered birds toward cover, both dogs got singles before getting to the woods, and Chance also nailed another just before entering. At the edge, Maid secured two more points on the singles. About half an hour after, Maid pointed a bevy, Buckle killed and the bitch retrieved just fairly from cover. Chance, meanwhile, under no control, hunting some distance off to the right, and Maid was held up for him to follow the birds. Edge of cover Maid pointed twice, on singles each time. On and into corn patch Chance pointed false, backed by Maid. After awhile he pointed again in a clump of firs without result. Both dogs were now, at 11:25, hunting pretty close to the guns, but still going strong. In sedge, Maid's action denoted game, and roading she finally drew to a point at the edge of a wheat patch, and Buckle flushing, shot and wounded the bird which Maid did not retrieve. These birds were not followed. Then Chance pointed false in ragweed, and at 11:55 he began to slow down in his gait, and nothing more was done in the way of game finding. At 12:11, Maid still going the freshest of the two, they were called up and the heat awarded to Maid of Kent. Both dogs had plenty of hunt in them at the finish. Maid showed good intelligent range, a keen nose, and was better on her birds. She always hunted well to the gun, which cannot be said of Chance till the freshness was worked out of him. The decision was entirely approved.

After lunch the two setters

PAUL BO—KING OF KENT. were cast off at 12:45. Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl), winner of the All-Age Setter Stake, was handled by Frank Richards and King's Mark (King's Noble—Belle Belton) was under the care of S. C. Bradley this time. Both ranged out well and King's Mark was the first to point and was held on it some time for Paul Bo to back, when he moved on alongside the woods, but nothing found. Lower down he pointed false and Paul

dropped to the back. Down in bottoms, in cover, Paul pointed false, then pointed again by the side of woods and was held for King's Mark, and judges, going on in front for King's Mark, flushed several birds and Paul moved on. King's Mark further up pointed and Paul crossed him right in front without backing. No game found. After ranging out different lots of ground Paul pointed in swamp, Mark backed, but nothing again and this was getting monotonous. Down in a hollow in swamp King's Mark pointed a single and Paul backed. Bradley shot and missed. In the open, in corn stubble, King's Mark dropped to a point and Bradley firing at a single that flushed wild, the balance of bevy rose, a bird was killed and Mark retrieved nicely. Lower down Mark sat down to another point. Paul backing across him. No birds found. Here at 2:40 Paul began to slow a bit, but it seems near the start he had fallen into a deep hole of water and, unable to get up the sides, had nearly exhausted himself when his handler found him and hauled him out of his chilly quarters. Then Paul ran right into a bevy, which flushed into woods, the dog stopping to wing. Paul then pointed and roaded on without locating anything. Higher up King's Mark nailed the bevy almost at the same time, and Bradley killed the dog retrieving. Then Paul came up to his bird in swampy cover, others flushing all round after, so his former point was on game after all. In a patch of grass in corn higher up, King's Mark pointed, roaded on, pointed again, but failed to locate. At 3:15, both getting down to a walk for a while, King's Mark going at a snail's pace nailed a bevy, which flushed wild. Then he thought he had had enough of it and came to heel. At 3:30 he quit, with a look at his handler as much as to say, "If you want to hunt any more with that crowd you can, but I'm through." It is not that he gets tired out, but he sulks, and as he is rather wise in his generation, he knows when he has had enough of it and no coaxing can move him on after. He did the same with Barker last year. Take him out alone he goes hopping around for several hours when required. Down in bottom Paul dropped to a point and birds flushed wild further on; then he dropped to a point, roaded on, and a single got up as he was passing to the left of it, and he should have done closer work. Out in the open Paul seemed to get his second wind and was going fairly well when called up at 4:45, and of course was awarded the heat. There was not much game found, and neither dog showed winning form for a four-hour race.

FRIDAY.

Second Series.

The morning was again a lovely one, perhaps a trifle too warm toward the middle of the day, and uncomfortable for the dogs but pleasant for the spectators. We were getting things down to a focus now, and to all intents and purposes it looked as if this heat would find a winner for the final.

RIP RAP—ANTONIO. were cast off at 8:17 about three miles from town. Antonio had run his bye on Tuesday afternoon with one of the stewards, and Rip Rap had not run since Wednesday. Both started well, and near the start in pines Antonio pointed uncertainly several times, then drew on, but Rip Rap was the first to find the game and pointed. By a fence afterwards Antonio pointed false and was backed by Rip Rap. Antonio was then lost for some time by the bridge, and Rip Rap hunted on the course to Hargreaves' farm. At 9 o'clock Antonio was brought up after half a dozen people had been looking for him. Soon after the judges separated again owing to Antonio's lack of control, and after ten minutes ranging on his own account he came in. Then working to the right Antonio pointed false, but was hunting at random and not to the prescribed course. Down in sedge in open ground Rip Rap got a good point on a bevy, McMurdo fired and missed. Birds were followed and in cover Rap got two singles; McMurdo killed and Rap retrieved well. Antonio then pointed by the water just below and then pointed false again. Above this swamp Rap pointed, roaded on but failed to just locate it, and bird flushed to one side afterwards. In open further on, Antonio pointed a bevy which flushed as Avert came up. After the scattered birds, and to Antonio's point two got up wild, then he got another and Rap pointed, Antonio backed but nothing raised, Antonio rushing in before point was left. Then Antonio made an uncertain point. In sedge in the open Antonio pointed, and roading on uncertainly at last nailed some birds which flushed wild, dog steady; Avert fired and missed. Both dogs then pointed singles. In fence bottom Rap nailed a single stylishly and after pointed false, Antonio backing. Then Antonio side of pines in sedge flushed a bevy, and lower down made a point but nothing found. Going toward some woods Rap scored again, getting a bevy, and Antonio honored stylishly. A false point, then a point on a single followed for Antonio. Rap afterwards scored well on a bevy which flushed wild while we waited for Antonio to back. In sedge to the right the latter pointed false. Dogs then brought together and sent off in sedge, when Antonio came to a point, then left it. Antonio was still ranging the fastest, but Rip Rap was also going a good steady gait. Then Antonio by a ditch pointed a bevy, and Rap backed well; Avert fired and missed. A point on birds by a spinney then followed for Antonio, well backed by Rip Rap. Then he nailed a single down in swamp, backed by Rap from the hilltop, and near the railroad he flushed another, and was working well to the gun now. Meanwhile down in the same swamp Rap had pointed twice on singles. Then by the railroad Antonio found a bevy, Rap backed well, and dogs were steady to Avert's shot. This Antonio followed up with another bevy on the hilltop at edge of woods. In woods after the singles, Antonio pointed, roaded on, pointed again, and a single was flushed. Avert missed, as usual. There were no birds killed over this dog. Rap ranging out of woods, came up with a bevy; McMurdo fired and missed. By the side of the woods Antonio nailed a single; Avert fired and missed. In open ag-in and Rap pointed a wounded bird; sent after it, chased and bounced on it and retrieved to the Captain, Antonio backing with style some distance away. Dogs called up at 12:17, Antonio showing the best disposition to hunt, Rip Rap loading a little, but still had a gallop in him, speed at finish about equal. Antonio won the heat.

The next heat should have been between Paul Bo and Maid of Kent, but Paul's previous heat the day before had not agreed with him and he was withdrawn, owing to sickness, by consent of judges. Maid of Kent then ran a bye with one of the stewards, and the company took plenty of time for lunch and rode leisurely home.

SATURDAY.

Final Heat.

ANTONIO—MAID OF KENT.—To give the pointer a little more rest, as she had run later than Antonio, the judges went out for a little amusement, and had some pretty sport, the rendezvous being the Grimes place at 12:45. When luncheon was over, the dogs were cast off at that time just near the farm buildings in ragweed. Five minutes after Maid nailed a bevy, Buckle killed and Maid retrieved in good style; Antonio at this time being off in the woods to the left. Previous to starting the judges announced that only the guides and judges and handlers should hunt for lost dogs, and this was right, as it is not fair to the dog which is keeping well to the course for others, including Mr. Avert's kennelman, to mount and hunt for Antonio, who is the principal offender in this sort of thing. To resume my tale, following the scattered birds Maid found singles. Higher up, in sedge, divided from the judges' view by a row of small trees, a bevy was seen to rise in the air, and one of the judges galloping ahead found Maid there, and she was cred-

THE ALBANY DECISION.

FOLLOWING we give the full text of the decision of the Supreme Court of this State in *Geo. B. Gallup vs. August Belmont et al.* This case, owing to the bearing it had on other suits which would have been brought against the A. K. C., assumes an importance that cannot be overestimated. Owing to the decision and opinion, which we give below, these suits have now been abandoned, and the question as to whether a club can legally publish the names of its disqualified members is definitely settled in the affirmative:

SUPREME COURT—GENERAL TERM, THIRD DEPARTMENT.

LEARNED, P. J., and LANDON, J. SARATOGA, September, 1891.
 GEORGE B. GALLUP, Respondent,
 against
 AUGUST BELMONT, et al., Appellants.
 Lowrey, Stone & Auerbach (Grosvenor P. Lowrey, of Counsel) for appellants.
 Parker & Fiero (J. Newton Fiero, of Counsel) for respondents.

OPINION.

LEARNED, P. J.:
 The complaint charges that the defendants, excepting Rogers, were the authors of the insertion of the names of the publishers of the *American Kennel Gazette*; and that Rogers was the printer of that newspaper; that the plaintiff was a member of the Albany Kennel Club, and that said club in March, 1889, held a bench show and awarded prizes; that in February, 1890, the defendants published concerning plaintiff a certain libel, which is set forth at length.

A second count, after stating the same preliminary matter, alleges the publication in the same paper, subsequently, of a certain other libel, also set forth at length.

The defendants demurred to the complaint as not stating facts sufficient to constitute a case of action. The demurrer was overruled at Special Term, and the defendants appealed.

The meaning of the words cannot be extended by innuendo beyond their natural import, aided by reference to the extrinsic facts, which may be connected. *Woodruff vs. Bradstreet Co.*, 118 N. Y. 217.

The allegations in the complaint preliminary to the alleged libel are useful to explain its meaning. But the question whether the publication is libelous must be judged by the publication itself.

This is not a case where the publications were made in regard to the plaintiff in connection with his business, as the plaintiff alleges that he is a librarian of the Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement in Albany, and that he holds many private trusts. But this publication has no connection with this office of librarian. Even neglect to pay prizes awarded at a dog show would not affect one's competency to perform the duties of that office. Nor do these private trusts constitute any trade or occupation as to which the publications were made. *Moore vs. Brown*, 121 N. Y. 109. *Sanderson vs. Caldwell*, 45 N. Y. 17.

The question must be, then, whether these publications held the plaintiff up to scorn or ridicule, or disgraced or degraded him in the eyes of men, or tended to do this. *Bergeman vs. Jones*, 91 N. Y. 51. *Moffatt vs. Cauldwell*, 3 Hun, 26. *Cooper vs. Greeley*, 1 Denio, 347.

The words are not ambiguous, nor do they permit of more than one interpretation. *Lewis vs. Chapman*, 16 N. Y. 308. *Hunt vs. Bennett*, 19 N. Y. 173.

The plaintiff claims that the words published tend to degrade him. The defendants say that they have no such tendency.

The first publication purports, from its language, to be the report of some committee of the American Kennel Club, and the action of the Executive Committee thereon. It states that the Advisory Committee in September, 1889, ordered the suspension of the Albany Kennel Club for non-payment of its prizes awarded in March, 1889; that thirty days had expired, and no official notice of such payment had reached the office; that President Belmont had suspended all officers of said club, under Rule 28, and that notice to that effect had been sent to certain officers of that club, naming them, among them the plaintiff. Thereupon the publication states that the secretary was instructed by the Executive Committee to notify these persons, naming them (including the plaintiff), "that they are disqualified until the awards given by that club are paid in full."

Now it is to be observed that there is no statement of any wrongful act on the part of the person thus disqualified. It is only stated that a club of which they were officers had neglected to pay the prizes which they had awarded. And that no official inquiry had been subsequently received by the Executive Committee. Neither of these persons is described as treasurer, and neither of them is stated to have neglected any duty. It would seem that if any kennel club does not pay its prizes, then the American Kennel Club disqualifies the officers. Or, rather, to state the matter more carefully, if the American Kennel Club is not officially notified of such payment, then it votes such disqualification. So that the only charges against these officers are that they neglected the American Kennel Club officially of the payment of those prizes.

The effect of such disqualification is not set forth. What these officers are disqualified from doing is not told to the public in the alleged libel. The question here is not as to the actual effect of the vote of the committee, but relates to the effect on the public of the publication, as to the character of the plaintiff. There is nothing disgraceful in being thus disqualified. A failure to pay prizes is a pecuniary obligation of the persons named, viz., the plaintiff, C. Hudson, Amasa J. Parker and Robert C. Pruyn. If these prizes were pecuniary obligations of these persons, there would have been no hesitation as to their payment. To publish that a judgment has been recovered against the plaintiff was held not to be libelous in *Woodruff vs. Bradstreet*, *ut supra*. Still less then would it be libelous on this plaintiff to state that the association had not paid a debt of which association this plaintiff was officer. It is not charged that the non-payment was the plaintiff's fault. We may infer that in the organization of the American Kennel Club it is the rule that its privileges shall not be enjoyed by officers of any other club which has not paid its prizes. But this rule and action under it impute no fraud or dishonesty of these officers in being thus disqualified. A failure to pay prizes is not reasonable might prevent the club from paying. And neither the rule nor the action of the American Kennel Club makes a charge of dishonesty, it cannot be that a publication of such action gives publicity to any such charge.

Nor can such a charge be inferred from the mere statement that for such non-payment by the association the plaintiff was disqualified. Even if this was the case, which it is not, the plaintiff is not deprived of the privilege of the American Kennel Club, there is nothing disgraceful in that statement. Unless it were known what the qualifications were for the enjoyment of such privilege, it would not be disgraceful not to possess them.

It would seem that prior to Dec. 19, 1889, the officers of this Albany Kennel Club had possessed these privileges, whatever they may have been, and that they believed that they had lost them because the club (not they themselves) had not paid its awards. If it had been published that this non-payment was owing to dishonesty or negligence of these officers, another question would have arisen. But nothing of that kind appears. Nor does the publication mean, as alleged in the complaint, that the plaintiff cheated and defrauded the exhibitors at the bench show. On the contrary, there is nothing in the publication which implies that the officers owed these prizes, or that the non-payment was caused by them.

The second count charges the publication of a list of persons headed "Disqualified," and containing the plaintiff's name, followed by an explanation that no person under sentence of disqualification can exhibit or take a prize, or act as agent for any person at any show held by a member of the American Kennel Club. In this as in the former count we must take the words for what they fairly mean. They are not equivocal. The meaning of "Disqualified" is here explained. It is that for some reason the American Kennel Club refuses to these persons the privilege of exhibiting, etc., at any show held by one of its members. The plaintiff avers that this publication set forth in the second count was intended to deprive him of the prizes which he had won, and that the Albany Kennel Club did not pay its awards, and that the members thereof defrauded the exhibitors. Nothing is stated in that publication as to the Albany Kennel Club or its exhibition. The article merely gives a list of the disqualified persons, and explains what such persons may not do. It does not state the cause of disqualification, so that if there is any injurious effect in the publication, it is in that statement that these persons may not do certain things. Can it then tend to disgrace a person

to publish that he is not allowed to exhibit or take a prize at a bench show held by a member of the American Kennel Club? Is the exhibition at a bench show of this club such a very moral act that to be excluded is disgraceful or disreputable? We think not. If it were a matter of public knowledge that to exhibit or take prizes at such a show required the possession of high intellectual, moral or social qualities, then the publication of a statement that one was disqualified might be considered a statement that he did not possess these qualities, and therefore "one calculated to injure his character."

The article is undoubtedly, as plaintiff claims, a statement that he, not the Albany Kennel Club, is deprived of a privilege of exhibiting. But this is no injurious statement. Construing the language according to the principle laid down in *Cooper vs. Greeley*, it imputes no wrongdoing to the plaintiff. And there is not the ambiguity in the language which leaves it open for the jury to give a construction to it.

We are of the opinion that the interlocutory judgment overruling the demurrer should be reversed, and that defendants should have judgment on the demurrer, with costs.

I concur. J. S. L.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held Dec. 10 at their offices, at 44 Broadway, New York city. It was one of the best attended meetings the club has yet held, drawn together no doubt owing to the many important matters that had to be considered and passed upon by the executive committee.

There were fifteen delegates present, not including Mr. Belmont, who was in the chair.

The amendments proposed by Dr. H. T. Foote, under Art. XIV. of the constitution were adopted with some slight changes as follows:

Rule XII. A dog suffering from (eczema) mange or any contagious (or objectionable) disease shall be disqualified, and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it, and shall be removed at once from the show building. The regularly appointed veterinary shall alone decide as to the condition of the dog, and his decision must be given in writing.

Rule XVII. Bench show committees may provide (such classes for dogs of established breeds as they choose).

1. The Miscellaneous class shall comprise all dogs for which no regular class has been provided in the Premium Lists. Entries in this class must specify the breed of the exhibit, and it must be so published in the Catalogue.

2. The Selling Class shall be for dogs to be sold for a maximum price, to be stated in the Premium List. An exhibitor may catalogue his dog in this class for any sum less than the maximum.

3. The Novice Class shall be for a breed for which a regular class has been provided, and for competition in which a dog shall not have won a prize in an open class at any American Kennel Club show, or which has not won (such) a prize in a recognized show held in England or Canada.

4. The Puppy Class shall be for dogs over six months and under twelve months of age.

5. The Open Class shall be for dogs of any age, which have not already qualified for the Challenge Class, and for which no Challenge Class has been provided.

6. The Challenge Class shall be for all dogs having won four first prizes in the open classes. A dog having won three first prizes in this class (one of which shall have been won at a show having not less than 500 entries) shall have the privilege of the title of champion, without further competition.

Rule XXI. Special prizes shall only be offered for dogs of established breeds, and no dog eligible for special prizes can be withdrawn from competition, unless it has been stated on entry blanks, "Will not compete for special prizes."

Rule XXXIII. (Additional Rule.) No show shall extend over four days, including the last day of receiving and the first day of liberating the exhibits.

NOTE.—All clauses in italics are the added amendments.

After this the question of the New Jersey Kennel Club was taken up. No one appeared for them. Mr. Richards read the charges formulated by the advisory committee against the N. J. K. C., which were as follows: The undersigned, individually, and as the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club, do hereby charge the New Jersey Kennel Club, one of the members of the American Kennel Club, with conduct prejudicial to the welfare of the association, and do charge that the membership of said New Jersey Kennel Club, and the continuation of such membership is prejudicial to the welfare of the American Kennel Club.

SPECIFICATIONS.

Specification 1. That whereas the executive committee of the American Kennel Club did at its first regular quarterly meeting, held on Sept. 25, 1890, impose a sentence of disqualification upon one Charles J. Peshall upon charges theretofore made against said Peshall, due notice of which sentence of disqualification was given to all the members of said American Kennel Club, the said New Jersey Kennel Club did thereafter, on or about the 15th day of May, 1891, elect and appoint said Peshall to the office of President of said New Jersey Kennel Club.

Specification 2. That whereas the executive committee of the American Kennel Club did at its regular quarterly meeting, held on Sept. 25, 1890, impose a sentence of disqualification upon one Charles J. Peshall, upon charges theretofore made against said Peshall, due notice of which sentence of disqualification was given to all the members of said American Kennel Club, the said New Jersey Kennel Club did thereafter, on or about the 15th day of May, 1891, elect said Peshall as the delegate and representative of said New Jersey Kennel Club in the American Kennel Club.

Specification 3. That whereas after the said election and appointment of the said Peshall as delegate and representative of said New Jersey Kennel Club in the American Kennel Club, to wit, on or about May 25, 1891, said Peshall presented his credentials as such delegate and representative at the regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club held upon said day, and said executive committee declined to receive said Peshall as the delegate of the New Jersey Kennel Club, and rejected his credentials, the said New Jersey Kennel Club did again re-elect and reappoint the said Peshall as the delegate and representative of said New Jersey Kennel Club in the American Kennel Club.

Specification 4. That the said conduct of the New Jersey Kennel Club, set forth in specification 1, and the said conduct of said New Jersey Kennel Club, set forth in specification 3, is in each instance, and in all said instances conduct amounting to a refusal to recognize the sentence of disqualification imposed by the American Kennel Club upon said Charles J. Peshall, and conduct amounting to a refusal upon the part of said New Jersey Kennel Club to abide by the action of the American Kennel Club in imposing such penalty, and conduct subversive of the authority of the American Kennel Club in the performance of the functions for which it was organized, and therefore hostile to American kennel interests which said American Kennel Club was formed to promote and protect.

Dated New York, Nov. 9, 1891.
 (Signed) JOHN S. WISE,
 AUGUST BELMONT,
 JAMES L. ANTHONY,
 THOS. H. TERRY.

The charges had been served by messenger on Mr. Geo. Wilms, secretary of the N. J. K. C., but no notice was taken of them. In accordance with a motion passed at the last meeting it was then moved and seconded that the New Jersey Club be expelled. A vote was then taken, which resulted in the expulsion of the New Jersey Club by a practically unanimous vote, Max Wenzel and A. B. Blossom de-

ited with a flush. She was standing wagging her tail when first seen. At 1:05 Antonio was lost and Maid went on alone by the railroad. Antonio was brought up again at 1:20. During this time Antonio had found a single and made two false points. Maid found another bevy and two different singles, and Antonio pointed false, and ranging to one side pointed again uncertainly; nothing found. Maid was now hunting with good sense and alone. Maid, by cover, stopped as a bevy flushed down wind, and in woods she pointed two singles of these. Buckle fired, killed and Maid retrieved nicely. Buckle is evidently a good shot, too good at times for the best interests of his dog, as in retrieving the bird the bitch lost time once or twice which Antonio placed to his advantage by meanwhile finding a single or two. Antonio, after a false point, was again lost to view at 2:03, Maid working out the ground nicely and with good range. At 2:30 Antonio came up with the procession again, Aven following on horseback; the dog had found a single while away. At 2:40 Antonio off again. Aven mounted to look for him, and the dog was seen to cross our path soon after going like a steam engine straight for some woods to the right, where Aven was put on his trail, and at 2:55 the dog was secured after finding a bevy in the woods. Down in a spinney Antonio then found a single, which flushed wild. Antonio then pointed in ragweed, but left the point as Aven came up. Then Maid, backed by Antonio, made a no-point, and by the ditch Antonio found some birds, which flushed wild, and followed this up by a point on a single; pointed again without decision, bird getting up to one side. Further on each got singles, and Buckle killed that to his dog and Maid retrieved. After this Antonio nailed a bird in plum thicket. Antonio afterward made game and roamed into a bevy. Aven fired and missed, and the dog going on pointed, foot-scent probably. In sedge further on he pointed false, but down in a hollow he secured one bird. Maid now pointed fur. At 4:30 Antonio dawdled a bit, Maid ranging out well and showing little signs of fatigue. In sedge Antonio then pointed uncertainly, roamed, pointed again, but nothing found he showing little interest in his work. At 4:35 Maid slipped her handler, going back on the track and was not found till close of heat, when not far behind, one of the guides came up with her while she was pointing stiff and had been for some time evidently, what turned out to be a rabbit, dogs had then been called up, as it was 4:45. Then the judges went off to consult and had a long confab before riding toward the crowd, when to the astonishment of a good many it was announced that Antonio had won the Free For All Stake of \$1,000. Judge Tracy also announced that they were unable to decide between the two dogs on the work done in this heat and were compelled to draw their reasons from the previous work done in the stake. This was hardly fair to Maid of Kent, as this race was not run under the spotting system, the judges having distinctly stated in answer to the question that it was a heat race. Besides, to judge the two dogs on this basis the judges should have also seen the two dogs run in their byes, which they did not do. The decision was hardly consistent and Antonio was again a lucky dog, for he was beaten on birds and his numerous false points, to say nothing of his lack of control till he tired down, should have materially affected his chances; added to this his not retrieving a bird during the heat or stake, while Maid retrieved all shot over her. This brought the meeting to a close, and shows conclusively the need of a third judge, for the lack of which the other two were necessarily handicapped. Messrs. Tracy and Wallace worked hard and conscientiously to arrive at the decisions and were always attentive to the work of the dogs throughout the meeting, and both are very capable men.

Summary, First Series.

Charlotteville Kennels' pointer Rip Rap beat Edward Gray's English setter Count Eric.

Charlotteville Kennels' pointer Maid of Kent beat J. M. Aven and Bayard Thayer's English setter Chance.

Richard Merrill's English setter Paul Bo beat B. Ridgway and P. S. Brown's English setter King's Mark.

J. M. Aven and N. T. Harris's English setter Antonio a bye.

Second Series.

Antonio beat Rip Rap.
 Maid of Kent a bye. Paul Bo withdrawn.

Final.

Antonio beat Maid of Kent and won the prize, \$1,000.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

DEATONSVILLE, Va., Tuesday A. M. (Special to *Forest and Stream*).—The attendance at the trials this year is very light. Several members, including Messrs. D. C. Connell, F. G. Taylor and F. S. Brown, are detained at home by sickness. Among those present are Col. B. Ridgway, J. H. Winslow, Dr. Glass, J. C. Mitchell, L. Smith, S. C. Bradley, Chas. Barker, John White, Major Taylor, J. F. Johnson, Chas. Heath, W. A. Coster, Col. Merriam and J. O'H. Denny. The Members' Stake closed with only five entries, drawn to run as follows: Lena with King's Mark, Sport with Ben Hur, Joe Lewis a bye. The opening day is favorable for good work.

THE ALBANY SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club has perfected arrangements for holding its first show at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 5 to 8, 1892, under A. K. C. rules, and from the way entries are pouring in it promises to be a "rouser." A number of well known kennels have made entries for nearly all their dogs.

The prizes are large, \$10 to first and \$5 to second, and \$10 for kennels of four best specimens, besides a long list of cash specials on nearly every breed. No Yankee notions, etc., but the cold cash, and as they have a large guarantee fund, exhibitors will be sure of their money.

The dogs will be benched with new clean benches and everything will be done for the comfort of the dogs. That noted judge, Jas. Mortimer, will pass judgment on the quality of the stock shown, and C. E. Rockenstyre, known far and near as "Rocky," will superintend the dogs, and T. Gordon Lillico, a noted veterinarian from England, will care for the health of the stock.

The show will be held in the mammoth Lark street Rink (Academy of Music), which is well lighted by electricity by night, is well ventilated and heated, and all notable events take place here. The club is composed of progressive breeders, and nothing will be left undone for the comfort of exhibitors. The hotels and railroads will give reduced rates during the show. Send for prize lists, etc., to me.

C. E. ROCKENSTYRE, Press Com.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 12.

PLAN FOR A BEAGLE KENNEL.—Eliott City, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would your kennel editor or some reader kindly give in your columns a short description and a working plan of a kennel to accommodate twelve beagles, part of them puppies, and three setters? It is understood that an acre of ground will be given for the buildings and inclosure, and the dogs to be kept confined to this inclosure except when hunting or out for exercise. The owner desires to breed beagles for sale and his own use, and desires to be as economical as possible in point of expense of building. By giving such plans a great favor would be conferred upon myself and possibly others, who, like myself, possess little or no mechanical skill.—SAMUEL J. FORT.

clining to vote. The vote stood 11 in favor of expulsion and 2 blank.

The following clubs were elected to membership: The Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association, of Freeport, Ill.; the New England Field Trial Club, of Boston, and the Bexar Field Trial Club, of San Antonio, Texas. Resignations were received from the following clubs: The Philadelphia Kennel Club, St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, and the Toledo Kennel Club.

ROCKFORD DOG SHOW.

THE dog show held by the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association at Rockford, Ill., must be set down a success. The quality of dogs present was decidedly better than former years, though the number of dogs did not show much increase. The only hitch was in the matter of delay in judging, the judge unfortunately being also the superintendent, a state of things by which the best interests of dog shows are not subserved. The delay in getting out a catalogue was also detrimental to the interests of the club. It is a praiseworthy matter when a club gets out a marked catalogue, but exhibitors would rather have just the plain catalogue if they have to wait till near the close of the show for the marked one, as was the case in this instance.

Mr. Tim Donoghue made his debut in the ring as a judge, though he is well known to all as an oldtime exhibitor, and his cheerful temperament has put life into many a show gathering. He judged pointers, setters, foxhounds and beagles, while Mr. Harry L. Goodman, the superintendent, took all the other classes. The judging gave good satisfaction. Ben Lewis has got together another good string of dogs, and I hope he can keep up his winning gait right through till the flowers bloom again, and the same applies to Mr. Naylor.

The dogs were fed on Spratts biscuits, and the disinfectant used was Sanitas powder. The old style wooden benches were used. Most of the winners are well known, so a detailed criticism need not be given. The following is the prize list:

MASTIFFS, OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chas. E. Bunn's Ormonde; 2d and very high com., Colin C. McLain's Cyrus and Sraosha. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, Chas. E. Bunn's Mattella and Sianola. Very high com., reserve, Colin C. McLain's Armali. Very high com., Chas. E. Bunn's Lady Cobey. **Puppies:** 1st and 2d, Colin C. McLain's Sraosha and Armali.

GREAT DANES, OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Imperial Kennels' Imperator; 2d, Jos. Zulligan's Grover Cleveland. **Bitches:** 1st, Geo. W. Clayton's Minca; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Columbian Daphne. Very high com., F. S. Anderson's Columbian Flora and Jas. A. Lawrence's Trene II.

ST. BERNARDS, ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Hickox's Fernwood Bruce; 2d, Dr. John W. Dunlop's Othello. Very high com., reserve, Whitewater Kennels' Royalty. Very high com., Whitewater Kennels' Gen. Bedivere and F. A. Anderson's Knight. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, Fernwood Kennels' I. O. and Plodwin. Very high com., Whitewater Kennels' Clara. **Puppies:** 1st, J. E. Wright's Tot.

ST. BERNARDS, SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Fernwood Kennels' Lord Hector. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, South Bend Kennels' Sir Eldred. **Bitches:** 1st, Capital City Kennels' Nell II.

BLOODHOUNDS, 1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepherd.

GREYHOUNDS, 1st, F. S. Anderson's Kentucky Blue.

FOXHOUNDS, Dogs: 2d, Derwent Bros.'s Radical. **Bitches:** 2d, Derwent Bros.'s Passion.

POINTERS—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Winslow's Inspiration; 2d, J. G. Earle's Chief Amo. **Bitches:** 2d, G. F. Rohr's Bird.

ENGLISH SETTERS, CHALLENGE—1st, P. H. Gotzian's Monk of Furness. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, H. Northwood's Benzine. **Bitches:** 1st, Dr. J. A. Hartman's Albert's Nellie; 2d, A. J. Kiofand's Paxia Maid. Very high com., P. H. Gotzian's Minnesota. **Puppies:** 1st, T. E. Taylor's Buster Billings.

IRISH SETTERS, CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare and Seminoles. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Glenmore; 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Lord Elcho. **Bitches:** 1st, Dr. Wesley Mills's Elfreda; 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Bessie Glencho II.

GORDON SETTERS, CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon's Duchess Waverly. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, E. Lewis's Asp. **Bitches:** 1st, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon's Countess Richmond.

FIELD SPANIELS, CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Black Diamond. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, T. E. Taylor's Newton Abbot Porro; 2d, Mrs. A. P. Smith's Arko. **Bitches:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' What Not.

COCKER SPANIELS, CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, J. P. Wiley's Jersey Obor; 2d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Gothamite. **Bitches:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Lady Obor; 2d, J. P. Wiley's Black Duchess. **Puppies:** 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Woodland Pete.

COLLIES, ROUGH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' champion Roslyn Dandy. **Bitches:** 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Metchy Surprise. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Rowdy; 2d, John Hawkes's Walter Scott III. Very high com. and reserve, S. J. Black's Wooley. Very high com., H. R. Smith's Griefenstein. High com., E. A. Rogers's Banker. **Bitches:** 1st, John Hawkes's Grange Nellie; 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Dot. Very high com., H. R. Smith's Pine Grove Queen and Pine Grove Maid. High com., E. A. Rogers's Nellie, S. J. Black's Perty and Lili. Com., H. R. Smith's Willis. **Puppies:** 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Scotia IV.

BULLDOGS, CHALLENGE—1st, E. A. Woodward's Bo'swain. **OPEN—Bitches:** 1st, E. A. Woodward's Duchess of Parma.

BULL-TERRIERS, CHALLENGE—1st, Wm. J. Bryson's Duff-aria. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. Clayton's Chautauqua Sam. **Bitches:** 1st, Geo. W. Clayton's White Gipsey. **Puppies:** 1st and 2d, Geo. W. Clayton's Chautauqua Tam and Chautauqua Bird.

DACHSHUNDE, CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Gill. **OPEN—1st and 2d,** Wm. Locffer's Lina K. and Hundesport Bergman.

POODLES, Bitches: 1st, Mrs. W. P. Woodard's Pera.

BEAGLES, OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wm. H. Child's Tony Weller. **Bitches:** 1st, Middleton Kennels' June Rose; 2d, Wm. H. Child's Oak View Juliet. Very high com., Rudolph Engleman's Sadie and R. C. Rinearson's Dottie K. and Bettie R.

SMOOTH FOX-TERRIERS, OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. E. Fishbourn's Glendon Spark; 2d, Harry Northwood's Painter. **Bitches:** 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Venus; 2d, G. R. Halden's Auburn Beauty.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS, 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Barton Stung.

IRISH TERRIERS, 1st, H. O'Connor's Galtees; 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Ballymoony.

SCOTCH TERRIERS, 1st, W. P. Frazer's Grey.

DANDIE DUMMOT TERRIERS, 1st, H. J. Linzen's Border Clunker II.

SKYE TERRIERS, 1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS, 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Prince Raglan.

PUGS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. **Bitches:** 1st, Howard Kennels' sateen. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Howard Kennels' Penrice; 2d, Mrs. M. M. Ballantine's Curtis. Very high com. reserve, Seminoles Kennels' Kash, Jr. Very high com., Geo. H. McLain's Bobbie Mae and Eberhart Pug Kennels' Seven Dollars. **Bitches:** 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mable K.; 2d, Howard Kennels' Lady Clover. Very high com. reserve, Geo. H. McLain's Peggie Gillivan. Very high com., M. H. Cryer's Cribbage. High com., Seminoles Kennels' Little Duchess. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Howard Kennels' Penrice Boy. **Bitches:** 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Peggy Pryde; 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Little Duchess.

SPECIALS.

Best kennel Irish setters, Oak Grove Kennels; best kennel collies, Seminoles Kennels; best kennel Gordon setters, Dr. S. G. Dixon; best kennel mastiffs, C. E. Bunn; best kennel spaniels, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels; best kennel St. Bernards, Fernwood Kennels; best kennel pugs, Howard Kennels; best kennel of any other breed, C. C. McLain's mastiffs; best dog in the show, Inspiration; best litter of puppies, H. R. Smith's collies; best poodle, Pera; best pug bitch in open class, Mable K.; largest exhibit of dogs, Seminoles Kennels; best English setter, Monk of Furness; best pointer, Inspiration; best Irish setter bitch, Elfreda; best setter dog, Kildare; best St. Bernard, Fernwood Bruce; best pug in open classes, Penrice; best fox-terrier, Glendon Spark; best collie, Roslyn Dandy.

DOG CHAT.

WE are very much interested in the call that Mr. Millais makes, on behalf of Dr. Romanes, for instances to either refute or prove the popularly accepted idea that a mesalliance will more or less mark the subsequent litters the bitch may have. There have been desultory proofs advanced on both sides the question, but we do not believe there has as yet been any decided movement to bring such a number of cases to light as will prove the theory one way or the other. From the questions on this subject that we receive from time to time we know that, should some definite conclusion be arrived at, it will ease the minds of many dog owners who, when such a *contradictum* occurs, are in a dilemma as to the right course to pursue, especially in the case of a valuable breeding bitch. Our own experience has been, happily, a very limited one in this respect, not enough to form a decided opinion one way or the other, and we shall follow the instances that may be published with much interest. We shall be pleased to publish the experiences of any of our readers who may be able to throw light on this dark subject, for it is one of vital importance to present and future breeders of dogs.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we notice that Fairmead Kennels and A. M. Jaggard have great Dane pups for sale; Huddersfield Kennels, prick-eared Skye terriers; F. H. Perry, Irish setters; "Tilton Place," pointers and setters; Geo. Collingwood, broken English setter; M. A. Hanchett, Irish setters; 107 Bergen avenue, collie dog; Frank F. Dole, noted bulldogs; H. Blaisdell, beagle pups; W. H. Hyland, pointer bitch; G. W. Patterson, St. Bernards; P. H. Coombs, Yorkshire terrier pups. At stud: Gleucose Kennels' beagles and Frank F. Dole's bulldogs. We also draw attention to the coming sale of St. Bernards at the American Horse Exchange.

Our progressive contemporary the *Fanciers' Journal* has issued a Christmas number that is replete with good articles on dog and poultry subjects by well-known writers, which will afford a pleasant hour's reading to any one.

We were sorry to miss Mr. Frank Dole when he called the other day but we are glad to say he was not allowed to depart without leaving his little budget of news. He has imported for Mr. John E. Thayer the well-known fox terriers Miss Dollar and Brockenhurst Tyke. Both have won numerous prizes on the other side and will be welcome additions to the fox terrier company here. Mr. Thayer, we hear, is well pleased with them. Mr. Thayer has exported a deerhound bitch; note the ex carefully as we believe it about the first dog exported in a bona fide sale, at any rate of this breed. The bitch goes to Mr. W. X. Sellar of the Union Club, London. Mr. Dole himself has imported the bull terrier champion Sir Monty II., winner of about fifty prizes. There is likely to be keen competition in the bull terrier classes this coming year, and evidently friend Frank is not going to lose any of his well-earned laurels. For Mr. Manice, who already owns Windrush Riotor and Janet, he has imported the dachshund bitch Venus II., a big winner on the other side, among others having won a challenge cup and special for best in show and for best brood bitch. We are very pleased to see the attention that is being given to this hitherto neglected breed, for despite his rather awkward appearance there is no more merry or companionable dog than the dachshund.

If the death list of our principal dogs increases at the rate it is doing, kennel papers will have to publish an obituary column. It is really distressing to hear of the death of so many fine dogs as have taken place this year, by far the most unfortunate in this respect that this country has yet experienced. There have been rumors in the air for some time that the great Plinlimmon had gone the way of all flesh. But for some reason his owner deferred making the matter public. Owing to a direct inquiry to Mr. Moore we have obtained authentic information of his death. Mr. Moore writes:

In reply to your inquiry asking if Plinlimmon was dead or not I would say that he is. Your space has been occupied so much lately, making mention of different dogs that have died, I thought I would make no mention of this one.—F. H. Moore.

That we and all St. Bernard lovers condole with Mr. Moore in his loss goes without saying. No information is given as to the time or cause of his death, but no doubt the drain on his constitution from the several tumors he was relieved of by Dr. Glover, may have been the cause of his demise, and add to this the fact of his peculiar conditions of life while on the stage with his former master, "Fritz" Emmett, and his increasing years, the cause of his death is not far to seek.

We remember the last time we saw him, not long before his sale to Mr. Moore, he seemed, although apparently in full bloom as to condition, to have some difficulty in lying down on the stage, acting something like old champion Ohso used to do. Plinlimmon was whelped June 29, 1883, and was by Mr. W. M. Potheary's Pilgrim out of his breeder's, Mr. T. Hall, Bessie II., so it will be seen that the dog was getting well on in years. After Mr. Hall the Rev. Arthur Carter owned him, and he in turn, we believe, sold him to Mr. J. F. Smith, and he sold him to Mr. H. R. Chapman, who then sold him to Mr. Sydney W. Smith, and from the latter well-known St. Bernard man, "Fritz" Emmett, on the lookout for a canine sensation, purchased him for the then large price of \$5,000, and his departure from England with an almost practically unbeaten record, Prince Battenberg, we believe, being the only dog that loved his colors, was a matter of regret to all English St. Bernard breeders, who, however, quickly forgot their loss in the charms of the now great Sir Bedivere. Plinlimmon had won the St. Bernard challenge cup five times, a record unattained by any other dog. His winnings—well, it is needless to repeat them here, for does not the above record tell the story, suffice it to say his list comprises first and specials at the cream of the English shows. It has always been a matter of regret that he was not shown on the bench in this country, but his actor owner was obdurate on the point, not to say mercenary, and also carried his objection so far as to allow no stud service to any one, at least there is no public record of his doing so. Mr. Emmett imported him in 1888 and his record on the stage is known to every one who delighted in the performances of his noted master. Of course, such an animal as he was was necessarily extensively used in the stud on the other side, and he numbers many well-known prize winners among his progeny. Prince Regent, we believe, was the best of his get and Pliny, Scout, Young Plinlimmon, Refuge II., etc., are names that occur to us at the moment as celebrated sons of his. Again we say, Mr. Moore has our sincere sympathy.

In the loss of champion Ilford Chancellor Mr. James W. Whitney, proprietor of the Flour City Kennels, has lost a mastiff that he will find difficult to replace, though we are pleased to know that his young dog Cardinal Beaufort will be a worthy successor when he attains his "majority." Mr. Whitney is now tasting some of the bitter side of valuable dog keeping, and it is needless to say that we as well as the mastiff breeders will condole with him in his loss. When we visited his kennel recently we remarked that he never looked better and seemed as active as a kitten. Apoplexy, we are told, was the cause of his death. He died Dec. 9, Ilford Chancellor was whelped May 15, 1885, so must be said to have been far from an old dog. He was by the well-known champion Ilford Caution out of Brenda Secunda, by Turk out of Brenda. Turk, by Colonel out of Motive, and as his

name would imply, was bred by Mr. R. Cook, of England. His winnings in England number some twenty-five first prizes, and since he was imported by Mr. E. H. Moore in 1889, he has won about the same number here. He was purchased by Mr. Whitney in 1890 from Mr. Moore. Ilford Chancellor has been a success in the stud, his principal get being Ingleside Maximilian, that takes after his grandsire, and Crown Prince Maximilian. Mr. Whitney, in view of the death of this dog, was doubly fortunate in securing such a good young dog as the now head of the kennels, Cardinal Beaufort.

Mr. Mortimer writes us that Mr. Geo. Raper, the noted judge in England, will be one of the judges at the forthcoming New York show. This is a good selection and will be a benefit to many breeds, notably the terriers, greyhounds, etc.

About the Duke of Maplecroft, a dark horse in St. Bernard, the *Stock-Keeper* has a good deal to say and goes to the trouble of exploding very effectually the idea that he was to beat Sir Bedivere hands down, as was the report put about here when some of our moneyed St. Bernard breeders were advised to buy him. Mr. Ruppert cabled for his price and was told \$7,500 was the rock bottom figure, so he was left severely alone, and fortunately, as it turned out, for instead of setting the St. Bernard world on fire, he only won, under Mr. Betterton, second prize at the late Birmingham show. This is what Mr. Betterton says in his notes for the *Kennel Gazette*, which he gives *Stock-Keeper* the privilege of publishing: "Beautiful head, bitchy head, well marked, well shown, but thin. Legs, good bone, but alas, forelegs weak (and here follows a drawing of crooked legs), lacks squareness in muzzle, weak in hind legs. Beautiful tail, well carried." Mr. Betterton says he is a nice dog, of medium height only (his height is 31in.), and nothing behind this to make any fuss about. And this is the dog that would have been bought by New York parties had the price been anywhere near the \$5,000 mark. Verily the old proverb, "Look before you leap" is very applicable to St. Bernard buying just at present.

For lack of space this week English notes and many queries must go over till next week.

Mr. C. E. Buckle, of the Charlottesville Kennels, has gone down to Mississippi to locate a winter training ground for their young pointers.

Messrs. Geo. E. Gray and Frank Richards will locate this winter together somewhere in the Mississippi State to train their Derby dogs.

Mr. D. A. Upson did not keep the now celebrated pointer Promotion, winner of the Pointer Derby and absolute Derby winner at Central Field Trials and second Pointer Derby at U. S. Field Trials, very long. Col. B. Ridgway, of Philadelphia, Pa., purchased him last week. This well-known member of the P. K. C. must be congratulated on his purchase of a good dog.

The \$500 trophy that will be given at the New York show by Messrs. Reick, Ruppert and the W. K. C., for the best American-bred St. Bernard whelped after 1890, is now being made and will be a very fine work of art. Figures of Prince Regent, Scottish Prince and Princess Florence, the two latter his finest get, will be modeled in relief. The New York *Herald* is also donating 25 bronze medals for the best in different breeds at the New York show. The medals, we are told, will be very fine and well worth winning.

Dr. Foote has had a touch of distemper in his kennel, which now we are pleased to say is clear of it. But not before his Rochelle Otero had succumbed and one very promising dog pup. Otero was sold and only awaiting her visit to Broomfield Sultan.

The South Bend Kennels, of South Bend, Ind., are making strenuous efforts to come to the front in St. Bernard breeding, and have just bred their bitch Nymph to Sir Bedivere. Their Sir Eldred, we see, won out at Rockford, Ill., show the other day. They have two good pups by this dog Sir Eldred, one weighing 49lbs. at three months old.

Those who are wont to look upon the size of a dog as its most valuable requisite, will be delighted to hear that the proportions some dogs attain are not limited to those of the dogs we are familiar with at our shows—St. Bernards, for instance. When the editor of the *Stock-Keeper*, England, tells us that he has, through Mr. J. L. Wilson, the well known fancier, had the opportunity of seeing a dog that would make the largest St. Bernard look small, we should think the limit of appreciable size has been reached. This dog is a Thibet shepherd's dog, and resembles an enormous sheepdog, with frill, tail and rough coat of a yellow fawn color. He is said to be as gentle as he is big; and this would seem to be just the breed for some of those who are ever on the lookout for sensation, even in dogs.

If there is not much money in collie breeding in this country quite the opposite seems to be the case on the other side providing one has the proper stock in the kennel. We have several times lately made mention of large prices for puppies of this breed, and now a Mr. T. Powers has sold three Edgaston Marvel—Barwell Pearl pups to the well-known collie man, Mr. A. H. Megson, for \$1,000. The latter gentleman has also paid \$2,000 for the collie Southport Pilot, that beat the crack Sefton Hero. Mr. Megson also allowing the late owner five stud services of the dog. At the late King's Lynn (Eng.) show, held a fortnight since, the Prince and Princess of Wales exhibited thirteen dogs, winning several prizes. If this piece of information could only be disseminated among the "Doncherknos" of this city who pattern their ties by that of his Highness, the next W. K. C. show would be a crowded one.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

THE broil about the pedigree of the pug dog Lord Clover is in a very unsatisfactory condition. Whether readers are "concerned" or not as to the facts about this, very many are certainly "interested," as the display of keen interest on Mr. Ballentine's part was certainly of a very interesting character. But be we ever so little concerned as to the subject matter of such a brilliant fight as this has been, we cannot avoid an interest growing up in our minds as to what the real truth is concerning a matter which has evolved such pyrotechnics, and there has been no real proof submitted on either side of the question. I am very far from advising that smouldering embers be rekindled, but it is not wise to drop any subject in such a half-chewed state (if you will pardon the inelegance of the simile), and Mr. Ballentine should produce the evidence of the English authorities he cites as indorsing the pedigree and Dr. Cryer show what foundation he has for his doubts.

I have just happened on a little Christmas book called "Fop and Mop," issued by *Home Words*, London, Eng., the canine illustrations of which strike me as superior to anything I have seen. The artist is one W. W. Lloyd, of whom I have never heard before, and he displays in a most marked degree the faculty of seizing the most characteristic features of dogs, a point most artists fail in. THE OSLUCKER.

MR. HACKE'S BARZOIS.

MR. PAUL HACKE'S large farm, located some two miles east and south of Greensburg, was the scene of an exciting and thrilling wolf hunt.

The idea of the chase grew out of the fact that Mr. Hacke's large family of Barzois or Russian wolfhounds are kept at his farm. Among others who had a curiosity to see how the Hacke kennel would perform in the presence of a wolf, was Dr. Grimes, who was largely instrumental in inducing Mr. Hacke to purchase the hounds. After some dickering two wolves were secured from the Schenley Park Zoo. They were of the prairie variety, and were shipped from the Far West last spring. Since that time the best at the command of Supt. McKnight was none too good for them, and they were in prime condition for a battle and a run.

A party of about fifty gentlemen watched this novel hunt with interest. A more delightful day could not have been selected.

The first performance, which was somewhat lacking in sportsmanlike qualities, was the trial of a party of seven young dogs that had never had an encounter with a wolf. The wolf was turned out in the inclosure of the kennel with little chance of escape. He seemed to regard it as a hopeless case and at once made a rush for an angle in the high and strong wire fence. The young hounds regarded him with a feeling of natural enmity, but with hair erect, eyes blazing and his fierce jaw set he held them at bay for some moments. Then the veteran Osniaday was brought out. As he bounded from the kennel he sniffed the air and in an instant he leaped across the yard, fairly brushed the younger dogs aside and began a life and death battle with his natural foe. Swift as an arrow from the bow, says the correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, his long white head and nose shot out toward the wolf. The next instant two long gleaming rows of merciless teeth sank into a death grip upon the wolf's throat and the struggle began. The young dogs now joined in the unequal battle and the victim was soon killed and left a torn and bleeding mass. The dogs did not escape, however, without punishment. One of them ventured too near the jaws of the wolf and the desperate animal took a farewell grip upon his nose, sinking his teeth clear through that member and leaving an ugly wound.

The second wolf was released in the middle of a 20-acre field, with fields on every side and a heavy wood stretching away in the distance. Although the odds were against the wolf, it still had some advantage in this particular, that it could dodge along the fences more readily than the dogs. The full pack of fourteen hounds were turned loose in pursuit, and then began a desperate run. The hounds did not have a chance to extend themselves freely, owing to the turns and smallness of the lot, and the wolf managed to out-foot them in the first mad chase around the field. Then the terrific pace began to tell upon the wolf, and with one grand leap he cleared the fence and made a wild dash for freedom down the straight road. The hounds followed in hot pursuit, fairly leaping and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach the victim. The wolf kept to the road until he could fairly feel the hot breath of his pursuers, when he gained a point by turning suddenly, clearing the fence, and leading the way across another great field. The whole pack, wolf and all, soon disappeared over a rise of ground, and when the spectators arrived the fragments of the wolf alone told how the chase had ended. No one saw what dog first reached the doomed animal, but the fact had been clearly established that the Barzoi hounds are certain death on the track of a wolf.

It is possible that during the winter another hunt will be given, in which the chances of the wolves will be made nearer even.

THE INFLUENCE OF A PREVIOUS SIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Everett Millais writes to the *Fanciers' Gazette* that the distinguished investigator, Dr. G. J. Romanes, has undertaken an investigation of the notion that when a bitch has an alliance with a dog of another breed her subsequent offspring exhibit traces of the first alliance, and he asks that breeders will communicate with him what their experience has been as to this. May I not ask that American breeders will join in so excellent a work and will communicate, either direct to Everett Millais, Esq., 31 Grosvenor road, Westminster, to me, or to your journal? Mr. Millais rightly points out that owing to the lack of accurate information on this subject owners of a bitch which has suffered "a misfortune" are apt to deem her ruined for future breeding, and give away or dispose of for a song what might otherwise be a most valuable animal. Any who communicate incidents, either of bitches who have exhibited this influence in subsequent offspring, or of bitches that have contracted mongrel alliances with no harm following, need not hold back for fear that the knowledge may in any way inure to their detriment, for all they need to do is to express a wish that their names shall be withheld from publicity of any kind.

My own observation and experience has been so overwhelmingly against the influencing theory, except as occurring only in the most insignificant minority of cases, that I earnestly hope all the instances known will be collected, when I feel quite satisfied as to what the outcome will be.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 1.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 12.—A meeting of the National Beagle Club was called to order by O. W. Brooking at 8 P. M. Present F. W. Chapman, W. S. Clark, W. A. Power, H. V. Jamieson and O. W. Brooking. Voted that communication of F. McKee Thayer be placed on file. Voted to lay communication of Mascotah Kennel Club on table, and that the secretary correspond with said club for more information. Voted to correspond with the A.K.C. secretary relative to a 15th, class on bench. Voted to offer the following specials at New York show, February, 1892: Five dollars each for best dog and bitch entered by breeder, open to the world; \$5 each for best dog and bitch in show; club medal for best kennel of four owned and entered by one person or kennel, open to members only. Communication from H. F. Schellbass read, commented on and placed on file. Voted to postpone annual meeting until Jan. 9, 1892, at Young's Hotel. Voted to adjourn.

F. W. CHAPMAN.

It is hard work to select an acceptable Christmas present, something that will give real pleasure. For the sportsman there is nothing more pleasing than a book which deals with his favorite topic. He enjoys its perusal, and the satisfaction it gives him is a lasting one. FOREST AND STREAM'S free illustrated catalogue gives the intending purchaser a wide range of selection and offers many suggestions which at this season of the year are very timely.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THERE was a shoot for the Winans Trophy in the Amateur Revolver Championship match at Philadelphia on Saturday eve last. It was held in the gallery of the Wurflein Pistol and Rifle Association, 227 North Eighth street. It is a most convenient gallery, in a central part of town, and some remarkably fine rifle scoring has been done on the range. The revolver shooting was not so remarkably fine, in some instances being below the average. Among those who shot were E. Travis, who is a son of the well-known Capt. Travis, of pistol shooting fame; J. J. Mountjoy, Dr. Gardiner, R. L. Dubbs and Mr. Yost, of the Wayne Gun Club. The shooting editor of FOREST AND STREAM was present and supervised the shooting done. To-morrow, Friday evening, Dec. 18, and Saturday evening, Dec. 19, the match will be on at



Conlin's well-known gallery, Thirty-first street and Broadway this city. Mr. Conlin has extended his shooting screens so that pistol or revolver shots may shoot either at 12 yds. in the open or at the French gallery range of 16 meters (52 1/2 ft.), or at the championship range of 20 yds. This is one of the most convenient and enjoyable ranges to visit in the city, and the matches will be open to all comers without cost of entrance fees. Those who may not have their own weapons ready for use will find the armory of Mr. Conlin admirably provided with everything in the shooting line, and scores can be accurately and expeditiously made.

New Jersey Riflemen.

[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]

HEADQUARTERS OF CLUBS.

Miller R. C., 80 Hudson street, Hoboken.
Union R. C., 223 First street, Hoboken.
Friday Night R. C., 210 Washington street, Hoboken.
Excelsior R. C., 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City.
Seitz R. C., 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.
Palisade R. C., 254 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

EXCELSIOR RIFLE CLUB, Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 8.—Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250. The scores made in the shoot for weekly class medals are appended below:

W H Hollowell.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	21	234
W J Channing.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	21	233
C Boag.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	232
W J Hennessy.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	232
W Weber.....	25	25	24	23	23	22	22	20	231
H Hansen.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	21	21	227
C L Pinney.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	21	20	226
J Speicher.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	22	21	225
Tbos Hughes.....	25	24	23	22	22	22	21	20	221
C Bauble.....	25	24	23	22	21	21	20	20	219
J Hughes.....	25	23	22	22	22	21	21	20	218
O Gore.....	25	24	23	22	21	21	20	19	215

The medal winners in their respective classes were: 1st, Hollowell; 2d, Bauble; 3d, Boag. A merry time followed. Chris Bauble, famed for his mixed ale drops, told of several narrow escapes from massacre which Chris went through back in the fifties. Geo. C. Varick, of flash light fame, has gone down South and will remain there for the winter.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken.—Capt. Richard W. Dewey, Dec. 9. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250. The scores made in the shoot for class medals were:

L Sohl.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	240
E Fischer.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	238
C Judson.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	237
D Miller.....	25	25	25	24	23	23	22	21	236
F Liell.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	22	20	236
D Hencken.....	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	21	234
F Brandt.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	233
Capt Dewey.....	25	25	24	23	23	22	22	21	230

First class medal won by Lou Sohl, 240.
Second Class.
J Carragher.....25 24 24 24 24 23 23 22 22 235
J H Kruse.....25 25 24 24 24 23 23 22 21 234
Second class medal won by J. Carragher, 235.

Third Class.
A Stadler.....25 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 20 228
H Seltenreich.....25 24 23 23 22 20 20 20 20 220
F Dunsteadt.....25 24 23 22 21 20 18 18 18 209
F Kammel.....25 24 23 22 21 20 20 19 19 207
Third class medal won by A. Stadler, 228.

The club is rapidly coming up to its old form and will no doubt make some of the best scores of the season before long. Team shooting followed between teams captained by E. Fischer and L. Sohl, resulting in a tie, as follows:

E Fischer.....	237	L Sohl.....	236
C Judson.....	235	D Miller.....	235
F Liell.....	234	F Brandt.....	236
D Hencken.....	235	J Carragher.....	235
J H Kruse.....	234	Capt Dewey.....	235
F Brandt.....	235	H Seltenreich.....	229
F Kammel.....	210-1610	F Dunsteadt.....	206-1610

GREENVILLE RIFLE CLUB.—Greenville, N. J., Friday, Dec. 11.—Ten shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

Gotthardt.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	23	240
C Boag.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	237
Scheelein.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	21	230
Robidoux.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	21	228
Perkins.....	25	24	23	23	23	22	21	20	227
Charant.....	25	24	24	23	22	21	21	21	221
Collins.....	25	24	23	23	22	21	21	20	221
Spahn.....	25	25	24	24	23	21	20	19	220
J Dodds.....	25	24	23	22	21	19	18	18	211
Hill.....	24	23	22	22	21	19	18	16	207

A meeting was held immediately after. The club decided to challenge the Palisade Rifle Club, of Jersey City Heights, to a team match. The secretary announced that the challenge sent to the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, had been accepted. A merry social session followed.

NOTES.

The Miller Rifle Club (Capt. Richard W. Dewey) hold a two-days' shoot at headquarters, 80 Hudson street, Hoboken, on Friday, Dec. 25 (Christmas Day), commencing at 8 P. M., and Sunday, Dec. 27, shooting commencing at 9 P. M. The prizes are: First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10; fourth, \$5; fifth, \$3; sixth, \$2; seventh, \$1; eighth, \$5; ninth, \$4; tenth, \$3; eleventh, \$2; twelfth, \$1; thirteenth, \$2; fourteenth, \$2; fifteenth, \$1. Best two tickets to count. Any 25-cal. rifle will be allowed. The shooting committee are: David Miller, Chairman; E. Fischer, Chas. Judson, J. H. Kruse, and Capt. Dewey.

Herman Klem is the vocalist of the Friday Night Rifle Club of Hoboken. Frequently Herman entertains his fellow members with the rendering of fine tenor solos. Those who also share in entertaining are Ed. Phalon and J. Chavanne. The club in regards to membership and popularity ranks among the first of Hudson county. It is just packed with jolly good fellows and there isn't a crank among them.

The Seacucus Gun Club will hold a live pigeon shoot at Bergkamp's, Seacucus, on Christmas Day, for turkeys.

Geo. L. Graf and James Johnson, members of the Palisade Rifle

Club of Jersey City Heights, have lately devoted their spare time to what they term "trick, fancy and diff. ul shooting." They are becoming quite adept in this line, and it is said that they are already billed to appear at a local theater as G. G. Thompson and J. J. Daly, the champions of the State in pistol, revolver and rifle shooting. We wish them success.

Capt. John R. Inhardt of the Palisades is a most conscientious officer, and is always wide awake for an opportunity to advance the membership and social standing of his club.

Secretary Gus Finger of the Palisade Rifle Club is quite an adept in what he terms the "black art." Gus hopes some day to equal Hermann.

Alson Stadler is the Adonis representative of the Miller Rifle Club. His handsome appearance frequently causes much jealousy among his fellow members. He is "way up" in social matters.

Capt. Henry L. Hansen of the Hudson River club is a fine shot without doubt, he now leading the entire club in percentage.

J. H. Kruse of the Miller Rifle Club was awarded the handsome gold medal at the meeting of the Hoboken Turn Verein, which he won by a score of 25, 25, 25—75 out of a possible 75. The protest therefor of L. Schmidt was set aside.

The Schuetzen Club Hansa is the youngest club in Hoboken, and it appears as though for anything, it will be one of the most prominent in a short time, as the membership list is swelling. The Club's headquarters are at the Hansa Hotel, First street, near Hudson, Hoboken. The gentlemen who are "booming" things up for the club are Messrs. Seitz, G. Wangersheim and J. Wangersheim. They have already secured 25 members.

The Miller Rifle Club's team men are doing more practicing since the match was made with the Manhattan Shooting Club.

Once more the rifle shooting season is on us, and a glance at the scores will show that every club is regaining its old form. The Miller Club's present with the medal and promoted a class higher. Heber over 235, out of a possible 250. This shows that the members are once again shooting in their old form. A glance at the scores made will show this.

One good feature of the Miller Rifle Club's management is the idea of presenting class medals every week. The club is divided into three classes, first, second and third. A medal is put up in each class to be competed for for 26 weeks. The man making the highest score in his class every shooting night wears the medal until the next. The man winning the medal the most times in the 26 weeks is presented with the medal and promoted a class higher. This latter rule, however, relates only to second and third class members. The idea has been followed by several clubs in the county, as it is a practicable one, spurring the men on, as it were, to make their best score. The score in the first class in the medal competition if about evenly divided between Schli, Miller, Schlicht, Fitzimmons and Judson. In the second G. C. Varick has won it once, J. Carragher twice and J. H. Kruse six times. In the third H. Katzenkamp has won it once, H. Seltenreich three and A. Stadler five times.

J. H. K.

The Our Owns Win.

NEWARK, Dec. 15.—The first series of the best-two-out-of-three matches between the Our Own Club and the Puritan Rifle Club took place on the former's ranges to-night, the result being two straight victories for the home team, by the appended scores:

First Match.—Our Own.	
G Goerk.....	12 11 11 9 11 11 11—109
F A Freisenhuier.....	11 12 11 12 11 12 9 11 11—112
C H Townsend.....	11 11 11 12 10 11 11 12 11—111
J Heber.....	7 12 11 10 6 11 11 12 10—102
A Cherry.....	11 11 12 10 9 10 11 11 12—109—548

Puritan.	
C Sauer.....	9 11 11 11 8 11 10 10 8—170
C Carpenter.....	10 10 10 10 10 10 12 11 10—107
E Heib.....	10 11 9 12 12 10 10 10 11—105
W Hauselman.....	11 11 10 8 11 12 12 11 7 10—105
C Kopf.....	10 11 12 12 9 9 11 12 10—110—525

Second Match.—Our Own.	
Goerk.....	10 11 12 11 12 12 10 11 11—111
Freisenhuier.....	11 10 9 11 10 11 9 10 12—105
Townsend.....	12 11 11 10 11 10 12 12 11—112
Heber.....	10 8 11 10 9 11 12 8 12—102
Cherry.....	12 9 10 9 10 11 11 11 12—105—586

Puritan.	
Sauer.....	8 8 11 7 10 8 12 12 9 11—97
Carpenter.....	9 8 12 12 11 10 11 12 11—107
Heib.....	11 10 8 11 11 12 12 11 10—107
Hauselman.....	12 10 10 11 11 10 12 12 11—112
Kopf.....	12 11 10 10 10 10 12 12 12 9—100—582

All the contestants except Townsend used Ballard rifles. He used a Wurflein special gallery rifle, his average being the highest in the two matches.

The return series will be shot early in January. Next Tuesday evening the Our Own's second team will shoot against the first team of the Independent Rifle Club on the latter's range.

The Rifle at Walnut Hill.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day, with a large attendance of riflemen. The shooting conditions were good. Following are the best scores in the to-day, distance 200 yds., standard American target; all cup off-hand matches:

J B Fellows.....	82	H D Martin.....	78	W Conway.....	87
W C Johnson.....	79				

All-Comers' Best Match.					
J Francis.....	109	A S Hunt.....	98	A Guild.....	89
F Daniels.....	108	W C Corney.....	97	D N Winn.....	87
A H Ballard.....	105	J F Jones.....	94	S P Smith.....	87
D Martin.....	103				

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.					
W Charles.....	82	A M Snow.....	73	W C Corney.....	70
B Mason.....	79	D Martin.....	72	F Lowell.....	61
Pistol Match, 50yds.					
H Severance.....	91	E Parsons.....	86	M T Day.....	82
W C Jones.....	87	A D Stevens.....	84	O Moore.....	81
G L Hosmer.....	87				

The Turtle Bays Alive.

The Turtle Bay Rifle Club has again come to the front under the efficient management of its captain, G. E. Jantzer. The club's headquarters in Forty-second street near Lexington avenue have been refurbished and are very cosy and comfortable. The club has succeeded in getting the great problem of perfect ventilation, a solution of which has been the cause of the club's perfect ventilation has again been set down as practice evening, while the continuous prize contest, similar to that of last year, will take place on Tuesday of each week. The conditions are scores of ten shots, number of targets unlimited, the three best scores of each man to count. To make the contest more even the less experienced members will receive an allowance on each score. Fifteen handsome prizes will be divided among the winners at the close of the season.

Wurflein Scores.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—The regular weekly scores of the Wurflein Rifle and Pistol Association, at 25 yds., possible 260, ring target, using Wurflein 22-cal. rifles, off-hand, were made at 228 West Eighth street as follows:

E Travis.....	25	23	23	24	25	25	25	23	241
J J Mountjoy.....	24	22	24	25	25	23	23	25	241
J J Mehard.....	25	24	23	22	24	24	23	23	239
A J Yager.....	22	25	21	23	25	24	24	23	236
Dr Gardiner.....	24	22	24	24	24	24	21	25	231
J C Wurflein.....	25	23	21	23	21	19	23	23	224
R L Dubbs.....	22	21	25	19	20	24	24	24	224
W Wurflein.....	22	21	17	23	24	23	22	24	221
Leslie Woods.....	21	22	15	23	21	23	22	21	220
J B Newton.....	22	25	22	19	22	24	25	17	219

Empire Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The following scores were made Tuesday, Dec. 8, by members of the Empire Rifle Club at the club's range, 12 St. Marks Place; distance 100 ft., possible 250:

Chas Zittler.....	232	W Miller.....	221
G Talmann, Jr.....	231	W Mosenholder.....	218
A Stahl, Jr.....	229	H Zittler.....	215
W R's-nat aus.....	227	A Nowak.....	213
J Grimm.....	225	G Rabariti.....	204
W Roebbaum.....	222	G Hultmeyer.....	198

The Harlem Rifle Club.

A PRIZE shoot will take place on the range of this club, 202 1/2 Third avenue, on Jan. 15, when \$20 in cash will be distributed.

forth all his skill, as it made for the right boundary, but a well-timed second grassed it. Fulford's eleventh and twelfth were both very fast right-quartering drivers, and showed elegant first barrel work. His fourteenth was another of the same direction and caliber and was neatly killed with a fine first. Brewer's seventeenth bird was a very tricky left-quartering driver, a fine first; his twenty-fourth, a driver, awfully fast and a climber, fell dead over the fence. Fulford's twentieth bird was a circling left-quarterer that dropped dead a foot over the boundary; his twenty-fourth, a fast driver, climbed out of both loads and escaped. Score 131 each, and the betting still even.

THE SEVENTH ROUND.

Brewer killed a fast right-quarterer with a clever second and Fulford followed with a miss on a left-quartering driver that climbed over his second. Brewer's third was a dandy driver that caught both loads full and struck the fence before he would stop; his eighth and ninth were left-quartering drivers, the first calling for a beautiful second, and the last falling on a superb first. [Ful-



ford's sixth, a fast left-quartering driver, fell on the first. Brewer lost his twelfth, an ugly zig-zag driver; his fourteenth ditto and his fifteenth, a fast and tricky left-quartering driver; his sixteenth was a left-quartering driver that flew like a demon the instant the trap was pulled, was brought down by a magnificent second; his fifteenth went in the same direction, but dropped on the first, although it was awfully fast work; his twenty-third, which was a left-quartering driver, refused to stop on the first,



but came down at 70yds. on the second, an elegant kill. Fulford lost his twentieth, another climbing driver; his twenty-fourth was aumping climber that dropped on a masterly first. Score, Fulford 154, Brewer 153.

THE EIGHTH ROUND.

On the opening shot Jack put a quick first into a left-quartering blue bird, and Fulford followed with a pretty second at long range on a chocolate left-quartering driver, that tried in vain to circle out of the charge. Jack's third, a left-quartering driver,



was terribly fast and went away to join some of its friends outside. Fulford's sixth, a fast driver, followed suit. Jack's ninth was a vicious left-quartering driver, killed with an awfully quick first which doubled it up in the air. His fourteenth went like a streak and kept out of the dead line both times he fired; this was a blue right-quartering driver. His fifteenth started straight for the front, but twisted out of the first load; Jack sent in his second and the feathers flew in all directions, but much to the surprise of everybody the bird flew to the fence and gave up the ghost on the outside. His twenty-third was a fast left-quartering driver that dropped dead all the way over the field, but refused to fall. Fulford's thirteenth, a left-quartering driver, was a hustler, and having climbed out of the first concluded to twist out of the second and get away. His twenty-fifth, from No. 5 trap, was also a left-quartering driver, that twisted and zigzagged in vain to keep out of the shot line, but had to fold its wings and drop when Ed fired his second at full 70yds. Score at this stage: Fulford 177,

The following tabulated score will show at a glance the relative position of the men at all stages of the match:

Match at Woodland Park, L. I., Dec. 12, between E. D. Fulford and J. L. Brewer, 250 live birds each, for \$1,000 a side, Hurlingham rules, excepting that the inclosure was the boundary, 30 yds. rise, 12-bore guns.

Figure 2 denotes second barrel, o dead out of bounds.

No. of bird.		No. of bird.		No. of bird.		No. of bird.		No. of bird.	
Fulford.	Brewer.	Fulford.	Brewer.	Fulford.	Brewer.	Fulford.	Brewer.	Fulford.	Brewer.
1. 1	1	51. 1	1	101. 1	1	151. 0	2	201. 2	1
2. 1	1	52. 1	1	102. 1	1	152. 1	1	202. 1	1
3. 1	1	53. 1	1	103. 1	1	153. 1	1	203. 1	1
4. 1	1	54. 1	1	104. 1	1	154. 1	1	204. 1	1
5. 1	1	55. 1	1	105. 1	1	155. 1	1	205. 1	1
6. 0	0	56. 1	1	106. 1	1	156. 1	1	206. 0	0
7. 1	1	57. 1	1	107. 1	1	157. 1	1	207. 1	1
8. 0	0	58. 1	1	108. 1	1	158. 1	1	208. 0	0
9. 1	1	59. 0	1	109. 1	1	159. 1	1	209. 1	1
10. 1	1	60. 1	1	110. 2	0	160. 1	1	210. 1	1
11. 1	0	61. 1	1	111. 1	1	161. 1	1	211. 1	1
12. 1	0	62. 1	1	112. 1	1	162. 1	1	212. 1	1
13. 1	0	63. 1	1	113. 1	1	163. 1	1	213. 1	0
14. 1	1	64. 1	1	114. 1	1	164. 1	0	214. 1	1
15. 1	1	65. 1	1	115. 1	1	165. 1	0	215. 1	1
16. 1	1	66. 0	0	116. 1	1	166. 1	0	216. 1	1
17. 1	1	67. 1	1	117. 1	1	167. 1	1	217. 1	1
18. 1	1	68. 0	0	118. 1	1	168. 1	1	218. 1	1
19. 1	1	69. 1	1	119. 1	0	169. 1	1	219. 1	1
20. 1	1	70. 1	1	120. 1	1	170. 1	1	220. 1	1
21. 1	1	71. 1	1	121. 1	1	171. 1	1	221. 1	1
22. 1	1	72. 1	0	122. 1	1	172. 1	1	222. 1	1
23. 1	1	73. 1	0	123. 1	1	173. 1	1	223. 1	1
24. 1	1	74. 1	1	124. 1	1	174. 1	1	224. 1	1
25. 1	1	75. 0	1	125. 1	0	175. 1	1	225. 1	1
26. 1	1	76. 1	1	126. 1	1	176. 1	1	226. 1	1
27. 1	1	77. 1	1	127. 1	1	177. 1	1	227. 1	1
28. 1	1	78. 1	1	128. 0	1	178. 1	1	228. 1	1
29. 1	1	79. 1	1	129. 0	2	179. 1	1	229. 1	1
30. 1	1	80. 0	1	130. 1	1	180. 1	1	230. 1	1
31. 1	1	81. 1	1	131. 0	2	181. 0	2	231. 1	1
32. 1	1	82. 1	1	132. 1	1	182. 1	1	232. 1	0
33. 0	1	83. 1	1	133. 1	1	183. 1	1	233. 1	1
34. 1	1	84. 1	1	134. 1	1	184. 1	1	234. 1	1
35. 1	1	85. 1	1	135. 1	1	185. 1	1	235. 1	0
36. 1	1	86. 0	1	136. 1	1	186. 1	1	236. 1	0
37. 1	1	87. 1	1	137. 1	1	187. 1	1	237. 0	2
38. 1	1	88. 1	1	138. 1	1	188. 0	2	238. 1	1
39. 1	1	89. 1	1	139. 1	1	189. 0	0	239. 1	1
40. 1	1	90. 1	1	140. 1	1	190. 0	0	240. 1	2
41. 1	1	91. 1	1	141. 1	1	191. 1	1	241. 1	1
42. 1	1	92. 1	1	142. 1	1	192. 1	1	242. 1	1
43. 0	1	93. 1	1	143. 1	1	193. 1	1	243. 1	1
44. 1	1	94. 1	1	144. 1	1	194. 1	1	244. 1	1
45. 1	1	95. 1	1	145. 1	1	195. 1	1	245. 1	1
46. 1	1	96. 1	1	146. 1	1	196. 1	1	246. 1	1
47. 1	1	97. 1	1	147. 1	1	197. 1	1	247. 1	1
48. 1	1	98. 1	1	148. 1	1	198. 1	1	248. 1	1
49. 1	1	99. 1	1	149. 0	1	199. 1	1	249. 1	1
50. 1	1	100. 1	1	150. 1	1	200. 1	1	250. 1	1
45	44	42	43	44	44	46	44	46	42
Aggregate		87		131		177		223	

Fulford had 18 right-quarterers, 50 left-quarterers, 47 straight drivers, 21 right-quartering drivers, 75 left-quartering drivers, 2 incomers, 11 right-quartering incomers, 5 left-quartering incomers, 2 hovers, 18 circles and twisters, 3 dead out of bounds.

Brewer had 14 right-quarterers, 46 left-quarterers, 42 straight drivers, 13 right-quartering drivers, 84 left-quartering drivers, 1 incomer, 7 right-quartering incomers, 12 left-quartering incomers, 4 hovers, 27 circles and twisters, 9 dead out of bounds.

The guns and loads used were as follows: Brewer—W. W. Greener "Princess" hammerless, weight 7lbs. 154oz., barrels 30-inch, shells Ely's "Tournament," length of shell 3 inches, Ely primers, powder American Wood, 3/4dr. in both barrels, Squires' grease and waterproof and Ely's thick felt wad on top of powder, 1/4 z Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot in right and 1/4oz. No. 6 do. in left barrel, Squires' top shot wads, Squires' special crimp. Loaded by Henry C. Squires on Dec. 11.

Fulford—W. W. Greener hammerless gun, weight 7lb. 7oz., 30-inch barrels, shells Ely's "Tournament," length 3 inches, Ely primers, powder Schultz, 4dr. in each barrel, Squires' salmon felt and Ely's thick felt wads on powder, 1/4oz. No. 7 Tatham's chilled shot in right and 1/4oz. No. 6 do. in left barrel, Squires' top shot wads, Squires' special crimp. Loaded by H. C. Squires Dec. 11.

The summary of all the matches shot by the two men shows: Fulford.....100 99 94 24 223-540 Brewer.....99 98 94 25 216-532

Brewer 174. At this point Brewer began to be vexed at what he termed his poor shooting, and said to the writer, 'I've not shot so nearly in ten years, and don't know what the trouble is. I know I held right on the last birds I missed!' Fulford also got out of patience at losing birds which he thought he hit hard with his second, but which seemed to have urgent business elsewhere. Dick Irwin, who knows Brewer like a book, was amazed at his loss of so many drivers. "A bird which goes in that direction is a cinch for him," said Dick, "and I don't see how they get away." But get away they did.

THE NINTH ROUND.

On the sixth bird, a twister that flew like a demon and made all sorts of motions, the giant from Hammonton expended both

barrels and scattered feathers, but stop it would not. Not to be out of the fashion, Fulford caught a fast driver which scurried over the fence after climbing out of both barrels. His seventh showed pretty work with the first; his eighth, another left-quartering driver, followed number seven over the fence. This out his lead down to two birds, but on the thirteenth, a bad circling towerer, his opponent scored another miss. Brewer's seventeenth, a chocolate colored left-quartering driver, called for one of the finest shots of the day, being folded in the air with a beautiful second at full 80yds.; his twenty-third, same direction, was another splendid exhibition shot. Fulford's thirteenth and fifteenth were both fast drivers, but good judgment on the first barrel in each instance brought both to grass; his twenty-first was a hummer that made a bee-line for the left boundary, but had to step when it caught the second at long range. Now the score stood 200 kills for Fulford, 197 kills for Brewer, with 25 more birds to go for each man. At this juncture very few bets were offered. Some of



Brewer's friends were still confident of his ability to win, although they acknowledged that his chances were rather slim.

THE FINAL ROUND.

Both men were now in dead earnest and watched one another's shots very closely. Their eyes began to look bad from the constant blowing back of the smoke and dust, as before mentioned, and it was surprising that they were able to see to use their second barrels. There was no perceptible tiring on either side, nor did either man show in the slightest degree the effect of the terrible strain on their nerves. The Hammonton man caught a Tartar in his second bird, a left-quartering incomer, which got away from both barrels; his seventh was a zig-zagger that also went away, as did his tenth, a terribly fast driver, and his eleventh, a climbing left-quartering driver. Fulford's first eleven were killed, but his dozen, which described a baker's dozen of circles, left him to go over the woods. Jack's sixteenth, a twisting driver, caught two full charges of shot but managed to struggle over the fence to die. Ed's nineteenth was another cirler that



escaped from the field. Brewer lost his twenty-second, a fast driver. On the 245th bird Brewer was shot out, as even had he killed his last five birds and Fulford lost his last five the latter would have won by 218 to 217. On the twenty-third and twenty-fourth birds Brewer did splendid work with the second barrel, the former being an ugly cirler and the latter a very fast right-quarterer. Fulford's twenty-second was a fast driver and killed handsomely with a long second.

At 3:18 the last shot was fired and two minutes later Referee Kiggott made the announcement quoted at the head of this story.

Thus ended one of the greatest matches ever held in America, both as regards the caliber of the men, the issue, the quality of the birds and the management in general. Of the birds too much cannot be said. They were the finest lot, without exception, ever trapped in this country, as vouched for by old veterans who have been "in the swim" for many years. Mr. Brewer says they were the finest lot he ever saw, outside of England, and that even there it would be hard to beat them. Just think of five



hundred birds being trapped in a single day and only three of the lot needing a shaking up! The wonder is that even these men, noted experts of iron nerve and marvellous skill that they are, should have crassed even 430 of them inside the boundary, or 449 including those which fell dead outside of the bounds.

During the earlier part of the race Brewer had slightly the luck of the birds; from the fiftieth to the one hundredth round the luck was slightly on Fulford's side; on the next hundred it was about even; from the two hundredth to the two hundred and fiftieth Fulford was favored, but on the last twenty-five there was little if any difference. Taken from start to finish the luck of the birds had little or nothing to do with the result of the match.

As far as the men were concerned a volume might be written. As stated before, Brewer declared that he "had not shot so badly for ten years," as having witnessed his work at various times and places I am inclined to think that he was correct. Every bird lost was a "rasper," so that on that score the shooters can rest easily. It was noticed, however, that at times Brewer would strike a brilliant gait and put in both barrels with his old time rapidity on a number of rounds, and then again would be seem to be slow in getting on for a while. Only one of his lost birds made a clean miss, the feathers being knocked out of each

→ 3 3 2 5 2 3 2 2 1 5 → 4 5 5 4 7 4 5 4 2 5 4 7 0 2 20
x' 2 2 2 1 5 2 4 3 3 7 5 2 2 1 1 2 5 2 5 1 4 5 2 2 2 24
4 5 3 7 5 1 1 3 3 4 1 5 4 1 9 5 2 4 5 4 2 1 0 4 1 2 2 21
1 2 4 4 4 4 1 2 3 3 5 1 8 2 2 5 4 4 3 5 4 2 1 4 2 22
x 5 4 5 7 2 2 2 5 4 3 5 2 7 1 2 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 2 1 21
7 1 2 2 2 2 7 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 23
2 1 3 4 22
1 4 7 5 3 21
9 5 4 7 2 5 2 5 4 1 4 4 4 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 23
5 1 2 19
Total ————— 216

BREWER'S SCORE.

Fac-simile from original official score.

of the others. For the first time in his career he shot American wood powder. His friends say he made a mistake in not practicing with this powder previous to the date of the match and acquainting himself with its velocity. He says the penetration was perfect but that it was either faster or slower than he had calculated on, the result being that he would shoot slightly ahead or behind the birds. For this, of course, the responsibility rests with the man and not with the powder. Another mistake that he acknowledged having made was in not using the same gun he used when he shot against Fulford at Marion. The gun he used last Saturday was his old one, with which he won his honors in England, a first-class weapon, but one which he was not accustomed to use lately.

In a conversation with Fulford in the Astor House, on Saturday



night, the writer remarked that he seemed to be slightly off in his second barrel. "Yes," he replied, "that is true, but it was the fault of the gun, and not myself. I never shot a better first barrel in my life, and never did I hold any better with my second, but while the former is a perfect shooter, the latter at 50 yds. makes a pattern that is open enough to let a pigeon find more than one loop-hole for escape." He is going to send the gun back to Mr. Greener with an order for a new one, made to shoot, regardless of cost. His old hammerless gun, which he used at Marion in November, had a deadly second barrel, in which he had perfect confidence.

At the conclusion of the match Brewer turned toward his opponent and said, "Fulford, you're a dandy!" and then turning toward



the crowd, and raising his voice, he continued, "Now, I'd like to make a match for the championship of the world, won by me in England in 1888, and have never been asked to defend. I will shoot for the title and \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, under Hurlingham or London Gun Club rules, and will bar nobody." As he concluded he looked full at Fulford, who quietly said, "I ain't in it, Jack." Later in the evening Mr. Fulford said to the writer that he would not talk match until after he had received his new gun and given it a thorough trial. "If it is satisfactory," he said, "I will be ready for business. After that," he continued, "I will back Mr. Brewer and myself for a team match against any two men in the world for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a corner!"

During Saturday's match the principals were on the most friendly terms throughout, and occasionally would exchange bartering remarks. On one occasion Brewer's gun was discharged before he had said ready, and Fulford in a laughing tone said: "Don't get rattled, Jack; you're a little nervous!" Brewer smiled, said "Yes, you're right," and walking to the score made one of the finest kills of the day on a twisting right-quarterer that caught both barrels before it struck the ground. As he returned to his seat he remarked that it was a good thing to have a double-barreled gun. When Jack's 1021 bird appeared as though it would scale the fence the crowd began to yell, but they stopped as it struck full against the lower panel and fell dead. "You shouted too soon that time," said Captain Jack. His ninety-seventh bird was a rustler, and as it went over the fence, Fulford's admirers hooted at a great rate. This caused Jack's dander to rise and he



snapped out, "Never mind, I'll make some of you suckers cry your eyes out before you're six months older."

During the shoot some one asked Miles Johnson, "Who is this Fulford?"

"Don't know; never heard of him before these matches," said the Newtown veteran; "guess he's like the mushroom—came up with the last shower."

Above will be found detailed scores of the great match, along with a photographic reproduction of the official score sheet, which shows the flight of every bird. This is the first time in the history of trap-shooting that any such table has been published. The arrow heads denote the direction of flight from the moment the bird left the trap; a dash across the shaft of the arrow denotes that the second barrel was used; a dot on the butt of the arrow denotes a lost bird; a star alongside the arrow shows that the bird fell dead out of bounds; where an H is shown the bird was a hoverer; T denotes that the bird towered in addition to its other course. The figures over the arrows show the trap from which the bird was sprung.

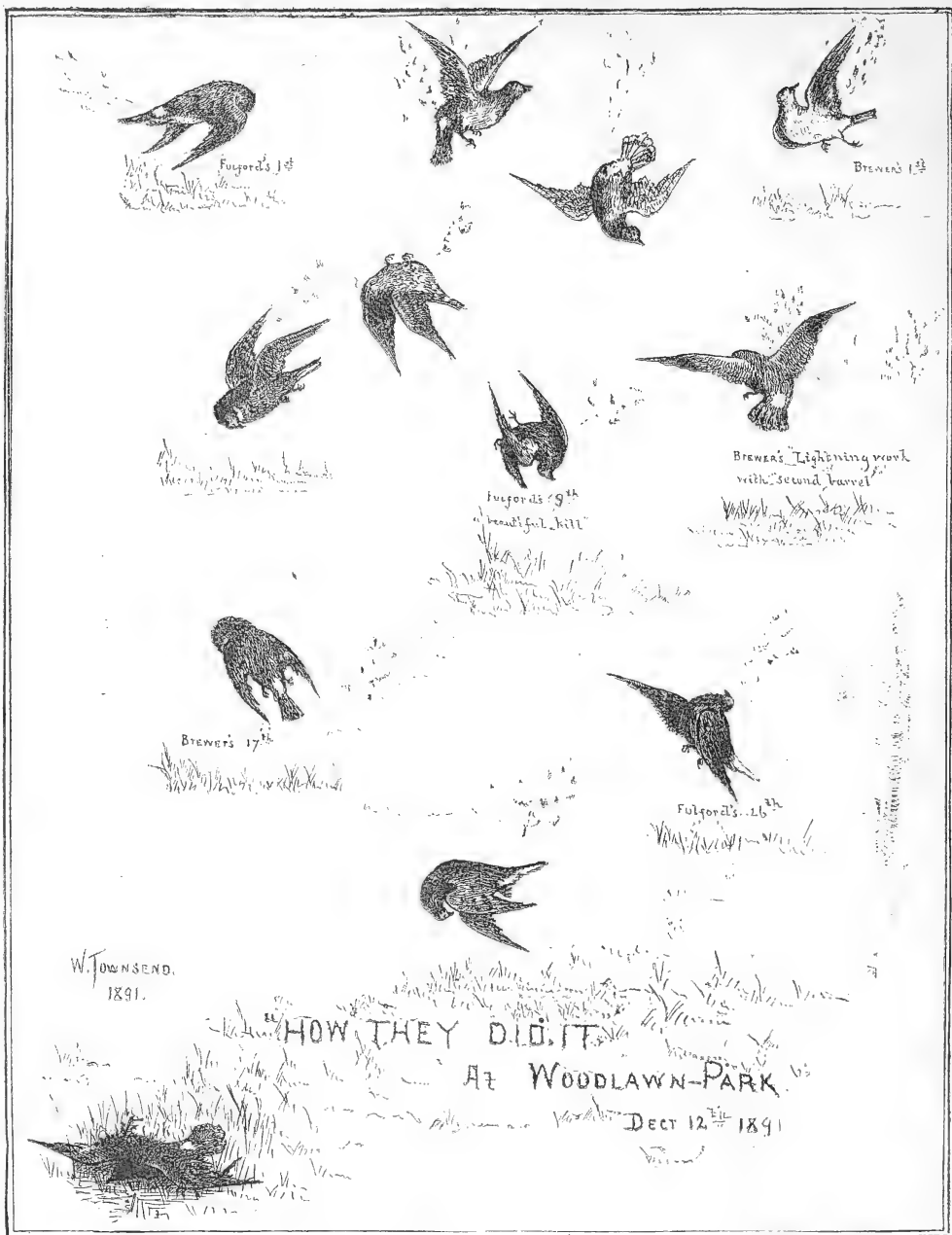
O. H. TOWNSEND.

FULFORD-BREWER.

Set of fourteen photos, 4x5, artistic positions, \$2.50; single pictures, 25 cents. J. B. BURNHAM, 464 W. 20th st., N.Y.—Adv.

Captain Money Wins Again.

CAPT. A. W. MONEY, the gentlily expert who is representing the E. C. powder company to such good advantage in this country, added another to his long list of trap victories by defeating L. T. Davenport at the Carteret grounds, at Bergen Point, on Tuesday. The birds were a very fine lot and the Captain in splendid fettle, while Davenport seemed to be out of form. The conditions were 100 birds per man, 30 yds. rise, 50 yds. boundary, for \$500 a side. J. S. Van Lengerke was referee. The score was: Money 80, Davenport 80.



THE ILLINOIS RULES.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: Here are the new live bird rules as adopted by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. They are given in the full text, put on the wires directly from the official copy, and now for the first time published. Thus do the trap-shooters of "Chicago and the West" look not in vain for the freshest news.—E. HUGH.

LIVE BIRDS.

Rule 1.—An inclosure as a boundary shall be established, its base being a so-called dead line, which shall be 100 yds. long, the sides of which said dead line shall be 40 yds. long, and shall be at right angles to, and connect with the ends of said dead line, thus forming three parts of an oblong square, and its front being a half-circle, connecting with the unclosed sides of said oblong square, thereby forming an inclosure 100 yds. wide at its base or dead line, and also 100 yds. wide at a point 40 yds. distant from either end of such dead line; and the extreme length of such inclosure shall be 80 yds., as measured from the center of the dead line over the center trap, as hereafter located, to the center of the line forming the circumference of the said half circle.

Rule 2.—The boundary line should be a wire fence not exceeding 2 ft. in height, or where a fence has not been constructed, flags or posts shall be set, not exceeding 25 yds. apart on the straight lines of the ground, and not exceeding 10 yds. apart on the half circle; and such fence when constructed, or such flags or posts when so set (a line being drawn from post to post), shall be recognized as constituting the boundary lines of the grounds. If a fence of greater height than 2 ft. is on a line with any part of the boundary (as measured as above), a line or fence shall be established at least



2 yds. within such fence, where it so encroaches, and such line shall be recognized as the boundary line.

Rule 3.—The center of the dead line shall be called the score, and the traps shall be located on the segment of a circle, set 6 yds. apart, and directly in front of and 80 yds. from such score, the location of the center trap being at right angles with the line of the dead line.

Rule 4.—All contests at live birds shall be shot from 5 ground d traps, which shall be numbered from 1 to 5 inclusive. Plunge e

traps may be used, however, when so directed by the Board of Directors.

Rule 5.—The standard gun shall be a 12-bore weighing less than 8 lbs. Guns of less caliber shall receive a handicap allowance of 1/2 yd. for each sized bore less than the standard bore, provided the weight of such gun shall not exceed 6 1/2 lbs.; 10-gauge guns shall be penalized 2 yds. by handicap. Any gun weighing 8 lbs. or over shall be classed at the handicap distance of a 10-bore. No gun of larger caliber than a 10-bore shall be used. Any gun



weighing less than 6 lbs. shall receive a handicap allowance of 2 yds. in excess of that given for reason of its gauge.

Rule 6.—The standard distance from the traps for the standard gun in single bird shooting shall be 30 yds., and at double bird shooting 25 yds.

Rule 7.—The standard charge of shot shall be not to exceed 1 1/2 oz. as measured in a Dixon Cup No. 1,106, or No. 1,107 struck measure. The charge of powder shall not be limited.

Rule 8.—Two judges and a referee and a scorer, who shall keep the score under the direction of the referee, shall be appointed before the shooting commences. The judges and the referee shall appoint a shot judge. One judge shall call the shooter to the score and shall act for him, watching his interest under these rules. The other judge shall call the attention of the referee, and not of the shooter, to any supposed violation of these rules by the shooter, as in case of not holding gun properly, not standing at score, etc.; and the referee shall call the shooter's attention prior to shooting, if possible. The order of shooting shall be determined by drawing for place, and each contestant shall be in readiness within five minutes after his number has been called, unless, for cause, he is granted further time by the referee. He may exchange places with any contestant, however, with the approval of such contestant and the referee. In team contests the drawing shall be for position of teams. The representative who shall go to the score shall be determined by the team itself. All entries shall close prior to the drawing for place, and no guns shall be fired until after such drawing.

Rule 9.—The shot judge shall examine one or more of the cartridges of each contestant prior to their use, and if they contain more shot than the standard quantity the shooter shall obtain

other cartridges. Such cartridges as have been accepted by the shot judge shall not be liable to after challenge. All contestants shall keep their cartridges at the stand, or near to the score, exposed to view, and shall remove only such as may be required for immediate use, and shall use no others. Any contestant who shall load from any others than those which have been accepted by the shot judge shall forfeit all right in the contest.

Rule 10.—The shot judge shall be judge of the gun, and determine as to its handicap. Guns shall not be loaded before going to score. Missiles, if not caused by the negligence or ignorance of the shooter, shall not operate against him. Breechloaders shall not be considered as loaded until the breech and barrels are closed. Muzzleloaders shall not be used.

Rule 11.—When a person is at the score and ready to shoot he shall call "Pull," when the puller shall immediately release the bird or birds. Should the bird or birds not take wing immediately upon pulling the trap or traps, the shooter may declare "no bird," and if a bird does not take wing within thirty seconds after the trap has been sprung, the referee shall declare "no bird," if requested to do so by any contestant. In case a bird takes wing he shall be accepted by the shooter. The referee shall declare as "no

bird" any bird which shall walk one yard from the trap. In double-bird shooting both traps shall be sprung and both birds must take wing simultaneously, and both birds must be on the wing when the first is shot at. If both birds are killed by one barrel they shall be scored. Birds may be made to take wing by pulling a cord having on it any artificial means for alarming the birds; but the same shall be used uniformly for each contestant. No other means shall be used to make a bird take wing. In single-bird shooting should more than one trap be opened at a time and both birds take wing, the shooter may take a bird or not, at his pleasure. If he shoots, a bird must be scored.

Rule 12.—The gun shall not be carried to the shoulder until the shooter [has] called "Pull." In case of an infringement of this provision and [if] the bird [is] as been killed, the referee shall order a new bird to be shot at. Should the trap or traps be pulled before the word "Pull" is given, the shooter may take the bird or birds, or not; but if he shoots, the bird or birds shall be scored.

Rule 13.—No bird shall be declared a dead bird until it has been

retrieved within the boundary lines. Three minutes only from the time the bird was shot at shall be allowed in which to retrieve the bird. The referee shall declare as a lost bird any bird that has been shot at and has passed beyond the boundary lines; any bird that lights upon any building, fence or other object out of the reach of the gatherer while he is standing on the ground, and shall have closed its wings; any bird that is not retrieved in the time limit; any bird which perches upon the boundary fence and has closed its wings; any bird which has been challenged and does not show flesh shot marks; any bird which is shot at while not clearly on the wing, with the first barrel, and not killed with either barrel, but if killed it shall be declared "no bird;" any bird shot at with the second barrel after the shooter has left the score, or has opened his gun, or has ordered the bird to be retrieved after his having used the first barrel. A bird shall be scored as a dead bird which has been shot at by a contestant under these rules and has been killed and gathered and shown to the referee within the time allowance for gathering a bird.

Rule 14.—If any bird shall fly so that to shoot at it would be to

endanger a person or property, it shall not be shot at, but the referee shall allow another bird in its stead. If a bird be shot at at original distance, and it shall be shot off at 5 birds until the match is decided. Ties in double bird shooting shall be shot off at five double rises each contestant, unless otherwise agreed.

Rule 15.—A shooter may gather his own bird, or appoint a person, or send a dog for that purpose; but no extraneous means shall be used to gather it, and no other person shall be allowed to assist in gathering. In case the gatherer is interfered with by the referee [shall] allow the shooter another bird. No person other than the gatherer shall go between the referee and the bird being gathered. In case of doubt as to which bird is to be gathered, the referee shall show the bird to the gatherer.

Rule 16.—In case of a tie at single birds, the distance shall be at original distance, and it shall be shot off at 5 birds until the match is decided. Ties in double bird shooting shall be shot off at five double rises each contestant, unless otherwise agreed.

Rule 17.—In handicap shooting no contestant shall be placed at a greater distance from the trap than the standard requirement as to the size of the bore of the gun. Ties shall be shot off immediately after the main contest and before another has been resumed on the following morning. In private contests at single birds, ties shall be shot off as follows: In 100-bird contests, to

each contestant 50 single birds to each man; in 50-bird contests, 25 birds to each man; in 25-bird contests, 10 birds to each man; in contests of less than 25 birds, 5 birds to each contestant. Double-bird contests shall be shot off under the same rules, substituting pairs for single numbers. In sweep-stake contests any contestant who has tied for a money prize may elect to withdraw from the contest; and his pro-rata of the prize shall be paid him if he so elects; but he must announce his intention to the referee before the first tie bird in his class has been shot at.

Rule 18.—All matches shall be in class shooting, unless otherwise agreed. Any contestant who shall intentionally miss a bird for the purpose of getting into a class lower than the one he would otherwise have been in had he killed the bird, shall be debarred from receiving any prize in that contest. If a referee is in doubt as to the intention of the shooter he may order him to shoot at another bird.

Rule 19.—No shooting within the enclosure; or in case there is no enclosure, no shooting within 200 yds. of the score shall be allowed other than as provided in these rules.

Rule 20.—No pulling of the feathers or otherwise maiming or injuring a bird shall be allowed.

Rule 21.—No person whose conduct is ungentlemanly upon the grounds, or who shall persistently violate any rules after his attention has been called to the fact, shall be permitted to participate in a contest, and the referee shall so determine.

Rule 22.—A referee's decision in all cases shall be final.

Rule 23.—In 5 ground trap contests the shooter cannot be appraised as to the trap which is to be opened. The selection of the trap shall be by hazard, with dice box and numbers, or otherwise, in such manner as to be totally fair to each contestant, and the number shall only be known to the puller and referee until the trap has been sprung. The shooter may use one or both barrels at each bird. A bird shot at with the first barrel, and on the wing may be killed with the second barrel either while on the ground or on the wing, and shall be scored. If the first barrel misses fire and the second is used while the bird is on the wing, it shall be scored. If the second is not used the referee shall declare "no bird." If the first is used and the second misses fire and the bird is not retrieved, the bird shall not be scored, but a new bird shall be given around except at the score, for shooting at a bird after it has been killed. The bird shall be scored. Missives caused by negligence of the shooter shall be scored against him. Ties shall be decided at original rise.

Rule 24.—Spectators shall not be allowed nearer than 20 yds. from, and only in rear of, the score line.

Rule 25.—Entrance money shall include the price of birds and be secured from purses unless otherwise agreed.

Rule 26.—Pool selling or betting or other gambling upon the result will not be recognized.

Rule 27.—In addition to other penalties imposed by these rules, fines of \$1 for each offense shall be imposed by the referee for pointing a gun at any person under any circumstances, turning around or leaving the score with a gun having a loaded or unloaded shell in its chamber, having a loaded gun anywhere on the ground except at the score, for shooting at a bird after it has passed the dead line. All fines when collected shall be divided among the trappers. No fine shall be remitted, and no contestant shall be permitted to continue in a contest after a fine has been imposed on him until he shall have paid such fine. The referee is required to see that these rules are strictly observed, and if he sees a contestant violating them he must so declare and impose the penalty whether a challenge has been entered or not. A referee's decision in all matters shall be final.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 11.—There has been considerable trouble in the air of trap circles here of late, and some of it is liable to be precipitated almost any day. Everybody is pestering everybody else for a match, and feels bad if he don't get it. If C. G. Breese and Gen. Fulford should happen out this way it is altogether likely that they could get a race, either one, and if they think either one, that they can kill 100, or 99, or 98, or 97, or may be even 95 out of 100 of the present Chicago flight of pigeons stamped J. Watson, they can break Chicago and take the World's Fair back East with them.

Arrangements were about concluded to bring off the long-deferred match between Mr. J. A. B. Elliott, of Kansas City, and Mr. A. E. Thomas, of this city, which was to have been shot here at an early date. Mr. Thomas, however, was taken seriously ill, and is only now just out of bed, so that word had to be sent to Mr. Elliott that his next Chicago shooting match must be postponed for a time. This was qualified, however, to the effect that if Mr. Elliott was feeling better, and not being in the mood to shoot, the boys would try to arrange it so that Mr. Elii it could come to Chicago and shoot not one, but three different matches, and may be more. In fact this would not be a difficult thing at all. Charlie Budd has just written that he would like to shoot matches, and he would not decline a match with Jim Elliott in Chicago. Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, has within the past three days expressed a similar desire, and he is a good shot. Jack Winston, of St. Louis, is hawking to come to Chicago and shoot any number of matches with any number of men, of any sort under the starry canopy. This rattle-head youth sells cigars. To his customers he sends out printed postal cards announcing the dates when he will probably favor them with a call. He has issued a series of such cards for the benefit of his Chicago acquaintance, and has given out seven or eight postal cards the other evening addressed in his care for as many Chicago shooters. Mr. Wins on says on these cards that he will call on or about Christmas on Mr. Andy Thomas, Mr. W. P. Mussey, Mr. Geo. Hofmann, Mr. Geo. Kleinman, Capt. A. C. Anson and Mr. R. B. Organ "with a full line of cigars." Mr. Winston further announces on a card addressed "All Chicago, care Mussey's Billiard Hall," that he will also call on said Chicago shooters on about Christmas with a full line of cigars. This is Mr. Winston's way of making a match. There is little doubt that Winston, Parmelee and Budd can be, and they may be assembled in Chicago on short notice, and in case Mr. Elliott wishes to shoot a match for a couple of million dollars, or say \$1, or \$4.50, the boys will try to arrange it. G. O. Kleinman cannot shoot any match just now, for he has no suitable gun on hand. He is a good shot, and has a most serious case, which threatened the loss of his right eye, he having slipped on the pavement and fallen, striking an iron water plug. He was taken to the hospital insensible, and has as yet no use whatever of the hurt eye.

Of the numerous friendly contests among our own shooters, usually 50 or 100-bird events, Mr. John Watson, the owner of Watson's Park, at Burnside, where these events invariably come off, has kindly kept the readers of Forest and Stream informed over his signature of "Kavelrig." It will be remembered that a few days ago Capt. A. C. Anson and Mr. W. P. Mussey had a 100-bird race, Mr. Mussey winning by one bird. The result of this was another challenge from the redoubtable base ball warrior, and the second match was shot to-day. The 1040 train carried a good little crowd of shooters, among others Mr. Mussey, Mr. R. B. Organ, Mr. Shaw, Mr. D. S. Dyer, Mr. Mark and Mr. Latchaw, of St. Louis. On the train a superlative ragged and dirty specimen of the Dago street musician, a boy perhaps 10 years of age, was collared and taken bodily along, accordeon and all, to serve as a mascot, he being rewarded therefor with more money than he ever saw before. With the boy in front, playing martial airs, the party marched over from the station and took possession of the grounds. At Burnside, where these events invariably come off, the readers of Forest and Stream were informed over his signature of "Kavelrig." It will be remembered that a few days ago Capt. A. C. Anson and Mr. W. P. Mussey had a 100-bird race, Mr. Mussey winning by one bird. The result of this was another challenge from the redoubtable base ball warrior, and the second match was shot to-day. The 1040 train carried a good little crowd of shooters, among others Mr. Mussey, Mr. R. B. Organ, Mr. Shaw, Mr. D. S. Dyer, Mr. Mark and Mr. Latchaw, of St. Louis. On the train a superlative ragged and dirty specimen of the Dago street musician, a boy perhaps 10 years of age, was collared and taken bodily along, accordeon and all, to serve as a mascot, he being rewarded therefor with more money than he ever saw before. 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FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 19.—Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, open sweepstakes at 50 artificials, at Rutherford, N. J.
Dec. 19.—Open sweepstakes at live birds, on John Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 19.—Maplewood Gun Club, practice shoot at artificials, at Maplewood, N. J.
Dec. 19.—South Side Gun Club, regular club and open shoot, on club grounds, near Emmet street station, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Athens, Pa., tournament, at kingbirds and live pigeons. W. K. Park, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, open tournament at artificials, at Rutherford, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Maplewood Gun Club, open tournament at artificials.
Dec. 25.—Amateur Gun Club, all day's shoot at artificials, on Fifth avenue grounds, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—John Erb's grounds, all day's shoot at live birds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Woodside Gun Club, all day tournament at live birds and artificials, club grounds, foot of Riverside avenue, Newark, N. J.

1892.

Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club, open tournament at artificials, on club grounds, near Emmet street station, Newark, N. J.
Jan. 26.—Hamilton Gun Club, live pigeon and artificial target shoot, at Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
June 13-18.—New York State Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Mowry, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THOSE who care to take a pleasant ride over the D. L. & W. road for the sake of a good day's sport at live-pigeon shooting will have an opportunity to do so to-morrow, when an all-day's shoot will be held on the grounds of the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J., about two miles from the Millburn station. The fun will begin at 10 A. M., there being four events on the programme. The first will be at 5 birds each, \$5 entry; second at 7 birds, \$5 entry; third at 5 birds, \$5 entry, second-barrel kills to count one-half a bird; fourth at 10 birds, \$10 entry. All excepting the third event will be under Hurlingham rules. When under ten entries the money will be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; over ten entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Hacks will meet all trains at Millburn. Birds are included in the above entries. Other events, either at live birds or targets, will be arranged to suit the contestants.

A great many shooters have recently expressed adverse criticism upon the practice followed by managers of club grounds of shooting in programme events and taking the bulk of the money expended by those who had perhaps traveled a number of miles for the sake of a day's sport. A few weeks ago the writer attended a shoot not a hundred miles from Newark. The manager had offered two cash prizes for the first and second best averages in the programme events, and when the summing up was reached it was found that the said manager had won the first average money, besides securing a goodly share of the pots and the money for the targets. One of the contestants on this day told the writer that he was "done with the grounds." Where the manager knows himself to be a superior marksman he should keep out of all events, if he wishes to attract outsiders.

Last week I commented upon the foolish custom of a number of clubs arranging tournaments for one day and announced that both the Boiling Springs and Maplewood Gun Clubs had arranged open shoots for Xmas Day. Since that time I have received notices stating that both the Woodsie, Amateur and Independent Gun Clubs, of Newark, would also hold tournaments on Dec. 25. As the time between Christmas and New Year days are usually marked by a cessation of business and sportsmen will all look around for a chance to enjoy themselves, it would be feasible for these clubs to fix upon separate dates when each one could attract a big list of shooters.

Next Thursday will be a great day for sport unless all signs fail, about four-fifths of the clubs around New York and New Jersey having announced all-day shoots at either live birds or artificial targets.

John Erb's Old Stone House Grounds, on Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., will be the scene of some lively pigeon shooting on Xmas Day, a big crowd of local and visiting experts being expected. If the birds are anywhere as good as the ones furnished the Newark Gun Club at the last monthly shoot, full scores will be the exception rather than the rule.

R. Heber Breintnall and William Hayes, of the Essex Gun Club, of Newark, started on Sunday for a southern shooting trip, to last for a week or ten days, on Monday. The party recently spent a week in Virginia and had some rare sport. While there he killed a partridge which he says was the first one seen in the State in thirty years. Mr. Hayes, who is well-known as the most expert Schuetzen rifleman in this country, if not in the world, is also a splendid wing shot and never comes home without a goodly store of game.

H. A. Penrose and James Clinton, of the Standard Keystone Manufacturing Company, were in town last week and report a tremendous drive of business at the New London factory.

[The Hamilton Gun Club, of Hamilton, Ont., is out with a big programme for a shoot at live pigeons and artificial targets, to be held on Jan. 26, 1892. Over \$100 in prizes will be offered, in prizes and special inducements will be made to American experts to attend.

Crockery smashers will have a chance at a big pot on Saturday on the finely appointed grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford. The main event will be at 50 bluebirds, \$5 entry, targets to be deducted from the entrance fee. The fun will begin at 1:15, and Secretary Jeanneret assures a good time to all who attend.

Tuesday and Wednesday of next week will be great days on the new grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, when the "Champion cup," "Winter cup," and "Anybody's cup," will be shot for, the contests being open to members of the Country Club, of Westchester county; Larchmont Y. C.; Carteret Club; Country Club, of San Francisco, Cal.; Blooming Grove Park Association, Philadelphia Gun Club, Westminster Kennel Club, Tuxedo Club, and members and guests of the Riverton Gun Club. The conditions of the "Champion cup" contest to be held on Tuesday are \$50 entry, 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, three misses out. On Wednesday the first match will be for the "Anybody's cup," miss out, \$10 entry, handicap. The second match will be a miss and out, \$10 entry, handicap rises, for the "Winter cup." Riverton Gun Club rules will govern. Shooting each day will begin on the arrival of the 10:30 A. M. train from Philadelphia. On Dec. 26 the "President's cup" and special prizes will be shot for by club members.

The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club held a special meeting on Dec. 12, and made some radical changes in its by-laws. The initiation fee was raised to \$10. Hereafter the regular shoots of the club will be held on the grounds, West End, Coney Island, on the second and fourth Thursday, in October, November, December, January, February and March, and on the fourth Thursday in May, June, July, August and September in each year. The shoot will be at 10 birds each, instead of 7, under modified Hurlingham rules. The club will shoot in three classes, A, B and C, 25 to 30yds., 25 to 27yds., and 21 to 24yds. inclusive.

The trap experts of the Manhattan Athletic Club are booming the sport under the efficient leadership of James Pilkington, who is as expert with the smooth-bore as with the sculls. On Dec. 11 two sweepstakes were held at Manhattan Field, the conditions being 10 kingbirds per man in each. In the first sweep the result was as follows: James Looney 8, T. Nearing 7, J. A. Herrity 4, F. Brinlinger 7, J. Pilkington 9, J. E. Nagle 6. In the second shoot the scores were as follows: James Looney 9, F. Nearing 7, Herrity 6, Brinlinger 8, Pilkington 8, Nagle 5. Pilkington and Looney then shot at 25 birds, Pilkington breaking 24 and Looney 18.

Some of the young and enthusiastic shooters in Dexter Park, L. I., have organized a club called "The Dark Secret Gun Club." They shoot at bluebirds on a moonlight night, when President H. Knebel, Jr., calls them together. J. Brennan, A. Andrews, J. Fay, M. Fay, W. Simmering, F. Markhopf, H. Bomerman, and F. Ashwood are the founders of the club. In their first shoot H. Knebel broke 7 out of 10 and J. Brennan 6 out of 10.

Western shooters and those of their Eastern brethren who visit

them will have a rare treat on May 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1892, judging from the fine "bill of fare" received for the third annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Council Grove, Kansas. On each day there will be six State events, and six open to all events, the programme comprising contests at both live birds and targets. Programmes may be procured from S. W. Cleek, Council Grove, Kansas.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Trap in Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 10.—There was a keen contest for the Duryea cup at the regular monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, Long Island, to-day. The club shoot is at 10 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules, club handicap, for a series of prizes donated by members of the club. The first prize is the Duryea silver cup. Yesterday L. T. Davenport won it for the first time. The score of the ties, 3 birds miss and out, was: A. Purdy 2, D. Shields 2, L. T. Davenport 7, C. E. Morris 6, West 1. Club shoot—A. Purdy 10, D. Shields 10, C. E. Morris 8, L. T. Davenport 10, A. C. Hunt 9, W. Lark 8, M. Lindsey 9, Mr. Fred 9, "Wanda" 9, C. Fisher 9, J. R. Woods 7, J. E. Lake 9, C. E. Morris 10, D. J. G. Knowlton 8, J. B. Voorhees 7, D. Van Ord 9, B. West 10, H. W. Blattmacher 9, C. W. Wheeler 6, W. Gilman 10.

The Parkway Rod and Gun Club made poor scores to-day at Dexter Park. The birds were good and only two straight scores were made, one of those by an invited guest. The club shoots at 7 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules, for a gold medal, club handicap. H. Bookman and G. Pföhlmann, non members of the club, killed their straight. Score of the shoot: A. Andrews 5, E. Helgans 5, A. Botty 4, T. T. Edgerton 5, H. Bookman 7, H. W. Bramwell 4, L. Miller 5, M. Borden 3, G. Pföhlmann 7, P. Ganns 4. A match at 5 live birds each was shot by A. Botty and T. T. Edgerton for \$10 and the price of birds. Botty won, killing 3 to his opponent's 2. It was almost dark when they shot. C. E. Morris and G. H. Garrison shot a match at 15 birds each, \$25 a side, just before the club shoot commenced. They tied with 15 straight and agreed to shoot another match at the next shoot of the club.

"Clinkers" at John Erb's.

THE monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club was held at John Erb's on Dec. 10, the attendance being rather light. The birds were a splendid lot of flyers, being helped in their flight by a stiff breeze which came across the line of traps from the left. The day's fun began with a series of 4-bird sweeps, \$3 entry, two moneys, Hurlingham rules governing. The scores are summarized as follows, ties being divided:

M. F. Lindsey.....1101 2121 2221—11	G. Griffin.....1102 1121 2022—10
M. F. Lindsey.....1022 2122 2121—9	R. Breintnall (28).....1221 0220 10—7
C. M. Hedden (28).....1111 3030 10—8	A. Heritage, Jr. (30).....2230 0102 10—7
G. Griffin (28).....1011 1222 21—8	W. Hollis (28).....0202 1201 01—6
J. Erb (28).....2110 0111 11—8	

Four-bird sweeps, same conditions as first three events:
C. Hedden.....2221 1211 2112—12
W. Hollis.....2121 1101 1001—9
M. Lindsey.....2122 1112 0211 222—14
Heritage, Jr. 1111 1021—5
R. Breintnall.....2232 1103 1121—11
E. Francis.....2102 110—5
G. Griffin.....2121 2303 2102 0—10
C. H. T.

The Trap at Watson's Park.

Dec. 3 the Fort Dearborn Gun Club held its monthly shoot, each man firing at 15 live birds, under American Association rules. The scores:

F. O. Griffin.....211000111210212—10	Al Hoffman.....22020020221201—9
Dr. Hutchinson.....221030111210120—11	H. Loveday.....10210212221012—12
A. C. Anson.....11121111110111—14	G. T. Sidway.....20201111112201—11
C. D. Gammon.....11121111111110—13	G. W. Willis.....010101111123010—10
G. T. Farmer.....111211020112112—13	

* Medal winner. * Not members.

RAVELRIGG.

Unknown Gun Club.

THE members of the Unknown Gun Club held their last monthly shoot of the year at Dexter Park, L. I., on Dec. 11. The weather was delightful for shooting and the birds good: D. Monsees 7, M. Brown 8, J. Bohling 7, E. A. Vroom 5, J. Cahill 5, D. Saine 11, H. Van Staden 6, J. Sampson 3, J. Schumacher 11, H. Kroft 3, J. Hyde 7, J. Flynn 6, C. Plate 6, Dr. Schwartz 8, G. Pföhlmann 5, A. Langenberg 7, Henry Boemermann 6. Referee, Mr. H. Knebel, Sr.

Cleveland Gun Club.

THE regular shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held at the traps of that organization on the afternoon of Dec. 10. There was a fair attendance and some good work. The following are the scores made at 25 birds each: Rudolph 21, Elworthy 20, Tabblyn 19, Sterling 18, Flick 21, Watts 18, Alberts 15, Jones 14, Saffold 14, Ward 20, North 23, Bell 11, Althans 9. Tie for first, Rudolph 9, Flick 8.

Prize Shoot in Williamsburgh.

THE Williamsburgh Shooting Society proposes to have a prize gallery shoot on Feb. 15, 1892, at its new gallery. Prizes to the amount of \$150 will be awarded to the winners, and the event is open to members of other rifle clubs. The club intends having an international shooting festival at Ridgewood in the summer of 1892, at which handsome prizes will be awarded. Capt. G. Krause of the club is the prime mover in this matter and is meeting with good success in his efforts to have the "crack" amateur rifleman of the country compete at the festival.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

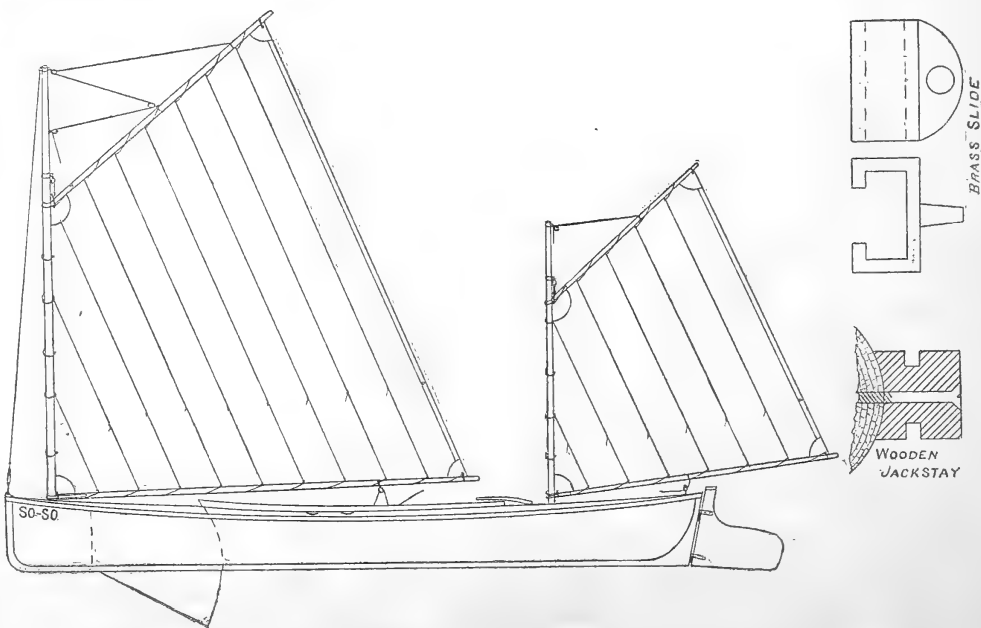
Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

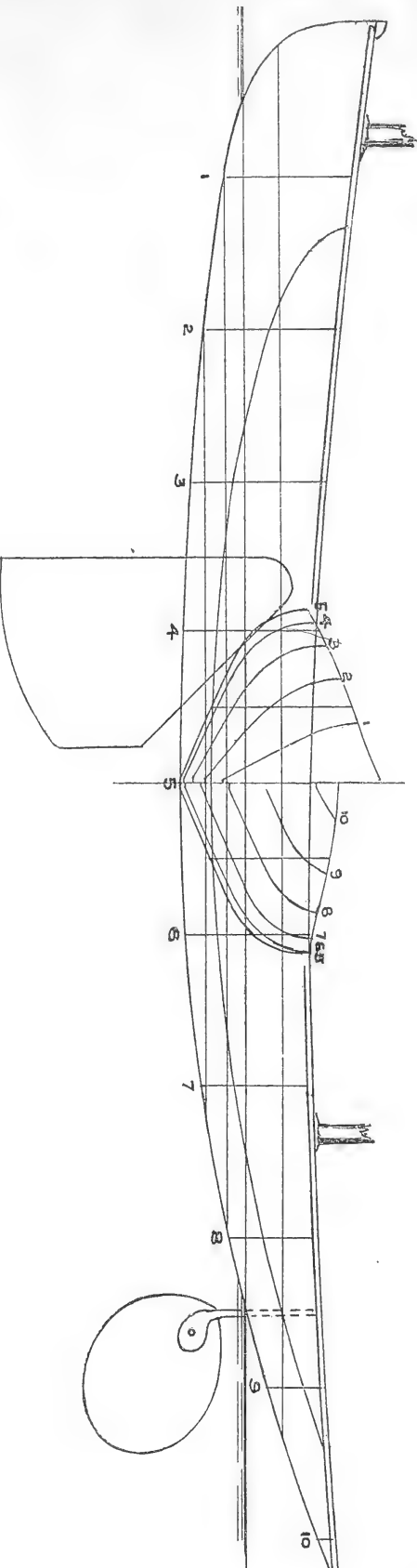
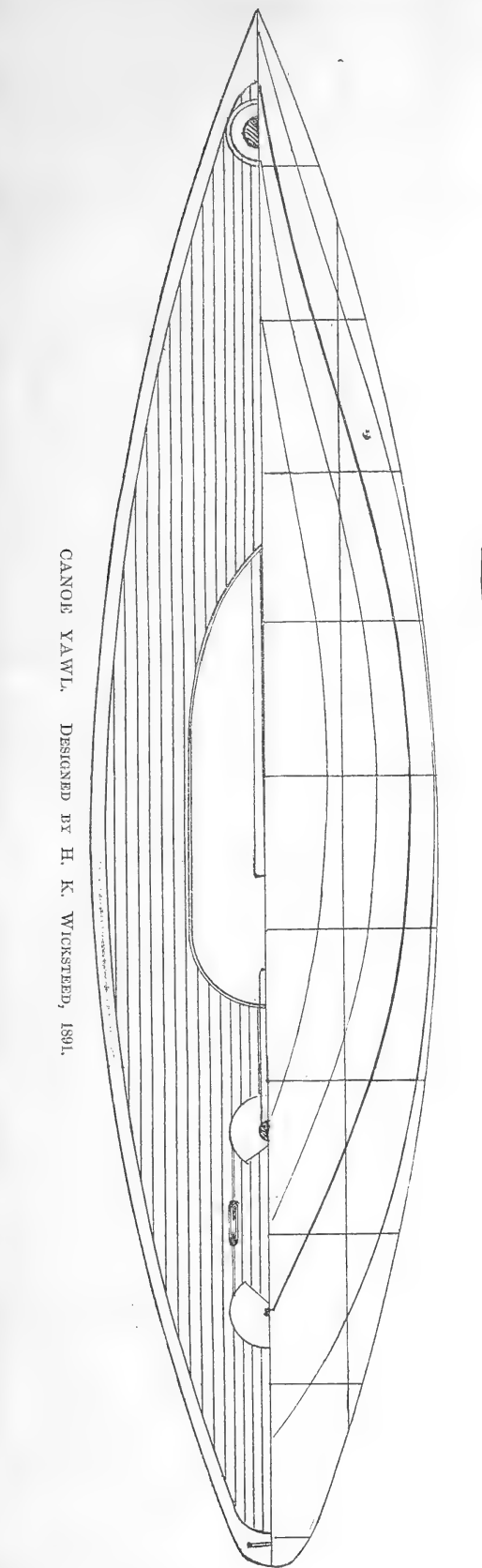
OVERHANG IN CANOES.—A correspondent this week brings up the question of overhang in canoes, though his suggestion is not very definite. So far as the 16x30 canoe is concerned, the A. C. A. rule permits a man to shorten the keel and add an overhang other than a counter stern or transom, provided the total limit of length does not exceed 16ft. At intervals of three or four years the proposition comes up to make the limit 16ft. waterline, but there are two objections to this, the waterline can never be exactly and finally determined in so small a craft, and besides the extreme length would be run out to such dimensions that the canoes would be very difficult to house and transport. While on a limit of 16ft. L.W.L., 30in. beam and 10in. draft, it might be possible to build a faster and safer craft than the standard canoe, a large part of the gain would be due to size alone, and the type would be unfitted for the purposes for which the canoe is now chiefly used. Whatever advantages may seem possible from increased bulk above water, it must be remembered that they can be fully realized only in a craft of considerable depth and displacement, or at least in one of great beam. If our correspondent refers to the canoe-yawl, the most suitable craft for his waters, there is nothing to prevent experiment with overhang, there being no existing class, as boats of this type have never visited the meets in sufficient numbers to make successful the attempts that have been made to create a class for them. The modern canoe belongs to the most ancient and excellent of all families of boats, one of whose chief characteristics is the possession of a moderate and by no means an exaggerated overhang at each end. In certain sizes and types of canoes, overhanging ends may be added with advantage, but never to the extent that is possible in the case of a moderate yacht with greater beam, ballast and displacement. One great advantage of both the canoe and canoe-yawl is the handiness when ashore, which is due to the compact form, and this would disappear at once if an attempt were made to build a "Gloriana" canoe.

THE REGATTA PROGRAMME.—If silence gives consent the proposed regatta programme recently given out by the committee evidently meets with general approbation, as no comments nor criticisms of any kind have thus far reached us. It must be admitted that the programme is a very good one, and if properly carried out the racing of '92 should be in every way satisfactory. The programme being published much earlier than last year, and there being very little chance that the present committee will attempt a change of rule before the meet, the racing men can start in before the new year to plan and prepare for the events they wish to start in. Such changes as have been made from the '91 programme are all improvements, and none are of such a nature as to disturb in any way the established events. One excellent addition is the paddling race for service canoes, open, and propelled by a single blade, the weight limit, 55lbs., keeping out the racing shells, and admitting only a strong and substantially-built open canoe. The removal of the limit of weight in the principal paddling class, and the recognition by the regatta committee of a second paddling class of service or cruising canoes, places paddling in a very satisfactory condition. The cruising race for general purpose canoes, which last year was over a 6-mile course, has been reduced to 3 miles, a combined race precisely like the record event. The sailing upset race, which last year was restricted to general purpose canoes, a great mistake as events proved, has been restored to its old place, all canoes being eligible. A time limit has been added in each of the races, the allowance in each case being large enough. The committee has made a good start in giving out the programme at such an early date, an earnest that the rest of their work will be equally well done.

SMALL CRUISERS.—The letter of Mr. Wicksteed, which we published several weeks since, has brought out several similar communications concerning the smaller cruising craft, which, with another letter from him, we publish this week. There is a



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE YAWL "SO-SO."



general interest in such craft among boating men in all parts of the country, and many new and useful craft have been built of late, though as they do not race they are little heard of. Descriptions, and particularly drawings of these boats and their rigs are always welcome, and we will gladly publish them.

NEW YORK C. C.—The New York C. C. did a graceful thing in remembering its namesake, the new cruiser New York, and adding its share to the service of plate subscription now being raised by the *Herald*. The only other club on the subscription list is the Oswego Y. C., which was one of the first subscribers.

CANOE YAWLS AND SMALL CRUISERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I send you with this the lines of the canoe yawl whose sail plan you were kind enough to publish in your last issue and which I hope will be on the stocks in a few days. The more I study the thing out and experiment the more I am satisfied with the governing ideas of the design, the cutting away of deadwoods and keel and the use of two centerboards, one a little forward of the ordinary position and the other in the form of a more than ordinarily powerful rudder. Madcap has at any rate been a decided success, and I hope the new boat will be even more so. Looking over some of your back numbers I came across the lines of the Heathen Chinese, a very successful boat on the Thames. In your remarks you said the success of the peculiar design was probably due in great measure to the Chinese lugsails which she carried; but are not the same features present in her design, a big centerboard and rudder giving lateral resistance in plenty and a full middle body tapering not only horizontally but vertically to the ends and the absence of any fore or after deadwood or skeg.
I pointed out in a letter to you some years ago that of all sailing craft the canoes, and only the canoes, were adhering to straight

keels, and I still believe that the greatest improvement in model which can now be effected is in cambering and rockering the sides upward and reducing the frictional surface to the minimum amount possible. In windward work especially I believe that the excessive fining of the waterlines is of comparatively small importance.

Coburg, Ont., Dec. 5.
Editor Forest and Stream:
Probably many of your readers are, like myself, interested in an all-round boat that is not too large to be handled alone in putting in and out of a boat house, that is easily managed by one man under sail, but has room enough for a friend if company is wanted. To such, a description of my boat may prove of interest. Two years ago I came into possession of a canoe 16ft. long, 40in. beam, 21in. deep at ends and 15in. amidships; fully decked, with 8in. waterways; a keel boat with straight keel 18in. deep running her full length, rigged with two leg-of-mutton sails of good size. Before the wind she would run like a witch, but close-hauled, the lee way she would make was surprising. Unfortunately, on the Delaware one cannot keep the wind continually aft, and I finally got tired of being beaten by boats in every other way inferior, so early this season I began a great overhauling of old numbers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, a comparison of canoe rigs of various kinds, and the covering of any blank paper that came under my hand with various designs of rigs. Each seemed lacking in some important particular, but I finally settled on the following plan:
To avoid sacrificing the room in cockpit the centerboard well was put forward under the deck, using a steel-plate board 2in. thick, the keel enabling me to do with a small board well forward. The forward mast tube was moved forward right into the eyes, the after one 12in. further aft. The steering gear was a heavy yoke of my own contrivance, bolting through deck and connected with yoke or rudder by wire rope. Nearly twenty years' experience in Delaware River hikers, tuckups and duckers failed to make me see the many defects claimed for the gaffsail, and I have never yet seen a sail with as many good all-round qualities, if properly cut and fitted; so the sails of the So-So are both gaffs, with all halliards leading to clutch cleats right at the helmsman's hand. By letting go peak halliards sail is reduced one-half very

quickly, but it has to be bad weather indeed when her sails are scandalized or even reefed.
Under her new rig, So-So was tried early in March last and was given the benefit of all the hard spring winds, before most of the summer sailors began to think of refitting. She proved fast, safe and weatherly, cuts right into the eye of the wind, is stiff as a church, rarely requiring one's weight to be thrown outside her gunwale. Our fastest small boats are the tuckups, and so far the So-So has beaten every one she sailed against. In July, after a hard spring's sailing, accompanied by my wife, I cruised along the upper waters of the Chesapeake, making headquarters at a fine old farm house on the eastern shore. We took the weather as we found it, and found some of it pretty bad, So-So would ride a sea that would drench the crews of the fishing boats, and she would keep dry and out-sail them besides, several times beating boats that she could have been set inside of easily. With my wife for crew, I explored the rivers that form the head of the bay, Northeast, Elk, Bohemia, etc., quickly and comfortably. Her fastest sailing is done when handled by one man, with small sandbag just aft of cockpit to put her down by the stern, but no other ballast. I may sometime put a racing rig on her and sail her with a crew on the gunwale.
PALMYRA, N. J., Dec. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have been much interested in reading from time to time descriptions of small cruisers and the many different rigs for this class of boat.
The one described in your issue of Nov. 26 while good, would not do so well where there is much shoal water. I have a Barnegat cruiser, one of Mr. Bishop's building, 16ft. long, 5ft. beam, and 21in. deep, as described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 14, 1886. The rig is a simple leg-of-mutton sail, laced to boom, and in place of mast hoops I have small brass castings sliding on a jack screwed to after side of mast. Only one halliard is used, running over a sheave on masthead and having spliced into one end a snap hook, which is snapped into a ring in head of sail, then when putting sail on the boat all that is required is to put the slides on the jack and hoist away.
The advantages of this rig are, first, simplicity, no clumsy arrangement of the blocks and halliards; second, it can be taken very quickly from the mast, which cannot be done with most rigs on boats of this size, thus enabling the cruiser to keep his sail always dry.
The jack is a strip of oak 3/4in. square, having a groove in two opposite sides 3/4in. wide, in which the flanges of the slides work. It commences about 1ft. above deck, running to masthead. A stop can be put to prevent the slides from dropping off when the sail is lowered or reefed. The centerboard is well forward, and the rudder has a small drop plate.
This type of boat is very able and comfortable for cruising, and the rig, I think, is very good for such purposes.
The sail contains 120sq. ft., 16ft. hoist, 15ft. boom, 21ft. leach; and I have carried full sail on Barnegat Bay when large catboats were reefed.
A boat of this kind can sail over flats where the small cruisers with low-hung metal rudders and boards could not go.
TOM'S RIVER, N. J., Dec. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Of late I have become very much interested in reading the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I was much taken with Mr. H. K. Wicksteed's plan for single-hander in the issue of Nov. 26, under the head of Canoeing.
Only the fear of a breach of etiquette in canoeing prevented me from building a canoe with overhanging ends. Why not have a shorter keel, with overhanging stem and stern, on a canoe as well as on a yacht? Is it not a safer boat on a rough sea? Such a boat has proved to be fast in a yacht. Why not in a canoe? We have no organized club here in Silver Creek, although we should have. We have a number of canoes and small yachts, and one would think by the boating talk that we would have a large fleet of new white wings in the spring.
Our sailing is on open water—Lake Erie—and yet we find men who think that a single-hander should be light enough to take under one's arm and swim ashore if upset. For myself, like Mr. Wicksteed, I desire a canoe that I can take some comfort in on a cruise, and in a race can invent something for ballast that will get her there in time single-handed.
Another obstacle in my way has been the centerboard trunk in the cabin. And I have now designed an oscillating centerboard that wholly does away with the centerboard trunk in the middle portion of the boat. The centerboard is of extra length, and goes home to its house as quickly as a folding board when coming in contact with an obstruction. I would like to have the opinion of some good boating man as to its merits, and would cheerfully give the details in full to any reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* who would like to test the practicability of the device.
J. H. H.
SILVER CREEK, N. Y.
[We would be glad to publish the plans of the centerboard, as some such invention is much needed. If it is at all practicable there is no doubt that some of our readers will be quick to test the actual merits.]

WAR CANOE RACING.

A VERY decided change has been noticeable in canoe racing during the past two seasons, and it now seems likely that for a long time to come the paddle will have an equal share of popularity with the sail in racing at the meets, and to a certain extent in local events as well. The sailing events have thus far been the great racing attraction of the meets, the entries being far more numerous and the races consequently being of greater interest and more closely contested than the paddling events. In paddling there have always been one or two men of known ability, like Johnson, Rice and others, whom the average paddler has not cared to face; but in sailing the conditions have been different, though it is hard to say why, and though a number of recognized experts, like Butler, Brokaw, Gibson, Jones and a score more, were entered, there have always been a host of new men to start with them. At Jessup's Neck in 1890 and at Willsborough Point this year, the principal paddling race assumed an importance which it never before possessed, and next year the various paddling races promise to be still more exciting. Canoe sailing can never lose its popularity, but just now the amount of time and money required to build and work up a first-class racing canoe is beginning to operate against large fields of starters, so that relatively there will be a more equal division of the racing men and programme events between the paddling and sailing than has ever before existed.
A proposition has been made within a year by Mr. Barney looking to the utilization of this boom in paddling to increase the excitement and interest of the racing week, especially to the spectators, whether canoeists or transient visitors to the camp. The proposal is to the effect that each of the four divisions shall own and bring to the meet a war canoe, manned by four men within the division; the four crews to paddle a race in these picturesque craft. Mr. Barney has given considerable thought to the details, his idea being that the canoes should be of exactly the same size and model, alike in every respect, and of course manned by the same number of men, probably sixteen and a helmsman. For convenience of transportation, each canoe would be built in three sections, a middle part some 16ft. long, and two 7ft. ends, making a total length of 30ft., the three being bolted together by metal connections. In shipping, the two ends would be placed in the central portion, all going into an ordinary box car. A captain would be appointed in each division, whose duty it would be to favor the change, and appoint the crew who would be present at the meet, and from whom he would pick a crew. Of course the time for crew practice would be short, probably a week, but with enough good paddlers in fair condition a very good crew might be made up for each boat.
Any one who has seen a war canoe like the Unktahee, the Kokonoro or the Mohican under way can form an idea of what a race would be like with four of these canoes, manned by seven men each, the crews uniformed in bright colors and the big single blades flashing. From a picturesque standpoint, the sight would far surpass a rowing race such as the Harvard-Yale and with the rivalry between the four divisions the interest and excitement would be fully as great. If such a race can be made an established feature of the A. C. A. meet, it will in a few years become one of the principal racing events.

NEW YORK C. C.—The annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held on Dec. 14, at the Fiercing Rooms, with Com. Howard in the chair. The question of removing the house to Bensonhurst, on Gravesend Bay, and giving up the station on Staten Island, was fully discussed, the sense of the meeting being strongly in favor of the change, and it is probable that it will be decided on when the matter comes up at a meeting next month. A proposal to enlarge the house by adding another story was also discussed, and favorably received. The following officers were elected: Com. Wm. Whitlock; Vice-Com. J. R. Lake; Sec'y-Treas. C. J. Stevens; Trustee (for 3 years), G. H. Daley. The incoming regatta com-

mittee was instructed to revise the conditions under which the international challenge cup is held. A subscription of \$21 was taken up toward the service of plate for the new cruiser New York. On motion of Mr. Burchard, it was resolved that the club send its greeting to Mr. Pauliney Bigelow, with congratulations on the successful completion of his cruise down the Danube. A very handsome copy of the new constitution and bylaws, together with a list of the members and canoes, and of all officers since the club's organization, has just been printed; the gift to the club of Com. Howard, Mr. Whitlock, the newly-elected commodore, is one of the oldest members of the club and an ex-commodore, and the plans now under consideration are likely to be fully carried out next year under his direction, in a manner that will greatly benefit the club.

DIVISION PRIZES.

THE following circular has been sent to each of the canoe clubs in the Eastern Division, A. C. A. At the present time, of course, it is understood that many club treasuries are low, the expenses of the year, and the fact that dues for 1892 have not been collected, having produced that condition. During January the fund will doubtless assume larger proportions. The promoters wish gratefully to acknowledge the following contributions:

Putnam, C. B. Eaton, Mass. \$100
Stanhope, C. C. Winchester, Mass. 10

The circular reads:

EASTERN DIVISION.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1891.—Mr. Secretary.—Dear Sir: At the recent annual meeting of the Eastern Division, A. C. A., it was decided to endeavor to collect by voluntary contribution a sum of money, to be used at the discretion of the executive committee of the Division for the purchase of two trophies. It was further voted, that the Division support the fund by a contribution not exceeding \$50. The trophies are intended to represent the sailing and paddling supremacy of our Division, and shall be raced for each year at the Division meet. We have in the Eastern Division enough clubs to defray the expense, if a reasonable proportion will contribute the sum of \$10 to the fund. Your club is respectfully solicited to contribute, that it may do its part toward increasing the activity of our members in both branches of the sport. Any such favor as that desired, together with the name of the contributing club, may be forwarded to your fraternal, James W. Cawright, Jr., Vice-Commodore Eastern Division, A. C. A. (P. O. box 123, Boston, Mass.).

BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.—On Dec. 12 the general committee meeting of the B. C. A. was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, with a camp-fire of the Association in the evening. The chief work before the committee was to select the site of the next meet, the proposed sites being Menai Straits, Loch Long and Loch Erne.

Pachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stanfield-Hicks. Price \$3.50. Steam Machinery. By Davidson. Price \$1.50.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the canoe, peep into the Keel, squint down the barrel of the rifle, open the Fish Car and Game Bag, inquire of the Sportsman Tourist, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the Editorial and Advertising Departments.

LAKE ERIE AND INTER-LAKE RACING.—We are glad to see that the yachtsmen of Lake Erie are bestirring themselves in emulation of their more progressive brothers on Lake Ontario, and are inaugurating a movement which is likely to result in an organization on Lake Erie similar to, and working in harmony with, that on Lake Ontario. In 1885, the year following the organization of the Lake Y. R. A. on Ontario, an attempt of a similar nature was made at Balast Island, or more properly, Put-in-Bay, in Lake Erie, but without success, one cause of failure being the adoption of a poor measurement rule which prevented the attendance of the Lake Ontario yachts in the races, and served to divide rather than to unite the two lakes. What was an experiment on Lake Ontario in 1885 has since proved a complete success, and the Lake Erie yachtsmen need no better guide in organization than the constitution of the Lake Y. R. A. There is every reason on both sides why a common system of rules should prevail, and why the fleets of the two lakes should interchange friendly visits. In the event of a Lake Erie association being formed it is proposed that the Lake Y. R. A. fleet should visit Lake Erie for a season, omitting the annual round of Lake Ontario, the visit being returned a year later by the Lake Erie fleet. Yachting has made great progress on Lake Erie since 1885, and a modern and progressive organization including all the yacht clubs on the lake is urgently needed.

NEW YORK Y. C. PRIZES.—The prizes given by the New York Y. C. this year, thirty-six in number, are now on exhibition at Tiffany's, in New York. The collection surpasses in cost and beauty all previous ones, the chief feature being the cup won by Gloriaana in the special race at Newport.

INTERNATIONAL RACING.

THE present condition of racing in the larger classes is far from satisfactory on both sides of the Atlantic; with us there is this year and last but a single strong racing class, and there is reason to doubt whether this year's season will be any better than last year's. On the other side much the same state of affairs is found, our 40ft. class being paralleled by the 20-rating class there being at the same time one larger class, the 40-raters. While the causes of the decrease of racing tonnage in the two countries are many and complex, a number of them being beyond any remedies which yachtsmen can apply; there can be no doubt that international competition, in the sort that played such an important part in the racing of 1887, would at once give a strong stimulus to racing on both sides. American yachtsmen, and British as well, would welcome a renewal of the friendly contests that enlivened the three years from 1885 to 1887. It is needless now to discuss the reason for the stoppage of a work that was doing so much for both parties, the plain facts are that international racing has stopped, to the detriment of the sport, and that there is no prospect of its re-establishment under the old conditions. If there is, as we believe, a desire on the part of American yachtsmen to put an end to the present deadlock, there is a way to do so which is at once graceful and sportsmanlike.

For over a dozen years almost the whole brunt of international racing has been borne by British yachtsmen: the venture of Mr. James Coats in tendering our Magde to test her against America's craft was a bold and spirited than the voyage of the Amer can under Com. Stevens in 1851; Clara was brought out by Mr. Sweet in a similar way in 1885; and Genesta, Galatea and Thistle each gave up a season at home and came out here in ignorance of what formidable adversary might confront them at the last moment. All of these yachts, with others such as Muggie, Ulinda, Slona, Stranger and Miranda, brought out by American owners, raced under heavy and handicaps, having been built under a fierce and very peculiar rule, for different local conditions, such as wind, water and courses, and as a matter of course each stranger having to meet alone either the fleet in the open regatta or the best single boat that could be picked to meet her.

The natural handicap which attends every vessel who leaves her home waters can hardly be overestimated, different rules for building, different waters and winds, strange courses, strange yachts, strange marks and headlands, a new climate for the crew, combine to make a heavy total in favor of the home yacht and against the stranger. So much is this the case that it is noticeable within very limited distances, as between New York and Boston, or the Clyde and the Solent, the victor at home being easily vanquished when he in turn is the visitor, there is nothing unfair in all this, it is simply the chances of war; but it has happened

that in twelve seasons of international racing, or from Madge to the latest Fife boats, Barbara and Jessica, the chances have been entirely on the side of the American yachts in home waters, and against the visiting British craft. We have not forgotten that several yachts, such as Thistle, Minerva and Barbara, were specially intended to race here, and so suffered little from the difference of rule, nor have we overlooked the fact that some of the visitors would have been beaten by their American rivals had all the odds been reversed; but at the same time it must be evident to every one who is familiar with recent international races that circumstances and conditions have uniformly favored the home boats.

Just at this time the idea is prevalent, and it is most probably true, that America possesses the fastest yacht of her size afloat. However much Gloriaana's good qualities may have been overestimated by popular enthusiasm, two facts appear very clearly on the face of the season's record, that the leading boats of the 40ft. class are proportionately much faster than any of the 70ft. or smaller classes, ancient or modern, that have sailed beside them; and also that Gloriaana is easily ahead of all her class. While it would be difficult to gauge her definitely with the single stick Volunteer, of doubtful her length, she has beaten a much larger number of her own class and relatively faster boats, than Volunteer defeated in the old 60ft. class, and she stands to-day as the foremost embodiment of American progress in yachting. If the admiration and confidence which American yachtsmen have expressed is at all genuine, it would be most natural and at the same time graceful act to send her as Mr. Coats sent Madge, or as the Earl of Sandwich sent the Lieut. and the Lieut. would have sought to seek for worthy opponents away from home.

While a trip across the Atlantic on the part of Gloriaana, and a participation in the season races in British waters would bring in again the international element which adds so much zest to yacht racing, there are some reasons why she would not be the best boat for such a venture. Although the measurement rule is practically the same in both countries, the different methods of classification, with local conditions, have produced a great disparity in yachts, and Gloriaana would no more fit a class in British waters than Jessica does here. By the Y. R. A. rule she is of 31-rating, and so would come between two classes, there being no racing yachts of intermediate sizes between 20-rating and 40-rating. While she would be much too large for one class, she would be too small for the other, in either case she would sail at an amount of time as to destroy the interest in the races; and at the same time it is very doubtful whether her type and general proportions are the best for racing abroad.

The proper course then which presents itself is the designing of a new Gloriaana for British waters and British rules, either a 20-rater, of about 40ft. l.w.l., or a 40-rater, of about 50ft. l.w.l. No doubt the designing of such a yacht would be a welcome work to Mr. Herreshoff and but little more difficult now than was the conception of Gloriaana a year ago. The working of the new Y. R. A. rule, and the type which it has produced, are so well known to him that the conditions of the problem would be hardly more complicated than in the case of the 40ft. class last winter, with a dozen promised boats.

Concerning the reception which such a "Yankee" visitor would meet in England to-day, whatever the case may have been in the past, there is now nothing in the rule which would militate in the least against a yacht built for the purpose, and as for the feeling to be expected from clubs and members, there is no reason to believe that she would not be welcomed in the regular open events of the season as heartily as Genesta and Galatea were in America; being allowed to sail on the same footing with the home yachts. There is no reason to believe that she would not be welcomed in the regular open events of the season as heartily as Genesta and Galatea were in America; being allowed to sail on the same footing with the home yachts. There is no reason to believe that she would not be welcomed in the regular open events of the season as heartily as Genesta and Galatea were in America; being allowed to sail on the same footing with the home yachts. There is no reason to believe that she would not be welcomed in the regular open events of the season as heartily as Genesta and Galatea were in America; being allowed to sail on the same footing with the home yachts.

However ably American yachtsmen have acquitted themselves in the part of defenders, there is nothing specially creditable in resting content with such a part and leaving to others the risks and honors of the challenge's part. It is well enough to have defended ourselves with credit against attacks at home, but after a long series of successes in this direction it is time to put on a bolder front, and if there is anything honest or genuine in the belief that we possess a champion, to send him forth to do battle against all he may meet.

NEW YORK Y. C. PRIZES AND WINNERS, 1891.

In their window on Union Square, Tiffany & Co. have on exhibition for a few days the thirty-six sterling silver cups just completed by that firm for the New York Y. C. prizes for the season of 1891. Each cup was especially designed so as to be appropriate in its form and decoration for the class in which it is offered. The collection is the largest in number, as well as the costliest set of prizes ever offered by any club. The prizes are in the form of bowls, loving cups, pitchers, tankards, beer mugs, vases, cigar holders, etc. The name of the winner, date, class and course is etched on each cup. The following is the list:

16th Annual Regatta, June 18.

Class 3. Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First prize, Katrina.
Class 6. Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First prize, Gloriaana; second prize, Jessica.

SCHOONER LIST.

Squadron Runs, August, 1891.

Prize won by Constellation for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, Newport to Vineyard Haven; first, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford; first, New Bedford to Newport.
Prize won by Quickstep for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport; first, Newport to Vineyard Haven; first, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
Prize won by Mayflower for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport; first, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Prize won by Marguerite for the following runs: Second, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport; first, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Prize won by Fortuna for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport.
Prize won by Merlin for the following runs: First, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford; first, New Bedford to Newport.

Prize won by Iroquois for the following run: First, Huntington to New London.
Prize won by Volunteer for the following run: Second, New London to Newport.

Prize won by Palmer for the following run: Second, Huntington to New London.
Prize won by Enone for the following run: Newport to Vineyard Haven.

SLOOP LIST.

Squadron Runs, August, 1891.

Prize won by Hildegarde for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport; first, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford; first, New Bedford to Newport.

Prizes won by Clara for the following runs: First, New London to Newport; first, Newport to Vineyard Haven; first, New Bedford to Newport.

Prize won by Sayonara for the following runs: Second, Huntington to New London; second, New London to Newport; second, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford; first, New Bedford to Newport.

Prize won by Katrina for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport.

Prize won by Loris for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport.

Prize won by Gossoon for the following runs: First, Newport to Vineyard Haven; first, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.

Prize won by Cinderella for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.

Prize won by Oweene for the following runs: First, Huntington to New London; first, New London to Newport; second, New Bedford to Newport.

Prize won by Mineola for the following runs: Second, Huntington to New London; first, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Prize won by Iroquois for the following run: First, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Prize won by Mischief for the following run: First, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Prize won by Bedouin for the following run: Second, Huntington to New London.

Prize won by Nautilus for the following run: Second, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Martha's Vineyard, Aug. 10, 1891.

Classes 1, 2 and 3—Schooners—Special prize won by Mayflower.
Classes 4 and 5—Schooners—Special prize won by Quickstep.
All classes—Keel schooners—Special prize won by Enone.
Class 3—Sloops, cutters and yawls—Special prize won by Bedouin.

Classes 4 and 5—Sloops, cutters and yawls—Special prize won by Cinderella.

Class 6—Sloops, cutters and yawls—Special prize won by Sayonara.
Class 7—Sloops, cutters and yawls—Special prize won by Gossoon.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Newport, Aug. 13, 1891.

Class 6. Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First prize, special cup, value \$50, won by Gloriaana. Second prize, special cup, won by Sayonara. Third prize, special cup, won by Ulira.
The Gloriaana is a loving cup, 15 1/2 in. in height and 7 1/2 in. in diameter, weighing 120 z. and of strictly nautical type, the body being decorated with two graceful and beautifully modelled mermaids forming the handles. The cup is supported by one arm clasping the upper edge, while the other is extended, holding the laurel wreath of victory. The hair is interlaced with strings of pearls, and has the appearance of being blown about by the wind, blending gracefully into the intersection of the body and neck, around which is inscribed the words "Won by Gloriaana," in letters of seaweed, while the remainder of the inscription is on the body. The base is composed of a border of scroll-like shells and seaweed, growing from the foot and terminating in graceful lines around the lower part of body.

The above official list was not completed at the time our tables of winners were published, but the only important differences are that Volunteer is second in place of third on the second run; Cinderella, and not Hildegarde, wins the special race at Vineyard Haven, and Sayonara is tied with Mineola for second place on first run. It is also worth noting that Clara was not regularly entered in the Vineyard Haven race, but sailed a special sweepstakes race with Cinderella. With these corrections of record, as we believe, correct as it places the exact number of prizes won is a very difficult matter to settle, as will be seen from the above list, the various wins being combined in a single prize.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

Patuxent Y. C., Jersey City, Dec. 8.—Com. Norman L. Rowe; Vice-Com. W. A. Smith; Treas. Louis Mittlestodt; Fin. Sec'y, W. F. Tobin; Cor. Sec'y, Benjamin J. Soper; Meas. Wm. Chester; Fleet Surgeon, J. H. Van Meter; Fleet Captain, Geo. W. James; House Committee, A. B. Bennett, Archie White, and J. L. Mores; Anchorage Committee, L. M. Karver, John Bell and A. F. Roe; Delegates to the New York Yacht Club Association, L. J. Rowe, Wm. A. Smith, and B. Bennett; Board of Trustees, Wm. Kent, Dr. R. E. Freeman, C. E. Baldwin, E. J. Smith and Nat. Pritchard.

Orange Lake Ice Y. C., Newburgh, Dec. 8.—Com. Henry C. Haggins; Vice-Com. Dr. Willcutt C. Kidd; Treas. Gardner Van Nostrand; Sec'y, Wm. H. Smith; Treas., Chas. Dixon.

Audubon Y. C., New York, Dec. 7.—Com. S. J. Ramford; Vice-Com. Frederick Decker; Fin. Sec'y, Howard Crampden; Treas., H. B. St. John; Fleet Surgeon, H. B. St. John; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. J. Quigley; Meas., George Mason.

Rochester Y. C.—The annual meeting and dinner of the Rochester Y. C. was held on Dec. 7, with Com. White in the chair and sixty members present. The officers elected were: Com. Matt Cartwright; Vice-Com. E. N. Walbridge; Capt., J. George Cramer; Rec. Sec. T. B. Pritchard; Treas. W. H. Briggs; Cor. Sec. E. G. Newell; Meas. J. J. Pell; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. H. Sawers; Executive Committee—R. K. Driver, A. T. Hagen, Geo. H. Newell, J. R. White. The reports of the various officers showed the club to be in a very prosperous condition, financially and in other ways, with a large and united membership and a growing fleet. Com. Cartwright is one of the best known and most popular yachtsmen on Lake Ontario, the newly-elected president of the Lake Y. R. A., and under his administration the club may look for a very successful season in '92.

SMALL RACING YACHTS.—To meet the growing demand for a small yacht for racing, pleasure sailing and cruising work, the New York Yacht Club, the American Yacht Club and the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, have recently ordered a design from Mr. William Gardner for a yacht of 18ft. corrected length, and is now prepared to build a number of boats at a very low figure during the winter. The yacht is a handsome flush-decked cutter, 23ft. 6 in. over all, 18ft. 1 in. l.w.l., 5ft. 6 in. beam, 4ft. draft and 324 sq. ft. sail area. The cockpit is large and made watertight, and is self-bailing. For cruising a tent may be used, while there is a large cuddy under the forward deck. The rig is a simple boom and gaff mainsail with a jib set on a short bowsprit. The yacht is handsome in outline and has a neat overhang at each end. A lead keel makes her non-capsizeable. With three or four such craft, all of one build and model, a club might do a great deal of good racing, each boat carrying two or even three men, while from their safety they are well suited for ladies' use.

MODEL YACHT RACING.—A correspondent asks for a rule for measuring and classifying model yachts. There is now no uniformity among model yacht clubs, many rules being used; but the length and sail area rule is steadily superseding all others. Probably the simplest form of this rule would be to measure the actual size of each sail carried, extracting the square root of the total area. To this root add the waterline length, and divide the number by 2, which will give the "corrected length." The yachts may be classed by this corrected length, or by waterline length, but the former is the more desirable. The sail measurement may also be made by the Seawanhaka rule, which we have frequently published, the length of spars being the basis of measurement.

STEAM YACHT RACING.—Some interest has been excited in the States this year in the movement of a steam-yacht race, which, however, did not come off, owing to the breakdown of one competitor and the grounding of another. Some little excitement would doubtless be caused by a good steam-yacht race, but it is difficult to see what genuine sport could be got out of it. Speed under steam is a question of construction and of engine power only, or at most of management in the engine room and stove hold. The interest of racing between sailing yachts consists in the tact and in addition to the contest between the various designs there is the further element of seamanship and skillful management under sail.—Nautical Magazine.

VESTA, sclr., one of the three American yachts which raced across the Atlantic in mid-winter just 25 years ago, has been sold for \$7,000 to the Rev. J. J. Dougherty, the head of the Mount Loretto institution at Pricess Bay, Staten Island. She will be square-rigged and used as a training vessel for the boys under the command of Cap. Geo. E. Reeves.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN YACHTS.—We have received from Mr. H. G. Peabody parts 4 and 5 of this elegant publication, the former containing views of the 30-footers and smaller racing craft, and the latter of the entire 40ft. fleet. Part 5 has been also issued as a separate volume, bound in cloth. Mr. Geo. A. Stewart has furnished the letter press.

SEAWANAHKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The Oyster Bay Y. C. has recently been consolidated with the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., adding 75 new members to the latter organization. The establishment of the latter club at Oyster Bay has made the move a most desirable one for both clubs.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. A. S.—The illustration on page 53 of the "Forest and Stream Book Catalogue" is of an English setter. It was drawn by H. B. Tallman, of Oak Lawn, R. I.

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VOL. XXXVII.—No. 23.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 459.

GEORGE B. GRINNELL.

AFTER a brief illness, developing into pneumonia, George B. Grinnell passed away from earth, on the morning of Saturday, Dec. 19, at his home in Audubon Park. His age was 68.

Born in Greenfield, Mass., in 1823, Mr. Grinnell came of an old New England family, and from it he inherited those high traits of character which in after years won for him the regard of the commercial world. He was a resident of New York city for nearly fifty years, and was for a long period one of its prominent merchants. In 1873 he retired from active business life to his home in Audubon Park, in this city.

Mr. Grinnell was one of the trustees of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, of which his son, George Bird Grinnell, is president. He had a warm interest in this journal and its prosperity. The sense of their loss felt by his associates may not be told in words; but with the tender sorrow they feel will always be mingled the grateful memory of the rare personal qualities which endeared him to them.

OUR BOYHOOD NUMBER.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 7 (the first issue of the enlarged paper) will be the Boyhood Number. A generous proportion of its pages will be filled with reminiscent chat and story by men whose souls have not been soured by age nor their sunny memories of youthful days with rod and gun obliterated by the passing years. Here is a partial list of the papers, and an inviting one it is:

Episodes in the Life of a Bad Boy—PODGERS.
Cleaning the Old Gun—ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.
A Snap-Shot—A SENIOR SNAPPER.
"Us Boys"—H. P. UFFORD.
Nights with the Coons—L. S. EDDINS.
My First Repeater—NUTMEG.
Long Wash—CHARLES H. SHINN.
In Old Times—SANDPATH.
Was It Bewitched?—ORIN BELKNAP.
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My First Deer Hunt—MYRON COOLEY.
Angling Annals—S. C. C.
The Trout I Lost—HUNTER.
Trout Canning—B. F. HENLEY.
A Boy's Troubles—G. L.
My First Wild Turkey—C. C. R.
In the Fifties—NUTMEG.
A Reminiscence—ONCE A BOY.
My First Shooting Lesson—W. TOWNSEND.

WINTER VOICES.

OUT of her sleep nature yet gives forth voices betokening that life abides beneath the semblance of death, that her warm heart still beats under the white shroud that enfolds her rigid breast.

A smothered tinkle as of muffled bells comes up from the streams through their double roofing of snow and ice, and the frozen pulse of the trees complain of its thrall-dom with a resonant twang as of a strained cord snapped asunder.

Beneath their frozen plains, the lakes bewail their imprisonment with hollow moans that awaken a wild and mournful chorus of echoes from sleeping shores that answer now no caress of ripples nor angry stroke of waves nor dip and splash of oar and paddle.

The breeze stirs leafless trees and shaggy evergreens to a murmur that is sweet, if sadder than they gave it, in the leafy days of summer, when it bore the perfume of flowers and the odor of green fields, and one may imagine the spirit of springtime and summer lingers among the naked boughs, voicing memory and hope.

Amid all the desolation of their woodland haunts the squirrels chatter their delight in windless days of sunshine and scoff at biting cold and wintry blasts. The nuthatch winds his tiny trumpet, the titmouse pipes his cheery note, the jay tries the innumerable tricks of his unmusical voice, and from their rollicking flight athwart

the wavering slant of snowflakes drifts the creaking twitter of buntings.

The sharp, resonant strokes of the woodman's axe and the groaning downfall of the monarchs that it lays low, the shouts of teamsters, the occasional report of a gun, the various sounds of distant farmstead life, the jangle of sleigh bells on far-off highways, the rumbling roar of a railroad train rushing and panting along its iron path, and the bellowing of its far-echoed signals, all proclaim how busily affairs of life and pleasure still go on while the summer-wearied earth lies wrapped in her winter sleep.

Night, stealing upon her in dusky pallor, under cloudy skies, or silvering her face with moonbeams and starlight, brings other and wilder voices. Solemnly the unearthly trumpet of the owl resounds from his woodland hermitage, the foxes' gasping bark, wild and uncanny, marks at intervals his wayward course across the frozen fields on some errand of love or freebooting, and swelling and falling with puff and lapse of the night wind, as mournful and lonesome as the voice of a vagrant spirit, comes from the mountain ridges the baying of a bound, hunting alone and unheeded, while his master basks in the comfort of his fireside.

JURISDICTION OVER THE LAKES.

WE publish here the opinion of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, delivered by Mr. Justice Gordon, March 30, 1885, in the case brought to test the extent of jurisdiction of the State of Pennsylvania over the waters of Lake Erie. In 1884 the strife between the gill-net and pound-net fishermen led to prohibitive legislation, first against the pound-nets, which were operated along the shore, while the gill-nets which were set at a greater distance than three miles from the land were allowed to continue their vocation. The pound-net fishermen then secured legislation against gill-netting beyond the three-mile limit, and in the suit which followed, the authority of the State over the waters of Lake Erie to the treaty line was affirmed by the Court of Quarter Sessions. The case was then appealed to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower court was sustained.

The only rights which the States have surrendered to the general Government extend to admiralty and maritime cases. The fishery is regulated by the State. We have, therefore, along the chain of Great Lakes a body of waters controlled to their middle line by the States, while the other half is under the jurisdiction of Canada; but concurrent legislation in the interests of the fisheries cannot originate between the States and Canada jointly, for no agreement would be binding upon the latter government as against a commonwealth, which has not the treaty-making power. This is the present cause of serious difficulty in the establishment and operation by the United States of a fish hatchery in the State of New York to stock the waters of Lake Ontario. In the resolution of Congress carrying an appropriation for such a hatchery the stipulation was made that the U. S. Fish Commissioner must first be satisfied that "New York has taken efficient measures for the regulation of periods for fishing and for proper protection of fish in the spawning season in the waters of northern New York." Just how New York or any other State is to arrive at concerted action with Canada, except through the intervention of the general Government, is hard to see; but there exists a strong and perfectly natural public sentiment in most of the States bordering on the Lakes against surrendering to the Government such control of the fishery as may be thought necessary for the success of artificial stocking of the waters. The alternative is to prevail upon the Canadian Government to give up to the Provinces control of the Lake waters ceded to them and place them on the same footing in fishery matters as the States. At the present time there is conflict between the provincial and the federal laws in some of the Canadian provinces, and until this is reconciled there is little hope of arriving at a satisfactory basis for fish protective legislation.

DUNLAP VS. THE COMMONWEALTH.

MR. JUSTICE GORDON delivered the opinion of the court March 30, 1885, as follows:

The only question in this case is one of jurisdiction, for the 40th section of the Act of June 8, 1878, in express terms provides that its provisions shall not apply to any stream forming the boundary line between this State and any other having a concurrent jurisdiction over such stream, nor any lake partly within the boundary thereof. Hence, without troubling ourselves about the question of repeal by implication, we conclude with the learned judge of

the lower court, that the local Act of May 16, 1878, is operative if the State of Pennsylvania has jurisdiction over any part of Lake Erie. But on this subject we have no doubt whatever; we are, indeed, surprised that such a question should have been raised in the lower court, and have been thought worthy of discussion in this court.

When the Government of the United States ceded to Pennsylvania the triangular tract on Lake Erie it retained nothing, and in the resolution of cession it was expressly declared that the laws and public acts of the said State should extend to every part of said tract, to all interests and intents and purposes as if the same had been within the charter bounds of the said State. But had it been originally within the charter bounds of the State there could be no doubt about its jurisdiction over the adjacent waters of the lake. It was only after the Act of Congress of Feb. 26, 1845, that even an admiralty jurisdiction was claimed for the United States over the waters of the Lakes, and the constitutionality of that Act was seriously doubted until it was settled in 1851 by the Supreme Court in the case of the propeller *Genesee Chief vs. Fitzhugh*, 12 How., 443. Previously to this time the doctrine was held, as established by the case of *Thomas Jefferson, 10 Wheat.*, 423, and the steamboat *Orleans vs. Phoebus*, 11 Pet., 173, that the jurisdiction did not extend beyond tidewater. It is, therefore, obvious that previous to the Act of 1845 the courts of the States bordering on the Great Lakes must, *ex necessitate*, have had jurisdiction over them to the treaty line, for it could not be that they were altogether without law, and that crimes of every character could be committed thereon with impunity.

Indeed we must regard the decision in the two cases last above cited as declarative of the exclusive jurisdiction of the States, while the case of the *Genesee Chief vs. Fitzhugh* put the jurisdiction of those States bordering on or having in them navigable rivers or lakes on precisely the same footing as those bordering on the seaboard. But the general jurisdiction of these over their adjacent tidewaters has never been doubted. There is not now, and never has been, any room for such doubt. The States, immediately before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, were independent sovereignties, and as such had right over the seas of their coasts to the extent of a marine league from the shores. Upon the adoption of that Constitution there was a partial surrender of that right, in that it was provided the judicial power of the Federal Courts should extend to all admiralty and maritime cases. Nevertheless, as was said by Mr. Chief Justice Marshall in the case of the *United States vs. Bevans*, 3 Wheat., 336, "The general jurisdiction over the place, subject to this grant of power, adheres to the territory as a portion of sovereignty not yet given away."

Hence, in the case cited, it was held that where a homicide had been committed by a marine on board a United States ship of war anchored in the Boston harbor, the courts of Massachusetts had power to arrest and try the offender, and this not because Congress had not the power by its legislation to bring a crime thus committed within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, but because it had not so legislated. As an illustration of the power of a State to enforce its laws over its tidewaters, notwithstanding the maritime jurisdiction of the United States, the learned Chief Justice asks the question: If two citizens of Massachusetts should step into the shallow water, when the tide flows, and fight a duel, are they not within the jurisdiction and punishable by the laws of that State? There can, of course, be but one answer to a question of this kind. Yet this question may be just as pertinently put with reference to the waters of Lake Erie. In support of this line of argument may be cited the language of Mr. Chief Justice Taney in the case of *Martin et al. vs. The Lessee of Waddell*, 16 Pet., 367, that when the revolution took place the States themselves became sovereign, and as such possessed the absolute right over all their navigable waters and the soils under them, and that they are, even now, so held subject to the rights surrendered by the Constitution to the General Government. The case of *Dunham vs. Lamphere*, 3 Gray, 268, though not of equal authority as the cases above cited, is undoubtedly sound law, and direct in point. It was there held by an act regulating the time and manner of taking fish in the sea, within a mile of the shore is within the authority of the State Legislature and binding on the citizens of other States and on vessels enrolled and licensed as fishing vessels under the laws of the United States. One of the authorities cited in support of this ruling is *Bennett vs. Boggs*, Bald., 60, where it was held that a law of Delaware prohibiting the use of a gilling net in tide waters within the limits of the State was valid, and that the Legislature had power to regulate the fisheries in the Delaware by the prohibition of a common law right.

Thus, from what has been shown, it follows: (1) By the act of cession the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania over the waters of Lake Erie, adjacent to the ceded territory, is the same as though that territory had been embraced in the original charter to William Penn. (2) That the legislative powers of this Commonwealth over these waters are absolute, except so far as they may be restrained by Congress for the purpose of carrying into effect the admiralty and maritime laws of the United States; and (3), the consequent of the above propositions, the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth to regulate fisheries in these waters, in the absence of any Act of the Federal Legislature abridging it, is plenary and cannot be called in question by any other power short of the Government of the United States. The judgment of the Court of Quarter Sessions is affirmed.

If all deer hunters blew their horns as loudly in the woods as some of them do after coming out, fewer of them would be shot by their fellow men who take them for game.

The enlarged FOREST AND STREAM will be a better paper in all the departments, for we shall have more room for discussing the several phases of our special field.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE DESERTED NEST.

BARE are the boughs, save to their tips still clinging,
The vagrant orioles' deserted nest,
Its tattered fragments in the breezes swinging,
In idle mockery of its summer rest.

The patient weaver, at her labors busy,
Has waked us often with the morning light,
Or darting downward from her summit dizzy,
Flashed like a meteor across our sight.

Sombre in hue, like Portia's leaden casket,
Once filled like that, with a most precious prize,
It hangs in air, a broken, ragged basket,
Its contents scattered under sunnier skies.

Beneath the sheltering foliage closely shaded
It shunned the prying schoolboy's eager gaze,
While the slim twig, to which 'twixt deftly braided,
Offered no foothold for the squirrel's ways.

Naught cares the bird for her deserted dwelling,
Free as the air on which she spreads her wing,
Her breast ere now with warmer breezes swelling,
Perchance another melody she sings.

So with ourselves, through many a clime and nation,
In search of wealth or fame, we wander wide,
Knowing for years no settled habitation,
To no one spot on earth's fair surface tied.

Still, as the bird with summer's sun returning,
Finds the old tree in which to hang her nest;
So we, our hearts for childhood's pleasures yearning,
Seek the old home, our wanderings o'er, to rest!

"Pilgrims on earth, with no abiding city,"
Through what far planet are we yet to roam?
Where shall we rest when heavenly love and pity
Shall end our toils in our eternal home?

DEC. 16, 1891.

VON W.

IN MAINE WOODS.—V.

IN CAMP, Piscataquis County, Me., Oct. 30.—At last our good weather has come. Yesterday and to-day have been great days for hunting on the caribou bogs, and great days we have had. Yesterday morning we started for a long paddle across the lake to the carry—my first real chance in a canoe this season. Glorious in their snowy mantle stood the mountains. If in summer they are fine, in winter they are transcendent. Moreover, this morning we can enjoy the winter view while we ourselves are bathed in the mild, delicious air of an Indian summer day. We reach the carry and in light marching order start across. Part of the pleasure of this trip is the remembrance of the morning three years ago when I went over this same path.

In fact, the only thing I have against these Maine woods is that I cannot go anywhere else for my annual outing, or if I do, I am thinking of the old haunts. It is like fishing a familiar stream, and every angler knows the fun of trying the same pool where he took that particularly big and gamy trout last year, or the rifle where he lost the still bigger one the year before.

We reached the "thoroughfare" at the other end of the carry only to find it frozen over for nearly a mile. It is sheltered from the wind and closes up long before the lake. No use to get out the canoe which we know is hidden in the thicket. It means a nearly three-mile walk to the bog. While we stand inspecting the shores we see deer across the bend. The glass shows them to be a doe and two fawns. It would be hard to see a prettier sight. Shyly the mother reconnoiters and sniffs the air for danger, turning her large ears this way and that. The wind is right for us and she fears no harm, and the glass shows us their every motion. They are a long rifle-shot away, but we would not even startle the pretty trio. The doe steps down to the edge and we can hear her dainty hoof as she stamps to try the ice. The two fawns crowd up, one on each side, and for a minute their three heads are bunched as closely as they can crowd. "No, children, it isn't strong enough yet." That is plainly what she says, and they nibble a twig or two and step back into the thicket. So do we, and start for the bog. The sight we have seen alone pays us for the tramp.

So here again is my fine old bog, half covered with young larches, with here and there an open pool of water. Here is where I shot the caribou on my last trip. Most of the wood-dwellers that I know come out to see us—all, in fact, but the caribou and the white-throated sparrows, whose clear whistle usually greets me here. We circle around the edge of the bog. A cock spruce partridge flusters up into a young tree, and at short range for ten minutes we inspect him through the glass. How fine a fellow he is! He croons and cackles to himself in a self-satisfied and conceited tone, and puffs out his side pouches and tufts of cheek feathers till it looks as though he wore bushy and projecting side and chin whiskers. The band of scarlet over his eye is the most brilliant imaginable. Finally, when he and we are fully satisfied with the interview he takes a short flight and we move on. A Canada jay comes along with noiseless flight, and most curious and fearless of birds, alights nearer and nearer to us, looks us over, preens his loose and almost hairy feathers a bit and passes on. A fine buck and doe have been watching us under a leaning tree a little way within the edge of the woods. The wind suddenly gives them our scent, and with a great snort they burst away, and we merely catch an instant's glimpse of them and a flirt of their white pocket-handkerchiefs.

We are after caribou, but not a sign of them even do we discover on the whole bog—not even an old track. To-morrow, like as not, a dozen may be here. They are the greatest travelers and most capricious animals in the woods, one day on the bogs, the next clambering around the highest cliffs of the mountains, and the next investigating matters in the next county.

Two or three ruffed grouse burst up and fly away as we return. I think with amusement of the many articles recently published in FOREST AND STREAM on "The Habits of Ruffed Grouse"—the funny thing about them being that they differ so much and yet are, doubtless, all true, while each writer records his experience as the uni-

versal rule. The truth is that these birds vary in their habits and behavior toward man as their experience varies. Your ruffed grouse learns readily from experience. While a drumming grouse may, as one correspondent relates, be far from shy in Aroostook county, he is, as Miss Hardy relates, a marvelously wary one in other counties—for example, Piscataquis, as I have many a time proved, and that, too, in the depths of the forest.

Though our caribou hunt had nothing to do with caribou, it was a glorious day and full of rewards. We found at the camp three men and one dog. They were here a few days ago. They have dogged several deer on another lake, and are back here to harry these woods again.

Another night and another warm, still day is ours, and we start for another pull across the lake in another direction, to visit some other bogs and some hard-wood ridges famed for deer. As we paddle away from shore we see one of these men posted on a point with rifle and canoe, while another has gone to put the hound on the track. We a little later hear the single rifle shot, the signal that a deer has been started. Later, the yelp of the fox-hound is heard, and later still, the three successive rifle shots that tell us that the deer is dying.

We chose the mountain side instead of the bogs. The day was so still that every footfall in the new-fallen leaves could be heard. We started two deer, could hear them bounding away, and then the thrice-repeated whoof of the buck as he snorted his astonishment. The wind was again wrong for us, we were lazy, the sunlight was warm and delightful, and we sat long on the top of a ridge in full and happy enjoyment of it, not caring in the least that we had in the two days fired only one shot. That shot decapitated another partridge and was the work of the guide. But the day was full of happiness to its close, which finds me wrathful and unhappy. As we paddled down the lake we hoped our visitors of the night before had taken their deer and left. But they had staid, and two more parties of two each had arrived, and two others are camping a mile or two down the lake. Two deer were hung up, and we arrived just in season to see the death of the third. The dog was yelping on its track, soon it appeared in the water a half mile away, and instantly three canoes, each manned by two men, started in hot pursuit. A shot, and the deer, its head killed by buckshot, yields its life. All three of the deer killed here to-day are does. There are camped on this point to-night nine men, and two more are further down the lake. The homes of all but myself are in this county. There are here to-night six dogs.

It is a butchering place, a shambles for deer. Active preparations have been made for to-morrow's "sport," meanwhile the fitting finale of the day has come, and the one I anticipated when I saw the big jug of rum which formed a part of their duffle. A drunken shindy is going on in the cooking camp, and the air resounds with the noise of their breakdowns and vile shouts and curses, which in our sleeping tent we cannot choose but hear.

C. H. AMES.

SPORT AT PALMER'S LAKE, TEXAS.

"OUT for a day?" was the pleasant greeting we received from our old companion G. one bright morning about the middle of last October, while mounted on top of our stores in a country wagon, which was to convey us that paradise of sportsmen, beautiful Palmer's Lake.

"Not for a day, but a week," I reply. After a warm shake of the hand, God speed, and a promise to visit us during the week, we whip up our horses and proceed toward our destination, 25 miles distant.

The party consisted of Dr. J. Keef, myself and Matt, our man of all work—all first class lovers of sport and jolly good fellows. We reach the lake about 4 o'clock P. M., and Matt, our Man Friday, soon has things in shape, our tents up and camp cots arranged for solid comfort, with mosquito netting well stretched, to "keep out the pesky varmints" as they are called by the Doctor. The next move was to get our Osgood boat in trim, and in a few minutes it floated gracefully upon the surface of the lake, that lay like a gem in the heart of Trinity bottom forest, surrounded by large cypress trees, from which the gray moss hangs in festoons of sombre hue, contrasting strangely with the whiteness of the water lilies that line the shores of the lake in great profusion. Our Man Friday soon had a roaring fire, which when reduced to coals was to furnish our Indian oven with heat necessary to bake rolls for supper. Keef and I take the boat to try our hand at croppery, while the Doctor glides like a phantom into the dark forest to a path about a mile distant that leads to an old Indian crossing on the Trinity, to try his luck for venison, this being a favorite watering place for deer.

Keef and I paddle noiselessly about half a mile and finally anchor, or rather tie up to a bunch of snags of an old pine tree, which had evidently drifted and settled there years before, about a quarter distant from the shore. We sit patiently about half an hour before we catch a fish, upon which we depend for bait, for croppery do not readily take the worm. Keef lands the first one, and a beautiful specimen it was, with its armor of silver scales, dotted here and there with spots "dark as the raven's wing." It seemed a shame that such a thing of beauty would have to be sacrificed for bait, and I could not forbear a sigh of pity as Keef ruthlessly tore the scales from the side of his fluttering victim. He proceeds to cut the fish into strips about the length of a minnow, and soon we have a dozen fine specimens of about 1 lb. each in weight. That being enough for supper, we pull for camp.

"Strange we have not heard the Doctor fire," says Keef.

"Guess he has had no occasion to," I reply; "but I hope to taste venison ere another sun gilds the eastern horizon."

Boom! boom! comes the dull report of Doctor's "trusty." "Venison, by George!" shouts Keef. "Venison, by George!" replies the echo, so startlingly distinct that it almost seemed the Doctor was standing at the edge of the opposite shore and had repeated Keef's words.

In a little while we reach shore, and soon Matt has the pan sizzling merrily over the fire, chanting while at work, "Eat sheep meat and gnaw the bones," in negro dialect. His chant in the gathering shadows of the forest, his ebony hue flitting before the fire and the who, who of the owl combine to make surroundings that involuntarily

stir the superstitious feelings of one, which will crop out at times.

The crashing of branches announces the arrival of the Doctor, but no soft-eyed deer has fallen under the fire of his "trusty"; however, what is equally as palatable—a fine gobbler—hangs limp and lifeless from his shoulder, and is duly admired by Keef and myself. Matt announces supper. The way those rolls, fish and potatoes disappeared would cause a dyspeptic to grow green with envy. After satisfying the inner man and swapping yarns, we turn in, to live over in dreams the incidents of our evening's sport.

The Doctor is first to wake next morning, and after his coffee, with a cold lunch in his knapsack to keep the wolf away, he starts again in quest of noble game, calling to us as he leaves, "Boys, if I do not get back in time for supper, do not feel uneasy, for I have promised you venison, and venison you shall have, if it takes me a week." And he was soon out of sight.

"Jim, suppose we see what we can do with bass this morning."

"Good," he replied; and after a hearty breakfast we step lightly into the boat.

"Now, old boy," I remark, "if you do not catch bass it will not be for want of artistic work of the paddle."

"You work the paddle and I'll do the rest," grunted Jim.

The words were scarcely spoken, when splash, splash, goes the water, and two immense bass rush for the deer-tail fly at the same time. A vigorous tug, and away dashes the king of game fishes, the reel meanwhile singing the sweetest strain that ever gladdened the heart of an ardent fisherman. "Keep cool," I call in low tones, "for he is a dandy."

Hither and thither rushes the frenzied victim, at times leaping high in the air, its side glistening in the sunlight, rivaling in beauty the tints of the matchless opal. Too much slack tells the story, and as Jim reels in the now empty line, sorrowfully quotes:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, 'There! I'm left again!'"

The bass continue to rise almost at every cast, much to the gratification of Keef, who by 10 o'clock has landed eighteen specimens of this magnificent fish, as fine as one would wish to see. Jim now reels in his line, and soon we lie beneath the spreading branches of a large magnolia tree, inhaling the balmy, pine-scented air of the forest, lazily watching Matt digging a trench in which to bake our turkey Indian fashion. Reader, if you have never eaten game cooked in this style, just try it the first opportunity, and my word for it, you will pronounce it the most toothsome morsel it has ever been your good fortune to taste. But in this I am like the two darkies who could find no subject to discuss, when Pomp suggested they talk of something good to eat. "Well, how erbout baked possum an' sweet taters?" said Sam. Pomp replied, "Hush your mouf, nigger, dat's too good to talk erbout. I'se hungry now." Like Pomp, even as I write, the memory of that feast makes me absolutely hungry.

The Doctor arrived about the time our evening meal was ready, accompanied by Mr. Morgan, the veteran b'ar hunter of that section, carrying between them, tied to a pole, a magnificent buck. Morgan yelled as they move in sight, "Here we come. Somebody head us off," which Keef and I immediately do, executing an Indian war dance in our delight at the prospect for venison steaks.

The next afternoon G. arrived and expressed astonishment at our display of fish and game, there being at the time about 40 lbs. of bass and croppery in the fish can, all alive and kicking; the most of the deer and eleven squirrels, all skinned and skewered on sticks ready to barbecue.

G. and the Doctor decide to try for another deer the next morning, Keef, Morgan and the writer conclude to cut a bee tree that Morgan has located at the head of the lake. After all arrangements are completed Morgan regales us with an account of a lively tussle he had with a bear a few days before. The bear had entered his pen in broad daylight and attempted to carry off a young pig.

"Wall, boys," he told us "me and Martha [his wife] was talking about the log-rolling that war to come off the next night, when I heard a pig squeal, and on going to the door, what did I see but ole Cuff taking off one of my shoats, carrying him in his arms just the same as a mother carries a child. The pig was hollering fit to kill hisself, but bruin kept a-walking. Every once in a while he'd give the shoat a slap to kinder hush him up. I called to Martha to hand me Old Dob, that war standing in the corner, and I run, jumped the fence and cut loose. Cuff war hard hit, he dropped the shoat and made for me, but Morgan was thar, all ready to entertain Mr. Bruin, so I pulled out my hunting knife and waded in. Boys, we fit much; and I got some putty hard licks, but if you will come over to the house I will show you a b'ar skin worth seeing."

Morgan continued to relate backwoods adventures, many of them very entertaining, until 10 o'clock, when all retired and slept as only tired hunters can sleep.

The morning broke clear and cool, and we all departed from camp according to previous arrangements. Our party soon reach the base of operation, which proves to be a large gum tree; the sound of the ax awakens the echoes of the forest, and in a little while the mighty gum falls with a deafening crash. The bees swarm out and give battle. They attack Keef and me vigorously, and being tenderfeet in robbing bee trees we beat a hasty retreat, fighting wildly with hats, arms and legs, much to the amusement of Morgan, who proceeds to rob the tree as though it was a most pleasant task. The plunder is five gallons of pure white honey. We return to camp, and after a free use of arnica strain our honey.

The Doctor and G. get back about 5 o'clock and report having killed two deer, which are brought in on horseback a little later by an old darky whom they had met in the woods trying to locate some stray hogs.

Early next morning we break camp and return to the city, having spent one of the most successful and pleasant outings we have ever had, all happy and healthy, looking forward with delight to our next trip, which will be early in the spring of 1892.

J. C. W.

If your shooting friend does not read FOREST AND STREAM why not give him a Christmas present and do a little missionary work at the same time by subscribing to the paper for him. It will give him pleasure fifty-two times a year. Do you realize that next year \$4 will buy you 1864 of these big pages, and all of them devoted to wholesome, manly sport.

Natural History.

SUMMER ROBIN ROOSTS.

IN the October number of the *Auk* Mr. Wm. Brewster discusses at some length a subject which to many readers will be entirely novel. This matter is so interesting that we quote very fully from the article in question. Mr. Brewster says:

"Perhaps the greatest charm of ornithology is that its pursuit yields surprises when they are least expected. Especially true is this of the study of birds' habits, for a close watch kept on even the commoner species is sure, sooner or later, to reveal facts not in the books. Nor is this strange, for a lifetime is not long enough for fathoming all the secrets of the woods and fields immediately about one's home, while the general subject is inexhaustible. Moreover, a discovery which comes early and easily to one may long elude others equally vigilant. Yet who would suspect that at this late day there could be an unwritten page in the life history of our robin (*Merula migratoria*), a species of unusually general distribution, abundant nearly everywhere, and probably familiar to a larger number of people than any other bird on this continent? Nevertheless no author whom I have consulted so much as mentions the fact that robins, while still in their summer haunts, form roosts* which are resorted to regularly night after night and season after season by hundreds or even thousands. Such gatherings, however, are by no means uncommon in Massachusetts, and they doubtless occur throughout the entire North, wherever robins abound.

"Possibly they have been neglected rather than overlooked. In either case I wish to show that they are not without importance. What I have to say of them proceeds chiefly from personal experience, but I have also drawn freely from the notes of Messrs. Faxon, Batchelder and Torrey†, to all of whom I am indebted for much valuable aid in the preparation of this paper.

"Our Massachusetts robin roosts are invariably in low-lying woods, which are usually swampy and are composed of such deciduous trees as maples, oaks, chestnuts and birches, sometimes mixed with white pines. I have never known robins to actually spend the night, however, in the latter, or indeed in any species of evergreen, except at Falmouth, Mass., where there has been a small gathering these past two seasons in a white cedar swamp. The trees in the roost may be tall and old, with spreading tops, or crowded saplings only 20 to 30 ft. in height, but it is essential that they furnish a dense canopy of foliage of sufficient extent to accommodate the birds which assemble there. As a rule, the woods are remote from buildings and surrounded by open fields or meadows, but the latter may be hemmed in closely by houses, as is the case with a roost which at present exists in the very heart of Cambridge. A roost once established is resorted to nightly, not only during an entire season, but for many successive seasons. Nevertheless it is sometimes abandoned either with or without obvious cause, as the following account of the movements of the Cambridge robins during the past twenty odd years will show."

Mr. Brewster then describes at some length the several robin roosts near Cambridge, Mass., which he and others observed between the years 1867 and 1889 and gives estimates of the actual numbers of birds which occupied such roosts. It appears that these numbers vary widely and that while some are small others may have had 25,000 inhabitants. As to the time when the roosts begin to be used Mr. Brewster says:

"During the past season Mr. Faxon saw a few robins going to the Beaver Brook roost as early as June 11, but I have never observed any well-marked flights at Cambridge before the 20th of that month. The time probably depends somewhat on the date at which the first broods of young are strong enough to make the necessary effort, for the earlier gatherings are composed chiefly of young birds still in spotted plumage. Perhaps not all of those able to undertake the journey actually perform it at this period, for the movement, at its inception, is slight, and it gains momentum slowly. After July 1 it increases more rapidly, and by the middle of July becomes widespread and general, although it does not usually reach its height until the latter part of that month or early in August. By this time the old birds have brought out their second broods, and old and young of both sexes and all ages and conditions join the general throng. In fact it is nearly certain that during August practically all our robins visit some roost nightly.

It is by no means equally clear that individual birds or flocks go always to the same roost. If this were so the number at any given roost should remain uniform for a time after it has reached its maximum and before the migration. But it not only varies from week to week, but from night to night. Thus at the Norton roost, where, owing to the small size of the colony and to the fact that most of its members enter at one side over a wide opening, it is possible to count the birds with close approach to accuracy, Mr. Batchelder counted 861 on July 23, and on the next evening 1,062, an increase of about 23 per cent. On the evening of Aug. 15 following, standing at precisely the same point, I counted only 518; on that of Sept. 4, 1,251. Mr. Faxon's counts at Belmont and Mr. Torrey's at Melrose Highlands show similar variations. As already stated, Mr. Faxon's largest count was made Sept. 2, 1889, the next largest Aug. 28 of the same year. The Melrose roost, during the last two seasons, was apparently most populous in the latter part of July. More observations are perhaps necessary before the cause of these fluctuations can be definitely ascertained; but as robins, when not tied down by family cares, are addicted to wandering more or less widely in pursuit of food or recreation, it seems more than likely that during August and early September they sometimes pass outside the limits of the region—often, he it remembered, only a few miles in extent—tributary to their chosen roosts. If this is true—and it can scarcely be doubted—what more natural than that they should join at nightfall the general exodus from the surrounding fields and woods, even though it leads in a direction con-

trary to that which they have been accustomed to take? In support of this assumption is the fact that, as far as I have seen, the evening flights over any given place are invariably in one direction, that is there are never two sets of robins passing in different directions at the same time, as would be the case were such rovers to return at evening straight to their own roosts. This theory, it will be observed, is only necessary to account for the acquisition of the habit by the young, for after it has become established a knowledge of the existence and position of several roosts would certainly be taken advantage of more or less frequently. Another factor which possibly has some influence on the fluctuations under consideration is the robin population of the country along the boundaries between two contiguous roosting areas. Why may not this constitute a neutral ground, its inhabitants sometimes visiting one roost, sometimes the other, as fancy or the condition of wind and weather dictate? This suggestion, however, is pure speculation unsupported by any data.

After the middle of September the roosting flights diminish rapidly, and by the end of the first week in October the roosts are practically deserted.

I had supposed that the old birds which accompany the young in the earlier flights to the roosts are individuals of both sexes that for one reason or another have not attempted to rear second broods. But Mr. Faxon informs me that as far as he has seen they are invariably males, and in disproof of the rest of my assumption furnishes the following interesting bit of evidence. The observations quoted were made in July, 1890, a little over a mile from the Beaver Brook roost.

"The numbers of adult males in song, and the lack of females shown whenever I scrutinized the individual birds on their way to the roost—together with the fact that the robins hereabouts seemed to be generally engaged at that time in rearing new broods—led me to doubt your theory and to attempt observations that would throw some light on the subject. It happened that on the 22d of July there were two robins' nests on the place, one with three young, well advanced, and one with three eggs (female sitting). I had noticed several times that the male belonging to nest No. 1 carried food to his young late in the afternoon, while the flight to the roost was going on. On the day above named, therefore, I began watching him closely toward evening, and saw him—after feeding the young—fly straight off for the roost, 1½ miles away, at 7:30 P. M. You remember I have an unobstructed view from the house to the north and northwest, so the bird's course could be readily followed till he disappeared over the 'Granite Ledge.' On his departure the female came and took possession of the nest for the night. I saw her brooding the young until it became so dark that I could distinguish nothing, even at near range with opera-glasses. On the following evening the male again fed the young at about the same hour, then flew to the top of a spruce tree, and, after singing a good-night to his wife and babies, took a direct flight for the roost. The female then fed the young and settled in the nest. This was all repeated again on the 24th. While this was going on female No. 2 was sitting closely and I saw nothing of her mate, although the young hatched out on or before the 30th. The young in nest No. 1 left it on the 26th. This male has been on the place all summer, and by long familiarity we have come to distinguish him readily by a peculiar high note in his song. On the morning of the 24th I was awake from 3 to 4 o'clock, and our model husband and father returned to his family at 3:40 (sunrise 4:29), his arrival being announced by his glad call and morning song. On the morning of the 26th (which was cloudy) his salute was not heard from the favorite tree till 4 o'clock. He was singing pretty freely, even through the day, up to the time the young left the nest. Since then, although the whole family has remained about the nest up to this time, he has been almost silent (at least so far as singing is concerned), like the rest of his tribe at the present time.

"Now, although these observations were all made on one family of robins, I have no doubt that they show, when taken in connection with the other facts, that the early flights to the roost are composed of the first brood young together with the old males. The later augmentation of the roost will come from the younger broods plus the females. What possibilities are suggested—if this be so—through the persistence of mutual relations between the old males and their offspring! The old birds must guide the young birds to the old roosting ground, and who shall say that this hegemony of the roost may not continue in a greater or less degree throughout the season? I do not mean to imply that each parent takes his own offspring in tow—but the nightly re-union of old and young *en masse* cannot but be an education for the youngsters. It was a revelation to me to find the male robins taking care of their younger broods and wives by day, and going off nightly to sleep with their elder children!"

Most of the roosts which I have visited are resorted to by other birds besides robins.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

BIRDS OF LONG ISLAND.—No. 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York City, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am still engaged in gathering information regarding the birds of Long Island for use in preparing and publishing a history of the avian-fauna of that section. I shall use as the basis of my work the list of Long Island birds written and published 1884 by the late J. P. Giraud, Jr. His collection of specimens is now the property of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. I will appreciate any of the facts which may be sent me about the habits, food, breeding, migrations, etc., of all Long Island birds, and especially desire to get specimens of such birds as rarely appear on the island or are not common. For such I will pay as much as marketmen or others, and will in addition pay the transportation charges, if sent to me by express at 51 Liberty street. During the winter months many birds from the Arctic regions are liable to reach Long Island; all such I greatly desire, whether they are land or water birds. I will be glad to identify and name any specimen sent to me for that purpose. Correspondence relative to Long Island birds is solicited.—WM. DUTCHER.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adp.

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of the many valuable ideas received from your always welcome journal that brief but potent advice of a contributor in one of your last fall editions caps the climax. He said, "Keep your eye on the bird!"

I have the misfortune to be deaf, and the strain and wear on a man doing active merchandising with that infirmity is very trying to nerves, temper and disposition. My salvation is my gun. That takes me out and away from business afternoons when the business of the day is about done or can be run by the boys and cashier.

So after our noon dinner to-day (for we are old-fashioned people down here—breakfast at 7, dinner at 12, supper at 6 or when you get home from gunning) I put my old gray to the road wagon, and with gun, a few shells and just two wooden block duck decoys, all I want to lug over the marsh, started out.

I am pretty sure of a duck that lights within a reasonable distance, but at wing shooting I was positively ashamed of myself for any one to be in sight when I tried it, have looked around many a time to see if any one was going to witness my trial before firing. Have not some of my brother gunners been there too?

We make a blind here by ripping off a few boards from an old fence, slanting them from the top to the ground and covering with seaweed or salt hay that the ducks are accustomed to see. They are about the shiest of their species, and anything new they give a wide berth to.

They begin to appear between sunset and dark, with a decided leaning toward the latter; and when I saw my first one to-night it was time to shoot, for I could not see his approach in the dusk. I remembered the advice and never took my eye off him, but threw up my gun and the instant it felt snug to my shoulder I pulled and down the black duck came with a splash. I went out to him at once and had some difficulty to detect him in the grass of the marsh, although I marked him down. So you see it was pretty dark. I had barely got behind my screen with him when another fellow loomed up. Again I jerked my piece to my shoulder, straining my eye on the duck only, fired, and down he came stone dead right at the edge of the pond hole, so that I got him without difficulty.

By now it was sure enough dark, I could just distinguish the two decoys in the pond hole. Directly something darted across my view and plumped down a little way off one side of the decoys. I could just make him out. I was in the shadow of the screen and could not see the gun barrels. My eye never left that duck, and I let go, causing him to kick and splash round and round until I let him have the other barrel, not taking my gun down or altering my position, on one knee, and that killed him. I had to leave him for I could not get to him on account of mud and water.

Now, I have no impression of aiming at either of those birds, that is, of sighting along the barrels, finding the bird at the end of them, and taking the required space ahead to have the shot meet them. In fact there isn't time in a case like this. But instead I kept my eye right on the bird and where I wanted the shot to meet him, and sure enough the connection was made every time on that occasion.

"Now tell us about the times you 'didn't connect.'" I seem to hear the old gunners say. Well, there have been lots of them, but it has been when there was lots of light and sunshine and I paid too much attention to my old habit of sighting along the gun and to the inevitable misses that we all make, and that are indispensable to make the attractive uncertainty that renders the pursuit of gunning ever interesting. For, when you get under cover from a cold and disagreeable wind with never a duck to show for it, what makes you ready and eager the very next day to try it over again? And did it ever occur to you how few of us ever get sick from these exposures, compared to the many of us who do get laid up by coming out of a hot and stuffy theater and riding home in a chilly car or carriage?

I do wish more of our gunners would write their experiences and make the "Game Bag and Gun" department twice as large as it usually is.

WEBFOOT.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Dec. 11.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—Dec. 18.—Mr. Bud Weaver and party have just returned from an eight days' hunt near Bald Knob, Ark. The net result was one wild turkey. Mr. Weaver wishes through FOREST AND STREAM to warn hunters against the so-called guides who will conduct parties to regions where game is scarce, which was the experience his party had. He says the only safe way is to pay a guide a lump sum after he has conducted the party to where game abounds, then pay and discharge him. There is plenty of game in that section and the above method is the safe way to get there. Wm. Harner in a two days' trip to Sullivan, Mo., got 30 quail. A party of three tried Montgomery county, this State, and in there got 32 quail and a number of rabbits. The weather has been fine for two weeks past and hunters have been active. With the end of the month quail shooting closes. Trap-shooting is taking a rest. There is absolutely nothing on the Christmas programme.—ABERDEEN.

Books make good holiday gifts, and give more pleasure in proportion to the money expended than anything else. If you want a good book on shooting, fishing, natural history, or any other subject connect with our list, consult the list of the Sportsman's Library in this paper, or better still, send for FOREST AND STREAM's free illustrated catalogue of works on outdoor sports.

* It has been known for some time of course, that robins form large roosts while in their winter quarters in the South, but no very exact or precise information concerning these roosts seems to have been thus far recorded.

† Mr. Torrey has written an article on this subject for the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will relate, I understand, chiefly to a roost at Melrose Highlands, which he has studied closely.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 18.—Rather a good showing, certainly, is that made by the game records of the Hennepin Club, of the Illinois River country. These show that for the past fall the daily average for each man, counting all the hunters and all the days, was 164.4 ducks. Some of the less skillful shots did not do so well as that, of course, but the total of the shooting was very good indeed, with a large per cent. of mallards and big ducks therein. Of quail, woodcock, snipe and rabbits large numbers were also killed. There are two flocks of wild turkeys on Hennepin Club grounds this winter, one of eight and one of eleven birds, and a good tracking snow will probably call out a party after them. Hennepin Club elected officers last week, Mr. W. W. McFarland being chosen President for a third term; Mr. E. P. Hilliard, Secretary and Treasurer; Messrs. W. K. Reed, G. M. Davis and Alex. White, Board of Directors. This lucky little club is in a highly prosperous condition.

Diana Club is to elect officers this week. Mr. Henry Ehlers, a foremost spirit in that body, wishes the club to take up more trap-shooting, believing that a good way to make a little more income for the club. Mr. Ehlers is easily first hunter of the Dianans. This fall he had the singular fortune to kill two otters. There were six otters in this family, but the natives have all the others but one. The other is still found once in a while on the Kankakee marshes. Hathaway, a pusher, near Davis, killed two one winter not long ago.

Mak-saw-ba Club elected officers at their late meeting, Mr. T. Benton Leiter, President; Mr. C. S. Petrie, Vice-President; Mr. Wm. R. Smith, Secretary; Messrs. R. B. Organ, Jos. P. Card and W. H. Haskell. Plans are on foot for the large undertaking of fencing and protecting the marsh, which is now much infested, night and day, in season and out, by rattlers, frogs, turtle trappers, spears and shooters, all of whom are persistent in their belief that they are on the marsh of ancient right. Odd folk, these marsh dwellers, and some day they will have their historian. Their day is now well run.

Grand Calumet Heights Club held a business meeting last Tuesday, adjourned till Jan. 6. The absorbing question for this club still remains that of grounds. The great syndicates operating in the vicinity of the present grounds may not occupy the site for ten years, but, on the other hand, such an event may transpire the following spring. This unsettled state of affairs is much against the health of the club, as none can tell what the future will be. In the opinion of Mr. Bissell, the secretary, the club should re-organize into a trap club, holding the present grounds as long as possible.

The tremendous growth of the city to the southward has ousted yet another shooting club, the Lake George, whose grounds are no longer land, but "real estate." Lake George is looking for grounds. An attempt has been made for grounds near Camp Lake, north of Chicago, but I do not learn that much has come of it. It might be well for the old Lake George Club and the Camp Lake contingent to unite with the Grand Calumet Heights Club, if so highly undesirable a thing as the disbandment of the latter organization should take place. Out of these elements a very good new club could be built up.

That sturdy and honorable old body, the Cumberland Club of Chicago, has had rather hard luck with the ducks this fall. Mr. Harry Loveday says the fall shooting was unusually poor. The shooting is usually best there in the spring.

Horicon Club has been troubled with low water during the shooting season, though two dams are now at work and holding the water when there is no need of it. Notwithstanding all the drawbacks, some good sport was had on this great marsh this fall, and the snipe shooting was magnificent. Mr. C. L. Hunter tells me that he and a friend bagged over 100 there one day, and similar large bags I have reported earlier.

From the English Lake people I do not get so much news as I would like, but believe there has been very little shooting on their marsh this fall. Of the fine October mallard shooting at Swan Lake I have already spoken.

Chicago men do not seem to shoot big game very much, their exploits in that line seeming to be confined to an occasional trip to Wisconsin or Michigan after deer. I lately mentioned the trip of Mr. C. D. Gammon and party to Ontario after moose. Mr. Gammon is back. He tells a lurid tale of branching antlers and forest bowed down beneath thunderous tread of herds of moose. "I didn't know till I got over there that you can't kill moose till 1895," says Mr. Gammon. "If it wasn't for the law I could have killed a carload."

The quail season closes Sunday next, Dec. 20, for Indiana. The fall has been a phenomenal one. The last bag of which I hear is that by Mr. Organ of 20 birds, 7 rabbits also confessed.

A singular and pitiable accident of the field is reported in the despatches this week from Quincy, of this State, the matter being thus described: "A party of four Quincy men started hunting yesterday. Late last night one of them was brought back a corpse. His name was John Sandham. The party had landed on a sandbar just below the city, and had dug pits about waist deep in which to lie concealed for ducks and geese. Sandham was in a pit with his cocked shotgun on the sand with the muzzle pointing toward him. His dog, in frolicking around, stepped on the trigger and the gun was discharged, the lead taking effect in Sandham's body. He lived but a few minutes. He was fifty years old and leaves a widow and two grown daughters."

THE TOLLESTON GAME DINNER.

Dec. 19.—Doubtless the most interesting incident of the week's doings in field sports here is the annual game dinner of the Tolleston Club, which transpired, duly to-day. This annual field day and dinner make an ancient and honorable custom of the Tollestons, and while it is established in no imitation of any other game dinner or any field day, it is a usage worthy of imitation by clubs less closely solidified by intimate friendships than the Tollestons, or by any who care for the full flower of the amenities of sport. It is a recognized holiday of the Tollestons, ranking with Washington's birthday and the Fourth of July, and is patronized with a fervor which would delight the founder of the institution, if such founder be now known.

He would have been a much dried up and worthless man who could feel no enthusiasm in the clear cool air of the sandhills this morning in the drive from the rail-

way over to the club house. The day was simply perfect, morning, noon and evening, just cold enough to cut cobwebs and just warm enough to melt the chill out of every cold-blooded man. Many of the house party came down the evening before. Of members and guests the following were present: Messrs. F. A. Howe, Jas. Wright, G. A. Schwartz, C. C. Moeller, Geo. Prussing, Geo. Breeze, A. H. Roche, W. R. Linn, S. B. Raymond, Jas. G. Dwenn, C. E. Felton, J. Gillespie, D. S. Babcock, L. C. Huck, H. F. Griswold, Frank Floyd, A. J. White, C. P. Johnson, Peter Van Vlissingen, A. M. Tully, A. H. Farnum, C. L. Hunter, E. Hunter, E. H. Phelps.

During the entire day match shooting at live pigeons progressed, captains and teams alternating or changing as one side seemed to have the better of it. Nothing was up but the price of the birds, and the team that lost had to "settle." This seems to me to be a very pleasant way for a club to practice, and it obviates the old trouble over the usual presence of one or two experts in a club who win practically all the sweepstakes. There can not be any club whose members are even enough in skill to compete on an equitable basis in sweepstakes, but by the process of dividing up the good shots and poors as equally as possible, more zeal and confidence is inspired in the less skillful, and a greater interest taken in the result.

I never saw a prettier pigeon shoot in my life than that at Tolleston to-day, and I believe that some trap clubs which often languish for attendance might well consider the two-teams arrangement. Under it the total penalty for a man is to pay for two men's birds, and not for all to pay for two or three men's birds and give them something besides. Pigeon shooting at Tolleston is purely social, the birds being shot at fifteen cents, so nobody makes any money at it, and nobody loses very much unless, as at the close of to-day's shooting, there arises some speculation as to the relative merits of two dark horses of unknown capabilities. Nearly 500 birds were shot to-day, some very good ones after the sun became warmer. Col. Felton shot very well, running 27 out of 28. Mr. S. H. Roche, who has done some phenomenal shooting on these grounds, was not at the traps much of the time. Mr. Linn, Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Raymond and Commodore Griswold all did very nice work also. The pigeon traps claimed the entire party, and the turkeys and the rifle range were quite neglected. Tolleston Club uses the King automatic traps and Mr. Schwartz's automatic retriever, the spaniel Roxie.

Of the game dinner itself, served in the evening, it would be best comment to say that it was, like all that Tolleston is, has or does, simply thorough and elegant. A roast pig, smuggled into the bill of fare, elicited much praise, and so did a genuine Indiana possum. Thence down there was a wide variety of game. The chefs of the large hotels might well go and consult with Mr. and Mrs. West, who attend to the material comforts at the lodge in the near by wilderness.

You are thirty miles from a lemon at Tolleston, and while the creature comforts of the annual game dinner are not what give it its most prized qualities, these yet under the circumstances demand study and care in the detail of preparation. Behind the easy success of this undertaking there was, I am sure, very much of the quiet and careful attention of the club's beloved president, Mr. F. A. Howe, to whose conscientious hands the club is quite willing to leave grave issues of any sort. There probably will never be any other president of Tolleston Club while Mr. Howe lives, for "that dear old man," as one of the younger members designated him in a toast, has done so much for the success of the club that the club will not consider any one else as its head. Mr. Howe is the Gladstone of Chicago club sportsmanship. Were it not for his leadership the rare privileges of the Tolleston marsh, coveted and vulnerable as it is to its natural enemies, could not have remained what they are. He has seen many changes in the sport and sportsmanship of this region, for, as he told me to-day, he came to Chicago in 1834, only two years after the Ft. Dearborn massacre. "I believe," said he, "that it is only true to say that I have lived in Chicago more days than any one of her citizens, for this has been my home since then, and I have rarely left the city for more than a short stay. At first," he continued, "when I began to shoot, we hunted plover and prairie chicken, and then quail, and then got to shooting ducks. This Tolleston marsh was always good. It lies in the natural line of migration of the fowl, which leaves the edge of Lake Michigan about four miles above us, and follows this chain of marsh. The east end of our marsh catches the southbound birds in the fall, and they come in first on the west end in the spring as they go north."

Comment has often been made upon this marsh. It is indeed a singular thing that it should still remain, almost upon the edge of the city, less than thirty miles from the city's heart indeed, and should still be so frequented by the wildfowl. This fall the shooting was as good as it ever was, the October flight of mallards was most extraordinary. Mr. Howe told me that in one day he bagged forty mallards besides other ducks, and in two days later he got ninety-three ducks, fully two-thirds of them mallards. And yet he missed the days when the heaviest flight was on, for instance the time when one of the club got forty-six mallards, shooting away 100 shells in less than two hours and going back to the club house for more. This member himself confesses that he should have killed 200 mallards on that day.

Is it any wonder that the Tolleston Club fights strenuously to maintain such privileges as these, which are not equalled in any region now, no matter how wild? Take away this club and the shooting would be gone forever in a year. I know no better commentary on the preserve system than these examples. I have no confidence in the unmuzzled shooting public. I know also that much of the talk about the severity of the Tolleston Club is unjust. To-day I saw the "brutal watchman" of whom we have heard so much as a terror to poachers. He pulled the traps for the shooters. He isn't brutal at all, but a very decent fellow indeed, though big enough to whip about eight men, I should think. He is instructed to be polite at first, firm always and serene at the end of his negotiations with trespassers. He has been shot at, threatened and all that, but seems to enjoy uncommon good health and to be ready for a few more of these fougus who are always trying to get in after the coveted Tolleston ducks.

Since I was last at this club an addition, 42 x 28 ft., has been built to the former house, the gift of 38 of the members, who contributed \$100 a piece, and whose sole

monument therefor exists in the form of 38 cosy lockers. The main room of this wing is a handsome sitting room 30 ft. square. The mantel here is the gift of the late Mr. Wirt Dexter, one of the most noted of Chicago sportsmen. Upon the walls are pictures carrying out the prevailing scheme of excellence. Commodore Griswold, of the hanging committee, rigidly excluded all cheap lithographs and meretricious works of every sort. Tolleston quality is a very good sort, all around. From pig to possum, and from pigeons to pictures, the Tolleston annual game dinner of to-day was an unmitigated success.

E. HUGH.

OLD FIELDS AND OLD FRIENDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had more tramps in the woods, more enjoyment, more recuperative benefit, and have found less birds this fall than for any time within a dozen years. During nearly the entire month of October the leaves on the trees and bushes were almost as thick and fresh as they were in June, thus proving to our Legislature (if we had one) the propriety of changing the beginning of the open season certainly as late as the 15th of October instead of the first, as the law now is. Of course, one don't like to be a "day after the fair," hence we all go out when the law says we may and bang at the leaves and bushes where we think the birds may be; get a few, cripple and lose more, and go home disgusted. Neither partridge, quail nor woodcock were as plenty as usual. There were only two or three days during the months of October and November, when woodcock were fairly plenty in this locality, and I was informed that the same was true in towns along the Sound from Saybrook to New Haven.

Partridge were scattered even in the last of November, wandering singly and in pairs over the hills, the weather not having been cold enough to force them to seek the warm and sheltered swamps and runs. Quail were really scarce, and in my experience with them acted very strangely, seldom finding them in the open cultivated fields but in dense thickets and underbrush. I repeatedly went over fields of rye and buckwheat stubble morning and evening without my dog showing the least sign of game having been there; in fact I found but one bevy of quail during both months in the open field, and that was in October, and they were not more than two-thirds grown. I can not account for the scarcity of quail and partridge this fall, for I know that quite a number were left over last year, and the winter was an open one and the summer unusually dry, both seeming favorable for the breeding of both birds.

I have said that I enjoyed my hunting very much and derived much benefit from it, even though my bags of game were very light. I am nearly sixty-six years old, and of course have outlived many of those who used to share the sport with me in earlier days and by their congenial tastes and good fellowship added a charm to it which cannot be forgotten, and is brought up with a vivid freshness as I tramp over the ground again at each point where we beat the brush together. This may seem a little sentimental for an old stager, but I trust it is not out of place or unwholesome; in fact, there is very much charming sentiment in field sports, and I often wish some capable pen would write up the subject as it deserves, for I am sure it would fill the pages of an enjoyable volume, as it does now the honest hearts of all true sportsmen.

HADDAM, Conn.

DUCKS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—Tumbador, Guatemala, C. A., Nov. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have seen the question asked so many times in the FOREST AND STREAM, "What has become of the ducks?" That I will now make known to the duck hunters the following fact: Seventeen years ago I never saw a foreign duck here. Twelve years ago I saw a few. This year I have seen thousands, and killed a great many widgeon, teal, spoonbills, and other kinds which I do not know the name of. Immense flocks of them can be found in the inland lakes on this coast, and I suppose all over Central America and in Mexico it is the same. Do you not think the ducks are flying over the United States to avoid the continued shooting which they receive from every part of the country and come down here where they are never shot at once a year; as many of these lakes are never visited by white men, and the natives never shoot birds to any extent?—GUATEMALA.

NEW YORKERS IN VIRGINIA.—There are stopping at the American Hotel several parties of New York city officials and citizens bent on bagging some of our game and destroying ammunition. Some of them have been here a week and others arrived later. We heartily welcome them and hope they will make many trips to our sunny town in the future, though we would caution them when bringing down game to be more accurate in marksmanship than the President was when hunting here about two years ago, and not shoot any of Gilbert Wooten's hogs. The different arrivals composing the parties are as follows: Alexander Williams, Inspector of Police of New York city; J. W. Jacobus, U. S. Marshal, New York city; G. M. Clark, of Clark & Wilkins, wood merchants, New York city; Capt. D. N. Pearce, of the schooner Thomas L. James; Dr. G. W. Tolson, New York city; W. J. Armstrong, New York city, and L. C. Phillips, Portsmouth, Va.—Claremont (Va.) Times, Dec. 14.

Sportsmen's Calendars for 1892.

In this age of calendars galore, the favorites with men who shoot are those which come each year from the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. The Winchester have brought out for 1892 a calendar bright with hunting scenes, drawn by Frederic Remington. The chief picture is of a sportsman and his guide, perched on the brink of a cliff in the Rockies; the sportsman has drawn a fine head on a noble mountain sheep, and if the hunter's aim is as true as his Winchester there will be a handsome pair of horns to carry home. Other drawings are of a cowboy on a Remington horse; and a Maine scene picturing a canoe with its occupants stealing toward a big buck on the shore. Taken all in all, the Winchester calendar is one which will have a cherished place on the sportsman's walls.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. have made a happy hit this year with a striking figure of a youngster in the field, equipped with gun and cartridge belt full of U. M. C. shells. The boy knows how to shoot, too, as the captured game gives evidence. The U. M. C. calendar depicts a phase of life which will be the special subject of our Boyhood Number, week after next, and it ought to shed sunshine in a grown-up boy's room all the year through.

AN OUTING IN ARKANSAS.

WHEN I was a mere boy a hunting party of four boys who were about my size undertook to bag some ducks and geese that were known to frequent the lakes near Columbus, Ky. But the ducks and geese were of a different mind, and we didn't get a feather. We were so sure of our success, however, that we declined to take any meat with us when leaving home, for we expected to kill all the meat we could use. But when night came on us we had entirely failed to kill anything—except one little wren. This we dressed, barbecued, and divided between the four hungry boys. It was all we had, and I have thought of that little wren a hundred times or more since then, and have always said it was the sweetest taste of food I had ever found.

I am older now than I was then. Streaks of gray can be seen by my friends in my hair and beard; yet I am as fond of a hunt to-day as I was when but sixteen. But I have found that even maturer age does not always assure us the things whereon we count when we start out to hunt game. There were nine in our recent hunting party, in Arkansas, including the cook. We left Cairo, Ill., Nov. 17, and left the Cotton Belt train at Greenway, Ark., on the morning of Nov. 18. We hired a wagoner and his outfit to haul out our provisions and camp equipage to the banks of the St. Francis River. The distance was about ten miles, and as some of us would be walking and hunting over the entire distance we decided that it would be useless to buy any bacon in the town, because we would kill plenty of meat on the road. Well, we did the walking and the hunting, but not a feather or a fur did we get. The entire crowd came up blank; and when we assembled at camp about sundown, weary, hungry, cold, the wood and ground wet, and not a taste of meat in camp, you may be sure that we all felt that we had made a "bad beginning" and that we had lots of room, and some hopes, of a "better ending." While we were trying to kindle a fire one of our party sought to try his skill with his brand new rifle, and shot off the head of a little grass bird, about the size of the wren that had fed the hungry boys in the former hunt. I at once thought of that experience, and proceeded to prepare the little bird for supper; and as all parties declined to spoil their appetites by so small a taste of meat, I was left to eat it all alone. It was good, but no better than the wren.

We had a fine camp cook with us, and he soon had some hot biscuits, coffee, Irish potatoes, and molasses ready, and we were all sufficiently voracious to make us appreciate supper hugely. We had good mattresses and tents with us, and our rest at night was fine. The next morning for breakfast, however, we were still meatless, though we consoled ourselves with the fact that the joke was common—taking in the cook and all. So soon as breakfast was over we started in different directions to discover our surroundings and look for signs of game. At noon we all collected in camp, (except one) and each one reported lots of sign, but nobody had any game. So that gave us another meal without the taste of meat in it. The thing was growing monotonous. Each man was growing desperate and swearing vengeance on every living thing. We lunched for dinner, and every man, but the cook, took to the woods determined to kill something. But at night we dropped in one by one, half mad, really disappointed, and yet full of hearty laughter at our predicament, for not a man of us had anything to show for meat. But after we had laughed at each other most heartily, with an inward wish for some meat for supper, the man who failed to show up for dinner walked into camp with a fine gobbler, a squirrel, and a Mallard wild duck on his shoulder. What a rally and shout there was in that camp. We had to give him the hand of fellowship. He was our hero.

That night we fared sumptuously. We slept well. Next morning we decided to see what was to be found in the way of deer. We took our stands for a deer drive. I was put next to the last in distance from camp. Dr. Hobbs was beyond me. Scarcely had I got well fixed until I heard his rifle. One shot, and all was still. No sound of the dogs, no sign of deer. In a few moments, however, Dr. H. whistled for me. I went to him. Said he, "Do you want some nice turkey shooting?" "Of course I do," was my reply. "Then follow me," he said. I followed. After going a few yards in silence he stopped and asked if I had a turkey caller. I had none. Then he proposed that I go across a little slough of water, around a certain upturned tree, take my stand on the little island, and he would call them up. I started, and before I had gone thirty steps I walked up on a magnificent three point buck lying dead, fresh blood all around. I turned and

called to the Doctor. He began to laugh and slap his hands at the joke he had played on me, for it was the fruit of his rifle shot. He had made a capital shot. As he was going to his stand he spied this buck quietly walking toward him, feeding. He also walked toward the buck. When within 80 yds. of him, as he was picking some moss from the root of a tree, he pulled the trigger of his rifle, and the bullet broke his neck and pierced to the heart. He fell dead.

The dog shortly after brought through another deer, but no one got in a shot. We carried this one into camp, assisted by our genial Frank Fomille, and you may be sure we all were a troop of happy campers, for we had plenty of meat. The buck proved to be very fat, and one of the largest for the number of points, that any of us had ever seen.

That afternoon two or three of us put in our time shooting mallards. They were abundant, feeding on the grass and smart weed in the scatters of the St. Francis. I have never seen a finer chance to bag mallards. It excited me, and, as the boys say, gave me the razzle-dazzle, so that my run on mallards was most unlucky. But others fared better, and we carried in seven fine ones, and several others fell in the weeds and could not be found. I did not kill a duck, but I killed some of the fattest squirrels I ever saw, and altogether we did well.

The next day we failed to kill either a deer or turkey,

for the noise of an approaching deer, he heard something walking in the water to his left. He turned and saw a magnificent gobbler, within forty steps of him. His gun was standing by a tree at his side. He thought to raise it and shoot without turning his body. He did, but just as he pulled trigger his feet slipped on the sticks, he and his gun measured their full length in the snow, the load of shot went into a tree close beside where the turkey stood, and the turkey flew away in safety.

But Tuesday morning we began to stir early in camp. We took a hunt before our 9 o'clock breakfast. John Brent had not gone more than 100 yds. from camp until he espied a fine doe making her way out of the scatters of the river. It was hardly more than light, but he drew a bead on his Winchester rifle and pulled trigger. The lithe and beautiful beast fell limp in death. The shot was fatal. Another fine deer ran from some others of the boys who were hunting in the same locality, and made his escape. We all came in for breakfast, dressed our venison, and then started out again. Some of the boys crossed the river and had some nice hunting. Brent shot a deer 243 steps and brought blood, but failed to capture the deer. Mr. Witty showed his skill in shooting at turkeys. He was standing by a tree when he discovered two turkeys coming toward him. He waited until they were within forty steps of him, when he took deliberate aim and fired at the gobbler. The turkey

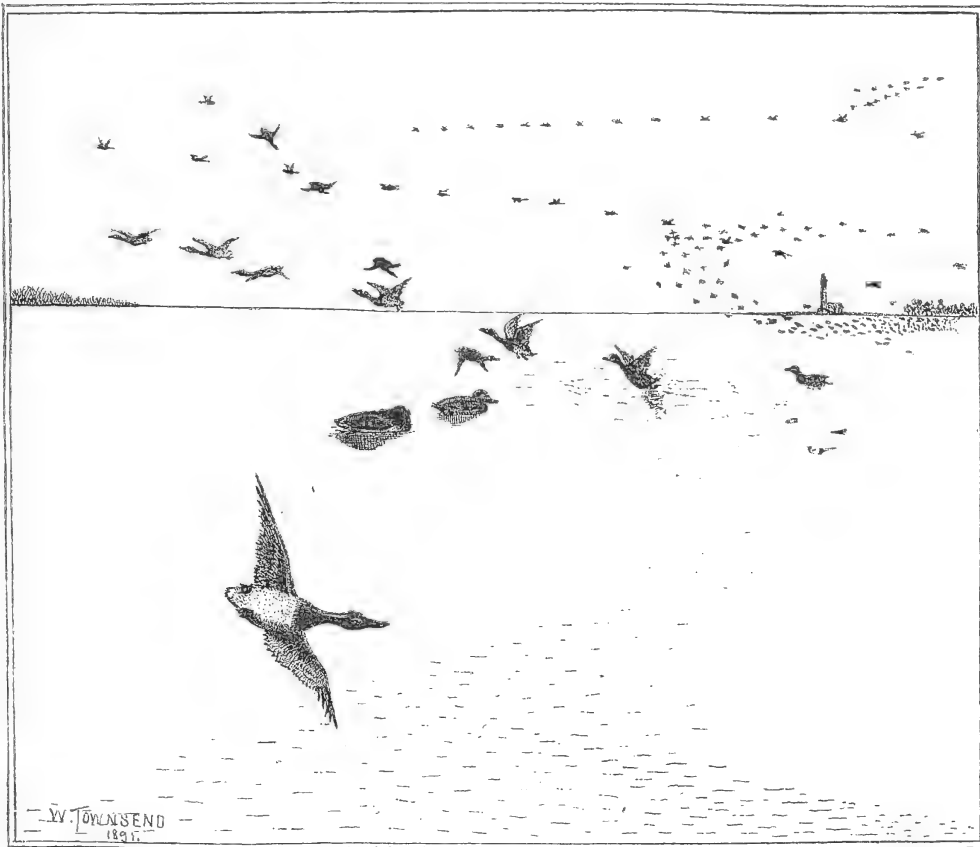
jumped up, turned himself around, and stood stark still in the same spot. Mr. Witty fired the other barrel at him. Again he jumped up, turned around, and dared his enemy to shoot. But the gun was empty. The shootist proceeded to put in a new shell, and his turkeyship moved off at a slow gait, and when about 20 yds. away stopped still. Mr. Witty moved up about 20 yds., took deliberate aim and again tried his skill. But the turkey trotted off without the loss of a feather. If anybody can beat that he ought to have a chromo. Dr. Hobbs also took a round at the turkeys the same day. They were in trees and he had a Marlin rifle. He took deliberate aim, and shot about a dozen times, and so far as anybody knows never touched a feather. Somehow, the ducks seemed to be charmed when I shot at them, and the turkeys mysteriously escaped all danger when the other boys shot at them. But we could very easily kill those fat squirrels that continually tempted us by their chattering, and we made them pay dearly for their ventures.

On Wednesday morning the snow was gone, and the weather was warm. We took our hunt before breakfast, but killed nothing. After breakfast we scattered to the woods, it was to be

our last day. The dog stirred two or three deer, but they did not come in reach of any of us. Our cook had a gun left him, and he sauntered out about 200 yds. from camp. He sat down by a tree. After a little while he heard a noise in the tangled bushes to his right. He watched, and a turkey's head could be seen picking the berries. Soon another, and another, until some eight or ten turkeys were in sight, and only a few yards away. He was about to select the turkey he wanted, when, lo, a nice doe came walking along just a little way off, and right toward him. He decided to let the turkeys alone and prepare for the deer. He waited, and when the deer was just about where he wanted her, behold a large buck came galloping up still closer to him. He decided to shoot at the buck. He pulled trigger, but there had been too much game around him. He had a "buck ag'er," and missed the buck clear. Both deer and the turkeys then retreated in safety. But the shot from the rifle of the cook started the other deer from the underbrush, and as they made their way across the scatters they encountered Dr. Gardner, who was in waiting with a Scott shotgun. He let the doe have the first load, and the five-point buck the second. The doe ran about 100 yds. and fell dead, but the buck would have escaped had he not run in the direction of Col. McGlothlin, who was also in waiting. As he was running at breakneck speed the Colonel came down on him with his Winchester and broke his neck. He turned a summersault and soon both deer were swinging up in camp.

Night soon came on. All hands came in. After talking over the scenes and sights, the hits and misses of the day, we retired to sleep. On Thursday we loaded up our equipage and started for the railroad, and thence home. We had been out eight days, had killed four deer, one turkey, a number of ducks and squirrels, one possum, and had seen lots of game. In that locality there is fine hunting. We could have killed much more game, but we were strangers to the woods. When we go again we will succeed better, though all of us were happy over the results of this hunt.

J. N. HALL.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XV.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

though we saw lots of both. The dog ran a deer within 150 yds. of our camp, and scared up a fine gang of turkeys, one of which sat for half an hour in a tree right over our cook fire, and the cook sitting right under him. Several others sat in the trees close around. But there was no gun in camp, and the hunters were all out of hearing. After the turkeys had rested in the trees around as long as they seemed to desire, they spread their wings and sailed to the ground. When night came not a man had killed anything except a few squirrels. Our special savior, the man who killed the first meat for us, John Brent, had walked and hunted heroically, but with no success.

The next day was Sunday. As most of us were respectful to the Sabbath, we passed the day quietly in camp. Our cook got in a boat to explore the river, and taking his troll with him caught two fine pickerel. Mr. B. crossed over the river to inspect the geography and see if there were signs of game. Otherwise all was quiet. We had a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, and Christian Union, and Christian Herald, and some daily papers, and these helped us to pass off the time splendidly.

On Sunday night it snowed. The snow was about six inches deep. The very thing for tracking, and we thought sure we would get the game on Monday. We could indeed see that there was plenty of game at hand. Deer tracks and turkey tracks could be seen everywhere. But the game all had eyes, better eyes than ours. They could see us first. And they didn't stand on the order of going, but just went. They left us. We wondered, but they didn't stop for that. Not a deer or turkey for Monday. But we were now satisfied that we were in fine hunting grounds, and the tracks had given us an idea of the range of the game. This was no inconsiderable item. We rested at night and planned for the chase the next day. One item of Monday, however, I must not omit to mention. Col. McGlothlin, an excellent and genial hunter, was on the stand. His ears are quick to catch a sound. He had put two or three sticks under his feet to keep him out of the snow, and while listening intently

BORES AND SHOOTING.

MUDDEVILLE, Mich., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your edition of Nov. 12, "Answers to Correspondents," in reply to "B. R. H.," Chicago, you state that a 10-bore loaded with 4½drs. powder and 1½oz. shot will kill at greater distance than a 12-bore loaded with 3½drs. powder and 1½oz. shot. No. 6 in both cases, both guns choked alike. Now I do not write this to get up an argument, but in order to learn something. I have owned and used many guns from 8 to 20-bore, and have looked for (and I am still trying to find) a gun that will kill the furthest. From my own experience, I find that a 20-bore will kill as far as an 8. But the greater bore has the largest killing circle, consequently the 8 and 10-bore are the guns for flock shooting, and in shooting at a single object, flying or running, one does not have to hold as close as with a 16 or 20, two great advantages. But I contend that a 20-gauge, all things being equal, will kill a single bird, fox or rabbit at as great distance as an 8 or 10.

After reading the above answer to "B. R. H.," I looked up some of my brother sportsmen. First we used three Remingtons, all same model, and, so far as I could judge, choked alike, viz., 10, 16 and 20. The first two were loaded as "B. R. H." described, and I loaded the 20 with 3½drs. powder and 1½oz. No. 6 shot. Everything was as equal as we could make it. Then we used two Colt guns, 10 and 16, and lastly four other guns of 10, 12, 16 and 20. All guns were fired four times from a rest, i. e., the shooter sitting down with a muzzle rest, one man shooting all, at a target, two barrels at 40 and two at 60yds. distance, with new target for each shot. The result showed that the 16 and 20-bores gave as good penetration and pattern as the 10 and 12. The small bores would have killed a duck or rabbit sitting still as well as the others. But of course on a flock of birds the 10 gave a far larger killing circle. We also tried an 8-bore American trigger action with still better results as to flock shooting.

We brother sportsmen wish to live and learn, and for many years I have culled from the FOREST AND STREAM; many great benefits have I derived therefrom. I came to this village last August for my health, which was much impaired from a three years' residence in the so-called Sunny South, and my 20-bore Parker has given me much pleasure among the squirrels, quail, partridges and rabbits, while my 10-bore has seen no service except in the hands of some friends from Grand Rapids city, who came to me to enjoy the pleasures of hunting or fishing. I have often had the pleasure of seeing some of my crude letters in your paper, and expect to look you up some time next spring in your busy city office.

In reply to our friend who gets his gum boots full of water, use hot oats, shake out, heat over and refill. Sand will sometimes stick in the lining of same and work into one's stockings to irritate the feet, oats should be free from dirt or dust.

I would like to hear from some of the brotherhood on range and bore of shotguns, as one is never too old to learn.

BRYAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the few days past a number of the largest flocks of geese that have ever been seen from here passed over on their southward migration trip.

We have often wondered, and probably many others have also, why the sight of a noble flock of wild geese on the wing will send a thrill through every nerve in one's system. If the flock is near to a sportsman the feeling is nothing strange. When he in his excitement quickly grasps his shotgun or his trusty rifle for the purpose of giving them a shot, it is very plain to every one present that in him the ardor of the true hunter is fully aroused, and his love for sport then comes forth in its full strength. But when the flock is far beyond the reach of the longest ranged rifle shot, and the angle made by those converging lines is grandly cutting its way through the blue on a course straight as an arrow toward the south, or if in springtime, toward the unknown lands far to the north, even then at the sight that same thrill comes over one, be he sportsman or not, and one will stop to watch the flock with all eagerness and to listen to its resonant *honk, honk*, until the sight and sound of the flying angle is lost in the distance. Is that thrilling sensation due to the natural feeling of the hunter, a feeling latent in the breast of nearly every member of the human family, civilized or savage, which then comes over the watcher? or is it owing to a slight momentary development of the germs of that state of unrest that through all past ages has impelled man onward to wander by sea or land over the face of the earth and to make discoveries and settlements in the uttermost parts of it? Or is it due to some other cause? Who can tell?

A. L. L.

GUN, DOG AND CAMERA.

ON October 30, as Let and I were starting out for shooting, a friend stopped us, saying he had seen a partridge cross the road and enter a small run well known by us. As we would pass the place on our way to the shooting grounds decided upon for the day, we thanked the man and said we would give the bird a try. Upon reaching the place Let said he would hunt up the narrow run with his dog, while I had better keep along in the open on the further side, lest the bird should flush wild and fly across the fields toward some large woods. I agreed, and asking Bang to heel in, kept abreast of Let's dog as he worked up along. After a few moments I noticed that my dog was inclined to be more interested in nosing around on the ground than in obeying my command, and I was obliged to speak sharply to him several times.

We reached the upper end without starting the partridge, whereupon I told Bang to "hie on," thinking that perhaps he might have better luck in starting the bird than the other dog. Instead of entering the run he turned, and with nose down galloped quickly back in the direction we had come. About half way down the side of the run he showed up and then stopped short on a point. As I had walked within a foot or two of where the dog now was, I thought it was probably an old scent that tickled his nose; so I told him to "go on." He did so, and as some bird sprang into the air he caught it and brought it to me. Imagine my surprise when I found that it was a live woodcock. Upon examination I discovered that the bird had but one wing, the other evidently having been shot off by some one who had failed

to recover the bird. The stump of the wing had partially healed, showing that the bird had been injured some days before. In other respects the bird appeared to be in a perfectly healthy condition, and as Bang is nothing if not a good retriever not a feather was mussed as I took it from the dog's mouth.

Placed on the ground the woodcock at first would jump into the air, but his one wing would instantly turn him over back on to the ground. Getting on his feet again he would stretch out this wing, trailing it along the grass, and with tail cocked up and his head, seemingly heavy with its long bill, arched back, would strut about with great dignity.

His eyes were as clear as a pebbly brook, and the coloring and shading on his wings, back and breast were delicate, but clearly defined, far different from the quickly fading plumage of a dead bird. Taking a Kodak camera from the cart, I made Bang, who, despite his ten years, was almost silly with such a treat, point the bird again and again as it stepped daintily about. It was laughable to make the dog's legs in turn halt in the air with a "whoa!" as he crawled along quivering with excitement after that bird. Altogether it was an interesting and unique experience, but with the drawback of having the pictures turn out poorly.

F. L. N.

PLAIN HILL, Conn.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

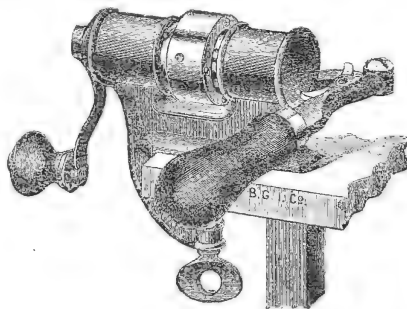
THE close of the sixteenth year of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was celebrated last Thursday evening by a reunion and banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, in Boston. Covers were laid for 175. Among the invited guests were State Treasurer Geo. A. Marden, Hon. Wm. E. Barrett, Hon. Asa French and Hon. Henry G. Dorr, of Vermont. In a happily worded but informal after-dinner speech, President Edward A. Samuels reviewed the work and growth of the Association, and felicitated the members upon the society's past record, present prosperity and promise for the future. Alluding to his long tenure of office Mr. Samuels spoke feelingly and with fullest appreciation of the honor which had thus been conferred upon him, and assured his fellows that if mistakes had been made they had been of the head and not of the heart. As we announced last week Mr. Samuels will retire from the presidency with the close of the year; he has labored long and devotedly in the interests of the Association; and the best wish any of its friends can express for the society is that the successor of its outgoing officer may show equal devotion and felicity in advancing the work and building up the organization.

The Association has a membership of 525 names on the roll, representing seventy different towns and cities, and with constantly growing influence and public esteem. The treasury shows a good balance, and the Association has a permanent fund which will be increased at the January meeting. The committee on the introduction of birds has liberated in the State 170 pinnated grouse, many Northern hares and Arizona and California quail, with 1,600 Eastern quail. Mr. Samuels expressed his conviction that for the proper performance of the work of protection the Association should have under its control a salaried game officer.

Other speakers were State Treasurer Marden, who assured the Association that in its special work the commonwealth were behind it; Speaker Barrett and Judge French, who advocated the passage of a law giving trout culturists permission to sell the products of their private hatcheries at any time during the year. Music was furnished by the Harvard Glee Club.

Letters of regret were read from Gov. Russell, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island; U. S. Commissioner McDonald, Capt. J. W. Collins, of Washington; I. O. Woodworth and Arthur Richardson, president of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game Association.

THE HANDY CLOSER just announced by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. is here figured. It is designed to meet the demand for a smooth, even crimper, giving uniform pressure on the wads, so absolutely essential when loading nitro powders. The closer has a straight



feed lever and patent expansive follower, which adapts itself to any thickness of paper shell, and in crimping, exerts a uniform and equal pressure upon the wads, irrespective of the weight of the charge. This follower virtually restores the interior surface of the shell, burnishing the broken texture of the paper and produces the cleanest crimp possible. By reversing the hardened steel pins, either a round or square crimp can be made, one end of the pins being curved, the other end flat.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Dec. 14.—The open season expires to-morrow, and I am sure everyone is glad that the game is to have a rest. Quail have been abundant; the woodcock were plenty, while a scarcity of ruffed grouse seemed general, and ducks are almost a thing of the past in Michigan. The spring shooters may be thanked for the decrease of the wildfowl; they have done their work of murder well.—BEN O. BUSH.

WISCONSIN DEER HOUNDING.—Appleton, Wis.—More regard has been given to the illegal hounding of deer this season just past than ever before, not that hounding was stopped, but it was carried on in far less degree and not so openly as heretofore.—C. V. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

TROUTING IN THE CASCADES.—II.

THE MOLALLA COUNTRY.

WHAT a lovely morning! Birds were warbling their sweetest melodies, Mongolian cocks were crowing down in the meadow and nature seemed to have donned her holiday attire to receive us. I was anxious to be on the stream, but as usual the coffee-pot took its own time to boil and Ira was irritatingly slow about hitching up. His gush, which at any other time might have been interesting, was now annoying. Finally my suspicions were verified. He declared that we must come back to his house to sleep, as those lonely woods were no fit place for a city lady to spend the night in, to say nothing about the comfort of the rest of the crowd. His anxiety about our comfort and welfare was certainly laudable and would have been duly appreciated had it not been that I was well aware that he had at least a dozen untold bear stories left over from the previous night.

My wife had spent her girlhood in Iowa and its takes years for one to rid themselves of that vague suspicion and dread of the dense woods, born of a life on the open prairies. Her attentiveness to his remarks about the lonely woods at night convinced Ira that he had touched the right chord and he at once set about making the most of it.

No matter what was said or what transpired it would remind him of some blood-curdling thing that had occurred in the lonely woods of the Molalla, and of course he had to tell it; and I can assure you that it lost none of its horrors by his relation. I was disposed to be angry with him, for I had spent much time and English in trying to convince my wife that the woods wouldn't bite, and that there was not a wild animal in the forests of Oregon that would harm her. But finally he overreached himself. The call to breakfast reminded him of how a cougar had come right into Mac Ramsey's yard down there by the creek and eaten up Mac's baby. Mrs. Moody herself couldn't stand this and corrected him: "Now, Ira," said she, "you know the cougar did not eat the child up, but only grabbed it and jumped over a log, and when Mac's wife ran screaming after him he dropped the baby and went up a tree." Of course the true statement of the case was calculated to allay my wife's fears. She probably mentally calculated how much larger than Mac's baby one would have to be before the cougar would turn tail and run instead of stopping to dine. I told Ira plainly, at last, that I hoped that he, out of respect for the friendship that had existed so long between us, would refrain from saying anything more about cougars, lynx, bob cats and bears in my wife's presence or she would insist on going home. This was a phase of the subject that had escaped Ira and he mellowed down a little. Thereafter he would cut his infernal yarns short at just the wrong place, audibly admonishing himself that he "expected he'd better not tell the rest of the story, as it might scare Mrs. Greene." I never knew Ira to be guilty of any other mean trick. I believe he would freely have given his team of grays to have us stop at his house every night while we were in the Molalla country.

When one is in a hurry everybody else seems to be horribly slow. At last we started. The same load, the same passengers, everything the same as the day before except that there was one more dog. Ira's dog went along to initiate Mike in the mysteries of the Molalla woods. It is really amusing to watch a country dog show his city cousin around. He doesn't talk as much as his master, but is fully as entertaining. If he strikes a familiar rabbit runway or a hollow tree that he knows is the home of an old coon, he will in some manner soon let his companion into the secret, and you would think from their maneuvers that they were just about to accomplish what the home dog had been unable for months to do without help. Human nature and dog nature are much alike in many respects.

Passing the barn, Ira was reminded that we had better fill a straw tick and take it along for our bed. Nothing that I could say about moss and hemlock boughs could alter his determination. So the straw tick was procured and filled. Then on we went down and across the roaring Molalla and on up the rugged trail that wound along Milk Creek. Before crossing the Molalla, Ira pointed out the spot where a cougar had killed his best dog after coaxing him out away from the house one dark night. Also the tree where, a week before, they had killed the biggest bob-cat he ever saw. My wife by this time manifested a disposition to agree with Ira about everything and particularly about the desperate chances a person took that slept in the lonely woods. The rascal himself had slept alone hundreds of times in more dense and remote forests, with the shadows for sheets and the soft side of a rock for a pillow, without giving danger a passing thought. Billy, all this time, was a disinterested spectator of the conflict—his love of camp life just about offsetting his regard for home comforts.

By ten o'clock we had our tents pitched in a beautiful fir grove not far below the mouth of Canyon Creek near the last house on the trail that led up to the "huckleberry patch."

It was the first time I had ever seen Milk Creek. The rapids and pools, of which we had caught occasional glimpses, made me more fidgety than I had been during the preceding night, and I could hardly restrain myself. I didn't want to exhibit my natural disposition, but you can imagine my feelings when Billy suggested that he and Fay could finish the camp if I could get a few trout for dinner. Of course I did not like to leave poor Billy there at work while I was off fishing; of course not. Nevertheless I reluctantly took my fly-rod and after turning the first bend in the trail, skinned for Milk Creek as if we were all starving and one trout would save the

whole camp. How natural it is to hurry to a creek. One would think that the trout were just ready to take wing. I sometimes wonder if anglers had to be in such a hurry in good old Isaac's time. To my certain knowledge they have hurried the same way for thirty years and still the trout and bass have taken wing only in the figurative sense.

Of course my whip carried three flies: Royal-coachman for tail fly, and brown-hackle and professor for droppers. In a country where trout are as plentiful and bold as in this, three flies are none too many.

Although not of a particularly nervous disposition, I must admit that in my efforts to get my rod together I quivered with excitement until my teeth chattered. It was the finest trout stream I had ever seen without an angler's foot-path along its banks; and I was to have the pleasure of introducing the whole royal household of freckled beauties to such bright flies as had never been dreamed of in their philosophy.

There is more joy in anticipation than in realization, even though one realizes the full measure of anticipation; and uncertainty as to results only adds tone to anticipation. How could I know whether there was a trout in the stream? And yet in a trout country such water must bear fruit. All these things ran through my mind while getting ready for my first cast.

Taking my stand on a rock that commanded a pool just below a low fall, I hesitatingly tendered the lure. It was a bungling cast; my dry leader curled and fell in a bunch, but who would have thought that under that placid surface there were so many watchful eyes? A flash, a strike, and a trout, in about the time it takes to tell it. I was not entitled to a trout for that cast, but got one all the same. Recognizing the fact that the trout was entitled to credit for being able to pick a fly out of such a tangled mess, I broke his neck and slipped him into the basket, without wasting time to admire him. Hastily straightening my leader, I put the flies at the same spot, for the trout had seen something that excited their bumps of alimentiveness, and the whole pool was astir. Smack, smack, here and there, as they rushed at phantom flies, admonished me that now was the accepted time. Whirr-r-r-r, went my reel, but before I could land the fish the joints of my leader seemed to get rheumatic. Instead of beautiful curves and lofty tumbling there was twitching and jerking like a balky team. There was not much strain on my rod, but the leader seemed to be in a fit. I let them fight it out, and finally landed three beauties. That's enough for one cast, particularly when one uses but three flies.

So it went, sometimes one, oftener two, and now and then three at a cast—Dolly Vardens and rainbows from 8 to 18 in. length. That was the kind of a trout stream I had found.

S. H. GREENE.

A BACK CAST.

IN an article with the caption "Black Bass Waters of the State of New York," written in 1887 for the "Game Laws of the State of New York," issued by the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, I made a claim that none of the interior waters of the State originally contained black bass, "except possibly the group of lakes in the western-central part be an exception," and Lake George, which got its supply of this fish from Lake Champlain through the connecting stream in the long ago.

Soon after the article appeared in print exception was taken to the claim that Lake George was the original habitat of the black bass, and a counter-claim was made that the lake was stocked with 40 black bass brought from Lake Champlain between 1840 and 1850. This last statement I had every reason to believe was incorrect, for there are men living who caught black bass in Lake George prior to 1840, but I had no documentary evidence to offer that the bass were native to the lake. It is recorded in Brown's "American Angler's Guide" that Mr. John D. Keese caught a black bass of 5 lbs. 9 oz. in Lake George during the summer of 1844, and that at that time this fish was distributed throughout the lake and afforded good fishing. This fact would dispose of the claim of their introduction between 1840 and 1850.

After a diligent search, extending over several years, I have found some additive testimony regarding the presence of black bass in Lake George, in a copy of the *Warren County Messenger*, of Sept. 2, 1880, as follows:

"Notice to all whom it may concern. An application will be made on the first day (or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard) of the next term of the court of Common Pleas for the county of Warren, to be held at this Court House in Caldwell, on the twenty-first day of September next, for certain orders or rules for the purpose, and in the words following, to wit:

To the Honorable Horatio Buell, Thomas Patterson, and Horatio Barber, Judges of the County Courts in and for the County of Warren, of which the Common Pleas is one.

The undersigned, freeholders and inhabitants residing in the towns of Queensbury, Caldwell, Bolton, Hague and Chester, in said county, pray that in order to regulate the fishing in the Horicon, or Lake George, and Schroon Lake in said county, that an order or rule, to the tenor and effect following, may be granted and entered in the minutes of the Court at the next term thereof, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, that is to say:

"On reading and filing the petitions of certain freeholders of the towns of Queensbury, Caldwell, Bolton, Hague and Chester, praying the Court to regulate the fishing in the Horicon, or Lake George, and the Schroon Lake, in the county of Warren, and on proof made of due notice having been given of such intended application, it is ordered, That no person shall spear or hook up, with hooks fastened to sticks or poles, any of the fish commonly called lake trout, or any of the fish commonly called bass, in any of the waters of either of the aforesaid lakes, lying within the county of Warren. No person shall catch or take in any way, or by means or manner, any lake trout in the waters aforesaid, between the first day of October and the first day of January, nor any bass from the fifteenth day of April to the fifteenth day of June, in each and every year, from and after the first day of November next, for the term of three years.

"And be it further ordered, That whoever shall violate either or any of the provisions of the foregoing rule or order, shall, for every offence forfeit twenty-five dollars.

"Any person having in his or her possession, in any town in said county, any fresh lake trout, between the first day of October and the first day of January, or any bass between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of June, shall be deemed guilty of having violated the provisions of this order.

PETER D. TREKHOUSE, THOS VAUGHN,
LEWIS L. PICKLEY, HENRY PIKE,
DILWIN GARDNER, JAMES PALMER."

JULY 23, 1890.

This proposed order or rule is interesting for several

reasons. It establishes the fact that black bass were not introduced into Lake George after 1840. On the contrary, so early as 1890 it was deemed necessary to take measures to prevent their decrease through methods that were unsportsmanlike, and this would indicate that the bass were not new to this lake, as certainly the trout were not, and they, too, needed protection. It also indicated that the dastardly practice of hooking bass off their beds at the spawning season was practiced at that time as it has been through all the years since, until comparatively few black bass are left in the lake. It indicates that sportsmen—for every man who signed that notice was a sportsman, and his deeds as such are talked about to this day—realized over sixty years ago that in order to enforce a fish law a possession clause must be added; and it further indicates that fish laws were as carelessly drawn in 1890 as in 1890, for the bass season is made to open April 15, while it was illegal to have bass in possession from April 1 to April 15.

It is noteworthy that the rule or order I have quoted is distinguished for being the first movement made in this State to protect and make a close season for black bass by legal methods; and it was made possible by a law enacted within three years previous, which conferred power upon the courts of Common Pleas, upon an application of six freeholders, to regulate fishing within their jurisdiction for a period not to exceed three years.

In fact, the only fish mentioned in the general fishing laws that were in operation at the time this order went into effect were salmon and pike. The laws of 1816 protected salmon from Oct. 20 to Feb. 1, and the laws of 1827 provided that pike should not be speared in the Hudson. I am inclined to think that this referred to the pike-perch and not the true pike, now generally called pickerel throughout the State.

In 1815 there was a law passed which regulated the use of nets, but no specific fish are mentioned. There was also a law passed in 1822 which made it illegal to poison fish, but Edmonds's Revised Statutes, which is supposed to cover all the laws from the organization of the State in 1777 to a much later period than we write of, mentions no other fish laws than those we have referred to as being in force in 1830. There was, however, a colonial law for the protection of salmon in 1771, and a deer law in 1705, being the first law for the protection of game in New York. In 1830 black bass were beginning to establish themselves in the waters along the Erie Canal, which thoroughfare brought them into and across the central part of the State from Lake Erie, when it was dug in 1825; but the indiscriminate planting of black bass, now so much the fashion, had not then commenced. The phraseology of the petition quoted might lead one to suppose that Schroon Lake contained black bass at that time; but this is not so. "Horicon, or Lake George, and the Schroon Lake in the county of Warren" both contained lake trout, but the former only contained black bass. Only a part of Schroon Lake is in Warren county, and for that matter, only a part of Lake George.

Up to about 1845* there were no fish in Schroon Lake except trout and yellow-perch, then 40 pike (*Esox lucius*)—these fish must not be confused with pike-perch, wall-eyed pike, or Champlain pike, as they are variously called—were brought from Lake Champlain and planted in Schroon. My uncle, a man with a local reputation as a skillful and unremitting angler second to none, a contemporary of all the signers of the foregoing petition, and now over eighty years of age, clearly remembers the introduction of the so called pickerel into Schroon Lake, and in vigorous language has ever since censured those who introduced the "sharks" into trout waters, for it was this planting which distributed this "pickerel" through many waters in northeastern New York. It is possible that with lapse of time the 40 "pickerel" have been converted into 40 black bass, and their destination changed from Schroon Lake to Lake George. This is the only way that I can account for the claim that 40 black bass were taken from Lake Champlain to Lake George between 1840 and 1850. The black bass were not introduced into Schroon Lake until some years later than 1845—probably about 1860. Tradition has it that the original plant of black bass came from Effner Lake, in Saratoga county, which was stocked from Saratoga Lake, and that lake in turn was stocked from the Hudson River.

The Hudson River, by the way, was stocked in sections by three instalments of black bass. First, the lower part of the river through the Erie Canal; second, the middle portion, from Sacondaga River southward from Effner Lake, which empties into the Sacondaga, and the upper part through Schroon River or East Branch of the Hudson from Salmon Lake. The last-named section has been stocked within the past ten years, resulting in destroying some excellent spring trout fishing in the upper reaches of the stream.

It will be noticed that in the pioneer fish law that I have quoted, Cooper's name of Horicon, although not spelled as Cooper spelled it, is given as the alternative of Lake George, as if to identify the lake. This is the only instance, so far as I can learn, in which the novelist's name for the lake is used in a legal document. The names of the six petitioners recall many angling exploits attributed to them and a fund of stories of their fishing trips. For instance, Mr. Gardner caught the largest brook trout ever caught in the waters of Warren county, and

*Since writing this letter I find that Headley wrote from Schroon Lake in 1848 as follows: "The water is very pure and cold, and salmon trout were once found in it in abundance. Lately, however, they have become more scarce, so four years since some men living on its banks got a few pickerel and put them in as a basis of a new stock of fish. It was agreed on all hands not to take any out for four years. The time being expired this spring, they commenced spearing them, and the quantities have been caught almost surpasses belief. Hundreds of pounds have been taken, some of the fish weighing 12 and 18 lbs. The rapidity with which they breed is equalled only by the ratio of increase in size, for a growth of 4 lbs. per annum is almost incredible. It was doubtless owing to the abundance and richness of the food and the perfect adaptiveness of the water to their wants and habits."

Thus the date of the introduction of pickerel in 1844, instead of 1845, as I have given it. Mr. Headley states that the pickerel were introduced into Schroon because the lake trout had "become more scarce," and yet for thirty-four years succeeding the date of that statement the lake trout fishing in Schroon Lake was excellent in spite of the presence of the pickerel. Nothing was done to increase the lake trout in Schroon until 1882, when 200,000 eggs were sent there from one of the State hatcheries, and were hatched and the fry planted in the lake. In August of that year I fished in the lake one morning before breakfast with Monroe Green and caught four trout trolling at the bottom. At that time it could not be said that lake trout were scarce but their food was scarce, so scarce that the trout were obliged to go on the shoals in August and feed on yellow perch. The pickerel had destroyed the food supply, and it was really food that was regulated more than trout fry.—A. N. C.

he caught it in the Hudson River at the mouth of Clendon Brook, which for the past eight or nine years has been used as a nursery for young sea salmon. Mr. Threehouse is credited with catching the largest lake trout of his day in Lake George. Mr. Pike was particularly fond of catching the fish that bears his name, but which is generally called pickerel.

"This reminds me." Within the past few years pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*), the genuine article, have made their appearance in the Upper Hudson. How they came there no one seems to know, but they are increasing rapidly, much more so than the pike *lucius*. At first but an occasional pickerel was taken, and now out of five fish of this family taken, three will be pickerel and two pike.

I will not close this without telling at least one story of these old-time fishermen. It was an unwritten law in their time that a man who cut a hole in the ice for the purpose of fishing in the winter, was entitled to the use of the hole as long as the ice lasted. Ice might form in the hole almost to its original thickness, and be cut out again and again by another person, but upon the appearance of the original cutter the hole must be given up to his use.

One day Mr. Pixley started for a day's perch fishing, the ice was very thick and it was something of a task to cut a hole, and besides, it required time. He thought he might find a hole cut that he could use, but arriving on the ice he found the only hole that was cut occupied by a Quaker friend, Roger Haviland, whereupon occurred this conversation: "Roger, that is my hole you are fishing in." "Maybe, Lewis, maybe; but I have cut it out enough times this winter to own it, unless you cut it very early. When did you cut it?" "I cut it last winter." The claim was strong enough to get most anything else, but it did not get the hole.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—A meeting for the organization of a fly-casting club will be held at Von Lengerke & Antoine's sporting goods store, 246 Wabash avenue, Monday evening next, and it is thought that a dozen or so of members will sign the first manifesto. Through the courtesy of Capt. J. H. Barnett and some of his associate officers of the First Regiment, it is thought that the club can be admitted, for occasional winter practice, into the First Regiment Armory, a magnificent building with an unbroken hall covering a quarter of a block, and a ceiling four stories high. The possibilities of this will at once unfold to the fly-caster who some times longs for a place to try his hand to keep in practice during the winter months.

Mr. Geo. T. Farmer mentions a novel and very killing bait which he has tried for trout in the North. "You kill a red squirrel," says he, "and cut off a little strip of skin about 2 in. long and 1/4 in. wide in the middle, tapering to both ends, leaving a little of the flesh on the inside of the skin. You bait this through one end. When it gets wet it will all curl up around the hook, and it makes the best caterpillar ever you saw." I don't see why this would not be a good bait for bass also.

Mild weather has kept the ice out of our lakes so far. Warden Jeff. Smith and F. L. Buck will make a visit to the lakes as soon as a hard freeze comes. It is not thought that the residents on the main chain of the Fox Lake system will make much trouble, but the law may not be obeyed so well upon the smaller lakes.

The John Wilkinson Co. will remove from their present quarters at 259 State street, as soon as suitable store room elsewhere can be obtained, but no definite arrangements have yet been concluded. The tackle trade will be emphasized.

E. HOUGH.

POLLUTION OF WATERS.—The following, upon the destruction of fish by culm from the coal mines of Pennsylvania, is taken from the *Harrisburg Patriot* of Dec. 7: "Jesse Rittenhouse, one of the commissioners of Columbia county, writes to Thomas Hargest, Esq., attorney for the State Fish Commission, inquiring if there is no way of preventing coal operators from putting all their culm from their mines in the streams. Mr. Rittenhouse says he would like to show Fish Warden Nicholas, of this city, several streams that flow into others full of fish where the culm is killing the finest trout he would wish to see. The streams Mr. Rittenhouse refers to he says are as black as ink." This recalls the letter of Mr. J. T. Bare, published in *FOREST AND STREAM* last spring, upon the same pollution observed in the Susquehanna River at Bainbridge, Pa. It also calls to mind the vast amount of cedar chips and shavings to be seen at the same place. These chips on Oct. 30 were as thick on the York county side of the river as well-formed slush ice, and are continually coming down. These are from the paper mill at York Haven.—BON.

TICKLING TROUT.—New York, Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I was amused by reading in your last number, when "O. O. S." made fun of the German catching trout with his hand. He perhaps had never heard that trout, like some other beings, like to be tickled. In a rocky stream, such as many of the streams in Wales, you will generally find two holes under a stone; you put your left hand over the hole, and then carefully try in the other with your right; if there is a trout there, the moment you touch him commence tickling him very gently on his side, he won't move; you continue it till you reach the gills and then grab him. I have tickled many a one when a boy. I used to think it good fun, but if you should happen to tickle a water rat he would most likely make it unpleasant for you.—R. A. T.

EARLY FISHING.—Shad have already appeared upon the North Carolina coast this month, several weeks earlier than usual. About New Years the stake nets on the marshes, it is expected, will be in operation and furnish shad in moderate quantities. It is reported that already the best roe shad have sold in the Norfolk, Va., market at a dollar a pair. Bluefish are being taken in large quantities on the North Carolina coast at present.—BON.

"FOREST AND STREAM."

On January 7 the "Forest and Stream" will be permanently enlarged to 32 pages. The price will remain the same.

AN ENLARGED "FOREST AND STREAM."

WITH the issue of Jan. 7 next, which will be the first number of its thirty-eighth volume, the FOREST AND STREAM will be permanently enlarged from twenty-eight to thirty-two pages.

This change has been made necessary by the growth of the special interests to which the paper is devoted, and by the corresponding requirement of more space for their adequate presentation. The enlargement is to be taken as an earnest of our purpose to increase the interest, usefulness and value of the FOREST AND STREAM; and by means of the better opportunities thus afforded, to maintain for it the character it has so long enjoyed as the representative sportsman's journal of America.

Each of the departments will be benefited by the change—Sportsman Tourist, Natural History, Game Bag and Gun, Sea and River Fishing—and, in particular, our news columns—the Kennel, Yacht and Canoe, Rifle and Trap. The generous amount of space now given to Kennel will be maintained, and the room devoted to Trap Shooting will be so enlarged as to make the department the most comprehensive and the best arranged contemporary record of that sport.

Since this journal was established eighteen years ago, the popularity of sports with the rod and the gun has advanced with giant strides; and in the development of those mainly recreations the FOREST AND STREAM has taken no unimportant part. With their growth it has kept equal pace in worth, in influence, in circulation and in generous public recognition. What it has been it will be. The record of the past contains the abundant promise for the future.

In 1892 and the years that shall follow, as in 1891 and the years that have passed, the FOREST AND STREAM will stand for all that is best and truest in field sportsman'ship; and it will strive to merit from its growing hosts of friends a continuation of that warm appreciation and indorsement with which it is now favored.

One word remains to be said: The price will remain unchanged; \$4 per year. Subscribe now.

Fishculture.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.

At a meeting held in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18, Messrs. Ford, Powell, Stilwell and Welshon were present. One of the most important items of business considered was the construction of the fish transportation car, for which an appropriation of \$5,000 was made by the Legislature, and this item determined the selection of Washington as the place of meeting. There the plans and specifications of the cars built for the U. S. Fish Commission can be studied and their equipment and management fully investigated. Before the Commissioners make the contract for building they will examine the plans of the cars belonging to Michigan and New York, and try to combine as many as possible of the good features of all the cars now in use within the limit of the appropriation. Considerable attention will be paid to the distribution of large fish, and apparatus for hatching eggs en route will be provided.

A subject of the utmost importance to the anglers of Pennsylvania is the pollution of streams by washing culm. The injury to the fish is already so pronounced from Nanticoke to Bainbridge in the Susquehanna and some of its tributaries that general alarm is felt, and the people and press are vigorously denouncing the outrageous practice. In Harrisburg the Board of Trade and Board of Health have joined in the protest against this evil, and it is certain that the crusade opened by Mr. Powell will soon crush out the common enemy of health and the fisheries. The Board of Health is concerned in the matter because the reservoirs for drinking water are becoming so full of the black sediment that a pitcher left standing over night will contain nearly a half inch of the deposit on the bottom. The spawning beds of the bass, pike-perch and other game fishes are destroyed and many good fishing grounds are deserted. An attorney has been empowered by the Commission to prosecute all such cases, and if existing laws will not avail for the protection of the public new legislation will be earnestly demanded.

Chairman Ford appointed Mr. Welshon a committee of one to call on Governor Pattison and urge him to confer with the Governor of Maryland on the vitally important subject of the protection of fish in that part of the Susquehanna which flows through Maryland. In this stretch of 12 or 14 miles fish baskets are legalized and their number is legion. Here the best efforts of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in the upper waters of the river are minimized by one of the worst implements of fish destruction known to civilization. Millions of young shad and herring, and thousands of black bass, striped bass and pike-perch are annually crushed out of existence against the walls and platforms of these barbarous traps. No amount of argument from persons interested in the welfare of the fishes has yet availed to turn the tide against the baskets, and now a last resource will be called into requisition and we trust it may prove adequate to the occasion.

Preliminary arrangements were made for the exhibition of Pennsylvania fishes and fishculture at the World's Fair, and the various counties of the State were redistricted under the charge of the Commissioners most available for the region. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the president of the board.

AN ALBINO BROOK TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received from Col. John Gay a small albino brook trout, 3 in. long, which was presented to him by Mr. J. P. Creveling, superintendent of the Allentown hatchery of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. This little trout has pink eyes; the sides are of a pale straw color and described by Col. Gay as sparsely red spotted in life. The fins are paler than the body and the teeth of the upper jaw deep brown on their outer surface. The fish is slightly deformed, the portion of the backbone near the tail fin being slightly bent downward, while the lower lobe of the tail is more nearly horizontal in direction than in the normal fish. This albino was hatched in Allentown from one of the eggs forwarded to that station from Corry, Pa. Superintendent Creveling has a number of deformed trout now living, some of which are curiously distorted; he says they seldom live to a greater age than ten or eleven months.

T. H. B.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

(For fuller details see issue of Dec. 5.)

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInnis, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Greenville, Sec'y.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 10 to 13.—Jackson, Mich. Chas. H. Ruhl, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Philadelphia, Pa. E. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, 738 B'way, N. Y.
March 15 to 18.—Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Los Angeles, Cal. J. C. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1892.

Jan. 11-12.—Bexar Field Trials, San Antonio, Texas.
Jan. 18.—Pacific Field Trials, Bakersville, Cal.
—Southern Field Trials, New Albany, Miss.

PROVIDENCE DOG SHOW.

THE sixth annual exhibition of the Rhode Island Poultry Association was held Dec. 16 to 23. In connection with this a small dog show was one of the attractions and this part of the show did not open till Dec. 18. As we pointed out some time ago the association could not hope to have a large entry with the prizes at \$3 and \$2, and a \$3 entry fee, and so it turned out, and I was more than surprised to see about seventy dogs respond to the call. Most of them were local dogs, the Park Lane Kennels and Glendyne Kennels being the only exhibitors known to outside fame. For such a show the quality of the dogs exhibited was above the average and proves that Providence is a good dog town, but I am sorry to say no dog show town. The people seem to look upon such ventures with the greatest apathy, and to hold a show either of dogs or poultry is to court almost certain financial loss. This is discouraging, but answers very effectually the question often asked why Providence fanciers do not hold another good dog show. The arrangements for the show were left almost entirely to Mr. Michael Flynn, of Bristol, L. I., who owns the Glendyne Kennels, and who is also the proud owner of the Irish setter Sedan, that won the All-Age Stake at the late Irish Setter Trials. Mr. Flynn had his hands full, for his one sweeper and general attendant left him in the lurch during the first day; alleging that the show was too exciting for him and he preferred some other kind of work. There was, however, little delay in getting the dogs into the ring, as Mr. Flynn's friends came to the rescue and brought many of the dogs in. The show was in Music Hall, as in former years, and the judging was again done on the stage. Poultry benches took up two-thirds of the hall, and the dogs were consigned to two rows on one side. Judging commenced about noon and was concluded by about 4:30, with an interval for lunch. There were no catalogues and the secretary and judge both worked from the same book.

There was only one entry in mastiff dogs; this was A. L. Guild's Leo, a dog with a fair head, a little too long, nice ears, forelegs and coat; hindlegs too straight. He was awarded first prize. The only puppy had a poor head, but his body and legs redeemed him somewhat. There was no entry in bitches.

In St. Bernards a pretty fair brindle and white dog turned up in L. E. & W. Miller's Mettlehorn. He is rather soured, short in body and hindlegs too straight, his head, however, is of good square shape, his forelegs are good and his coat is straight. Second was withheld, as John B. Wilson's Nero is self-colored and shows little or no evidence of St. Bernard type, no white markings and has a wrong feel of coat. The owner told me afterward that he had won first at Boston show, and I asked how old it was then, when he replied "Six weeks!" In bitches L. E. & W. Miller's Dorothy IV. was easily first. This bitch was imported and is by champion Pout, which her beautifully-marked head and great look of quality would imply. Head is well-shaped, if it is a trifle long, muzzle a bit fine, front and body good, nice coat, but hindlegs looked a little groggy; owner said she had strained herself romping the day before. Second went to Robert Clitheroe's Bess, a light, shelly-looking animal, too snipy faced, but still a St. Bernard after a manner. Patrick C. Kille's Monk won in puppies. A well-grown dog, white with brindle patches, with a fair head, nice coat and bone. Third withheld, another of the no type red dogs, only a worse one, this was D. B. Burkinshaw's Bruno.

Great Danes had one entry, and that not a very extensive specimen, Joseph H. De Lory, Jr.'s Major, too big in ear but nicely formed otherwise, but was only five months old. He took the prize.

Greyhounds were represented by one specimen, M. J. Cornhill's bitch, no name given. She was given first although her head is too short and Roman-nosed; still she had good bone and forelegs, but hindlegs inclined to turn in a bit, also lacks rib development.

Pointers.—Sunset Hill Kennels showed Dash, the only entry, and won first. This dog has not a bad head, but is wide in front, heavy in shoulders and straight behind and too short in body, though well sprung in ribs.

English setters turned out better, and first prize went to Ed H. Openshaw's Joe Brown, who, though not so good in head as J. M. Brown's Myron McKie, beats the latter in legs, feet, ribs and loin, in fact a better made dog altogether. In bitches, one full of quality and with a good type of head was shown in the winner, Frank Moore's Jinnie B. Perhaps a little too much cut out before the eye, and drops a trifle behind the shoulder; otherwise little fault can be found with her. J. M. Brown's bitch, second, loses in head, front and is a little light in body. E. H. Openshaw's Trixie was shown too fat, making her look cloddy; she is heavy in shoulders, but stands on good legs, and only her cloddy look put her in third place. Puppies had two entries, Gabe Jackson's Ormonde, which beat Gloriana all over.

In Irish setters the rakish looking Glen Jarvis, owned by Glendyne Kennels, is well known to show goers as a fair dog, beats Thos. Cullen's Elcho, Jr., who looks too English settery and is too straight in face, in head, body and hindparts; also too fat, short-faced and had too much white on chest. In bitches Glendyne Kennels' Lucelle, despite her fourteen years, showed lots of quality and a correct shape of head albeit very gray. She is well formed, and were she younger would hold her own with any of the modern ones. Sedan, the field trial winner, was absent. A 7mos. old pup, Mollie Glendyne, from the same kennel, took second. This is quite a nicely made one, of good color, and only needs time to be able to hold her own in a good company. Mollie Glendyne was also in puppies, beating a litter brother, Larry Doolan, also owned by Glendyne Kennels. This one is snipy and was out of shape from worms, besides being very shy. He was afterward shipped down to North Carolina.

The only Gordon setter dog was M. Kenyon's Pete, that took first. He has good tan, but no pencilings; has a fairly well formed head, though it is a little short. In bitches C. M. Henyon's Judy, although given first, hardly deserved it. Bad head, light tan, but good pencilings; was shown in bad trim, too.

Cocker spaniels seemed to include a little of all sorts of the spaniel family, and our friend Mr. Bell would have had a good object lesson as to the difference of style between cocker and field spaniel heads, for the field spaniel head on the cocker body was shown to perfection in one or two cases. The winner in dogs was Mrs. E. H. Openshaw's Jim the Dude, a dog with a capital head, though a little light in eye, a bit long in body, but well ribbed and fairly straight in front; will do to show in New York if it can be kept in its present good condition. In bitches there was quite a turn out, Park Lane Kennels' La La winning first; is more of a cocker than the other, which struck me as too much of a field spaniel. La La turns elbows out a bit when she moves, but so does the second, M. C. Philip's Bessie. Little Gypsy, third, was the cocker of the show in body and style of head, but it was too domy in skull, feet too small and bone too light; but a real cocker in general appearance. M. C. Philip's Mischief was beaten in muzzle and shoulders, latter much too heavy, and was a bit high on legs, too. In the puppy class Major won easily over Sunny Hill Kennels' Fannie B., though more on the field spaniel form, being too long in body for a cocker; he had the best bone and was much better in hindquarters.

Of course this is one of the strongholds for Japanese spaniels, thanks to the Park Lane Kennels, whose Nanki Poo, in the dog class, looked as well as I ever saw him, and as handsome as usual. Then Yum Yum, seemingly a little short of coat, was also alone in the bitch class. Both these "Japs" are well known to the fraternity.

Foxhounds were the next to come on the stage, and Dr. Thurber, who showed most of them, can boast a nice sorry little pack, of a sort of betwixt-and-between type. Father and son came together in the open class, and, though the Deacon is a past winner, I had to give the blue ribbon to his son the Parson, for he beats the other in body and hind parts, Deacon being too narrow and short of muscling in quarters, also loses in bone. Deacon is better in skull but not so square in muzzle as Parson; both have good bound coats. In bitches, F. W. Wilbur's Bessie II., the winner, is a bit too long east, wide in front and out at elbows. In puppy class Dr. Thurber showed Femur and Tibia, two likely youngsters Femur beating the other in bone, pasterns and head.

Beagles had only two entries, but Little Roscoe was the only one to show up, Tampa, the Sunny Hill Kennels' other entry, having tampered with a skunk, was unable to appear. Little Roscoe is a nice little "basket" beagle, snipy in muzzle, soft in coat and not straggled enough in front, but good in body. No bitches. Don F., from the same kennel, is as much too large as the other was too small, is inclined to coarseness and is too long in head.

Collies came next, and whether it was the absence of any striking specimen of dog flesh except in one or two classes, I do not know, but over Lambert Stansfield's Highland Floss, by Fordhook Climax out of Fordhook Abyssinian, running back to The Squire, champion Charlemagne Rutland and the rest of them, I felt the spirit of covetousness creep through me. Barring Roslyn Dolly, I think she has the sweetest expression I ever saw in a collie, lots of quality, a well-shaped head, good feet, well formed body, nice carriage, and coat that would be of proper texture were she not kept in the house, with lots of undercoat and all combined, with quite enough bone and good size, made a bitch than which I have seen no better for some time. E. R. McIntosh's Finny suffered by comparison, and only received vhc., as she is thick in head and showed little quality. In puppies Highland Floss won again, she is only 10 months old, and is evidently now at her best. Michael Sweeney's Rogue had a coarse, thick head, good bone, fair coat and body.

Fox-terriers were represented by quite a fair specimen in Scamp, by Old Scarsdale, partaking of his sire's thickness of head; he, however, has a good body and front, but coat is too soft and not enough of it.

Bull-terriers had one entry, a nondescript. No prize awarded.

Irish terriers were well represented. In dogs Park Lane Kennels' Hillaloe beat Dr. Fennel's Mickey K. in general type, head, coat and front. In bitches Park Lane Kennels' Dummurry had no difficulty in beating Dr. Fennel's Noreena, too full in eye and faulty in head. In puppies two poor ones came forth, they were given the prizes, but got more than their deserts.

Then came a nice lot of black and tan terriers from the Park Lane Kennels. In dogs Salisbury had little difficulty in beating Jasper in head, front, markings and condition. Queen had a harder task in the bitch class, as Louie looked very well and Queen in whelp, appeared a little above herself, but Queen is also better in head, front and hindparts. In the puppy class another of the Park Lane Kennels' entries, Mizpan, won over Harry McDonald's Ned Whirlwind—one of their breeding, too, same litter—in head, color of tan and markings.

Then came the miscellaneous class with C. M. Kenyon's said-to-be-a-poodle first in the dog division. In bitches a fair round-headed, but Boston terrier, as they must now be called, Sunset Hill Kennels' Fidelity, beat another little nondescript poodle, and a toy black and tan that was entered in the black and tan puppy class, but was much too ancient for that. These two were given equal second. In the puppy class (miscellaneous) the judge gave a promising Dalmatian pup the prize, ignoring the claim of another Boston hybrid and this with the placing of the specials as follows brought the judging to a close.

H. W. L.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, A. L. Guild's Leo; best St. Bernard, E. E. & W. Miller's Dorothy IV.; best Great Dane, J. H. De Lory's Major; best pointer, Sunset Hill Kennels' bitch; best pointer, Sunset Hill Kennels' Dash; best English setter, Frank Moore's Jinnie B.; best Irish setter, Glendyne Kennels' Glen Jarvis; best Gordon setter, C. M. Kenyon (Agt.) Pete; best cocker spaniel, Jim the Dude; best Japanese spaniel, Park Lane Kennels' Nanki Poo. Best foxhound, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Parson; best beagle, Sunny Hill Kennels' Little Roscoe; best collie, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Floss; best fox-terrier, H. A. Richmond's Scamp; best Irish terrier, Park Lane Kennels' Dummurry; best black and tan terrier, Park Lane Kennels' Queen III.; best kennel of four sporting dogs, Glendyne Kennels; second best, Dr. H. T. Thurber's foxhounds; best kennel non-sporting dogs, Park Lane Kennels' black and tan terriers; second best, Dr. W. T. Kenney's Irish terriers; best setter stud dog with two of his get, Glendyne Kennels' Glen Jarvis with Molly Glendyne II. and Larry Doolan; best setter in show, Frank Moore's Jinnie B.

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB SPECIALS.—Lake Waccabuc, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: The American Mastiff Club offers the following specials to be competed for at the show of the Mascotah Kennel Club, Chicago, Feb. 9, 1892. (1) The club's silver challenge cup (value \$150) for best American-bred mastiff, open to all; entries to be made with Secretary American Mastiff Club, Lake Waccabuc, N. Y., accompanied by an entry fee of \$5; one half the fee to go to winner of cup, the other half to club to meet expenses of cup. (2) The club's silver challenge cup (value \$100) for the best mastiff dog owned by a member of the American Mastiff Club. (3) The club's silver challenge cup (value \$100) for the best mastiff bitch owned by a member of the American Mastiff Club. Each of the above cups will carry the club's diploma.—HERBERT MEAD, Sec'y.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between those points.—Adp.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS

SOMEHOW the trials held by this club, owing to the absence of several of its most important members, did not afford such an enjoyable gathering of sportsmen as last year. President Brown, owing to sickness in his family, was unable to come, and Mr. F. G. Taylor had everything in readiness to start when a sudden chill upset his plans. The secretary, Mr. Connell, a host in himself in providing fun and amusement at these meetings, was also absent, leaving the popular pointer breeder, J. H. Winslow, as the only merry-maker in the lot. The management of the trials, therefore, devolved on Col. B. Ridgway, J. H. Winslow and Dr. Alex. Glass, who did their work well, everything running without a hitch. The judges were the same as last year, Messrs. W. A. Coster and Herbert Merriam, and again their decisions met with entire approval. They are careful and attentive to the work of the dogs, and owing to the scarcity of game the conclusions to be arrived at were formed under very adverse circumstances, for when it is understood that only fifteen beys were found during the trials it will be imagined that placing the dogs in their proper order, without injustice to any one, was a matter of no little difficulty. The scarcity of birds after the great abundance met with last year is very strange, and this, together with indignation at the exorbitant charges sought to be levied on the visitors, will very likely be the cause of some action being taken with a view to securing fresh grounds, probably in conjunction with one of the large field trial clubs.

The attendance this year was small compared to former years, those present being Messrs. Chas. Heath, of Newark, N. J.; S. Mitchell, N. B. Nesbitt, of Philadelphia; J. O'H. Denny, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Godwin and Mr. Shewbrooke. The handlers present were S. C. Bradley, Chas. W. Barker, J. C. Schuyler, Geo. W. Greene, E. I. Martin, N. B. Thomas, Major J. M. Taylor and Mr. J. F. Johnson, of New York, represented the press. Monday, Dec. 14, was taken up by getting settled and arranging for an early start for the next day.

TUESDAY.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

The weather was all that could be wished, though toward evening it became cloudy. Only five starters showed up in this stake and were drawn as follows:

Chas. Heath's Lena with Col. B. Ridgway's King's Mark. S. Murray Mitchell's Sport II. with W. B. Smith's Ben Hur Franklin.

J. O'Hara Denny's Joe Lewis a bye.
LENA—KING'S MARK.—The blue belton English setter dog King's Mark (King Noble—Belle Belton) was handled by owner and the orange and white English setter bitch Lena (Prince Lucifer—June) was also handled by owner. Cast off in sedge grass near headquarters, Judge Farrar's house, the first bey found was put to Lena's credit. Just after King's Mark made a point on the same bey. The dogs, when Mr. Heath flushed the bey were quite unsteady, were moving when birds rose and were inclined to chase. Mr. Heath fired, killed, and Lena retrieved nicely. Birds followed to thick oak cover, but nothing done, and this was the last opportunity on game, as they were unable to spot another feather. King's Mark's superior range and hunting sense was very apparent, speed about equal and both dogs showed style, especially Lena. They were down 31m.

SPORT II.—BEN HUR FRANKLIN.—The lemon and white pointer dog Sport II. (Sport—Daisy II.) was handled by owner, and the lemon and white English setter Ben Hur Franklin was also handled by owner. They were cast off at 9:02. Unfortunately no birds were found by the brace, but during the running Ben Hur showed best pace, range and style, but the palm for obedience must be given to Sport II. Ben Hur pointed a bey after the brace was ordered up. We now had to wait some time for the bey dog, Mr. Denny's Joe Lewis.

JOE LEWIS A BYE.—The black, white and tan English setter dog Joe Lewis, handled by owner, turned up after waiting 15m. Even when he did see the scratch he would not start out to hunt, as he assumed the greatest indifference to his owner's command. The dog did not know him, and had only arrived by the morning train. He was then led to the open, when a successful start was made. The dog showed fair pace and range across an open stubble, and in the corner, near a stream, he pointed on foot scent, and the bey flushed a little ahead but did not fly very far. Joe was given the advantage of the wind, but still flushed the bey. In cover not far off he put up a single, pointed once, and then put up the bird; his nose was at fault and he did not work as well as at High Point. He had his half-hour run and was ordered up at 10:37. This concluded the first series.

Second Series.

Game was still scarce and no real work was done.
KING'S MARK—BEN HUR FRANKLIN were cast off at 10:42. They found no birds during 35m. run, but Mark showed conclusively that he was superior to Ben Hur in every way.

SPORT II.—LENA.—Sport had no business to face the judges again, unless to complete the brace, as he has no pretensions at all to field trial form. When he found a bey he did point it and then spoiled his work by flushing it. Although Lena ranged out well and sought high and low this was all the work done when called up after 15m. run. A short consultation ensued and the judges announced the result.

Col. B. Ridgway's King's Mark first.
Chas. Heath's Lena second.
Walter B. Smith's Ben Hur Franklin third.

THE DERBY.

The Members' Stake having been finished in the forenoon, after lunch the first brace in this stake was put down. There were eight starters, drawn to run as follows:

Katie Noble II. with Adonis.
Rod with Joe Lewis.
Philadelphia Press with Booth.
Bessie Mavournen with Hazel.

KATIE NOBLE II.—ADONIS.—The blue belton English setter bitch Katie Noble II. (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble) was handled by N. B. Thomas and the Irish setter dog Adonis (Tim—Curren Belle II.) was handled by J. C. Schuyler. They were put down in a cornfield at 1:10. They did not show much speed at first but eventually Katie got independent and left the Irishman to himself. She was much the best in all field qualities, showed good speed, fair range and is a merry worker, showing a good many traits of her dam Katie Noble. No game was found and dogs were called up at the end of their 30m. run.

ROD—JOE LEWIS.—The blue belton English setter dog Rod (Rodriguez—Perseverance) was handled by W. J. Shewbrooke, and the black, white and tan English setter dog Joe Lewis (Count Noble—Fannie) was handled by F. J. Schuyler. They were cast off at 1:50. Several points on larks were made, but they found no game. Joe Lewis, having his regular handler, worked much better, but there was little difference in the pace and range, and neither are good. Up at 2:21.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS—BOOTH.—The blue belton English setter dog Philadelphia Press (Cincinnati—Cornelia G.) was handled by Geo. W. Greene, and the black, white and tan English setter dog Booth (King Noble—Queen Vashti) was handled by Chas. Barker. They were put down at 2:23, but found no birds. Booth had the speed and range of any dog in the stake; hunted his ground out well, and was under

good control under Barker's expert handling. Press is a nice-moving youngster and is capably made, quite fit for keen competition on the show bench. Dogs up at 2:55.

BESSIE MAVOURNEN—HAZEL.—The Irish setter bitch Bessie Mavournen (Tim—Curren Belle II.) was handled by E. I. Martin, and the black, white and tan English setter bitch Hazel (Cincinnati—Cornelia G.) was handled by J. C. Schuyler. This brace started at 2:56, and had nearly completed their 30 minutes' run when Hazel, going at her best, pointed a bey. The work was spoiled, however, by the tardy movements of her handler, who failed to control her, letting her move forward and flush a small bey. The brace ran a few minutes longer and were ordered up at 3:26. And this ended the first series.

Second Series.

The judges called for Rod and Katie Noble, but Mr. Thomas feeling unwell had gone home, so the second brace, PHILADELPHIA PRESS—JOE LEWIS, was put down and sent to find the few birds raised in the last bey. The only game found was to Press's credit, pointing twice on singles. As one of these flushed he did not behave very steadily. They ran for fifteen minutes and were then ordered up, Press having much the best of it.

BOOTH—HAZEL.—They were cast off at 4:05 in sedge grass, and both went well, though Booth was the fastest. Booth commenced work with a point on larks and then found a bey, but left his point and drew to a flush. In the woods on singles he made two staunch points and was steady to wing. Besides being best in pace and range he was easily handled. This closed the day's work.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning was cloudy, and the day seemed right for good work, a slight rain having fallen during the night. There was, however, the same weary race after birds, and their scarcity completely spoiled the otherwise pleasant meeting.

KATIE NOBLE—ROD.—Mr. Thomas was still too sick to be out, so Kate Noble found a new handler in E. I. Martin, and he managed her very well. Starting at 9:32 Katie found a bey, making a very stylish point and was steady to wing, Rod backing. The birds were not followed, however, there being only a few of them. Although they ran fifty-four minutes there was no more point work. Katie's superiority was very noticeable in this brace. The judges had a short consultation and announced the winners as follows:

B. Ridgway's Booth first.
L. Shuster, Jr.'s Hazel second.
L. Shuster, Jr.'s Philadelphia Press and Francis G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. divide third.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

There were only nine starters in this race and they were drawn as follows:

Edgemark with Ezra Noble.
Rock II. with Silk.
Flash with Peg Woffington.
Limerick with Albert's Duchess.
Lou Noble a bye.

First Series.

EDGEMARK—EZRA NOBLE.—The black, white and tan English setter dog Edgemark (Skidmore—Flo Macklin) was handled by S. C. Bradley and the blue belton English setter dog Ezra Noble (Count Noble—Alphonine) was handled by Geo. W. Greene. They were cast off at 9:46. A bey was flushed, after a little run, by Ezra Noble at the edge of pines. Edgemark went into the cover, made game, and pointed a single bird and was steady to wing. The dogs were sent off in the open to find more birds but were unsuccessful. Edgemark was much more stylish in his work, was under good control and beat out his ground better. Ezra was under fair control but has a peculiar style of carrying his head. The dogs were ordered up at 10:17.

FLASH—PEG WOFFINGTON.—The black and tan dog Flash (pedigree not given) was handled by E. I. Martin, and the black, white and tan English setter bitch Peg Woffington (Ben Hill—Nora) handled by S. C. Bradley, were the next brace down, though not in regular order owing to the absence of the other brace by mistake. Lou Noble followed this brace with her bye, and this occupied the time until lunch, when the missing dogs were returned. After a short run Flash was thought to be making game, and Peg Woffington coming up dropped instantly to point. A bey was raised to the rear of the dogs. The birds were followed but it was some time before one was located, Peg nailing one bird, the only one found. After running thirty minutes the dogs were ordered up. Peg was the smarter dog and had the most style in her work. There was little difference in pace, Flash having most range, but did not use much intelligence with it.

LOU NOBLE A BYE.—The black, white and tan English setter bitch Lou Noble (Count Noble—Alphonine) was started at 11:33 to run her bye. She found no birds, and had only fair pace and range and was not deemed good enough for second series. She was under good control and covered her ground very fairly.

ROCK II.—SILK.—The liver and white pointer dog Rock II. (Graphic—Lady Belle) was handled by S. C. Bradley, and Dr. G. G. Davis's Irish setter bitch Silk (Chief—Gipsy Maid) were started at 1:45, Rock going much the faster. Silk only showed fair pace for a few minutes. Rock, with conditions favorable, soon after starting went bang into a good bey. The place was within 100yds, of where he put up birds for his owner in the Members' Stake last year, on the historic ground of Sailor's Creek. Rock showed inclination to chase, but Bradley stopped him promptly. Afterwards Rock made a point and a false point in finding the singles. Rock was the best all round, Silk, as in the Irish Setter Trials, doing but very ordinary work.

LIMERICK—ALBERT'S DUCHESS.—The Irish setter dog Limerick (Giencho—Nora) was handled by John White, and the black, white and tan English setter bitch Albert's Duchess (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton) was handled by J. C. Schuyler. They were sent off at 1:20 to finish the first series. In pace and range the brace was about equal, Duchess covering her ground much the best. The 30 minutes' limit was nearly up when Duchess found a bey in the edge of pine woods and pointed in good style. Limerick was not near to back. Duchess was steady as the birds were flushed. Not long after this White called a point in the direction two of these birds had taken, and it appeared from the dog's position as if he had been stopped by his handler to make a guess at it; certainly he was not pointing and no birds were put up. The dogs were ordered up soon after.

A long consultation then ensued between the judges, and finally they decided that six dogs should remain in second series, but neither Flash nor Limerick had done work that entitled them to rank on any equality with the other four. The order of running was: Edgemark with Albert's Duchess, Ezra Noble with Peg Woffington, Limerick with Flash.

Second Series.

EDGEMARK—ALBERT'S DUCHESS.—At 2:24 these two were put down to work on the birds that Albert's Duchess had found, and were sent into rather thick cover. Duchess did the best, getting two singles to Edgemark's one bird, besides retrieving well to a kill. This was all the point work done in the heat. Edgemark had the best pace and range and Duchess also lost to him in style and seemed a bit stale. The brace was ordered up at 3 o'clock.

EZRA NOBLE—PEG WOFFINGTON.—This brace was sent off at once, at 3:02, both starting off well. Peg was the first to

scent game, and pointed a small bey in the pines, but it flushed wild. The birds were not followed. At the roadside, soon after this, Ezra Noble either passed through or close to a bey, and following the birds Ezra flushed twice when conditions were favorable to good work. The dogs were then ordered up and

LIMERICK—FLASH—were put down for eight minutes. Nothing was found, but their going seemed to satisfy the judges this time, and they were ordered up and the second series concluded.

Third Series.

EDGEMARK—ALBERT'S DUCHESS.—It was hardly apparent why these two should go down again, but from appearances it would seem the judges were hardly of one mind as only one of them seemed to follow the running closely. This was Albert's Duchess's third run, and her pace showed she was none the better for it. They ran from 3:30 to 3:55, but nothing was found, and this ended the running in the stake. A short consultation ensued and the winners were announced as follows:

Francis S. Brown's Edgemark first.
Dr. John A. Hartman's Albert's Duchess second.
Francis S. Brown's Peg Woffington third.

THE PEARL OF PEKIN INCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Whether Pearl of Pekin or Chicopee Lass is awarded the disputed course can be of any interest to very few, as far as the mere award is concerned. To me it is absolutely of no interest whatever. But that the National Greyhound Club shall put a humane and reasonable interpretation on the rule is of direct importance to every member of the club and is the only point I have ever proposed to discuss. The objection I have uniformly raised to the position taken by Messrs. LeMoine and Bartels and now by Mr. Gower is that it is Draconian, admits of no questioning and defies simple justice. But let us suppose that the rule is to be inflexible in its application, permitting of no qualification and most highly penal. Then it goes without saying that every highly penal rule, to which strict construction must be applied, must be construed strictly in every direction, and can never be advanced beyond the *littera scripta*. This is so axiomatic that it will not be disputed by any one versed in principles of interpretation. Now, Rule 30 is aimed at "riding over;" these words have a very definite meaning that any dictionary will define. Now, if Mr. Edmonds did not "ride over" Pearl, but she collided with his horse, the rule will not apply to him. It would be monstrous to hold that a highly penal rule, applied with Median and Persian severity against a man, should be advanced beyond its express terms. In homely phrase, What's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander.

However, drastic and unreasoning applications do not ever commend themselves to me, and I cite this dilemma only to show the absurdity of the narrow views put forth on the subject. I object to Mr. LeMoine's terms, be they "spades" or "instruments for the removal of alluvium," because they stigmatized the American Coursing Club as a modern monster, while he gave not a particle of evidence as to the facts on which the club based its decision, and asked the public to believe that the club had been guilty of a monstrous wrong in not applying, with the most blood for blood rigidity, as indefinite a rule as number 30, and thereby denying to the accused party any right of defense in the nature of showing the impossibility of his avoiding the collision, etc., and it is noticeable that not one scintilla of evidence has been brought forward against Mr. Edmonds, beyond the bare rule itself.

Now I defy the production of any product of modern legislation that is inflexible in its application, particularly if it is in the nature of a criminal statute. There are instances where a man is punished, and properly so, for the act of his agent, but there he is punished for his negligence, direct or indirect, in the selection of his agent, but that the wrong of his opponent can ever work against him, is simply preposterous. Yet it is very easy to imagine how a hound might collide with the horse of anyone, or even a rider "ride over" it, and the hound be the only party at fault, yet, in such a case, the following of Draco that Mr. Gower so hugs to his bosom, would punish the rider for the fault of the hound!

Now, the right and wrong of this matter seems very simple to me and its solution evident. Let it be held that the burden of proof is always on the party who rides over, or interferes with, a hound contesting with his, to show that he was in a position on the field that did not invite such an occurrence within the human range of probability; that he did everything within his power to avert the interference, and that he was in no way guilty of any negligence, direct or contributory. Let him be required to prove, not merely assert, this, and in default of such positive proof, the penalty of the rule shall fall on him, but if he succeeds in establishing this, the simplest principles of justice forbid his being held responsible for what he could not possibly avoid.

As an illustration of the mischief my interpretation might work, a friend asks me what should be done in the case of a man whose horse became entirely unmanageable, and running away ran into the hound contesting with his? The answer is simplicity itself. He must suffer for his horse's fault; he was guilty of contributory negligence in riding a horse that would become unmanageable.

Just consider what will be the result of the blood-for-blood application of this rule. An owner will never be safe in witnessing the running of his hound, unless indeed he sees it from a captive balloon or the top of a flagstaff; and surely, it is supposed to be proper for an owner to witness the performances of his own dog?

The case is now before the National Greyhound Club on appeal, and it is most sincerely to be hoped that it will not only decide this case, but will attach a well-considered interpretation to the rule defining just how far its literal requirements may be qualified, and what responsibilities an owner assumes who has the temerity to undertake to see his hound run.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 5.

What a Single "Ad." Will Do.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly permit me to say that I have decided to withdraw my offer to sell my setter bitch Blue Ridge Belle (19,154), thus replying to the "small army" who seem desirous of owning her. I have declined to take \$500 for her, and recent work in the field only strengthens my opinion that she has no superior. I shall therefore keep her. I also wish to express my surprise and pleasure at the result of a single insertion in your columns, having received telegraphic and mail replies from all over the United States, and as you will see by my notice of sales one of the dogs advertised went to Massachusetts and the other to California. This certainly speaks well for your circulation and the value of your columns as a sales medium.—GEO. W. LA RUE (New York, Dec. 1).

A POINTER LOST.—Haverhill, Mass.—Editor Forest and Stream: On Tuesday, Dec. 13, I lost a pointer dog. He is two years old and weighs about 45lbs. Head and body liver color; breast and legs ticked. Right eye ball a little white, having been injured. Had on a collar with owner's name and address. Will readers of the FOREST AND STREAM please inform me should they hear or see anything of him.—JAMES F. JOHNS.

FREPORT DOG SHOW.

[Special Report.]

THE first annual show of the Freeport Poultry and Pet Stock Association was held in the Opera House, Freeport, Ill., on Dec. 10 to 14. The show was closed Sunday, the 15th. It seems unnecessary to keep a show over Sunday and commence again in another week. There really can be nothing gained by so doing and it may be a detriment to its success, as the break may cause the public to forget the show, whereas if kept open four days in succession it is continually before the public. This closing over Sunday seems to be caused more by the poultry fraternity than the dog men. In fact I do not think poultry and dogs go well in the same building. The Opera House was too small. T. Ellis Taylor worked like a beaver to make the show a success. He really attended to everything. One attendant had to do all the work for a few days, sweep the floor, cook the feed, keep benches clean—or should have done. Therefore, as may be imagined, the show was not kept so clean as it should have been, and an unclean dog show is not a pleasant sight. Show committees owe these things to exhibitors and should not forget that good clean bedding, plenty of water and feed, etc., saves lots of future trouble when dogs go back to their owners' kennels.

The show was not a success financially, and the members will have to go down in their pockets to the tune of about \$400. Everything will be paid up, however. The residents did not give the club the support they deserved, though the press of Freeport did all that could possibly be expected, so it could not be for want of reading notices.

The entries were not large, the catalogue numbering only 114, with a few absentees. Nearly all the winners have been commented upon before so often that it is not necessary to give further notice at present. Mr. Tim Donoghue judged setters, pointers, beagles, foxhounds, and Tim is a "slasher" on condition. H. L. Goodman judged the non-sporting and cocker spaniels, etc., and both judges gave general satisfaction.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Chas. E. Bunn's Ormonde; 2nd and very high com., Colin C. McLean's Syria and Saosha. Bitches: 1st, 2d, and very high com., Chas. E. Bunn's Sinaloa, Mattela, and Lady Cobrey, Colin C. McLean's Armat. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Colin C. McLean's Saosha and Armat.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, Jos. Zillig's Grover Cleveland. Bitches: 1st, F. S. Anderson's Columbian Flora; 2d, Geo. W. Clayton's Minca. Puppies: 1st, F. S. Anderson's Columbian Daphne.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Hickox's Fernwood Bruce; 2d, Dr. John W. Dunlop's Othello. Very high com., reserve, Dr. J. G. Earle's Arctus. Very high com., F. S. Anderson's Knight. Bitches: 1st, Whitewater Kennels' Lara.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Fernwood Kennels' Lord Hector. OPEN—1st, South Bend Kennels' Sir Eldred.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, F. S. Anderson's Kentucky Blue. **BLOODHOUNDS.**—1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepherd. **FOXHOUNDS.**—Dogs: 2d, John Spore's Queen.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, G. G. Palst's Trinket's Chief. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Winslow's Inspiration; 2d, J. G. Earle's Chief Amo. Very high com., W. M. Brown's Sport. High com., H. C. Tyler's Trump. Bitches: Very high com., W. A. Kintzel's Nellie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Paul Gotzian's Monk of Furness. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Harry Northwood's Benjine; 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Sir Frederick. High com., John Spore's Pet. Bitches: 1st, Dr. John A. Hartman's Albert's Nellie; 2d, A. J. Klotz's Paxie Maid. Very high com. and reserve, Paul H. Gotzian's Minnesota. Puppies: 1st, T. Ellis Taylor's Buster Billings.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Eldara. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Eldara Glenmore; 2d, Seminoles Kennels' Lord Elcho. Bitches: 1st, Dr. Wesley Miller's Elfrida; 2d and very high com., Oak Grove Kennels' Ona Belle and Aurora. Very high com. and reserve, Seminoles Kennels' Bessie Glencho II.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Alp; 2d, F. W. Ellis's Roger. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Countess Richmond; 2d, W. N. Gilbert's Queen of Scotland.

WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Ed. G. Fink's Trouble.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Black Diamond. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. Ellis Taylor's Newton Abbot Torso; 2d, Mrs. A. P. Smith's Arko. Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' What Not.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' I Say. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Willey's Jersey Ohio; 2d, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Gothamite. Bitches: 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Lady Ohio; 2d, J. P. Willey's Black Duchess. Puppies: 1st, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Woodland Pete.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Rosly Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Metchley Supreme. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Rowdy; 2d, Harry R. Smith's Griefenstein. Bitches: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Dot; 2d, Harry R. Smith's Wilma. Puppies: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Scollia IV.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. A. Woodward's Boswain. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, E. A. Woodward's Duchess of Parma.

BULL TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Clayton's Chataqua Sam. Bitches: 1st, G. W. Clayton's White Gipsy. Puppies: 1st and 2d, G. W. Clayton's Chataqua Sam and Chataqua Bird.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Jill. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wm. Loeffler's Hundesport Bergman. Bitches: 1st, Wm. Loeffler's Lina K.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Child's Toney Weller. Bitches: 1st, Middleton Kennels' June M.; 2d, R. C. Rinearson's Dotie R. Very high com. and reserve, W. H. Child's Oak View Juliet. Very high com., R. Engelman's Sadie and R. C. Rinearson's Bettie R.

SMOOTH FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Spark; 2d, H. Northwood's Painter. Bitches: 1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Venus; 2d, G. R. Halden's Auburn Beauty.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Barton Sting.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, H. O'Connor's Galtees; 2d, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Ballymony.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, W. P. Frazer's Grey.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, H. J. Liozen's Border Clinker II.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Prince Raglan.

POODLES.—1st, Mrs. W. P. Woodward's Pera.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitches: 1st, Howard Kennels' Sateen. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Howard Kennels' Penrice; 2d, Mrs. M. M. Ballentine's Rob Roy. Very high com., Seminoles Kennels' Kash. Jr. Bitches: 1st, Howard Kennels' Lady Clover; 2d, M. H. Cryer's Cribbage. Very high com., Seminoles Kennels' Little Duchess. Puppies: 1st, Howard Kennels' Penrice Boy. Bitches: 1st, Seminoles Kennels' Little Duchess.

SPECIALS.

Best brace English setters, Paul H. Gotzian's Elms Kennels; best four Irish setters, Oak Grove Kennels; best four spaniels, Ancient and Modern Kennels; best four mastiffs, C. E. Bunn's; best four collies, Seminoles Kennels; best four of any other breed, Howard Pug Kennels; best litter of puppies, any breed, H. R. Smith's best four Gordon, Dr. S. G. Dixon's; best mastiff dog or bitch, C. E. Bunn's Ormonde; best rough-coated St. Bernard dog or bitch, W. C. Hickox's Fernwood Bruce; best smooth-coated St. Bernard dog or bitch, Fernwood Kennels' Lord Hector; best great Dane dog or bitch, Jos. Zillig's Grover Cleveland; best pointer, J. H. Winslow's Inspiration; best English setter, Elms Kennels' Monk of Furness; best Irish setter, Oak Grove Kennels' Eldara; best cocker spaniel, Ancient and Modern Kennels' I Say; best collie, Seminoles Kennels' Rosly Dandy; best Irish water spaniel, Ed. G. Fink's Trouble; best pug dog, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy; best greyhound pup, T. E. Taylor's Little Maid; best fox-terrier, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Spark; best non-sporting dog or bitch, R. G. H. Huntington's bloodhound Jack Shepherd; best sporting dog or bitch, J. H. Winslow's pointer Inspiration; best beagle,

Middleton Kennels' June M.; best St. Bernard bitch, Whitewater Kennels' Clara; best bloodhound, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepherd. Proprietor of Hotel New Clifton offers board and lodging for the handler with largest number of dogs entered—John H. Naylor and Ben Lewis "divided" with twenty-eight dogs each. YACCOB.

CHANGES IN THE RULES OF THE A.K.C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Canadian Kennel Club, on my motion, adopted a rule uncommonly similar to Rule XII. of the A.K.C., as it now stands, but with this important difference, that while the veterinarian is to be the sole judge in the matter of the contagiousness of a disease, it rests with the committee to determine whether the dog's condition, from any point of view, unfits him from being on exhibition.

It is only too well known that many veterinary surgeons know but little about the points of dogs as breeds, that they care little for shows, and in fact little for dogs as dogs (and not "cases") at all, while the committee is usually selected just because the members can appreciate all these things. A dog may not be a menace to the health of other animals at a show, yet be in a condition calculated to do much harm to dog shows, in fact liable to disgust the visitors to the show, as witness several dogs the property of one kennel exhibited at Hamilton and Toronto last September. Yet these dogs were admitted to the shows by the veterinarian appointed. It is true that under a strict interpretation of the new rule these dogs could not be admitted now in a show in the United States (much less in Canada), but a dog may still, in spite of the specification of eczema, as well as mange, etc., be in a very unfit condition to meet the public eye, and why should not the committee decide as to his fitness or the reverse for exhibition?

It seems a pity that section 5 of Rule XVII. was not amended so as to exclude challenge dogs from the open class in any case.

It is to be hoped that in these rules the correct term "veterinarian" will be substituted for "veterinary," which is surely very questionable English. Upon the whole, the amendments will probably be accepted as improvements. WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

DOG CHAT.

A MATCH that would create a good deal of interest among beagle men would be that between Frank Forest, the champion of last year, and Tony Weller, who occupied this position at the trials at Nanuet. Owing to Frank Forest not competing, to give the others a chance, a meeting between these two admittedly good dogs would be very interesting and afford some good sport. Though not pressed as to what was going on and we cannot let the opportunity pass to refer again to the kind and more than hospitable manner in which all visitors and owners were treated by that thoroughgoing sportsman Mr. H. L. Kreuder and the members of his family. To say that the N. B. C. is particularly fortunate in counting such a man among its members is but faint praise.

We are sorry to hear from Mr. Benjamin McGinness, Jr., that the idea of a Southern circuit of shows has fallen through, owing to the falling out of line of Augusta, Ga., and Greenville, S. C. This will make it expensive for Northerners to show at Charleston, S. C., alone, but from present advices we learn that several dogs from the North will be on hand, though the show will necessarily be a small one. Charleston show is from Jan. 5 to 8.

The Bar Harbor Kennels, Bar Harbor, Me., have bought a fine lemon and white bitch, 13 months old, by Duke of Vernon out of Boski, she by Beaufort out of Zuba, by Bravo; also the liver and white bitch Meteor's Flirt (22,37), sister to Nellie E. They have had some correspondence with the owner of the pointer Glenbeigh, with a view of purchasing and importing this noted English field trial winner, to be used as a stud dog.

At a meeting at Delmonico's Tuesday last it was decided by a vote of 19 to 6 that the famed Meadowbrook hounds, instead of being allowed to eat their heads off during the Long Island frosts, shall be hunted at Asheville, N. C., according to the Master, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.'s desire. They will therefore start at once for the new country, and as a number of subscriptions have been received from the Asheville sportsmen a brilliant season over a good country and after the real "article" is looked forward to.

Mr. Darling, of New York, has purchased from Mr. Jas. E. McKillop two young deerhounds of the old Glenary and Badenoch strains. Also one young Gordon setter by Ballochmyle Don out of Nell Gwynne, winner of third at the last Edinburgh show. They sailed on the 9th inst. on the S.S. Britannic.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we notice that C. E. Lane has a rabbit hound for sale, Box 310, Chesapeake retrievers; Prairie Mound Kennels, Irish setters; J. Hope, a staghound and Skye terrier; Wachusett Kennels, Llewellyn setter bitch; Wm. C. Avery, pointer bitch; F. B. Echlin, St. Bernard bitches; Glenrose Kennels, adult beagles and pups; Wm. Hamlyn, the St. Bernard Mount Morgan, litter brother to Lord Bute.

It is very interesting to read that Mr. Tom Smith, owner of Duke of Maplecroft, disclaims all connection with the fictitious price of \$7,500 that his dog was quoted at. It would be interesting to know who answered Messrs. Reick and Rupert's cablegram quoting that absurd price as "rock bottom."

Mr. Cumming Macdonald, well known as the father of St. Bernard on the other side, is now, *Stock-keeper* says, the Unionist candidate for Rotherhithe in the British Parliament. Mr. Macdonald has been a "Reverend," a lawyer and pretty nearly everything else during his career.

There was not a very large attendance at the sale of fox-terriers and St. Bernards in the American Horse Exchange, New York city, on Tuesday afternoon last. Anyone on the lookout for bargains had here a good opportunity to get a smart terrier or a fair St. Bernard at most ridiculous prices. Among the Woodale Kennels' fox-terriers sold were Woodale Rival, by champion Splauser out of Blemton Glitter, that did some winning in the Canadian shows last September, and \$35 was a small sum to give for a dog of his merit. Woodale Reva, by Eric II. out of Fanny, brought \$32. Woodale Delegate, a six months puppy, by Starden's Jack out of Ino, was knocked down at \$26. Woodale Rustic, by Warren Jim out of Warren Torment, went for \$22.50. Warren Ino, by champion Splauser out of Warren Lass, in which to the noted Dobbin, was cheaply sold at \$25. Baby McKee, by champion Splauser out of Warren Violet, a good brood bitch, was ridiculously cheap at \$20. Other smart, nicely-marked terriers went for all the way from \$1 to \$15. Mr. Keavan's well-bred St. Bernards were sold at real bargain prices. Appolona, a well-known smooth-coat winner, bringing but \$15. Then Prelate, a very typical little dog, went for the very small figure of \$20. Rosebud, by Montie Rosa out of Kleine, was a bargain at \$14. Storm Queen, at \$22, went dirt cheap, and Lady Hanley, though 6½ years old, was given away at \$7. We cannot but admire Mr. Keavan's candid description of his dogs, so different from the fulsome and misleading statements usually found in an auction catalogue.

A man who formerly owned some setters was asked by a member of the Park Lane Kennels why he did not show something at the show, but he claimed he had nothing of breed good enough. The miscellaneous class was suggested, when the man puzzled a moment and remarked, "That he didn't think he'd show his dog in any 'mysterious' class just yet."

Among the specials offered at Providence was a set of teeth by a prominent dentist to the best pug in the show. Evidently the pugs preferred trusting themselves to providence than to the doctor's tender mercies, for we'er a pug put in an appearance.

Mr. J. Hope, of Philadelphia, Pa., tells us he is shipping two Chesapeake Bay dogs to San Francisco, Cal., to-day (Monday), adding, "through your valuable paper. I consider your paper the best of all advertising mediums." Mr. Geo. Crocker was the purchaser.

Mr. John H. Naylor will visit the Nashville, Tenn., dog show, which takes place Jan. 6 to 9, 1892, with a string of dogs, and those who wish him to handle their dogs at this show can do so by advising him in time.

Dr. Wesley Mills is bringing out a new work entitled "The Dog in Health and Disease." The subject we hear is to be gone into very extensively and will be published early in the coming year.

Undeterred by the fate of that interesting paper *Canine World*, a new journal, devoted to the kennel, poultry, pigeon and pet stock generally will shortly be published from Manchester, England. It will be called the *British Fancier*. Front page portraits will be a feature of the paper, and from what we hear more attention will be given to the reports of shows; they will be fuller and more critical than is usually the case in English journals. The first issue has a guaranteed circulation of 15,000 copies. A gentleman well known to the fancy, Mr. Theo. Marples, will be the editor. The proprietors are a strong one, consisting of nine of the wealthiest and most respected gentlemen of the fancy, who are thoroughly in earnest in making this new journal a success. American correspondence will also be a feature of the new paper, therefore the first number is anxiously awaited.

We have received the premium list of the Charleston show. We are sorry to see, however, that the same mistake is made again this year in devoting the most money to the challenge classes. Challenge dogs do not journey very far for a \$5 premium, and the money would draw a better entry in the open classes, where we see they give only \$3 and \$2 and charge \$2 entry fee. No show can expect to give a successful exhibition on this basis, nor is it fair to the judge. The classification is liberal, that is in amount of classes, nearly all breeds being divided by sex in both open and challenge classes. Entries closed Jan. 3 with Benjamin McGinness, Charleston, S. C., who also is the veterinarian. Mr. H. W. Lacy is the judge.

It was a great disappointment to Mr. Flynn, of the Glendyne Kennels, that he had not received his Irish setter bitch Sedan from Mr. S. C. Bradley before the Providence show, although he had received a telegram some time since notifying him that the bitch had been shipped to him. Mr. Bradley was away at the Philadelphia Kennel Club trials and he had received no answer to his anxious inquiries. This is rather too valuable a bitch to lose or have any harm come to, as her meritorious win in the Irish Setter Field Trials showed here to be one of exceptional merit. As she is about due in season her owner is doubly anxious as to her safety; so if by mistake she has been sent to a wrong kennel and the finder reads this, his early communication with Mr. Flynn, Bristol, R. I., will be appreciated.

Although our time at the Providence show was limited, still we cannot let the opportunity pass without thanking "Cousin" Walter J. Comstock for his kind hospitality and courtesy to the stranger in the town. Mr. Comstock has just received from Mr. Geo. R. Krehl two good Irish terriers. Boxer IV. is a very typical one, by Jack out of Polto. His head is near perfection, and he has one of the very best and hardest coats ever seen on an Irish terrier. His legs and feet are also excellent. He has beaten such dogs as Breadenhill, Daniel II., Pounder, Pat and other good ones. His show record is as follows: Second, Crystal Palace; third, Crufts show; fourth, Belfast; first, Darlington; first, Gloucester, and two specials; second, Manchester; second, Leeds; third, Liverpool, fourth, Great Terrier Show. The other dog, Hanover Boy, was brought out at the last Kennel Club show, where he won first in puppy class, first in novice class, and special for the best uncropped pup in the show. He has perfect drop ears, splendid coat, and good legs and feet. He is by Apprentice Boy out of Belmont. With these dogs and the bitches Mr. Comstock has, Dunmurry and the new one Crate, the Park Lane Kennels can put a very strong team of Irishmen on the bench this coming season. Crate is still in England "waiting," but whether bred or not Mr. Comstock intends to have her over by the New York show.

The late Birmingham show seems to have given rise to more than the usual amount of complaints, both from exhibitors and from the press. It does appear peculiar, that with so many other good shows, that just for the sake of a traditional prestige, exhibitors will put up at Birmingham with impositions on both their pockets and their good nature that they would not stand an instant from any other association. It is bad enough to have dogs remain away from home for four or five days when quarters provided are roomy and excellent for the purpose, but that English exhibitors will send their dogs to experience discomforts and dangers in the very cramped accommodations at Curzon Hall for a period of nearly eight days, from time of start to finish, is incomprehensible. Mr. Everett Millais deserves the thanks of his fellow fanciers for the stand he took when asked to judge at the show. He replied that if he judged there he would only be conniving at a show system that was distasteful to the great majority of exhibitors, etc. The judging on the whole seems to have given rise to considerable grumbling. The spaniel judge, Col. Le Poer Trench, who is so well known in connection with Irish water spaniels, comes in for some hard knocks, as, not being able to go it alone, he had to continually refer to the secretary of the Spaniel Club for points and standards. He seems, from his report in the *Kennel Gazette*, to have gone for a working sort of spaniel in the field and cocker classes, and this may have upset the feelings and expectations of the worshippers at the modern long and low shrine.

St. Bernard classes at this show were principally noteworthy owing to the appearance of a dog—Duke of Maplecroft—that utterly failed to set the beauties of our Sir Bedivere and Princess Florence at naught. One good bitch came out, called Lady Gyla, 11 months old, and Mr. Betterton goes into ecstasies over her in his report, so she must be something a little extra. He writes: "Her muzzle and skull are very good, she has lots of bone and a well-marked coat * * * and with good luck she has a career in front of her." She beat Andromeda, quite a noted bitch. The judge of Newfoundland says in his report that there was a very fair entry of this breed, "but I was sorry to see so many with yellow eyes, large ears, and tails carried over the back." This sensitive gentleman should take a look at some of our

Newfoundland classes. Greyhounds and Barzois were only moderate. Fox-terriers had the best dogs in England on hand. Venio, Vesuvienne and D'Orsay, well at the head of classes. The judge, Mr. Southwell, thinks the latter an almost perfect terrier and one that only a Buffet could equal or beat. On the whole the judge thinks that the present year of our Lord shows the greatest improvement in fox-terriers, and that the old dogs are gone for good. He suggests that uniformity of type has not been reached, and that too much latitude is allowed in size, breeders are losing sight too much of quality, and that head properties are retrograding.

The *Kennel Gazette* makes a rather comical typographical blunder by heading the report of the Gordon setters black and tan terriers, but reading the report the criticism reads almost identical for the two breeds. As usual, the sporting dogs were well represented at this show, champion Geltsdale getting the challenge prize in English setters. Collies were also well represented, but nothing new came out of any moment. The different rough terrier classes were well filled with the exception of Dandies, which were said to be a poor lot as a whole. Dachshunds were also good. Mastiffs saw old Beaufort win in his class, but beaten by the open class winner, Lord Cobrey, for the special; this dog was entered at \$250, and he won the \$200 challenge cup and another \$25 special. The dog is called a sour-faced one and not up to Beaufort's form.

The New York and New England Poultry and Kennel Club's show, Jan. 5, to 8, 1892, promises to be a good one in point of entries. The premium list is a liberal one, most of the breeds are divided by sex, and \$10, \$5 and a diploma are given as prizes in the open classes. Challenge classes are given diplomas only. All the more important breeds have kennel prizes of \$10 for the best four. The special premium list affords some good opportunities for advertising at little cost to the generous donors, but quite a neat sum can be picked up in some of the breeds, as most of the specials are cash. Mr. James Mortimer will judge all classes, and Mr. C. E. Rockenstry will superintend the show. Entries close with W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Dec. 26.

Mr. H. C. Tyler, proprietor of the new Clifton House at Freeport, Ill., is evidently a dog man, for he honored the boys with a menu the dishes of which have a familiar sound to many of us, during the show just held:

MENU.	
SOUP.	
Cream à la Benzine.	Consonance Kildare Glenmore.
FISH.	
Broiled Mackinaw Trout à la Duchess of Waverly.	Penrice Potatoes.
BOILED.	
Sauerkraut and Sausage.	Ben Lewis Style.
ROAST.	
Stuffed Turkey, 1 Say Jelly.	Veal, Roslyn Dandy Sauce.
Prime Ribs Beef, au Bob Ivy.	
ENTREES.	
Squirrel Pie à la Jack Shepherd.	Spaghetti de Pointer.
Fernwood Bruce Puffs, Hickox Sauce.	
VEGETABLES.	
Mashed Potatoes.	Sweet Potatoes.
Harry Goodman Squash.	The Donoghue Boiled Potatoes.
RELISHES.	
John Naylor Champagne ou Ice.	Queen Olives.
Cheer Chow.	Celery.
PASTRY.	
Sir Frederick Cream Pie.	
Lemon Merengue Pudding, T. A. Howard Sauce.	
Green Apple Pie.	New England Mince Pie.
Mock of Pudding Ice Cream.	Raspberry Jam Tarts.
Seminole Strawberry Jelly.	Grape Jelly Tarts.
Young American Cheese.	Inspiration Tea.
Café à la Française.	
Connors Assorted Cakes.	Edam Cheese.

Mr. A. E. Pitts will show his kennel of puns only at New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh the coming spring.

We had our first peep at Princess Florence the other day, and much as our expectation had been raised, we were startled at her great size, massiveness and intense quality. Full of health, and as active as a kitten, she is indeed the Queen of the breed. It is to be hoped her coat will come in by W. K. C. show, and that family arrangements will not interfere with her appearance on the bench in February. We saw Princess first, unfortunately, and she completely dwarfs the other new arrivals, though both Marquis of Ripon and Refuge II. are both well worthy of more than passing notice, but they will be seen on the bench shortly, and then we can devote a little more time to them.

Specimens of the peculiar breed of dogs belonging to the island of Phu-quo, or Fou-kuo, in the Gulf of Siam, have been added to the collection in the Paris Jardin des Plantes. These dogs are sleek-haired and resemble fox-terriers in size and build, but are prick-eared, reddish brown in color (the female being a lighter shade), with black muzzles and dark lines on the forehead, like those sometimes seen in bulldogs.

Our reporter, "Bradley," who so ably described the recent beagle trials at Nanuet, is in trouble. Our compositor whenever he came to the beagle man's "barked," "backed" it, and when the hunter wrote "packed" the compositor "tacked" it instead. These are small things in themselves but they make trouble in beagle field reports.

At a meeting of the Toronto Kennel Club the other evening Secretary Stone reported 57 names on the membership roll and funds in hand amounting to \$127. There is every likelihood of the club affiliating with the Athenium Club of that city. The club decided to hold the next members' show the first Thursday in January for mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, great Danes, foxhounds, beagles and poodles.

An exciting scene took place in Brooklyn last week, when a Newfoundland was the means of capturing a thief. A Mrs. Garcia "had seen a man in the hallway of the basement floor, but he quickly escaped. Charlie, the dog, whose owner is Frank Osborn, a neighbor, was in the areraway at the time. He was a frequent visitor at the Garcia home and much petted. Mrs. Garcia called to the dog to capture the thief. He readily understood the request and started after his man. The thief had not gone many yards when Charlie had him by the tail of his coat. He succeeded in tossing the animal off and again started to run. The dog quickly followed, and man and dog fought as far as Broadway and Wythe avenue. By this time several hundred people had been attracted to the scene. The man again freed himself and ran to the street, where he attempted to jump on the back of one of the Williamsburg News Company's wagons. The dog, watching his movements, again had him by the coat tail. Black found it impossible to retain his hold on the back of the wagon and tried to run down Broadway. He managed to fight the dog off until the ferry was reached, when the beast again seized him by the clothing. He could not be shaken off, and while struggling with the animal the officer arrived.

Speaking of thieves reminds us of a dog whose intelligence had been made to serve the nefarious ends of his chicken-loving master. A man who lives in Newtown, L. I., had missed his chickens several times, and when about forty were stolen in one night he put a burglar alarm on the door of the coop and so arranged it that anything that moved in

the coop would set it going. He had not to wait long for the alarm, and investigation found the door still locked but a chicken had been stolen. This sort of thing went on till he hadn't a chicken left in the coop. Then he borrowed some hens to put in the house and even watched by the side of the coop at night, but though he heard the stifled cry of the abducted chicken he could find no trace of the thief. One day, however, a dog came sniffing round the hen house, and this gave the owner the clue, for he recognized the dog as belonging to a ne'er-do-well who gained a living by hunting rabbits in the neighboring woods. Mr. Johnson, the whilom chicken owner, then set a trap and had the satisfaction of seeing the dog run into it, but the canine got away safely owing to the trap not being set right. We are not aware whether the dog has been caught yet or not, but that he is a clever animal there is no gainsaying, as he has also devoted his attention to other chicken houses in the vicinity with a like good result for his unscrupulous master.

The Rideau Kennels that have hitherto devoted themselves principally to spaniels, have imported the noted fox-terrier Merle Guy, by Dudley Dandy out of Bodkin III. His pedigree is of the bluest. The dog is to be renamed and put in stud. At the rate they are going it will not be long before Canadian breeders will be able to keep most of the prizes at the shows in their own balliwicks.

Mr. Roland P. Keesbey has made his spaniel kennel still stronger by the addition of the Sussex spaniel Beau, having purchased him from Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto.

Who owns the spaniel Busy? is a question that the *Canadian Kennel Gazette* is asking, as it won at Cincinnati under the name of Ancient and Modern Kennels. The bitch is or was owned by Mr. J. D. G. Shaw, of Kingston, and the Kingston men are therefore jealous of the credit of the win.

The Canadian Kennel Club has just held a meeting of the executive committee, at which several important alterations are made in their rules. Besides raising the standard of registration, which is now the same as that of the A. K. C., several other important matters were disposed of. The club has long felt the need of a stud book, and it was decided to publish one annually, the work being intrusted to Mr. Donovan, the publisher of the *Canadian Kennel Gazette*, that gentleman agreeing to publish monthly in his paper the registrations sent in up to the time of publication, for which he is to receive \$25. Messrs. Stone, Mitchener and Williams were elected a stud book committee. The champion rule has been made the same as in the A. K. C. rules. The club seems to have a slight misapprehension of the rule of the World's Fair dog show about the dogs being registered. They require a dog to be registered in the stud book of the country from which it comes, and not necessarily in the A. K. C. B. In the matter of Mr. Bell's St. Bernard Sir John, aged 18 months and registered as by Sir Charles, who was burned in the fire of Columbus show in 1887, the registration was canceled. The club will also move in the matter of entering Mr. Little's Clumber Newcastle without authority at the Ottawa show. Twenty-one new members were admitted.

Mr. F. E. Lamb, of Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., imported last week on the Johnson Line steamer Barrowmore, from Liverpool, Eng., the rough St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Arlington, for Messrs. Cobb & McLearn, Wilmington, Del. She is by Lord Bute out of Lamb's Margharita, stands 32 honest inches at shoulder and scaled, immediately after her arrival, 108 lbs. She is litter sister to the noted Marchioness and Marquis of Bute. Her coat is of the richest orange color and markings all that could be desired. Her head resembles very closely her sire's and her body and bone are very massive. She comes over in whelp to the celebrated prize winner Polyphemus (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Adelaide) and from this combination of blood good results should be obtained. Her purchasers are to be congratulated upon the acquisition of such a valuable bitch to their kennel, which now contains, in addition to the Duchess; Altoness, a fine young Alton bitch, and the promising young imported stud dog Sir Lion, by Sir Henry out of Seabomb's Lena, winner of second Wilmington and third Baltimore this year.

Mr. Lamb is also importing another good bitch by champion Young Wallace out of a litter sister to the late Prince Regent. This one is for a well-known Southern kennel. One of his Lord Bute—Clydesdale Nell pups weighs 72 lbs. at 4 months old and is said to be wonderfully well made all over.

A kennel club has been formed in Seattle, Wash., with some 25 charter members. It won't be many years before we shall have a Pacific coast circuit.

A dispatch from London states that Queen Victoria has written a letter in which she expresses sympathy with the agitation now being carried on for the abolition of the sport of rabbit coursing. The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges the Queen to give evidence of the sincerity of her sympathy with the movement by the withdrawal of her support from the maintenance of the royal buckhounds.

Dogs are being poisoned again in different parts of the country in a most ruthless manner. A large and valuable St. Bernard was poisoned at the west end of Boston, and died in great agony. Pieces of raw meat folded together containing gray powder have been found on many doorsteps in the neighborhood. The case in question was a peculiarly distressing one, as the animal was a most docile and gentle animal. It is well to warn these fiends of the severe penalties which can be enforced against them, should they be found out. Of course it is a hard matter to reason with such wretches, but would it not be better, before resorting to such cowardly methods, to try a representation to the owner, if they have any complaint to make, so that a life, which is more precious than they probably realize, may be spared by such concession or restrictions as may be reasonably asked for.

We have received no premium list of the Gloversville show, to be held Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, but we hear the prizes will be \$5 and \$2.50 to challenge and open classes, and \$2.50 and \$1.50 in puppy classes. Mr. Chas. H. Mason will judge all classes and Mr. J. Otis Fellows will superintend. We hear several complaints about non receipt of premium lists among would-be exhibitors until the last moment. For the sake of the judge this should be attended to better.

Dr. James E. Hair, of Bridgeport, Conn., sends us a letter just as we go to press, stating that he has received, per s.s. Cirassia, two English setters, Devon Shot and Devon Daisy, from Mr. John Lee Bulled, North Devon, England. Dr. Hair's letter, with full particulars, will appear next week.

DAN O'CONNELL.—Detroit, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Dan O'Connell (16,640) is sold and out of the stud. Mr. Charles J. Canfield, of Manistee, Mich., has made the second purchase of the Prairie Mound Kennels. Elsans, 21,021 (Dan O'Connell ex Lalla Rookh, 17,869) and now Dan, at a private figure. He will take both dogs South and shoot over them until April 1. I take this means of informing parties who have written me for Dan's service. Mr. Canfield will enter both dogs at the next Irish setter field trials.

—PRAIRIE MOUND KENNELS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

King Jim, King's Own, Fleety Kent, Lady Kent and King's Flirt. By H. K. Devereux, Cleveland, O., for one dog and four bitches, all liver and white, whelped June 15, 1891, by King of Kent out of Fleet (Dash II.—Spot).

Raven. By H. W. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., for Gordon setter bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1891, by Rap out of Montrose.

Model Ben, Rapture and Royal Blue. By L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for three English setter dogs, one white, black and tan ticked, one white and lemon ticked, and one white, black and tan and blue belton, whelped Sept. 15, 1891, by Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg) out of Sunol (Gladstone's Boy—Flame II.).

Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., claims the following names for a litter of Irish setters, whelped Nov. 5, 1891, by Lismore out of Lucelle: Dogs—O'Carry, O'Leary, O'Shea, O'Shane, O'Brien. Bitches—Nora McShane, Nora Crien, Sheila McGrath, Sheila McClone, Dora McCushla.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Bang's Mollie—King of Kent. Bar Harbor Kennels' (Bar Harbor, Me.) pointer bitch Bang's Mollie to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, Nov. 8.

Lady Black—Rap. H. Malcolm's (Baltimore, Md.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Black to his Rap, Dec. 15.

WHELPES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Godiva. South Bend Kennels' (South Bend, Ind.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Godiva, Aug. 28, nine, by their Sir Eldred.

Florie. F. Balms's (Saginaw, Mich.) black and tan bitch Florie (Prince—Nanon), Dec. 1, five (one dog), by Blake & Herbertson's Sir Wallace (Mabomet—Lady).

Maple Grove Luath. Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Maple Grove Luath (Clifton Hero—Sparkle), Dec. 8, seven (five dogs), by J. A. Long's Randolph (Archibald—Petunia).

Lucelle. Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Lucelle (Karl—Irish Countess), Nov. 5, 1891, ten (five dogs), by their Lismore (O'Donovan Rossa—Sedan).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Sir Eldred—Lady Godiva whelps. St. Bernards, by South Bend Kennels, South Bend, Ind., one bitch to C. C. Jockey, Bremen, Ind.; one dog to Thos. Munro, Gallitzin, Pa.; one bitch to J. C. Uilery, North Liberty, Ind.; one dog to Miss Lizzie Davenport, Elkhart, Ind.

King of Kent—Fleet whelps. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 15, 1891, by King of Kent out of Fleet, by H. K. Devereux, Cleveland, O., to C. M. Munhall, same place.

Clip. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Jan. 9, 1891, by San Roy, Jr. out of Nell o' Warwick, by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to Mr. Beers, Fairfield, Conn.

Nell o' Warwick. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped February, 1889, by Warwick Albert out of Princess Belton, by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to Fred, Lyons, same place.

Shenstone Daisy. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 16, 1891, by Shenstone out of Fairy B., by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to John Snell, Banghamton, N. Y.

Lady Fenwick. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to G. A. King, same place.

Nettle. Chestnut, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 17, 1891, by Count Wakefield out of Daisy II., by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to J. C. Teeter, same place.

Murtle. Liver, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 17, 1891, by Count Wakefield out of Daisy II., by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to H. W. Zea, same place.

Thistle. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped March 17, 1891, by Count Wakefield out of Daisy II., by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to John Grinnell, same place.

Sarah. Black and tan English setter dog, whelped March 17, 1891, by Count Wakefield out of Daisy II., by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to W. O. Spotts, same place.

Taylor's Fly. White, black and tan hound bitch, whelped May 1890, by Ranger out of Fly, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to P. Hart & Son, New Brighton, N. Y.

Sweet Briar. White, black, tan and blue ticked beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 13, 1890, by Count Wakefield out of Daisy II., by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to E. E. Palmer, Napoleon, Mo.

Mollie. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped March 26, 1891, by Berkshire Caution out of Zetta, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to W. D. Blenus, East Berlin, Conn.

Mymc. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1890, by Ranger out of Princess Llewellyn, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to W. A. Smith, Reading, Pa.

Zeus. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 21, 1890, by Boston out of Weazel, by J. L. Jolley, Denver, S. C., to F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y.

Graphic III.—Meteor's Flirt whelps. Liver and white pointers, whelped Aug. 5, 1891, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., a dog to Geo. Whiteside, Cambridge, Mass., and a bitch each to C. M. Wilson, Huron, S. D., and W. B. Battran, Oil Springs, Ont.

Shenstone—Vell o' Warwick whelps. English setter dogs, whelped Aug. 25, 1891, by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., a white to J. McGam, New Haven, Conn., and a blue belton to O. Russell, Bridgeport, Conn.

Shenstone—Mena III. whelps. Blue belton English setters, whelped Aug. 14, 1891, by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., a dog to Wm. Sirgleton and a bitch to Wm. O'Mara, Stratford, Conn.

Sell. Orange, white markings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped 1889, by Everest out of Sequa, by G. W. Patterson, Worcester, Mass., to W. H. Blums, East Berlin, Conn.

Lakeside Juno. Orange tawny, perfect white markings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 29, 1891, by Plinlimmon, Jr. out of Lady Teazel, by G. W. Patterson, Worcester, Mass., to A. E. Moore, Sparta, N. J.

Lady Lakin. Orange tawny, white markings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 29, 1891, by Plinlimmon, Jr. out of Lady Teazel, by G. W. Patterson, Worcester, Mass., to Milton C. Lakin, Hilliard, O.

Pontiac. White and liver pointer dog, whelped Jan. 9, 1886, by Geo. W. La Rue, New York city, to Geo. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Bob Gates, Jr. English setter dog, whelped July 5, 1889, by Geo. W. La Rue, New York city, to Geo. Crocker, San Francisco, Cal.

Gus Bonhu—Mollie Gates whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, by Dr. C. E. Stanley, Middletown, Conn., to C. B. Holley, Bismarck, S. D.

PRESENTATION.

Fleety Kent. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 15, 1891, by King of Kent out of Fleet, by H. K. Devereux, Cleveland, O., to Frank Billings, same place.

Answers to Correspondents.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.

G. C. C. Rochester, N. Y.—Is a light or flesh-colored roof to the mouth of a red Irish setter objectionable, providing pup is good otherwise and well bred? Ans. No. The idea that a thoroughbred dog must have a black roofed mouth has been exploded long ago.

H. P. L., Worcester, Mass.—Please give pedigree of St. Bernards Kip, 21,025, and Nina, 15,502. Ans. The stud book for 1891 is not out yet containing pedigree of Kip. Nina is by Night out of Roxie, by Tip (6,560, Vol. IV.) out of Empress, by Carlo out of Burrell, Nurell, by Merchant Prince (4,421, Vol. III.) out of Lys (11,920, Vol. V.).

B., New York.—Dogs of the breeding of dog you name have produced good field dogs, but this particular dog you believe has not been hunted in the field, his life having been passed chiefly on the show bench. Therefore, we would advise you to breed your bitch to a dog of acknowledged field merit—the only way to produce natural field dogs.

G. G. R., Birmingham, Conn.—Will you please inform me if Beppo III. is litter brother to King of Kent? Also, can you inform me who broke Canadian Loxley, and who bred him, and is he a good bench show dog? I am told that he was broken by Mr. John Davidson, Ans. No. King of Kent is by Priam out of Kent Baby, and was whelped Jan. 12, 1886. Beppo III. is by Priam

out of champion Meally, and whelped May 26, 1884. We do not know who trained Canadian Loxley, nor his breeder's name, and never having seen him cannot pass an opinion as to his bench form.

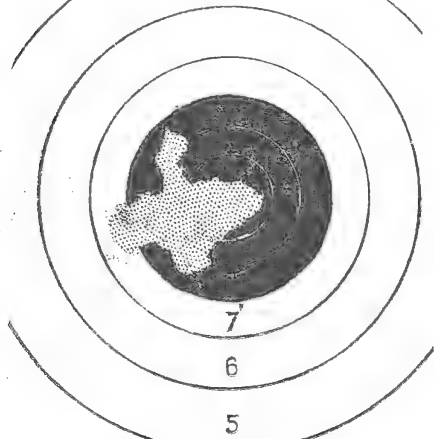
J. W. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I have a deerhound and, with a friend who has a female, raised some pups, of which I have a male and a female. Would it be in-breeding to put my dog to his daughter? My dog can not be registered—he was imported without pedigree. Can I enter the pups at the Westminster show if I wish? Ans. It would of course be in-breeding and we should not advise the alliance unless to perpetuate some particular strain or when another dog cannot be secured. You can show any breed of dog at the W. K. C. show or any show under K. C. rules, pedigree or no pedigree, if you pay 25 cents to have it listed in the *Kennel Gazette*.

A. N., Baltimore, Md.—I have a St. Bernard dog, now about four months old, who is suffering with navel hernia. I think. He has a lump on his navel which, when you lay him on his back, all disappears; it is soft to the touch; does not seem to hurt him; general health and appetite good. I tried to put a rubber pad on the place after pushing the lump in, but could not get any plaster that would keep the pad in place. What can I do to cure him? Your advice in former times has been very good and would be much appreciated in this. Ans. If the hernia is small it will disappear as the dog grows older. If a very large one an operation will be necessary to cure it. Pads and trusses are useless as it is impossible to retain them in position; if you are very anxious to use some support try Johnson & Seabury's extra adhesive rubber plaster.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

AMATEUR REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

The shooting for the Winans Trophy during the past week was at Conlin's Gallery, corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway. Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 18 and 19, were set apart for the tests, and some revolver shooting and ever so much revolver talk was indulged in. Shooters who had been practicing for long times past at the 12yds. range found it very easy to miss at 20yds., and to get off the tin disk into the immeasurable beyond, made the shooters very much disgusted with 20yds. shooting. The revolver responds every time, however, and it is merely a question of a little firmer and closer holding than that required at 12yds. As an illustration of what man and weapon together may do, a target made by Mr. E. Wassermann is presented. He had just fired for the Trophy, and though making a very creditable score, was not satisfied with it enough to let it stand. "Let me give *FOREST AND STREAM* a target. What shall it be?" he said. "A



right at 12yds. at the word," said the shooting editor. "All right," and the shooting master began his calling out, "Are you ready? Fire, 1, 2, 3," and every time at about the call of 2 the shot went off and the dark hole in the bullseye was made larger and larger until the six shots had practically gone into the same orifice. Here is the target and it is a daisy fit for the place of honor it will occupy in the records crowding the walls of Conlin's Walhalla of past and present marksmen's exploits. The target counts up a total of 59 in the possible 60, and considering that it is an off-hand "a la carte" performance, shot on the spur of the moment, it gives one an admirable idea of the sort of shooting indulged in by the coterie of clever pistol and revolver shots who frequent the Broadway gallery. Though out of the Trophy shoot on its first round, owing to his withdrawal, Mr. Wassermann intends to give the first holder of the trophy a prompt challenge and a sharp tussle for the possession of the beautiful Winans art work.

"FOREST AND STREAM" TOURNAMENT

The Miller Rifle Club's headquarters at 80 Hudson street, Hoboken, were crowded last Wednesday evening by delegates from the different clubs who are to enter the tournament arranged for five men teams of New Jersey Rifle Clubs by the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The clubs represented were:

Miller Rifle Club, of 80 Hudson street, Hoboken; Captain, Richard W. Dewey; Secretary, J. H. Kruse.

Herman Rifle Club: Captain, Herman Neuman, Zabriske street and Terrace avenue, Jersey City Heights; Secretary, Rudolph Auerbach.

Jensen Rifle Club: Captain, Wm. Jensen, 69 Zabriske street, Jersey City Heights; Secretary, John Plump.

Puritan Rifle Club: Captain, Adams Sauer, headquarters, 29 Main street, Newark; Secretary, Thos. Risban.

Essex Amateur Rifle Club: Captain, John Coppersmith, headquarters 326 Bank street, Newark; Secretary, John Higgin.

Essex Indians Rifle Club: Chief, Frank Helms; Secretary, Geo. Freitag, 60 Rutgers street, Newark.

Our Own Rifle Club: Shooting Master, F. A. Freisenheiner; Secretary, O. H. To wnsend, 10 Arch street, Newark.

Hudson Rifle Club: Captain, Henry L. Hansen, headquarters 35 Giles avenue, Marion; Secretary, Chas. E. Bird, 90 South Fifth avenue, care Marvin Safe Co., New York city.

Excelsior Rifle Club: Captain, L. P. Hansen, headquarters 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Secretary, Ward J. Channing.

Palisade Rifle Club: Captain, John Reinhardt, headquarters 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights; Secretary, Gus Finger, 106 Zabriske street, Jersey City Heights.

C. H. Townsend, of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, acted as chairman, and J. H. Kruse, also of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, as secretary. Mr. Townsend explained the matter to the delegates.

The following clubs have entered for the trophy to be presented by the *FOREST AND STREAM* to the club winning the greatest number of contests in the tournament for New Jersey clubs. As we go to press earlier than usual this week we are compelled to defer to next week lists of names: Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken; Excelsior Rifle Club, Jersey City; Hudson Rifle Club, Marion; Jensen Rifle Club and Palisade Rifle Club, Jersey City Heights; Standard Rifle Club, Hoboken; Our Own Rifle Club, Volunteer Rifle Club, Essex; Amateur Rifle Club, Essex; Indians Rifle Club, Puritan Rifle Club, of Newark, and Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville. Further particulars in regard to the officers, team location and how to reach the different headquarters, will be given in next week's issue.

New Jersey Riflemen.

[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]

HEADQUARTERS OF CLUBS.

Miller R. C., 80 Hudson street, Hoboken.
Union R. C., 223 First street, Hoboken.
Friday Night R. C., 210 Washington street, Hoboken.
Excelsior R. C., 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City.
Palisade R. C., 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

UNION RIFLE CLUB.—Captain, Henry Becker.—Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

C Schroeder.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	22	232
J Meyers.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	21	230
F Brandt.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	21	21	20	228
G M Riedel.....	25	25	23	23	22	22	21	21	21	226
A Meyers.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	22	21	10	225
Capt Becker.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	20	20	20	223
S Russell.....	25	25	22	22	21	21	21	20	20	220
R J Link.....	24	24	24	24	23	22	21	20	18	220
Jos Feuerbach.....	25	25	24	24	22	21	19	18	16	220
Chas Wiskow.....	25	23	23	23	22	21	19	19	19	216
F Vanderheyden.....	25	24	23	23	22	21	19	18	18	214
D Meyers.....	25	24	23	23	21	21	20	19	19	214

Team shooting followed between teams captained by Dan Meyers and Charlie Wiskow with this result:

Meyers's Team.....	215	Chas Wiskow's Team.....	214
C Schroeder.....	230	F Brandt.....	230
G M Riedel.....	225	J Meyer.....	230
H Becker.....	225	S Russell.....	221
J Feuerbach.....	220	R J Link.....	220
A Meyers.....	230-1347	B J Link.....	220

The customary social session followed, during which the members were entertained by the spurious singing of "Whiskers" Wiskow; Shad Russell also gave a song which was famous about a decade ago, to wit: "Joe Bowers." Chas. Schroeder then related his mishaps while on a hunting trip with Henry Becker and Chris Inteman some time ago.

PALISADE RIFLE CLUB, Capt. John Reinhardt, Tuesday, Dec. 15. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

Geo Graf, Jr.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	20	20	20	230
Capt Reinhardt.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	21	21	20	227
Geo Graf.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	21	20	20	227
A Rossy.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	21	21	20	226
J Johnson.....	25	23	23	23	22	21	21	21	20	220
G Finger.....	25	25	24	24	21	21	20	20	20	220
F Pfeiffer.....	24	23	23	23	21	20	20	19	19	210

They have not as yet received the challenge from the Greenville Rifle Club to a 10-men team match. The Summit Rifle Club did not accept the Palisade's challenge to a match. The customary social session followed. The members were treated to a collation by Adolph Rossy. Adolph couldn't help putting it up, as he lost in a match between himself and Jim Johnson. The latter rendered a touching ballad, "I Couldn't Help It." George Graf, Jr., then gave an exhibition of fancy shooting.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken.—Capt. Richard W. Dewey, Wednesday, Dec. 19. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250. The scores made in the first, second and third classes in the shoot for class medals, first score shot to count, were:

C Indson.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	23	244
F Brandt.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	21	238
Geo Schlicht.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	21	237
Wm Forkel.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	23	22	237
A Meyns.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	22	237
E Fischer.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	22	234
L Miller.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	20	233
D Schell.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	23	22	20	230
A J Meyer.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	21	20	229
D Hencken.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	20	20	228
Capt Dewey.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	21	21	226
H Neuman.....	25	24	24	24	24	23	22	18	18	225

The first class medal was won by Chas Judson, 244.

J H Kruse.....	25	25	25	24	23	23	22	21	20	229
D Peters.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	22	22	21	227
J Carragher.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	22	21	21	226

Second class medal was won by J. H. Kruse, 229.

H Selteneich.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	22	20	19	221
A Stadler.....	25	24	24	23	22	21	20	20	19	219
H P Meyer.....	25	24	23	23	20	20	20	20	20	211
F Kammell.....	25	24	21	20	20	20	18	16	16	200
W Weber.....	25	24	23	20	20	19	18	17	14	200

Third class medal was won by H. Selteneich, 221. The shooting committee, consisting of Dave Miller, Capt. Dewey, Charles Judson, J. H. Kruse and E. Fischer, has completed all arrangements for the club's prize shoot on Christmas Day, the 25th, and Sunday, the 27th inst.

HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, Marion, Capt. Henry L. Hansen, Dec. 14, 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target:

H L Hansen.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	243
J Robban.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	239
W Mueschl.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	23	23	23	235
H Mahlenbrock.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	235
T Reynolds.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	22	21	230
C E Bird.....	25	24	23	23	22	22	21	21	20	222
Adams.....	25	24	23	23	22	21	21	20	20	221

The club is getting its ten-men team in shape for the winter matches. All are putting up good scores and in a short time will prove that they have regained their old form.

GREENVILLE RIFLE CLUB.—Greenville, N. J., Dec. 18.—The scores made by this club, 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250, are appended below:

Chevant.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	20	235
Kaiser.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	20	230
Robidoux.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	21	230
Purell.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	230
Dodds.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	229
Spahn.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	227
Cook.....	25	24	24	23	23	22	21	21	19	224
Pfeffer.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	21	18	18	209
Fiorano.....	25	24	23	23	21	20	18	16	16	203
Hill.....	25	23	23	20	20	19	16	15	15	195

A meeting followed, during which two new members were elected. A social session followed the close of the meeting.

THE STANDARD RIFLE CLUB was organized at 233 First street, Hoboken, Monday evening, Dec. 21. Henry Becker was elected captain. The club decided to enter a team in the *FOREST AND STREAM* tournament. Shooting followed, the scores made being:

G M Kruse.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	22	21	233
H Becker.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	21	231
C Schroeder.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	231
F Brandt.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	22	20	230
J Meyer.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	21	21	21	230
J Sidel.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	229
S Russell.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	229
F W Kiefer.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	21	20	20	218

HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, Marion, N. J., Capt. Henry L. Hansen, Monday evening, Dec. 21; 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

Bratt.....	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	243
Capt Hansen.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	23	242
Boddy.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	23	22	235
Mueschl.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	22	235
J Heulan.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	231
Holtish.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	20	232
Buch.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	21	21	230

The club met afterward and decided to enter the tournament arranged by the *FOREST AND STREAM* for New Jersey Rifle Clubs.

UNION RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken, N. J.—Captain Becker, Tuesday, Dec. 22. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

C Schroeder.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	22	23	233
H Becker.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	22	21	232
G M Riedel.....	25	25	25	24	23	22	22	22	21	231
F Vanderheyden.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	230
S Russell.....	25	25	24	24	23	22	22	21	21	229
C Wiskow.....	25	24	24	24	23	22	21	21	21	224
D Meyers.....	25	24	24	23	22	21	20	19	19	218
J Feuerbach.....	25	25	24	23	22	21	20	20	19	218

Team shooting followed between teams captained by "Handsome Joe" Feuerbach and "Bean Brummei" Wiskow, which resulted as follows:

J Feuerbach.....	220	C Wiskow.....	225
G M Riedel.....	230	C Schroeder.....	236
F Vanderheyden.....	232	B J Link.....	231
S A Russell.....	220-908	H Becker.....	235-927

PALISADE RIFLE CLUB, Capt. John Reinhardt, Jersey City Heights, Tuesday evening Dec. 22. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

Geo Graf.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	21—236
Capt Reinhardt.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	22	21	21—232
J Johnson.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	21	20—231
Geo Graf, Jr.....	25	25	24	24	24	24	23	22	20	20—231
A Rossy.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	21	21—231
G Fenger.....	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	22	21	20—227

Revolver Shooting in England.

The annual report of the South London Rifle Club has just been issued; in it is the following: "The championship of the club for rifle shooting has been won by W. H. Trask, who thus becomes the holder of the beautiful bronze figure presented by Walter Winans to the club, the conditions being that it must be won two years in succession to become the absolute property of the winner." This bronze statuette is the same size as the one presented by Mr. Winans for revolver competition to FOREST AND STREAM, but the subject he has modeled is different, as it represents a buffalo hunter who has been surprised by Indians and is sheltering himself behind his horse.

In the revolver shooting of the club the committee congratulate the club on the increased success of the revolver competitions, the number of entries for which have almost doubled since last year, "and, thanks to the presence of Mr. Walter Winans, whom the committee congratulate on his restoration to health, the scoring of 1891 shows an improvement as compared with that of 1890, but on the other hand, while six possibilities of 42 points and thirteen scores of 41 were recorded in 1889, no competitor has made the possible either in 1890 or 1891, and there have been only eight scores of 41 during the two years, five of which were accomplished by Mr. W. H. Trask.

None of these looks like a falling off in the shooting, it is not really so; the reason was that Mr. Winans did the most of his practicing at his own private ground instead of, as in former years, at the club. At his private ground he made some dozen "highest possible" scores and a great many 41s this year.

After giving the result of the revolver championship competition, which, as already reported in FOREST AND STREAM, resulted in a win for the fourth year by Mr. Winans, the report continues:

"The success of the members of the club in the revolver competitions at Bisleigh has again been most marked. Mr. Walter Winans won first prize in each of the four competitions open to him, Mr. Haig also was second in each of such competitions. Major MacKerrell was third in the aggregate, fourth in third series, and seventh in both first and second series. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Heath, Mr. May and Mr. Lowe also won revolver prizes at Bisleigh. Mr. Lowe won the second revolver prize at Glasgow, the fourth at Edinburgh and the eighth at Brussels." The report concludes thus: "Inasmuch as the new service revolver embraces two improvements, the buckhorn rear-sight and Metford rifling, suggested by a member of the club, the committee respectfully claim that the South London Rifle Club has rendered good service to the State; but on the other hand the committee venture to report what they said in their 1889 report, viz.: The powder charge of the new service revolver is too light to stop a man effectually at close quarters; that the barrel is too short for accurate shooting, and the whole weapon is too light for efficient service in the field; and they contend that it is a mistake to sacrifice the general all-round efficiency of a weapon capable of doing what Mr. Haig and others have done with the revolver at distances up to 200 yds. to the mere question of portability."

This committee did not include Messrs. Winans and Haig, the former is of opinion that the buckhorn sight is a mistake, also the desire to have a larger charge is a mistake, as the present charge has a very severe recoil, and a larger charge would do away with accuracy, except in the case of exceptionally strong wrists.

A similar proposal was made at the meeting of revolver shots at Mr. Winans's tent at Bisleigh and voted against, only one man being in favor of it.

Home Pistol Practice.

At intervals we hear through the Rifle columns of "shooting cranks" who are fortunate enough to possess facilities for indoor shooting during the winter months, and it occurred to the writer that some of the fraternity not blessed with the necessary space requisite for that amusement might be interested in hearing how he utilized the limited means at his disposal.

In summing up the assets it was discovered that they consisted of 15ft. of hall ending in a hall blind 12ft. deep, giving a range of 25ft., with some room to stand clear of the wall.

Now, while ridiculously short range for a rifle it would seem very well for a pistol gallery for snuffing up the air as the writer proved himself in out of door shooting with a revolver.

A square of plank 1 1/2 in. thick and 40 x 40 in., backed by 1/2 in. Russia iron, holds the target and very effectually stops the ammunition used.

For the weapon a Stevens diamond model pistol with a 6 in. barrel was purchased, and has done pretty fine shooting when the man behind it was in good shape.

At every five shots, and although 5,000 of them have been so far fired, the barrel is as bright and clean as when bought—the cleaning rag being chamois skin.

Being a crank in some matters, my targets were an idea of my own, and made to order, electrolyte being cast from a photo-engraving of a drawing of a target made by myself. The bullseye is exactly the diameter of a quarter dollar, and is surrounded by thin rings, each one-half the diameter of the bullseye apart.

These being printed on very heavy white glazed cardboard are strong and durable, also just about the right size for an overcoat pocket, in which they can be carried without bending or curling.

In the first few weeks shooting there was a lamentable tendency of the pistol to throw up—so much, in fact, that I always pinned my targets by one corner and left it at that, at which point I would aim.

After a while, however, the arm became more manageable, or rather mine grew firmer, and now I hold directly on the lower rim of the bullseye and get there rather often.

Now, having given a point or two which I have found helpful in keeping up my practice, may not some one else give me some really valuable suggestions as to shooting, and help start the ball rolling. LANCEWOOD.

The Small Arms Board.

INVENTORS are coming forward very slowly with arms and requests for extension of time come in from many firms. The Lee Arms Co. expect to have a gun ready for trial in January and another shortly afterward. The Hotchkiss Co. was reported to have shipped two arms for trial in September last, but neither has yet been received. The Winchester Arms Co. has not yet perfected their weapon. The Pitcher Arms Co. report that they will have a gun in January. At the last session of the board held at Springfield, a wooden model of a magazine gun exhibited by Lieut. H. J. White, M. C., and an unfinished gun from the Pitcher Arms Co., of Wellsville, Wis., examined, and a Mauser gun very similar to that adopted by Belgium, was tested. The trial of the two Krag-Jorgensen guns was conducted on Dec. 3. The Bruce gun was also tested. The board will meet again at the Springfield Armory on Jan. 19.

Canadian Rifemen.

QUEBEC, Dec. 17.—The twenty-third annual meeting of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association is over and the officers elected for the ensuing year. The reports having been adopted the officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Chairman of the Council, Lieut.-Col. Houghton, re-elected; Treasurer, Major C. Radiger, Secretary, Major Blacklock, re-elected; Finance Committee, Lieut.-Col. Fraser, Brodeur and Martin; Major E. L. Bond retiring; Auditors, Captains J. Fair and J. G. Ross; Representatives to the D. R. A., Lieut.-Cols. Roseau and Hood, Majors Bond and Blacklock and Capt. Sims. On the question of changing the date of the annual matches from August to July, the rifle clubs were requested to communicate with the secretary, giving their views on the subject.

Shooting at the Falls.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Dec. 16.—The live-bird tournament, under the auspices of the Whirlpool Gun Club, held here to-day, was largely attended by marksmen from Toronto, Buffalo, Hamilton, Woodstock and other American and Canadian cities and towns. The weather was anything but favorable to the marksmen. A stiff northwest wind blew in their faces all day, almost reaching a hurricane at times, driving the birds in all directions from the target.

Following is the score:
First match, sweepstakes, 5 birds: C. Charles 5, Mr. Taylor 5, Mr. Margatke 4, Mr. Koch 5, Mr. Bishop 5, Capt. Milloy 2.
Second match, sweepstakes, 7 birds: C. Charles 6, J. Koch 6, Capt. Milloy 5, J. Crooks 5, Dr. Neff 5, J. Stroud 3, H. Whitney 6, T. Miller 6, Mr. Hamilton 5, W. Stroud 5, R. Bishop 3.
Third match, \$100 purse guaranteed, entrance \$7.50, 10 birds: G. Rogers 10, C. Charles 8, H. Whitney 9, Miller 8, Dr. Neff 8, J. Koca 8, W. Stroud 7, J. Stroud 6.
Fourth match, sweepstakes, 7 birds: C. Charles 6, Mr. Miller 5, Mr. Rogers 5, Mr. Hamilton 4, Capt. Milloy 4, Dr. Neff 3, W. Stroud 5, J. Stroud 4, Mr. Bishop 3.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book, particularly interesting to young boys, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Trap Shooting.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

- Dec. 25.—Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, open sweepstakes at 50 artificial, at Rutherford, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Maplewood Gun Club, open shoot at artificial, at Maplewood, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Athens, Pa., tournament, at kingbirds and live pigeons. W. K. Park, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Water Gun Club, all day's shoot at artificial, on Fifth avenue grounds, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—John Erb's grounds, all day's shoot at live birds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Woodside Gun Club, all day tournament at live birds and artificial, club grounds, foot of Riverside avenue, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Open sweepstakes at live birds, at Frank Class's Hotel, at Pine Brook, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Brunswick Gun Club, monthly club and open shoot, at New Brunswick, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Hilton Gun Club, initial shoot at artificial, open to all, at Becker's Woods, Hilton, N. J.
Dec. 25.—East Side—Mutual Gun Club, live birds, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.; artificial, 1 P. M. until dark; open to all, at Wiedenmeyer's Park, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—West Side Gun Club, monthly medal shoot and open sweepstakes at live birds and artificial, at Grove street grounds, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Germantown Gun Club, open tournament, at Germantown, Pa.
Dec. 25.—Cordova Gun Club tournament, at Cordova, Ill.
Dec. 25.—Sewaren Land and Water Club, team and individual contests, open to all, at Sewaren, N. J.
Dec. 25.—Spring Hill Gun Club, all day shoot, A. M. at live birds, P. M. at targets, at Blaueville, N. Y.
Dec. 28-30.—Genesee Gun Club tournament, at Genesee, Ill.
Dec. 29.—Lyons Gun Club tournament, at Lyons, Kansas.
Dec. 28-30.—Lincoln Gun Club tournament, at Lincoln, Neb.

1892.

- Jan. 1.—Spring Hill Gun Club, all day shoot; A. M. at live birds, P. M. at targets, at Blaueville, N. Y.
Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club, open tournament at artificial, on club grounds, near Emma street station, Newark, N. J.
Jan. 1.—Edwards V. Brewer, at Harrisburg, Pa. Match at 100 live birds each for purse of \$500, contributed by citizens of Harrisburg, Pa., shooting to commence at 2 o'clock.
Jan. 1-2.—Holiday tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First day live birds, second day inanimate targets.
Jan. 26.—Hamilton Gun Club, grand live pigeon and artificial bird tournament; \$1,000 guaranteed. A. Smith, Sec'y-Treas., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
May 17-20.—Annual tournament of Kansas City State Sportsmen's Association, at Council Grove. G. W. Cleck, Sec'y.
June 6-11.—Eighteenth annual tournament of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, at Chicago. W. L. Shepherd, Sec'y.
June 13-18.—New York State Association's Thirty-fourth Annual Convention, at Syracuse, N. Y. Chas. H. Mowry, Sec'y.
Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournaments:
Baltimore, Md.—Second week in March.
Staunton, Va.—Second week in April.
Savannah, Ga.—First week in May.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Second week in May.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Second week in June.
Watertown, N. Y.—Fourth week in June.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THE gun clubs of New Jersey seem slow in making a move toward the organization of the proposed State League. The corresponding secretary has repeatedly, through the columns of the lay and sporting press, called for an expression of opinion from shooters, and has never received a line on the subject in reply. I am informed that two of the strongest clubs in the State propose to take a step in the matter by holding a two (consecutive) days' tournament (one day on the grounds of each club) some time during January. Each club in the State will be requested to send a team of five men to take part in a team contest at 25 targets per man. At these two days' shoots a determined effort will be made to form a New Jersey League, and arrange for a big circuit of tournaments. If the effort is successful, the two shoots above mentioned will be considered by the two clubs as being their fixtures, and no other of the tournaments will be held on their grounds. Full details in regard to the shoots will be given in a short time.

At the "annual" of the South Side Gun Club at Newark, N. J., on New Year's Day, a novelty will be introduced in one or two of the events, which will effectually prevent a shooter from dropping for a place. The contestants will be one-half winners and one-half losers, i. e., presuming that the event is at 10 targets, \$1 entry, with twenty in. Three men break 10 each, four men break 9 each, five men break 8 each, each of the others break 7 or less. Deducting say 1/2 cents each for the targets, there would be \$7.50 in the pot, of which \$1.75 would go to each of the ten high men. Three 10's, four 9's and five 8's, however, make twelve men who have winning scores, so that two must be dropped out, and this is done by counting backward on the score, the two men who have misses nearest the end of their scores being the victims. In case of ties in order of misses the ties will be shot off miss and out until the proper number of winners are left.

A new organization known as the Hilton Gun Club has just been formed and on Xmas Day it will hold its initial shoot and house-warming on its well-appointed grounds at Becker's Woods, about half a mile above the Irvington Hotel, in Hilton, N. J. All are warmly and enthusiastically and will cordially welcome you to favor them with a visit. The shooting will be open to all comers. The Springfield avenue electric cars, taken at any point on Market street, Newark, will take visitors to within a half mile of the grounds.

The United States mails recently played a sorry trick at the expense of W. Fred Quimby. Fred had been doing a few days shooting in Maryland and having sixty odd quail he had boxed up and sent to his Broadway store. Wishing to give a treat to some of his friends he sent a letter to the store, the purport being that the recipient was to take a dozen of the birds and forward the rest to Mr. Quimby's home in Newark. At the same time he sent a letter to his wife, requesting her upon receipt of the birds to send a dozen each to two of his Newark friends, and to have the remainder served on a certain evening when he would reach home, and also requested her to invite a few of her friends to the "quail supper." The box of birds reached the store in due time, and, no instructions to the contrary having been received on the day following their arrival, they were distributed among the people connected with the store, in pursuance of previous custom. It is easy to imagine the feelings of Mr. Quimby's partner when, on the day following, the distribution of the spoils, the letter of instructions was received. In the meantime Mr. Quimby's wife was wondering why her birds did not arrive, and it was not until Fred had reached home that the case was thoroughly understood. It is needless to say that the promised "quail supper" did not materialize.

FOREST AND STREAM is desirous of revising its club directory, and would be greatly obliged if club secretaries would send to this office the name and address of every member of their club, shooting days and location of grounds.

The "annual" of the South Side Gun Club, to be held on the club grounds, foot of Emmet street, on New Year's Day, will be very enjoyable affair. Besides the local shooters there will be present nearly the full strength of the Boiling Springs and Maple wood clubs. The programme will be an attractive one and is bound to suit all comers. All the shooting will be at artificial targets. A feature will be the trial of the "Hobart system" of rapid-fire, which Will Hobart says is the coming system.

The amateur photographers were in their glory on the day of

the Fulford-Brewer match at Woodlawn Park. About a dozen of them were busy in snapping views from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

John H. Dufan, who retrieved the "doubtful" birds during the big match at Woodlawn Park, is a well known electrician of Harrisburg, Pa., and a member of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. As a live bird shot he has quite a reputation. Several years ago Mr. Dufan was a resident of Newark, N. J., where he was employed by the Edison Electric Light Company. He was at that time an enthusiastic cyclist and a member of the New Jersey Wheelmen. In height he is about 5 ft. 6 in., but nevertheless he rode a 54 in. Star bicycle of the old "coffee-mill" type. As an all-day "scorcher" he was a terror to his club mates. On many of his rides he was accompanied by his four-year-old son. Oldtime frequenters of Orton Hall, in Newark, were often regaled by Mr. Dufan with exhibitions of fancy and trick riding, at which he was an adept.

The Sewaren Land and Water Club, of Sewaren, N. J., held a meeting on Dec. 17, and elected D. C. Whitlock, Louis E. Ballard and F. W. Pohle to active membership. John T. Johnson was also elected an honorary member. The club has a red-winged glow or byline a black field, as the club colors. The club will hold a reception and dance at the Sewaren House on New Year's eve, and a large number of marksmen from different parts of the State are expected.

Arrangements have already been completed for the 1892 season of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., and through the courtesy of Enoch D. Miller, the club's manager, I am enabled to give the following details: The club will be divided into two classes, the 90 per cent. men to comprise A class, and all under 90 per cent. B class. The initiation fees and dues for the year will be \$1. The shooting will be under Keystone rules, from 3 traps, unknown angles, and at each monthly shoot each member will shoot at 25 single bluecock or Keystone targets. All ties will be shot off at 5 birds each, until one or another of the contestants is ahead. The prizes will be as follows: A class, first prize \$15, second prize \$10, third prize \$5. B class, first prize \$10, second prize \$7.50, third prize \$5, fourth prize \$2.50, all in gold coin. In order to qualify for any of the club prizes members must take part in eight of the regular monthly shoots, and the prizes are to go to the ones winning them the greatest number of times. There will also be a gold medal awarded for the highest average in any eight of the twelve shoots. On each of the club days there will also be an open-to-all tournament, with eight events on the programme, the eighth being the regular club shoot. The initial contest will be held on Thursday, Jan. 7, 1892.

Derler Park, Long Island, one of the most famous and popular shooting grounds in this vicinity, will be the scene of some lively shooting to-morrow and on New Year's Day, and Melcher Miller, the jovial and corpulent proprietor, insures a jolly time to all who honor him with a visit. The programme is a mixed one, so that shooters had better go loaded for both feather ruffling and sancer smashing. The events comprise 10 bluecocks, 50 cents entry; 10 bluecocks, 75 cents entry; 15 bluecocks, \$1 entry; 10 single and 5 pairs bluecocks, \$1 entry; 10 bluecocks, \$1 entry; 5 live birds, \$2.50 entry, and 7 live birds, \$3 entry. Cash prizes are guaranteed, and all surplus will be added. Shooting will begin at 8 A. M. On each day the winners in order will be as above. The grounds are situated on Jamaica avenue, near Enfield street, and the electric road from East New York deposits passengers at the gate. Go early and have a great big time.

A match between teams of twenty men each from the Newark Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., and the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, is on the tapis, and when the event takes place it is safe to say that the work will be witnessed by a big crowd. The conditions will probably be ten live birds per man, Hurlingham rules to govern, the losing team to stand the expense of a supper. Both clubs are confident in their ability to turn out winning teams. Dates have not yet been arranged.

Sportsmen are anxious to know what two-man team will dare to pit themselves against E. D. Fulford and J. L. Brewer for a contest at 100 birds per man for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side. The question is an interesting one. There are any number of shooters in this country who could, without doubt, provide a little interesting diversionment for either of the above mentioned experts if they only had the "nerve" enough to come to the front. I will send the matter with J. A. R. Elliott, Charley Budd, Geo. Kleinmann, W. S. Crosby, Frank Parmelee, W. F. Mussy, John Winston and the "other hundred" of cracks who are continually looking for gore? C. H. TOWNSEND.

Words of Appreciation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just glanced at FOREST AND STREAM. Expected something out of the ordinary, but this is impossible. Nothing like it before in the reports of traps. It was a big occasion and you have done it justice. Please send at once two copies of this week. I will try and place them where they will do the most good. BURLINGHAM FOR FOREST AND STREAM. JACOBSTAFF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to congratulate you on the enterprise shown in your report of the Fulford-Brewer match at Woodlawn Park. I have never seen so complete a report given in a sporting paper of any event that has ever occurred. The great importance of this match, and the widespread interest which it excited, led your readers to believe that you would give it the space which it merited, but I think all were surprised in seeing the unusual enterprise that was displayed in illustrating the most interesting and important events of the day as your artist and correspondent did it. It marks a new era in outdoor sports that is worthy at this time of mention. Sportsmen of the country appreciate such wideawake interest as you have exhibited. THE FOREST AND STREAM is easily this time at the top. HENRY C. SQUIRES. NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being witness of the great match between E. D. Fulford and Capt. Brewer at Woodlawn, Dec. 22, and read several accounts of the match as reported by the leading newspapers, FOREST AND STREAM included, please allow me to congratulate you on furnishing the most complete and interesting report of any that I have ever seen, your photographic productions being of the very best and are good proof that your artist was there. Your report in regards to the work done by the two men, consider good and to express my opinion in regard to these two great knights of the trigger I must say that Capt. Brewer is my favorite. His style and actions at the traps just fills my eye for a shooter, yet I must admit that Fulford as a shooter is one of the finest in the land. After seeing both men shoot at their first twenty-five birds each I formed my opinion that the old man Brewer was a beat man, for it seemed to me that Fulford had the best load as Brewer hit his (lost birds with both barrels throughout the match with but two or three exceptions). This kind of work seemed to me to be the fault of the load. I am not throwing any "mud" at wood powder. I simply mean that in my opinion Brewer's load did not quite fit his gun. Yet I must say that the winner of this great match, Mr. Fulford, is entitled to a dignity that should be respected, for meeting and defeating the best man on earth. HARTFORD, Conn. C. H. BURIDGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your report of the Brewer-Fulford match at Woodlawn Park is the most complete and the best account of a pigeon match I have ever seen. It is a pleasure to watch the rapid strides made by your paper. D. A. UPSON. CLEVELAND, O.

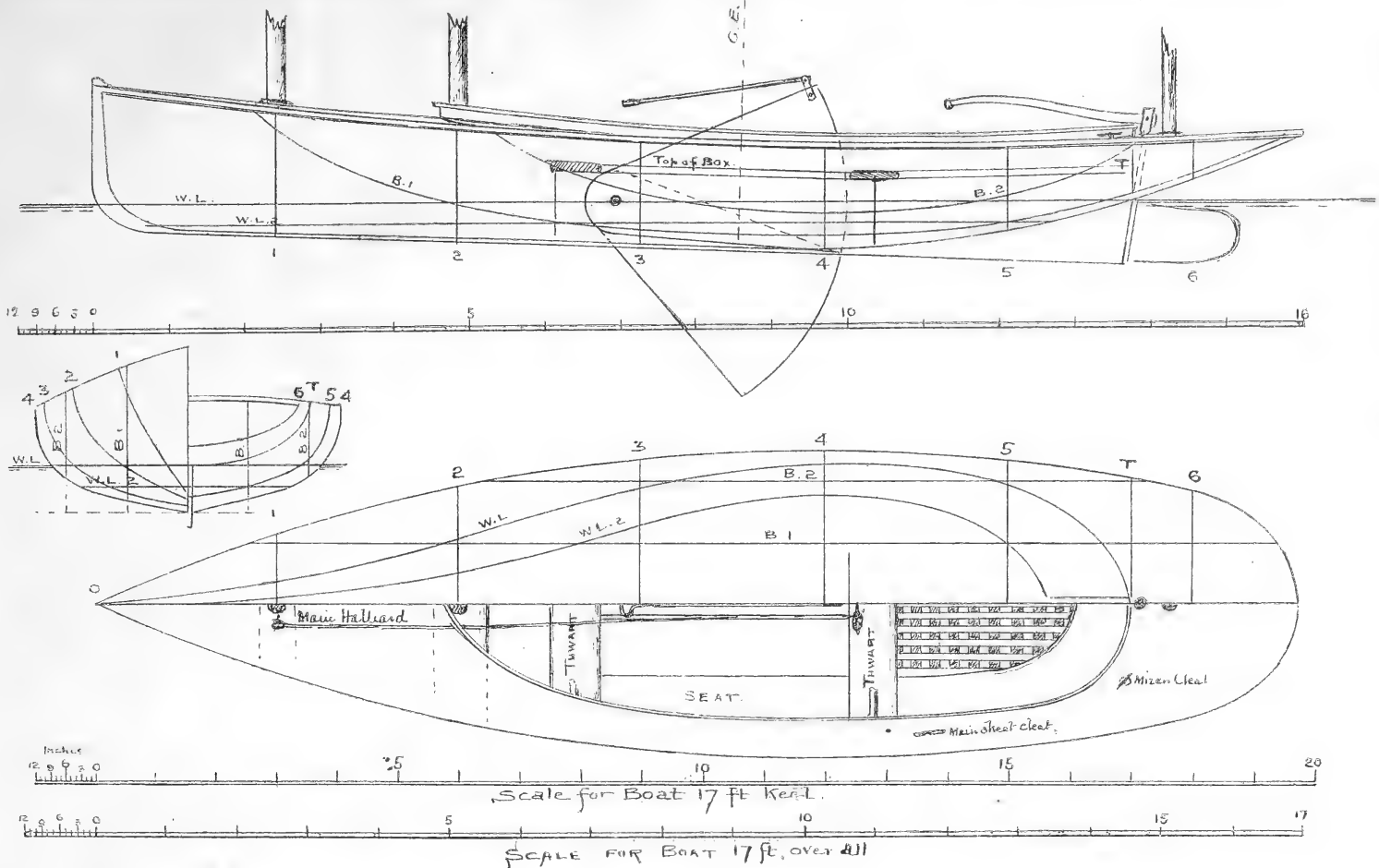
Toronto.

DEC. 14.—The match between W. Emond and W. McDowell at the Woodbine to-day was shot under the most unfavorable conditions possible. Wind and heavy rain prevailed during the whole of the contest. The birds were good flyers, and it took very hard hitting to bring down those which got into the wind. Mr. Emond commenced by killing 31 straight. He then missed a good bird and made a run of 10. He next lost 2 birds, each falling dead about 10 yds. out of bounds. He followed with 5 straight kills, and won the match with 47 to McDowell's 35.

Fulford vs. Brewer Again.

ON Jan. 1, 1892, the grounds of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, in Harrisburg, Pa., will be the scene of another big contest between E. D. Fulford and J. L. Brewer, who will shoot at 100 live birds each for \$500 a side. The Harrisburg Club will also have open sweepstakes shooting on the above day.

The regular shoot of the East End Gun Club was held this (Dec. 17) afternoon at their traps with the following result: Carr 22, Murray 21, Caldwell 11, Wherry 23, Barnes 12, Rudolph 33, Sterling 22, Cramer 1, Tamlyn 22, J. Snow 11, Elworthy 24.



SINGLEHANDER. DESIGNED BY H. K. WICKSTEED, 1889.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y., Dec. 18.—At the annual meeting of our club held Dec. 15, the following officers for the coming year were elected: President, Wm. H. White; Vice-President, C. R. Egbert; Secretary, C. W. Brister; Treasurer, Wm. Whyte; Committee-man, C. R. Peck. The club has accepted a challenge from the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club to shoot a 20-men team match, 25 kingbirds per man. This match will probably be shot soon after the holidays. The scores of our last two regular shoots are given below. Dec. 2:

A Class.	
Tuttle.....	11 11 10 11 11—24
Carr.....	11 11 01 10 10—20
O Class.	
Sinclair.....	10 11 10 11 10—22
Kerr.....	11 10 10 01 10—19
Brister.....	11 11 10 11 10—18
White.....	10 03 00 10 10—17
Vanderloo.....	11 00 11 10 10—16

Garrets..... 10 01 10 10 10—19
Dec 16.—Twenty-five singles, unknown angles:

A Class.	
Tuttle.....	11 11 11 11 11—23
Carr.....	11 11 11 11 11—23
Whyte.....	11 11 10 10 10—21
Devitt.....	11 01 10 10 10—21
C Class.	
Sinclair.....	10 01 11 11 11—19
Brister.....	11 01 10 11 11—19
Kerr.....	11 01 11 11 11—16
Vanderloo.....	11 01 11 11 11—16
White.....	10 00 11 11 11—15
D Class.	
Garrett.....	11 11 11 11 11—22

“FOREST AND STREAM.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Three Copies, \$10. Five Copies, \$16.

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Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price \$3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price \$1.50.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

THE EDUCATION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—With all the boasted progress of America in shipbuilding and its allied arts, it is a matter of national discredit that there is not an institution in the country in which instruction is given in the great field of naval architecture, nor is there any satisfactory opportunity for study available to young men who desire to fit themselves as designers or shipbuilders. The country which has been the actual birthplace of the steamboat, the ocean steamer, and the screw propeller; that has led the world for long periods in steam craft, war vessels, clipper ships and yachts, has rested for nearly forty years, with not one determined effort to keep in the lead by means of a systematic course of instruction for young men. Such progress as has been made is the result of individual effort in the face of difficulties which never should have existed.

We are frequently called on for advice by young men who desire to pursue a course of work or instruction that will fit them for designing merchant vessels or yachts; or for various branches of shipbuilding, and we are at a loss to aid such applicants. In regard to yacht designing and building, there is not a designer or a yard in the country with such an amount of steady work as would warrant the employment of learners or apprentices throughout the whole year, giving them any systematic instruction or practice. The only opening is in the larger yards where merchant vessels, and of late war ships, are built, and though these have greatly improved of late, they by no means fill the requirements. We speak from experience when we say that a dozen years ago the most important of American ship yards was as poor a place as a young man could find to waste his time in, either in the drafting room, the machine shop or on the building ways; while at that time, as to-day, there was not an institution at which instruction in naval architecture could be obtained.

This is the more remarkable in view of the growth of scientific schools and the increased facilities for obtaining a technical education in all branches but one. To-day there is, so far as we are aware, nothing outside of the Naval Academy of Annapolis, which is necessarily limited, save the two schools of designing in Boston, which in a small and unpretentious way have accomplished a great deal. New York, once the greatest shipbuilding center of the country, offers nothing to the student of naval architecture.

Thanks to the liberality and public spirit of one of the greatest of American shipbuilders, Wm. H. Webb, this deficiency will soon be remedied to a certain extent, as work is now progressing on a building in the suburbs of the city which he is erecting for the double purpose of a home for aged shipbuilders and their wives, and also of a school of practical instruction for young men. While the details of the latter part of the scheme are not fully arranged, when carried out under the practical direction of Mr. Webb, they will offer a most valuable aid to a limited number. At the same time the pressing need exists for a chair of naval architecture in one of the leading colleges, filled by a properly qualified expert, and giving at least as good instruction as is offered by similar institutions in England.

MEASUREMENT RULES FOR OPEN BOATS.—We quote from the *Boston Herald* some very sensible remarks on the sub-

ject of “mean length” rules for the encouragement of “sawed-off” models, as opposed to more modern and liberal rules. By adhering persistently to length rules, the open-boat sailors of Boston and New York have restricted and impeded the development of their boats, shutting out entirely all modern features. When the New York Y. R. A. was established, we advised the adoption of the Seawanbaka rule for all cabin yachts; even though, as a matter of policy, it might be necessary to begin with a length rule for the open boats. Had this advice been followed, the cabin yacht classes would have been stronger by far than they are to-day, while the same rule would probably have been adopted by the open-boat men. In view of the general adoption of the clipper stem and overhanging stern throughout the yachting world and by all recognized designers, it is rather amusing to see the fight so obstinately kept up by a few to their own disadvantage.

CORRECTED LENGTH CLASSES.—A correspondent who has given much thought to the subject of corrected length classification, adds a word this week in favor of the plan which we recently proposed of alternative limits by corrected length. The experiment might very easily be tried next year in at least two classes, the 30ft. and 40ft. under present rules, by the clubs offering special prizes in certain races for yachts not exceeding 30ft. corrected length in the one class nor 54ft. in the other. There would be no injustice to existing boats and no disturbance of the usual conditions, but much might be learned in regard to the action of the new method.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.—The America's Cup may be looked upon as “saved” for another season, the time within which a challenge might be received having expired. We learn from Lieut. Henn that there is no further talk of challenging among British yachtsmen as long as the new deed is retained.

ANOTHER SMALL CRUISER.

THE little cruiser herewith illustrated was built from a design by Mr. H. K. Wicksteed some three years since and has been used about Montreal on the St. Lawrence River. The design was sent us some time since, but as the sailplan then used was not quite satisfactory we held it in hopes of obtaining a better one. As this style of craft is now under discussion, and as the question of rig is independent of that of model, the design may be more interesting to some of our readers than the craft with longer overhang. Three scales are given for boats 16, 17 and 20ft. over all. The Montreal boat was of the smallest size, 16ft. 9in. l.w.l., 4ft. 4in. beam and 11in. draft. She has proved a very handy cruiser, being used single-handed or giving ample room for two persons. The rig consists of two gunter sails, the gaff or yard being well peaked up. The areas are 100 and 31sq. ft. The centerboard is of plate iron, weighing 75lbs.

THE NEW 90FT. SCHOONER.—The contract for the 90ft. steel schooner designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith has just been signed, the owner being Mr. John E. Brooks, the former owner of Montauk, and the builder being Piegrass, of City Island. The yacht is of the general type of Iroquois, a deep centerboard boat intended for off-shore cruising and for summer racing, but the model is quite different from Iroquois in the ends, the bow being carried out with a fullness at and above the waterline, the overhang being quite long, but by no means equal to Gloriana. The principal dimensions are, l.w.l. 90ft., beam 23ft., draft 10ft. 8in. The midship section is powerful, the keel line is comparatively straight from the sternpost, rounding up gradually, and although cut away in modern fashion, the contour is less exaggerated than the new keel boats, while the waterline is round and full, and the diagonals run round and fair for the full length of the overhanging ends. The yacht is expected to carry a large sail plan in summer. The sticks are further aft than in other new schooners.

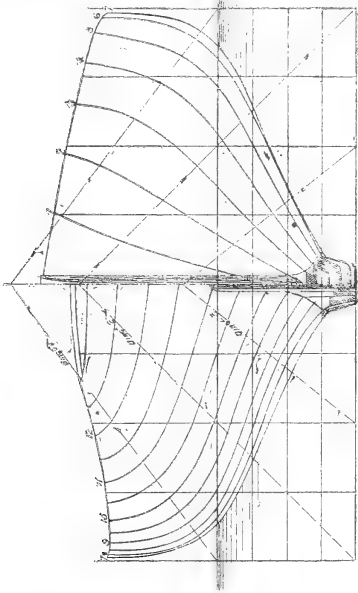
THE DEATH OF MRS. BURGESS.—Mrs. Caroline S. Burgess, the widow of Edward Burgess, died on Dec. 16 after a week's illness. Mrs. Burgess had been in delicate health for several years, being very ill at the time of her husband's death in July. The immediate cause of her death was pneumonia. She leaves two young sons, who will be well provided for by the generosity of Mr. Burgess's friends and associates in Boston and New York. Since Mr. Burgess's death a fund of over \$30,000 has been quietly raised for the purpose of educating the children.

VALDA.

THE yachtsman who has plenty of water to sail in, and is near at hand to competent designers and builders, with a fleet of good boats from which to form an idea of what will best suit him, can hardly appreciate the difficulty under which yachting is carried on in less favored and more remote localities, or the trials of those in particular who are energetic and progressive, and desirous of something better than the general run of local craft. The St. Lawrence River at Montreal was evidently planned with no idea that it was ever to become the home of a yacht club, its reefs and shoals forbidding a working draft of over three feet, while the broad waters of "Lac St. Pierre" and "Lac Two Mountains" at times show a short, steep sea that calls for a particularly able craft, however small she may be.

In spite of the natural disadvantages, Montreal has, as our readers know, an active and growing yacht club, the St. Lawrence, the races being reported regularly through the season. The fleet has been made up of craft from all quarters, the only point of uniformity being in the matter of draft. The old New York sandbagger has always been well represented, with Cuthbert boats from Lake Ontario; home-built craft by local builders, and various odd models from remote Canadian waters. Starting with shifting ballast, unlimited crews, a mixed fleet of all sizes, and with the majority of the racing men opposed to any rules which bore heavily on their craft, the work of introducing better rules and of bringing the racing up to more modern ideas has been a very heavy task. It has been so far successful, however, that the races of the club are now sailed under the rules of the Lake Y. R. A., with a corrected length classification; shifting ballast and unlimited crews have been abolished, and several fixed classes have been established, to which the older boats have accommodated themselves, and to which new ones are also being built.

The little craft whose lines are here given has played such an important part in the racing of the past two seasons, and has done so much to give a practical demonstration of what is possible under the new rules and conditions, that at our request her owner, designer and skipper has given us a tracing of his original design. The yacht is in every way the work of an amateur, having been designed and almost built by her owner, Mr. G. H. Duggan, a mechanical engineer connected with the Dominion Bridge Company, of Lachine, near Montreal. Though a skillful draftsman, Mr. Duggan's experience as a designer has been very limited, Valda being his first yacht. The builder, St. Onge, an old French Canadian, has a local reputation for his skiffs and for neat and honest work; but is utterly innocent of any knowledge of building from moulds, all of his boats being built by eye alone. Under such circumstances the building from a design was doubly difficult, and the designer was obliged to lay down the boat and get out the moulds, laying off all the parts, and closely superintending the entire construction. The builder was familiar only with lapstrake work, so the boat was built in this manner. In spite of these difficulties the work has proved very satisfactory, the boat being fair and smoothly and strongly built.



"VALDA" - BODY PLAN.

Valda was designed for the 21ft. L.W.L. class, a length rule being in force in 1890, but being a believer in corrected length, and anticipating the adoption of the new classification, Mr. Duggan kept the design within moderate limits. When the rule was changed last winter he determined to race Valda in the new 29ft. c.l. class, her corrected length being 24ft. 11in. Her racing in 1890 was done with a crew of six and with 700lbs. iron on the keel, but in the past season she has carried but five men, her ballast being increased to 1,720lbs. of lead.

She has been started in every race but two that has been open to her during the two seasons, her owner steering her on every occasion, and she has besides been constantly used for sailing and short cruising. Her best work has been in light winds and to windward or free, the poorest point of sailing being reaching. She has contended very successfully with yachts of much greater size, though on one occasion she was beaten by the fastest of the local skiffs, Thora, a boat with 18ft. L.W.L., 5ft. beam, and 19ft. c.l. Valda's dimensions are: Length over all, 27ft. 11in.; L.W.L., 20ft. 10 1/2in.; beam, extreme, 7ft. 11in.; L.W.L., 6ft. 11in.; draft, 2ft. 1/2in. The draft was limited to this small figure as the water is especially shoal at Lachine, the home of her owner. Valda's racing record up to the present date is as follows:

RECORD OF VALDA, 20FT. 10 1/2IN., L.W.L., SAILING IN 21FT. L.W.L. CLASS, 1890.

June 21.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—21ft. and 26ft. classes. Wind light. Ten starters. Valda led fleet by 3m. 45s. elapsed time. Lulu of 29ft. 5in. c.l. second. This race was declared off by the sailing committee, the customary time limit having been exceeded, although none had been set before the race.

July 1.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—All classes. Wind light, freshening at finish. Nine starters. Valda won from her class by 2m. 21s., and was second in fleet.

July 5.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—All classes. Wind good, topsail breeze. Six starters. Valda first in her class by 9m. 16s. and was only beaten by Lulu of 27ft. L.W.L. by 16s.

July 26.—Valois Annual.—Special handicap. Wind fresh. Four starters. Valda scratch, but won first from Mabel 21ft. although allowing her 8m. handicap.

Aug. 3.—Pointe Claire Annual.—Wind light but freshening. Three starters. Lulu 27ft. L.W.L., Minnie A. 25ft. 5in. and Valda 21ft. Valda first on elapsed time.

Aug. 30.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—All classes. Wind fresh, double reef. Three starters. Classes did not fill and Chaperone 26ft. 5in., Minnie A. 25ft. 5in. and Valda 21ft. sailed together. Valda won by 2m. 25s. corrected time.

1891.

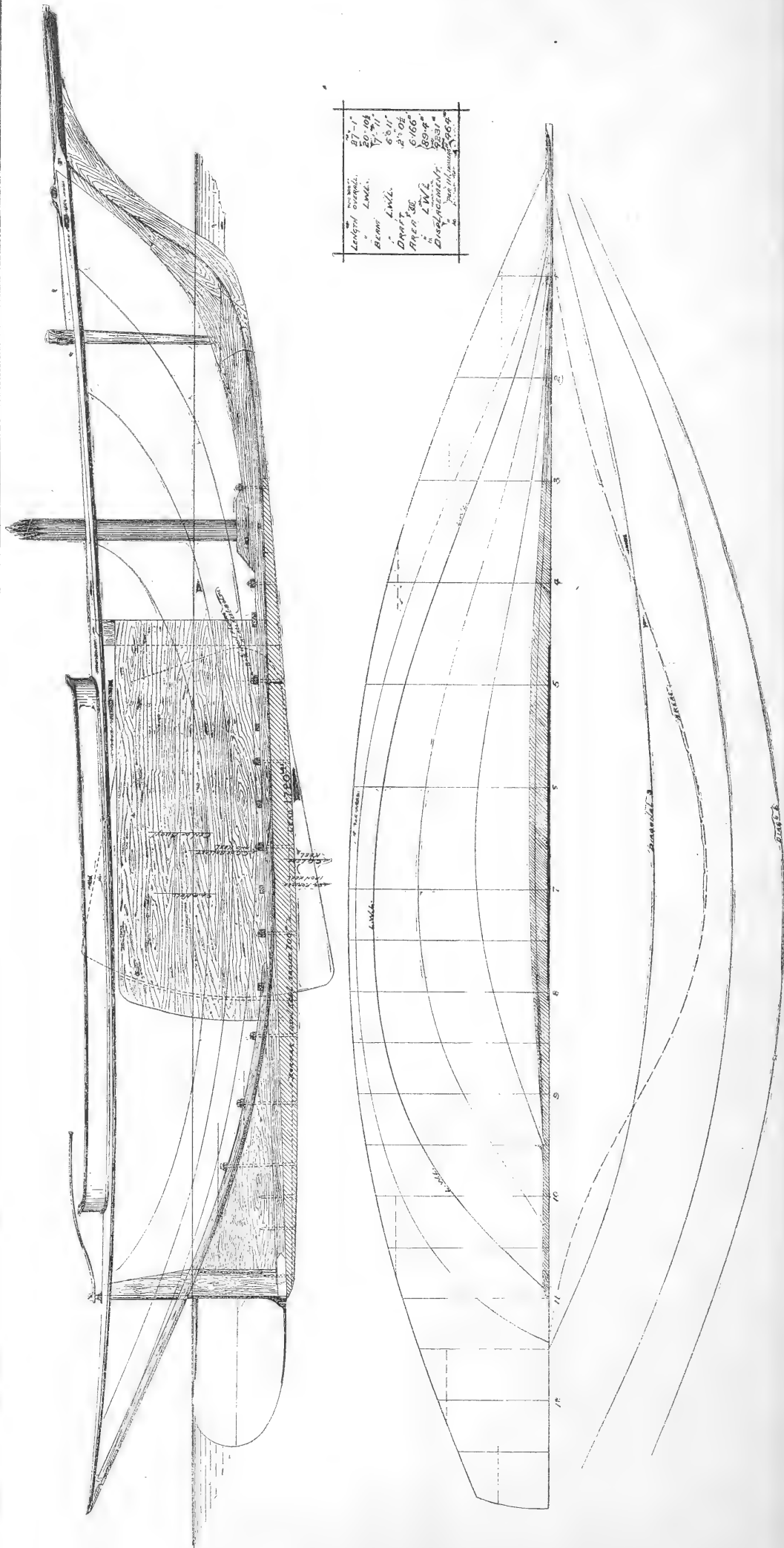
The club classification was changed this year to 21ft., 24ft. and 29ft. c.l., the new classes keeping the boats as they had been under former L.W.L. classes. Valda measuring 23ft. 5in. c.l. had her spar plan altered to make her measure 24ft. 11in., thus bringing her into the 29ft. class with Chaperone, a Jarvis compromise with Laphorne sails of 29ft. 9in. c.l., Mollie Bawn by Burgess of 26ft. c.l., Frolic by Mumm of 28ft. 5in., and Breeze by Cuthbert of 26ft. c.l.

May 25.—Special unclassified sweepstakes. Wind fresh but shifting. Four starters. Dream of 32ft. 5in. c.l. first, beating Valda, second, of 24ft. 11in. c.l. by 3m. 24s. This race was nominally eight miles, but four miles was a thrash to windward in a two-mile current, the race occupying in a fresh breeze two hours.

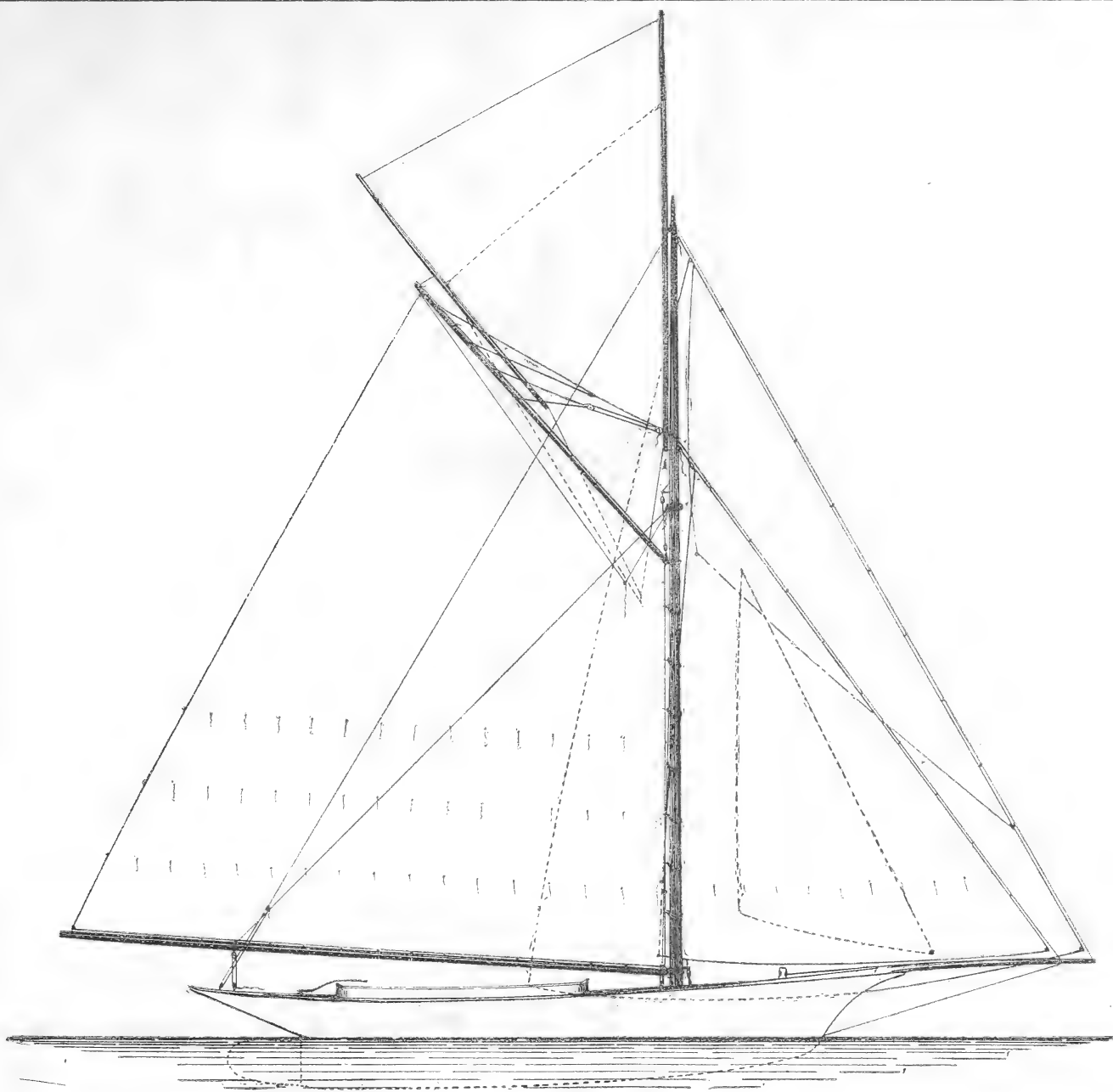
June 13.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—29ft. class. Topsail breeze. Four starters. Valda first by 6m. 24s. corrected time.

June 27.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—All classes. Single reef breeze. Twelve starters. Valda first in class by 5m. 25s. corrected time.

July 1.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—All classes. Topsail breeze. Ten starters. Valda first in her class by 9m. 5s. and making the best time over the course by 1m. 52s.



OPEN RACING BOAT "VALDA." DESIGNED BY G. H. DUGGAN, 1890.



"VALDA"—SAIL PLAN.

July 11.—St. Lawrence Y. C.—29ft. class. Wind flawy. Valda second, Chaperone taking first.

July 25.—Valois Annual Special Handicap.—Wind fresh. Single reef. Four starters. Valda beaten 2m. by Viking of 35ft. c.l. by the same designer. Valda should get 8m. from Viking but in this race was scratch.

Aug. 29.—Special unclassified race over special course.—All classes combined. Lower sail breeze. Valda led the fleet by 4m. 28s. elapsed time but had to give 16m. 43s. to Thora, a St. Lawrence River skiff of 19ft. l.w.l., and that boat won the first prize by 1m. 30s.

In her two seasons, therefore, Valda has started thirteen times, winning nine firsts and four second places. She has but once been beaten by a boat of her own class and has beaten the first class boats five times of the eight that they happened to start together.

Of the four first places lost, in one she was actually first by six minutes corrected time, but lost on handicap. One was lost to a boat of 35ft. 5in. c.l. in a fresh breeze and another on time to a St. Lawrence skiff which got from Valda 16m. 46s. on a ten-mile course through a curious result of the approximate measurement of sail area, Valda having 680 sq. ft. actual sail on 21ft. l.w.l., while the skiff had 400 sq. ft. actual sail on 19ft. l.w.l. Valda, being 24ft. c.l., would under the club rules allow Thora, 19.3ft. c.l., but 4m. 27s. in 10 miles.

RACING RULES FOR OPEN BOATS.

THE annual meetings of many yachting clubs will take place the coming month, and the question of new measurement rules is sure to come up in the clubs which are composed of the smaller class of boats. For years it has been the cry of the small boat owner and clubs that they have been crowded by the larger boats and have not had fair play. If the members of the small clubs knew it, they are standing in their own light, and by their unreasonable rules are preventing yachtsmen from building a type of small boat which their present rules prevent.

One thing is certain, the club which puts the least restriction on the design is sure to succeed in the end, and new boats of the radical type will be built as experiments.

The taxing of overhangs is inconsistent with speed, because it affects the elements of a design greatly and prevents public spirited yachtsmen from going forward. Nobody wants a slow boat and all want the fastest, whether she be cruiser or racer.

The Corinthian Club stands out as a success, because its members are progressive, and its rules are so broad that boats of all kinds may be developed with but little hindrance.

The time has gone by for the "sawed off" constituency to control much longer. The races between the Tartar, Mabel, Queen Mab, and other old boats have ceased to be interesting, from the very fact that nothing is to be gained from the results.

The American yachting public want new ideas tried, and they do not believe in standing still. The "sawed off" has almost reached its highest development, and the question to be decided is: Can the 21-footer or other class length of the cat or jib and mainsail boat be improved, if restrictions are taken off the design?

The catboat of to-day is, with a few exceptions, practically the same boat that it was 20 years ago. The Queen Mab and Mabel were racers over 15 years ago, and the writer well remembers the match races between the Mabel and Ionia on Dorchester Bay over 10 years ago. The races then created more interest than they do now.

There is a healthy feeling growing up in the small clubs in regard to broader rules for measurement. The thinking men of the clubs have come to the conclusion that restrictions must be taken off designs, and in this they coincide with designers.

Something must be done to create a new interest in the smaller classes and this means a radical change in the rules.

Clubs that tax overhangs both forward and aft will not be

patronized, while those showing broader ideas are bound to succeed.

A boat with overhangs runs the risk of being barred out for exceeding the length, while the square ender can be sunk to her planksheer and still hold her length.

The regatta committee of the small boat clubs would do a good thing by coming together and talking the matter over. An interchange of views is sure to be beneficial, and yachting in the end will be benefited.—*Boston Herald.*

CORRECTED LENGTH AS AN ALTERNATIVE RULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that your suggestion that the leading yacht clubs establish one or more classes with a corrected length limit as alternatives and experiments is the most sensible and practical one which has been made for some time. It appears to me that there is a capital opportunity to do so at present. Rumors of a 53ft. class are in the air. Why cannot half a dozen of the leading clubs offer prizes for a class of 53ft. sailing length? A 46-footer with 4,000ft. of sail would fit into it quite handsly. And judging from the performance of that class with the Clara, it would not be an easy matter to beat them with more length and less sail.

At the same time, it would be open to any one to try with say 50ft. length and 3,600ft. of sail, or even 53ft. of length and 3,250ft. of sail. If the larger boat proves the faster, why is she not also the better in other respects? She would cost little more to build, less to handle, have more accommodation and probably be a better sea boat. It seems to me that the notion that a classification by corrected length would produce an undesirable type of boat is a pure bogey, born mostly of ignorance and misrepresentation. I cannot see why an English 20-rater of 46ft. is not, so long as you keep her at the sail area for which she was designed, a more convenient, comfortable, good all-round boat than an American racing craft of the same length, but with the sail area of a 40-rater 53ft. long. But admitting that she is not, there is not much prospect that she would prove a winner in American waters under corrected length. The generally lighter winds and smoother waters render it almost certain that a shorter boat with larger sail area would prove superior. Even in Great Britain the difference in length between the winners at Southampton and on the Clyde, where the prevailing winds are lighter, is quite marked.

At any rate, nothing will ever be learned without experiment. The establishment of a 53ft. c.l. class would give an opportunity to make such an experiment in the most interesting manner between the 46-footers and any longer boat that would fit the class. Now is the time to try it, before a lot of 53-footers with monstrous sail plans are called into existence.

C. L.

D. J. LAWLOR.

THE many friends of the veteran naval architect, D. J. Lawlor of Chelsea, will be pained to learn that he is confined to his bed, dangerously ill with cancer of the stomach, and there is but little hope of his recovery. A visit to his home in Chelsea yesterday found him very weak and steadily failing, and his demise may be expected at any time. Mr. Lawlor was born in St. John, N. B., in 1824, and came to this city when fifteen years old. He procured employment and served his apprenticeship with Whitmore & Holbrook, well-known shipbuilders at that time. On learning his trade he went to Gloucester, where he carried on boat building for some years. He returned to Boston about this time, and for forty years has taken a most prominent part in ship building and yacht designing. Soon after his return to this city he designed the brigantine News Boy for Dabney & Co. of this city, and she was a wide departure from the then prevailing type of merchant vessel. The News Boy attracted world wide attention, and was favorably commented on in *Griffith's Nautical*

Magazine. This was his starting point. He was always a good student, and by close application became very apt in his profession. No man on either side of the water can claim a wider experience, for he has designed and built more vessels than any of his co-laborers. Over 150 merchant vessels were built from his designs, and these include ships, barks, brigs, schooners, of two, three and four masts. He has also designed quite a number of towboats. Among the fishing vessels were the Sarah Pryor, John H. McMann, Sylvester Whalen, Susan R. Stone and others. When the steamship Meteor was projected, the late R. B. Forbes requested him to make a design and model, and the prize was won by Lawlor against the field, among whom were Messrs. Webb and Steen. The veteran designer has a fleet of nearly 500 vessels to his credit, and in nearly all cases he both designed and laid the vessels down. Many of these he built at his yard, corner of Condor and Meridian streets, East Boston. In steam yachts he clearly has the lead, for the steam yachts designed by him number 117. The Adelta and the one now building in Providence are among the number. Mr. Lawlor designed and built the schooner yacht Gitana, and there is not a better sea-going vessel afloat. It is a remarkable fact in his career that he has designed the last vessel built at Hingham and also at Medford. In the pilot boat fleet Mr. Lawlor has fifteen vessels. Among them are the Hesper, Phantom and D. J. Lawlor. Mr. Lawlor is a self-educated man and his success is due to his own efforts. He came here a poor boy and had no one to help him. His departures in naval architecture were as radical in their time as those of to-day. He had ideas of his own and was not afraid to carry them out. He invented the double topsail on square riggers, and also the cut of head sails. Before the late Mr. Burgess went into naval architecture as a profession, he often visited the veteran, and from him gained many a good point. Mr. Lawlor represents faithfully the old school of mechanics, well up in all branches of the trade. The cost of the fleet designed and built by the veteran would reach well up into the millions. The gap left by the late Edward Burgess and removal of Mr. Lawlor from active work is one that cannot be easily filled. Both were clever in their specialties.—*Boston Herald.*

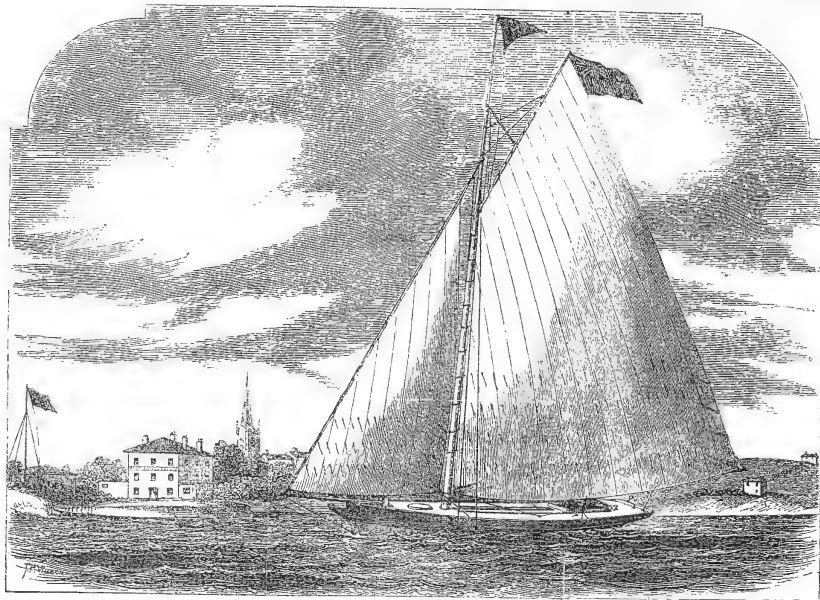
HARLEM Y. C. ELECTION.—The annual election of officers of the Harlem Y. C. took place on Dec. 17 at the club house, 519 East 121st street. The officers elected were: Com., T. H. McDonnell; Vice-Com., Mortimer P. Lee; Rear-Com., Julius Greenbaum; Fleet Capt., F. Natterer; Treas., S. J. McCauley; Meas., W. D. S. Hyer; Fin. Sec'y, H. B. McAllister; Rec. Sec'y, E. L. Fellman; Cor. Sec'y, T. B. Bates; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Cox; Steward, A. Borst; Board of Directors, Geo. W. Fuller, Jas. F. Lalor, T. W. Jackson, Wm. Towner, A. Johnston, Robert H. Wiley, A. M. Stebbins; House Committee, W. A. Hall, A. G. Austin, W. Scardefield, J. T. Kennedy, T. J. Hendry; Membership Committee, H. L. Fuller, H. G. McCord, John Traugott.

LIEUT. HENN.—In a letter this week Lieut. Henn informs us that he has been compelled to give up his projected visit to America in consequence of the serious illness of Mrs. Henn, and they will spend the winter in Scotland instead of Florida, a matter of regret to both. Galatea is laid up at Dartmouth. We have received a remarkably fine photo of her, made from a painting by Admiral Beechey, R. N., showing her under trysail, storm jib and staysail, on the return voyage across the Atlantic in 1887.

ALTERATIONS.—Hop, Leslie, sloop, has received a new stern at Frisbe's yard, Salem. Charn, F. S. Ketchum, New Jersey Y. C., has been raised 6in. and lengthened.

CONQUEROR.—The case of the steam yacht Conqueror, owned by F. W. Vanderbilt and recently seized by Collector Fassett, of the port of New York, was before the Supreme Court at Washington last week, but no decision was reached.

SAGAMORE. steam yacht, W. A. Slater, will sail shortly for the Mediterranean with her owner and family on board.



BRITISH CENTERBOARD SLOOP "VICTORIA," 1849.

BRITISH CENTERBOARD YACHTS.

NOW that the centerboard yacht has become an active factor in British yachting, a certain interest attaches to the early history of the centerboard. The accompanying drawing was published in the "Rural Almanac and Sportsman's Illustrated Calendar" for 1873, with the following description:

"Centerboard yachts have never been looked upon with a favoring eye in England. It is true we have hundreds of boats of which the American 'Una' was the type, but not one that could be dignified with the name of 'yacht' have we. The Americans on the other hand have adopted centerboards in their largest yachts, and moreover employ that appliance in merchant ships of four and five hundred tons burden. But the centerboard has not been adopted in America on account of any inherent virtue it possesses; its adoption has been entirely one of necessity. Nearly all the channels and harbors along the eastern American coast, from New Jersey to New Brunswick, are extremely shallow, and would not be accessible to the old-fashioned British deep yacht or merchantman. Consequently the Americans have been driven into building vessels of very light draft of water and great beam, and as such vessels are, by reason of the narrowness of the immersed longitudinal section, deficient in weatherly qualities, a moving keel is applied, which can be lowered when sailing to windward in deep water, and hauled when going through a shallow channel or when sailing before the wind."

"But it must not be supposed that the centerboard or sliding keel was an American invention; on the contrary, it is a very old English idea, and we have at this moment before us the design of a boat with a sliding keel, built by Lord Percy in 1774; another design, from which a boat with sliding keel was built at Deptford in 1789, is also before us; and we have also the design of the celebrated revenue cruiser Trial, designed by Lieut. Schank, R.N.,

and built in the Government dockyard at Plymouth, in 1789. It will thus be seen that Englishmen can claim the invention of the sliding keel and centerboard, and the Americans are to be credited with the discernment that first saw, utilized and acknowledged its merits.

It is generally supposed that a large centerboard yacht is not so seaworthy as a keel yacht; but this is entirely a mistake, the Vesta, centerboard schooner yacht, crossed the Atlantic in the winter of 1886 and encountered very heavy weather; her crew declared that she behaved splendidly through it all—that she was buoyant, easy and dry. American yachts frequently get caught in heavy weather when away from their cruising ground, but we have not heard of one being lost. Of course a large beamy, shallow yacht that carries little or no ballast requires a little more careful handling than the deep, heavy ballasted one, but there is no pretence for saying they are unsafe. For our own part we often wonder that as there are so many English 'yachtsmen' who keep yachts and never move out of the Solent, or out of their native river or harbor, that some of them do not patronize the light and airy American centerboard. Every little creek and inlet is accessible to them; they are extremely handy and make very high speed in such light winds as would scarcely move a 200 tons schooner that carries about 70 or 80 tons of iron and lead as ballast.

"The Victoria, of which we give an engraving, was built at Liverpool in 1849, from a design of Mr. Charles Melling, whose Safety Yacht we gave an illustration of in the Rural Almanac for 1870. The Victoria was 32ft. over all, 11ft. beam, 34ft. draft aft and 1ft. 9in. forward, and was fitted with a sliding keel 10ft. long. Her tonnage by English measurement was 13 tons. Her rig is not that of the Una type—the latter have the mast stepped right in the eyes and carry no headsail—but represents a rig common in America, even in large yachts. There are a great many disad-

vantages to one large headsail which the yacht sailor well understands. The Victoria was fast and weatherly, but the model, since the time when she skimmed over the Mersey, has been improved upon, and probably if Mr. Melling designed a centerboarder at this time, she would be a very different craft from the Victoria. We simply give the sketch of her as a 'landmark' in yacht designing; all such things should be preserved, as the study of them forms part of the education of the naval architect, and moreover, they preserve us from falling into exploded errors, and will prevent a man usurping credit for a design that perhaps had existence before he was born."

Canoeing.

COMMODORE WINNÉ requests us to give notice that he and Sec'y-Treas. Wackerhagen will be at the Murray Hill Hotel on Dec. 27, and will be glad to meet all canoeists, especially those who have suggestions to make or questions to ask concerning the Association or the meet.

SMALL SAILING CRAFT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have thought to write you for a long time about my little boat built from lines taken from "Canoe and Boat Building," and as the small boat men seem to have the floor, take this opportunity.

I built from lines of the Priscilla, with 1ft. added to length, making 16ft. over all; and the boat spread somewhat after the ribs were in, making her 4ft. 6in. beam. I have a fine little boat, and a fast one, and in light winds a wonder. I have added a jib for racing, my company being the 25-footers.

My racing mainsail has close on to 200ft., and the jib 35ft. I take a little sand when alone, but she does nicely with one, two or half a dozen aboard, as I have tested her in a piping breeze. There is to be quite a fleet of this class of boat here next season, three being already built on the Priscilla's lines as modified by me. They are built quite light, so as to be easily housed, and of light draft, so as to get into the bays, over the weeds, or out on the beach almost anywhere. I have taken great pleasure in reading about the Mad Cap, So So, and other small boats, and want to shake with them, and to thank the author of "Canoe and Boat Building" for the pleasure I have taken with Priscilla.

E. W. DELANO.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Richmond Ellis, B. R. Roome, Arlington, N. J.; Dr. W. G. Budington, New York; Maurics D. Wilt, Philadelphia, Pa.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. C. W., Okahumpka, Fla.—The manufacturers will send you full directions on application.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—The gun should pattern about 150 to 160 pellets, and ought to penetrate about 15 to 17 sheets Dennison's penetration pads.

X.—Do you publish a book called "Florida Fishing" or "Florida Fishes." What is the price? Ans. No; but our special "Florida Number," of Jan. 9, 1890, is a volume in itself.

A. P. D., California.—Use 3/4drs. powder, 1 1/2 oz. shot, and experiment with slightly varying loads until you have determined best pattern and penetration, 30yds. circle at 40yds.

E. B., Wellsville, N. Y.—Will you kindly inform me through your correspondence column 1. Does the hare or the rabbit bring forth its young on top of the ground? 2. Which have their eyes open when born? Ans. 1. We have hares (not rabbits) in this country. Hares do not burrow; they lie in bushes or depressions in the ground, or in holes in the rocks, hollow trees, etc. 2. The young of the hare have their eyes open at birth, and are covered with hair, while the young of the rabbit are blind and naked.

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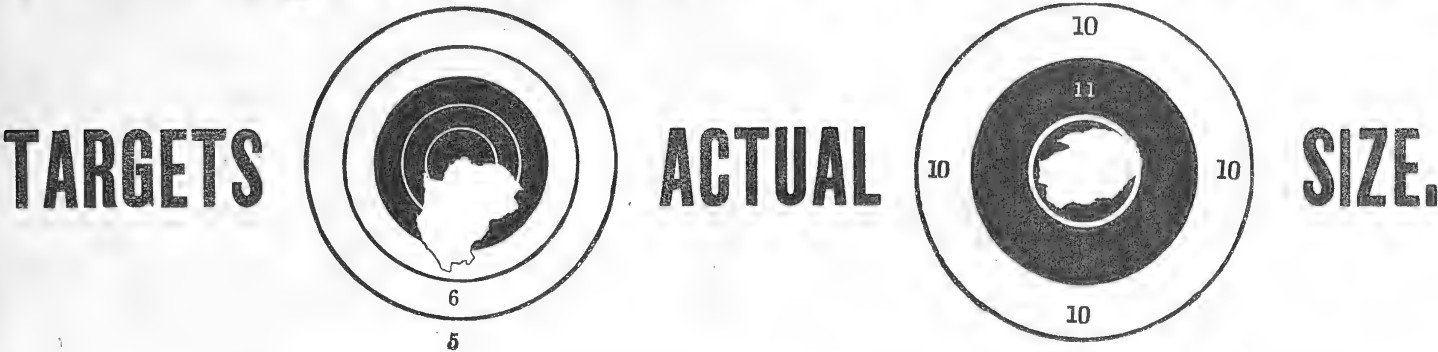
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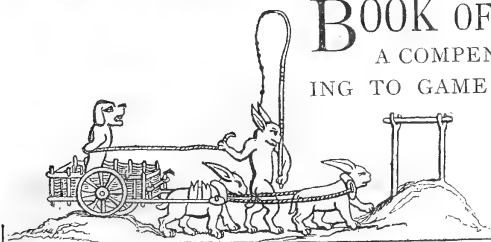
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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1891.

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 24.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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"FOREST AND STREAM."

On January 7 the "Forest and Stream" will be permanently enlarged to 32 pages. The price will remain the same.

THE REVOLVER SHOOT.

THE revolver competition for the Winans trophy is calling out a goodly number of expert shots, and by the time it shall be completed the trial may fairly enough be termed national in its scope. There was at one time a disposition in some quarters to criticise the accepted conditions as to distance of firing, but the event has demonstrated the wisdom of the 20yds. selection. As was said by Mr. Conlin, of this city, who has had a long experience with revolver shooters, it is all well enough to talk glibly about fine work at 50yds., but when it comes to getting a list of shooters to compete at that distance, the men are not readily to be found. Fine shooting at 20yds. is in every way a test of skill as exacting as coarser work at the longer range, and as for practical use of the weapon, no one will deny that it is to be employed at the very shortest range in the thickest of hand-to-hand conflicts. An officer mounted would ride up and reserve his fire to the last moment. It is very instructive to have scores made at long ranges on large targets. Such shooting enables estimate to be made of the average aberration of man and arm together, but it is not always practicable to have a 50 or a 100yd. range. Jumping to the other extreme, the matter of 12yd. shooting has been so ciphered down, and the scores have been made so close, that the experts ought in self-respect to abandon that distance. All the merit in very close scores has gone with the production of the fine weapons now to be found in every gallery. Double the distance, and both the shooter and his revolver are put to

more than double test. The time will come when 20yds. shooting will show as fine records as those now on the walls for 12yds. To hasten that time was one of the considerations which led FOREST AND STREAM to fix that limit for the amateur revolver contests.

IMPASSABLE FISHWAYS.

ON Nov. 19 we published a communication on fishways in which the Holyoke structure was described as a failure because of its faulty construction. This is only one of many similar cases which have come to our knowledge. Inspector J. R. Kinney of the district comprising the counties of King's, Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queen's and Lunenburg in Nova Scotia, in his annual report for 1890 has the following to say about the subject: "Of all the fishways in this district I know of but three or four that are properly cared for. In more than one instance, as I have before pointed out, the fishways have assisted in making the streams non-productive. For instance, take the case of the lower dam on Salmon River, county of Digby, where there is a 'patent' fish ladder, built entirely below the dam, without any attempt at an auxiliary or wing-dam below. Before the creation of fishways and ladders this stream was a noted salmon stream, but now the salmon and alewives have been 'patented' out of existence. Happily the lower dam on the Clyde River was so far demolished that fish have now an unobstructed passage, hence the utility or non-utility of the fishway at that dam is no longer a live question, as the structure is perfectly dry at all times."

Inspector Robert Hockin of District No. 2, Nova Scotia, comprising seven counties, at the end of 1890 reported as follows concerning fishways: "Upon examination of the fishways in this district I found that of those constructed fully 90 per cent. were not, at the time of examination, in such a condition as to allow fish to pass within their spawning grounds, and that they were not fulfilling the purpose for which they were intended."

In the report of Mr. Wilmot, Superintendent of Fish-culture in Canada, we find the following statement: "The undersigned has been instructed on several occasions to visit and inspect certain fish-ladders in different parts of the country and in every case has found them to be perfectly useless, either from unsuitability of location or want of proper construction, the consequence of which has been that these passes, which cost considerable sums of money to help sustain the fisheries of the locality, act the reverse way by giving greater facilities to persons to kill the fish at the entrance of these passes, and by squandering the money in the construction of them—thus showing the necessity that exists for adopting the most perfect fish-ladder now known, and compelling the owners of mill dams to put in these passes, under the requirements of the Fisheries Act, section 13. This want of a duly authorized fish-ladder, and the delay in having an efficient one put in every mill dam or slide, or other obstruction in all of the streams of the country is telling most severely against the keeping up of fish life by the natural as well as the artificial method of reproduction."

We have presented the above statements in order to show one phase of the fishway problem. Effective fishways are in existence and we desire to place on record the results of their introduction. To this end contributions are invited from interested parties everywhere who have opportunity of investigating these important accessories to the increase of the fish supply.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE fatal "accident" on the Hudson River was caused in just the way that the usual didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun "accident" occurs. When the train was brought to a stop a trainman was sent back with his lantern to signal trains approaching from the rear. According to published reports this trainman took it for granted that the next train to follow would be a local and would stop at a station; accordingly instead of remaining on the track to signal the train he went into the station; the train proved to be not the local he had expected, but an express, which thundered by and crashed into the train ahead. All because the trainman took it for granted. The average human being who shoots another with a gun he thought empty in the same way takes it for granted that the gun is unloaded.

So far as close and exciting racing is concerned, the

year just closing compares poorly with some of those immediately preceding it: there has been no great international race, as in '85, '86 and '87, and even the home races have lacked the excitement that attended the advent of Minerva and Liris in the 40ft. class in 1886. While the many races of the new 40ft. class have afforded plenty of sport through the season, the immediate and unqualified success of Gloriana in the first week of the racing, robbed the following races of all interest and excitement, as it was clear from the first that she was without a dangerous rival. The present year, however, will not be forgotten, but will have a prominent place in yachting history. Just as the year 1851 is remembered as a turning point in yacht designing, the old theory of a full bow and fine run being swept away to be replaced by one radically opposite: so the present year—1891—marks a new departure in designing, in every way as notable as the other. Just as the long, fine bow of the America drove out forever the round bluff ends of the old yachts, so has the full waterline of the Gloriana put aside the hollow bows and fine lines of existing yachts. Paradoxical and contradictory as this statement may appear at first sight, its truth will be plain to all who consider the subject carefully. Of the many distinct steps in advance that have been made in naval architecture in the forty years between 1851 and 1892, one of the most important is that embodied in the full waterline and buoyant topsides of Gloriana.

The extinction of the buffalo from the plains of the West has been followed by a disappearance of the buffalo grass which formed the chief subsistence of that animal. In his paper on "English and American Flowers," in the *Fortnightly Review*, Prof. A. R. Wallace accounts for the supplanting of buffalo grass by other coarser plants by the theory that "the uniform hardening of the surface by the tread of bison, together with the equally regular manuring, favored the growth of this particular form of grasses."

The interesting photograph of a hunting outfit on the Sawtooth Range, which was reproduced in our issue of Dec. 17, was there wrongly credited to Mr. F. Bracht, of this city. The picture was taken by Mr. F. F. Frisbie, of Detroit, Mich., and we take much pleasure in giving him the credit due for so excellent a piece of work. Mr. Frisbie has been fortunate in securing views of camp life and scenery in the wild hunting grounds of the Northwest, and his work demonstrates his skill.

The New York city salt-water fisherman who resorts to the fishing banks off the New Jersey coast is of so much importance commercially that he is to have a sea-going steamboat built especially for him. The well-known Capt. Al Foster, who takes tens of thousands of anglers down to the banks every summer, is building the boat, which will be 225ft. in length, will have three decks, and be provided with devices intended to make salt-water fishing a delight.

It is expected that in 1892 the FOREST AND STREAM will be a better paper even than it has been in 1891, because we shall have better facilities for gathering the news and better facilities for handling it. No enthusiast interested in the gun, the rod, the dog, the trap, the yacht, the canoe, need look elsewhere for all the news. It will be in the FOREST AND STREAM.

It would be a consummation devoutly to be wished if some arrangement could be made by Canada and the United States to secure adequate protection of the fish in the St. Lawrence River system of waters.

"Sniggering" is the term used in Great Britain for what we call "jigging," that is catching a fish by jerking a big hook into its body. It is a heathenish practice and deserving of the heathenish names.

Many a man who cares nothing for shooting and who affects rather to despise your hunting dog is glad enough to share the game that dog helps to provide.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

JIM McLANE'S BAY PONY.

How He Got Him.

SOME time ago a friend of mine suggested to me that we two should take a trip in a flat boat down the upper Mississippi.

The railroad which passes near Fort Benton does not again approach the river as you go east until near the mouth of Milk River, a distance which, following down the bends of the serpentine Missouri, is about 500 miles, though by rail it is not half as long.

We built a boat at Benton and went down past Croquant du Nez, past Cow Island, past the Rock Creek ferry near the site of the old trading town of Carroll, which caved bodily into the flooded Missouri one stormy night, past the mouth of the Musselshell, with its bullet-riddled cabin, and a hundred other spots, resorts of wood hawks and horse thieves, scenes famous for Indian skirmish and border feud.

It is not my purpose to tell about this trip other than to say that after two weeks of toil, cold and exposure we came again within sound of the engines' whistle.

The road lay at some distance from the river, but we ran ashore at the foot of a cut bank and I clambered up to make inquiries at some cabins about a mile away.

After plunging through the brushy thickets in the gathering darkness I found open country, and reached the cabins on the bluff, but I was hardly better off. The householders were pure and primitive Indians, who knew no tongue but their own, and even declined to understand the few words of Piegian I had at my command.

At last, after trying all my own resources from baby talk to dog latin in vain, I made signs to a benevolent-looking old fellow with two pairs of brass bangles in his ears to follow me to the river and talk to my more accomplished companion.

How Brassbangles understood me I can't say, perhaps it was by reason of the necessity of the case. At all events about half an hour later we stood on the bank and my associate by ridiculous but effective gestures made a bargain with the savage to transport our baggage to the railroad on condition that we should give him the boat and its rigging. I afterward added a quantity of old clothes for good measure. Brassbangles, however, was earnest in his petitions for "whisk." This, I assured him, was bad, but he retorted by a most comic pantomime that he smelt my breath. However, he smelt nothing more in the way of whisky on that occasion, and soon we were squatted with our baggage around us in his cabin, where we were compelled to pass the night while awaiting the morning train.

We had eaten our supper and distributed rations to quite a circle of new-made friends. We had smoked a little and seen a quantity of tobacco yield to the persistent begging of our hosts, when my ear caught the sound of a heavy wagon driving fast over the prairie. Brassbangles dropped the blanket that was around his waist and slouched swiftly out. Soon we heard the team stop outside and an imperative voice seemed to direct the unharassing of the horses, while from the crackling and snapping of bushes we thought that some of the contents of the wagon were being carried into the thicket. The newly arrived driver soon came in. He was a dark, sinewy fellow and wore for the moment an expression of mingled distrust and menace. He was, in fact, a whisky trader, and had come on to the Assinaboine reservation with a load of liquor, running the risk of the serious penalties of the law. He fancied at first that we were Government officers, but my friend's tact soon showed him our harmless nature, and he began to make amends for his previous distrust by a frank friendliness.

For my part I was almost sorry that we were not officers, that we might make some effort to destroy the infamous traffic of selling whisky to the Indians, but I became so much interested, as the night wore on, in the trader's stories of the early frontier that my respect for righteousness lost something of its vigor and became perhaps sickled over with thought of the valuable contributions to history and ethnography that the mistaken adventurer was giving us.

Jim's recollections (for the trader's name was Jim McLane) were of many tribes and nations. He himself was half Scotch, half French and half of each of the tribes with which he did, or had done business either in the present or past. How much real Indian blood ran in Jim's veins was doubtful, but it appeared when he spoke of the Piegians that he was half Piegian, when the Assinaboines had a place in the story he was half Assinaboine, and his claims to Crow and Gros Ventre blood seemed to depend also on the association of the moment. I am inclined to think that Jim's mother had been a half-breed, but as he lost his mother in early life and was perfect master of many tongues, he could never quite decide which tribe should claim him, and so gave each one its due turn.

Conspicuous in many of the exploits which Jim narrated was a bay pony, a cause of war fruitful as the beauty of Helen or the body of Patroclus. But to appreciate our historical perspective we must now go back a little nearer the beginning and get an idea of the upper Missouri in the days of the fur trade.

Fort Benton is now a town blessed with a railroad and at the head of steamer navigation on the river, but it is decaying with a rapidity which promises a speedy end. Other towns with more railroads and cheaper freights are taking away its reasons for existence, and the city of Great Falls is relegating Fort Benton to the place of a romantic but past tradition.

Twenty or thirty years ago Fort Benton was perhaps smaller than it is to-day, but it was then the center of a great and growing trade. The square adobe tower and the long mud walls, whose relics we may still see, inclosed a post planted on a flat by the river and commanded by a semi-circle of bluffs, whence a single rifled gun could have ruined the establishment with a dozen shots; but the bluffs were too distant for the range of small arms, and under the conditions of the time the fort was strong.

A firm of fur traders, whose members, Carroll & Steele, had formerly worked for the American Fur Company, had here set up an independent post. The Blackfoot bands, which then held a vast, an almost undiminished territory, brought their peltries here to exchange for the treasures they most loved. Further down the river lived

the Gros Ventres, and these, as well as the Crees and Sarcees from Canada and now and then even distant Kootenays or hostile Crows, made this post a supply point.

Buffaloes were as thick on the prairies as the cattle are now. Wolves and coyotes were numberless. Bear, elk, mountain sheep, antelope and the precious beaver, with otter, fisher, fox and mink, abounded on every side, but chief of all these was the buffalo. The commerce in buffalo robes was immense. And as there was competition among traders, the Indians must be kept in good humor, a task that needed both diplomacy and firmness. Sometimes, in spite of every precaution, the savages would blaze out into hostility; and sly assassination was one of the lesser evils to be feared from people who, when aroused, delighted in the invention and practice of unspeakable cruelties.

One thing the best Indian could not understand, and that is that warfare should be confined to conquering warriors. The Indian on the warpath killed everything and tortured everything that he met if he could.

This is not an indictment of a race, all of whose bad qualities have been fostered by alternations of coddling philanthropy and cruel reprisal grafted on a consistent policy of vulgar theft. It is the statement of a trait that seemed inseparable from Indian blood in its original savagery.

Among the Blackfoot braves who were trading at Fort Benton was a young fellow of high renown as a hunter and fighter. His cringing squaws would spread a robe for him to alight on at the door of the lodge when he came back from the chase. His leggings were beautifully fringed, his blankets were of the most approved device, and his coppery cheeks glowed with broad stripes of red paint.

This proud young dandy, who was named Lone Wolf, traded at the post, and from him Steele had bought the bay pony that forms the subject of this monograph.

But Lone Wolf's temper had for some reason become clouded. He was low in purse and low in mind. Jim McLane, who worked for Steele at the time, noticed the changed demeanor. Lone Wolf no longer responded to the compliments of the day. He neglected or repulsed peace, offerings of sugar, even of tobacco. His heart was poor.

Still amid all the bustle of the post, the sulky Blackfoot did not attract much notice. Jim attended regularly to the horses that were "kept up," that is to those which were sheltered and grained for daily use, and had for a stable a large double log cabin with a padlock on the door.

As he brought in the horses one morning after watering them he passed Lone Wolf lying on the ground and apparently chewing the cud of meditation. Jim tied the horses in the stalls and then gave them hay, but before he finished he heard some one calling his name in front and interrupted his work to step out and see what was wanted. He came back in three or four minutes and was going on with his business when he noticed that the bay pony was gone. For a moment he was puzzled. Then he rushed to the door. The Indian was gone too. He looked up the river and down, he scanned the flat and the bluffs, but neither horse nor Indian was to be seen, nor dust cloud nor any sign of galloping creature. The pair had vanished.

Jim at once reported the facts to Steele and got a sharp scolding. A few days after Steele bought a fine Oregon horse and told Jim to take better care of him than he did of the other one. This was Steele's last allusion to the bay pony. But Jim's spirit was deeply galled. All his Indian blood was boiling at the disgrace of being outwitted by a horse stealer. For in Indian esteem the clever horse thief is but a little lower than the warrior who dangles a hundred scalps, while a man or a tribe that loses horses is as contemptible as a beaten enemy.

Meanwhile Lone Wolf had gone to his camp, about seven miles from Benton, and was running buffaloes earnestly to make up for lost time. Worse than that, he now gave his custom to the rival traders, while old Four Bears, a Blackfoot brave who was on good terms with all sides, used to ride into the post every day or two with tales of the prowess of Lone Wolf and his pony.

"Lone Wolf killed six buffalo to-day," Four Bears would chuckle. "Lone Wolf got good horse, Lone Wolf big chief."

The largest tally for any one day reported by Four Bears was eleven buffalo for the bay pony, but the evident merriment and satisfaction of the old runner were an insult to themselves—and as for any attempt to reclaim the stolen horse, such an idea had entered no one's head. He was the spoil of warlike success; and ugly hints of the untoward fate that would befall Lone Wolf's enemies were whispered around.

But Jim's heart was hot, and yet he was crafty withal. He would take a horse out for exercise and, as soon as he was out of sight, would ride off toward the Blackfoot camp, hide in the brush and watch with a field glass until it got so late he couldn't see, and then he would ride back to the post, stable his horse quietly, and be at his work the next morning with so domestic an air as never to arouse suspicion about his doings.

But around the Blackfoot lodges there was good watch, too, and many precautions were taken to keep all their gains.

Through his glass Jim could often see the band of horses driven in in the evening or taken to water or picketed around the lodges—but there was always a boy or two on guard to give instant alarm. And the bay pony had been disguised. His ears were tied back with a thong passed around his neck, and his skin was plastered in spots with clay. Besides this, he was always tied by a short neck rope to some companion pony, so that it would have been almost impossible to get away with him by a rapid swoop.

And after a month the Blackfoot lodges were moved some six miles further off, so that Jim's scouting trips took nearly the whole night, and were fast wearing out his strength and patience. He became half desperate, and is it not written that fortune favors such as this?

One afternoon Jim set out in an uncompromising mood. He forded the Missouri, and left on an island a new grass rope. Then he coiled his lariat and sneaked rapidly toward the Indian lodges. With his glass he saw a boy driving the horses to drink, and he made a rapid circuit and pulled up behind some brush a couple of hundred yards from the water hole, and as he halted he saw the boy turn around and go into a lodge,

Without a second's pause he dashed between the horses and the lodges and urged the band off toward the prairies, then, as they headed the right way, he rode through, roped the bay pony around the neck, shortened up his hold till he and his prize were close together, and sending his spurs in made his best speed for the breaks of the bad land bluffs.

As he looked back he saw the excited bucks stream out of the lodges and peer after him, shading their eyes with their hands against the rays of the fast declining sun. Then the Indians dashed back to get their guns, and the boys rounded up the scattered herd. It takes little time for tough savages to get ready, and before Jim had half a mile of a lead the Blackfoot braves were thronging after. Jim was riding a grain-fed horse, stronger for brief effort than the grass-pastured Blackfoot ponies, and of course the captured pony had no load, so Jim chose a direction that led him through a country seamed by steep clay-sided barrancas 200ft. deep, and racing up and down these discouragers of pursuit he hoped to distance his hunters. But for a while the Indians gained ground. Hardly more than one wide ridge lay between the chasers and the chased, but the sun had now gone down and the orange sky of twilight brought the crest of the swell into relief. On this crest Jim mounted, and with his utmost efforts managed to maintain his interval of safety, riding in full sight of his foes.

A little later and in the darkness of the interim between the fading twilight and moonrise Jim turned sharp off his course toward the river, and while the baffled braves followed fiercely after nothing, he at his ease again forded the Missouri and tied up his recaptured pony with his grass-rope to a tree. Then he rode to the post, and for the last time crept in with the caution of a thief.

The next morning, after doing his chores in, I fear, a sleepy and imperfect manner, Jim asked Steele what he would take for the chance of getting back his stolen horse. Steele, with the quick sure suspicion of a frontiersman, said, "You've got the horse."

Jim speaking but a partial truth, said he thought he knew how he could get him, but Steele had no fancy for so dangerous a piece of property and thought it would injure his trading with the Blackfoot bands also; so, as he was a generous fellow, he told Jim that he could have the pony if he got him. It did not take long for Jim after thanking Steele to have the animal back in the stable, and hardly was this business done when old Four Bears turned up looking for his accustomed cup of coffee and full to the brim of the deeds of Lone Wolf on the bay pony; for Four Bears's band was camped in a different place from Lone Wolf, and his news was a day old.

"Lone Wolf kill four buffalo yesterday," said the old man, with his triumphant chuckle as he swallowed his coffee.

"Major Steele has a new black horse," said Jim when Four Bears had finished his cup. "Come and see it."

Now, the black horse stood in the first stall and the bay pony in the second. Four Bears while looking critically at the Major's mount caught sight of a white stocking on a bay hindleg in the stall beyond that seemed familiar. He stepped quickly and eagerly around and recognized the animal. He turned toward Jim with his eyes as big as saucers and his mouth open, and covering his mouth with his hand by an Indian gesture eloquent of confusion, he walked out without a word.

Thus the famous pony became the property of Jim McLane. But as that good old rule of ownership, "Let him keep who can," then prevailed in Montana, the future possession of this chattel proved full of chance and change.

The Blackfoot brave, chagrined at being beaten at his own game, was all for reprisal, and his threats were often reported at the post.

When Jim rode his horse out for exercise he always chose the brightest part of a bright day, and rode along the crest of the wide barren ridges whence the eye could command a wide view and easily defeat any attempt at ambushade. But after three or four weeks of watchfulness there was a little relaxation of tension, and, hastening one day on a distant errand, Jim swung around a curve in the trail, and lo! about a hundred yards off and ambling toward him came Lone Wolf with his rifle across his lap and looking, as usual, grim. Jim had but a revolver which, however, was somewhat hidden on his thigh. He was afraid to reach for his weapon, for that would be a signal for instant war, and at a hundred yards the rifle had all the advantage. He was afraid to turn and run lest his enemy should, as he expressed it, "paste me in the back, you know. Them fellows is awful good shots on horseback." So Jim put on a caressing smile and whirling his whip in an ornamental manner, let his whip hand finally rest unnoticed on the handle of his pistol, while every stride of his horse made him feel happier because it put the arms of the possible combatants more on an equality; indeed, at very short range Jim would have the advantage.

Lone Wolf was evidently as much surprised as Jim at the encounter, and sat unmoving while Jim rode up with profuse courtesy and turned his horse swiftly around so as to be on the Indian's right, next the butt of his rifle; then Jim, with the prompt mendacity of a born diplomatist, told Lone Wolf that Major Steele had sent him to Lone Wolf to invite that celebrity to the post in order to present him with gifts and renew their friendly relations. For a moment the Indian pondered. Then he looked at the bay pony and smiled. Then he grunted approval and they rode together to Fort Benton, friendly but very watchful and alert. Arrived at the store Lone Wolf was seated with honor and laden with coffee and tobacco and cartridges, while he for his part gave the Major a handsomely painted parfleche of raw-hide which he carried tied behind his saddle, and between Jim and the Blackfoot reigned white-winged peace for several years, until, in fact, Lone Wolf met his death fighting the Crows.

How He Lost Him.

There was a good deal of nervousness felt at the post, for the Indians were getting uneasy. The Blackfoot bands had drawn off and the scattered parties of Gros Ventres seemed to be concentrating.

The town which had grown up in the flat alongside of the post was laid out in a rough square, and volunteer patrols watched all night on each of the four sides to guard against surprise.

The patrols were divided into three reliefs: the evening watch from six to ten, the middle watch from ten to two, and the morning watch from two until sunrise.

Trading with the Indians had practically stopped. Only a few old friends came in now with uncertain or gloomy news. Of course the horse herd was a matter of anxious attention. Every one brought up his horses if they were within reach, and the band was herded on the flat in sight of the post and partly fed with hay because the feed on the flat had been almost consumed by the mule trains of the freighters.

Some people, however, had left their horses at outlying ranches, and in these cases it was usually thought best to view their probable loss with philosophy. Matt Carroll, however, had a friend who owned two fine driving horses which were running on Jones's ranch, about fifteen miles below Fort Benton, on the right bank of the river. This friend not only wanted his team, but he wanted it badly, for he had to drive to Helena in great haste, and these horses were about the only ones he could rely on for his intended journey.

Carroll had tried several times to get men to go for the horses, but in vain. It was thought, to be sure, that the Gros Ventres were north of the Missouri, but the slightest chance of capture was an unpleasant risk. Finally Carroll happened to remember Jim, so he proposed to give Jim \$50 to ride down and bring the animals up. As Jim was well mounted he could get down in two hours easily, and ought to be able to come back with the team in three hours more—so that starting after breakfast he could be in time for dinner at the post. Jim thought the matter over for a moment, and then lured by the chance of getting some cash, which had of late been a kind of property that he greatly lacked, he agreed to go. The arrangement was made in the afternoon. Jim, counting as present his future earnings, started in on the credit of his contract, and for the first half of the night sought that experience of life and manners which is found in the barrooms and card rooms of the frontier. About midnight he determined to go home, when he suddenly remembered that his turn for patrol duty fell in the morning watch; so he decided that it was not worth while to go to bed, and simply dozed in a chair by the barroom stove until called for duty.

After breakfast Jim saddled his horse, took his rifle and set out. This horse was the identical Blackfoot pony got from Lone Wolf, and from the retrospective value of \$200 which Jim set upon the animal, its memory was clearly precious. Jim forded the river at the first riffle below the post, where in very dry times there was hardly 6 in. of water, and then turned eastward, but not even the chill of the winter morning could enliven his faculties dulled by his long vigil, and perhaps somewhat stupefied by the reaction from his evening's jollity. Jim nodded. His horse sympathized with his humor and jogged easily along. He was going at only half his intended speed, but the thought did not trouble his sleepy mind.

As the road pitched into a steep ravine the horse sidled down with an even more deliberate gait. He reached the bottom and Jim waked to find himself wrenched from the saddle, his gun torn from him, his horse captured and half a dozen painted braves around him. In an instant a knife was at his throat, and his days were like to have then ended but a mild-mannered old gentleman who accompanied the war party prevented the murder and said that the prisoner must be straightway led before the council. The prisoner accordingly was stripped of his coat, trousers and other clothes down to his drawers and undershirt (though his moccasins were left as a favor) and he was made to follow the horses up to the assembly of warriors on the mesa above.

Fortunately for Jim the same mild-mannered old chief who had already saved his life continued to take an active interest in its preservation, perhaps by force of habit, perhaps on the ground of some relationship by blood or adoption. The party assembled were clearly bent on war. There was no baggage to be seen. No squaws. The ponies were without saddles, prepared for rapid work. The men had nothing with them but their arms and, by reason of the cold, their blankets muffled warmly but shapelessly around them, and every face carried broad daubs of red paint, which added to the dull ferocity of the expression.

"My son," said Jim's old friend as they approached, "many questions will be asked you. You must answer these questions. Then you will be protected. I have slept in the same lodge with you, you have given me buffalo meat and coffee, but you must answer the questions. The young men are angry. Their hearts are very high. They want horses and scalps."

The warriors who were squatted around on the ground as Jim's captors came up did not move otherwise than to cast a grim look on the new comer, but when the prisoner's character was explained first one and then another would put a question to the shivering wretch.

How many men were there at the post? Jim made a generous estimate. How were they armed? Did they keep good watch? How many horses were there? Where were they herded? All this had to be answered with approximate truth. And indeed the truth should have made the Indians cautious, but they had gone too far to abandon their project now, and merely got information to shape their attack. When the examination was over there was a well-supported suggestion that it would be wise to take a preliminary scalp for good luck. Jim's old friend, however, stuck to his defense, and it was decided to send the prisoner off to the river and swim him over to keep him from giving the alarm. Two of the young bucks that had effected the capture were detailed for this service.

Jim was tied to the tail of the horse of one man while the other rode behind to see the fun. The trail was steep and stony. Jim's moccasins, already soaked, were of little protection now, and his thin underclothes were torn by every shrub they passed. The horses were put at a fast lope. If Jim stumbled he would be dragged to death, and the grinning savage in front lashed indiscriminately at his horse and his prisoner, sure to torture his captive wherever the blows fell. In a time, short in minutes but long in anxious peril, the party reached the river. Jim's hand was untied, and the Indians, taking their guns carefully, signed to Jim to jump in.

It needed no second hint. Before the sign was finished he had dived into the surging current and was speeding down the rushing stream under water. He rose almost safe from any shot, but to doible assurance he kept on going rapidly down until he reached a shallow far below. Then he waded to the northern shore and sat down under the low cut-bank to get his breath and think.

Until now he had been under a fearful tension. The shock of the surprise, the hideous prospect of torture and death had deprived him of immediate feeling. He shivered, but he didn't know it. His feet were torn and mangled by his run and his body bruised and bleeding from the branches on the trail and the whip of the Indian, but at the time he had no thought for that. Now, as he sat chilled by the icy river, half frozen by the winter wind, bleeding, sore, and at last, for the moment safe, he broke down and cried with the convulsive sobbing of utter pain and prostration.

At last he climbed the cut-bank and found himself on the site of an old cabin, and rummaging around somewhat aimlessly, his eye fell on an old-fashioned cap and ball Colts revolver lost in the rubbish. It was quite worthless, but it was something, and Jim grasped it for want of a better weapon and began slowly to crawl and totter back toward the post, slinking and hiding like a coyote. It was getting along in the afternoon, and the west wind seemed to bring faint sounds of yelling and firing that were not cheerful for a defenseless and freezing man, so he chose a retired den and waited, keeping alive as best he could until after sunset. Then there was no choice—he must get to shelter or perish. He now struck out with what speed he could. At 8 o'clock he had reached that lofty bluff called the Croquant du Nez. On the river side it was almost perpendicular, and he kept along there, thinking that he would thus be safe on one side anyhow.

The wind had now risen to a very gale and it brought to him the sound of voices, but whether of whites or savages he could not tell. He felt fall on his face and waited. The sounds came nearer. Soon he could distinguish forms against the night sky. About 50 yds. away the group stopped and consulted. Jim's first notion was that the men were Indians, and he was about to drop over the bluff and take his chance of being killed by the fall; then a sudden gust brought him some words in English. They were men from the post and their language boded no good to a stray savage.

The same gale that carried the words of the whites to Jim made it useless for him to try to call to them. Yet he must do something, for their peering glances had made out his body and they were going to fire on the chance.

With a shout, perhaps not wholly inaudible, of "don't fire! don't fire!" Jim jumped up and, holding both hands above his head to show at least that he was harmless, he rushed forward and fell in the midst of a reserve party that had come to seek him.

For the Gros Ventre raid had failed to do anything more than capture a lot of horses and the scalp of one defenseless unfortunate, at the expense of two warriors who fell before the rifles of the whites, but, as has been seen, among the animals lost was Jim McLane's horse, who now disappears from history.

H. G. DULOG.

CANOE RECOLLECTIONS.

MY first introduction to a canoe, by personal contact, occurred in my ninth year at the mouth of the River Raisin, in Michigan. I had been vainly trying to capture some rock bass on the banks of the river when I chanced to see an old Indian in his canoe, whom I beckoned to my side and asked him to ferry me over to a charming little island where I thought my chances for sport would be improved. The good red man complied with my request, swept his craft across the water like magic and volunteered to await my pleasure; and having caught a fine lot of fish I was duly landed upon the main shore again, deeply in love with the dugout canoe and as happy as a king. To have a canoe of my own soon became the leading hope of my life, and it was not long before I was gratified, through the kindness of my father, and a nice little Pottowattome affair soon became the leading topic of conversation in the family. In the immediate vicinity of my home, on the southern side of the Raisin, stood two beautiful little islands, all covered with trees, bushes and vines, and the tiny harbor which they formed became the resting place of my canoe; and after I had safely circumnavigated the two islands a number of times I was prepared for further explorations, which I duly accomplished—not only on the Raisin but also on many other waters of the United States.

It was in a birch canoe that I visited the headwaters of the Mississippi River in 1845, when my companions were Chippewa Indians, and whose characteristics it was my privilege to study and admire, and whose so-called savage methods never caused me as much fear as the hooting of an owl over my head, as I counted the stars while lying under my blankets in the shadow of the trees. It was from the same tiny craft that I watched the ripples which were playing with each other in the center of a marshy pond before parting company, some of them turning to the west to find the waters of Sandy Lake and thence to pass down the Mississippi River to be lost in the Gulf of Mexico, while the others, finding a passage down the St. Louis River, were to cross the basins of the great lakes Superior, Huron, Erie and Ontario, until they reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It was in a canoe, moreover, that I first visited the desolate sand hill where now stands the city of Duluth, and obtained my first view of Lake Superior. From that point to the Apostle Islands I paddled along the southern shore of the great lake, catching trout at the mouths of various streams, picking up agates all along the shore and afterward forming an acquaintance with the Porcupine Mountains, Copper Harbor and the Sault Ste. Marie. And I may add that next to the pleasure of meeting the Poet Bryant at the Sault I enjoyed a canoe race over the rough waters and captured many a noble trout, with a Chippewa chief for my companion.

My first view of the St. Lawrence was obtained at the Thousand Islands, when I rambled among them in a Frenchman's canoe, now sketching the picturesque rocks and evergreen caves of verdure, and anon joining in battle with muskallonge. At a later date I caught black bass in the waters of the Ottawa with the late Harrison Stephens, the noble man and millionaire angler of the Dominion. It was from a birch canoe that I first gazed upon the stupendous cliffs of the Saguenay River, and while touching their sides with my paddle, was informed by my Canadian comrade that the water under our shallop was not less than 600 ft. deep.

Long before the Restigouche, the Nepisiquit and the Miramichi rivers had become generally known as favorite haunts of the salmon, I navigated their waters in birch canoes. I once made a canoe trip with my wife and

a sister along the Matapedia and St. John rivers, and subsequently visited the Hermit of Aroostook in his cabin on that river, nor can I ever allude to the bark canoe without recalling the superb wilderness scenery of the Upper Penobscot and Kennebec, and the majestic form of Katahdin, as it looks down upon Moosehead Lake in its marvelous beauty and loveliness.

While the dugout or solid canoes of the Southern States cannot, on the score of beauty, be compared with the birch-bark canoes of the North, they are undoubtedly much safer, and associated with a world of beauty. Those of the upper Tennessee may boast of a mountain land of surpassing beauty, and of a rare and interesting history; while those of Florida have it in their power to pilot the way along the sleeping streams, where the live-oak forests, matchless springs and lakelets, broad lagoons and fairy-like islands are forever competing with each other to win the affections of the alien sportsmen and travelers. And then, if we pass down the Alabama and Pascagoula rivers and reach the lower Mississippi and its southern tributaries, we shall find that while the steamboats now monopolize the business of those regions, the sportsmen and lovers of matchless scenery must depend for their choicest pleasures upon the canoes of those romantic waters.

As there is hardly a river in the United States that has not, in earlier and later times, been navigated by the dugout or birch bark canoe, the very mention of the craft naturally recalls the wealth of our country in its flowing waters. The total number of parent streams within the Union and on its borders is said to be 346, while their tributaries make a total of 5,000. And to the streams here mentioned may be added 1,317 full grown lakes, making a grand total of nearly 8,000 waterways, with which the American canoe has hitherto been identified.

Turning now to the important part which the canoe has taken in the history of our country, we cannot but be surprised at its success. Lewis and Clark depended upon it when they opened a pathway of empire over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. And so was it when Cass and Schoolcraft discovered the sources of the Mississippi River; and also when Henry, Carver, McKenzie, Jaques, Hennepin, and such explorers as Champlain, La Salle and La Hontan first made the world acquainted with the wonders of Canada and the region of the Great Lakes.

It was to their birch canoes that the Hudson's Bay and American Fur companies were indebted for their great and long continued prosperity, and without the birchen waif how futile would have been the zeal of the French missionaries in their labors among the aborigines of Canada and the United States. It was in a birch canoe that Daniel Bacon coasted the lonely shores of Lake Huron when leading the noble and self-denying life of a Protestant missionary among the Indians, whereby he set an example which ought to bring a blush to the faces of a large majority of the modern preachers of the land. Except for the canoe the world would this day be without the possession of that marvelous volume of American adventures from the pen of Charlevoix. Another man who in later years was greatly assisted by the canoe in his explorations was the artist Catlin, and he it was who pronounced the birch canoe the most beautiful craft in the world. But perhaps the most imposing picture that was ever produced by the birch canoe and its cousins the piroque and bateau was that connected with the passage of Abercrombie's army through Lake George, when seventeen thousand men crossed over to Ticonderoga in their romantic fleet, only to be defeated in their war-like expectations.

Aside from their beauty and fairy-like movements, the American canoes are noted for the skill with which they are managed in running down the rough waters of our rivers, or in bounding over the billows of the sea.

The skill which the Indian and French voyagers always manifested in the management of their canoes has seemed to me a marvel and a mystery; and while the birch canoe has won the palm in gliding and leaping down the rapids of the North and West, the tiny fishing craft, with its covering of skin, has performed wonders along the northern coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

As boy and man, I remember only two occasions when my life was endangered in connection with a canoe. The first was in a shallow bay of western Lake Erie, when I attempted to haul into my canoe a mammoth catfish which I had hooked with a hand-line, and the weight of which exceeded that of myself and canoe combined. I secured my fish, but measured that part of the lake with my legs and arms, and duly reached the shore in safety.

The second adventure that I would mention occurred in the valley of the Restigouche. Although accompanied by my wife and a sister, I had planned a canoe trip on the Matapedia. Two canoes, with four Indians and three passengers, made up the cavalcade. After crossing the Restigouche and entering the tributary, we made two discoveries, first, that there was a roaring freshet coming down the stream, and secondly, that all the Indians were in a state of intoxication, whereupon I ordered an immediate landing, and in less than two hours we were all safe under the roof of Athol House, the place of our departure. We remained there one day, and then started for the St. Lawrence over the Metis portage by the usual route in an ox cart, over the hills and through the woods, and I owe it to the Matapedia to declare that, while joined by the canoe men in preventing me from passing up its beautiful waters as I desired, it was my privilege to capture near its source a 26 lbs. salmon, as a kind of return for my disappointment. CHARLES LANMAN.

POSSUMS UP A TREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I never saw a wild possum in my life, and mighty few of any kind anywhere, but I can settle that dispute about "possums up a tree," by quoting from no less an authority than "Uncle Gabe Tucker," who in one of his most celebrated musings says:

"De bantam chicken's mighty fond of roostin' purty high,
An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Day ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' de smalles' kin' o' possum up de bigges' kin' o' tree."

E. E. T.

It Will be Kept There.

AUBURN FOUR CORNERS, Pa., Dec. 8.—Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: Inclosed find ten dollars (\$10) to advance my subscription to the FOREST AND STREAM for three years. I intend to read it as long as you keep it up to its present standard. G. W. EUNNELL

DREAM GOLD.

WHEN bluff Prince Hal the golden circlet gained,
The friendless glitter of the monarch's eye
Half broke old Falstaff's heart; amazed and pained
That Harry thus should pass him sternly by.
So this old year, while yet another reigned,
Fair promise made of mirth and royal cheer;
But once enthroned, a cold demeanance feigned,
Passing with alien face and heedless ear.

But, ah! what boots it that in favored laps,
Forgetting mine, the horns of plenty poured?
Had not the year its gold? though now perhaps
Of all it gave remains no minted board.
The golden banners of departing fall.
The gold of amber flags emptied quite,
The gold of sunny tresses—dream gold all—
Ah, well! I would not mint it if I might.

M. M. CASS, JR.

IN MAINE WOODS.—VI.

IN CAMP, Piscataquis Co., Me., Nov. 1, 1891.—Another beautiful, still autumn day greeted us. The deer-doggers were early at work. One deer was put into the water somewhere on the lake, but for some reason escaped the battery of rifles lying in wait. So, at least, it was reported. When I arose all of the dogs were in the woods, and several of them giving tongue at once. About nine o'clock the hunt drew near, and two canoes were made ready. Suddenly, down the lake, we saw the deer swimming steadily out from shore. With my glass I saw it to be a noble buck, with the finest antlers I have seen this year. His doom was certain. The canoes were rapidly nearing the poor creature. He turned and saw them, and in his terror became confused, but finally turned again for the nearest point of land, and swam—or rather sprang with convulsive leaps—throwing a good part of his body out of water at each desperate plunge. From the shore with my glass I could see his open mouth and extended tongue and frightened eye. A shot rang out, but still he swam on, another still failed to hit him, though the foremost canoe was hardly two rods away; a third, and before the report reached me the noble head sank, and the ninth deer thus killed on this lake within ten days was dead. But now the law-breakers are getting fearful of a visit from the wardens and they make preparations to leave: and by noon they are gone, leaving three deer to be fetched next day by a team when they have gotten their dogs out of sight.

On this whole bad business little comment is needed. I by no means base my judgment entirely on what I myself have seen. The worst of the killing, and by far the worst and most outrageous, is the crust-killing in the spring. By the side of that this driving the deer into the water, or jacking them in August and September, is honorable business. There is no doubt in my mind that many more deer, moose and caribou are killed by crust-hunting in the spring than are killed in any other time of the year. The guides and hunters whom I have asked about it agree with me. Any one can judge who are guilty of the destruction. Since writing the letter in which I reported twenty moose killed in this vicinity year before last, I have learned of nineteen killed in the same region last year, and in the same time and manner. I say I "have learned" of this. The information comes from men who are in position to know and whose statements I believe. The number may not be exact but that many were killed is fairly certain.

One man who is trustworthy, and who traps, but kills no big game save for his own legitimate need, which is not great, told me of his good-natured, but unsuccessful, effort to prevent wanton slaughter year before last. Two young fellows were hunting in the spring. They killed several deer and wounded many more, when they discovered a herd of fourteen caribou. They shot two, and then "just to see them run," fired all their remaining cartridges at them. How many were wounded they did not know or try to find out, but several they knew were. Of the mass of meat they had some was eaten; but my informant told me that when he left his camp he hauled out on to the ice two heaped-up handsled loads of "as good meat as ever grew." This he did, that on the breaking up of the ice it might sink and not become offensive near his camp. These two young killers did their work not twenty miles from their homes.

But here I leave the matter—and the woods also—for a year at least. And as I may not again for a long time be able to send you a word, permit me to mention two or three things which I have had it in mind to record.

There is in San Antonio, Texas, a collection of antlers and horns worth the while of any one interested in such matters to turn aside for a moment to see. When there I was told of it, and found it—I could wish it were in a different place—in a liquor saloon, 223 Dolorosa street. The walls are completely covered with heads, antlers and horns, some six hundred sets in all. The great majority are of deer—mostly of Virginia deer—but many of the black-tailed species. Among them are many abnormal formations and freaks. One set has forty-two prongs, and there are many of far more than the ordinary number.

There are three pairs of locked antlers, having been found in that condition. There were heads and horns of ox, ram, Rocky Mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, antelope, moose, caribou, cashmere goat, ibex, bison and common goat, chamois, and African antelope of one or two kinds. There was a domestic ram with four horns, another with five, a cashmere goat with four, a steer with long horns, one pointed straight back at right angles to the other, a set of moose antlers with twenty prongs, two of caribou each with twenty-seven prongs, but finest of all, to my mind, the head of a Texas steer with finely polished, symmetrical horns, running out in a slight spiral, and extending 7 ft. 1 in. from tip to tip. The collection had cost a great deal, and was naturally valued highly.

I spent two months in Missouri last summer, and to my astonishment did not see nor could I hear of, in the portions of the State where I went, a single prairie chicken. Quail were frequently met with, but the chickens were exterminated. In travel further west, only once, and that when going through the Indian Territory, did I see a prairie chicken. My journey was by rail, but yet it surprised me to see from the car windows next to nothing of the evidences of game, which were formerly so plentiful.

For vaudeictory, I want to express my thanks to that comical genius who some months ago furnished the

funniest item for FOREST AND STREAM which I remember to have ever seen in its columns, and they have, as everybody knows, contained many a "good one." I refer to the man who soberly wrote to FOREST AND STREAM to inform its readers of his discovery, on a camping expedition, that the bark of the white birch was very inflammable, and was therefore valuable to hunters and campers, if they only knew it, for kindling. He said he had found it so, and wished to share with others the benefit of his discovery. I have looked in vain in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for some recognition of this generous deed, and I wish for one to express my thanks for it. The man was right. White birch bark will burn readily, and is a good material with which to start a camp fire. Let me add, with no claim for priority of discovery, that dry wood will burn better than green. Hereafter let no old trapper or hunter, or camper out in the woods of the north, waste his time in trying, with benumbed fingers, to start a fire with wet wood or damp moss, as no doubt has been his custom, but let him remember the advice of the aforementioned gentleman, and try birch bark.

C. H. AMES.

Natural History.

SUMMER ROBIN ROOSTS.

(Concluded from Page 447.)

HAVING dealt with what may be termed the statistics of these flights and behavior of the birds at the roost. There is nothing about the start which would attract particular attention, but a close observer will notice that, as evening draws near, such robins as may have been scattered about on the lawns or in the orchards near his position begin to show marked restlessness, ascending to the tops of the taller trees, calling a good deal—an old male perhaps singing. At length they take wing, one after another in quick succession, each, as it flies, uttering a loud note, and in straggling order disappear over the trees. The approach of another flock seems to excite them and hasten their departure, and they often follow it at once, all dashing off together as if struck by a panic, but I have never seen two flocks unite, although single birds occasionally join a larger number. Their course toward the roost is usually straight, but they sometimes turn aside to avoid a hill or follow the valley of a brook or river. As "all roads lead to Rome," so the various robin paths traced across the sky at sunset converge more or less regularly from every side to their common center, the roost. At roosts where for one or another reason most of the birds enter on a single side only and are drawn to something like a focus, they form during the height of the rush an apparently continuous stream. But close examination will show that the flight is always more or less intermittent and composed of single robins and loose, straggling parties of from three or four to eighteen or twenty birds, each single bird or flock moving quite independently of all the rest.

Some—probably birds from the greatest distances—are 1,000 ft. or more above the earth, flying slowly apparently with whirling, often intermittent, wing-beats, until almost over the roost, when perhaps after circling once or twice, they half close their wings and drop like meteors, or descend in graceful curves or spirals. Others, at lower elevations, seem to advance more rapidly and steadily, and upon nearing the roost glide down on gentler inclines. While still others skim close over the turf with arrowy swiftness, swerving now to this side, now to that, to avoid bushes or other obstacles, and turning sharply upward into the treetops just as they gain the woods. The average height of flight is a little above the trees, but it varies at different periods of the same evening as well as on different evenings. As a rule the birds come lower and lower as the twilight deepens. They seem to fly lowest—as might be expected—on cloudy and especially rainy nights, but highest—as certainly would not be supposed—on cloudless nights when the air is filled with dense haze. On a particular hazy evening (Aug. 31, 1889) the flights passing over Mr. Faxon's house were so high that "many birds were just discernible." As only 450 were counted against 835 of the preceding evening, Mr. Faxon concludes "that one-half of them were beyond my ken." The presence or absence of wind may have more to do with this matter than the conditions just mentioned, for all the especially high flights I have witnessed have occurred during nearly or perfectly still weather.

The first comers reach the roost an hour or more before sunset, but for the next thirty or forty minutes the arrivals are few in number and at wide intervals, although they gradually increase. There is rarely anything like a continuous or heavy flight until within fifteen or twenty minutes of sunset, but rather more than half the total number usually pass in before the sun has dipped below the horizon.

For about fifteen minutes after sunset the rush continues unabated. It then begins to slacken, always diminishing more rapidly than it grew, and often ending with somewhat marked abruptness. Stragglers, however, continue to arrive until it is too dark to see them distinctly, except against the light in the western sky. The earlier comers usually alight on the topmost twigs of the smaller trees and sometimes, after a brief rest, fly back to the fields to feed, as if conscious that they were ahead of time. If there is a brook or spring near at hand many birds visit it to drink or bathe. They are also fond of collecting in the upper branches of dead trees to bask in the last rays of the sinking sun, and a rum cherry tree loaded with ripe fruit is an irresistible attraction. But when the rush is at its height, there is rarely any loitering. Each bird, as it gains the woods, plunges into them at once, and with such directness and decision that one feels sure it has gone straight to its own particular perch. This, however, is evidently not the case, for during the entire period covered by the bulk of the flight, indeed for some time after the last belated straggler has stolen in, there is incessant and general agitation of the foliage as if a strong wind were blowing through the trees. This is caused by the movements of innumerable birds who, in the attempt to secure positions nearer the center of the roost, or in thicker foliage, are continually darting from place to place, often plunging headlong into the branches or dropping through the leaves with much awkward and noisy fluttering. Either because of inability to see distinctly in the dim light, or with deliberate design to dispossess their fellows,

such restless spirits often try to appropriate perches already occupied, and the squabbles which ensue, although quickly ended by one or the other giving way, are accompanied by outcries which rise above the general din of shrill, varied voices. If it is early in the season there is also more or less singing.

But the most characteristic and peculiar sound to be heard in a roost is that produced by the myriad wings constantly striking the leaves. This closely resembles the pattering of hail or large rain drops on dry foliage at the beginning of a shower. There is also an equally steady and similar but slighter sound of falling excrement with which the ground and bushes beneath the roost are so thickly covered at times as to look as if sprinkled with snow flakes.* As the darkness deepens the tumult gradually subsides. One by one the shrill voices are hushed and the nervous flutterings cease, until, when the light has quite gone from the west and the stars are all out in the great dome overhead, a person might pause under the trees and listen intently for minutes without hearing anything save the occasional drowsy chirp or faint rustle of some half-awakened bird—sole tokens of the feathered host bivouacking in the leafy canopy above.

There is much about the flight to the roost which will remind the reader of migration. The preliminary restlessness and gathering of the scattered birds; the excitement caused by the passage of other flocks; the wide spread of the infection; and the brief time in which a considerable area is practically drained of its entire robin population—all these are familiar features to one who has studied the phenomena of migration. As with the latter, the roosting flights are doubtless started by a few experienced birds who, with a definite purpose in view, lead the way over familiar ground to an old haunt. Others follow and the rout becomes general, although many of the birds which it includes are probably at first as ignorant as they are careless of whither they are going and to what end. A further resemblance to migration may be found in the manner in which the different sets of birds perform their journey—not all together nor yet quite independently of one another, but in what is virtually a straggling army where the new recruits are always more or less directly under the guidance of veteran leaders. In short, so closely do these evening flights resemble those of migration that I can trace only two marked distinctions: (1) They are comparatively local affairs extending at most over only a few square miles; (2) they are undertaken, not because of the necessity of escaping from a region where food will soon fail or the climate become unbearable, but seemingly from a mere impulse to assemble nightly in one place for mutual companionship and protection. Neither of these differences is really fundamental, nor can either affect the obvious significance of the fact, established by Mr. Faxon, that the young are at first led to the roost by their parents. If the guidance of old birds is necessary along the short and simple paths to the roosts, can it be doubted that it is even more essential on the long and difficult journey southward?

* Early in the season when the food of the robin consists chiefly of earth worms and insects its excrement is of chalky whiteness. Later, when berries are eaten freely, the color becomes so dark that the deposits beneath the roost are no longer noticeable.

WOLVES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

FROM the northern New York Wilderness reports have come that wolves have invaded the woods in such numbers as to threaten serious injury to the deer during the winter just begun. The deer are more numerous at this time, so all guides and sportsmen say, than in many years before, because of a rigid enforcement of the game laws, and the growth of a healthy sentiment in favor of their protection during the close season provided by law. Some years ago, owing to a law prohibiting hunting that was in force for a short time only, deer increased very rapidly and became very plentiful, and then, too, there came reports from the woods that wolves were abroad and were destroying the deer in the deep snows of winter.

To say the least, it is a coincidence that with an abundance of deer the wolves, long believed to be practically extinct in the State, should make their appearance—by report—to answer for every pool of frozen blood, deer's hair, and the evidence of a death struggle in the snow during the close season. The wolves are mid-winter wolves as a general thing, for they never make their appearance until all the sportsmen have left the woods in the fall; this is probably only another coincidence. About the year 1873 or '74 the writer had occasion to cross Franklin county in the winter with a guide who had spent his life in the woods and was then past three score. We were crossing a lake on the ice, or rather on the crest of the snow above the ice, when an animal came out of the woods on the right bank and crossed at a right angle to our line of march. At its first appearance both observers pronounced it a wolf and made all possible haste to intercept it, although both were unarmed. A nearer view only confirmed the first opinion, that the animal was certainly a wolf, but the old man could not reconcile its appearance with his statement that the wolves were all gone—killed for the bounty and exterminated. That night we reached Chazy Lake and a number of guides and woodsmen were around the evening fire and this wolf question was thoroughly ventilated, and the weight of opinion was that excepting a possible stray, there were no wolves left in the Northern Woods. On different occasions since that time similar evidence has been given by those best competent to give it. When the most recent report of the appearance of wolves came out we interviewed Wm. H. Bennett, Dr. Seward Webb's chief forester, on the subject. He said that he had heard that there was a family of wolves in the region east of Brandy Lake and between Smith's Lake and Forked Lake, but he had no evidence that there was any truth in the statement. That last summer a report came to Smith's Lake that a deer had been killed by wolves just east of Albany Lake, but an examination of the "kill" showed that it was the work of a panther. He concluded by saying that if during the winter he should hear of deer being killed by wolves on the preserve under his care he should investigate the matter very closely, but he should not trouble himself to look for wolf tracks, but should confine himself to a search for snowshoe tracks and the tracks of hound dogs, and if he found those who made them he would find at the same time all the wolves that were killing deer in the Adirondacks.

A. N. CHENEY.

TURTLES WITH NINE LIVES.—On a recent visit to the World's Fair exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission, at Washington, D. C., we found Mr. Denton at work upon casts of two terrapin, which had been obtained from the carp ponds. The artist was obliged to kill the animals before attempting to make the casts, and in order to do so he inserted a knife blade under the skin of the neck and completely severed the neck with its blood vessels and nerves, leaving the head attached to the body by the skin only. They were then put in the ice chest, where they remained five days. When we saw them seven days had passed since the above operation and yet both of the terrapin were alive and one of them was able to crawl. It may be that the low temperature in the ice chest during the first five days after the necks were severed kept them in a state of suspended animation, but for the two days prior to our visit they had been exposed to a temperature of about 65 deg. or more. We have never heard of a more striking illustration of the tenacity to life in this class of animals. The species are the painted tortoise (*Chrysemys picta*) and the red-bellied terrapin (*Pseudemys rugosa*).

When the grouse flies down from the steep hillside into the woodland contiguous, he not only alights in a straight line, but afterward may sometimes be seen standing in an opening among the trees with his tail directly toward the hunter. The grouse also at times, instead of flying, runs down the wooded hillside, when alarmed by something on the top. While at other times he may be seen to run a little way and then stop, precisely as the American robin does. The grouse also on rare occasions walks off in plain sight. Frequently the grouse may be seen to sail down in a straight line, and at times to strike the leaf-covered earth like a clod, with a sound "chuck," that may be heard many yards. There he will remain motionless for a time, lying flat on the ground, and trusting for security from detection to the similarity of the surrounding color to his own. When the bird flies of his own free will he almost invariably alights without circling. For a short time he will remain standing unsuspecting, perhaps, of danger, and yet looking all about, as his wont, to take in the surrounding, when he will usually walk slowly away.—DORP.

OUR NATURAL HISTORY COLUMNS.—Todmorden, Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read your pleasant paper since 1874, I take advantage of your announcement of a further improvement and enlargement of it, to congratulate you on the success which has made this step possible. I may also say that I found your Natural History columns of great service, the extracts and records from it which I have cut out and kept now form of themselves a valuable work for reference.—C. W. NASH.

THE LINNEAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—Regular meetings of the society will be held at 8 P. M. at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, on Jan. 6 and 20. Jan. 6, Mr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., will present a paper, Paper for Jan. 20, *Definite vs. Fortuitous Variation*, by Dr. J. A. Allen.—JONATHAN DWIGHT, JR., Secretary (2 East Thirty-fourth street).

Game Bag and Gun.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

BOSTON NOTES.

GOV. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, has made another gunning trip, this time it has been "down on the Cape," and he is reported to have had excellent success with the bluebills. Other gunners have been after the birds all the fall and winter thus far, and it is reported that ducks have been unusually plenty for so late in the winter. Christmas day was spent on the Cape by several Boston gunners, and generally with good success. Reports from Portland, Me., say that Casco Bay has been unusually full of ducks this winter, the winter being so mild that the birds have not found any occasion to seek a more southerly clime. But within a day or two large flocks have been seen all along the shore headed southward. A gentleman from Portland informs me that between the Brothers and Clappboard Islands a flock of about a thousand bluebills have been hovering nearly all the fall, and he believes that the birds would doubtless be there now but for the treatment they have received. The local gunners had been after them a good deal, as they had an honest right to be, but the gunning the gentleman complains of is of another sort. It seems that some sailors, from a passing schooner, or a schooner that worked on to the ground for the purpose, landed on the Brothers, taking a howitzer with them. This they loaded with several pounds of buck shot, all the gun would carry, with a heavy charge of powder to force the charge. They waited till there were thousands of birds in range, when the howitzer was fired. The shot was repeated several times till there were no flocks of bluebills in sight. Then they commenced to pick up the birds, chasing and killing the wounded birds with a shotgun. Actual boatloads of ducks are reported to have been picked up, more than 100 birds having been killed and wounded by one of the more successful shots. On board the schooner that night high carnival was held over a game supper, with many guests invited, most of whom carried home gifts of ducks.

Comment on such shooting is unnecessary. Game birds and game animals cannot stand up under such slaughter; whereas, with reasonable shooting, it is plain that our shore birds would last for many years to come. If one desires to butcher, there is genial employment for such dispositions in the slaughter houses and the butcher shops.

Mr. J. S. Clark, of Boston, has returned from the Rangeley (Me.) region with three fine deer. With him, on the same train, was Mr. Will Thompson, of Livermore Falls, in that State, who had the heads of two fine bucks of his own killing. Three caribou and one deer have lately been brought out from the Dead River region by Messrs. H. M. Pierce and E. W. Whitcomb, of Farmington. The kill of big game in Maine since the open season begun has been much greater than ever before, in spite of the assertion that all the caribou and deer had been destroyed by the summer hunters. The wonder is where so many deer come from. Deer have been found and killed further down toward the settlements in the southern part of Maine than ever this fall. In locations where deer are not remembered to have been seen for many years, they have been seen this year. One day last week Messrs. L. M. Sanborn and Joseph Shaw, of East Sebago, were out gunning when they came upon a deer track, which they followed some distance. They caught sight of the deer times enough to fire six or eight shots, neither of which brought the animal down. Night came on and they were obliged to give up the hunt. But they were early on the ground the next morning. They had gone but a short distance before they drove up the wounded deer, which they finished with a couple of better directed shots. Down in the town of Mason, in Oxford county, many miles south of what would have formerly been considered the southernmost habitat in Maine, Mr. Walter S. Butters has killed two deer this fall. Mr. E. E. Goding, station agent of the Maine Central Railroad at Livermore Falls, has lately killed three deer in the town of Madrid, a few miles above Phillips. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 22.—The cold, hard, dismal jolt which FOREST AND STREAM gave its dead or alive, or rather its dead-and-alive, contemporaries in trap matters last week has attracted a good deal of attention and occasioned a good deal of amusement out here. Western people love enterprise. They follow it. They go where it is shown. They enjoy it. They insist on having it. The large and growing hold which FOREST AND STREAM has in the West is due to this fact.

The paper has enterprise enough to get the news for its readers. Therefore it does its duty and fills its function, and deserves its title as a journal for the sportsmen of to-day, and not for those of ten or twenty years ago.

In much of the above there is cause for reflection upon some of the features of current sporting journalism, although in anything of that I should dislike to be thought as animadverting upon the character of any other paper specifically, which would be an undignified and unnecessary thing, since the public draws its own inferences more rapidly and surely than a writer can. The fact remains, however, that the journal of ten years ago will not do for to-day. A decade of time covers history in newspaper methods as well as in anything else. The paper first to realize that, and to keep the fact in mind, is the one for the hearts of American sportsmen.

Time was when loose-jointed, ill-fed, puerile shooting stories, of more or less fabulous nature and ill-concealed advertising tendency, would do for the bulk of the letter press in a sporting journal. That was years ago. It will not do to-day. History has swept by that. English, facts and editing, these are three things which an American sporting paper must have to-day. The day of the egotistic, the selfish, and the prevaricating story-teller is fading. The day comes on apace when the writer and the man with facts will have their day. The man who unfairly "works" the sporting goods trade through his hold on a sporting paper is a parasite whose hold is nearly gone. Clean methods and clear discernment are essential now in a sporting paper, as well as in a daily paper. The public will go to the cleanest, ablest, honestest paper to-day. It will not have clap-trap and lumbag now. The grade of the material in demand has advanced. In the character of its field stories FOREST AND STREAM has been with the times at every step. Its columns hold literature of no ignoble sort. Its writers have, many of them, gone up higher in the literary world. Moreover, a fairer paper never was, even though fairness meant business loss.

Time was when unrestrained personal abuse and reiterated accusations of any sort soever made a large part of the so-called reading matter in a certain type of sporting journalism. In kennel matters especially this was a by-word and a reproach on the name of journalism of that class. The time for that is gone. History has swept by. The paper which clings to such low and humiliating methods has dug its own grave, and soon the walls thereof will close upon it, without even the helping hand of competition. If I find contention in FOREST AND STREAM, I find it gentlemanly. FOREST AND STREAM has elevated, it never debased, sportsmanship in this country.

Time was when news had no value in our sporting press, but was replaced by slop and Billingsgate. Again history. News rules now. The story of a cross-road turkey shoot, held four months before publication, is not now offered to the public as an equivalent for money in search of current information. At least, this is not the case in FOREST AND STREAM. News, plenty of news, fresh news, and news selected and balanced by an editor who knows the newspaper business—this is what the public expects to-day, and what it has a right to expect, and what it is going to buy. If you seek this, look about you.

In other words, the sporting journal of to-day must be built on newspaper lines, and must be a journal in more than the name. The old ways will not do now. There have been sporting papers unworthy of the times in which they lived, but that is changed and they must go. Bright, comprehensive, built up each week at an expense of which the public does not know or dream, the genuine and typical journal of the honorable sports of the field is to-day a stable fixture and one of credit in the field of journalism. What FOREST AND STREAM is by that example is more than guaranteed by its promises, all too modest, but confident, as to its future plans. It even foreruns the day, for in effect it lowers its price. Newspapers of to-day do not raise their prices, they lower them. That is the tendency of the times.

All these things I have no call, beyond that of impulse, to say, but the impulse for that is strong, especially in view of the promises of the coming year, and in retrospect also of those days whereto still cling those papers which could not stand the gait of modern history.

Dec. 24.—Dull times, except for our friends the trapshooters, who continue to make merry and to mock at one another. The Milwaukee men are anxious to shoot the final match with the Ft. Dearborn Club of this city. In short, they are altogether too anxious to suit the latter club, which remembers the wide gap by which the Cream City team won in the last contest. It is suggested, however, that the Milwaukeeans come over to Chicago and shoot the final on the grounds of Cumberland Club, on Washington's Birthday, they having expressed a disinclination to encounter the J. Watson brand of pigeons. Ft. Dearborn team is not favorite in the odds on this event.

The time for the annual meetings of the Kankakee and Fox Associations draws on apace. At that time will come up the question of the organization of the proposed State League for fish, and possibly game, protection. That will be a good time to discover whether or not the men from the lower Illinois country are in earnest about it, as they proclaim at present they are, and whether or not they expect Chicago to furnish all the motive power of energy and work and also all the cash. There ought to be thirty to fifty men from the lower country present at this joint meeting, Wednesday, Jan. 15. I understand the Wisconsin Central Railway, thoroughfare to the Fox Lake country, is much interested in this project, and offers to further it substantially. That would be very appreciable and commendable enterprise.

Early in January there will also be called the second meeting of the new Chicago Fly-Casting Club, at which time a fuller organization will be perfected. Mr. A. H. Harryman will be in the chair for the next meeting.

Last week I spoke of the possibility of securing the privileges of the 1st Regiment Armory for occasional practice at fly-casting by this club. This could not be done for a large club, though for a small and select one it might be arranged. Last night, by means of a dark, mysterious "pull" in military circles, Mr. Chas. Antoine and myself got access to this vast hall, and had some practice in fly-casting by electric light. It was delightful. A hat placed on the floor made a good enough fish, and there was no bush to spoil the back cast. We did manage, however, to foul one of the electric light globes, and in fear of a shock sacrificed some yards of a good enameled line. Winter fly-fishing in an arsenal is good fun and good practice.

There seem to be no unusual plans abroad for Christmas festivities this year among the shooting fraternity, but on Saturday there will be quite a house party at Watson's Park, no less than five matches being arranged, as see trap columns. On that day there will be present from Milwaukee Mr. Frank Meixner, Mr. R. Merritt, Dr. J. P. Carmichael and Mr. H. B. Taft. The former will test his skill against Mr. R. O. Heikes of this city, and the latter with Mr. J. O. Wilcox. Mr. Meixner shoots a match with Mr. Mussey and Dr. Carmichael with Mr. Dicks.

A Chicago firm, Messrs. Rand & McNally, has issued an interesting book, "Sweden and the Swedes," by W. W. Thomas, Jr., American Minister to Sweden. Mr. Thomas is much of a sportsman and writes entertainingly of sport in that little known country. Some of the most interesting chapters in the book have in times past been contributed to FOREST AND STREAM. He says of the great grouse, the capercaillie and also of the black game of that country that they could doubtless be naturalized in this country and should increase and thrive. His remarks on this head, the estimates of experts, etc., are so interesting that it is hoped FOREST AND STREAM, which has already discussed them, will refer to them again. Another chapter originally published in FOREST AND STREAM is that devoted to the Swedish "reporting" dog, which finds and points the birds and if the shooter is not at hand leaves the point and goes back after him, then taking him up to the game which, by his actions and dumb speech, the dog announces that he has found. These "reporters," Mr. Thomas says, are not uncommon in Sweden, though not all pointers and setters there have the instinct, and it seems to be impossible to train one in which the original disposition to "report" is absent. Mr. Oscar Blomgren, of this city, who visited Sweden last year, says he spent some time in the neighborhood where Mr. Thomas found his capercaillie, and describes that as a very romantic and beautiful country.

Mr. M. R. Bortree, game warden for Chicago, has often told me that he would like to see an effort made to import and naturalize certain foreign game birds, thus adding to the range of our sport in the field. This would be a fine idea, but how practical is it, except as applied to closely guarded preserves. If two capercaillies were turned down in the heart of the Wisconsin pine wilderness, and if one shooter of a certain sort got wind of it, it would be dollars to cents he would go after them and get them, and sell them, too. We can't protect our own native game birds yet, let alone any new and singular ones.

In case of birds turned down in a close preserve, however, some results might be looked for. The Koshkenong flock of wild turkeys, kept by the Peck brothers in Wisconsin and mentioned long ago in these columns, is a good instance of that. I am inclined to think that the wild turkeys mentioned last week as having been seen near Hennepin, on the Illinois River, are colonies from the Koshkenong herd, perhaps 200 miles to the north. Many bunches have strayed away from the main body from time to time, and these have always been heard from to the south, many miles below the Illinois line. The original start of this great flock was a half dozen birds brought from Mexico. E. HOUGH.

MICHIGAN DEER.—Central Lake, Mich., Dec. 17.—There were good tracking snows toward the last of the deer-shooting season, which closed Nov. 25, but few were killed hereabout, only eight, as far as I could learn. Some hunters had better success in the great forests of Montmorenci and Presque Isle counties, but the deer grow scarcer every year. Most hunters of my acquaintance favor a close time of three or five years for the deer in the Lower Peninsula, and I think the ruffed grouse ought to have the same chance, for they are nearly as scarce as ostriches. The same is true of ducks, of which few have been seen in our lakes this fall. My house overlooks Central Lake, and we have not seen a duck for weeks. The first two weeks of December were delightful—almost Indian summer. The weather has changed and we again have a little snow.—KELPIE.

SPORT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every sportsman should appreciate the just remarks of your correspondent Alex. Hunter. There is a good reason why the owners of land should post it as a warning to those persons who seem to think that such owners have no rights that a man with a gun or a fishing rod is bound to respect. No doubt the game is no man's property in particular, but the land on which it happens to be is, and according to the common law, as soon as a bird or a fish is captured and reduced to possession, it becomes a chattel and the property of the owner of the land.

In this State it is forbidden by law for any person to carry game out of it. And as many land owners carefully protect the game and fish, it is only just that their interests should be considered. It is only in this way that the game can be kept up and extermination prevented. There is an abundance of it for all if the sport is not carried to excess. But when a party who has been politely given permission to hunt or fish has taken all he can possibly carry and has sold them, or given them away to others who have not and would not be invited to hunt or fish, it goes a long way to exasperate the giver. And this often occurs. I know it is difficult and even painful to refuse permission for a stranger to enjoy himself on one's land, but in time this experience tends to harden the feelings and makes a refusal more easy. There are numerous good preserves, which might be rented for a reasonable sum, and kept stocked so that the sport would be much increased in years to come. It would not be difficult to get several tracts adjoining of several thousand acres in a block, and secure a monopoly of the game, and by spending a little money the stock might be replenished yearly and so kept up to a satisfactory point.

There has been so much promiscuous hunting and fishing in this State that the supply has fallen off very much of late. I have spent a few hundred dollars in all in the past few years in stocking my waters with trout, but there has been so much fishing that there are fewer fish now than at first. To fish every day through a three months season, and take all that can be caught in a ten hours day, will soon reduce the stock, if only a few are engaged in it. So that strangers hearing of the fine fishing here or there, must reasonably know that all cannot be accommodated freely. And this is the inevitable result which follows a description of the good sport that has been enjoyed in any place. It is the only safe way to avoid disappointment to follow the suggestion given by Mr. Hunter, and secure privileges before making a journey.

H. STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

AS TO LIMITATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For years past, although only twenty-four, I have been an enthusiastic gunner, both in field and at the trap, and follow your game columns with great interest. Now, a subject often mentioned therein of late is handled so illogically that I am moved to "take a hand." This subject is "Where is game going to?" Sportsman after sportsman in your paper rails at the market hunters who kill a hundred ducks in a day and then turns round and describes how he and a friend killed one hundred and fifty, and concludes by saying that the market hunter should be put down at once and forever. His own game he gives away to friends, and the average sportsman seems to think that that justifies any slaughter. Now, Mr. Editor, I appeal to you. If a hundred ducks are killed, can it possibly matter whether it is a man or woman, white or black, who killed them? The duck supply is lessened by just one hundred birds, and the sportsman who kills one hundred and one does more harm to the cause of game preservation than the professional who kills one hundred. Now we have a fair estimate of how many sportsmen wish to shoot, and we know there are nothing like a hundred birds per man per day, and it is utterly selfish to kill that many. I inclose to you the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 10. The gentleman who signs himself "Sand Hill" killed, with a friend, on three separate days, 107, 98 and 127 birds—teal, widgeon, mallards, spraintails, butterballs, canvas and snipe (a few of the latter). This foots up a total of 327 birds for two men in three days, or over fifty for a day for each man. They may be rattling good fellows, but they took more than their share, and would doubtless acknowledge the same if they would reflect on the matter. When the birds fly thickly the temptation to run up a big score proves very attractive, but say what one will, these same long scores are what do the damage to our game supply. I hope that others, better writers than myself, will take up this matter vigorously and try to raise a spirit of moderation.

FRANK LAWRENCE DONOHUE.

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

December 14 found me making the rounds to my traps. In the course of the day I saw tracks of caribou since my last trip, and once jumped five before I got in sight. I knew it was useless to try for them, as the frozen snow made it too noisy. After returning to camp and having a late dinner I concluded to enjoy my last FOREST AND STREAM by the fireside. It was getting too late to read by daylight and the hour was 4 o'clock. As I laid down the paper I glanced out of the window facing my seat, and saw five caribou coming toward the camp on my main trail. They were coming, too, at a lively gait. I sprang for my rifle on the hooks over the head of my berth, and grabbing a few cartridges from the window ledge, ran to the door in season to give a bleat, and stopped the two rearmost ones, a bull and cow. The flock had turned off the trail at right angles when within something over a hundred yards from the camp, and all but these two had passed out of sight in thick cover. As they stopped I fired almost on the instant at the cow. I preferred her as the bull had shed his antlers and I knew the cow was the better meat. As I fired both jumped away and instantly out of sight. I did not doubt she was hit, although I aimed more by faith than actual vision, as it was so dusk I could but faintly discern the sights. Putting on my hat and blouse and strapping on my knife belt, I hurried to the spot and saw a wad of hair and a few drops of blood on a cedar sprout. Taking

up the trail I saw at her second jump a spurt of blood, and at every other jump there was an increased flow. I found her dead about twelve rods from where she had stood. I intended it for a shoulder hit, but it was a trifle too far back, the bullet striking it on a raised portion of the bone, which turned it backward through the lungs. By the time I got the skin off it was so dark I postponed dressing out till the next morning. I packed in the meat before breakfast, at which repast tender, juicy steaks formed the *pièce de résistance*. It is the fattest caribou I ever shot; the fat on the rump being an inch or more thick.

HUNTER.

ALWAYS CARRY A COMPASS.

THAT was just what I did not do the last time I got lost. The reason I did not take one was that I started for a short row up the lakes to look for ducks and it seemed superfluous to put my compass in my pocket. Coming down Sisson's River about sunset I left my boat and walked perhaps sixty or eighty rods across a tongue of land, and through a dense cedar swamp, to the head of Hanly's Lake, where I expected to get a shot at ducks. Returning, I had walked some distance before I realized that I was off my course, as I should otherwise have reached the river. The sun had set and it was cloudy. I wasn't fool enough to trust to the moss on the trees to show a northerly direction. I had thumb-nails and knives enough but they were as useless in this emergency as an old-fashioned warning-pan. If I could not find my way it meant a tramp of miles' hard walking, and perhaps a midnight lunch, or worse. I had lost my course and did the best thing possible under the circumstances. I sat down on a log and considered.

There was a faint red glow above the horizon in a certain direction. I decided that it was probably in the northeast. I took the chances, struck out and in five minutes reached the shore within four rods of my boat.

Just why I choose this course I could not have easily explained. I think that a certain familiarity with the woods had much to do with it. But the moral of all this is that so simple a precaution as that of taking a compass is not to be neglected by the wise, for there is no dependence on substitutes. I can make a fire with my rifle (though Gordon Cumming couldn't), but that is no reason why I should leave my match-box at home.

KELTIE.

A WILD RICE SCHEME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are few things in your recent numbers more interesting to me than the article by Messrs. E. Hough and "Nipissing" on wild rice. Wild rice is to game what bread is to us; given food enough and the game will hold its own against ordinary destruction. As a matter of fact there is an immense desert region extending from the Lake of the Woods nearly to the Atlantic and north to Hudson Bay, which is practically duckless excepting in one or two sections where duck food, or especially wild rice, is found. There cannot be much doubt that the rice would grow in most of this country, for it is found as far north as Lat. 50 1/2 in Manitoba. I would propose, therefore, that each sportsman next fall, and each sporting fisherman who goes abroad early next spring, take at least a few handfuls of rice and scatter it in a dozen new localities. In this way we should in a few years have rice beds scattered all over the Laurentian wilderness and the effect would be seen, perhaps, in the arrested decrease, if not the increase, of our duck supply. Wild rice is advertised for sale in this paper, and a letter on best time and locality for planting has also appeared.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

A NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL COUNTRY. — Edenton, Dukenfield House, Avoca, N. C., Dec. 27.—The article that appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the sporting resort of Avoca, has caused a good deal of talk among sportsmen, and for their benefit I would like to say a few words on the subject. From a sportsman's standpoint this is a fair place for sport, but principally for quail. The birds are large and fly very strong. There are some turkeys here and they can be shot by roosting them along the creek. Also a few deer. The Dukenfield House is comparatively new, and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Everett, are very genial people. Mr. Everett goes with his guests and has dogs, for which he charges a small fee per day for their use and his services. He is a good all-round sportsman and a good shot. He also "calls" turkeys. There is nothing here except the hunting. The climate is delightful. Dr. Copehart, the owner of the house and the plantation, is a hospitable and genial Southern gentleman, and both he and Mr. Everett will do all in their power to make guests have a pleasant time. Avoca can be reached from Norfolk (Norfolk & Southern R. R.) to Edenton, and thence four times a week by steamer M. E. Roberts.—H. W. HAMLYN (Hohokus, New Jersey).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A FEW days since I was walking alone and talking to a small boy when a woodcock arose just in front of me. I remarked to the boy, "There goes a woodcock." He said, "Boss, dat ain't a woodcock, it's a snipe. Me and my brother used to kill lots of them near a spring up home. One morning I took my gun and walked down there to see if I could get a shot, and I found one of these birds with his bill stuck in the ground with the mud froze around it."

Here is another: A few days since a party were out deer hunting, when one of them shot a deer and wounded it. The dog ran in to a creek and swam in after it, and beat the deer across. When the deer came up he tried to catch it, but the deer started back. The dog sprang at it and grabbed it by the tail, and pulling it to the shore tipped the deer's tail up, thereby putting its head under water and drowning it. How is this for canine intelligence? And it was a "yaller hound" too.

TYRONE.

AVOCA, N. C.

THE VELVET TRAIN of the Monon Route between Chicago and Cincinnati offers the best and most luxurious service obtainable between those points.—ADU.

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

TROUTING IN THE CASCADES.—III.

THE MOLALLA COUNTRY.

IT was nearly high noon. I had been fishing an hour and a half, had a nice basket of beautiful trout and must go to camp; but it was like taking a fellow from a picnic to a funeral. Creeping regretfully up the bank I struck the trail and was soon in camp. Mike had enjoyed himself hugely. The first thing of interest had been a pine squirrel that went up a leaning tree and out on a limb, where he sat and scolded until Mike, losing his temper went up after him so far that he had to fall off to get back. Then a covey of young quail, just big enough to fly a little, entertained him. I was fishing at a pond under a bank, intent upon my flies, when I was startled by a splash, splash, almost in front of me. Mike had nosed out a rabbit, which either intentionally or by accident took to the water, pursued and pursuer going over my head almost simultaneously. Of course the trout in that pool had no more use for flies. Had trout been scarce it would have been annoying. As it was, it was only amusing.

I fully agree with the Indians that it is beneath the dignity of a brave to do camp drudgery. The warrior in time of peace should content himself with hunting and fishing and not interfere with the squaw's vested rights. Billy is no squaw, but appreciating the fact that he had not yet secured his credentials as an angler, he made a virtue of necessity and soon had the trout cleaned; and my wife proceeded to prepare dinner, while Ira and I lounged around on the grass. The trout were cooked my favorite way. The smaller ones were selected and nicely cleaned. A thin slice of bacon was placed inside of each, they were placed in a wire broiler with strings of bacon over and under them, salted and peppered, and carefully broiled over a hardwood fire. Ira and Fay were with us at dinner, and we had an enjoyable time and a jolly good dinner.

The camp had been completed and everything was in shape, even to Ira's straw tick. After dinner I announced my intention of making a bed more to my taste. Billy, fully agreeing with my views of what constituted a good camp bed, particularly for one inclined to be rheumatic, as was Billy, we set to work and soon had constructed two fine beds of cedar and hemlock boughs. A bed of roses will not compare with such a bed for sweet perfume and genuine comfort. Without it one loses much of the romance of camp life.

We have no poisonous reptiles in this country unless, perhaps, at the mouths of some of the low passes in the Cascades. I have never seen a rattler in the wild state west of the Cascades, but it is a good plan to run a tarred rope around your tent to keep out garters and other reptiles which, even though not poisonous, can be dispensed with as bedfellows.

"Nessmuk's" ideas about fire places in "Woodcraft" are most excellent. A sheet of boiler iron two feet square improves his fire place and is a great convenience. By using the boiler iron as an attachment to the common woodsman's fire place I am sure you will please your wife (if you are lucky enough to have one), as it makes a cooking place nearly as clean and handy as a Charter Oak stove.

After dinner Ira and Fay started home, Ira, of course, manifesting some misgivings about leaving my wife in the lonely woods over night. He even suggested that she had better go back with them and he would bring her out in the morning. But she concluded to take the chance and remain in camp. You see it was a bad time of day for him to raise the question. The sun was shining, the birds were singing and there didn't seem to be so much danger as she had anticipated. Had the suggestion come a few hours later, when the shadows, the crickets, the night-hawks and the owls announced the arrival of the time when beasts of prey, hobgoblins and sprites saunter forth on their missions of mischief and death, her decision might have been different.

It was close season for deer, elk, grouse, pheasant and quail, and therefore I had left "shootin' irons" at home to make it easier to resist temptation. This was strictly a trouting trip, but I had already decided in my own mind that I would pay that country a visit in August when the water would be low and I could whip the Molalla itself. Besides it would then be open season for game.

I never like to fish during the middle of the day, even if the trout are disposed to rise. It is an unnatural proceeding, when we consider that fish, like other creatures, have their regular hours for feeding, relatively speaking. So we walked over to the little house that sat snugly on a low bluff near Bull's Creek, a small tributary to Milk Creek. Introducing ourselves and making known our wishes, we were cordially received by Mr. Hall, his wife, his three modest daughters, and his kid of a boy. Yes, we could get not only milk and eggs, but plenty of wild honey and huckleberries. I suppose these good people were about as glad as we were to have neighbors. Besides, we were not on a sponging trip, and the few silver pieces we offered them in exchange for their luxuries probably looked as big as wagon wheels to their eyes. Hall also manifested a strong disposition to exchange frontier yarns for a little information about what the great world was doing outside.

We of the city, who visit these forest haunts only when the weather is favorable and nature has her verdant dress on, imagine that we would love to live out our lives there. But there is another side to the picture, which we, as social beings, should not overlook. Weary of life's turmoils we gladly turn from the hum and buzz of the busy street to the solitude of quiet nature. We listen to the songs of birds, the ripples of the brooks, the whisperings of the winds in the treetops while we drink in the balm-laden air, not as a part of our life labor, but as rest

and recreation. Recreation signifies refreshment of the strength and spirits after toil; literally re-creation. But when the birds have sought summer climes; when the ripples of the brook become the roarings of the torrent; when the balm-laden air becomes the chilling breath of winter, and the whispering zephyrs become the shrieks of the storm king as he howls down the dark, tempest-ridden cañon, then how quickly these elysian summer dreams vanish and how realistic our hurried trip back to the comforts of the reviled city. Even in the lovely wilds the sun does not always shine. Happiness and pleasure and comfort, adversity and distress and affliction are our earthly portion, and go hand in hand with us through life whether we live in the city or in the forest.

I look at my watch, it is 4 o'clock, and Billy and I hurry off to the creek, leaving my wife and the girls to gather wild flowers and ferns. Everything was new to us and I felt like investigating, but Billy couldn't see the necessity of any trips of discovery, when we could get all the trout we wanted without running our legs off; so we put in the time close to camp and partially over that portion of the creek already fished by me in the morning. What sport! The fingerlings were thrown back, and we went to camp early with creels well filled.

Mr. Hall and his family were over to spend the evening. Hall had gathered night wood for our camp and had a roaring fire, without which the mountain air made it almost uncomfortably cool.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE KINGFISHERS.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very much obliged to "Von W." for his interesting note on the "Derryfield Beef" matters. It is the old story. A fellow thinks that he has learned all about something or other, and writes thereabout to the FOREST AND STREAM. Then along comes some other correspondent—it may be from Maine, or, quite as likely, from the Sandwich Islands or Manitoba—and the fellow afore mentioned learns a good deal more than he has been able to teach. As old "Guzman," of Chicago, used to say in similar cases, "Thus it is—to-day we sparkle and tomorrow die."

With your correspondent I join in the hope that some of us old fellows, who have long been acquainted with each other through the medium of our favorite paper, may meet and shake hands at the coming World's Fair in Chicago. We ought to give the biggest kind of a "pot-latch" in honor of such an event. Still, it will not be like swapping yarns while dodging the smoke of an old-fashioned camp-fire.

"Von W." wants to see "Kingfisher." He ought to have seen him, as I did last summer, "on his native heath," or, more accurately, standing in the bow of the old "iron-clad" (canvas) canoe, with the foaming waters swirling past, and the light of battle on his countenance, and shining all over his tennis shirt, and his corduroy trousers, and his canvas shoes.

"Anathema, maramatha," or words to that effect, came from his lips, as with one hand he smote the deer-flies which buzzed about his head, and with the other inveigled the trout to their destruction.

"I'm not much of a fly-caster," observed the old Trojan, as the little bamboo waved and the line floated out some 50ft. down the river, but—"snap," there you are my beauty. Whirr, smack—"Dang those deer-flies, anyhow," and a large trout was shortly added to the glittering collection which lay in the bottom of the canoe until he could find time to otherwise dispose of them. "Kingfisher," said I, "I am somehow reminded of the late Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, and of his incidentally cursing a bank director." "Yes," said Suggs, "I told him I'd see him as fur into the t'other place as a pigeon could fly in a fortnight. I gin him thunder an' lightning" stewed down to a strong pison, I tell you. I cussed him up one side an' down t'other, twell thar warn't the bigness of your thumb-nail that warn't properly cussed."

"Just so," said Kingfisher. "Kelpie, just let her drop about thirty-one inches lower, there's a swirl under that bush that ought to be seen to."

It was accordingly "seen to," *secundum artem*; but Kingfisher writes me that he hopes to find time to give your readers some account of our last summer's outing, and far be it from me to attempt to forestall him in this laudable intention. I promised to let you know if I had any luck on that trip, but it has hitherto been impracticable to write as I desired. I may say that, as to fish, I caught more than I could eat, which is something; and as to the camp—that, indeed, was luck, rich and rare. Many camps have I seen, but never one as near perfection as that of last summer on Carp Lake.

These being my sentiments, you needn't expect me even to hint how it was that "Snakeroot" nearly dislocated his wrist in showing us how to hook a blue-gill; how Kingfisher worked four days and nights to circumvent a big trout in Ballyhoo Brook; how he kissed the beauty when at last he held it in his hand; how Snakeroot and Kelpie went fossilizing, and smashed rocks until the camp was so piled with them that it appeared necessary to move the tents, and Snakeroot slung Latin jawbreakers at the club until "Old Frigid" managed to stash him with a piece of tourmaline, which the President irreverently termed a "stink-stone," while threatening to lock up every hammer and hatchet in the camp unless this rock-piling business was stopped—on these and many other recollections of that camp I am silent as the grave. Kingfisher is one of the most tireless and unselfish fellows I ever knew; looks out day and night for the comfort and pleasure of those in camp, and if in the night the canvas flaps or a boat is heard to pound, he is out instantly, probably *en chemise* (rubber boots don't count), if the case is urgent, and shortly all is order.

We had a most complete outfit—camp equipage, fishing rods and tackle of all sorts, and here I will remark that a Horton steel rod (jointed), which I carried and used for the most part on that trip, won golden opinions. I dislike the telescopic fly-rod (I never tried the telescopic bass rods), but in the small hollow tips a G-line does not work well. I like the action of these rods, however, and bought last summer a jointed one, which has proved very satisfactory. Mine was a No. 11 bass rod, 10oz. with reversible butt. I mention these facts only because I think they may be of interest to anglers.

Yes, we all voted it the pleasantest camp we had ever seen, and much of good did it do me; but for me the best

day of all was that on which Old Hickory and I poled the "ironclad" up Cedar Run; and when at last, wearied with the labors of the day, we approached the landing, and the stately form of the President, surmounted by that old "sunflower" hat, loomed in the fading twilight against the ruddy glow of the camp-fire, while his genial voice announced to us that by a special dispensation our supper had just been made ready for demolition, the happiness of the day was complete.

KELPIE

ANGLING NOTES.

WHILE up in Orange county week before last, ruffed grouse shooting, I was surprised to find how low the streams were. The anglers in that section of the country are very much afraid that the trout spawn will be seriously injured, as in many places the spawning beds are barely covered with water. Similar reports have been received from other parts of the country, particularly Connecticut.

Judge Bookstaver paid a visit to Newfoundland last summer, and while there tried the trout and salmon. His stay was short but he took a run over to the Salmonier and killed four salmon in that magnificent river. The trout fishing he pronounced excellent but the black flies and mosquitoes were rather a drawback to the sport.

Mr. Theodore Gordon of Savannah, Ga., one of the most accomplished fly-fishermen in the country, has turned his attention to dressing salmon flies for his own use. The specimens which he recently sent me were certainly wonderfully well tied, not only for an amateur but even for a professional. Mr. Archibald Mitchell will have to look to his laurels. There is no prettier accomplishment than fly-tying, but it requires a deal of patience and perseverance to become even moderately expert, and when it comes to salmon flies, with their mixed wings and delicate feelers and crests, it is doubly difficult. When on long fishing trip it helps pass away many a rainy day, and is often very useful, particularly if the angler is anxious to try copies of natural insects.

Of late quite a number of fly-fishermen have given their attention to the floating flies and dry fly-fishing, this style of angling is very successful on the other side for brown trout, but it is a question whether it works well here or not. There are undoubtedly times, particularly on much fished streams, where a delicate midge dropped light as a thistle down on the surface of a still pool will kill trout when the average fly will not, but as a rule these delicate little flies will not answer for the rapid swirling waters of our trout streams or the deep dark Canadian or Maine lakes. In short, in our country where there are so many different styles of fly-fishing necessary, it takes considerable experience and a well stocked book to meet all the requirements of the different sections. In the West the black-spotted trout require rather large flies on stout gut and heavy leaders—the waters are often swift and rough and the fish large. On the Niipegon flies are used dressed on No. 10 sprats and even larger. In Maine the big trout love to lie in deep water and prefer a Parmachenee-belle or silver-doctor on a No. 2 or 3 hook; and again on the much fished streams of Long Island it often requires a midge on a drawn gut leader to kill a decent fish. One thing is very certain, that the more trout are fished for, the more particular they become, and every season the dealers find that the sales of light leaders and small flies are on the increase.

SCARLET-IBIS.

ONONDAGA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Anglers' Association had a large meeting. Our private protector gave in his report, which was very satisfactory to the members. We are some in debt and many of the members contributed their little mite to help pay up. Mr. Skinner, the veteran spoon maker, contributed one dozen spoons, which were sold at auction at the meeting, and brought about \$20 for the benefit of the association. Chas. Mowry, of the *Sporting Goods Gazette*, acted as auctioneer and made a good one (but Charlie is no talker). All the members were glad to see Mr. Skinner, who gave us a description of the work on the River St. Lawrence. With such good fishing as we have had in our vicinity (the best we have ever had), every member was anxious to continue the good work. One of our members has contributed a wagon and boat to the protectors to help them in their work, as they have trouble in getting boats. There should be a law that should enable a game protector to take any livery boat by paying regular rental of same.

Since our meeting last week our Mr. Hawn and Jackson have taken thirteen nets and made three arrests.

The night of the meeting the poachers thought it would be a good night to put in their nets, as they knew the protectors would be at the meeting. Well, they got fooled, as Hawn and Jackson started after the meeting closed and took seven nets and three poachers on Onondaga Lake. The nets were burned in front of the Court House the next evening.

Some of our Supervisors were trying to help the netters take whitefish in nets during a certain period here, but when they came to know all the facts and the injury it would be to protection, this bill was tabled.

A petition has been forwarded to the Commissioners asking for the appointment of Harry Jackson on the State force. With two such men in central New York, we will have the best fishing grounds in the State. I do not know where there is such good bass fishing as we have on our rivers, Oneida and Onondaga Lakes. I know of several catches of bass from fifty-five to eighty taken in one afternoon, also from fifty to 150 pike in one day's fishing.

There has been fishing for perch on our lakes up to the 15th of December, and I do not doubt that there will be many on the lake to-day, being so pleasant. There have been catches of from twenty to seventy-five, and weighing from one-half pound to one and a quarter. Just think of it at this time of year seeing from twenty-five to thirty boats fishing. We shall have great fishing next season if this work is kept up. If any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM want to know anything pertaining to our fishing grounds, please refer them to me and I will gladly direct them to right localities.

About two months from now our factory will be re-

moved to Baldwinsville, the citizens giving us land and power. The main building is now completed; it is 50x150ft., four stories, and within 100ft. of this factory there were caught in one afternoon's fishing fifty bass, weighing from 1½ to 4½ pounds each. There are a number of New York gentlemen who visit Baldwinsville for bass fishing every summer. It is only twenty minutes ride by rail from Syracuse.

HENRY LOFTIE.

ARTIFICIALLY REARED TROUT.

AT the reunion of the Massachusetts Association, referred to in our columns Dec. 24, the sale of domesticated trout during the close season was brought up for discussion.

Hon. H. F. Raymond, chairman of the legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game of the last House, said in effect that at the last session of the Legislature a petition was presented asking that domestic raised trout be allowed to be sold during the close season, when wild trout were not allowed to be taken. Mr. Raymond explained that the petition was introduced in the interest of one or two parties interested in the sale of these fish, who, although they were probably making a very handsome sum by selling their products as the law is now, yet wanted to derive more benefit by petitioning for a law allowing them to place their fish on the market before the open season, thereby giving a larger opening for violations of the law, to take wild trout out of season.

Mr. Raymond said in conclusion that the Committee reported the bill as inexpedient, the trout in Massachusetts having a hard enough time to protect themselves now without having any more laws tending toward their extermination.

"FISHING THROUGH THE ICE."—Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A myriad of the lovers of the "gentle art" must be readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, for by the way the letters are pouring in regarding "Fishing Through the Ice," as published in your issue of Dec. 10, has placed me in a pretty fix indeed. I can't tend to them all and will you kindly state that I will mail as sample one line only with attachments complete to any one person on receipt of twelve two-cent stamps.—BEN O. BUSH.

It is hard work to select an acceptable Christmas present, something that will give real pleasure. For the sportsman there is nothing more pleasing than a book which deals with his favorite topic. He enjoys its perusal, and the satisfaction it gives him is a lasting one. FOREST AND STREAM'S free illustrated catalogue gives the intending purchaser a wide range of selection and offers many suggestions which at this season of the year are very timely.

Fishculture.

FEEDING HABITS OF WHITEFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the reading of an article in your issue of the 10th inst. which referred to the feeding habits of whitefish when confined in ponds. The food of the whitefish in its natural state has been a very interesting study with me, and since I first came to this country, nearly nine years past, I have examined the stomachs of over 300 whitefish and more than that number of tullibee, but in none of them did I find a trace of young fish, although in the spring I often found the spawn of the pickerel (*S. vitreum*) and in the fall the ova of both the whitefish and the tullibee. I shall not, however, dwell upon the results of my researches in this letter, but only wish to bring to your notice a peculiar find of mine, which I had the good fortune to happen upon on the 19th June last. On the east side of the Rocky Mountains, at the head of the Waterton River, one of the tributaries of the South Saskatchewan, there are three very beautiful lakes, locally called the Kootenai Lakes, the water of which is deep, clear and cold, except in the lower and smaller lake, where it is shallow and in places weedy. Here there are pike, but in the two larger and deeper lakes these fish are not found; but instead there are lake trout and whitefish (*C. clupeiformis*).

A Mr. Brown, who has lived on the edge of one of these lakes for a number of years, set a gill net in about sixty feet of water and next morning he took two lake trout and seven whitefish, the latter averaging 4lbs. in weight. I very carefully examined the stomachs of the whitefish and was surprised to find the walls of some unusually thick and hard with the papillae fully one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch in length. One-third of the contents was made up of a bright red pointed worm, one-quarter inch long and as thick as a very coarse sewing needle, and a worm of the same length, but a trifle thicker and blunt at the ends, color white; one-third of the larvae of *Phryganidæ*, and the balance was composed of minute, and some larger, shells; many of the latter were crushed by the time they got into the gut. In the stomach of one whitefish was a young burbot (*Lota maculosa*) 1½ in. in length and in a perfect state of preservation, showing that it had been swallowed just before the whitefish was caught and but a very short time before the net was hauled.

Can you or any of your readers inform me whether the common sucker (*C. commersoni*) eats the fry of whitefish, etc., after they begin to swim about? I know that the sucker eats quantities of the eggs of other fish in the various stages of development, and even after they are hatched out, but before the little chaps can do more than feebly wriggle.

F. C. GILCHRIST.

FORT QU'APPELLE, Assiniboine, Dec. 18.

[In Utah Lake among the worst enemies of trout eggs and fry are the ubiquitous suckers. We think it probable, therefore, that the common form above mentioned, because of its close relationship to some of the forms in Utah Lake, will be found to destroy whitefish.]

ALASKAN SALMON, according to Mr. Franklin Booth, were later than usual in coming on the coast and the season was, therefore, much prolonged. Up to the middle of August the catch was very light, but the run continued at Karluk until the beginning of November. Although reliable information is hard to obtain the yield must have been very large. We have already referred to the commendable enterprise of one of the cannery firms in establishing at their own expense a well-equipped hatchery on Karluk River, which has produced 5,000,000 red salmon fry in its first season. There is probably no other hatchery in the United States which has surpassed this record.

BROOK TROUT EGGS to the number of 1,500,000, besides two troughs of fry, were reported in the Allentown, Pa., hatchery by Superintendent J. P. Creveling Dec. 13. The outlook for a large distribution of young trout in the streams next spring is very encouraging. The good results of wholesale stocking are nowhere more evident than in Pennsylvania.

WATCHING THE NETS.

Dear Forest and Stream:

"There's a strike, Lou!" was the first sound that greeted my ear as I arrived at the cozy camp of the Lake Sunapee State Hatchery one dark, still night in October. Following the exclamation, in which I recognized the genial voice of the superintendent, Mr. Runson P. Sargent, two shadowy forms sprang from the sandy beach into one of the large boats lying by the little pier and hastily paddled away from the shore. "Where are they going now?" asked the driver who had brought me from the station at the southern end of the lake, some five miles away. "Out to run the nets," I replied; "they have got a strike." "Well, you have got me. Run the nets! What do you mean?" he asked in such a tone of surprise, that I was completely taken back at the apparent ignorance of this man, who had doubtless lived within rifle shot of Sunapee Lake for many years.

By careful inquiry I learned that he was only one of many who were perfectly ignorant of the methods employed to capture the trout in October, when, heavy with spawn, they attempt to run up the brooks.

Then, thought I, if so many of these people, living within a few miles of a well-equipped State institution, know absolutely nothing of the labor and expense involved in "propagating the species," would not a little article descriptive of my visit to this, the banner hatchery of New Hampshire for '91, be of interest to many of our readers? Assuming that such may be the case, I would state at the beginning that no more picturesque nor healthier location could be found upon the shores of this famous sheet than that of necessity selected by the Commission upon the east shore, by the clear waters of Pike Brook, and upon which, about eighty rods from the lake, is the hatchery proper.

This is one of the most important feeders of the lake, toward which the trout and landlocked salmon swarm as soon as the September rains raise the water to a sufficient height to allow them to pass up.

Here, close to the mouth of the brook, their further progress is barred by a heavy pound, which is ingeniously placed in the water. Having once passed through they cannot get back to the lake nor further up the stream. This pound is built on a similar principle to the wire fly traps so commonly used. The fish in its efforts to follow the current passes through a small opening in the A-shaped inclosure, and here it safely remains until the netters come and more active operations begin, which is usually about Sept. 18. Just above the pound, in the deep waters of the brook, is built a heavy tank, having three sections, one for each of the species captured here. The brook flows through the long tank to a depth of from 4 to 5 ft., and supplies the captive fish with pure water. No food is taken by the trout when confined in this tank at the spawning season.

The Camp is a handsome, painted cottage, containing four rooms, ample sleeping accommodations, cooking range and utensils, and is neat and convenient.

The preparations for the fall campaign are not very extensive, and soon the busy superintendent and his assistants have overhauled the long nets and put them in readiness for service, while in the sandy bar which stretches away from the beach for many rods, heavy stakes have been driven at distances of 100 ft., this being the length of the nets. These stakes form various angles, and when the nets are distributed make a sort of enclosure.

Everything in readiness just before dark, the superintendent with an assistant takes a large tub in his boat, in which the nets have been carefully placed, and beginning at the shore stake, in about 2 ft. of water, the nets are "put out," sometimes 300 ft. and sometimes 500 ft. are stretched in this vertical position from stake to stake. The nets are provided with heavy leads on one edge and cork floats upon the other, which cause them to remain vertical in the water. Then from dark until near morning these sturdy men must watch and wait for the expected "strike," for, strange to relate, brook and lake trout are moving toward their spawning beds only in the darkness of night. Hour after hour they watch and listen, and when a large specimen is captured much care and skill are necessarily employed in order to release the fish from the nets without doing it injury.

The trout swimming toward the brook, which flows into the lake back of the suspended nets, strikes the fine linen meshes, and as it feels the threads drawing about its gills, it "strikes," or throws itself from the water in a vain effort to shake itself free from the tangle in which it finds itself. Over and over it turns in its struggles, and one can but poorly judge of the strength of a fifteen-pounder unless he has handled him. Then the attendant puts his arms deep down in the cold waters of the lake and lifts the captive in a baglike fold of the net. Near the surface, oftentimes beneath the water, and then perhaps in his arms, the attendant carefully proceeds to untangle the finny monarch, and this, too, in the darkest of nights—perhaps it may be raining violently in addition to the other discomforts.

It was free at last, and placing it carefully in a high, narrow tank containing a small quantity of water, the boat is put ashore where each man ventures an estimate of its weight, of course, and the beauty is placed in the receiving tank to await proper development of an inclination to throw its spawn, when one by one the females, or "biddys" as they are called, are taken from the tank, with the aid of a dip-net.

When found to be "ripe" the superintendent takes the trout upon his arm, its head between his elbow and side, its body firmly, but gently, grasped in his mitted hand, then, by slow and continued pressure the little golden globules are forced into a shallow receptacle. This work is done close by the receiving tank, under cover of a canvas spread to protect the roe from the rays of the sun, which must not fall upon the eggs at this time. Then a male, or "jack," is dipped out and by the same process its milt is mingled with the spawn of the female, and the act of fecundation is complete. These trout are returned to the waters of the lake, while the spawn is carried to the hatchery, where two large pipes supply bountiful streams of water from the brook itself, and from a large spring some rods away. The union of these two streams of water keeps the temperature even, and the supply can be regulated and distributed through the various tanks, by means of valves.

In the long rows of water-tight tanks are arranged wire screens in boxed sections, and upon these the roe is carefully spread, a crow's feather being used to distribute them. Then the water is allowed to run through these tanks incessantly, keeping the little globules from a third to one-half an inch beneath the surface.

The building must be so tight and warm that the water cannot possibly freeze, and twice or thrice a week during the long process of incubation an attendant must visit the hatchery and remove such of the eggs as have not become fertilized. These are easily distinguished by their creamy white appearance, while the perfect spawn is almost transparent. This dead spawn acts like decayed fruit upon the mass, affecting all about it, and in turn destroying the entire plant.

The eggs develop and increase in size, until in January and February the little sac bursts, and a tiny wiggling mite, less than an inch in length, is discovered. To this embryo is attached, at the junction of the head and body, the balance of the sac, which supplies the food until about the time of the opening of the brooks in April, when the fry are ready for distribution. These in turn make sport for the angler and supply the hatchery with its required spawn. BYRON.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Ado.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$5. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

FIXTURES.

(For fuller details see issue of Dec. 3.)

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 2.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

1892.

Jan. 5 to 8.—Albany, N. Y. W. C. House, Fort Plain, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 5 to 9.—Charleston, S. C. Benj. McAniss, Sec'y.
Jan. 13 to 16.—Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Greenville, Sec'y.
Jan. 21 to 25.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
Feb. 9 to 12.—Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 16 to 19.—Jackson, Mich. Chas. H. Ruhl, Sec'y.
Feb. 23 to 26.—New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 1 to 4.—Philadelphia, Pa. F. S. Brown, Sec'y.
March 8 to 11.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, 733 B'way, N. Y.
March 15 to 18.—Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Sec'y.
April 7 to 10.—Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 4 to 7.—San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1892.

Jan. 11-12.—Bexar Field Trials, San Antonio, Texas.
Jan. 13.—Pacific Field Trials, Bakersfield, Cal.
—, Southern Field Trials, New Albany, Miss.

RETROSPECT.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS YEAR to all kennel readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The year just passed has been marked by a great advance in all kennel interests in this country, notwithstanding the severe losses some kennels, especially the St. Bernard men, have sustained during the past summer. In mastiffs there is little new to relate, Mr. Whitney's importation of Cardinal Beaufort, taking the place of his late Ilford Chancellor, being the most important, and Mr. Bunn has imported several good brood bitches. In St. Bernards Plinlimmon, Prince Regent, Scottish Prince, Plevna, Alton, Ben Lomond, Hesper, a galaxy of St. Bernard talent that it will take years of careful breeding to duplicate, have all gone to the silent majority, but the importation of Princess Florence, Lord Bute, Marquis of Ripon, Refuge II., King Regent and others will go far to redeem the breed.

By the importation of Imperator, the great Dane breed has been greatly strengthened here and the interest in these dogs is decidedly on the advance. Newfoundlanders have made no progress. Deerhounds are also just about where they were. Greyhounds, on the contrary, have been improved by several importations, Gem of the Season, Pious Pembroke, Ornatus, Bestwood Daisy, Lilly of Gainsborough, and in coursing by Dingwall, Royal Crest, etc. Coursing is surely on the boom but is still, unfortunately, chiefly confined to the West. Pointers have had no special addition to their ranks and Sir Frederick is the principal new comer in English setters. The breed is rather in an unsettled state and there seems an inclination to favor a lighter type than the heavy English too customarily seen at our shows. Irish setters through the field trials have received a great fillip and the importations of Coleraine, Blue Rock and Finglas are very noteworthy ones. Gordons are about as they were, nothing new except Heather Bee having been imported. Fox-terriers still hold their own in terriers, and such new dogs as Dona, Dominica, Pitcher, Dobbin, Miss Dollar, etc., will all do good to the fancy, besides the several new kennels that are going into the breed. Bull-terriers may be said to be booming, (thanks to Messrs. Frank Dole and John Moorehead, whose Gully the Great, imported by the former with several others, and the latter's Streatham Monarch, will all serve to make competition very keen in the coming circuit. Bull terriers and Dandie Dinmonts have been improved by recent importations, Crate, Banner Boy, Boxer IV., Danmurry and Ballymoney helping the Irish cause, while Dandies, Heather Madge and King of the Heather are noteworthy specimens of this game dog. Bulldogs have had several important additions, though none that will beat Harper and those we had before. Skyes and Airedales remain still in the cold. Pugs have been strengthened by the Bonsor and Penrice importations. Other toys remain about as they were last year. Black and tan terriers, by the addition of Sultan, Queen III., Salisbury, Jasper, Louie and Beaconsfield, have had considerable attention drawn to them, and they are certainly a coming breed. The Psowoi, formerly known as the Barzoi, have made rapid strides in public estimation. Mr. Hacke's importations being very important, and there is every sign that before another year American grit will have solved the question as to which is the proper type, and then they will get the best as usual. Field trials, though they are hardly the sentimental, enjoyable gatherings they used to be, are now set on a firm business basis and must revert to the good of the several breeds of sporting dogs. In conclusion we may remark, that FOREST AND STREAM, as in the past year, will continue to watch the growing interests in kennel affairs, and, with its increased space, will give its readers all the latest news and most interesting "Dog Chat."

THE PULSE OF THE DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the pulse is so important a guide to the health of the animal, any of its peculiarities are of course of the utmost importance. Works on the dog are unaccountably silent on this subject. The fact is that the pulse of the dog has a character different from that of any of our domestic animals. As regards rate, while it varies with age, breed, etc., it is still not very different from that of the human subject; and the ratio between it and the respirations is about the same, i. e., one respiration to about four pulses.

But the great and characteristic peculiarity is the irregularity of the pulse of the adult animal.

If one examines, as a dog lies quietly, either the pulse or the inside of the thigh or the heart itself by feeling the crest wall over it, he is struck very forcibly by it. He has ever felt the beating of his own heart, with the pronounced irregularity of the organ, so that one might be forgiven for concluding that the animal had heart disease, as many a one has done. As a matter of fact this peculiarity is present in every grown dog, though absent in young puppies; and if it were present it would be difficult to detect, owing to the rapidity of the pulse.

This irregularity extends to the rate and the force of the beats, and by suitable apparatus this can be made evident to the eye; but a little practice makes it easy to convince oneself that the irregularity exists in a marked degree, and that the slowing, etc., is manifest only during expiration, the heart beating faster and more regularly during inspiration.

Of course the more frequent the beat the less pronounced is the peculiarity, hence it is much more marked in health than in disease.

Recently I read an article by an expert, in which he states that the pulse of the dog may be irregular in health, showing that this peculiarity of all normal dogs has escaped the observations of even some who professionally treat the dog. It seems to me that it is important that all who have much to do with dogs should be aware of the characteristics of so important a guide to the condition of the animal as the pulse. WESLEY MILLS, M.D., D.V.S.

AMERICAN KENNELS.—V.

THE FLOUR CITY KENNELS.

THERE is something that savors of the fairy wand in being able in these progressive days to fall asleep in the Grand Central Station in New York and waking find one's self breathing the vapor-laden atmosphere of early morning in Rochester, the Flour City. Such was my experience one day in the early fall. A desire to see the home life of dogs whose bench show career had made them celebrated was not to be resisted, not to mention several pressing invitations both from Mr. James W. Whitney, the owner, and Mr. Pritchard, the manager.

A little misunderstanding in train arrivals led to Mr. Pritchard's fruitless search at the railway station while I was seeking to make myself heard "over the garden wall." There was no one about, and I judiciously kept the fence between the occupants of the kennels and myself. Though these mastiffs seemed imbued with the utmost good nature, still, mastiffs are mastiffs, and I had no overweening desire for Ilford Chancellor nor even the mild-faced Miss Caution to stand guard over my prostrate body, which, I believe, is the traditional and pleasing method dogs of this breed have of protecting their master's property when the stranger intrudes. Mr. Pritchard's arrival, however, soon let me into the secrets of the place.

It is a peculiar situation for a kennel this. Right from the heart of the busy city one walks down a short, steep street, and alongside the Genesee River one finds a perfect little oasis in the deserts of factories, mills, breweries and what not that go to make up Rochester's prosperity. A stretch of land as flat as a table, and containing several acres of grass land and gardens, it is a most unique situation. Here the dogs are secure from molestation and their barking can disturb no one. Not very far away are the famed Genesee Falls, but to-day they were falls in name only owing to the dry spell.

The kennel building is a neat story and a half structure, very well arranged with a view of getting the maximum of space with a minimum of waste. The main building is about 40x20, and one enters it through a short passage, which leads to a square room. Here is a large set pot which, with its brick setting, is about 4 ft. square, and in this the food is cooked. The arrangement, however, has not been found very satisfactory and will be remedied very soon by having the cooking done in an outside building. In summer the way it is now it must make the kennels too warm. Round the walls of this room are hung framed prize cards, showing that though the Flour City Kennels is a comparative new comer in the kennel field, its occupants have made an enviable record for themselves during the year. This room is also used as an office. A little anteroom leads off from this main compartment, and here I found one of those useful adjuncts to a large kennel—the canine treadmill. Opening from the main room are several kennels, and beginning with the one by the cook stove I found a 12x16 compartment, in which Minna Minting got lazily up to welcome us. She was in nice summer trim, neither too fat nor too lean. This bitch is by, as her name would denote, the celebrated champion Minting (8815) out of Minna (11789). She is three years old, but has not been shown very much. Minna Minting was to have been bred to Ilford Chancellor. Passing to the next compartment I found a nice brindle bitch called Princess, small in head, nice body, but struck me as rather light in bone. She was four weeks in whelp to Ilford Chancellor, whose grand head properties will, it is to be hoped, stamp themselves upon her progeny. She was bred at the kennels and whelped in 1886. Her sire was the brindle champion Ilford Cromwell and dam Brenda II. She is already the dam of winners, counting Melrose Prince, a winner of many good prizes, including a \$150 silver cup and gold medal at New York in 1889, also Philamont, first at Toledo and Columbus shows, among her progeny.

In the corner of this kennel a door opened into the boudoir of the pride of the kennel, at least the female portion of it—Caution's Own Daughter, whose career since I first spoke of her many good points in November, 1890, has fully kept pace with all expectations, and when our mastiff enthusiast, "The Member for Hulton," thinks her about the best of her breed over here, there is little need for me to either criticize or praise her. C. O. D.'s record is now well known, and though her chocolate markings may be objected to by some, still her beautiful head outline and intense look of quality must surely impress the most prejudiced stickler for black points. C. O. D. has another name for commoner wear—Radie. This bitch was sired by that celebrated stud dog, Ilford Caution, and her dam is the beautiful bitch Lady Dorothy. It may be remarked *en passant* that the latter bitch must have thought that the production of two such animals as Caution's Own Daughter and Miss Caution was honor enough for her lifetime, for she has done nothing further to increase the mastiff population of the country. C. O. D. has won firsts at most of the principal shows last spring and in the Canadian circuit, being only beaten by Lady Dorothy twice at Washington and Pittsburgh, and Lady Coleus once at Toronto.

The next compartment was drawn blank and then with a confident smile Mr. Pritchard opened the adjoining kennel door and showed me the hope of the kennel—the new young dog Cardinal Beaufort, that Mr. Whitney during the summer had paid \$1,250 for through E. H. Moore when the latter was in England. This dog is now about 22 months old, having been born Feb. 10, 1889, and is by Sir Stafford out of Friga. When I saw him he was just then in the neither hay nor grass period of his life but showed every promise of furnishing into a first flight dog. He boasts one of the stoutest and deepest of heads, as his picture shows, nice small ears, good eye and wrinkle. Body a little short but his hindparts, I now hear, have strengthened till now there is no sign of weakness. Take him all round, with luck, he should be a dog that will do a lot of good for the breed. I forgot to say that these kennels open into nice grass runs 125 by 20 ft. fenced in with eight foot palings.

Crossing the passage we found another kennel opening into Cardinal's yard. In this was the noted Lady Dorothy, looking the picture of health, and though she has hardly carried out the early promise as regards size when first imported by Mr. Moore in 1887 she is yet one of the best in the country. Full of quality, her good points need no repetition. She was about three weeks gone in whelp to Cardinal Beaufort, the first he had visited, I believe, since his importation in July last. Lady Dorothy has a nice body for a brood bitch and it is to be hoped her union with such a young dog as Beaufort will effect the desired result. Lady Dorothy was whelped in 1886 and her sire was either champion Hotspur or champion Orlando, he of the wonderful head, and dam Wunna, by Cedric the Saxon out of Mona. Her winnings include firsts at Providence 1887, New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, etc., 1891.

The next door led us into two kennels which compose the corner of the building. In the right one is Exeter Dree, a new importation during the summer. This bitch was whelped June 3, 1888, and is by Beaumaris (13801) out of Doris (18012), by Titus out of Digit, Beaumaris, by champion Beau out of Mischief. She was purchased from Mr. James Hutchings, the noted Devonshire mastiff breeder. Exeter Dree is a little long-faced, but has a small ear, fair bone and is nicely ribbed. She was imported in whelp to Exeter Barister, but unfortunately lost the litter of nine, as she only came over a week before whelping. She was to visit Ilford Chancellor. The corresponding compartment to this was drawn blank. Opening a side door into a small room Miss Caution came smiling up. This is a very much im-

proved bitch since the spring, and though her face has a suspicion of "dish," still it is a beautiful one, and much like her more celebrated sister's, but if she has not been favored with quite so perfect an outline, she luckily has the much desired black points. She is the same breeding as C. O. D. sire, Ilford Caution: dam, Lady Dorothy, but was whelped May 5, 1890, and in these two Mr. Whitney has a pair of valuable brood bitches, for their quality is intense. Miss Caution won several prizes last spring, and in the late Canadian circuit, and now that C. O. D. is in the challenge class seems to have the open classes next year at her mercy. This finished the main building, and entering the passage

Railroad runs now, but which formerly were the grounds and gardens of the house in which Mr. Whitney was born. Leaving the kennels I passed a substantial looking house where Mr. Pritchard is to have his rooms so that he can sleep with one eye on his charges. There is no lack of room for exercising the dogs without going off the estate, for across the road from the kennels are two large fields of about three acres that run down to the river. Here are kept two Alderney cows, the kennel pony, and the buck-board, to which is attached an arrangement of cross bars, so that several dogs can be chained behind and taken out for exercise, a rather lazy man's arrangement, but

country I sincerely trust that another year there will be no such cause for complaint. After a pleasant lunch at Mr. Whitney's residence, a meal made bright by the presence of Mrs. Whitney, I visited the stables behind the house, which contain some five or six very nice trotters, one of which has shown a 2:20 gait; this is a half sister of Monbars, the noted two-year-old trotter, and will ere this be now in the hands of the noted Budd Doble, who will bring out of her whatever record-smashing pace there is in her. As we jumped into the perfectly appointed sidecar behind two lovely young mares I asked the owner why his fancy leaned so much to the tenderer sex in his trotters. "Why," he answered, "lame a horse and he's done for, lame a mare and you still can use her for breeding purposes." Some people may call that horse sense, and I'll agree with them. Anyhow, I had a most charming drive to Oriental Beach, and jogging quietly home in time for dinner several hours were spent till train time in pleasant chat that was not "all dog."

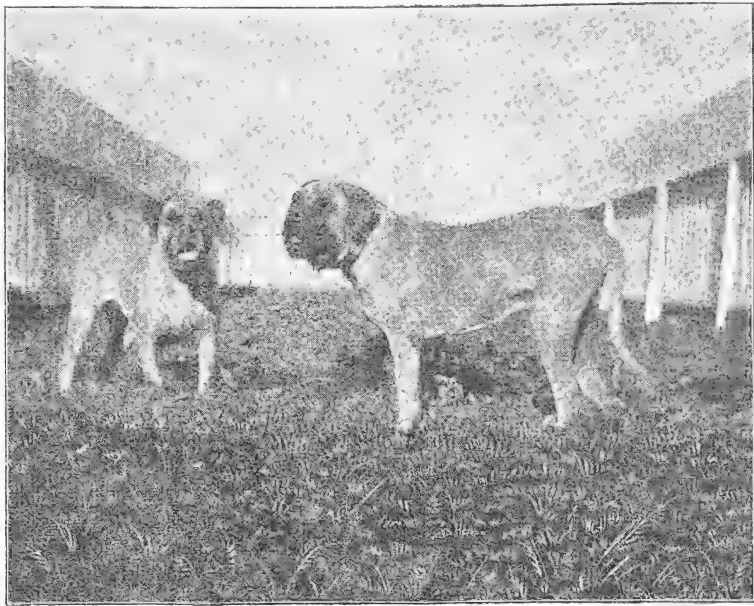
H. W. L.

LORD CLOVER'S PEDIGREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inasmuch as your correspondent "Onlooker" pronounces the Lord Clover matter still in a half baked condition for lack of evidence, it may be well to outline the testimony still in my possession.

First of all I have a number of English for sale lists, stud cards, catalogues, etc. All of them antedate this Lord Clover turmoil and all of them contain strong corroborative testimony in favor of the pedigree under discussion. They show the breeding of Mr. Proctor's Rosalind just as clearly as the stud book, also that of Mr. Hartley's Lady Yara, Mr. Talland's Lola, Captain Openshaw's Lindon, Mr. Proctor's Lothair, Mr. Houker's Haughty Nellie and Haughty Daisy, Mr. Kiltver's Cestrian Psyche and others. All of these animals have the blood of Lord Clover's dam and maternal granddam, Little Dorrit, in their veins in greater or less degree, and the documents descriptive of them show unequivocally that their owners think as I do. They one and all make out the same case as that with which Dr. Cryer is confronted. More than that I have the direct testimony of a number of well known English breeders, and there is not a single point of difference or a conflicting statement throughout. Mr. Houker, the present secretary of the English Pug Club, owns Lord Clover's sire. He formerly owned all of Lord Clover's litter brothers and sisters, together with his younger sister Haughty Nellie, and a dozen others of the same strain. Mr. Houker wrote me that there was not "a shadow of a doubt" as to the integrity of the pedigree with which everybody but Dr. Cryer accredits Lord Clover. The stud cards of Lindon, a litter brother of Lord Clover, and of Mr. Proctor's Lothair, another full brother of the dog, show the same thing. Joseph Openshaw, who owns Lindon wrote me that the pedigree was unimpeachable. Mr. Kiltver's Cestrian Psyche won three firsts at the Agricultural Hall this year and was first also in open class bitches at Birmingham last month. Her pedigree involves all that I affirm of Lord Clover's. The challenge class bitch Lola was bred by Mrs. Britain, who also bred Champion Little Count and Little Countess. Lola is by Lord Clover's brother Lothair and her pedigree is so given by her owner. Lady Candy-tuft, winner of first at Bristol and at Birmingham this year is by Lord Clover himself ex Lady Clematis. Her owner, the Rev. Dicker, assured me long ago that the pedigree I submitted to him was authentic. I can show over the signatures of these breeders and of others a condition of affairs that no incomplete stud book entry will set aside. Dr. Cryer's blunder was simply a failure to distinguish between things that differ. He probably understands now that



LADY DOROTHY AND CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Owned by Mr. James W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

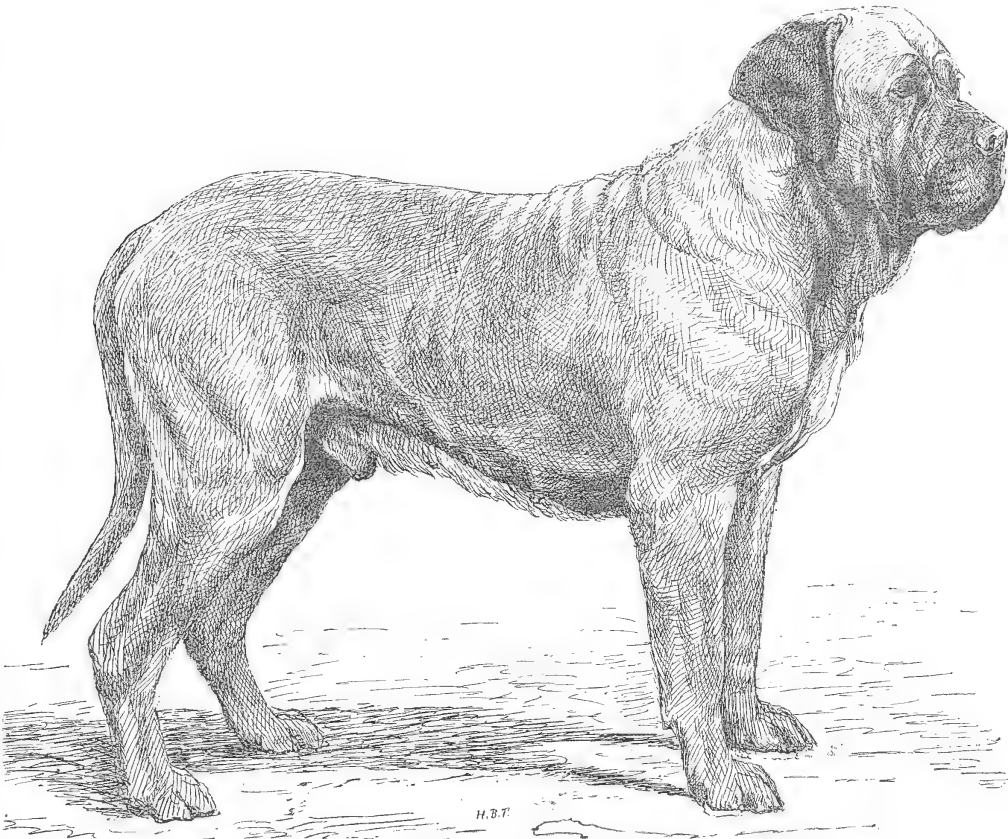
which runs the length of the extension to the main kennel, 50ft. long, I found eight more kennels which open into the alleyway. These have runs about 10ft. wide by 125ft. in length, extending to the road, with plenty of grass to roll round in. In these runs there was hardly as much shade as I would like to see; shade is a *sine qua non* in a kennel, and especially for mastiffs and other large breeds. The kennels in this building have divided doors, opening top or bottom, and the floors are cemented, with a slope so that water passes off into the main drain to the river. The partitions between the kennels are 10ft. high, of solid boarding. In the third compartment a grand old winner and handsome mastiff raised herself lazily from her comfortable couch—Lady Coleus. She is now about in her prime, a little over five years old. Her sire is the noted champion Beaufort and dam Vistala. Her breeding is, therefore, superb. Her list of winnings is just one succession of firsts, and the only bitch that can rub her uncomfortably is C. O. D., as Cambrian Princess has about passed her limit mark. Of course this bitch was a winner on the other side before she was imported by Mr. E. H. Moore in 1888. I am not aware that she has produced any pups, and more the pity, as she is grandly built for breeding. Massive in head, with a nice expression, she shows lots of quality, is very deep-chested and large of bone. Then I came upon another matron, Lady Pamela, one of champion Minding's get out of Bess (11,733). She was whelped April 12, 1888. She has an excellent body and front, is short-faced, but hardly massive enough. This bitch was in whelp to the late Horace, who had died shortly before my visit to the kennel, and this is the only bitch that was in whelp to him; and as Horace was a bigger dog than Ilford Chancellor, some good-sized progeny are now, I hope, trying to run round the kennel. Lady Pamela was shown once, in Boston in 1888, when she won a \$25 special.

By this time I could not but admire friend Pritchard's arrangement of the kennel, as my interest was kept at fever heat all the time and I had not seen the best yet—but we were coming to it when he opened the next pen, which proved to be the quarters of the Sultan of the harem, champion Ilford Chancellor, and as such was wearing an insignia of office in a fine silver studded collar. I never saw him looking better, and I am sure no one would even dream at that time of his early demise. I have so recently in a late issue of this paper, in commenting on his death, given particulars both of his breeding and his winnings that it is no use repeating them here; but to show what a good dog he was I may remark that at the Crystal Palace show in 1888, under Dr. Turner, he beat such dogs as Hotspur, Victor Hugo, Admiral, Prince of Wales and Montgomery for the challenge prize. He was another importation of Mr. Moore's in 1889, and from this gentleman Mr. Whitney purchased him. He was the sire of Ilford Cato, Chocolate Girl, Coral, Ilford, Ilford Conquest, Ilford Chorister, and he was just beginning to make his mark as a sire in this country. Some of his litters were very large, of more than ordinary promise, and next year may see some of his stock in the prize lists of the shows. With this dog was a young bitch pup, by champion Beaufort out of Gerda, bred by Mr. Winchell and purchased by the Flour City Kennels from Mr. Thompson, of Washington. This bitch is quite well made, good bone and body and nice head, and will no doubt be seen to good advantage at future shows. She will be about 15mos. old now.

Our tour of inspection concluded with the bathroom at the end of the building with its tubs and other washing paraphernalia. The ventilation and light in this building has been well arranged and the total absence of smell in any of the kennels was very noticeable. The dogs lie on pine shavings in summer, and this gives the kennel a pleasant odor, besides being death on fleas. Behind the main building is a small place used as an ice house for storing meat, of which a good deal is used in the food, and judging by the looks of the dogs, Mr. Pritchard's home-made recipes must be appreciated by his canine charges. In entering the kennels from the road one passes through an old-fashioned garden of half an acre in extent with lots of shade from numerous quince, apple and other fruit trees. This will be utilized for four kennel runs from a new kennel which will contain the stud dogs. A capital plan, as these should never, if possible, be kept in the same building with the bitches for very obvious reasons. Nothing but bitches and pups will be housed in the buildings I have described above. Behind this plot of ground is another large inclosure where the bitches are turned in to have a run. Overlooking the kennels is a high embankment, on the top of which the Rome & Watertown

friend Pritchard, like most of us, has a "bone in his back," as the saying goes. Here is also a windmill pump, that supplies the kennels with water. Further down the road is another tract of ground, used now as a vegetable garden, which Mr. Whitney will turn into a half-mile track for his trotters to be jogged on.

The pangs of hunger by this time began to make themselves manifest, so turning once more to the busy haunts of trade, I found Mr. Whitney in an atmosphere of "wheat futures," and while waiting for him I might here remark that a fondness for dogs is no passing whim of Mr. Whitney;



THE LATE CHAMPION ILFORD CHANCELLOR.

Owned by Mr. James W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

he has been an ardent lover of mastiffs for upward of fifteen years, but until he purchased Horace, by champion Minding out of Duchess, he had no idea of indulging in a kennel of prize-winning stock. It was not till the winter of 1890-91 that the opportunity arose, through Mr. Moore's intention to devote all his energies to St. Bernards, that Mr. Whitney was able to lay the foundation of the fine kennel he now has, by purchasing such dogs as Ilford Chancellor, Lady Coleus, Lady Dorothy, Caution's Own Daughter, Miss Caution, etc., and at once stepping to the top of the tree. In Mr. Pritchard he has an able manager, one whose training has been principally with mastiffs, first in the Winlawn Kennels and then with Mrs. Grant.

The kennel has had little opportunity yet to rear much young stock, but for the good of the mastiffs bred in this

omission is not necessarily prohibition. In one entry, that of Lord Clover himself, the stud book fails to carry out the schedule of the dog's lineage to completion. In place of tracing it elsewhere, Dr. Cryer appears to have flown to the seemingly not very distasteful conclusion that Lord Clover was not as well bred as some folks imagined. This is the way it looks at least to a man up a tree. In any event there does not appear to be a scrap of evidence other than the omission just mentioned to conflict with the fact that this dog was bred by Mr. Goulding, not Mr. Chatterton, and that his dam, Nellie, was bred by Mr. Proctor out of Little Dorrit, Little Dorrit by Max ex Midge. If Dr. Cryer will table his cards I will cheerfully match facilities with him so far as this one case is involved.

THOS. I. BALLANTINE.

PEORIA, ILL.

IN RE ANTONIO VS. MAID OF KENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the close of the Central Field Trials I was courteously informed by the reporters that they would dissent from the judges' decision in the four-hour race.

By discussion, I soon learned that they differed from us in regard to important matters of fact, and also in regard to the bearing of facts upon the issue.

While disclaiming any wish to enter into controversy, or to complain of criticism, it seems to me proper to give the public the case as the judges saw it.

Antonio had the luck to draw the bye, and was sent to run his bye heat under Mr. H. Penry as side judge. It was expected to finish the All-Aged Pointer Stake before noon and to begin the four-hour race in the afternoon, therefore we ordered Antonio to run his bye so as to be in readiness to go down against the winner of first heat, which would be run at the same time. Unfortunately, the Pointer Stake could not be finished in time, so that Antonio got a day's rest more than the other dogs. We might have stopped the running of the bye, but hardly thought it right when we had brought Mr. Aventura out some four miles with his dog. Especially as he had yielded his allotted place in the drawing to enable us to so arrange the running as to avoid the necessity of making Paul Bo run a heat for the Absolute All-Aged Stake and a four-hour heat on the same day. The original drawing was very favorable to Mr. Aventura, and after his consenting to change it for the accommodation of a competitor, we did not think proper to subject him to a further and arbitrary change.

Fortunately the disability of Paul Bo gave Maid of Kent a bye, a id so made matters even between her and Antonio. For the sake of complete equality we had Maid of Kent run her bye heat under Mr. Penry also. Mr. Penry, I will say, has acted as steward of our trials for three years, and is a very good handler in private, so there can be no question of his competence. But in his report to us he mentioned a fact whose bearing he did not himself perceive.

Maid of Kent being a good retriever her handler shot and killed birds at every opportunity, she retrieving. No less than twelve were brought to bag in the bye heat.

The important rest afforded by this change from galloping and searching was not overlooked by the judges, and was thought to be something of an offset to Antonio's advantages. Now, as to the work in the final heat.

Antonio was surely handicapped by the illness of his handler, Mr. Aventura, who was suffering from grippé. About an hour after the start one of the reporters got in front of Mr. Aventura in a narrow path; he wishing to pass and unable to make his voice heard, struck the reporter in the back with a cornstalk, at the end of which was a clod of earth.

Shortly after, the dogs having passed through cockle burs, Antonio got some under his legs and was pulling at them with his teeth. Aventura stooped over to help remove the burs. At the moment I gave the order to move on the reporter above mentioned charged on him suddenly and dealt him a swinging blow on the head with a large cornstalk having a heavy lump of clay on its roots. The blow was so hard as almost to knock him down, and in his condition, being quite sick with the grippé, it was near being decisive of the race. Aventura remained dazed and stupid for some time, and did not recover so as to handle with ordinary skill or judgment in the rest of the heat.

Although Aventura was blamable in provoking the attack, I felt it to be my duty to reprove the reporter, because I considered that he was there in the exercise of a public function and should have remembered that the interests of Mr. Harris, the owner of Antonio, were jeopardized by this bit of horse play. I will add that every proper apology was made, and I would not bring up this affair if the heat could be fairly understood without it. Its extreme importance will be seen when I explain that during the confusion Maid of Kent went on without competition and found a bevy which she pointed well. The location of this bevy was known to the handlers, and there is no doubt Aventura would have sent his dog there, too, had he not been interfered with. Twelve minutes before the end of the heat Maid was lost, and when found after time was called she was pointing a rabbit.

Meanwhile Antonio had finished strong, galloping well and ranging wide. The only foundation for the report that he was inclined to quit was in the fact that he stopped behind a bush to eat some carrion, the halt only amounting to about five seconds, he going on and continuing to hunt when ordered. The dogs had ranged so wide and been separated so much that each judge saw only part of the work. On comparing notes and observations, the judges were tied on the result of the heat and could make no award on it.

The heat system as practiced from the beginning of the Central Field Trials Club has required the judges to consider the entire work of each dog throughout the stake.

Therefore in a tie or a very good heat the award is given to the dog whose previous work is the best. (See Running Rules, page 8, Rule 12.) We were surprised and shocked when one reporter who has been present at our successive trials and had copies of every edition of our rules, should declare himself ignorant of this feature, and when it was explained to him deny the propriety of applying it. In truth we had no choice but to apply it unless we dispensed with all scruples of conscience.

Whether it is a good rule or not is a different question. In our summing up we found that Maid of Kent had pointed one bevy the most, while Antonio had a majority of one on singles. She had flushed two bevies that she had the best of chances to point. He flushed one when absolutely pushed on from his point by his handler. He made two false points and pointed too often where birds had lately flushed. He showed more fatigue than she, especially at the beginning of the last half hour, but freshened toward the last. She went off her nose and passed right through the midst of birds without owning scent; her pace was slower than his and she showed less industry in her work. She ran very strong and ranged as far at the close as at the beginning. Antonio was lost three times during the heat but was always found pointing birds in thick covert near the line of march, not dropped to his point but standing. About half an hour would cover the total time he was lost. He showed great speed, fine style and great industry in his work, and had good nose all through. As faults are mostly mentioned above, the impression may arise that the work in general was poor. On the contrary, it was brilliant beyond all previous trials.

The final heat was better than previous finals, and the work of the two pointers was far better than even that of winning setters in previous years. The heat between Antonio and Rip Rap was probably the finest ever run in field trials. Any hour of it taken alone would make a brilliant heat in all-age stakes. The advantage of Antonio was clear, and why his work aroused no more enthusiasm is a mystery to me.

On a previous day we had seen Count Eric do some remarkable bird flushing in a sour, headstrong way; and all were highly delighted, as was proper, for it was truly a great performance. But Antonio found as many bevies and more singles, was tractable and obedient, as wide-ranging fast dogs go, being surpassed in this by Paul Bo alone, of all the fast setters we saw. His work was done more cleanly, and his speed was greater. Why, then, was he not a favorite? The dog has one fault, that a very plain and unmistakable one. He is inclined to point at too faint a scent, and consequently stops where birds have lately flushed, or to the scent of small birds. However, he usually corrects his own error if time is given. This fault was made more prominent in the heat with Maid of Kent by the injudicious work of his handler, who repeatedly stopped

him when he wanted to draw on and locate, and forced him on when he was staunchly pointing, thus ruining his finest opportunities for bird work.

I think too much importance has been attached to this fault. When a remarkable dog has one solitary and plainly marked defect, however slight it may be, he is apt to be put below others who are inferior to him in everything else. In my opinion this is wrong, and is the most crying evil of dog judging and of criticisms on the same. Antonio did not retrieve, but this was scored against him and handicapped him in another way, for the pointers were excellent retrievers and their handlers shot birds which they retrieved, thus obtaining a rest from galloping. The judges were obliged to order handlers to stop shooting or the handicap would have become too great. The services of a third judge were urgently needed. Mr. Churchill, who was to have been with us was prevented by very urgent business which it was expected he would terminate in time for the Free For All. When at the last we learned he could not, we made all possible effort to replace him, but found that serious objection was made by one or other of the contestants to every person whose services were then and there obtainable. We had no choice but to finish the work by ourselves, which we did to the best of our ability with the result known.

As a matter of opinion on the question of the relative merit of the two breeds I will say that I think that if enough pointers had started in the four-hour race to make their numbers equal that of the setters, their superior endurance would surely have made one of them a winner. In a short series the setters have the advantage from their quickness on birds. At the end the pointers appeared little worse for wear, while the setters were more or less leg weary, though neither Antonio nor Paul Bo were anywhere near quitting. Still their ability to go on running through a longer series seemed doubtful, while that of the pointers did not. Reverting to the advantage Antonio may have secured in the time his bye was run, I wish to explain that the judges did not think that amounted to anything. Rip Rap, who came down against him, had one day and two nights rest, and in our belief was as fully restored as he ever would be from the fatigue of one heat. Antonio had two days and two nights and we did not think the extra time was of any advantage to him, as he would have been fully rested in twelve hours less. Our decision at the end assumes that the heat between Maid of Kent and Antonio was a tie, as also their bye heats, but that Antonio's work against Rip Rap was better than Maid's against Chance.

J. M. TRACY.

[Mr. Tracy's suggestion that the trial was affected by the exchange of courtesies between Mr. Aventura and one of the reporters hardly merits serious comment. But giving to the incident the importance Mr. Tracy claims for it we suggest that if the handler basted a reporter in the back with a lump of dirt he invited a basting in return, and so was himself alone responsible for the effects of the encounter. The business of a handler is to run his dog, not to thump reporters; reporters are only human after all; if thumped, they thump back again. But to find in this ridiculous and trivial incident anything affecting the work of the dogs or affording a basis for a decision of their merits appears to us to be not less misleading than it is ingenious. It reminds us to be not less misleading than it is ingenious. It reminds us to be not less misleading than it is ingenious. It reminds us to be not less misleading than it is ingenious.

"There was once a robber in Cairo who fell from the second story of a house he was trying to enter and broke his leg. He went to the cadi and complained. The man's window was badly made and he wanted justice. The cadi said that was reasonable, and he summoned the owner of the house. The owner confessed that the house was poorly built, but claimed that the carpenter was to blame, and not he. This struck the cadi as sound logic and he sent for the carpenter. 'The charge is, alas, too true,' said the carpenter, 'but the masonry was at fault and I couldn't fit a good window.' So the cadi, impressed with the reasonableness of the argument, sent for the mason. The mason pleaded guilty, and explained that a pretty girl in a blue gown had passed the building while he was at work, and that his attention had been diverted from his work. The cadi thereupon demanded that the girl be brought before him. 'It is true,' she said, 'that I am pretty, but it's no fault of mine. If my gown attracted the mason, the dyer should be punished, and not I.' 'Quite true,' said the cadi, 'send for the dyer.' The dyer was brought to the bar and pleaded guilty. That settled it. The cadi told the robber to take the guilty wretch to his house and hang him from the door-sill, and the populace rejoiced that justice had been done. But pretty soon the crowd returned to the cadi's house, complaining that the dyer was too long to be properly hanged from his door-sill. 'Oh, well,' said the cadi, who by that time was suffering ennui, 'go find a short dyer and hang him. Justice shall prevail.'"]

GLOVERSVILLE DOG SHOW.

"AWFUL muddle-judging does not commence till Wednesday, -P., reads the special to FOREST AND STREAM on the opening of the Gloversville show. According to the catalogue there were 100 entries. Mastiffs and St. Bernards are chiefly locals. Greyhounds have Spinaway in the challenge class. Foxhounds are local. Pointers show up well with Mr. Hyland's well-known winners. Sir Frederick, of the Seminole Kennels, will take care of the English setter division. This same kennel also show their noted Irish setters, and Mr. Blossom is on deck with his well-known team of Gordous. There are five native setters entered. Cocker spaniels are good with Mr. Bell's and Mr. Browning's entries, others are from local fanciers. Seminole Kennels take care of the collie classes with their well-known dogs, and Dr. Sueden's Winning Wagtail is one of the two bull-terriers. The Rockland Kennels and Mr. Zimmer's entries fill the beagle classes. In fox-terriers, Woodale Kennels with five entries and Wilton Kennels and Clarence Rathbone's well-known dogs will make competition interesting. Several well-known pugs are entered. Mr. Russell's noted Bedlington fill three classes, and Pat Murphy is the only Irish terrier representative. There is also a show of poultry with 477 entries.

VALUABLE SETTER IMPORTATIONS.—Bridgeport, Conn., *Editor Forest and Stream*: I received by s.s. Circassia, Dec. 15, the English setters Devon Shot and Devon Daisy from the kennels of John Lee Bullied, North Devon, England. The dog is 2 yrs. old this month, weighs about 40 lbs., has a magnificent evenly marked black and tan head and solid blue belton body. He is a very rangy built dog with the cleanest of necks set on to good shoulders, well arched loin, strong hindquarters and excellent legs and feet; in fact, his general make up is so different from the type of English setter that have been imported of late that I was agreeably surprised and felt like asking if he had not come from Tennessee, the home of our field trial setters, instead of the land of roast beef and plum pudding. He goes with me on a hunt this week, and I'll let the public see him in New York in February. In breeding he is by Bang IV. (ch. Sir Allister—Belle of Furness); dam, Queen Bess (ch. Sir Allister—Beauty Queen), she by Fletcher Rock out of Flash II. Devon Daisy, 18 mos., is a small white bitch, black patch over each eye, black ears and one spot on back: she is a very handsome little bitch, excellently put up for work, which she has demonstrated to me already she can do, but will have to be controlled more for our hunting as she is a very fast and wide ranger, and is at work every moment in the field. She is a pure Laverack, sire Topp; dam, Lady Babb; Topp (Monk of Furness—Bridford Sybil), she by Count Howard—Princess Ada. Lady Babb is by Prince of Welts—Porton Miss, by Beau of Ball—Snail, by Blue Prince—Old Kate, and as Mr. Bullied says, is extra valuable because of her Blue Prince and Tam O'Shaunter blood which she runs to on all sides of her pedigree. She is in whelp to Devon Shot, being bred at Mr. Bullied's suggestion a week before she sailed.—JAMES E. HAIR, V.S.

PSOVOI.

WE have seen a very interesting letter on the Psovoi, which term we shall henceforth use instead of Barzoi, that this Russian authority says has no meaning in the light that we have accepted it. Some time since we spoke of the functions of the Psovoi dog in Russian coursing, namely to simply course the wolf after being made to break cover by the pack trained for that purpose and which must not leave the edge of the cover, but as soon as the wolf gets away must return to work again and put up another. We find this Russian says the essential points to all Psovoi dogs are (1) "a very large, full and dark eye; in fact, the gazelle eye. (2) A long, narrow and perfectly lean head without any break in the line of the profile. (3) Ears placed far behind, small and overlapping on the back of the neck, easily cocked, and then presenting the appearance shown in the portrait of Mr. Vysheslavtseff's dog in the *Shooting Times*. (4) Paw close, compact and oval-footed—by no means round. (5) A deep, narrow chest, reaching below the elbows. (6) A powerful loin and stern. (7) A tail richly hung on the lower side, scimitar-shaped and somewhat longer than the knee joints."

In another letter this gentleman gives some interesting information regarding Mr. Hacke's recent importations, which were said to have come from the Grand Duke George Mikhailovitch's kennels, owing to that gentleman's being temporarily under the cloud of the Czar's, his cousin, displeasure for marrying a maid of honor of his late mother. Now as to this leading to any disposition of his kennel is said to be untrue, for the Czar personally and many of the Imperial family own grand coursing hounds, but to procure even a pup of them, except through a special favor in the shape of a present, is a thing simply unheard of. They are never sold, and this is given as a fact. And the simple idea of this appears monstrously absurd to any one who has the slightest notion of how things go in Russia. Generally the selection of pups from the litters is an affair personally attended to by the Imperial owners, and the pups found defective are ordered to be destroyed. The kennel servants, however, often sell these defective pups on the sly or in fact any pups, as whelped by the Imperial bitches, for, of course, there are many who want to get, at any price, a pup bred in the Imperial kennels, or at least reputed to be such. All this goes to show the lot furnished by Mr. Rousseau to be a doubtfully acquired one, and though this gentleman is in touch with the dog world of Russia it is only recently, on receiving a letter from America, that he had heard of Mr. Rousseau.

We are told further that the animosity existing between the leading breeders of Russian coursing hounds is a source of great annoyance to most Russian sportsmen. They have but one breeder who breeds for sale, a Mr. Karieff, and he has among his dogs descendants of Nafar, and this gentleman has very much influenced the getting up of the standard. The real strong points of this gentleman's breed are coat, ears, size, pasterns, tail and a great speed for short distances (characteristic of the northern Russian coursing hound, together with great pluck and a wonderful "fling." The back is said to be very bony and poor in muscle, which gives rise to the nickname given to the Karieff breed of "Sturgeons of the Psovoi breed."

Then there is another leader with another type, Mr. Baldareff, an acknowledged leader of a more numerous section of coursing men. He is a well known judge and thinks the reproduction of the old type quite impossible and his ideals are called the Ermoloff dogs, who are descendants of the old Machevarianoff dogs, of which the dogs Serdectimai and Kaira are good examples, both bred in Mr. Ermoloff's kennels, and which Mr. Karieff wants disqualified owing to their having Oriental blood in their veins. Mr. Machevarianoff, the authority on Russian coursing, and who died some thirty years ago, it seems, mixed some Caucasian coursing blood in his breed to give them better eyes and lasting power, for the old dogs, bred for coursing on short intervals, between great tracts of forest, were and are very fleet on distances not exceeding 700 to 800 yds., but beyond this distance they cannot run.

This shows the different positions of the leading coursing hound "amateurs" of Russia. The Ermoloff—Machevarianoff dogs' good points are "a graceful and slim build, heads, eyes and paws." This would require both Karieff and Ermoloff stud dogs to constitute a good Russian coursing hound kennel. This Russian says, according to drawings, that Elsie's head was decidedly superior to Kriut's, and on the other hand neither Kriut, Zloem, or in fact any of the Russian coursing hounds in America whose portraits he has seen can be qualified as even second-class specimens, the heads being particularly defective. Argos is said to be a very valuable sire owing to his good head and hindquarters. On the question of color he says that black must be considered a defect in the Karieff type which were bred from the old type without any admixture, and the original colors of these dogs were gray, cream, and red (rather roan), and even red was considered by some as a defect. The Machevarianoff, and subsequently the Ermoloff dogs, have inherited black from the Caucasian sires alluded to above, and consequently owing to the difference of opinion, Mr. Chybyshcheff, one judge who believes in the Karieff type, disqualifies for black, while Mr. Baldareff, another equally good judge, does not, as he believes in the Ermoloff strain. As there is an absence of any reliable Kennel Club stud book, the identification of certain sires is very difficult, but the wide interest now being developed in these Psovoi dogs all over the world will no doubt spur the Russians to take some definite action in regard to keeping proper records of the breed.

DOME-SHAPED SKULLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw in your paper some time since an article from the pen of the Rev. Robert O'Callahan on "Irish setter type," and among the many good suggestions as to importing Irish setters, etc., there was a statement like this: "The pure bred Irish setter should above all else have a dome-shaped skull." Now, acknowledging the reverend gentleman to be an authority in Irish setter matters, I would ask, as a breeder, does the expression "dome-shaped" convey the idea of form most desirable in the Irish setter skull, and should this be our aim or standard in breeding?

A dome-shaped skull, as I understand it, is one rising in all directions and having its highest point about mid-way from eyebrow to occiput, an illustration of which we see in Mr. Scanlan's Inchiquin and to which that of Desmond II. also approaches. Should not an Irish setter skull rather be more of the following form? From a muzzle square at the end and of good length, rising sharply under well raised eyebrows to a point about one-third the distance from eyebrows to occiput, thereby forming a strong stop, thence with a slight but gradual rise to occiput, where it falls rather abruptly to a well-shaped neck. Such a skull has in profile a rather long appearance as of a flattened oval, and from a rear view an oval outline. This skull I believe is similar to that found in such dogs as champions Elcho, Jr., Glencho, Tim and many others of the Elcho strain. I make no pretensions to authority, but in studying the breed it has occurred to me that the peculiar shape of the skull is a very important matter to those who would breed successfully for herein lies one of the strong points of character and one on which the various authorities and standards are comparatively silent.

REDSTONE.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gordon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

DOG CHAT.

BECAUSE the Bulldog Club of America did not offer a series of specials at other shows in addition to their fine display at last W. K. C. show, it was thought by several people that their gigantic effort was a sort of expiring kick. The club has kept very quiet during the year, but from a letter we received from Mr. C. D. Cugle, the secretary, we note that the club is out again to challenge the admiration of exhibitors by a generosity completely surpassing any previous effort in this respect made by either this club or any other specialty club. The Bulldog Club will offer at the Westminster Kennel Club show, cups, medals and cash prizes as follows: Five solid silver cups, value \$650. Thirteen solid silver club medals, value \$130. One kennel prize of \$25 and twenty cash prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 in eight classes, making a total of \$200 more, and a grand total of \$1,005. At the 1891 show specials to the value of \$775 were competed for, so that this coming year \$227 more will be offered. Only club members can compete for these specials, but as nearly everyone that owns a good bulldog is a member, or should be, competition is not very much restricted thereby. It is well known what influence for good the Bulldog Club has already had on the breed, and the great number of entries (fifty-one) its generosity and enterprise brought out at New York last year, and we trust that the bulldog men will respond in a way that will show the English judge, Mr. Geo. Raper, that the breed has not been neglected. Mr. Raper is *facile princeps* as a judge of this breed and is noted as the breeder and owner of the once great Rustic King. Mr. Cugle concludes his letter to us with a little burst that is particularly applicable: "Breeder, don't forget the American-breds, for it is more than likely that Mr. Raper, with his years of breeding, will see more in the youngsters than we of less experience. Swell the club membership and face the judge with all the entries you can make."

Mr. Paul Schumacher, Frankfurt, Germany, is, we understand, shipping a smooth-coated St. Bernard dog called Marko by the steamship Russia to Mr. Geo. W. Schenck, of Lyons, La., who is well known among St. Bernard men. The dog was bred by Dr. Caluminus, and is forwarded to this country through Mr. Goldsmith, the well-known forwarding agent for live stock.

There are several breeders of terriers and pet dogs that do not advertise their stock as they should do, so that would-be purchasers may have an opportunity to make their selections. The business columns of the FOREST AND STREAM afford the very best medium to reach a wealthy class of patrons. Hardly a day passes but that we receive queries by mail where such and such breeds of dogs can be purchased. As this office is not, however, a dog mart, we can only refer them to our advertising columns. We have now inquiries for a light-weight bull-terrier dog, not over 15lbs. weight; red dachshunde and a pug dog pup. We have the addresses of the parties wishing dogs of these breeds and can furnish them on application. If you want to sell your stock advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Donovan, the secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, for his kindness in sending us a proof of the minutes of proceedings at their last meeting. There is nothing in it, however, which we did not publish last week excepting a rule made that dogs that have won prizes in England may compete in novice classes in Canada. This is a ruling that will hardly meet with approbation, as Princess Florence's appearance in a novice class would entirely, in our opinion, defeat the purpose for which such a class is formed.

Wolves have become so numerous in San Miguel county, N. M., that the county commissioners of that county have laid a bounty of \$7.50 per head for their destruction. Pan-handle ranchmen have been successful in killing wolves with foxhounds; one pack killed 96 last year. Messrs. Lewis Lutz and Robt. Minjes have issued a circular inviting owners of foxhounds to clear their ranges of the savage pests, heading the circular, "A Woman and Child Devoured by Wolves."

The *Scottish Fancier* says the days of the short-legged spaniel are gone. The *Ayr Advertiser* of Sept. 24 contains this advertisement: "Found in Ayr, on Saturday, liver and white spaniel bitch, sixteen hands high." This one would even be enough "on the leg" to suit our "Uncle Dick" and the hills round Hornellsville.

It is the fashion nowadays to rake up all the interesting events in the life of E. D. Fulford, the great pigeon shot, and our "Dog Chat" column must keep in line. It is said that he had a bull pup once that he trained to track and point quail and partridges, and in one point and flush of the dog Mr. Fulford killed eight quail at one shot. Next!

At the time of the last Albany show Mr. T. J. Farley did many of the dog men a good turn by turning some of the back rooms of his hotel into a kennel where handlers could keep their dogs till the show opened after the Troy show was over. Mr. Farley intends to do the same this year, and exhibitors can bring their dogs to his place and take care of them there, or send them there in his charge to stay till the Albany show opens. He will be at Gloversville to look after this part of it. His place is almost next door to the dog show building and very convenient for the purpose. It may be remarked that Mr. Farley did not charge a cent for this timely accommodation.

We note in our business columns that the noted English setter Antonio, that did so much winning at the recent field trials, is now standing at stud at Mr. D. E. Rose's kennels, Lawrenceburg, Penn. This dog is a very handsome looking one, besides being such a notable performer in the field. We are not informed whether Mr. Rose has purchased the dog or whether he is still owned by Messrs. J. M. Avent and N. T. Harris.

From an Alabama paper we learn that Miss Annie Sullivan, the teacher of little Helen Keller, who had been under treatment at the Gibier Institute for a dog bite, has left the establishment "cured," and the mastiff puppy Wade, that did the damage, is now undergoing a course of treatment at the same place.

Mr. Bradford S. Turpin writes us he is down at West Yarmouth, Mass., for a few weeks hunting with his pack of beagles, that have records in public competition, Clyde, June Rose, Gypsy, Forest and Belle Ross. This pack between them won four firsts, two seconds and two thirds at the N. B. C. trials. Besides these, he has Mr. Parry's Hunter and a promising ten-months puppy. He says the six do some beautiful running together, they pack to perfection, and it is a lucky hare that can throw them off. The old dog Frank Forest is also still in the ring. In company with a young bitch he ran down and killed on the ground two hares a few days ago. We know that we are only echoing our readers' sentiments when we wish hope Mr. Turpin will not be selfish, and as we cannot participate in the stirring runs, he can at least give us an echo of the music with his interesting pen.

We regret to hear that Mr. Eberhart has lost, from hasty consumption, his new stud pup Seven Dollars (\$2,880). Although Seven Dollars in name, Mr. Eberhart informs us

that it took many, many seven dollars before he could call him his own.

How a dog saved his master's life was told the other day at the Coroner's inquest into the cause of the death of Wm. Dillman, of Philadelphia, Pa. It appeared that Dillman and a companion named Wallace were walking along the Pennsylvania Railroad in Trafford, unconscious that a train was behind them. Wallace's dog saw the danger and pushed his master off the track just in time. Dillman had no such dumb friend, and was struck and killed by the train.

Dog thieves in this city sometimes get their deserts. On the 23d a man was sent to the penitentiary for six months for having stolen a bulldog from a man in Harlem.

Psovi breeders and those who take an interest in the breed will be sorry to hear of the death of the Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Vladimir. This young dog has won numerous prizes in his short career and gave every promise of filling out into a capital dog. He was one of the famous Krlint-Msie litter and was always shown with Princess Irma, a litter sister. On Tuesday morning Vladimir was to serve the bitch Modjeska, but when taken out of the kennel he was found to be breathing heavily, and though a physician was summoned and everything done that could be, he died on Wednesday night. Messrs. Wixom and Fellows have our sympathy in their loss, which is a substantial one, as large sums have been offered for the pair.

It is mooted that a show given under the auspices of the National Greyhound Club, and under the management of Mr. Mortimer, will be given next fall in Brooklyn.

Kennel Editor (after news)—"Hello! old boy! how are you? Any news?"

Old Boy—"Yes, but promise faithfully, you won't publish it"—then he retails some spicy nib of dog news that the editor would give his eye tooth to print. But—well, it's very discouraging.

There are four dogs now on the way or being imported whose names we cannot get at for this very reason. Times have changed somewhat, and purchasers of dogs seem to want to keep their dogs secret for fear, we suppose, that some rival will cable over for another to beat his; and so it goes.

Here is a letter that has important bearing on the subject of discussion as to who quoted Duke of Maplecroft at \$7,500. For the protection of American buyers this thing must be sifted to the bottom. The following from Dr. A. J. Sewell is suggestive.

[COPY]

VETERINARY INFIRMARY,
55 ELIZABETH STREET, EAGON SQUARE, S.W.,
November 19, 1891.

James Rupert, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—As I cabled you yesterday I went to Birmingham and saw Duke of Maplecroft. I was obliged to co. there, as the owner, Mr. T. Smith, refused to bring the dog up to London. However, from the results I might have saved myself the trouble and you the expense. The Duke is a nice dog and has got a very good head and also body. He is also a very nice color, but he has bad forelegs, the left foot turning out very much, and I am afraid the defect will never be remedied. The dog has also rather large ears, which spoil his expression, that otherwise would be good. He is small, not measuring more than 31in. at the shoulder. His length is very good, measuring from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail 71in., and he has got plenty of bone, the measurement round the arm being 12in. The measurement round the skull is about 26½in. The dog's muzzle is square and deep, but inclined to be weak. The price asked, namely \$7,500, is most ridiculous. In fact I don't advise you to buy him, even at a much lower rate.

* * * (Refers to fee, etc.) Yours faithfully, A. J. SEWELL.

P. S.—Did somebody recommend you the dog?

This letter shows that Mr. Tom Smith was asking \$7,500 for the dog, and lucky it is there are such men as Dr. Sewell, on whom American buyers can depend for a protective opinion on dogs on the other side.

The first premium list of the large spring shows is now before us, that of the Mascoutah Kennel Club. The list of judges is a distinctly Western one, only Dr. Cryer for pugs and toys representing the East, and coming as it will Feb. 9 to 12, so soon before New York, the show will, we are afraid, have altogether a distinctive Western flavor, though the money offered is enough to induce the best kennels in the country to enter. It is certainly the most liberal list ever offered in America. In the large breeds the challenge prizes are \$30 and \$20, something quite munificent. Open classes are \$25, \$15, silver medal and bronze medal, and the entry fee for these classes will be \$4. In setters, pointers and collies the prizes are \$20 and \$10 in challenge, and the same with silver and bronze medals in the open. Foxhounds, greyhounds and deerhounds have \$15 and \$10 in challenge, and the same in open, with silver and bronze medals for third and fourth. Other prizes range \$10 and \$5 in challenge and open classes, and as almost every breed has challenge classes for each sex, the dogs which have earned their titles will be well taken care of. There are kennel prizes given ranging from \$25 to \$10. A \$25 special for the handler with the best conditioned lot of dogs; \$25 for best kennel of sporting dogs and the same for non-sporting, and another quarter of a century for best kennel of toys entered by one exhibitor. For toys the entry fee is \$2 and all other breeds except those mentioned above \$3. The judges who will have the task of placing these valuable prizes are well known men, though some of them have had little or no experience in the judging ring. St. Bernards, R. J. Sawyer, Menominee, Mich.; mastiffs, great Danes, Newfoundlanders, fox-terriers, bulldogs and bull-terriers, Harry L. Goodman, Chicago; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds, Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.; English setters, P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.; collies, John H. Long, St. Louis, Mo.; Irish and Gordon setters, cocker, Clumber, field spaniels, foxhounds, beagles and bloodhounds, John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; pugs and toys, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa.; pointers, Chesapeake Bays, Irish water spaniels, and miscellaneous, Tim Donoghue, La Salle, Ill. The entries close Jan. 23 with the committee, room 717 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, Ill.

Appropos of Psovi a little bird whispers that Mr. Hacke intends importing a lot of 75 dogs of this breed. When is this going to stop we wonder?

Among the new advertisements this week we notice that Beebe Bros. offer beagles for sale; Jas. Wrinkle a pointer; Oak Grove Kennels, pointer pups; Chas. E. Bunn, mastiffs. At stud—D. E. Rose offers the English setter Antonio. Wants—W. D. E., two pointer pups.

Mr. D. C. Luse, owner of the American Coursing Kennels, Great Bend, Kan., has received from M. Pluister, Cincinnati, six of the finest imported greyhounds in America. They are from the kennels of Col. North, the nitrate king of England. Four are half brothers and sisters to Fullerton, winner of the Waterloo cup three times in succession. The hounds are Norwegian, Belle of Eltham, Beunerito, Nettle, Field and Carvick.

An offensive and defensive alliance has been consummated between two noted dog men in a kennel of Psovi. We hear that the kennel has purchased one of the best dogs of this breed obtainable and it will sail for this country next Saturday. From a photo we have seen the dog is a most hand-

some animal; very straight in front and strongly built throughout. It is one well known as a good one, having won the grand medal at Moscow. We are not permitted to reveal the name.

We hear that Mr. J. L. Little, the Clumber man, has donated, through the Spaniel Club, \$20 for specials in the Clumber classes at New York show.

Last year there was considerable grumbling among exhibitors at W. K. C. whose dogs were relegated to the basement. It is the intention of the management this year to obviate all that, if possible, and bench all breeds on one floor. To this end, and to keep down the number of entries, the fee for each dog will be \$5. To counteract this and keep pace with the times, the club will put up about \$2,000 more prize money.

The amendment to the A. K. C. rules, Mr. Vredenburg tells us, have been ratified by mail vote of delegates.

BORZOI POINTS.

IN a letter to the English Stock-Keeper the Duchess of Newcastle writes:

"Permit me to say a few words in answer to 'Highlands' remarks respecting 'Borzoï points'. English judges will soon ruin this breed if they form a fresh standard; they will soon ruin the animals (not 'dogs') as topheavy and useless as the present St. Bernard, simply through trying to make elephants of them."

"In Russia they do not consider height a point, simply symmetry of form and speed for hunting. The average height of the dogs is from 16 to 18 vershoks (28in. to 31½in.), over this height they become coarse, and lose symmetry and speed which are so much valued."

"With reference to color, a black Borzoï, if placed beside a white one of equal merit, would have to be content with second honors. White with colored markings is the favorite color, then yellow or fawn, and last the dark colors, such as gray, blue or black. There are a few breeders who go in for the dark ones, but they are in the minority."

"I have not seen Mr. Hacke's Osmadai, so cannot say what his head is like, but certainly the collie type is not sought for in Russia; they like long thin heads, like Krlint's and Ooslad's. With regard to shape of body, I have just received a young dog from Colonel Tcheshishoff, and both he and General Balderoff consider his body perfection (these gentlemen are two of the principal judges at the Imperial shows for these dogs), he is wider in front than any I have yet seen, very deep in chest, splendid shoulders with tremendous bone, very good legs and feet, good arch, long straight tail well set down to the hocks, and can go a great pace. This dog is grandson of Nagradai, the only one who has taken the gold medal single handed. With regard to the respective merits of Ooslad and Argoss, I have both dogs in my kennels here, and certainly, seeing the two dogs running together, the most unprejudiced observer cannot fail to say that Ooslad beats his brother in more than one point, having much the best hindquarters, arch, and movement; and with reference to color, I have a litter by Ooslad out of a red bitch, and they are all lighter than he is. I hope a club will soon be formed for these dogs that will stick to the old Russian standard, for, in my humble opinion, they cannot be improved, there being no other breed to equal them in grace and perfection of shape; besides this, they have many other qualities, they are most faithful and affectionate companions, and, as far as my experience goes, they are most intelligent. I ought to know, considering I have had nearly fifty."

"KATHLEEN NEWCASTLE."

THIS WILL SUIT PROF. ROMANES—Champaign, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I think I have something new and remarkable in the dog line that interests me very much, and I am sure will interest those of your readers who are lovers of thoroughbred dogs. In April, 1888, I bought of Mr. Harry Muss, this city, a very handsomely marked young black and tan terrier bitch out of his prize winning Lady (2092) and by imported Mahomet (4429), which I named and recorded as Roseleaf (6915). When Roseleaf came in heat I bred her back to Mahomet, as there was no other first-class dog convenient, and got a healthy, nicely marked litter of puppies. The third litter of this mating came June 20, 1890, and judge of my surprise to find one of a litter of six puppies to be a pure Maltese color in place of the black, tan marks being just the same. Now, I took care of Roseleaf myself during this mating, and I know no dog but Mahomet was near her, as I kept her shut up and locked up till all signs had disappeared. I have bred dogs long enough to know that to keep them strictly pure every precaution and no chances must be taken. Now, here was a bitch puppy eligible to registry, as straight bred a black and tan as ever was born, and a Maltese. I couldn't account for it then, and haven't yet. Could in-breeding make it? At any rate she has grown into a fine, perfectly healthy bitch, which I named Rosebud, kept, and own her now. Her shape, instinct, actions and tan marks are all terrier. This same thing occurred in a litter bred by Mr. Harry Muss out of his Lucy, by Dick. They were whelped February, 1890, and of a litter of three, two were dogs and both of this color. Now, Mr. Muss is an old breeder, very careful and perfectly reliable, and I have every reason to believe these two puppies to be of just as pure blood as Rosebud. When Rosebud first came in heat, March, 1891, I bred her to one of these dogs, Harry, but she did not get in pup. Last September she came in heat again, and on the 27th I bred her again to Harry and anxiously awaited the result, expecting a part of them would breed back in color and be black and tans, but on Nov. 29 she gave birth to a litter of four of the prettiest Maltese puppies anybody ever saw, every one exactly like herself and the sire, one dog and three bitches, all healthy, doing well and as fine as silk. Think I have a new breed and will name them Maltese terriers. What think you? Inclosed is tabulated pedigree, which shows their breeding.—A. G. ADAMS. [There is already a breed called Maltese terriers, pure white with long fleecy coat.]

THE HOUND MAKES A POINT.—Philadelphia, N. Y.

—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A few years ago a party of men went to Indian Territory hunting birds. They had but one dog when they started, but on the way a hound was picked up. The hound was half bloodhound, the other half was of beagle blood. When the hound chased a jack rabbit he would bark loudly, while the other dog would point—she was a setter. As these men did not want the hound barking they licked him when he chased rabbits and chickens. One day the hound was seen to stop for an instant and straighten out in as pretty a point as any dog ever showed. After he had stood a minute or so he started after the big jack rabbit he had pointed. He was seen to point several times afterward.—RAY SPEARS.

If your shooting friend does not read FOREST AND STREAM why not give him a charming present and do a little missionary work at the same time by subscribing to the paper for him. It will give him pleasure fifty-two times a year. Do you realize that next year \$4 will buy you 1664 of these big pages, and all of them devoted to wholesome, manly sport.

THE PERFECT POCKET OILER, advertised by Cushman & Denison, is well deserving of its name, and is one of those handy little articles that win appreciation.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER TANTIVY.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Somewhere in this glorious country of ours there is a gentleman who owns a wire-haired fox-terrier dog named Tantivy, imported June, 1891, by Ely Czar out of Vere Brown. I want to get, if I can, the service of this dog, but do not know the name or address of his owner. Several inquiries for same have been fruitless. Can you give me this information? Another question, one that is in harmony with above, will fit in here very nicely. Who is Brokenhurst? Is he a fox-terrier, and was he bred by Mr. Timne, of England? He—"Brokenhurst"—has given the fox-terrier-loving public several articles that have been both instructive and interesting. He must have encouragement, and I hope he will continue to give to the "fancy" weekly, if he can, the result of his practical experience, for it would be valuable information that the American breeders could appreciate and would find useful in their efforts to improve this game and lively little dog, which in America is not up to the English standard. If you cannot give me the above information, will not one of the many readers of your valuable paper who may read this article favor me?—G. W. PRICE.

WUN LUNG'S SISTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was somewhat discouraged over the death of my bitch Wun Lung's Sister, as I had hopes of her doing well at the Central, where she died. Mr. McCartney, her trainer, had every confidence in the little animal, and am satisfied did all in his power to save her. My trainer, W. B. Harvey, who was handling my entries for the Bexar Field Trials met with a sad death at his ranch gate, near Marshall, Texas, being foully murdered as he was entering his yard the night of Nov. 28. It will be remembered he handled Mr. Amory R. Starr's dogs at Texas Field Trials last season, and with credit, too. He was 23 years of age, and had been married only two weeks at the time of his death. He had in taken my dogs and had been handling them only a few days, and as this unfortunate affair left me with no trainer, I intended sending for Sister, who I was confident would secure a place in our trials. Under the circumstances I will have to handle and run my dogs as best I can, and will try and replace Sister in the near future.—C. M. ROUNDS (San Antonio, Texas).

CHRISTMAS, 1891.—New York City.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A great big wild yobber and a "little brown jug" proved to be the contents of a box delivered to me by express last night, being a little expression of friendship of that great-hearted Southern sportsman, Col. P. Henry O'Bannon, Sperryville, Va., truly one of God's noblemen. If his celebrated Blue Ridge Kennels produce stock as fine as this box contained, he will be practically alone in high class setters 'ere many moons. A Merry Xmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year to you and your readers.—GEO. W. LA RUE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., fur silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Nov. 13, 1891, by Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Peggy Pryde—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart Pug Kennels (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch, Peggy Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie B.) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Dec. 22.

Little Goldie—Eberhart's Cashier. E. L. Bretner's (Grafton, N. D.) pug bitch Little Goldie (John Bull—Phyllis L.) to Eberhart Pug Kennels (Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Dec. 18.

Mable E.—Seven Dollars. Eberhart Pug Kennels (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mable E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman) to their Seven Dollars (champion Kash—Lavinia Belle), Dec. 1.

Nymph—Sir Bedivere. South Bend Kennels (South Bend, Ind.) pug bitch Nymph to Wyoming Kennels (Sir Bedivere (Nero II.—Bona), Dec. 4.

Beck Grove Jessie II.—Jack Briggs. Dr. W. C. Johnson's (Frederick, Md.) Irish terrier bitch Beck Grove Jessie II. (Buckler—Rickie) to Anglo-American Terrier Kennels (Jack Briggs (Irish Ambassador—Bridget), Nov. 27.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Graphic's Lady. G. W. Batchelder's (Weston, Mass.) pointer bitch Graphic's Lady (champion Graphic—Blowmo), Nov. 27, six (two dogs), by J. L. Anthony's Beppo (Prism—Meally).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Count Bob. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1891, by Bradford Ruby II. out of Lady Thora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Miss Gladie Muhlenberg, Charleston, W. Va.
The Scamp. Sable and white rough collie dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1890, by The Squire out of Lady Tippins, by Dr. W. C. Johnson, Frederick, Md., to Jesse Reifsnider, same place.

AN ENLARGED "FOREST AND STREAM."

WITH the issue of Jan. 7 next, which will be the first number of its thirty-eighth volume, the FOREST AND STREAM will be permanently enlarged from twenty-eight to thirty-two pages.

This change has been made necessary by the growth of the special interests to which the paper is devoted, and by the corresponding requirement of more space for their adequate presentation. The enlargement is to be taken as an earnest of our purpose to increase the interest, usefulness and value of the FOREST AND STREAM; and by means of the better opportunities thus afforded, to maintain for it the character it has so long enjoyed as the representative sportsman's journal of America.

Each of the departments will be benefited by the change—Sportsman Tourist, Natural History, Game Bag and Gun, Sea and River Fishing—and, in particular, our news columns—the Kennel, Yacht and Canoe, Rifle and Trap. The generous amount of space now given to Kennel will be maintained, and the room devoted to Trap Shooting will be so enlarged as to make the department the most comprehensive and the best arranged contemporary record of that sport.

Since this journal was established eighteen years ago, the popularity of sports with the rod and the gun has advanced with giant strides; and in the development of those many recreations the FOREST AND STREAM has taken no unimportant part. With their growth it has kept equal pace in worth, in influence, in circulation and in generous public recognition. What it has been it will be. The record of the past contains the abundant promise for the future.

In 1892 and the years that shall follow, as in 1891 and the years that have passed, the FOREST AND STREAM will stand for all that is best and truest in field sportsmanship; and it will strive to merit from its growing hosts of friends a continuation of that warm appreciation and indorsement with which it is now favored.

One word remains to be said: The price will remain unchanged; \$4 per year. Subscribe now.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE REVOLVER COMPETITION.

THE holiday season with its festivities is not helpful of good scoring in revolver work. In consequence there is a resting spell in the shoot. Several Cincinnati shots have entered, and a date will be fixed there early in January with a FOREST AND STREAM representative there as referee. There will be another date in this city, and preparations are in progress for some tests in Chicago and Boston. This will probably close up the entry list, but due notice will be given in the FOREST AND STREAM of the closing up date for entries and the time and place of measuring up the disks.

"FOREST AND STREAM" TOURNAMENT

FOR NEW JERSEY RIFLE CLUBS.

THE absorbing topic in New Jersey rifle shooting circles is the coming tournament for the FOREST AND STREAM trophy. There are twelve clubs entered, including such cities as Newark, Hoboken, Greenville, Jersey City, Marion and Jersey City Heights. The initial matches will be shot on Monday evening, Jan. 4, 1892. Gallery shooting, which has become a fixture in that State, has flagged considerably during the past year, and this tournament, which is for five-men teams, will no doubt bring this particular branch of shooting up to its former popularity. The Amateur Clubs of New Jersey was the title of an organization with headquarters in Newark that successfully engineered tournaments during the seasons of 1886, '87, '88, '89, '90 and '91. This season it was found impossible to create enthusiasm and decided to hold no tournament this year. The organization in question comprised twelve clubs in all and all with headquarters at Newark. Jersey City, Hoboken and the neighboring cities have quite a number of prominent clubs, but for some reason or other they attempt to arrange a tournament has failed up to now. The tournament will no doubt prove to be a powerful stimulus to the sport, as it enables the shooters of the different clubs to become better acquainted with one another. The FOREST AND STREAM tournament is bound to result in a series of interesting contests, the entry list comprising all the crack clubs of the State, among them being such old-time organizations as the Miller Rifle Club of Hoboken, Our Own Rifle Club and Essex Amateur Rifle Club of Newark, and the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City. The younger clubs comprising the Standard Rifle Club, of Hoboken; Jensen Rifle Club and Palisade Rifle Club, of Jersey City Heights, and the Hudson Rifle Club, of Marion. It is impossible even to guess the probable winner of the handsome trophy offered to the club winning the greatest number of matches during the tournament. Below will be found a list of the clubs entered in the tournament, together with the men who will participate, also the location and means of reaching the various ranges:

Our Own Rifle Club, Newark.—Team: John Bander, Wm. Watts, Gus. Widman, Fred W. Fetting, F. A. Freisenbender, C. H. Townsend, A. Cherry, G. Goerck, John Coppersmith, G. D. Weigman. Range: 36 Springfield avenue, opposite West street, Newark. How reached: Take electric cars at any point on Market street.

Essex Amateur Rifle Club, Newark.—Team: John Coppersmith, G. D. Weigman, A. C. Neuman, Godfray Snellen, Wm. Watts, F. C. Dietz, A. D. Welter, Chas. Cooper, J. K. Walsh and B. Cohn. Range: 326 Bank street. How reached: Take Roseville car via Bank street, about ten minutes' ride from depot.

Essex Indian Rifle Club, Newark.—Team: Frank Helms, Eugene Howard, Fred McCallum, Wm. Clark, Geo. Freitag, Harry Snyder, Geo. Oberst, Wm. Wadams, Newell Brower and J. H. Huegel. Range: 326 Bank street. How reached: Take Roseville car via Bank street, about ten minutes' ride from depot.

Puritan Rifle Club, Newark.—Team: Fred. Danger, Chas. Carpenter, Wm. Henschman, Edward Helb, Conrad Kopf, Adam Sauer, Fred Miller, Morris Johnson, Henry Rodder. How reached: Take Erie Range, 29 Main street. How reached: Take either New Jersey Central R. R. and get off at East Ferry street station, or Pennsylvania R. R. and get off at Market street station, then take the South Orange horse cars.

Volunteer Rifle Club, Newark.—Team: J. Blewitt, A. Mier, G. Huber, J. Dougherty, H. Heinrich, H. Haag, J. Knalsch, W. Tufte, H. Pfeiffer and B. R. Ranger. Range: East Ferry street station, two blocks to left.

Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken.—Team: David Miller, Fred Brandt, Charles Judson, August Meyne, George Schlicht, Louis Vogel, Ernest Fischer, Louis Soli, Fred'k Liell, Louis Flach. Range: 80 Hudson street, five minutes' ride from D. L. & W. R. R. station.

Standard Rifle Club, Jersey City.—Team: Julius H. Kruse, Gottlieb M. Rord, Henry Becker, J. Bosch, John Meyer, Claus Schroeder, J. Stein, Shadrach A. M. Russell, Chris. Intenau, John Still. Range: Jackson street, corner First. How reached: Take Grove street car at Hoboken terminus of D. L. & W. R. R., get off at Monroe street, two minutes' walk from there.

Hudson Rifle Club, Jersey City.—Team: Henry Hansen, John Rehman, Walter Russell, Robert Ingersoll, Henry Rodder, Thomas A. Reynolds, Adolph Malz, Samuel Middleton, A. Braun, Sr., J. Russell. Range: 35 Giles avenue. How reached: Penn. R. R. to Marion, Oakland avenue cars to Court House, thence to Marion via Newark avenue, Montgomery street cars to West Side avenue, Court House cars to Five Corners, Summit avenue cars to Five Corners, Monticello avenue cars to Five Corners; also D. L. & W. R. R. to West End Junction.

Excelsior Rifle Club, Jersey City.—Team: L. P. Hansen, W. H. Hallowell, Wm. Weber, W. J. Hennessy, John Spicher, W. J. Channing, C. L. Penney, James Hughes, Chris. Bauchle, F. J. Kittridge. Range: 78 Montgomery street. How reached: Three blocks from Courtlandt street ferry and Penn. R. R. depot, by horse cars from Pavonia Ferry, Erie R. R. and Hoboken.

Greenlee Rifle Club, Jersey City Heights.—Team: Wm. Jensen, Wm. Deigen, Chas. Prien, John Plump, August Steuber, Fred Seesman, Fred Kloepping, John Schmer, Louis Muhs and Wm. Yagdmann. Range: 69 Zabriske street. How reached: Hoboken clubs take Elevated Railroad and change to Central avenue car and get off at Zabriske street. Jersey City clubs take Pavonia avenue cars to Five Corners and change to Summit avenue cars to Zabriske street. For incomers on Pennsylvania R. R., get off at Marion station, go to Five Corners and take Summit avenue cars to Zabriske street; for incomers on the D. L. & W. R. R., take Elevated Railroad at Hoboken to Jersey City Heights, change to Central avenue cars and get off at Zabriske street.

Palisade Rifle Club, Jersey City Heights.—Team: J. Reinhardt, G. A. Finger, G. W. Graf, J. Johnson, Geo. P. Herrschaff, A. Rossy, G. E. Grant, H. Rosenthal, F. Pilger. Range: 354 Palisade avenue. How reached: North Hudson County R. R., Elevated station within a half block of range.

Greenlee Rifle Club, Jersey City.—Team: H. Gotthardt, C. Scheelein, C. Boag, H. Chavart, G. Parkers, J. Dodds, W. H. Robidoux, J. Cook, J. Kaiser, W. C. Collins. Range: 608 Ocean avenue. How reached: Greenlee cars from Jersey City, take the door. For incomers take Newark & N. Y. R. R. from Broad street station, get off at Jackson avenue and take horse car to the door.

Howard Rifle Club, Newark.—Team: Frank Swing, Jacob Berger, F. W. Fetting, A. Graeff, A. Aurnhammer, substitutes, F. P. Laute, J. Mayer, G. Chapman, O. E. Derivaux, A. Burger. Range: corner Springfield avenue and Howard street. How reached: Take Springfield avenue car (electric) at any point on Market street.

The following rules will govern the FOREST AND STREAM's New Jersey rifle tournament:

1. Open to one team of five men from any regularly organized club in the State, no man to shoot on more than one team. In each match each man shall fire ten shots on the 25-ring target.
2. Any .22cal. rifle with rim-fire ammunition may be used, without restrictions as to weight or trigger pull. No telescopic sights will be allowed.
3. Each man shall be required to complete his score within ten minutes from the time the first shot is fired: two minutes will be

allowed between the last shot on one score and the first shot on the next. An allowance will be made, however, for all time consumed in deciding doubtful shots, in repairing range or arranging lights.

4. In all shooting a sheet of paper shall be placed behind the target in such a manner that it may be moved after each shot that is fired. The shooter shall have the benefit of all doubts that cannot be decided with the naked eye. No shots will be judged with the aid of any glass. In case the captains of the contesting teams so desire, the judge may decide a shot by inserting a .22cal. bullet (or .22cal. plug) in the bullet hole.

5. All shooting shall be off-hand (hip or body rest allowed) and any member who leans or rests any part of his person against any support, or who places the butt of the rifle under his coat, shall forfeit his full score of shots. The matches shall be shot off on the same date and range where made. The visiting club shall have the choice of ranges.

6. Each team shall shoot two matches against every other team, one on the range of each team. The club winning the greatest number of matches will be awarded a trophy, presented by the FOREST AND STREAM. A fine gold medal will be awarded to the shooter who makes the highest average in four-fifths of the matches. In case of a tie on the number of matches won, the FOREST AND STREAM will decide upon the time and place for shooting off said tie.

7. The scorer of the home club shall send to the FOREST AND STREAM the result in full of each match within twenty-four hours after said match is shot. Said scores must be signed by the captain and scorer of each team, and be certified by the judge.

8. If a protest is made during any match, regarding the decision of the official, said protest shall be at once submitted in writing to the FOREST AND STREAM, whose decision shall be final. In case of a disputed shot the target shall be sealed at once and submitted as above, the shooter finishing his score on another target.

9. Entries must be received by the FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York, on or before Tuesday, Dec. 22. Said entry must give the name of club, location of range, how to reach ranges, name of president, name and address of secretary, and the names of the five team members along with five substitutes, none other than whom shall be allowed to shoot. All matches will be shot strictly according to a schedule to be arranged by FOREST AND STREAM, and any team failing to appear for any stipulated match will forfeit said match to the opposing club. All matches will be started not later than 8:30 P. M.

SCHEDULE OF MATCHES.

Home Ranges.				Home Ranges.			
Mon., Jan.,	4.	Our Own	vs.	Puritan	Mon., March	21	
	4.	Miller	vs.	Excelsior		21	
	4.	Hudson	vs.	Palisade		21	
Tues.,	5.	Essex	vs.	Essex Ind.	Tues.,	22	
	5.	Volunteer	vs.	Standard		22	
Wed.,	6.	Greenlee	vs.	Jensen	Wed.,	23	
Fri.,	8.	Howard	vs.	Excelsior	Tues.,	22	
Mon.,	11.	Excelsior	vs.	Our Own	Tues.,	29	
	11.	Palisade	vs.	Miller	Mon.,	28	
	11.	Essex Ind.	vs.	Hudson		28	
Tues.,	12.	Standard	vs.	Essex Am.		28	
	12.	Jensen	vs.	Greenlee	Tues.,	29	
Thurs.,	14.	Puritan	vs.	Greenlee	Thurs.,	31	
	14.	Miller	vs.	Howard		31	
Mon.,	18.	Essex Am.	vs.	Palisade	Mon., April	4	
	18.	Hudson	vs.	Excelsior		4	
Tues.,	18.	Miller	vs.	Puritan		4	
	19.	Volunteer	vs.	Standard	Tues.,	5	
Thurs.,	21.	Our Own	vs.	Jensen		5	
Fri.,	22.	Howard	vs.	Hudson		5	
Mon.,	25.	Essex Ind.	vs.	Miller	Mon.,	11	
	25.	Standard	vs.	Hudson		11	
Tues.,	25.	Jensen	vs.	Essex Am.	Tues.,	12	
	26.	Puritan	vs.	Volunteer		12	
Thurs.,	28.	Excelsior	vs.	Greenlee	Thurs.,	14	
	28.	Palisade	vs.	Our Own		14	
	28.	Essex Am.	vs.	Howard	Mon.,	11	
Mon., Feb.,	1.	Hudson	vs.	Puritan	Mon.,	18	
	1.	Essex Am.	vs.	Excelsior		18	
Tues.,	2.	Volunteer	vs.	Palisade		18	
	2.	Greenlee	vs.	Essex Ind.	Tues.,	19	
	2.	Our Own	vs.	Greenlee		19	
Thurs.,	4.	Miller	vs.	Jensen	Fri.,	22	
	4.	Howard	vs.	Volunteer	Thurs.,	21	
Mon.,	8.	Standard	vs.	Miller	Mon.,	25	
	8.	Puritan	vs.	Essex Am.		25	
Thurs.,	11.	Puritan	vs.	Essex Am.		25	
Tues.,	9.	Excelsior	vs.	Volunteer	Thurs.,	28	
	9.	Palisade	vs.	Greenlee	Fri.,	29	
Thurs.,	11.	Essex Ind.	vs.	Our Own	Tues.,	26	
Mon.,	8.	Greenlee	vs.	Howard		26	
Mon.,	15.	Excelsior	vs.	Puritan	Mon., May	2	
	15.	Essex Ind.	vs.	Palisade		2	
Tues.,	16.	Jensen	vs.	Standard	Tues.,	3	
	16.	Miller	vs.	Our Own		3	
Thurs.,	18.	Essex Am.	vs.	Hudson	Thurs.,	5	
Fri.,	10.	Volunteer	vs.	Greenlee	Fri.,	6	
Mon.,	15.	Puritan	vs.	Howard	Mon.,	2	
Mon.,	22.	Palisade	vs.	Excelsior	Mon.,	9	
	22.	Standard	vs.	Essex Ind.		9	
Tues.,	24.	Puritan	vs.	Our Own	Tues.,	10	
Thurs.,	24.	Volunteer	vs.	Essex Am.	Mon.,	9	
Fri.,	25.	Miller	vs.	Greenlee	Fri.,	13	
Mon.,	22.	Our Own	vs.	Howard	Thurs.,	12	
Mon.,	20.	Palisade	vs.	Puritan	Mon.,	16	
	20.	Excelsior	vs.	Jensen		16	
Tues.,	20.	Essex Am.	vs.	Our Own	Tues.,	17	
Thurs.,	1.	Volunteer	vs.	Miller		17	
Fri.,	1.	Hudson	vs.	Greenlee	Mon.,	16	
Thurs.,	3.	Jensen	vs.	Essex Ind.	Fri.,	20	
	3.	Howard	vs.	Palisade	Thurs.,	19	
Mon.,	7.	Greenlee	vs.	Howard	Mon.,	23	
	7.	Standard	vs.	Excelsior		23	
Tues.,	7.	Puritan	vs.	Essex Ind.		23	
	8.	Greenlee	vs.	Essex Am.	Tues.,	24	
Thurs.,	8.	Hudson	vs.	Miller		24	
Thurs.,	10.	Our Own	vs.	Volunteer	Thurs.,	26	
Fri.,	11.	Palisade	vs.	Jensen	Fri.,	27	
Tues.,	8.	Howard	vs.	Standard	Tues.,	24	
Mon.,	14.	Essex Ind.	vs.	Excelsior	Mon.,	30	
	14.	Standard	vs.	Palisade		30	
Tues.,	14.	Greenlee	vs.	Our Own	Tues.,	31	
	15.	Essex Am.	vs.	Miller		31	
Thurs.,	15.	Puritan	vs.	Standard		31	
Fri.,	17.	Volunteer	vs.	Hudson	Mon.,	30	
	18.	Jensen	vs.	Howard		30	

No change whatever will be made in the above schedule. Clubs failing to appear at 8:30 P. M. on their scheduled dates will forfeit the match to the opposing club, excepting that said failure to appear is caused by the elements in which case the FOREST AND STREAM will fix another date for the match.

Newark—North Ward Match.

NEWARK, Dec. 24.—The following scores were made in a match between teams of 5 men each from the Newark and North Ward rifle clubs, shot on the latter's range last night:

Newark.												
F Roberts	9	10	12	11	10	12	11	10	10	107		
W Fischer	12	12	11	9	10	12	11	11	12	112		
M Drake	8	10	11	12	11	12	12	12	13	113		
E Carr	12	8	12	9	11	11	12	10	10	108		
W E Burns	9	12	11	11	11	12	12	10	11	111	551	

North Ward.

W Hedden	12	12	8	10	11	12	12	12	12	112		
B Stites	10	9	12	11	12	10	12	11	9	101	107	
Philips	10	8	12	12	11	11	11	12	12	110		
J Holenborg	8	10	7	12	12	12	12	12	12	105		
Wright	11	12	8	11	10	10	11	11	9	105	542	

International Shooting Match.

MONTREAL, Dec. 23.—The international shooting match

Shooting for the Riverton Cups.

Fulford-Brewer.
A memento of the great match. Fourteen photos, \$2.50. Two
good photos, 50 cents. J. B. BURNHAM, 464 W. 20th st., N. Y., 40p.

Christmas at Honeoye Falls.

The Honeoye Falls Gun Club held an interesting shoot on Dec. 25. Among the shooters was Daniel M. Lefever, of Syracuse. The scores of the various events are here given: No. 1, \$1 sweepstakes, 10 kingbirds, known angles, rapid firing system:

E. J. Wilkinson.....	10111111-9	W. Gregg.....	10111111-10
A. W. Starr.....	10111111-6	D. F. Farnham.....	10111111-5
G. Gates.....	10111111-9	R. Weller.....	10111111-9

No. 2, turkey shoot, 10 kingbirds, entrance \$0 cents:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-8	Weller.....	10111111-9
Gates.....	10111111-8	Starr.....	10111111-8
Gregg.....	10111111-10	Farnham.....	10111111-5

Gregg won first choice of turkeys, Weller second; ties of 8 shot off, Wilkinson won third.

No. 3, turkey shoot, 10 kingbirds, conditions the same as before:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-9	D. M. Lefever.....	10111111-10
Gregg.....	10111111-10	Starr.....	10111111-8
Gates.....	10111111-9	Weller.....	10111111-8

In the shoot-off of 10 Lefever won first choice of turkeys; ties of 9 shot off, Wilkinson won; ties of 8, Weller won.

No. 4, turkey shoot, conditions the same as before:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-10	Lefever.....	10111111-10
Gregg.....	10111111-10	Weller.....	10111111-8
Gates.....	10111111-8	Starr.....	10111111-9

Ties of 10 shoot-off:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-10	11111111-11111	11111111-11111
Gregg.....	10111111-10	11111111-11111	11111111-11111
Lefever.....	10111111-10	11111111-11111	11111111-11111

Wilkinson won first choice, Starr takes second.

Weller and Gates shoot-off on ties of 8:

Weller.....	11111111-11111	11111111-11111	11111111-11111
Gates won third choice.			

No. 5, \$1 sweepstakes, 10 kingbirds, unknown angles:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-7	Gregg.....	10111111-9
Weller.....	10111111-7	Farnham.....	10111111-9
Lefever.....	10111111-8		

No. 6, \$1 sweepstakes, 10 kingbirds, unknown angles:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-7	Gregg.....	10111111-9
Weller.....	10111111-7	Farnham.....	10111111-9
Lefever.....	10111111-8		

No. 7, \$1 sweepstakes, 10 kingbirds:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-7	Weller.....	10111111-9
Gregg.....	10111111-8	Lefever.....	10111111-10
Farnham.....	10111111-8		

No. 8, \$1 sweep, 10 kingbirds:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-10	Farnham.....	10111111-8
Lefever.....	10111111-10	Weller.....	10111111-8
Gregg.....	10111111-7	McKenzie.....	10111111-8

No. 9, \$1 sweep, 10 kingbirds:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-10	Weller.....	10111111-10
Lefever.....	10111111-8		
Wilkinson.....	10111111-10	Weller.....	10111111-10

No. 10, \$1 sweep, 10 kingbirds:

Wilkinson.....	10111111-10	Weller.....	10111111-10
Lefever.....	10111111-10	Starr.....	10111111-8

Spring Hill Gun Club.

BLAUVELT, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Owing to an epidemic of grip in Rockland county the attendance of local shooters was small. What was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm, and resulted in one of the best shoots the club has ever held. The medal shoot was hotly contested, Simpson, Baker and J. Bogart tying on 10 straight. On the shoot-off Baker and Bogart each dropped one, and Simpson, by scoring all, won the medal for the third consecutive time, therefore it becomes his personal property. As he holds the Lefever medal for New York State championship he is well on the way to a collection of trophies. He is very popular with the club and the best shot in it. Schortemeier shot well in the live bird events. Only three birds had to be put up. They were a good lot, but in the absence of wind were not "clinkers." The usual substantial dinner was served at noon, a huge joint of fine roast beef, sweet potatoes, lima beans, fine bread and excellent champagne. Good appetites soon made a huge hole in the supplies and the boys then resumed shooting. James Bogart, the veteran of the club, crawled out to "look on," as he had been very sick, but in less than half an hour could stand it no longer, sent for his gun and gave the boys a hustling, by 3 o'clock he was looking the picture of health. The day's scores follow:

Event No. 1, 9 singles and 3 pairs of targets: Simpson 12, Schortemeier 10, Hathaway 3, Allen 6.

The next five events were at 10 targets each, and the scores are summarized as follows:

	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Sixth.
Simpson.....	9	8	10	10	9
Schortemeier.....	9	9	10	6	7
Hathaway.....	9	9	7	6	8
Allen.....	0	7	6	9	6
Moeller.....	0	5	7	4	8
Lydecker.....	3	8	5	8	8
Bogart.....	10	5	10	7	7
Fleming.....	0	4	1	0	0
Blauvelt, Sr.....	0	9	4	0	0
Baker.....	0	6	6	4	0
Duryea.....	0	8	9	7	0
Blauvelt, Jr. (21 yrs. old).....	0	8	9	7	0

At this stage the targets gave way to live birds, and the following sweepstakes were shot, the conditions in each being 6 birds per man, 28 and 30 yds. rise, \$3 entry; dead birds to the shooters, boundary 30 yds. end side, 60 yds. front boundary:

	21	30
Hathaway.....	12112	22022
Moeller.....	10100	12101
Simpson.....	12101	21101
Allen.....	02001	21101
Schortemeier.....	02001	11211
Lydecker.....	10112	12100

Claremont.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Dec. 25.—To-day's wretched weather somewhat spoiled the elaborate programme of holiday sport at clay pigeon cracking which the marksmen of the New Jersey Shooting Club had arranged to enjoy during the forenoon and early afternoon on the club's range at Claremont. Six matches were shot, however, fairly good scores being made by all the competitors. The contests and their results are subjoined:

First event, 20 singles, Keystone system: Schaeffer and Moore 20 each, Bigoney 18, J. Berdan 16, Purdy 15, Hunt 14, Compton 12, Vredenburgh 10, T. Berdan 7, Griff 5.

Second event, 20 bluebirds, unknown angles: Vredenburgh, Bigoney and Moore 18 each, Purdy 13, Vincent, Hunt and J. Berdan 17 each, Compton 14, T. Berdan 6.

Third event, a walking match at 10 birds each: Vincent 10, Purdy and Moore 9 each, Griff and Hunt 8 each, Compton and Vredenburgh 7 each.

Fourth event, Keystone system, 15 targets: Bigoney 15, Purdy 14, Pope and J. Berdan 13 each, Hunt and Vredenburgh 12 each, Moore 11, Compton 10, Griff 5, T. Berdan 4.

Fifth event, 10 disks, Keystone system: Hunt 10, Bigoney 9, Compton and Purdy 8 each, Vincent and Pope 7 each, Griff 5.

Sixth event, the sixteenth match of the series at 20 pigeons each, Keystone system, for a Marlin rifle: Vincent shot a clean score of breaks and won first honors for the third time. The other scores were: J. Berdan 18, Moore, Pope and Smith 18 each, Compton and Griff 18 each, T. Berdan 17, Vincent's feat ties him with Smith and Pope for the trophy, each having won three matches. They will shoot off the tie next Saturday. First honors in the series were also won by the following: A. F. Compton and W. J. Simpson twice each, Elmer E. Bigoney, J. D. Berdan and C. Hathaway once each.

Smith vs. Freche Again.

The day after Xmas was not one on which a man would expect to witness a cricket match, nor would he care to stand upon the promenade deck of a Sound steamer to see the sights. From early morn until 9 P. M. the air was close and murky, and occasionally the clouds would open and down would come a torrent. Even these disagreeable conditions, however, did not deter a number of hardy sportsmen from visiting John Erb's grounds, on Bloomfield avenue, Newark, to see a little shoot-off of a tie. A week before Harry Smith and Gus Freche, both of the Essex Gun Club, had shot a hundred bird match at Marion for \$50 a side, the match resulting in a tie on 77 kills each. Saturday's race was also at 100 birds, the agreement being that the winner should take the purse of \$100, and the loser should pay for the birds used in both match and shoot-off—100 in all. The race began shortly after 1 P. M., and about two-thirds of the time the rain fell at a lively rate. The birds, much to the surprise of everybody, flew well, some in fact being regular "clinkers." There were "duffers," as a matter of course, but taken as a whole the birds were better by far than could be expected in such weather. The result of the match was a surprise to nearly all the spectators, although there were some who were willing to "go" a little on Smith's chances. It was thought, however, by the majority, that Freche

by virtue of his numerous contests would be likely to outerve Smith, who a year ago was scarcely a 60 per cent. man. During the last few months he has pulled himself together in great form and is shooting a good game. Both men shot 12-bore guns, 30 yds. rise, Hurlingham rules. Smith used a Greener hammerless ejector, and Freche a Lang hammer gun. Wm. H. Green officiated as referee, while the mysteries of the score card were solved by John Erb, the latter also manipulating the die and pulling the traps. The scores in detail are appended:

	10111111-21	10111111-23	10111111-20	10111111-28-87
Freche.....	10111111-21	10111111-23	10111111-20	10111111-28-87
Smith.....	10111111-21	10111111-23	10111111-20	10111111-28-87

Smith used his second barrel 32 times to kill, Freche 34 times to kill.

SWEEPS FINISHED THE DAY.

As usual the people who had been standing around looking at the above match became possessed of the idea that they were all experts, and in order to prove the fact a number of sweeps were shot, the results of which are appended. The sweeps were all at 4 birds each, \$3 entry. In the first three there was one money each, and in each of the last two there were two moneys:

	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Erb.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Freche.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3

No. 4, same as above:

	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Mack.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Castle.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3

Ties:

	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Hedden.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Francis.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3

First div., second won by Erb on shoot-off.

No. 5, same:

	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Mack.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3
Castle.....	1121-4	1011-3	2201-3	1011-3

Erb won, Hedden second, both on shoot-off.

The New Illinois State Rules.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—As was stated much earlier, FOREST AND STREAM had the first and the only accurate copy of the committee report on the new trap rules of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association, but at the time the report was sent our criticism or comment was impossible. Now, when opportunity offers for that, the necessity does not seem especially apparent, for the three thoughtful gentlemen, Messrs. R. B. Organ, M. J. Eich and Col. Chas. E. Felton, who had this matter in hand, seem to have formulated a good consensus of opinion in their draft, and it is safe to say that their report will be adopted in practical entirety by the association at its annual convention next June.

The shooters of the Illinois Association are nothing if not conservative. The old rules were adopted in 1876, and were clung to, in spite of innovation all around, ever since that time till now, quite unamended since 1886. The 80 yds. boundary is now no more, and the match of time has now made the old duck shooters admit the *passé* quality of the 10-gauge as a standard for these days, and caused the substitution of the modern 12-gauge as the standard arm. These changes, and the re-adjustment of the handicap, are the principal alterations of the old rules. The new boundary is unique and distinctive, and I do not see what objections, other than fanciful ones, can be urged against it. It is probable that the Chicago shooters will shoot on the kite-shaped track for some years to come.

And yet, after all reports, all criticisms, and all sayings of wise men and foolish are in from all over the world, what set of rules is perfect, and which one of the total number is there that actually covers all the exigencies of a pigeon match? No such set of rules exists. We may all be unable to find in our minds an incident or point left unprovided for, but let one referee pigeon matches, and some day there will arise a question that is not covered by the rules. Thus we hear the case of a bird held by the wing in the trap after the trap was sprung, although its feet were off the ground, and there was much discussion over the common-sense decision of the referee of "no bird." What rules specifically cover that case? Others may arise in any race, for a pigeon match is a long and devious way. We are safe in saying, however, that the new rules, as given, represent well the art of trap shooting as interpreted here. The new rules have been whom an abler could not have been selected, deserve the thanks of the craft throughout the State.

E. HUGH.

Lively Work on Dexter Park.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—The following events were shot at Dexter Park to-day:

No. 1, 15 bluebirds, \$1 entry: J. Lyons 14, H. Seymour 12, C. Johnson 11, J. Vincent 10, F. Short 10, G. Griffin 10, J. Borel 8.

No. 2, same: Short 13, Greenville 10, Griffin 10, Lyons 10.

No. 3, 10 bluebirds: Short 9, Greenville 9, Knebel 9, Coleman 8.

Five live birds, \$3 entry, 4 moneys, ties div.:

	1121-5	J. Vincent.....	01111-4
J. Lyons.....	1121-5	J. Vincent.....	01111-4
H. Knebel, Jr.....	1121-5	A. Andrews.....	01111-4

C. Hubbell..... 1121-5 J. Bond..... 00111-2

R. Pieter, Jr..... 1121-5 J. Simpson..... 01222-4

A. Loeble..... 1121-5 E. Griffin..... 20111-4

W. C. Levens..... 02101-3 T. McLaughlin..... 02211-4

J. Skillman..... 00011-2 H. McLaughlin..... 12022-4

Seven live birds, \$4 entry, three moneys:

	10111-4	10111-4	10111-4
C. Hubbell.....	10111-4	A. Andrews.....	10111-4
J. Pieter.....	10111-4	A. Andrews.....	10111-4

W. C. Levens..... 01212-6 F. McLaughlin..... 12202-6

J. Simpson..... 00122-0 A. Loeble..... 12102-5

The Country Club.

The Country Club, of Westchester, held several shooting events on Saturday, Dec. 24, on their club grounds. The events were open to all, and the results are as follows: The scores were as follows: First event, sweepstakes: B. B. McGregor 3, T. A. Havemeyer 1. Second event, cup or \$50, unlimited number of birds, distance 24 yds., handicap, three misses out; 28 yds. and under, two misses out; all others one miss out; entrance \$5: H. T. Reynal 11, O. Thorne 10, B. B. McGregor 8, C. Thorne 6, N. C. Reynal 4, T. A. Havemeyer 3, H. Adee 2. Third event, cup or \$50, miss out, entrance \$5: T. A. Havemeyer 8, O. Thorne 9, B. B. McGregor 6, M. Reynal 1. The other two events failed to fill. The annual club shoot, open to the members of organized gun clubs, will take place on New Year's Day.

Hilton Club's Initial Shoot.

The old baseball grounds in the rear of Becker's woods, a famous old picnic spot in Hilton, was the scene on Christmas Day of the initial shoot of the newly organized Hilton Gun Club, which comprises the trap shooters of Irvington and Hilton. Each man shot at 25 targets, under the American Shooting Association rules, the result being as below:

	10111111-23	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
F. Compton.....	10111111-23	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
N. B. Compton.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
Ph. Becker.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
C. Boschen.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
Geo. Howard.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
D. Howard.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
S. R. Headley.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
Geo. Kent.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
D. Knight.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18
Thos. Smith.....	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18	10111111-18

The West Side's Monthly.

XMAS DAY was the date of the regular monthly live-bird shoot of the West Side Gun Club, of Newark, but, as a number of the members preferred roast turkey to live pigeons, the attendance was light. In the shoot for the club medal each member shot at 10 live birds, 28 yds. rise, under Hurlingham rules. The score:

	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4
J. Lamb.....	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4
E. Astfalk.....	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4
S. Spann.....	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4	10111111-4

Next came a shoot at 20 bluebirds each, the scores being as appended:

	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12
E. Astfalk.....	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12
J. Lamb.....	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12
T. Freund.....	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12	10111111-12

At the Brooklyn Traps.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 24.—The regular shoot of the Erie Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, L. I., to-day brought forth the shooting capabilities of the club. The club shoots at 7 live birds each, modified Hurlingham rules, club handicap, for a gold medal and extra prizes. Five tied for its possession with straight scores, and H. Dohrman won it by killing 8 more in succession. F. Graef took second prize with 6, and C. Plato third with 5 kills. H. Dohrman by winning this time was entitled to shoot off with C. Verichcho for the absolute possession of the medal. This he won by killing 6.

Harry Blackley, of the Tremont Gun Club, has been keeping a special lot of half-bred Antwerps for a shoot among members of the club. To-day the shoot came off at Parkville, L. I., and four of the best shots in the club chopped in \$2 each for a sweepstakes at 10 birds, 25 yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules. Nine birds got away out of the forty shot at. R. Steate won the pot with 9. The other scores were: H. Meissner 8, H. Blackley 8 and J. Heid 6.

Dec. 24.—Pigeon shooters from all parts of Long Island congregated at Dexter Park, Long Island, to-day, when Miller had his usual Christmas Day shoot. Blackrock shooting was first in order. Sweepstakes, \$1 entrance, 21 yds. rise.

The first was at 15 bluebirds, 12 entries. President J. Lyons, of the Northside Gun Club, won with a score of 14.

The second sweepstakes, 10 bluebirds, was divided by J. Lyons and H. Seymour 9.

Third sweepstakes, same conditions, was won by T. Short with 9.

Fourth sweepstakes, 15 bluebirds, was won by T. Short with 13.

Fifth sweepstakes, 10 bluebirds, E. Douch 8, won.

Sixth sweepstakes, same conditions, resulted in T. Short, J. Greenville and H. Knebel, Jr., dividing with 9 each.

The live bird shooting took place in the afternoon. The first sweepstakes was at 5 live birds, 25 and 27 yds. rise, \$3 entrance, 16 entries. The final tie was between Dr. Shells, C. Fisher and B. H. Garrison. The latter was the first one to drop out on his third bird and Dr. Shells followed suit on his fourth. Fisher killed his four straight and won the cup for good.

The wet weather did not prevent the Prospect Heights Gun Club from going to Parkville, L. I., at the regular shoot. G. A. Somers had his revenge on the others present by winning the gold medal of the club.

WESTERN TRAP EVENTS.

B

tor of the public estimate of Mr. Brewer's honesty as a pigeon shooter has steadily risen since his good matches with Mr. Elliott and his late Fulford matches, but right or wrong the Brewer thermometer took a sudden tumble to well below zero. Mr. Brewer is openly accused of selling out and throwing the match, and those who would have hailed a Brewer victory under the attending conditions with the greatest delight are now his most bitter denouncers. Most of these men lost money on the result, of course. A conservative element condemns Brewer for changing his Westley-Richards gun for his old Greener, and his Schutzen powder for American wood powder, for a money consideration. These men forget that Mr. Brewer is making his living with his shooting. He is a professional and most professionals have a price, and for money can be induced to use this or that gun or powder. I have for years been in a position to know this to be a fact and it is no secret to anybody. Therefore men should keep their money in their pocket and not bet on professionals if they are not willing to take such chances. In this instance Mr. Brewer is no more to blame than the parties who bought Brewer's change of gun and powder. Not as much, because Brewer's fatal change was not at all sought, by him and was not voluntary. Of course amusing incidents are not lacking. A certain number of the inside talent got the tip straight that Brewer would shoot a Greener. It was whispered about among "members of the family" some days prior to the public being aware of it that Mr. Brewer would go back to his old trusty Greener gun and for the first time use American wood powder for a money consideration. The talent theorized correctly enough that things were "fixed" for Brewer to win, as neither the agent of the Greener gun nor the American wood powder people could afford to buy even the possibility of a defeat under the circumstances and boldly put their money on the captain. Of course they deserved to lose for believing the above parties capable of any dishonesty in the matter and the outcome of the match has certainly freed everybody from any suspicion with the exception of the poor captain.

I know that Brewer did not sell out. He made a mistake in accepting money for changing his gun and powder just previous to the match. He was no doubt over-confident. I don't believe that he was at all handicapped by his change of gun, for he can shoot the gun he used as well as any gun he has ever shot, and he has done the best shooting with it that was ever done by any man. I refer to his second match with Elliott, when he killed 99 out of 100 extraordinary good birds. There were no cripples in that match, and the exhibition of skill and deadly execution was the finest I have ever witnessed. He proved in this match that he was at home with any gun and any powder. He shot 200 birds shot at. He was doing his best throughout the match. He very soon realized, as did hundreds of interested observers, that he was handicapped by his change of ammunition. Here something was wrong. All but one of his 34 birds scored as missed left clouds of feathers behind and a majority of outgoing birds which were scored were not dead, but had to be killed by the gatherer. Quite a large additional number would have been lost in a 21yds. as well as 30yds. boundary. The long shots made were invariably broken-wing kills.

Mr. Fulford's second barrels shot miserably. He had to do most of his execution with his right barrel, and outgoing birds were seldom killed with his second. It was either a poor shooting gun or his ammunition did not suit this barrel, which was evident when using it in the Ground. Mr. Fulford was greatly handicapped on account of it, and to his own work. "If Capt. Brewer had not changed his powder he would have won hands down."

J. VON Lengerke.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to congratulate you on the able manner in which the shoot between Mr. Brewer and myself was written and published.

E. D. FULFORD.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

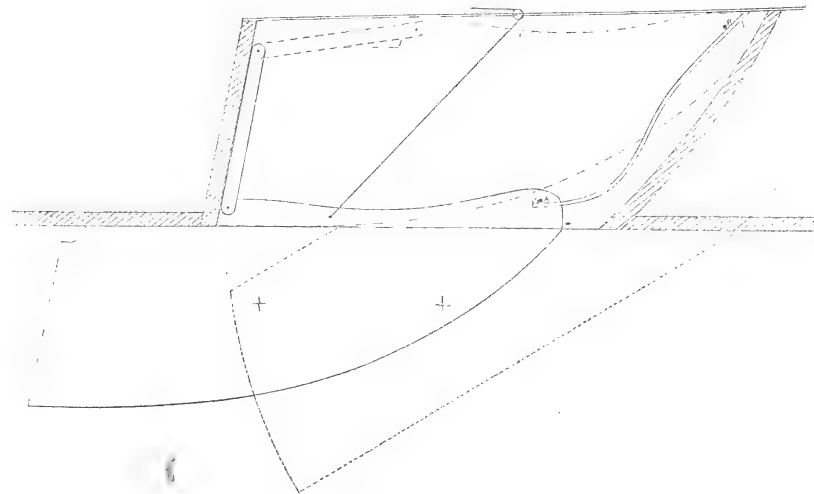
A. C. A. GOVERNMENT.—The present system of government of the A. C. A., with a general executive committee and one for each of the four divisions, has worked very successfully since 1886; but for some time the necessity for a re-modeling and extension of the system has been apparent. Within the past three years cases have come up of appeals to the commodore or executive committee, and of business between the general and division committees, in which, after long delays, no satisfactory decisions have been reached; in fact two such cases are now pending. The chief of several reasons for this state of affairs is the brief time for business permitted by the two meetings of the committee in each year. On our return from the recent November meeting we devoted some thought to the matter, with the idea of proposing two important changes: first an extension of power of the division officers and executive committees, giving them a greater control over matters of membership, complaints against members, etc.; and second the establishment of a smaller and much more compact body than the general executive committee, acting independently of it, and serving as a board of appeal, as well as a governing body with a general supervision of the finances. From a recent discussion of the matter with Com. Winnie and other canoeists, it appears that the same idea has suggested itself to others, and a correspondent this week calls attention to the scheme in more complete detail. There is ample time now to prepare a satisfactory plan before it can be acted on by the executive committee, and we look to members for a full discussion through the FOREST AND STREAM.

HOUSING CENTERBOARDS.—In the absence of a rule prohibiting it, the simplicity and effectiveness of a single large plate in the center of the canoe, and removed when not in use, has led to the universal adoption of this type of centerboard in American canoes. The disadvantages of this clumsy and unwieldy feature, which is frequently of such a size that it cannot be packed in the canoe, but must be shipped separately; and the advantages of a board which houses compactly at all times within the canoe, are each plainly evident; but the advantage in point of speed, however small it may be, has diverted all efforts for improvement from the original form of housing board to the later form. There is no doubt that, with any incentive under the rules to do so, the housing board can be greatly improved, so as to make a most efficient aid in sailing, and at the same time to leave a reasonable amount of room in the canoe, and to present no projecting parts to encumber the deck. We present this week two plans for accomplishing these ends, both of which are open to objections, but they offer suggestions which may lead to more satisfactory results. The plan of Mr. Hogan is both ingenious and practicable, and such a board should answer all the purposes of a purely cruising canoe, and possibly may be utilized in a general purpose canoe intended for both cruising and racing.

A. C. A.—Com. Winnie spent Sunday last in New York, a number of local canoeists visiting him at the Murray Hill Hotel. He intends shortly to take a trip through Canada in order to interest the Northern Division in the coming meet.

SLIDING CENTERBOARDS.

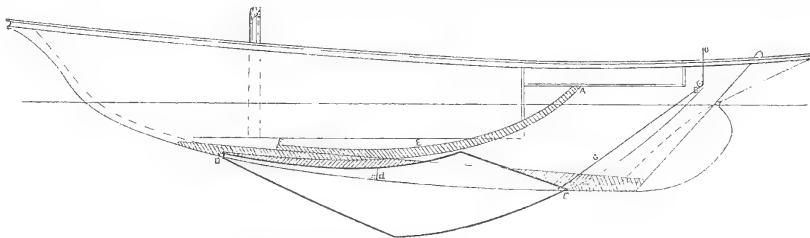
WE have received from our correspondent "J. H. H." several sketches of the sliding centerboard alluded to by him in his letter published two weeks since, one of which we publish. Though ingenious, the device is not new, a similar centerboard housing in the deadwood having been fully described with quite elaborate details, by Mr. William Stewart in the *Field* of March 7, 1885. The outline of the board, a metal plate, is shown by the heavy line. The trunk is indicated by the letters A, B, C, D, the headledge E F forming the fore side, while the sternpost or after deadwood forms the after side. The fore end of the plate is supported by two small wheels, at D, which would run on iron straps bolted to the bottom of the keel on each side of the slot. The board is shown in its lowest position; when raised by means of the line G the small wheels would run back to the position D. In a yacht of moderate size it would be possible to arrange the board and trunk so as to leave the cabin entirely unobstructed. One disadvantage, however, would be the shifting of weight aft as the board was housed, the trim of the yacht being so affected that with the change of centers due to the absence of the board, she would handle very badly. It would of course be necessary to



HOGAN'S CANOE CENTERBOARD.

have a board of considerable weight in order that it might always drop quickly, and to secure sufficient strength against the lateral pressure. In a small craft, such as a canoe, a second line on the fore end would be necessary to haul the board forward.

The peculiar motion of the ordinary parallel ruler, with its two radius bars, is one that would most naturally suggest itself to a draftsman; and in 1880, when the necessity of a centerboard in a canoe was first recognized in this country, together with the serious disadvantages of a trunk in the cockpit, we devoted some study to this device, but finally abandoned it, as no saving of room was apparent. The same idea, however, has been utilized in a more practical shape within a few years by Mr. Percy F. Hogan, of the Brooklyn C. C., retaining but one radius bar, the forward one being replaced by a curved track, A B. The after part of the plate is supported by a radius bar swinging on a pin near the top of the trunk; while in the fore end is a stud, A, projecting about



J. H. H.'S SLIDING CENTERBOARD.

1/4 in. on each side of the board. The track, A B, is of brass, about 3/4 x 3/16 in. Two pieces of the shape shown, one screwed to the inside of each sideboard of the trunk. On lifting the board, by means of the hauling line, the fore end at once begins to rise, allowing the after end to clear the keel and enter the trunk. The board is shown applied to an ordinary canoe of about 14 ft. extreme depth at fore end of well. The outline of the board when fully housed is shown by the broken line; while the position of the common triangular board fitted to the same length of case is shown by the dotted line. The area of the swinging board is 2 1/2 sq. ft., the triangular plate being a little larger, but the center of the pull on the line is just 1 ft. further aft. The effect of a slight pull on the line is to draw the board forward without lifting it much, so that the amount of weather helm may be very easily varied without materially decreasing the area of the exposed part of the board. A longer board than that shown may be used, and in some cases the center may be thrown still further aft. The mechanical details are quite simple, and the device should work well in practice; thus allowing the trunk to be placed at least a foot further forward than with the common pivoted board.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CANOE CLUBS.

WE have received a number of inquiries of late for a constitution and by-laws suitable for a canoe club, and we publish herewith the latest, and one of the best which has come under our notice; that recently adopted by the New York C. C. It is very largely the work of Mr. Allen H. Sexton, a member of the club;

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—Name.

This organization shall be known as the New York Canoe Club.

ARTICLE II.—Objects.

The particular object of the Club is to encourage and foster the building of canoes, and the improvement in model, rig, appointments and handling thereof; the general object of the Club being the cultivation among its members of an active interest in exploration, navigation and seamanship.

ARTICLE III.—Membership.

1. Any person over eighteen years of age is eligible to membership.

2. There shall be three classes of members: active, associate and honorary.

3. Active members shall be entitled to vote and to hold office, and to all the privileges of the club house.

4. Associate members shall not be entitled to vote or hold office, but they shall be entitled to certain privileges of the Club as prescribed in the By-Laws.

5. Honorary members must be active canoeists, and if formerly active members of the Club they shall be entitled to all the privileges of active members.

6. Membership in the Club shall be terminated (a) by death; (b) by resignation, provided such resignation be tendered in writing addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer; and (c) by expulsion, whereby any member may be dropped for cause, by a two-thirds vote of all the members present at any meeting; provided such member shall have been notified of the charge, in writing, at least ten days previously, that action will be taken thereon, and that opportunity will be given to be heard in his defence.

7. The interest of any member in the Club property shall cease on the termination of his membership.

ARTICLE IV.—Officers.

1. The officers of the Club shall consist of a commodore, a vice-commodore, a secretary-treasurer and a board of trustees,

2. The Commodore shall hold office for the term of one year or until his successor is appointed. It shall be his duty to take command of the squadron, to preside at all meetings of the Club, and to enforce the rules and regulations. The Commodore shall be, *ex-officio*, a member of the board of trustees and chairman of the Regatta Committee.

3. The Vice-Commodore shall hold office for the term of one year or until his successor is appointed. He shall assist the Commodore in his office; shall officiate in his absence, and in the event of death or resignation shall succeed him in office. The Vice-Commodore shall be, *ex-officio*, chairman of the House Committee.

4. The Secretary-Treasurer shall hold office for the term of one year or until his successor is appointed. It shall be his duty to keep records of the meetings of the Club and the board of trustees, to keep the records of the Club, to post and mail notices, to carry on Club correspondence, and to prepare a Club book as may be prescribed in the By-Laws; to receive all moneys due the Club, and to pay all bills duly contracted by the board of trustees, and to keep a correct account thereof in a book provided for that purpose; to make a report to the annual meeting of the Club, and also to the board of trustees whenever called for in writing by

three of the trustees, and to include in such report a statement of all his receipts and disbursements. The Secretary-Treasurer shall have the custody of the funds of the Club; he shall be, *ex-officio*, a member of the board of trustees, and shall be exempt from the payment of annual dues.

5. The Board of Trustees.—The government of the Club, the title to, the management of its property, shall be vested in a board of trustees, to consist of five members, two of whom shall be the Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer; three of this board, including the Commodore and the Secretary-Treasurer, shall retire each year in the order of their election, unless re-elected.

At the first meeting of the board of trustees held after the first election held under this constitution, the trustees not officers of the Club, shall by lot divide themselves into three classes, the first class to go out of office at the next annual meeting of the Club, the second class at the second annual meeting.

The terms of office of those trustees who are not, *ex-officio*, members of this board shall be three years.

The trustees before each annual meeting of the Club shall nominate twice as many candidates as there are vacancies to be filled in their board, but any member of the Club may at the annual meeting of the Club nominate a candidate or candidates for such vacancies. The vacancies shall be filled from the members so nominated or by the re-election of the retiring trustee or trustees.

The board of trustees shall have power: 1st, to fill, by appointment, for the unexpired term, any vacancies in their board which may expire by death or resignation, except the office of Commodore; 2d, subject to the approval of the Club to make By-Laws, in accordance with and subject to the provisions of the Constitution; 3d, to make purchases and contracts for the Club; but it shall have no power, unless specially authorized, to render the Club or any member thereof, liable for any debt beyond the amount of money which shall at the time of contracting such debt be in the treasury and not needed for the discharge of prior debts or liabilities.

A vote of two-thirds of those present at a meeting of the Club, called for that purpose, can reverse any action of the board of trustees.

ARTICLE V.—Meetings.

1. The annual meeting of the Club shall be held in December of each and every year.

2. The Commodore may call a meeting of the Club at any time, and he shall do so on the written request of three active members.

3. At least five days' notice of all meetings shall be sent to every active member.

4. At any meeting of the Club seven active members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.—Elections.

1. Officers.—The election of Officers shall be held at the annual meeting. All voting shall be by ballot.

2. Members.—Each candidate for membership in the Club shall be proposed by one member and seconded by another, to both of whom the candidate is personally known. The Secretary-Treasurer, after receiving written notice of such proposal, shall send to each voting member of the Club, containing the name of the candidate with the names of his proposer and seconder. Upon the expiration of not less than seven days after such notice the Board of Trustees may elect such candidate to membership, unless two or more members shall have objected to his election.

ARTICLE VII.—Committees.

There shall be two standing committees, namely, the Regatta Committee and the House Committee, whose organization and respective duties, each, shall be prescribed in the By-Laws. They shall be appointed each year by the Commodore not later than the first day of March following his election.

ARTICLE VIII.—Entrance Fee and Dues.
Each active member on his election shall pay an entrance fee of ten dollars; if said sum be not paid within thirty days after his election such election shall be null and void.

The yearly dues for active members shall be prescribed in the By-Laws; provided, that such yearly dues shall not exceed the sum of twenty dollars for each active member. The annual dues for associate members shall be five dollars, payable in advance.

Members who are absent from the United States for a whole year shall be exempt from their dues for such year, provided they give notice of their absence to the Secretary-Treasurer.

No member of the Club shall be entitled to any of the privileges of the Club until his dues are paid, and if any member shall allow his dues to remain unpaid for a year, his name shall be dropped from the roll.

ARTICLE IX.—Club Flag, Signal and Totem.

The Club flag shall be a pointed burgee of an approved size, its colors, device and proportions corresponding to the Club signal flag.

The distinguishing signal of the Club shall be a pointed burgee twelve inches by eighteen inches, the device being a white longitudinal stripe two and one-half inches wide, on a red ground.

The Club totem shall be a red disk twelve inches in diameter.

ARTICLE X.—Pennants.

The Commodore's signal shall be a broad pennant with two crossed paddles encircled by four five-pointed stars in white, on a blue field.

The Vice-Commodore's shall be a broad pennant with a similar device on a red field. The Acting Commodore shall carry a broad pennant, blue field, without device.

ARTICLE XI.—Amendments.

An amendment to this Constitution may be proposed and passed at any meeting; but no amendment so passed shall be valid until approved by a majority of two-thirds of all the members present at a subsequent meeting; and notice of such amendment must be stated in the notice calling the subsequent meeting.

BY-LAWS.

CHAPTER I.—Order of Business.

1. Approval of minutes.
2. Unfinished business.
3. Report of Secretary-Treasurer.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. New business.
6. Adjournment.

CHAPTER II.—Senior Officer.

In the event of the absence of the Commodore and Vice-Commodore, the senior member of the Board of Trustees shall be considered the Senior Officer and Acting Commodore.

CHAPTER III.—Quorum.

At any meeting of the Board of Trustees three members shall constitute a quorum.

CHAPTER IV.—Dues.

The yearly dues for active members shall be fifteen dollars, due on the first day of January. Active members elected on and after August first shall pay half dues for that year, and those elected on and after November first shall pay no dues for that year.

CHAPTER V.—Secretary-Treasurer's Report.

The Secretary-Treasurer shall present each year to the Annual Meeting of the Club a report of his receipts and expenses up to and including December first, with a statement of the assets and liabilities of the Club.

CHAPTER VI.—Club Book.

The Secretary-Treasurer shall prepare each year a Club book, if, in the judgment of the Board of Trustees, the finances of the Club warrant.

CHAPTER VII.—Regatta Committee.

The Regatta Committee shall consist of the Commodore and two active members. It shall arrange and have control of all Club races.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sailing Rules.

All races of this Club shall be under the racing regulations of the American Canoe Association.

CHAPTER IX.—Associate Members.

Associate members shall be entitled to receive notices of club regattas and meetings for social purposes; to fly the Club signal; to visit the Club House; use the Club canoes; and, at the discretion of the House Committee, to use their canoes temporarily in the Club House and use Club lockers during such privilege.

CHAPTER X.—House Committee.

The House Committee shall consist of the Vice-Commodore and two active members. Subject to the first paragraph of Section five, Article IV., of the Constitution, it shall have entire charge of the Club House and floor; shall make and publish house rules and regulations; and shall make any report or recommendations to the Board of Trustees, in writing, signed by a majority of the Committee.

CHAPTER XI.—Amendments.

The By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a majority of the Board of Trustees, but any amendment so adopted shall be reported to the next meeting of the Club.

HOUSE RULES.

I. A berth will be assigned to each canoe, in which it must be kept when not in use. All sails, rigging, and other belongings, must be neatly stowed in or near the canoe to which they belong. Canoes shall be launched at once on removal from house, and shall be returned to their respective berths as soon as practicable after coming in.

II. No canoe shall be used by any one except the owner without express consent.

III. Members are at all times expected to leave the house in as good order as they find it.

IV. Each member must furnish his own bathing suit.

V. Every member shall be entitled to keep one canoe in the house. Should extra space be required for the organization of the house, a charge may be made for each additional canoe, in the discretion of the Board of Trustees.

VI. Each member is entitled to a locker.

VII. Members of the American Canoe Association shall be entitled to the privileges of the house for one week, and longer by permits on of Board of Trustees. The courtesy of the Club will be at all times extended to other canoeists within reasonable bounds.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After discussing the matter with the present commodore of the Association, with the Atlantic Division, and with the other commodores and a large number of the officers and members of this and other divisions, I venture to ventilate a scheme whereby the affairs of the Association, especially those of a monetary nature, can be better managed than at present. Under our peculiar form of government the executive and financial officers serve for but one year; and while great care is taken (and successfully) to secure those whose interest is for the organization, yet it has occurred that in the large number who are permitted to expend money (committees, etc.) we have found some who have not duly appreciated the importance of economy; and we are to-day met with a debt of over \$500. Unfortunately this is not exceptional, for last year we were behind something over \$150, and unless some step is taken we are likely to meet a still larger one next year.

The cause of this deficit if found will suggest a remedy. Is it not traceable to the lack of interest after the term of office expires and the feeling that the incoming officers will arrange all matters? If so, then it is necessary for us to create some permanent body to take charge of the financial policy of the Association, to be called, perhaps, a council or a board of trustees. It has been suggested that each division, in the same year that it elects the commodore, should choose a member of the council to serve for four years; and, each division having one, they, with the commodore and secretary-treasurer, might form the council, six in all.

It would be the duty of the council to receive all moneys from the secretary-treasurer and safely care for it, appropriating so much each year for the running of the Association and the rest being a permanent body and small, its members could meet more or less frequently, and it also could act as a body of final appeal in such disputed cases as the Brazer-Palmer and Douglass-Archibald protests and appeals this year. The council would in no way interfere with the officers or with the present executive committee, which serves its purpose as a legislative body, but from its size is useless as an executive or appellate body.

This letter is written merely to set the members to thinking, but some one should take it in hand now and place the matter properly before the executive committee. A. C. A. No. 47.

NEW CANOES.—Com. Whitlock has on the stocks at Stevens's shop, Lowell, a new racer from a modification of the Gardner design of last summer. Messrs. Goodsell and Masten, of the Yonkers C. C. have received a design for a 15'3" racing canoe based on the 15'3" Guenn published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 5, 1888; and each has ordered a canoe from Stevens. Mr. Carter, of the Park Island Canoe Association, has ordered a new river canoe from Everson, a very handsome craft designed by the builder and smooth-bow. Everson is also at work on a 19'56 canoe-yawl for Mr. Lindner, of Bergen Point, a duplicate of the successful boat turned out last summer for Mr. Johnson.

THE CRUISING SNEAKBOX MOCCASIN.

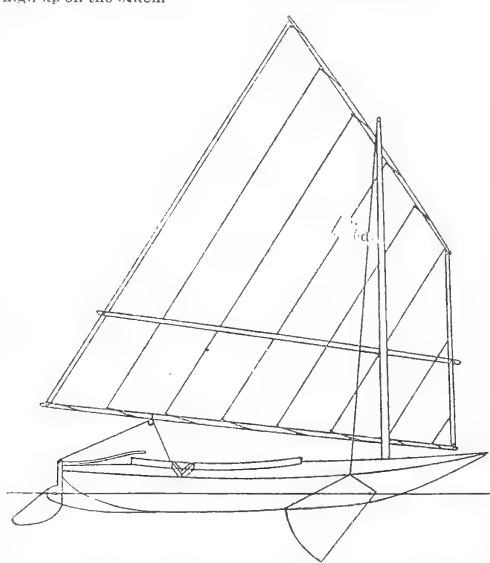
Editor Forest and Stream:

As an increase of interest in small inland cruisers is noticeable in your columns I enclose an illustration of a member of the "sneakbox" or "spoonbill" family. I built this little cruiser during odd hours in the winter of 1889 and she has cruised and raced for two seasons in the waters of the New York inland chain of lakes. Moccasin was adapted from the lines of the Barnegat cruiser Seneca, which you have heretofore published. But while the bottom of Seneca was closely retained minor changes were made, notably an increased freeboard and higher bow was given, an added foot in length and a drop rudder. The approximate dimensions are:

Length over all	15ft.
Extreme beam	54in.
Depth of gunwale midships	15in.
Sheer bow	9in.
Sheer stern at center of crown	5in.
Combining	2in.
Cockpit	7 1/2 ft. x 30in.
Crown of deck, fore part of well	5in.
Draft loaded, about	7in.

The increased freeboard and additional length made the boat extremely seaworthy and afforded increased room for the accommodation of a companion and camp equipment.

I hesitated some time whether to adopt the balance rudder, such as was fitted on the FOREST AND STREAM cruiser, or the drop rudder, and finally gave the latter preference, as it seemed more serviceable in running before a crowning sea and more convenient in beaching. The item of beaching becomes an essential element in the consideration of small cruisers, and there is no model of boat equal to the "sneak-box" form in the same length and beam that one person can haul up so easily on shore. A full-modeled keel boat of the dimensions of Moccasin would try the soul of a giant to get it up high on shore and safe from a pounding surf. The keel craft would jam her nose into the gravel, depress her stern, perhaps break the rudder, and utterly refuse to be coaxed. But how different is the conduct of Moccasin. Her curved bow glides up on the shore quite a third the length of the boat, a slight lift places the midship on dry ground, and as the stern settles the drop rudder is hauled up above harm. The skipper then, instead of pulling away until black in the face, simply bears his weight with the bow, pushes to one side, and the boat swings around on an apparent pivot at the center of the cambered keel plank. By a succession of these lateral movements one person will project a loaded boat weighing from 400 to 600 lbs. high up on the beach.



As to the sailing merits of the "spoonbills," I have found them good enough to race them successfully against the orthodox keel boats. There is, however, one objectionable feature. The "spoonbill" rows hard against a head sea and wind. While easy and fast under oars in smooth water, it makes the arms ache in pulling against wind and waves. But then a person is supposed in the face of superior rowing qualities.

Moccasin was rigged with one balance lug sail of about 130 sq. ft. area, fitted with a single batten and reefing gear; and although the sail seems large for a cruising boat of her dimensions, yet she carried it with ease in any wind except a gale, her skipper usually sitting on a deck seat placed across the after part of the cockpit over center of room between the centerboard case and the after locker, while shelves and closets are arranged under the deck along the sides. The oars work on an arrangement devised to meet sundry wants. Two pieces of scantling extend from the combing to near the gunwale in the form of a triangle, at the apex of which is the carlock, and the space inclosed, therefore, becomes a handy receptacle for various articles when fishing or attending to the duties of the cuisine when afloat.

Nearly every skipper of a small boat entertains special notions as to what constitutes the proper qualities of a cruiser. A popular theory is that the single-ender should be rigged with a multiplicity of small sails. But I do not believe this practice essential, either to comfort, speed or even safety. A mizzen is frequently in the way during a blow or continued bad weather, and it also obstructs much of the cruiser's view in sailing. While the yawl and cat-yawl rigs are useful in narrow keel craft, I am inclined to consider the balance lug the best disposition of canvas for cruising in the "spoonbill" family of boats; and even in cruising it is not desirable to confine yourself to a mere rag, for every cruiser wants to get at times all the speed he can out of his craft, hence a liberal sail area is desirable.

There is also much dispute as to the proper ending of the lines at the boat's stern. Somehow I can not endorse the long overhang except on the score of appearance, and that is purely a matter of taste which is influenced by fashion. Undoubtedly the sharp canoe-shaped stern can not well be excelled for making good weather, and either this form or a narrow transom is much easier in running before a following sea, while certainly with an equal over all length the boat with a long overhang is the less powerful craft. Then again the overhang requires the rudder to be hung beneath and out of reach of the skipper, which is often perplexing when the rudder gets foul of weeds, lines or drift rubbish as it often will in exploring out of the way places and consequently needing cleaning. I know that I may be expounding rank heresy, but unless a better reason for adopting the lean counter on small craft is given than simply because yachts of large tonnage conveniently utilize it and therefore small craft should follow suit, I shall not abandon nor condemn either the sharp or clubbed form of stern with narrow transom. To the amateur builder the difficulty in getting a good design with a pleasing "eye sweetness" for an overhang, and the difference in constructing the different models will become apparent. The craft I have outlined has stood the test of use and survived criticism on the waters where she has sailed, but still I am open to conviction when the proof is forthcoming that a more serviceable and handy craft exists for the single or "dual hander" cruising sportsman and outer on landlocked waters. CAYUGA.

ROCHESTER C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Rochester C. C. the following officers were elected: Captain W. Stuart Smith, re-elected; Mate, H. D. McVean; Purser, Geo. H. Harris, re-elected; Measurer, Geo. W. Rugles; Executive Committee, Chas. A. Bruitt, Chas. E. Mody and H. M. Stearns; Regatta Committee, Fred L. Smith, W. C. Seward and Wm. H. Martin. The club intends adding a third story to its house on Irondequoit Bay this winter.

NEW YORK C. C.—The New York C. C. has selected June 18 as the date for its annual regatta.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$3. Yacht Canoes and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price \$8.50. Steam Machinery. By Davidson. Price \$1.50.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the Canoe, peep into the Kennel, squat down the barrel of the Rifle, open the Fish Car and Game Bag, inquire of the Sportsman, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the Editorial and Advertising Departments.

A GOOD YEAR FOR CRANKS.—The coming year promises to bring out a good crop of cranks and fool navigators who can find no better use for their skill and daring than to risk their lives in useless ventures. The two who raced in dories across the Atlantic last summer are preparing for a new venture, this time in canvas boats; while the one who made the useless and foolish trip from New York to Boston in a 7ft. punt, proposes to start on Jan. 1 from New York for Florida in a 6ft. tub.

LAKE ERIE.—The new organization on Lake Erie now seems an assured fact, and with good rules and new yachts the Erie fleet should soon prove a friendly but formidable rival to that of Ontario.

CENTERBOARDS.—The two centerboards described in our canoeing columns this week are no less interesting to yachtsmen than canoeists, in fact one of the boards is shown as applied to a yacht.

THORA.

MONTREAL, Dec. 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: Will you allow me to correct the impression conveyed in your last issue regarding the type of Thora, mentioned in connection with the record of Valda.

In the article referred to she is designated a "St. Lawrence skiff" and "the fastest of the local skiffs." She has also been so reported to you on more than one occasion by your Montreal correspondents of the St. Lawrence Y. C. races. The Thora—a "Thousand Island cruiser" as called by her builder, Wm. Edwards, of Gananoque—is a strongly built boat with lots of body and stability. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	22ft. 11in.
Waterline	19ft. 10in.
Beam	5ft. 2in.
Lowest freeboard	1ft. 4in.
Draft (about)	8in.
Sail area	376sq. ft.

She has a rather heavy 3ft. counter that alone would make her differ from the St. Lawrence skiff type. Her owner, Capt. C. Newton, ordered her for his own family use (without pretensions to speed) and very kindly offered her to me to sail, thus enabling me again to enter our club races. From which skiffs last season were debarred. Her peculiar rig—a batswing yawl—led the sailing committee to make a special measurement, taking for the sail area the actual area, the square root of which, as in other rigs, plus water line divided by two equals corrected length. Thora's being 19ft. 10in. The Valda therefore sailed her but 5in. 28, for ten miles (the length of course on Aug. 29 special race), not 10 1/2 as in the account you publish. The Thora won from Valda by 1m. 39s. corrected time.

I may mention that on June 27, all classes, in a single-reef breeze, which you also refer to, Thora beat Valda on elapsed time one minute and some seconds.

It is not my intention, however, to draw attention to Thora's record, however creditable, beyond referring to the above two races.

She cannot be called "the fastest of the local skiffs," as she has never raced with that class here, being of such a totally different type; though in some friendly brushes the skiffs have of course proved the faster.

I may add, she is a jolly, comfortable craft, in which as good weather was made last season as by any other yacht on our lakes. Her heavy oak timbers are good enough for craft of larger caliber. She carries no ballast, her iron plate centerboard weighs but 70lbs., and her crew of four averaged about 147lbs. each. W. J. WALLACE.

LAKE ERIE YACHTING.

THIS is as it should be. A meeting of our Lake Erie yachtsmen was held at the Forest City House, Cleveland, O., for the purpose of taking preliminary steps toward the organization of a lake yachting association similar to the Inter-Lake Association, which came to an untimely death about a year ago. Nearly every city along Lake Erie was represented. Commodore George W. Gardner, of Cleveland, explained the object of the meeting in a brief speech. The outcome of the deliberations, which lasted until 7 o'clock in the evening, was the adoption of a series of resolutions recommending that an association, under the name of the Lake Erie Yacht Racing Association, be organized, and that the constitution be based on that of the Lake Ontario Yacht Racing Association. It was also resolved that it was the opinion of the meeting that the circuit system of racing be adopted. A permanent organization will be formed. Those present expressed great interest in the matter in hand; and the new association starts out with bright prospects.

The Globe Iron Works, of Cleveland, O., launched a magnificent 40-ton yacht Dec. 23, which is to be the property of Mr. L. M. Hanna, of that city. She will be completed in the spring, and will be among the number of floating palaces to be found at Chicago during the fair. She is named Comanche.

The well-known sloop Alert, of Cleveland, O., which was housed in a building owned by N. Tovat, on Whiskey Island, was burned with the building on the night of Dec. 21. The total loss will be about \$1,000. She was owned by Peter Martin. Another favorite boat, Gleam, owned by Saxe & Overbeck, was somewhat damaged. C. C. C.

ERIE, Pa., Dec. 22.

THE LORILLARD YACHT FLEET.—The pleasure squadron of evolution owned by the veteran yachtsman and sportsman, Pierre Lorillard, has now assembled in Florida waters for the winter; one at least of the fleet having experienced considerable danger and difficulty in reaching her destination. The large two-story houseboat Caiman, recently completed at Wilmington, Del., is rather an unwieldy craft for sea work, and when, after leaving Wilmington on Nov. 27, she met a gale on Nov. 27 she made very bad weather. After taking a tow for Norfolk, she was boarded by a steamer which carried away a part of the hull. After repairing at Norfolk, she continued through the inside passage to Morehead City and Savannah, where her owner was waiting with his steam yacht Reva. The latter had been out in the same gale, breaking both crossheads, and was awaiting repairs. After calling at Fernandina, the Caiman reached Jacksonville on Dec. 25, and will soon start for Indian River, where she will be joined by the Reva, and a launch, and a 40-ton boat, and a 40-ton boat, a steam flatboat specially fitted up for the horses and dogs.

LAWLEY'S YARD.—The keel and frames for the Gardner schooner are nearly ready, and the framing will begin early next month. The three small steam yachts are well advanced, and a 21ft. sailing yacht will be started shortly from designs by W. E. Waterhouse.

CORINTHIAN SWEEPSTAKES 1892.—The Corinthian Y. C., of New York, has announced its fourth annual sweepstakes for yachts of 50 to 60ft. c.l. to be sailed off Newport, probably, on Aug. 15, 1892.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

I. F. O., Windsor, N. S.—The rifle is suitable for moose and bear.

M. L. F., Jamestown.—The Florida quail and wild turkey open season is from Jan. 1 to March 1; the South Carolina runs to April 1; Georgia has different county laws.

C. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We think with you that the bird is a dove or little auk (*Alia alba*). This is about the southern limit of its winter range. It is uncommon here, but not very rare.

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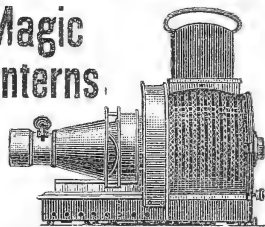
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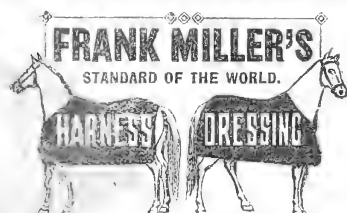
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